

UNCLE SAM AND THE COTTON BUG

OUR Worst Mexican Invasion and How It Is Being Fought—A Bug Which Eats Gold—How the Boll Weevil Works—Uncle Sam's Army of Farm Demonstration—Seventy-five Thousand Farms Under Government Direction—A Talk With the Agents—Converting the Planters—A Wonderful Industrial Revolution.

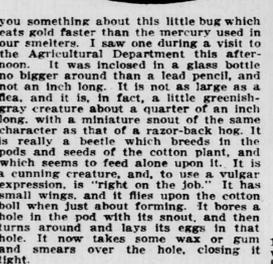
(Copyright, 1911, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

WANT to tell you how Uncle Sam has saved the cotton crop of the nation—how he has kept his children from bankruptcy and thereby prevented untold millions of human beings at home and abroad from going in rags. The story is one that deals not only with the south, but with our balance of trade. It affects the cotton factories of New England as well as those of Great Britain and all parts of Europe. It affects the life-work of millions of women who are the pocketbook of every man in the country.

It is the story of a plague greater than that of the locusts which ate up Pharaoh's Egypt or of the grasshoppers which some years ago chewed the heart of "bleeding Kansas." It is the story of a bug not one-tenth the size of a man's finger nail, but which, uncontrolled, bade fair to scratch prosperity from the face of the best states south of the line of Mason and Dixon. It is the story of the boll weevil and of how Uncle Sam's army of farm demonstration farmers is steadily growing in rank. The weevils scattered over the cotton belt are fighting it and thereby bringing in an era of wealth the possibilities of which are beyond the wildest dreams of that land.

Have you ever thought how much King Cotton is? He is the richest monarch on the face of the globe. He has an aggregate annual income, in raw material and goods, worth billions of dollars, and he is steadily growing in value. Our own share of the cotton crop has more than doubled within the past twenty years and has increased so rapidly that if the present rate of increase continues the demand will be twice as great within twenty years as it is now. We shall be asked to supply more than fifty millions of bales. This estimate is based on the world's consumption of cotton, of which we are bound to always be the chief factor. We are now making more than seven-tenths of the whole, and although England, Germany and Russia have been spending millions to compete with us, they have not succeeded in vain. They have tried to develop new fields in Africa, Asia and elsewhere, but the climate and labor in those parts are such that they have but little hope for the future.

There is some cotton made in India and Egypt, and smaller amounts in Russian Turkistan, Brazil and China, but of the total crop of the world the United States still produces a great deal more than two-thirds, and the prospect is that she will do that for all time to come. In the boll weevil, and she can still do that, so the scientists of the Agricultural Department will tell me, with the weevil to fight. But before I go farther I want to tell



A FARMER'S CLUB OF ALABAMA

you something about this little bug which eats gold faster than the mercury used in our smelters. I saw one during a visit to the Agricultural Department in Washington. It was in a glass bottle no bigger around than a lead pencil, and not an inch long. It is not as large as a flea, and it is, in fact, a little greenish-grey creature about a quarter of an inch long, with a miniature snout of the same character as that of a razor-back hog. It is really a beetle which breeds in the pods and seeds of the cotton plant, and which seems to feed alone upon it. It is a cunning creature, and, to use a vulgar expression, is "right on the job." It has small wings, and it flies upon the cotton boll when just about forming. It bores a hole in the pod with its snout, and then turns around and lays its eggs in that hole. It now takes some wax or gum and smears over the hole, closing it tight.

By and by the eggs hatch into worms, and they eat out the heart of the boll, so that it falls to the ground. The worms continue to eat, and within a short time grow into weevils just like their mother. They in turn lay their eggs in more bolls of cotton, increasing so rapidly that in one season a single family will become fifteen millions.

There has been wild talk about an army of Japanese joining with the Mexicans and invading the United States. The greatest Mexican invasion and the most serious invasion is that of this little bug which came in from Mexico in 1902. It then crossed the Rio Grande, and began to increase its army at this fifteen million per family rate. You remember Cadmus, who sowed the teeth of a dragon, whereupon a regiment of armed men sprang from the soil. In the same way, with the boll weevil, only its regiments come up by the billions. They continue to hold every bit of ground that they take, and increasing by geometrical ratio they march onward, conquering every year a strip of territory which is seventy-five or more miles wide.

I have before me a map prepared by the United States bureau of entomology which marks out the lines of advance. In 1902 the boll weevil had infested a short strip in south Texas. In 1903 it had moved farther north and west and continued its progress each year until, in



COTTON BOLL SHOWING WEEVIL AT WORK

1900, aided by the storms and winds which brought about the Galveston flood, it had spread far beyond that city and was eating its way into the heart of the cotton belt.

After it had attacked a portion of Louisiana and now it has covered almost the whole of the Texas cotton plantations and is invading the heart of Oklahoma, Arkansas and Louisiana. It has jumped the Mississippi and is ravaging the states east of that river. It is beginning to lay waste southern Alabama and Florida, from where it will go on into the Carolinas as well.

The scientists tell me that it is bound to proceed and that some of the states which are yet free from it have been raising funds to fight it. South Carolina has already devoted \$10,000 to getting ready for it; the Alabama legislature has set aside a fund of \$25,000 to teach the farmers how to fight it, and the general education board of New York is putting out through the Agricultural Department at Washington \$15,000 this year to prepare Georgia against its attacks.

Until recently the path of this invading army has been one of ruin to the planter. It has depopulated the counties, bankrupted business and sown sorrow and despair. A few years ago it was prophesied that it would blight our whole cotton crop, cause a loss to the country of more than \$200,000,000 a year. As it is now, notwithstanding its ravages, by the



THE NEW COTTON PLANTER, VERSUS THE OLD THIS IS A DEMONSTRATION PLOT

Improved farming methods an equal amount of cotton has been raised; and last year our product was greater in value than ever before. They had been raising only cotton, and the weevil became the terror of millions. The planters thought it was impossible to fight it, and a man who had lost a big plantation said it was proof against anything under the sun. At one of the conventions he said he had put a weevil in a bottle of alcohol which was 95 per cent pure and left it there for two hours. At the end of that time he took it out and put it on the table and it was only staggering drunk. He then sealed a handful of the insects in a tin can and laid it upon a brush heap, which was set on fire. The flames melted the solder from the can and the red hot weevils flew out and burned down his barn.

Speaking seriously, however, the department estimates that the weevil has already cost us millions of bales of cotton and many millions of dollars. It has annually cost Texas more than twenty millions for a series of years, and it is now ravaging the states farther east.

Take Mississippi, for instance, the southern part of which state is now weevil covered. In 1906 the cotton crop of Adams county amounted to 25,000 bales, and it was more than 20,000 in 1907. Then the weevil flew in and in 1908 the yield dropped to 1,700 bales. The tenant farmers and laborers left the county in gangs, and today lands can be bought there for

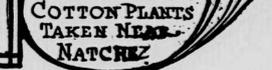


THE NEW COTTON PLANTER, VERSUS THE OLD THIS IS A DEMONSTRATION PLOT

a song. It is the same in some counties of Louisiana. In Pointe Coupee 50,000 bales of cotton, which, including the seed, were worth over \$3,500,000, were raised in 1906, and the crop of 1907, amounting to 41,000 bales, was worth about \$3,000,000. Then the boll weevil came, and in 1908 the crop fell to 2,300 bales, or to something like \$200,000. These figures give you some idea of what this deadly bug means under the old cotton-raising conditions.

There is another feature of the situation, however, which must be mentioned. In most parts of the cotton belt cotton was the only crop. The planter relied upon it for the money with which he bought everything else. He imported his corn from the north and his pork came from the store. He sent abroad for his mules, and, with the exception perhaps of a few vegetables, raised nothing but cotton. Moreover, he did the most of his farming on credit, getting the storekeeper or planter for whom he worked to furnish him his supplies for the winter, the same to be paid out of the cotton when it was picked. When the weevil wiped out the cotton he had nothing to fall back upon, and starvation stared the greater part of the population in the face. This was the situation when Uncle Sam, Patriarch, in the person of his agent, the late Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, began to instruct the farmer how to fight this terrible bug and still make money out of his land. Dr. Knapp's plan was to teach us how to control the weevil as far as possible from season to season, and by the proper selection of seed and by deep plowing and harrowing to produce plants which would yield more cotton, or, rather, enough to feed the necessary weevils and leave something to spare. His motto was, "Double the crop by good farming," or, rather, "raise the same crop on half of the land."

The plan also provided for diversified



THE NEW COTTON PLANTER, VERSUS THE OLD THIS IS A DEMONSTRATION PLOT

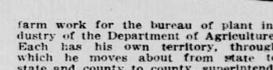
farming, to make the farmer raise all of his own supplies, all his farm animals and their feed, and to have one patch which should be planted to cotton to furnish the cash for the family. This last part of the conditions, for the boll weevil destroys credit wherever it goes and the farmers are compelled to raise other things in order to live.

The work began in Texas in 1904 and it has now spread throughout the south. The government has 350 agents in the cotton belt, and more than 75,000 demonstration farms, upon which the planters, under the weekly direction of these agents and their assistants, are raising cotton after government methods. In the boll weevil region there are county clubs of such farmers, and the stories of the success of their members have taken the place of politics as a topic of conversation.

The government agent selects, as far as possible, the best farmers and asks them to plant out an acre of cotton at some conspicuous place on his estate. It is, if possible, at a cross-roads, or at least near some road so that the people may see the results as they go by. A sign marking the spot as a government farm is put up, and this place is visited by the farmers for miles around and the operations carefully watched. At the start they are anxious to try, and the demonstration farms multiply. In hundreds of counties this work has revolutionized the methods of farming, and men who were practically bankrupt have become rich. The deposits in the savings banks have increased and new banks are being started in nearly all such regions.

The credit system is on the decline. The planters are raising their own supplies, and with many of them the cotton receipts are almost all clear gain.

While at the Department of Agriculture today I had a long talk with two of Uncle Sam's agents who have been in charge of this co-operative demonstration



THE NEW COTTON PLANTER, VERSUS THE OLD THIS IS A DEMONSTRATION PLOT

farm work for the bureau of plant industry of the Department of Agriculture. Each has his own territory, through which he moves about from state to state and county to county superintending the demonstrators and their hundreds of agents. These men are Mr. B. Norfield and H. B. Savely, both of Mississippi. They tell me that they are raising more cotton than ever before in the seasons when the demonstration work is, and that last year on 25,000 acres which were cultivated under such direction a total of 72,000,000 pounds of seed cotton was raised, making an average of 800 pounds to the acre. In North Carolina, where there is no weevil as yet, 3,900 pounds of seed cotton have been raised on one acre, making a crop which, with lint and seed, was worth \$165. These demonstration farms have shown a mighty increase in production over all others about where the old method of farming were used, and in most localities they are showing a profit of \$15 per acre over that of their neighbors.

In one of the worst weevil districts F. L. Maxwell of Louisiana grew 350 pounds of lint to the acre on a plantation of 200 acres, and this one acre which is said to be especially favorable to weevil production.

The government is trying to get the weevil production. This demonstration work is revolutionizing the south. Both young and old are engaged in it. Many of the boys have been each given an acre upon which to raise cotton, and there are now boy cotton clubs as well as boy corn clubs. These acre farms are to be seen everywhere, and the poor farmer cannot help knowing the big yields of his neighbors.

The government is trying to get the weevil production. This demonstration work is revolutionizing the south. Both young and old are engaged in it. Many of the boys have been each given an acre upon which to raise cotton, and there are now boy cotton clubs as well as boy corn clubs. These acre farms are to be seen everywhere, and the poor farmer cannot help knowing the big yields of his neighbors.

The government is trying to get the weevil production. This demonstration work is revolutionizing the south. Both young and old are engaged in it. Many of the boys have been each given an acre upon which to raise cotton, and there are now boy cotton clubs as well as boy corn clubs. These acre farms are to be seen everywhere, and the poor farmer cannot help knowing the big yields of his neighbors.

The government is trying to get the weevil production. This demonstration work is revolutionizing the south. Both young and old are engaged in it. Many of the boys have been each given an acre upon which to raise cotton, and there are now boy cotton clubs as well as boy corn clubs. These acre farms are to be seen everywhere, and the poor farmer cannot help knowing the big yields of his neighbors.

The government is trying to get the weevil production. This demonstration work is revolutionizing the south. Both young and old are engaged in it. Many of the boys have been each given an acre upon which to raise cotton, and there are now boy cotton clubs as well as boy corn clubs. These acre farms are to be seen everywhere, and the poor farmer cannot help knowing the big yields of his neighbors.

The government is trying to get the weevil production. This demonstration work is revolutionizing the south. Both young and old are engaged in it. Many of the boys have been each given an acre upon which to raise cotton, and there are now boy cotton clubs as well as boy corn clubs. These acre farms are to be seen everywhere, and the poor farmer cannot help knowing the big yields of his neighbors.

The government is trying to get the weevil production. This demonstration work is revolutionizing the south. Both young and old are engaged in it. Many of the boys have been each given an acre upon which to raise cotton, and there are now boy cotton clubs as well as boy corn clubs. These acre farms are to be seen everywhere, and the poor farmer cannot help knowing the big yields of his neighbors.

The government is trying to get the weevil production. This demonstration work is revolutionizing the south. Both young and old are engaged in it. Many of the boys have been each given an acre upon which to raise cotton, and there are now boy cotton clubs as well as boy corn clubs. These acre farms are to be seen everywhere, and the poor farmer cannot help knowing the big yields of his neighbors.

The government is trying to get the weevil production. This demonstration work is revolutionizing the south. Both young and old are engaged in it. Many of the boys have been each given an acre upon which to raise cotton, and there are now boy cotton clubs as well as boy corn clubs. These acre farms are to be seen everywhere, and the poor farmer cannot help knowing the big yields of his neighbors.

and plant it just as I told you." "So I did," was the reply, "and now that you have come again I will do it."

"Well," said the agent, "suppose we go out now and start your men to plowing, and I will come around every week and see how you and they are following my instructions."

The old man laughed, but he went with the agent to the barn and picked out the tools. Among his farm implements was a subsoiling plow that he said was no good because it plowed too deep for his land. The agent insisted, however, that it was all right, and he did not leave until four mules were hitched to it and the ground was broken up to what the planter said was a ruinous depth. He then saw the land harrowed, and instructed the farmer about his seed and how to plant it.

To make a long story short, the cotton came up with more vigor than any ever raised on that land before, and when, later on, the old man was asked to run a cultivator over the crop he cut out the weeds and kept down the grass he replied that it would ruin the cotton, and when the agent insisted, saying he would guarantee him against loss, the planter gave the order, but went away with tears in his eyes, saying he could not stay there and see his crop torn to pieces. He was surprised to find, however, that the cotton grew better than ever, and when, at the end of the season, he harvested, he had gotten two bales of cotton from that acre, whereas the rest of his land had produced less than one-fourth that amount, he became an active government supporter. His neighbors at first thought it must be the seed, and they paid for \$2 a bushel for all that came from that acre. Later he met the agent again, and in speaking of his conversion he said, "I am now over sixty years old and have farmed forty years, but it is only two years since I have learned how to farm."

The demonstration men give me many stories like this. The cotton in the south, and which promises to make it a FRANK G. CARPENTER.

THREE FORTUNES AND AN ANCIENT PEDIGREE MAY BELONG TO AN AMERICAN

ANNOUNCEMENT of Existence of "Urquhart Millions" Has Produced a Host of Claimants for the Money, Which Was Made by Three Members of the Family in America, India and Australia—A Lawyer in Dingwall, the Native Place of the Urquharts, Is Endeavoring to Trace the Rightful Owner From Among the Mass of Claims Which Snows Him Under Every Post Time—Lucky Recipient Can Eventually Boast the Longest Pedigree in the World, for Sir Thomas Urquhart, a Member of the Clan Who Flourished in the Time of Charles I, Traced His Descent.



URQUHART

Dingwall, and had four brothers, named Roderick, Alexander, Thomas and Colin, and several sisters, one of whom was named Isabella. John left his native town somewhere between 1820 and 1830, and went to California, where he prospered like the green bay tree, made a lot of money, and after twenty or twenty-five years returned to his native land, eventually going the way of all flesh, and leaving a fortune which has risen now in popular imagination to the sum of \$10,000,000.

The history of the second Urquhart fortune is still more romantic. The exact amount of it is not known, but it was made in India by a Gen. Urquhart who was a close family connection to John, probably a nephew or cousin. This Gen. Urquhart, about whose Christian name there seems to be considerable doubt, though one claimant says it was Hector, entered the army as a private and proceeded to India, whether in the service of the British India company or as a regular British regiment is not stated. He was a promising soldier, handsome and of fine physique, and while he came home to Dingwall on furlough, and there fell in love with a lady who lived in the room and determined to make the best of it after it was done, and bought a commission in the army, he returned to his native land with his bride. He repaid their confidence in him by gaining rapid promotion, eventually becoming a general, which daily poured into his office to trace the subsequent movements of this lady, for until this is done there is a total absence of proof to show the death of the last survivor of the general's family.

When did the daughter die, and where? Where was she buried? Did she marry, and has she left heirs, are vital questions all awaiting solution. The fortune involved in this case is understood to be considerable. Part of the money lies in Edinburgh on deposit or under the cognizance of state authorities.

In its main features this story is substantiated by many correspondents; others mix it up with the old story of the Californian fortune, which, at all

events, goes to show that in the family which was settled in Dingwall early in the last century there was common knowledge that a fortune or fortunes waited to be claimed upon a well founded statement of facts.

The third fortune was made in Australia by a Dingwall Urquhart, who went to the gold fields in 1851, and became a rich man, and a railway contractor, made his pile and died without issue. Inquiries have been made in his case have led to the discovery of one brother who was a soldier and who left one daughter, circumstances which would serve to connect him with Gen. Urquhart, but this has not been fully established as yet. A broker named Urquhart, in Sal-

ford, the sister city of Manchester, claims this fortune on the ground that his grandfather was the brother of the Australian fortune maker.

claiming the soldier Urquhart as their sole, only differing in the rank they give him and other minor particulars, but no doubt when their cases come to be dealt with individually this close relationship to the rich old man will prove to be largely imaginary in a great many cases. One man, however, gives a story which is more circumstantial than others. He

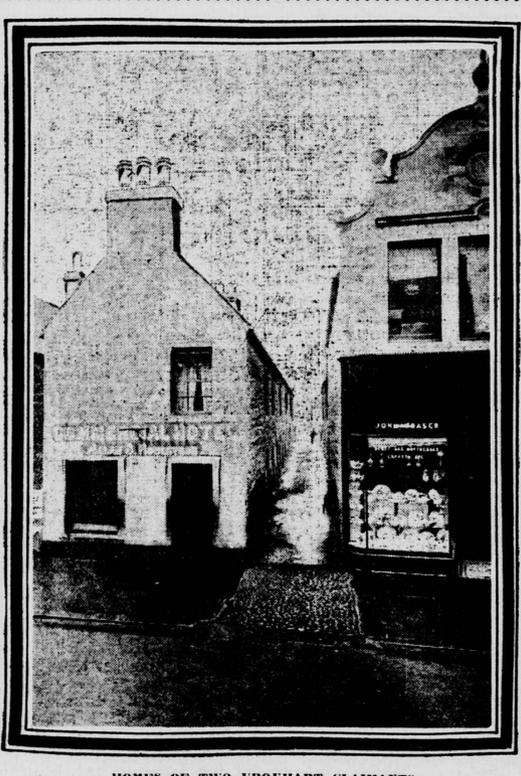
was a boy at school in Ross-shire fifty years ago. The schoolboys, when we disagreed, called me "George the fether." Repetition of the name made me angry. I told my father, who explained that he had a brother in the army, and when the brother came home on furlough he wore the fether hat of the Highlanders, which led to my father being distinguished from the other Urquharts. "George the fether," my father told me the people were angry with his brother, who married a lady above his station, and my uncle's name was Hector. My father's name was George. He kept an inn at Strug, Strathglass, Inverness-shire.

Running through all these letters is evidence of the fact that these various Urquharts, scattered here and there, are of the same branch of the Urquhart family, and it is almost certain that there are three distinct fortunes in the Urquhart family waiting to be claimed by those who can establish their close kinship with John Urquhart of California, Gen. Urquhart of India and the railway contractor of Australia.

The mails from America, India and Australia are awaited with interest.

may retain documentary evidence which would help to elucidate the facts, and are certain to come out before long. The Australian story is also about the same age.

The Urquhart clan, to which all these



HOMES OF TWO URQUHART CLAIMANTS.

The Commercial Hotel, Dingwall, the owner of which is married to a descendant of John Urquhart, is called the "Scottish highlands." Across the street is the shop of John Fraser, another claimant.

James Guthrie Urquhart, a descendant of Gen. Urquhart of India, is a Liverpool business man, and bases his claim on the story that his great-grandfather, a Scottish soldier, sloped with a daughter of Murroo of Morroo, Fortarishale.

It is almost certain that old timers in California will recall John Urquhart, or that their descendants will have heard of him, while it is not less likely that among many Urquhart connections who have gone to America are members of this family, some of whom

Europe after the deluge." This Esornon, he says, was a sovereign of Greece, and that he inherited the throne of his great-grandfather, Pennel, "a most intimate friend of Nimrod, the mighty hunter, and the first of the kings of the world." Esornon lived for many years and affability in conversation was surpassed by his subjects and familiar, and he was the intimate friend of Pharaoh, who found Moses in the bull-rushes.

Subsequently Sir Thomas descends to commonplace family marriages with kings of Ireland, Wales, Scotland, etc., until he comes to the Urquharts of Meldrum in Aberdeenshire, the people of his own time. He himself fought bravely and suffered severely in the causes of Charles I and Cromwell, and are certain to come out before long. The Australian story is also about the same age.

The Urquhart clan, to which all these

Europe after the deluge." This Esornon, he says, was a sovereign of Greece, and that he inherited the throne of his great-grandfather, Pennel, "a most intimate friend of Nimrod, the mighty hunter, and the first of the kings of the world." Esornon lived for many years and affability in conversation was surpassed by his subjects and familiar, and he was the intimate friend of Pharaoh, who found Moses in the bull-rushes.

Subsequently Sir Thomas descends to commonplace family marriages with kings of Ireland, Wales, Scotland, etc., until he comes to the Urquharts of Meldrum in Aberdeenshire, the people of his own time. He himself fought bravely and suffered severely in the causes of Charles I and Cromwell, and are certain to come out before long. The Australian story is also about the same age.

The Urquhart clan, to which all these

Europe after the deluge." This Esornon, he says, was a sovereign of Greece, and that he inherited the throne of his great-grandfather, Pennel, "a most intimate friend of Nimrod, the mighty hunter, and the first of the kings of the world." Esornon lived for many years and affability in conversation was surpassed by his subjects and familiar, and he was the intimate friend of Pharaoh, who found Moses in the bull-rushes.

Subsequently Sir Thomas descends to commonplace family marriages with kings of Ireland, Wales, Scotland, etc., until he comes to the Urquharts of Meldrum in Aberdeenshire, the people of his own time. He himself fought bravely and suffered severely in the causes of Charles I and Cromwell, and are certain to come out before long. The Australian story is also about the same age.

The Urquhart clan, to which all these

Europe after the deluge." This Esornon, he says, was a sovereign of Greece, and that he inherited the throne of his great-grandfather, Pennel, "a most intimate friend of Nimrod, the mighty hunter, and the first of the kings of the world." Esornon lived for many years and affability in conversation was surpassed by his subjects and familiar, and he was the intimate friend of Pharaoh, who found Moses in the bull-rushes.

Subsequently Sir Thomas descends to commonplace family marriages with kings of Ireland, Wales, Scotland, etc., until he comes to the Urquharts of Meldrum in Aberdeenshire, the people of his own time. He himself fought bravely and suffered severely in the causes of Charles I and Cromwell, and are certain to come out before long. The Australian story is also about the same age.

The Urquhart clan, to which all these

Europe after the deluge." This Esornon, he says, was a sovereign of Greece, and that he inherited the throne of his great-grandfather, Pennel, "a most intimate friend of Nimrod, the mighty hunter, and the first of the kings of the world." Esornon lived for many years and affability in conversation was surpassed by his subjects and familiar, and he was the intimate friend of Pharaoh, who found Moses in the bull-rushes.

Subsequently Sir Thomas descends to commonplace family marriages with kings of Ireland, Wales, Scotland, etc., until he comes to the Urquharts of Meldrum in Aberdeenshire, the people of his own time. He himself fought bravely and suffered severely in the causes of Charles I and Cromwell, and are certain to come out before long. The Australian story is also about the same age.

The Urquhart clan, to which all these

Europe after the deluge." This Esornon, he says, was a sovereign of Greece, and that he inherited the throne of his great-grandfather, Pennel, "a most intimate friend of Nimrod, the mighty hunter, and the first of the kings of the world." Esornon lived for many years and affability in conversation was surpassed by his subjects and familiar, and he was the intimate friend of Pharaoh, who found Moses in the bull-rushes.