CO-OPERATION WEST AND LACK OF IT EAST

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

I don't know but some of you are tired almost to death of having me talk so much about co-operation among farmers.

Those who are please skip this, and turn right over to the column of marriages and deaths or the base-ball news, or something else which you think worthy of your intelligent attention.

Frankly it "makes me tired" to see the way in which the west is taking advantage of the co-operative idea, while we of the east are afraid to touch it with one of our fingers. Every farm state of the west is sown with co-operative enterprises of one sort or another. I don't mean merely co-operative stores, such as we have successfully working in Maine and New York: I mean farmer-combinations for the purpose of buying and selling in common ,wherever there is advantage in so doing.

The last three western papers I happened to pick up,—The Prairie Farmer of Chicago, The Farmer of St. Paul, Minn., and The Dakota Farmer,—each one gave up more space to accounts of co-operative farmers' organizations within their respective bishoprics than to any other one subject.

There were reports from clubs which marketed their butter and eggs together; from clubs which sold their fruit and potatoes together; from clubs which sold broilers and bought poultry feed together; from clubs which bought grass-seed and bran and stock molasses together by the car-load; from clubs which united their household orders so as to buy their sugar and tea and salt and cereals together.

Most of these clubs reported that their members secured a higher price for what they sold than that which prevailed among individual sellers around them. All of them reported a considerable saving in the cost of the goods they purchased. That is, most of them got more money when they went to market, and all of them left less money for the boughten goods they brought back.

For years we farmers have been so regularly remorselessly skinned both ways, going and coming, that it ought to cheer us somewhat to find a way to escape the skin-removing process in either direction.

But what makes me wonder most is why this palpably easy and satisfactory way of both making money and saving money should be so popular all through the west and so unpopular in the east. It can't be because we eastern communities are older and slower to take up innovations. Why, there are countries in Europe whose farms had been cultivated a thousand years before Columbus discovered America where co-operation is more widely accepted and practised than in the west, even. If the age of a farming community were to bar it from interest in this modern form of economics then little old Denmark, where they kept cattle and made cheese in Julius Caesar's day, wouldn't be organized in co-operation from one end to the other,—as it now is.

I've puzzled over this mystery a long time. And I "don't seem to get no forrarder" towards the solution. There are plenty of differences between the westerner and the easternr,—differences superficial and differences deep-seated. But co-operation is esentially a matter of simple common-sense. We're not ready yet,—at least one of us is not,—to admit that westerners have more of that quality than we.

Some years ago a westernwoman who had become accustomed to the western way of looking at things and of doing them, came east and essayed to settle down in a quiet New England hamlet of two or three hundred years' antiquity. She was charmed by the reposeful air of the village; its sense of restfulness, and the suggestion of "culture" which she thought she appreciated. At first everything was lovely as her dreams had painted. But, as she gradually—oh, very, very gradually,—came to have knowledge of the real inner life of the so peaceful surfaced neighborhood, she found that all was not as blissful as it seemed. Front gates swung easily, indeed, on smothly oiled hinges. But there were apt to be pitfalls in the back-yard, not to mention occasional spring-guns raking the lines of back fences.

There was a clique on Orchard street which ran to great-grandfathers and didn't quite aprove the dwellers on The Flat, not all of whom could tell, for sure, whether they had ever had grandfathers or not.

There was a clan of tenement dwellers down at The Point, whom the true town-born couldn't be induced to think of as really fellow beings.

Those who affected the Unipiscopal church regarded the attendants at the Methogational church as more or less ranters, while the latter looked upon the former as "too stuck up for anything."

The entire family of Smythes, including those who had become by marriage Smythe-Pelhams and Smythe-Goodwins and Smythe-Oppendykes, always turned cold shoulders on the Paynters and all their relations because once, a hundred years ago, old man Painter had got the better of old man Smith in a school-meeting.

The western-bred woman tried to ignore these criss-cross entanglements; tried to find or make some common ground of interested meeting; tried to start a Village Improvement Society, where all could work together for the common good.

At first she met some encouragement, but it soon died away and she was forced to give it all up. She was so discouraged and so dispirited that, at last, she sold her cosy-looking, vine-clad rose embowered cottage and went back to a crude farm-house in the west where her neighbors were too much interested in today and tomorrow to think much about yesterday, and where people didn't stay mad for six generations because their great-grandfathers once had a swearing-match.

Now, do you suppose that the sort of things which this western woman ran up against in a Massachusetts village has anything to do with our unwillingness to get together and act together? Are we so hard-shelled that we can't break out and run together, once in a while?

If so, then there isn't much hope for us old 'uns. We're stiff-necked in stubborness, and case-hardened in sin. But there ought to be some among the younger folks,—those whose faces are still reflecting light from the east,—there ought to be some willing to peck out of their shells before the things get too hard.

There's one little trait of so-called "human nature" which may have some bearing on the general discussion. I mean the habit most of us have of seeing the evil rather than the good in those about us. There never was but one Perfect Man. As I understand from unimpeachably orthodox sources, there is only one Absolute Devil. The rest of us are "betwixt and between." There isn't any community existing whose inhabitants the sneering pessimist couldn't find fault in, to the last man and woman. Nor is there a single community existing with one dweller in it whose character is wholly devoid of all good. It is universally true that there is a great deal of bad in the best of us and a great deal of good in the worst of us. And my feelings towards my fellows,—your feeling towards your fellows, is apt to be governed mainly by which of those fellows we see plainest and oftenest.

Seems to me right here is one real distinction between the western and the eastern way of looking at life. Out west they are given to booming and bragging. They're proud of their towns and of their farms and of their crops. They get so accustomed to looking on the best side of things that it becomes a sort of second nature with them. They are so eager to find something to brag about that they hunt down the good things in their neighboods and the good traits in their neighbors as eagerly and as persistently as a Massachusetts old maid hunts down a trace of scandal.

Perhaps this makes them seem a little "brash" and bumptious at times. But the habit certainly tends towards creating a better neighborhood feeling. It tends towards promoting neighborly warmth and helpfulness. It tends towards prosperity; for the habit of thinking prosperity makes powerfully for the creating of prosperity.

Whatever the underlying cause,—whether it is something in human nature or something in environment, or something quite outside of either, the fact remains that we of the eastern farms are dragging miles behind the world procession in this matter of co-operation. We're losing money by our inertness and sluggishness: we're losing opportunities; we're losing the advantages of neighborliness; we're losing something of the national cheer of life.

It is still true that "two are better than one," and that "a three-fold cord is not quickly broken."

THE FARMER.

How It Had Looked to Deneen.

Governor Deneen of Illinois is one of the strong republican leaders whose support gave stability and potency to the Roosevelt candidacy. While Roosevelt was a republican and was making his fight within the party that had so highly honored him Governor Deneen was his faithful ally. But when Roosevelt deserted he forfeited all claim to the support of republicans, and Deneen, following the example of Hadley, refused to quit the party he has believed in and fought for so long to follow the fortunes of an ambitious bolter. As he is a candidate for re-election Mr. Deneen may seem to have taken a heroic course in this matter, inasmuch as his state sent an enthusiastic Roosevelt delegation to the Chicago convention; but the governor is an astute politician and it is quite probable that he found his chances of victory would be much better as a republican than as a bull moose.—Kansas Journal.

Oldest Celestial Map.

The oldest map of the heavens, containing 1,460 stars, was made in China in 600 B. C., and is in the National library at Paris.

Rose Garden of World.

Bulgaria, the rose garden of the world, supplies the American market with the bulk of the perfume, attar of roses.

Gladiolus should be given support when the flower spikes begin to develop.

CRITICAL TIME OF WOMAN'S LIFE

From 40 to 50 Years of Age. How It May Be Passed in Safety.

Odd, Va.:—"I am enjoying better health than I have for 20 years, and I believe I can safely say now that I am a well woman. I was reared on a farm and had all kinds of heavy work to do which caused the troubles that came on me later. For five years during the Change of Life I was not able to lift a pail of water. I had hemorrhages which would last for weeks and I was not able to sit up in bed. I suffered a great deal with my back and was so nervous I could scarcely sleep at night, and I did not do any housework for three years.

"Now I can do as much work as any woman of my age in the county, thanks to the benefit I have received from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I recommend your remedies to all suffering women."—Mrs. MARTHA L. HOLLOWAY, Odd, Va.

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LETTERS FROM TWO STATES

Tolland County

ANDOVER

Mrs. Wilbert R. Davell and Misses Mildred and Blanche Davoll of Mansfield Center visited Mr. and Mrs. Willard Fuller Tuesday, Miss Mildred remaining for two weeks.

Rev. George Lockett of Philadelphia, Pa., is the guest of his brother, Rev. John J. Lockett. It is expected that he will preach Sunday morning at the Congregational church.

Arthur MacDonald has secured a situation in Glastonbury, and leaves town this week.

Picnic On the Lawn.

Wednesday afternoon the league of Worshipping Children held their annual picnic on the Congregational parsonage lawn. There was a large attendance. The superintendents, Miss Katherine Stetson and Percy Beebe, were in charge.

Mrs. Cooper is in charge of the library for two weeks, during the vacation of Miss Marion Ladd, the librarian.

ELLINGTON

Grange Quartette Sings at Vernon Funeral.

Mrs. George McKinstry and son John of Rickville were guests Monday at Mrs. Richardson's.

Farmers are harvesting their tobacco crop.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Reed and sons, Donald and John, are spending August with Mrs. Reed's sister, Miss Stetson.

Rev. G. Ernest Wood, son of George P. Wood, preached in the Congregational church Sunday.

The Grange quartette, Messrs. Manges, Howard, Richardson and McKnight, sand at the funeral of George W. Dart of Vernon Monday.

Miss Carrie Pinney returned to Waterbury Friday.

Frank Fistion of Springfield was home Sunday.

C. E. Howard of Rockville spent Sunday at his sister's, Mrs. Ellen West's.

Washington County, R. I.

USQUEPAUGH

Who's Who Among the Summer Visitors—Birthday Party.

Mrs. Flora M. Kenyon and children are visiting Mrs. Kenyon's aunt and family, Mrs. W. B. Wilcox of Norwich.

No services were held in the church Sunday on account of the storm.

Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Webster are visiting Charles Franklin and mother.

Mrs. Hattie Pottis, who has been spendingh m m mb mb mb mb mh visiting her sister, Mrs., Franklin, has gone to Narragansett Pier.

Amos H. Kenyon spent Sunday with his cousin at Norwich.

Mr. and Mrs. David Lamen and daughter spent Sunday with the former's mother, Mrs. J. S. Lamond and family.

Luke Clarke of Artic who has been visiting his aunt has returned home.

Annie Kenyon is visiting her cousin Mrs. J. M. Kanyon at Midway.

Fifth Birthday.

F. C. Webster, Jr., entertained his little friends Thursday it being his fifth birthday.

Amos Kenyon and his aunt, Mrs. Fannie Bicknell, spent Thursday with friends at Hamilton.

Mrs. Mary Champlain who has been visiting friends here, has gone to Hillsdale, for a visit with Mrs. George S. James.

Clara Webster has gone away for two weeks' vacation.

Oliver Sherman of West Kingston was a caller in this village Wednesday.

HOPKINTON

Business Men's Association Enjoys Sail—New Principal in Town.

Harold R. Lewis has gone to Florida with his aunt Blanche and her husband, who were recently married.

Miss Ethel M. Durkee and brother, Milton L. Durkee, who have been visiting at the home of Rev. E. P. Mathewson returned to Warrenville, Conn., Saturday morning.

Walter C. Brown, of Willimantic, was a guest of the family of Rev. E. P. Mathewson the end of last week.

Services were omitted in the First Day Baptist church Sunday on account of unpleasant weather.

Sail to Sag Harbor.

The Ashaway Business Men's association with their friends enjoyed a sail to Sag Harbor Wednesday.

The board of assessors of taxes adjourned over Wednesday of this week to investigate several undecided cases of assessment.

Charles Ross Kenyon who will have the care of the Seventh Day Baptist meetinghouse during the absence of Harold R. Lewis has erected a lamppost in front of the church.

Walter H. Walsh, the newly appointed principal of the Hope Valley High school was in town Monday looking over the situation.

RICHMOND

Family Picnic—Local Grangers at State College Field Day Exercises.

Edwin J. Hoyle who has been spending a few days at Beverly, Mass., has returned home.

Miss Girard of Malden, Mass., was in town last week.

Presbary Briggs who is very ill remains about the same.

A family clambake was held at the home of Ralph Cornell on Friday of last week.

Miss Jane Barber of Massachusetts who has been visiting at the home of Mrs. John Hoyle has returned home.

Mrs. John W. Forden formerly of Kenyon, now of Millbury, Mass., has been the guest of friends in town recently.

Miss Blanche Meadowcroft and Miss Gladys Tucker have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Whiting Metcalf in Providence.

Attended Field Day Picnic.

Several from the Richmond grange attended the annual field day picnic at the Rhode Island State collage on August 8th.

William H. Kingsley recently made a fishing trip to Lake Worden, in South Kingstown.

ROCKVILLE

Pastor Suffering from Sumac Poisoning.

Rev. A. G. Crofoot has been suffering from sumac poisoning the past week, being unable to preach last sabbath, his piece being occupied by Rev. W. G. Thomas of Hope Valley.

Mrs. A. G. Crofoot is entertaining her father and two sisters.

La Verne Burdick, who has been spending his vacation here and at the beach, returned to Boston Tuesday.

Mrs. J. J. Taylor and two daughters are guests of her parents in Providence this week.

Mrs. Harold R. Crandall, who has been seriously ill, is much better.

Frank C. Burdick is the guest of his brother and sister in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Kenyon are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. Mary Sunderland of Wickford.

Practical Politics.

Although Mr. Btlmont does not just remember the exact amount he contributed to the Parker campaign of 1904, he is satisfied it was in the neighborhood of $250,000. Mr. Ryan, Mr. Morgan and others doubtless did as well by the democrats that year as did Mr. Belmont. It could not have been, therefore, impractical politics that defeated Judge Parker. And evidently if the astute Roger Sullivan has his say, impractical politics is not going to obtrude itself this year to trip up Professor Wilson, guileless as he may be at playing the game upon purely practical lines. But his good friend, Roger Sullivan, is not, and there are others just as pragmatic as Mr. Sullivan, who suggests a little pot of $1,000,000 to start with, as a sort of bonus of good faith, as it were, to get the brethren with grievances well in line for Wilson and Marshall.—Omaha Bee.

Ended the Dry Spell.

She had a voice like a siren, and when she sang, "'Mid play sure, sand palaces, tho heam a rome. Be it averse oh wum bull there, snow play sly comb," and so on to the conclusion, there wasn't a dry eye in the room.

Production of Quicksilver.

California mines have yielded more than one hundred million dollars of quicksilver in the last sixty years.

No More Restless, Sleepless Nights

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Afternoons, doors open at 2—show 2.30. Prices—all downstairs, 10c.

Evenings, doors open at 7—shows 7.15 and 8.45. Prices—Orchestra (reserved), 20c.; orchestra circle, 15c.; balcony, 10c.; gallery, 5c.; boxes, 25c. Phone 1020. We hold seats till 8.

GET THE HABIT.

Hazards of Womankind.

The beautiful young girl who gets through this summer without getting marrier or murdered is an exception.—Detroit Journal.

Something Moved.

A fake aviation school in the East has gone up in the air. That's more than its pupils ever did.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

STEAMER BLOCK ISLAND DAILY SERVICE Until Sept. 3, to

Watch Hill and Block Island

	A. M.	A. M.
Norwich .....Lv.	*8.20	**9.15
New London	10.00	10.40
Watch Hill	11.05	11.45
Block Island .....Due	12.30 Noon	1.10 P. M.

*Daily, except Sundays.
Two hours at Block Island Sundays.

	P. M.	P. M.
Block Island .....Lv.	*2.15	**3.15
Watch Hill	3.40	4.40
New London .....Due	5.00	6.00
Norwich .....Due	5.30 P. M.	7.30 P. M.

**Sundays only.
Two hours at Block Island Sundays.

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Bread Toasters, 4 slice for gas or oil stove 10c
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5 Red Seal Batteries $1.00
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E. Z. Seal Fruit Jars, quarts, per dozen 80c
Walker's Harness Oil Dressing, 25c can 19c
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Family Scale, Platform and Scoop, slant dial $1.25
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