

Leases Will Benefit Owners and Renters

By MARKHAM, IN THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER

Improved farming, better work among the farmers. Realizing, as every other thinking man does, that the first fundamental requisite to a more productive agriculture is richer land and, at the same time that nearly all of our improved farming land is becoming poorer and poorer year by year, we have attacked this problem first in every community in which we have labored. But in nearly all instances our pleadings for the improvement of the soil, where the tenant farming was concerned, have met with the same discouraging response—nothing could be done. "I don't know whether I will farm this land next year or not," says the tenant, "and I cannot afford to go to the expense of improving the land for someone else, perhaps, to make a crop on." "I know the land is getting mighty poor," says the landlord, "but I cannot afford to put out money on land that is being exploited by a careless shifting, and mercenary lot of tenants." The landlord can do nothing and the tenant can do nothing; what is to become of the land?

Yet to both of them, the landlord and the tenant, rich land is a matter of the most vital importance. What can be done to make soil-conserving possible? We believe the thing to do is to change from the present indefinite, one year, generally verbal contract to a ten or fifteen-year legally executed lease, setting forth the rights, privileges and duties of both the landlord and the tenant. Such a lease would not only make systematic soil conservation and improvement

possible: it would confer a number of other important benefits on both the landlord and the tenant. It would give the landlord a better tenant, and it would save him trouble and expense of frequently changing tenants, and of having part of his land, often, butchered or lying idle; and would give the tenant a place he could feel to be home, save him the heavy expense of frequent moves, and enable him through permanent residence to become a citizen of some prestige and consideration.

WHAT THE LANDLORD MUST DO

But, as we see it, it will be necessary before this long lease system can be inaugurated and carried out, for both the landlord and the tenant to change radically his attitude, in certain respects, toward the farm and the business of farming. Let us examine briefly the more important things that each must do.

The first move—the commencement of the fundamental change must be made by the landlord; he must exert himself to make permanent tenancy of his land possible and desirable. One thing that he must do is to provide better houses and improvements—better tenant homes. Tenant houses in the South are notoriously bad; and this creates a feeling of dissatisfaction and restlessness which keeps the renting class forever on the move in search of more comfort and better homes. This is true in an especial sense of the better class of tenants—the only ones who are worth having. We do not believe that any other one thing causes so much changing among tenants—so much pulling about from pillar to post—as the dilapidated, ram-shackle houses that many landlords furnish.

Another thing the landlord must do is to furnish a better class of rural schools. Nothing

else you can think of is drawing as many people from the farms to the towns and cities today as the superior facilities of the city schools. Self-respecting, ambitious people naturally gravitate towards good educational advantages for their children. The better class of tenants—the ones the landlord wants—are no exceptions to this rule. They may not be able to keep their children in school all the time, but they are deeply concerned about their training and want them to have the best advantages procurable when they are in school.

We cannot help feeling that from the landlord's standpoint the present idea of economy now very general, in the handling of tenant-operated farms is fundamentally wrong. A very large percentage of landlords seem to think that they cannot afford to put up good, comfortable houses on their places and to keep up the improvements: it costs too much. Suppose the manager of a business concern—a factory, for instance—should conclude that he could not afford to go to the expense of keeping up some important part of the establishment, and stop putting money into it; how long do you suppose that business would continue to run? The business concerns that make money are those that are kept up; and the same is true in equally as great a degree of farms. Look around you and see if you do not see everywhere confirmation of this statement. Unquestionably, we think, more money put into better houses and improvements, better schools and better roads would be the best investment that Southern landlords could possibly make.

And the most encouraging feature of the situation is, that it can be handled by the landlord as an individual proposition. We are discussing it here in an abstract, collective way; but any man can change from the present system to a long-lease system of tenantry whether his neighbors join in helping him in making the change or not. By providing better accommodations he can get the best tenants, and he can keep them as long as he wants them.

WHAT THE TENANT MUST DO

But the landlord cannot do it all and must not be expected to do so. The tenant must do his part. He must quit his everlasting roving, find him a suitable location and settle down, and then go to work to make a home of his rented place and permanent, substantial citizens of himself and wife and children. We have a class of tenant farmers who are never satisfied, who are forever pulling about from place to place, searching for some fabled paradise where opportunity and money grows on trees. Such men instead of finding the best opportunities, are always missing them and getting the very worst of the deal. The best places are naturally occupied by men who are stayers; and the perpetual movers have simply to take what is left, whatever that may be. Not only this, but the inveterate moving man never wins that prestige nor forms those neighborly and friendship ties which are so essential to any man's success. Here, again, "the rolling stone gathers no moss."

The eminently wise and profitable course, we think, for the tenant farmer is to find a good location and take as long a lease as he can get, having it stipulated in the contract that he shall be paid at customary prices for any improving which he may do by agreement with the landlord; and then proceed to improve his land, to improve his stock, and to establish himself as a citizen of prestige and influence in the community in which he has cast his lot.

That this system would probably work out in this country is shown by the fact that it has worked out with entire satisfaction in the old country of Europe. In England for instance, where the long-lease system of farm tenantry prevails, the land, although much of it has been in cultivation for centuries, is producing larger crops today than ever before.

The long lease is the one to be taken in going to the conservation of the soil and the improvement of farming.

The Wrong Rushville

By Marion Warrington

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"I am tired of it all," spoke Myra Cloud, and she sighed and really looked weary and discontented.

Mrs. Verner, her aunt, glanced at her quickly, shrewdly. She traced signs of worry in the fair guest she had entertained through a busy social season.

"You need a rest, a change, dear," she remarked soothingly.

"The change, perhaps, yes," admitted Myra. "Rest? Oh, just the reverse of that, dear aunt. I can never thank you for all the trouble you have had to give me the grand time of my life, but there is so much hollowness and insincerity to all the people I have met, that I am not only disappointed, but weary of it all."

"I am what they call a worldly woman, Myra," spoke Mrs. Verner gravely; "but down in my heart I heartily commend your point of view. My thought has not been to merge you into the social whirl, but to give you the experience that will enable you to contrast the varied issues of life. I had hoped, though, that the philanthropical work would interest you—"

"Aunt, dear," broke in Myra passionately, "it is there that I have seen the weakness of the system followed. I will not say that good results in the concrete are not attained, but so much expense, so much time wasted by impetuous members with a theory to exploit. Oh, aunt, if only I could go direct to the poor and suffering! I would give my services, the fortune dear dead father left to me to relieve them."

"You would be deceived, robbed on every hand," declared Mrs. Verner. "Good, kind soul that you are! spend a week or two with Aunt Martha at Rushville. It will quiet you and settle down your ideas after the turbulence of the past three months."

Myra had never been to Rushville, but she had twice received a visit from Aunt Martha when her father was alive. She recalled the plain-faced but charitable-hearted old lady, anticipating guidance and help in framing up her life work, for Myra felt that she had a call to assist in the great benevolence her fortune

would allow. She was tired and had a headache and longed only for a restful seat on the train, when she reached the big crowded Union depot.

"Rushville," she spoke, approaching one of the many ticket selling windows, received a bit of stamped cardboard and was soon past the iron guard gate and selecting a seat on the shady side of the car.

Myra let her mind drift. Then she must have dozed. It was quite dusk and the car lamps were just being lighted when the train slowed up and the conductor sang out:

"Rushville."

Myra caught up her satchel and stepped out upon the platform of a little flag station. It was surrounded by freight trucks, there were no houses in sight, only a crippled flagman, whom she approached. This train had gone on.

"I must have made a mistake," she spoke flutteringly. "My ticket was for Rushville and the signboard on the little depot is 'Way 22.'"

"Yes'm," nodded the old man, "Rushville is a mile and a half west. They have no railroad there."

Myra looked dubiously across the level twilight stretch before her. There seemed to be no way of obtaining a vehicle, so she set out to walk the distance. She hastened her steps as the gloom of night began to develop the dreary landscape. She had nothing to go by except the broad direction from the flagman that Rushville was "west."

She was startled and affrighted as suddenly a vague form loomed up in her path. Myra came to an irresolute standstill as the figure confronted her. It was that of a haggard, emaciated man, whose eyes stared balefully and who kept breathing forth:

"I have lost my way, I have reached Rushville."

"Oh, easy, the way is straight ahead," she said, "I'll help you."

He looked at her with a wayward, to an old man's face.



"Rushville," She Spoke.

half a dozen coins and as many reclining chairs. Each was filled with an invalid—the bloodless faces and languid poses told this much.

"Ah!" spoke a sudden brisk voice. "You come back," and Myra noticed the speaker as a professional looking young man, who at once called somebody from outside. Two men appeared and bore her guide away against his will. The young man stared strangely at Myra.

"I cannot understand why you are here," he spoke, and trembling, fear-filled Myra explained. The young man looked serious and troubled.

"There are two Rushvilles accessible from the city Union depot," he said, "on different railroad lines, and I fear you got a ticket to the wrong one. The Rushville just beyond here is a poor industrial town. Typhus has broken out and I am Doctor Willis, in charge of the hospital here. I am very sorry, miss, but you have been exposed to the disease through the folly of that escaped patient, and will have to be quarantined."

It came upon Myra with a shock, but never was physician more gentle and reassuring than her courteous, intelligent host. He explained to her that the law exacted her isolation for fourteen days. He assured her, however, that she should have a room in the house himself and his sisters occupied.

"I shall give you preventive medicines," he explained, "and from your general appearance I believe you will be immune from infection, as I am myself."

The sisters of the doctor were like warm-hearted sisters, indeed, to Myra. They gave her a room by herself. The next day she had recovered her natural poise and became interested in their helpful duties. They took care of their brother's dispensary, nursed the convalescents, and Myra felt really happy and contented as they gave her some cloth to make bandages of, and became a helper in good work of the stockade hospital.

"It is my first experience in actual work among the poor and sick," Myra told Dr. Willis one evening. "Yours is a blessed task."

She regarded him with genuine admiration. His tirelessness, patience

and skill had been a revelation to her eyes.

"You are free to leave tomorrow," he spoke, and his eyes were so grateful. "It will cheer my sisters to hear from you occasionally."

"I will do more than that," replied Myra in her clear, truthful way. "They tell me that the typhus will be stamped out here within a month, and that you will take up a charitable work in the city. Let me assist you—oh, please! please!"

And from Myra's rough experience at the wrong Rushville grew the blessing of finding her life's true work—side by side with her noble husband.

On account of metal being so high, we have a lot of Nos. 1 and 2 shingles on hand. So if you are in need of roofing come in and see us.—Chesterfield Mercantile Co.

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"MONEY"

The mint makes it and under the terms of the CONTINENTAL MORTGAGE COMPANY you can secure it at 6 per cent for any legal purpose on approved real estate. Terms easy, tell us your wants and we will co-operate with you.

908-9 Munsey Bldg., Baltimore.

Sale of Land for Taxes

Under and by virtue of authority contained in certain Executions issued by W. P. Douglass, County Treasurer, and directed to me, I have levied upon and taken exclusive possession of the following real estate, to wit, and will sell the same for cash to the highest bidder, before the court house door at Chesterfield, on the first Monday in Oct. 1915 between the legal hours of a day.

177 Acres in Jefferson Township known as M. McCaskill Est. lands.

150 acres in Steer Pen Township known as I. B. Merrihan, land.

COTTON GINNED

The Chesterfield Gin Co., will gin your cotton for ONE DOLLAR per bale of ordinary weight. Our gins are in good condition and turn out a good, smooth, fine sample that commands the top of market.

We are also buyers of seed, and will at all times give you the highest market price for your seed. If you want to exchange your seed for meal, we will give you the very best of bright meal from sound seed. If you have done no business with us, ask some one who has.

CHESTERFIELD GIN CO.

CHESTERFIELD COUNTY FAIR



COUNTY FAIR

L. H. TROTTI, President. W. J. TILLER, Vice President. G. L. HUNLEY, Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—L. H. TROTTI, J. A. WELSH, EMSLEY ARMFIELD.

BIG BOOSTER TRIP

Grand Ninety-Mile Parade Around Chesterfield County.

Tuesday, October 5, 1915

Mr. Automobile Owner:— You are invited to join the Great "Booster" trip around Chesterfield County in the interest of the Chesterfield County Fair. Every Automobile in Chesterfield County wanted to take part in this grand parade of ninety miles to visit every town in the county.

Fill up your car with your friends who will "BOOST" for The Great Chesterfield County Fair. This is the first time anything like this has been attempted in this County. It is fitting that the first effort along this line should be made in the interest of the County Fair which is to be held for the benefit of all the people of Chesterfield County.

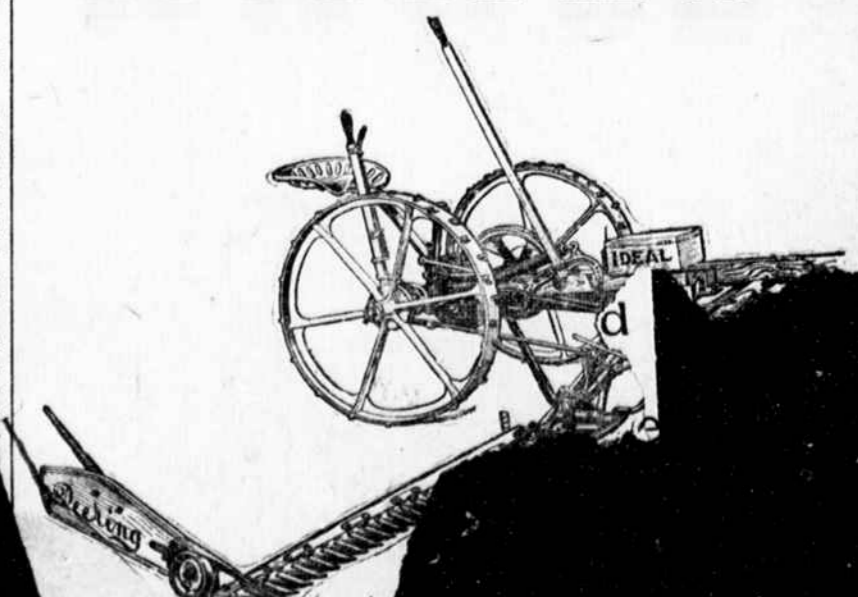
START WILL BE MADE FROM CHESTERFIELD, 9:00 A. M., OCTOBER 5th, 1915.

Automobile Marked "SCOUT CAR" Will Take Lead; Others Follow.

The Following is the Schedule:

Arrive		Depart
6:15 p. m.	Chesterfield	9:00 a. m.
9:30 a. m.	Ruby	9:40 a. m.
10:00 a. m.	Mt. Croghan	10:16 a. m.
11:00 a. m.	Pageland	11:15 a. m.
12:00 noon	Jefferson	12:15 p. m.
12:45 p. m.	Catahah	12:50 p. m.
	McBee	2:45 p. m.
	Middendorf	3:25 p. m.
	Patrick	4:19 p. m.
	Cheraw	5:30 p. m.

MOWING MACHINE AND RAKES



We have a... and P... ces t...