

Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of America

Matters of Especial Moment to the Progressive Agriculturist

Commercialism looks upon the people as a crowd to "do." And they do them.

It is not so much what a farmer knows as what he does that wins on the farm.

It is more often a condition of the mind than of the body which keeps a man down.

The high price of meat does not alarm the wise farmer who has his smokehouse at home.

You are always at a disadvantage in talking to a man who does not know what he is talking about.

Some of our would-be statesmen read so little that they know really nothing about political economy.

Most those who graduate in the high schools of the cities take five years to unlearn enough to begin business.

Cheerful faces and singing hearts go together in the day's work, they supplement and generate each other.

Remember that the other fellow also has rights and is sensitive about having them treated with disrespect.

Without the opinions of other men to guide them not many of our lawyers would be above total ignorance of the law.

A liberal amount of kindness mixed into the ration will show in the keeping of the horse, the cow, or any other farm animal.

"Brooms will double in price," says a market report. Can it be possible that their price is going to eliminate that traditional housewife's weapon, the broomstick?

MAKING GOOD IN CALIFORNIA

Lima Bean Growers' Association of Oxnard, Cal., in Fight Against Middlemen.

In response to a query from the Rural New Yorker, asking for information regarding the Lima Bean Growers' association's struggle to wrest control of the market from unscrupulous manipulators, J. M. Waterman, manager of the organization, has written that publication a reply which is self-explanatory and is as follows:

"The tremendous struggle which is going on here on the Pacific Coast to wrest the control of the lima bean market from the unscrupulous manipulators, who for years have worked for their own gain to the detriment of both grower and jobber, can scarcely be realized by the public in the east and middle west, for if it were fully realized we know that they would give us their full and unqualified support, no matter what the manipulators would promise them. First of all it must be borne in mind and impressed upon the public that the growers on the Pacific Coast are not the grasping individuals which they are made out to be. Such information is given out by the middlemen here, who, in trying to find an excuse for making more than their legitimate share of profit, shift the blame upon the farmer and advertise him as the grasping one, whereas, as a matter of fact, the average California farmer is contented with a fair and steady price, which is in accordance with other foodstuffs and in consistency with the demand and supply of that particular article.

"You say you would like us to tell you how it is possible for an organization of farmers to be able to take such a strong position; and to this we would reply that as long as we know absolutely that we are honest in our intentions, that we are telling the truth and that our actions are honorable and bringing about better conditions for grower and jobber alike, just how long will we be strong and successful in our undertaking, and the fight which is being waged against us will utterly fail. As regards sending you a copy of our bylaws or constitution, we have only one copy in our office, and this is no more or less than the kind of document which every California corporation has, and has no special feature to it at all. There is one thing, however, which has made it possible for the writer to build up an enormous business within one year, and that is the fact that when accepting the position of general manager he insisted upon absolute power to conduct the business in accordance with his own plans, and that there was to be no interference from within or without, and he is proud to be able to state that there has never been a time when the board of directors did not stand behind him solidly and uphold his actions, knowing and realizing that in unity there is strength, and, furthermore, there has never been a time when this same board of directors was not willing to get out, day and night, rain or shine, and work for the good of this organization among the growers in this county, Los Angeles county, Orange county and San Diego county. These men deserve a great deal of credit, and it is fit and right that they be given the credit whenever mention of the association is made in print."

LABORS OF UNION OFFICERS

President Barrett Issues Statement Detailing Work Done and Outlook for Future Prospects.

To the Members of the Farmers' Union:

Your national and state officials who have been working in Washington this winter in behalf of the Farmers' Union have found that congress is growing more responsive to the demands of the American farmer than at any time in its history.

That we have not written demands of the Farmers' Union into legislation is due, not to lack of influence, but to the congestion inevitable with a short session and the demoralization consequent upon pending political changes.

So far as parcels post is concerned, I am convinced that that measure, in a national and not a rural sense, is nearer than any of our members, or than any of the politicians imagine.

The lobby against parcels post has shot its bolt. It has exhausted its ammunition.

If you will dig up the letters I published last winter from congressmen, you will find that in nearly every instance they gave non-committal replies to the question regarding a parcels post.

But the situation has changed. At any moment, you may expect a battalion of statesmen to proclaim loudly that they have all along been in favor of a parcel post. Next, you may expect them to work for it with a vim.

The explanation of this singular about-face is an easy one. The congressman has heard from the farmer! Representatives and senators from nearly all of the states have been literally bombarded with letters from their farmer-constituents.

The power of the farmer, long held in "cold storage," has been brought forth! The result was inevitable.

I regard this spectacle as a vindication of my often repeated declaration that the farmer has only to make himself heard to have his wants supplied—in a congressional sense.

It takes the spur to make the congressman live up to his campaign promises. The farmer is finding out how to use the spur.

In this connection, you ought to know the strange effect that office-holding and life in Washington had upon congressmen.

We have particularly noticed during this session, the mild and tame conduct of some of the representatives who were genuine fire-eaters on the stump.

While they were appealing for your votes, they pawed dust like a stallion, promised to reform everything overnight, and to "start something" the moment they were sworn in.

But, lo! the change the moment they get in congress! Then, with many of them, the principal object is to panhandle a few little jobs for constituents, sneak up on some little committee assignment, keep free seed going, glut the mails with agricultural bulletins and free government publications and have a good time themselves.

It is true that semi-occasionally, they rear up on their hind legs and bellow thunder. But investigate closely, and you will generally find the subject is a trivial one, that it won't hurt anybody, and that all the sand-raising is to make the folks at home believe their faithful servant isn't asleep at the switch.

There are some strong, energetic and loyal congressmen, it is true. I believe their numbers are increasing. But they need to be increased still more rapidly, if the farmer wants to get the service to which he is entitled.

The country gets no better or more active congressmen than it deserves. If you are not satisfied with the brand of statesmanship being ladled out from Washington, just search your own soul as to how far you are personally responsible for electing an incompetent!

For their ability and loyalty, and tireless co-operation, I owe a debt of thanks to your national and state officials and other prominent workers who have assisted in our dealings with congress this winter.

CHARLES S. BARRETT, Union City, Ga.

The South's Annual Yield.

\$2,650,000,000 from its factories.
\$2,600,000,000 from its farms.
\$440,000,000 from its forests.
\$280,000,000 from its mines.
\$1,000,000,000 of cotton with seed.
\$780,000,000 of grain.
\$200,000,000 of live stock.
\$175,000,000 of dairy products.
\$170,000,000 of poultry products.
\$150,000,000 of fruit and vegetables.
\$69,000,000 of tobacco.
\$50,000,000 of sugar products.
\$625,000,000 of exports.
24,000,000,000 feet of lumber.
1,250,000,000 pounds of cotton goods.
1,104,000,000 bushels of cereals.
100,000,000 tons of coal.
25,000,000 barrels of petroleum.
9,000,000 tons of coke.
6,400,000 tons of iron ore.
3,200,000 tons of pig iron.
2,395,000 tons of phosphate rock.

Good Pastures Pay.

Let us have good pastures and grow legitimate crops to feed to good stock. The advice given the western farmer 15 or 20 years ago was "Go to grass." The farmers heeded the advice, and genuine prosperity was the result. Grass and leguminous crops and good stock mean a rich soil and rich soil means rich farmers. Rich farmers mean rich professional men, railroads and so on.

Trouble With South.

Mr. Henry Wallace, the most prominent agriculturist in the world, says: "The main trouble with the south is lack of vegetable matter in the soil." All admit that the thing most needed on the worn-out soils of the south is vegetable matter. In spite of this fact many farmers are now burning the cotton and corn stalks, grass and trash on the land.

Dirty Collars.

A dirty collar makes a sore shoulder.

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"The trial took place in an old adobe warehouse. It was held by the people and in the name of the people without regard to the Mosquito government. It was a formal trial, as regular as any trial, except that there had been no election of court officers. And it ended in the three culprits being condemned to death.

"The next morning our boat sent a large delegation to swell the crowd of homeward bound passengers that gathered to carry out and witness the execution of the sentence. A scaffold had been erected a few rods from the warehouse, where the prisoners had been guarded all night. Suspended from a cross beam were three nooses, and on the ground below were three coffins.

"At the appointed hour, the three condemned men, dressed in white, but no white than their faces, were marched out under a strong guard between crowds of spectators. They were led directly beneath the gallows, when there was some talk between prisoners and guard, which I could not hear. This over with, one man was promptly swung off, followed immediately by the middle man. Then, for some reason that I never learned, the third prisoner was marched back through the silent crowd, and after being stripped was tied over an old cannon that happened to be there and given 50 lashes. The natives took no part in the proceeding except to bury the dead.

"That evening we entered the small boats that were to take us up the first stage of the San Juan river, when we would be transferred to the steamer that would take us the rest of the way up the stream and across Lake Managua to the point where the 12-

mile cross country road to the Pacific began.

"Eventually we reached the port of San Juan del Sur, and took passage for the last leg of the trip on the little steamer Pacific. This 15 days' passage up the coast stands in my memory as the worst 15 days of my life. It was too sickening to attempt to describe. We started from New York with about 800 able-bodied passengers. We lost none on the Atlantic, nor on the San Juan river, but the exposure to the soaking tropical rains at night and the burning sun by day that was our portion on the journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific left scarcely an able-bodied man among us by the time we reached the Pacific.

"Arrived at San Juan del Sur, quite a number of the 800 were too ill to go on board the little steamer, and so stayed in the miserable little town, where there was nothing but the barest shelter. Many passengers had to be carried on board the boat. Before we had been 48 hours at sea fully half our number was prostrated with fever, and from that time never a day passed that there were not several to slide off the plank. It was so frequent an occurrence that it attracted no attention.

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"Takes things as they come, eh?"

"Yes; he's one of the best backstops in the country."

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Professor Froude, to call him by his scholastic title, although he preferred the simpler title of Mr., met the popular friend, the late Parke Godwin, who, as editor of Putnam's Magazine in the fifties, had become well acquainted with Froude, "but I also wanted to look at the burial places of the three regicides, Dixwell, Goffe and Whalley, who I knew were buried at New Haven, and I was especially anxious to visit the cave in which Goffe and Whalley were secreted at the time the agents of King Charles II. were searching for them in order to apprehend them, take them to England, and put them to death. I was taken to the little plot of ground within a stone's throw of Yale where there still remain the mutilated headstones which mark the graves of Goffe and his son-in-law, Whalley; a modern monument has been erected there to the memory of Dixwell. Then I took a walk of some five or six miles to a mountain beyond the confines of the city, and was shown the cave in which Goffe and Whalley were secreted. I learned enough to assure me that the tradition is no myth; those two regicides, or judges of Charles I., who pronounced the penalty of death upon him, were actually secreted there. I became interested. The story of their wanderings, their hiding places, and the miraculous appearance of Goffe at a time of great danger because of the advance of Indians, seemed to me to furnish the basis of an exceedingly interesting romance, of which, of course, the background would be the Long Parliament, the sentence of death upon Charles I. the restoration, by which Charles II. became king, and the flight of the regicides to save their lives. There is, also, the possibility of portraying the life in Connecticut of those who first made settlement and afterwards created a government there. I have now another romance to mind, the scene of which is laid in Ireland, and when I have finished it I hope I shall be able to take up the romance of the regicides who escaped to America."

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"It was a few days after Greeley had been defeated for the presidency," Mr. Godard said. "I was anxious to pay a friendly call upon him. I felt sure that he would be glad to see me, and I thought I might be able to say something which would cheer him up, for I had heard that he was somewhat despondent over his defeat—that he was no longer the Horace Greeley whom we had all known for thirty years, but a broken-hearted old man."

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knocked louder, when I heard a faint, muffled voice, saying, 'Come in.'

"I opened the door and stepped over the threshold. There I stood, for I was appalled at the sight which was before me. At his desk sat Horace Greeley. There were the familiar Greeley features, but not the familiar Greeley expression. He seemed to be in a stupefied condition. He held a fully spread newspaper before him, but he held it as though this were a matter of habit. His eyes were fixed blankly upon the paper. He did not look up at me, although I spoke kindly to him in greeting; I doubt whether he heard me. Then I ventured to ask a few questions about his health. I thought I heard one or two faint monosyllables in reply, as though he were answering me with half-conscious expressions. And not once, in all the time I was there, did he look at me, or, in fact, look anywhere except blankly upon the newspaper.

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"He Was a Bird."

Lady (at a bird fancier's)—And you guarantee that this parrot can talk?

Fancier—Talk! Why, madam, I bought him from a woman's club, because all the members were jealous of him.—Yonkers Statesman.

Disappointed.

"While Benson was in California he visited an ostrich farm."

"Well?"

"Says he hung around for almost a week but never did see one of those birds fed on door-knobs and scrap iron."

Her Popularity.

"They say Miss Lulu is very popular when charity banquets are in question."

"So they tell me. She is a regular dinner belle."

The Last Hole.

Figg—That was a mighty appropriate text the parson took for poor Brasie's funeral sermon.

Fogg—What was it?

Figg—"He has finished his course."

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