The Grange the Farmers School.

We take the following extract from a speech delivered by William W. Reynolds at Fedonia Kansas as printed in the *Industrial Age:*

"Cannot the Eastern capitalists see they have invoked a contest that is sure to result ultimately in their disaster. The seat of power and population has been transferred from the coast States, from New England, factories and Wall street centres, to the prairies and plains of the West and Southwest. New England could once afford, perhaps, to be dictatorial and domineering, but her psalm singing and plundering in the name of liberty is, to use a more emphatic than elegant Western phrase, 'played out.' Her monopoly power is broken. Six or eight millions of people cannot govern or control forty millions.

"The West and South are natural allies. Their interests are mutual. In this currency question there is but one course for the West and South to pursue. They must look to the interests of a large majority of the people. If the Eastern bond-holder forces an issue with the Western plow-holder and Southern planter, the bond-holder's power must be broken. Vetoes cannot save him. The West and Southwest can carry wise, prudent, national measures by a two-thirds vote. A veto is a very unsafe and sandy foundation upon which to build up and sustain a measure of governmental policy. The West and South demand relief. They demand legislation in the interests of the people, and they will have it. They have the power, and sooner or later they will exert it. Sectional legislation, legislation in the interest of classes, capitalists, monopolies, must stop.

"And this, I take it, is what the protest of the Grange means. The Grange is a school—the farmers' college—where he is to be educated in his rights and responsibilities. In the Grange, and through its agency and influence, the farmer learns the correct principles of government. He learns the value of sound political principles, policies and measures of government. The great questions of political economy he there learns. As he gatghers his grass, he arners a crop of ideas; it's the best paying crop a farmer can grow—a crop of brains.

"But he learns more than this in the Grange and through Grange influences. He learns that men of integrity must be chosen to represent correct principles. I am pretty certain there is this much, at least, in the farmer or Grange movement.

"There is need of reform, of less legislation, of better legislation. We want more money and less laws. The Western farmers are in earnest. They mean business. They do not preach the doctrines of the commune. None are more interested in the supremacy of the law and a wise and equitable adjustment of the relations of labor and capital. They do not belong to a class that is visionary and ideal. None are more intensely practical. The Western farmer is non-partisan, but he will always identify himself with that organization which makes the strongest appeal to his sturdy sense of justice, and is the most practical in its legislation. It is measures and governmental *policies* that he desires, rather than sentiment and theory."

Content.

The love of money is said to be "the root of all evil." I suppose that we have all written that in our copy-books, knowing at the same time that money was the root of taffy, and slate pencils, and dolls, and tops, and chewing-gum, and the longer lingering of the organ-grinder and monkey, and all our childish luxuries and dissipations.

And perhaps we have really come to believe what we then wrote in disbelief, for most wicked things are done for money, after all. Yet, we all desire to have money—as much of it as we can get. We work for money when we else would not work at all. We give strength, health, sleep, aand pleasure for it.

There are *some*—may we never be amongst them—who give their consciences for it; and there are beings, chiefly dusky orientals, who lame, and blind, and mutilate themselves to win more small coin from compassion. And I presume that at the outset every one fixes some sum with which he will be satisfied, some income, possessed of which, he will fold his arms, and like the Sabbath-keeping countryman, "put up his legs" and think of nothing.

Alas that day never comes. The man who is content with his worldly possessions does not exist. Peace and rest—do they ever come to us while we live? Does any one ever say, "I want nothing more?" I fear not. We all remember when five cents was a small treasure, and we went, attended by a train of little brothers and sisters, to spend it with the old woman at the candy shop. Alas! the old woman was not generous; she charged frightful prices for her sweets. One could not get sugar-plums enough to "go round," just for *five cents.* "Oh for a quarter!" And the days of quarters coming, we wanted dollars, and dollars brought scorn of their single blessedness. If one had a hundred, now. And having hundreds, thousands are desired; and having thousands, one envies the millionaire. What is the use of living if one must pinch and save thousands? "More, more, more," is still the secret cry—"more, more, more."

But some do live to be millionaires? That is very true; but they are no more contented than the rest of the world. There is always something that cannot be bought, and that is inevitably the thing a millionaire sets his heart upon.

Let us get a moral out of this, if we can. Morals are very useful. If nothing can bring contentment, which is true, let us try to catch that will-o-the-wisp in the very dawn of life. Let us endeavor to have and hold it, while we have nothing—no money, no fame, no honors. Let us be contented with the fact that we live; that we see, and hear, and speak; that there is a blue sky sometimes, green things growing under it. Don't wait until those green things grow on your own estate, else you may wait until your estate is just a little bit of turf some six feet long. Hold content fast. Once gone you never find her again—never—though you have ladles full of diamonds and bags full of gold for your very own.

Strive for money if you will, but sacrifice nothing for it; for, know that at the moment when you are richest, you may look back on the moment when you were the poorest, and had neither house, nor lands, nor gold, and feel that you were richer then than gold can ever make you—and that amidst the misty memories of humble roof and coarse attire and common food content lies dead.—*Mary Kyle Dallas in the Ledger.*

Less "Lawing."

It is true as it is serious, that the farmers, as a class, in this State particularly, have indulged to a large extent in "lawing it." An examination of our courts will show that an undue proportion of the civil suits involve country issues, and it is too often the case that both the plaintiffs and defendants are farmers. True, the farmer is often compelled to come into the court as a plaintiff to defend his property from the grasping avarice of land speculators, for he is usually most easily caught and the fattest game that the lawyer can bag.

Farmers have long been aware of the folly, and worse than folly, of going to law; but the lack of social and business intercourse with their neighbors often prevents a proper understanding of right and mutual interests, encourages suspicions and jealousies, and too often leads them into courts and sometimes dividing the whole neighborhood into active partisans. But, thanks to the influence of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, this disturbing element in farm life through the country, generally, is rapidly disappearing. The Order has brought farmers into closer communion with each other, and has developed mutual confidence and respect; and without assistance of any secret charm has produced a change which is now substituting arbitration for law. Arbitration is one of the grand principles of the Order and is already producing important material results, as well as promoting peace and harmony in many neighborhoods. The vast benefits that the world is expected to derive from the adoption of arbritration by the great powers, are precisely such as will accrue to the farming world by the same practice.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

"The remedy, so simple and so persistently neglected, is to attend the primaries and to select the best men in your precincts for delegates. Take men that cannot be tampered with, who are not pledged, who have minds of their own, and courage to express their sentiments. Give us for once, as an experiment, impolitic men; men who will consistently and stubbornly vote only for competent, honest, intelligent men for county and State offices. This is the first step towards political reform. The people have this matter in their own hands, and they alone are to blame if professional politicians use them to secure their own elevation."—*Kansas Farmer.*

THE Lawrence *Standard* has the following suggestive paragraph:

"When an old party editor hears of a farmer attending a Grange picnic and making political speeches, he straitway declares there will be a scarcity of corn and hay. The politicians don't like to have the farmers work in the fields of labor they have pre-empted. Politics for the politicians say they, but the rule of politicians is nearly over."

—The Grange is doing a wondrous power of good. Never abandon it.