

Only the Unusual Shocks Us.

They say people can get used to most anything except being hanged and if they could only survive the first two or three experiences they could get used to that. How often do we see people working cheerfully at their daily tasks suffering pain that would have been unbearable but for the fact that it had come on gradually and they had gotten used to it. As with physical pain so with everything else that affects our lives unfavorably. We get so we can bear all kinds of trouble with equanimity if we can survive long enough under it to get the habit.

If a severe drouth should strike this county, destroying everything right down to the grass roots and killing half of them, there would go up a cry of distress that would echo and re-echo all over the country.

The newspapers would be full of it and schemes would be put on foot to help the sufferers.

It would be considered a terrible calamity, simply because we have never had one and are not used to it.

But out in western Kansas and in Oklahoma they have just such drouths quite frequently and the people there say very little about it. They have the drouth habit. Some of them go broke and get away if they can. Those who are forehanded enough start the next year poorer than they were the year before, but in another crop and if the season is favorable they make enough to carry them through another crop failure or two. They manage to exist some way, but they are not prosperous. They have a poor country and cheap land and it will always be cheap because it cannot be relied upon to produce a crop.

It is the net productiveness of land for a series of years that fixes its value.

Yes, the people here would be terribly stricken by a western drouth but many of them can witness the destruction of their crops year after year by floods and still keep an upper lip. Over here on Weldon we have had so many floods that we have gotten used to them and have the flood habit. They say habits are easily formed and hard to break, but here is one habit we have got to break or it will break us.

Everybody who farmed this bottom land last year is poorer than he was a year ago so far as any profit from it is concerned.

Shall we get our credit extended and go ahead and plant another crop with the probability that it will be destroyed also?

Shall we continue to live on hope and what we can borrow on increasing land values?

Shall we make an effort to fix our farms so we can prosper, or shall we go on simply existing?

No country can prosper that has frequent crop failures, and the land will be cheap. It is the steady stream that counts no matter if it is not so large.

Mr. Ford has made millions manufacturing automobiles. But if every third auto he made had been struck by lightning before he got it sold he would have been dead broke long ago.

We are used to floods but there is a limit to human endurance. If one-half the houses along Weldon had burned down without insurance it would have seemed terrible, but the monetary loss would have been less than the damage done by high water.

Is the loss of a \$1500 house any worse than the loss of a \$2000 crop? The only difference we can see is we get a little sympathy when the house burns, but none when we lose the crop. And we do not deserve any.

There is a remedy easily within our reach. If we do not apply it there is nobody to blame but ourselves, and the beauty of the remedy is it will be no burden to us at all. We shall not have to practice self denial or work a bit harder than we do now to meet the obligation. We will just raise more than we do now, that the surplus will pay it off in a

few years.

The Almighty has done His part. He has given us a soil of unexcelled fertility and an ideal climate for the production of the world's great staples—corn, wheat and grass.

It is up to us to do our part. Will we do it? Straighten the river and there will be joy within the valley when the "floods shall cease to roll."

We have been trying for three months to write some verses that would describe this valley. You know a real poem must not only be truthful, but it must contain beautiful thoughts expressed in beautiful language. We can get the truthful part all right, but the beautiful is beyond our power. There is something about the subject that causes ugly thoughts to intrude in spite of all we can do.

Here is our best effort up to date: (This is truth but it comes a long way from being poetry. It is mere "doggerel." There are 10 more stanzas just like these but the editor will not publish them. He knows how to run a paper and can not afford to.)

There's a wide place lying squinting at a fierce old summer sun. There's a river in the wide place that knows not which way to run. It meanders toward the northeast, then toward the south sea, And when there comes a shower it meanders up a tree.

Its banks are choked with willows that wiggle in the wind. There are clumps of pesky alders by frisky rabbits skinned. There are weed rimmed green scummed bayous where lordly bull frogs growl.

'Tis the wide place of the Weldon, where the floods get up and howl. There are heaps of rotting driftwood by summer freshets strewn Emanating dread uriasma that penetrates the bone.

Scattered o'er this wide place are many oozy bogs Where myriad shiny tadpoles change to hopping frogs.

But we are going to fix this wide place so it will give the lie to the above verses—every word of them. Make them as objectional to the lover of truth as they are nauseating to the poetic sense.

We are going to fix it so that farming will be a sure thing, not a gamble. Fix it so the farmer who wants to sell out can do so at a price greatly in advance of what he can get now and let the purchaser assume the cost of straightening the river.

Fix it so that we old fellows who have got tired of hard work can move to town and live off the rent, while we whittle dry goods boxes and exercise that blessed privilege so dear to the heart of every farmer, namely: Voting against every proposition for city improvements that calls for increased taxation. We have brains and are going to use them to better our condition.

Here is a description of the valley as it will be when our work is done, when we have done our duty by ourselves and our posterity. Not a bit overdrawn, but as incontrovertible "as proof of Holy Writ." No ugly thoughts here—

There's a valley lying dreaming in the sunset's golden glow, There's a dimpled laughing river where the creamy alders blow; Widely sweeping to the southward ringing with the wild birds' call. 'Tis the valley of the Weldon where the corn grows green and tall.

Berries ripe in all the highways, orchards meekly bending low, Gladly yielding up their riches, mowers chattering to and fro, Blue skies blushing into silver, painted by a hand Divine

In His matchless living colors that within the rainbow shine. In the long soft summer twilight while the west an opal glows, And the binders whirl and chatter while the day sinks to repose, Then all heard strains of sweet music from a mellow elfin horn,

'tis Aeolian playing softly as he wanders through the corn.

Where gay autumn's fairy minions over hills and valleys sweep, Banners brown and gold and crimson on the rustling hillside creep, Then the shouting laughing huskers rattle down the lanes at morn And like princes ride returning high enthroned on golden corn.

Winter brings his store of pleasure as he spreads his mantle white, Robes the vale with pearl and ermine strewn with diamonds in a night, Happy lads are out a coasting, sleigh bells jingle far and near, Many a lassie speeds her wedding as the plow time draws near.

Blest are they who in thy borders with the seasons rise and live, Drawing from thy open storehouse all the joys that earth can give, And thy children who have wandered 'til death drops the velvet pall.

In fond memory still will linger where the corn grows green and tall.

A. M. Chrisman.

Resolutions.

Decatur, Iowa, Feb. 12, 1916. Hall of Decatur Lodge, No. 109, A. F. & A. M.

Resolutions adopted in behalf of our deceased brother, John Lake.

Whereas: It has pleased the Grand Architect of the universe to remove from our midst, by the hand of death, our dearly beloved brother, John Lake.

Whereas: Brother John Lake has been a member of this lodge for 41 years, and as such, was always faithful to every trust imposed upon him.

Therefore: Be it resolved, that in the death of brother John Lake, the entire community has lost a good citizen, the lodge a faithful brother, and the family a loving and affectionate husband and father.

Resolved: That Decatur Lodge No. 109, A. F. & A. M. be draped in mourning and that the members wear the usual badge.

Resolved: That Decatur Lodge No. 109, A. F. & A. M. tender the family of the deceased their heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the family of the deceased, and a copy furnished the Leon Reporter and the Decatur County Journal, for publication.

E. E. Blades, E. B. Faust, Clarence Townsend, Committee on Resolutions.

Leap Year.

The People's Home Journal had the following about leap year, which may be news to many people: "The custom which ordains that a woman may propose marriage to a man in leap year dates back seven or eight hundred years. An act of the Scottish parliament, passed about the year 1228, made it a crime punishable by a fine, for an unattached man to refuse to become the life partner of a woman who had the courage to 'speak ye mon she liked!' The custom in a milder form is referred to in a work published in 1606 entitled, 'Courtship, Love and Matrimony.' Albert it has now become a part of the common law in regard to social relations of life that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege during the time it continueth of making love unto the men, which they do either by words or looks, as to them it seemeth proper, and moreover, no man shall be entitled to the benefit of clergy who doth in anywise treat the proposal with slight or contumely."

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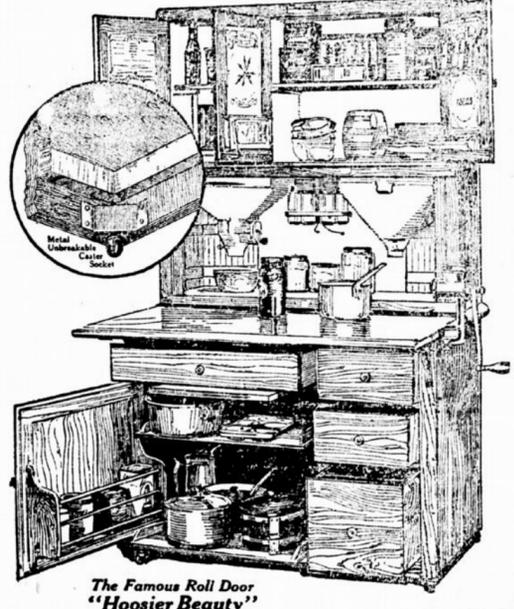
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THE POPULATION OF IOWA.
State Census Shows Six Per Cent Increase in Five Years.

The population of Iowa according to the state census of 1915 is 2,358,062, a gain of 6 per cent over the federal census of 1910.

The population of Iowa in 1910 was 2,224,771. Since then there has been a gain of 133,221. These figures are official as far as 98 of the 99 counties are concerned. The count of Ringgold county is not official, but is approximately correct.

The gain in population has been almost entirely confined to the cities, the results show. The rural districts about held their own. A few lost in population.

Count By Counties.
The 1915 state census, by counties, showing a comparison with 1910, follows:

Adair	14,736	14,240	Montgomery	17,297	16,604
Adams	11,131	10,998	Muscataine	28,663	29,405
Allamakee	17,298	17,328	O'Brien	18,582	17,262
Appanoose	30,548	28,701	Osceola	10,169	8,956
Audubon	12,590	12,671	Page	24,773	24,002
Benton	24,591	23,156	Palo Alto	14,965	13,845
Black Hawk	53,469	44,865	Plymouth	23,767	23,129
Boone	29,696	27,626	Pocahontas	15,635	14,808
Bremer	16,968	15,843	Polk	129,121	119,438
Buchanan	19,333	19,748	Pottawattamie	56,896	55,832
Buena Vista	17,212	15,981	Poweshiek	19,965	19,589
Butler	18,014	17,119	Ringgold	13,280	12,904
Calhoun	17,908	17,090	Sac	17,039	16,555
Carrroll	20,997	20,117	Scott	65,645	60,000
Cass	19,787	19,047	Shelby	16,692	16,552
Cedar	17,623	17,765	Sioux	25,340	25,248
Cerro Gordo	31,734	25,011	Story	25,787	24,083
Cherokee	16,591	16,741	Tama	22,806	22,150
Chickasaw	16,089	15,375	Taylor	16,549	16,312
Clarke	11,028	10,736	Union	17,168	16,616
Clay	14,656	12,766	Van Buren	14,907	15,020
Clayton	25,129	25,576	Wapello	37,980	37,743
Clinton	45,839	45,394	Warren	18,277	18,194
Crawford	20,581	20,041	Washington	20,004	19,925
Dallas	25,610	23,628	Wayne	16,243	16,184
Davis	13,177	13,315	Webster	38,811	34,629
Decatur	17,148	16,347	Winnebago	13,564	11,914
Delaware	18,564	17,888	Winneshiek	22,238	21,729
Des Moines	35,656	36,145	Woodbury	82,315	67,616
Dickinson	9,165	8,137	Worth	11,188	9,950
Dubuque	60,975	57,450	Wright	19,654	17,951
Emmett	11,360	9,816	Totals	2,358,062	2,224,771
Fayette	29,257	27,919			
Floyd	18,213	17,119			
Franklin	15,841	14,780			
Fremont	16,067	15,623			
Greene	16,339	16,023			
Grundy	14,051	13,574			
Guthrie	18,416	17,374			
Hamilton	20,514	19,242			
Hancock	13,886	12,731			
Hardin	22,484	20,921			
Harrison	24,327	23,162			
Henry	17,807	18,640			
Howard	13,929	12,920			
Humboldt	13,013	12,182			
Ia	11,656	11,296			
Iowa	18,666	18,409			
Jasper	27,496	27,034			
Jefferson	16,922	15,951			
Johnson	27,330	25,914			
Jones	19,143	19,059			
Keokuk	21,225	21,160			
Kossuth	24,200	21,371			
Lee	38,101	36,702			
Lincoln	70,153	60,120			
Louisia	12,912	12,855			
Lucas	15,120	13,462			
Lyon	15,362	14,624			
Madison	15,394	15,621			
Mahaska	29,314	29,860			
Marion	23,972	22,995			
Marshall	32,994	30,279			
Mills	14,916	15,811			
Mitchell	14,435	13,435			
Monona	17,378	16,633			
Monroe	25,906	25,429			

Blessed is the man who expects nothing but advice from his relatives, for that is about all he'll get.

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