

TO FARMERS.

South Carolina, Clemson, Cattle and Cotton Seed.

Columbia State.

In the history of nations there has been given no wiser advice than this: "In time of peace prepare for war."

If in time of peace Japan had not prepared for war she would long before this have been conquered and subject to Russia instead of having met success at every turn as she has done.

Since nullification and secession have long since become dead issues, South Carolina alone will never again have cause to make war with villainous salt-petre.

But alone and unaided South Carolina has before her an industrial fight of giant proportions, unless she is willing quietly to become the New England of the South, a collection of worn out lands and deserted farms, her sons migrating to other States to make a living because none can be made at home, her daughters, in increasing numbers, never to know the joys of motherhood and bring up sons to the State because those who should have been their fathers have gone elsewhere to work and to marry, ungallantly unmindful of the girls they left behind them.

New England boasts of her manufactures, but those who have followed the plow have had a sorry time of it of late years. South Carolina, too, may boast of her cotton manufactures, and heaven grant that she may do so for a hundred years to come, but if she does not give heed to the signs of times, if she does not in peace prepare for war, she will have little else to boast of but her cotton mills and her truck farms when a decade of two has rolled by, for her general agricultural condition will be that of New England.

The years of 10 cent cotton are times of peace and prosperity. In these she should prepare for war, and if she does so wisely she may lead the whole South, not only in cotton manufactures, but in agricultural as well. Her sons will remain at home. Her daughters will increase her population with native Carolinians faster than immigration will do with foreigners, and people from nearby States will flock here to share her prosperity. Fortunately for South Carolina, she has one great thing in her favor which New England has not, and that is a genial climate, the full significance of which has been understood here and the importance of which will be shown later.

New England had her agricultural fight with the northwest and lost out because her lands were less fertile and her climate and other conditions were no better. South Carolina must fight, not only the middle west, but also Louisiana and Texas, whose richer lands are already robbing her of her supremacy in rice, and with the Mississippi valley, which will most certainly make her cotton plantations worthless when cotton again declines to its former unhappy level.

I have taken upon me to suggest a battle cry for this industrial war in which South Carolina must engage. It is "Carolina, Clemson, Cattle and Cotton Seed," a homely battle cry, perhaps, but this is to be an industrial war and things industrial are homely things. It is none the less a battle cry which will win if the good people of this State can be induced to take it up.

South Carolina has already had her warning. I trust that I may be a little personal without offense, say a few words to bring myself in closer touch with my readers and show that I have some fitness to deal with this question.

About eight years ago I came to this State and settled at Fort Hill because South Carolina's agricultural college was the only one in the United States whose doors were open in summer time, when I had leisure to study. For four years I did study there, studied my text, "Carolina, Clemson, Cattle, Cotton Seed." Then I returned to the home of my fathers in Tennessee, made myself a place and a name there, and in due time returned to the Palmetto State for its presidency.

Surely then I am entitled to speak of Carolina and Carolina has the right to claim the best that is in line with this spirit. I am writing these letters in this spirit. It will be a pleasure to welcome any of South Carolina's sons in Tennessee, but it will be kinder if I can help them to remain and make homes of their own and good incomes in their own States.

I started to say that South Carolina had already had a warning. When I had here some three or four years ago I had dreamed that this industrial war had already begun, though the remarkable advance in the price of cotton, which cannot be expected to last, always has us forget it for the time. Cotton was not then paying for the

cost of production in South Carolina, although you were doing your best to stimulate it with some 200,000 tons of commercial fertilizer. The Mississippi valley, Louisiana and Texas, where fertilizers are yet little needed on account of the great fertility of the soil, were still making a little money on cotton, and could have gone on after South Carolina had been compelled to drop out of the race if the price had not changed. Agriculturists may say what they please, South Carolina cannot turn her attention to something else and stop raising cotton without sinking lower than New England. Her cotton mills already need three-fourths as much cotton as the State raises, and will soon need twice as much; the oil mills of the State already need twice as much cotton seed as are raised here; her fertilizer factories need nothing so much as a cheap supply of ammoniates which the seed furnish; her people understand cotton culture thoroughly and understand no other great crop except rice, which is suited only to a portion of the State.

Had cotton remained low and no new conditions been introduced, the growth of cotton would have fallen off in the State, the cotton mills, oil mills and fertilizer factories would have made less money and thousands of farmers would have left the State. Even then your farmers were despairing of giving their boys a chance of making a living on the farm, and were sending them to Clemson Agricultural College to learn mechanical and electrical engineering, and Senator Tillman was finding them positions with the government outside the State because there was no place for them in the State.

I saw one of the graduates of those days recently home for a visit, and sure enough he brought a wife with him. Another family lost to the State and nobody to blame but conditions in South Carolina at that time.

Many of the farmers' daughters were going to the cotton mills and gradually drawing father, mother and little brothers and sisters into the same work away from the farm. South Carolina was fast approaching New England conditions at that time. But most significant to my mind of South Carolina's decline agriculturally was the decrease year by year in the number of cattle raised in the State, for everywhere in civilized countries successful agriculture is accompanied by successful cattle raising. In the good old times before the war South Carolina had, in 1850, by the census report, 777,686 head of cattle. In 1900 she had only 255,164.

I cannot call to mind any State in the union or any country on the globe that did not at least begin to go to the dogs as soon as its cattle or sheep industry started on a steady decline. The number of States and countries that have risen to wealth, influence and importance by developing their live stock industries is legion.

So little understood and yet so important is this matter of cattle raising in South Carolina, so intimate is its connection with success in agriculture (as every text book on the subject shows) that if I were an editor in South Carolina I would imitate the example of a Roman orator who had a purpose to accomplish and accomplished it, and would close every one of my speeches, I mean editorials, with: "South Carolina Must Have Cattle."

The next best thing for South Carolina to the immigration of substantial men, who will pay for their keep, is the immigration or raising of substantial cattle that will pay for their keep. Indiana, not much bigger than South Carolina, has a million and a quarter of them, and is growing rich from them. Iowa has over 4,000,000. A man who went up to one of these States where they combine cattle raising with agriculture, and do it right, came back and said the farmers there live as much better than our farmers do than we live better than the negroes. I shall stop right here and let this one thought soak in till my next letter. Farmers who want to live well, must combine cattle raising with farming. Farmers live well where they raise cattle and their sons stay at home. Why not in South Carolina? We must have cattle in South Carolina. Edwin Lehman Johnson. Pendleton, Aug. 29, 1904.

The cup that cheers the heavy-bee is the buttercup.

Many who think they will be chosen aren't even called.

Some men remind one of a bird's-eye view of the real thing.

A man never gets full until he is too far gone to get home sober.

Critics are misanthropic persons who have a penchant for throwing stones.

Southern Farm Mortgages.

Without detracting from the value of the observations of "Bonds and Mortgages," printed elsewhere in this issue of the Field—remarks which are made from the standpoint of the investor, dealing with the element of security rather than the question of benefits accruing to the South from the investment of outside capital in this form—it may be added that the singular absence of the farm mortgage—its comparative absence—is one of the most striking features brought to the attention of the home-seeker. In the West the farm mortgage was the precursor of development; it largely preceded all else in the nature of development, while development of the South, proceeding along different lines, performed the work of creating the best of home markets and the highest price for farm products without incurring the chief source of the South's wealth—its soil. In other words, the industrial development of the South has so greatly improved the status of the Southern farmer, by multiplying the demands for his products, both at home and abroad, but more especially at home, that many of the consideration which moved the Western and Northern farmer to mortgage his holdings do not apply in the South. There the burden of initial exploitation and development has been borne by the manufacturer and the railroad, while in the West it fell upon the shoulders of the farmer.

In the South, the farmer's opportunity has come to him quickly, largely through the efforts of other factors; in the West it came by slow gradations, marked by heavy drains upon his substance to meet interest payments on mortgages, which are now being canceled. In a word, the West mortgaged its realty, while the South, for the most part, has only incumbered some of the chattels.

On the other hand, from the viewpoint of the investor, there can be no doubt about the attractions of the South as a field for farm mortgage investments. As "Bonds and Mortgages," points out, the security is safe—relatively safer than in any other part of the country, for there is no other section where values put upon land are so disproportionate to its earning power, whether it is employed in agriculture or allowed to idle and grow up in timber.

It has often been said by shrewd observers that if only a small percentage of the money employed to give the West its start—and of course the major part of this money was placed through the medium of the farm mortgage—had been invested in the South instead, it would now be the most prosperous section of the country. But whatever the ultimate economic value of a system of farm mortgaging in the South, as general as that pursued in the West would be, there is no doubt that such a course at this juncture of the South's development would promise more for the section than if introduced at an earlier period, before the strides in industry and transportation placed the Southern farmer in his present position of comparative independence respecting markets and market prices.

The utility of the mortgage is of course the same in financing a farm that it is in any other business undertaking; and the essential, or primary difference between the West and the South has simply been the order in which resources have been taken up for development. In the West the farm lands came first; in the South they are coming last, their attractions heightened by all that has gone before in the development of other things.—Southern Field.

Method in His Madness.

A visitor to the St. Louis exposition congratulated Joseph W. Folk, the district attorney of the city, upon the speed with which he had brought the "boodle aldermen" to trial, says the San Antonio Express.

"Speed," said Mr. Folk, smiling, "is an excellent thing, a thing that will achieve wonders. I heard the other day of an Irishman, though, who expected too much of speed. 'This Irishman was a painter. Usually being paid by the hour, he worked rather slowly, but a friend found him painting one day like a steam engine.

"The friend paused to investigate so strange a matter.

"What's come over ye, McGuire?" he said. 'It ain't like you to work that fast.'

"Whist," said McGuire. 'Stand out of the way and don't shtop me. O'm shtrivin' to get through befor me paint gives out.'

The bibulous chap who is always loaded isn't the one who insists upon carrying other people's burdens.

When you hear a man referred to as a diamond in the rough you will generally find a lot of people who want to cut him.

Jones—What have you got that string around your finger for? Brown—My wife put it on so that I should remember something, I forgot what it was. I'm keeping it on now to remind me to ask her what it was when I get home this evening.

A Good Word for "Dad."

Over the parlor doors of a home not far from one of the Woodbury churches may be seen the legend, "What is Home Without a Mother?" On the opposite wall is a motto, "God Bless Our Home." And as we looked at the two mottoes we wondered how it would do to hang a third, to read like this: "God Bless Our Dad."

He is of some account surely. He gets up early, lights the fires, boils an egg, grabs his dinner pail and wipes off the dew with his boots while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly handout for the butcher, the baker and his little pile is badly worn before he has been home an hour. He keeps the rent account balanced and stands off the sheriff. Should there be any unusual noise in the night he is kicked in the back and made to go down-stairs to find the burglar and kill him. Mother darned the socks, but dad bought the socks in the first place and the needles and yarn afterward. Mother does up the fruit; well, dad bought it all, and jars and sugar costs like the mischief. Dad buys chickens for Sunday dinner, carves them himself and draws the neck from the ruins after everyone else is served.

"What is home without a mother?" Yes, that is all right, but what is home without a father? Ten chances to one it is a boarding house; father is under the shab and the landlady is a widow. Dad, here's to you; you have your faults—you are all right, and we'll miss you when you are gone.—Woodbury, Vt., Reporter.

Stripes.

"Did you ever stop to think about the origin of the stripes we use in our prisons," said a man with an eye for the curious. "If you have not it will not take you long to figure the thing out if you happen to know anything about the Bible. The fact is that we get the idea from the old dispensation. When I say we I mean the people of our civilization, of our own day and time, and who live under and are guided by our systems and notions. For instance, in the laws and ordinances of Deuteronomy we find the following, which will give us the clew to the origin of stripes as a badge of infamy: 'If there be a controversy between men, and they come into judgment, that the Judges may judge them, then they shall justify the righteous and condemn the wicked. And it shall be, if the wicked man be worthy to be beaten, that the Judge shall cause him to lie down, and to be beaten before his face, according to his fault, by a certain number. Forty stripes he may give him, and not exceed; lest if he should exceed, and beat him above these with many stripes, then thy brother should seem vile unto thee.' Now instead of inflicting these physical stripes, we put striped clothes on the men who offend the law, or who may 'come unto judgment, that the Judges may judge them,' as it is put in the text. Of course, you should go much further back in history if you cared to trace the origin of marks of infamy, but you would find that physical mutilation of some sort in a majority of instances afforded the means. But I was just telling you about the origin of our penitentiary stripes, and did not mean to open the whole question which lies behind the modern practice."—New Orleans Times.

No Time Lost.

A mother, says the New York Tribune, after days of preparation for a week's absence from home, suddenly remembered, after the train was well under way, that she had left a bottle of a certain well-known remedy within reach of the middlemost little fingers of her three-year-old son. She remembered, too, that there was nothing that the child loved better than the aromatic contents of that particular bottle. Hurriedly calling the porter, the anxious mother prepared a message to be telegraphed from the first station. It read: "Hide bottle of Bobbie's medicine I left in my room." An hour later she received this not altogether soothing message from the boy's father: "Too late. Bobby got there first."

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The Preacher's Pay.

A Massachusetts town has a preacher who retained a \$3,500 pastorate rather than accept one at \$7,000. This is probably the exception that proves the rule.

When preacher has two calls to duty, one at \$3,500 and the other at \$7,000, the road is generally a plain one. Certainly.

Why should he hesitate to accept the \$7,000 position if the location is a pleasant one?

It is his Christian duty as well as his material advantage to do so. The man with \$7,000 a year is better equipped for good work in any walk in life than is the man who gets only \$3,500.

He can feed and clothe himself and his family better, secure advantages in education and refinement, devote himself to his profession diligently and not have to scramble at something else to keep bread and butter and a little ham in the house.

Success brings success. Who can doubt that the lawyer or the doctor who is making good money is a more influential man in his profession than is the one who barely gets along?

In any profession you care to consider, money helps to standing and increased success.

The common comment about preachers looking at the matter of compensation rather than to the plain and unvarnished business of saving souls is usually by thoughtless or mean-spirited people.

Part of a preacher's Christian duty, as of every other man, is to look out for the welfare of his wife and children, as other men do.

He ought to have enough money to enable him to make a good appearance and enjoy his friends, and it is perfectly proper for him to lay up a little against a rainy day—for preachers, like other people, grow old and helpless, and to the shame of Christian people it must be said that a worn-out preacher commands little more thoughtful consideration in this heartless world than does a kicked-out shoe.

A shabby preacher is one of the worst obstructions in the path of human progress. He is a drawback on the gospel.

The man who has to go into an abject struggle to make a plain living is not the magnet to draw sinners to the path of repentance.

The minister should be a shining example of the claim that it pays to subscribe to the Christian system and be good.

There may be occasional exceptions, but as a general rule the preacher ought to go where he can get the highest salary, and he is entitled to boldly present that as a reason for going. If he doesn't go he is unjust to his family to whom he owes the first duty in this world, and unjust to himself, for he cripples himself.

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stopping of the nose at night achings of the body droppings in the throat mouth open while sleeping tickling back of the throat formation of crusts in the nose dryness of the throat in the morning loss of strength spasms of coughing cough short and hacking cough worse nights and mornings loss in vital force a feeling of tightness across the upper part of the chest

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