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Poetry Of Farm Life.

Raising crops is not all of farming. This should be a truth as well known to the farmer as is the maxim "Catching fish is not all of fishing" to the angler.

In the "Report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture for the Quarter Ending March 1914"—which is one of the interesting publications which redound to the fame of Secretary F. D. Coburn—we find an address by Mrs. Margaret Hill McCarter of Topeka at the forty-third annual meeting of the board, which eloquently sets forth this great truth. If the farmer appreciated this truth there would be less heard of the "lure of the city" and the census returns would tell another story.

POETRY OF THE FARM.

In Mrs. McCarter's address, "The Farm Four-Square," are the following passages, which are well worth reproducing:

The last limitation for the farm is the love measure. "Ten years ago tonight it was my privilege to address this body. I spoke that night about 'farm life in prose.' I make a plea tonight for the poetry of life on the farm; for a wider appreciation of the beauty there; the beauty that sets a line of glory about the dull commonplace life, drifting toward the wearing drudgery of toil, the narrowing lust for lucre, the coarse, hard bonds of selfishness. Nature, who never did betray the heart that loved her, has been most kind to the farmer. The misty glory of sunrise, and the majestic grandeur of sunset, the cooling breath from the summer shower, the smiling fields of ripening grain, the frost-fired splendor of autumn—all are his. Into eyes that can see this beauty comes the vision of larger purposes in work than the days can measure. The farmer who looks down the long furrows may see down the long years the harvests of nobler plantings—may picture the bigger farm, the bigger increase, the bigger opportunity and influence for himself, the bigger, broader, better life for his children. Some clever poet it was who wrote the lines:

"Turn on the electrical light, mother,
And start the electrical fan,
And set yourself down here beside me
On this velvet, imported divan
Fur a heart-to-heart talk of the old time,
When we lived in a house built of sod,
And didn't have nothin' to speak of
But a trust in old Kansas and God.

"We took up this hundred and sixty,
An old soldier's homestead, and here
We scrimped and we saved for a livin',
An' a slim one, too, year after year.
An' what with the drought an' the hoppers,
Things often looked desputly gray,
But we kept the old faith—pot a bilin'
Till things got to comin' our way."

It was this very "trust in ol' Kansas an' God" that has brought at last these fabulous per cents of farm values cited a little while ago. The farmer who bounds his farm four-square with this measure of love where beauty and inspiration and hope and vision have place, must find time not only to work, but to let go of work. We have too many retired farmers in our cities now—retired, galley-slaves who spent the years when life should be most wholesome and joyous in one endless round of tread-mill toil, chaining their boys to long hours of labor and few hours of leisure. These read sermons to the boys of the evils of city life and preached the gospel of staying on the farm, the while they strained muscle and nerve to the very breaking point in order to earn and save money enough to retire from the farm and spend their useless old days in the city.

Frankly, the city doesn't need them. They never assimilate well. Their money is invested outside its borders. They object to public improvements, they join the taxpayers' league and fight the commercial club. They vote with the grouchers and prophesy the speedy going of the whole country to the dogs. These are beyond help now. But to you farmer men, tonight, they teach by adverse example the lesson of letting go; of living as you work; of a love for the farm that shall build into your lives and the lives of your children the blessed memories of happiest days. Time is money, not alone time filled up with work, but time now and then filled up with play.

The fourth dimension of the four-square farm bounds the children most. They are the hope of our country. They are "the dogs" to which affairs are tending. It is the right of the farm-bred boy and girl to have the best education and opportunity—to be "city broke" while they live and love the life of the country. Money invested in children exceeds in value all the per cents of crop and stock increase. Would you be a successful farmer? As one whose life for three decades was close to the soil, let me urge you tonight to measure your farm four-square, by the land that you claim, by the labor of your hands, by the light of your intelligence and the love that carries a consciousness of its beauty and the inspiration and vision of the best things the farm may give to you and your family.

In the State of Kansas two decades of wonderful

prosperity are rounded out. Tonight, with this, your closing session, you have the records of twenty teeming years. This change from prairie sod to field of the cloth of gold has been due to many things. Will I be speaking out of place if I say that to one man among you so large a measure is due that we rob no other man of credit when we pay homage to him? I mean the man who for twenty years has held the vision of a better farm, of a bigger life for the farmer who, finding that the agricultural dictionary held no such word as fail, has voiced and written and believed that victory and farming are synonyms in the Kansas tongue. I mean Foster Dwight Coburn, for twenty years the light-bearer to the farm land and farm life here, and the light-bearer from these to the whole world.

And after him, may I pay a word of tribute to you, who sit here tonight, the owners, not alone of sections or quarters thereof, but of the real farms, four-square to the world, by all the bounds I have tried to draw?

Looking down the years you have striven and won to the mastery, I hold you in that peerage, rulers of realms so well outlined by a Kansas pioneer poet, Mrs. J. K. Hudson, who wrote:

In all the story of the world of man,
Who blazed the way to greater, better things?
Who stopped the migration of wild men,
And set the noble task of building human homes?
The learned recluse? The former teacher?
The poet singer? The soldier, voyager,
Our ruler? 'Twas none of this proud line.
The man who dugged the ground foretold the destiny
Of men. 'Twas he made anchor for the heart;
Gave meaning to the hearthstone and the birthplace,
And planted vine and fig tree at the door
He made e'en nations possible! Aye, when
With his stone ax he made a hoe, he carved,
Unwillingly, the scepter of the world.
The steps by which the multitude have climbed
Were all rough-hewn by this base implement;
In its rude path have followed all the minor
Arts of men: stark back along the centuries
And hear its march across the continents,
From zone to zone, all around the bounteous world,
The man whose skill makes rich the barren field
And causes grass to grow, and flowers to blow,
And fruits to ripen and grain turn to gold—
That man is king. Long live the king!

A Woman's Sigh for Freedom.

Oh, to be alone!
To escape from the work, the play
The talking every day;
To escape from all I have done,
And all that remains to do,
To escape—yes, even from you,
My only love, and be
Alone and free.

Could I only stand
Between gray moor and gray sky
Where the winds and the plovers
cry,

And no man is at hand;
And feel the free wind blow
On my rain wet face, and know
I am free—not yours, but my
own—

Free, and alone!
For the soft firelight
And the home of your heart, my
dear,

They hurt, being always here.
I want to stand upright,
And to cool my eyes in the air.
And to see how my back can bear
Burdens—to try, to know,
To learn, to grow!

I am only you!
I am yours, part of you, your wife!
And I have no other life,
I cannot think, cannot do;
I cannot breathe, cannot see;
There is "us," but there is not
"me;"

And worse, at your kiss I grow
Contented so.

Did You Know That---

Harry Thaw was sane?

On the left side of the Panama Canal there are four alligators, 12 palm trees and 1 shore? A bob-cat may also be a tom-cat?

On the planet Mars all the sane people are kept locked up, as the Martians find less cells are needed in this way?

In these days, Little Red Riding Hood would have to be Little Red Motor Car Hood?

George Bernard Shaw admits he steals any good literary stuff he sees, but we can't dope out what he does with it?

For rheumatism a tango tea is better than sage tea?

A BUDDING GENIUS.

Ambitions and Hard Work of the Boy Saint Gaudens.

Immediately on being apprenticed to Avet I applied for admission to the drawing school of the Cooper institute, and every evening after my return from work at 6 o'clock and a hasty tea I went down there, where my artistic education began.

I can recall there the kindly impression produced on me by Abram S. Hewitt as he glanced at me during some function. Father at that time was making shoes for the Cooper family, and I suppose that that is why he looked at me. The feeling of profound gratitude for the help which I have had from that institution abides with me to this day.

It was during the next two or three years that my first aspirations and ambitions made themselves felt. I became a terrific worker, toiling every night until 11 o'clock after the Cooper institute was over, in the conviction that in me another heaven born genius had been given to the world.

I can recall thinking in public conveyances that if the men standing on the platform around me could realize how great a genius was rubbing elbows with them in the quiet looking boy by their side they would be profoundly impressed. As a result, I was so exhausted by the confining work of cameo cutting by day and by drawing at night that in the morning I was literally dragged out of bed by mother, pushed over to the washstand, where I gave myself a cat's lick somehow or other, driven to the seat at the table, administered my breakfast, which consisted of tea and large quantities of the long French loaves of bread with butter, and tumbled downstairs, out into the street, where I awoke—"Reminiscences of Augustus Saint Gaudens" in Century.

Maybe She Is Not the Only One.



Banker's Daughter—The baron loves me. He proposed to me today.
Her Friend—Then he loves you. But do you know whether he loves any one else?—Jugend.

One Effect of Good Works.



"Great news, neighbor, what's happened—burglars, fire or what?"
"Nope; m' wife's church is holding a rummage sale to get money to clothe the heathen."

Nearly a Hero.

"Hands up!"
The passengers on the Pullman car took in the situation at a glance and did exactly what the train robber told them to do.

At the points of his guns he relieved them of their valuables. But at the sight of one woman he paused with a start.

"Who are you, woman?" he demanded.

"I," she quavered, "am Miss Fay de Fluffie, the well known actress. Here are my jewels. Take them all!"

The holdup held up his head proudly.

"No," he replied; "I may be a robber, but I am no press agent. Keep your wealth!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Left Till Called For.

When Wilkinson went to his office one day last week he felt calm and contented. He hadn't any need to worry about his wife's loneliness any more, for he had bought a capital watchdog for her.

But, alas, when he arrived home his wife met him with the deplorable news that the dog had gone.

"Eh!" said Wilkinson. "Did he break the chain, then?"

"No," she replied, "but a great, ugly looking tramp came her and acted so impudently that I let the dog loose. But instead of tearing the tramp to pieces the nasty dog went off with him."

"Great Scott!" said Wilkinson. "That must have been the tramp I bought 'Bog' from!"—London Express.

A Peculiar Couple.

Conversation had turned to the subject of two men, utterly dissimilar, who nevertheless roomed together. One of these men was generally conceded to be a "freak." His name was John.

"John and Jim are certainly a queer pair," opined somebody.

"John and anybody are a queer pair," opined somebody else.

Poor John!—Exchange.

He Meant Well.



Harold—Will you take my seat, lady?—Ally Sloper.

What Foods Weigh.

It may be convenient to know that one quart of flour weighs one pound; a quart of cornmeal, one pound and two ounces; a quart of best sugar, one pound; a quart of powdered white sugar, one pound and one ounce; a quart of best brown sugar, one pound and two ounces; that ten eggs weigh one pound, though this depends somewhat on the size; sixteen large tablespoons make half a pint; a quart of butter, one pound and one ounce.

To Wash Chamois Leather.

Make a weak solution of soap and warm water. Rub plenty of soft soap into the leather and let it soak for two hours, then rub it till quite clean. Afterward rinse it well in a weak solution of warm water, soda and yellow soap. After rinsing wring it well in a rough towel, dry quickly and pull about till quite soft. It will then be better than most new leathers.

A Great Change.

Several years ago Lord Clonmel brought to this country a string of race horses, and at the close of the season Phil Dwyer gave a banquet in his honor. Sheriff Tom Dunn of New York was called upon for a speech.

"Faith and this is the wonderful country!" said Dunn. "I was a poor Irish lad, and me dear old mother, God rest her soul, hardly had pennies enough to bring me over. And here I am tonight sitting cheek by jowl with Lord Clonmel himself! Why, me friends, back in the old Tipperary days I couldn't get near enough to his lordship to hit him with a shotgun!"—Everybody's.

Good News For the Editor.

Who Kitty sings my muss take fight. I sh' arranged; I cannot write.

Such was the refrain of the budding poet's latest production, and when it reached the hands of the weary editor, who had been bombarded by bushels of unavailable outpourings from the same source, he promptly sent it back, with the following terse and businesslike indorsement:

"Glad to hear it! Keep Kitty right on the job! Any time that she strikes for higher wages let me know, and I will make up the difference myself rather than have her starve."—New York Times.