

**Farmers Educational
—AND—
Co-Operative Union
Of America**

The Girl Who Rides the Plow.
Ye city belles who stand and primp
Before the glass each day,
And try to put some color where
The bloom has fled away,
Behold your country cousin's charms
And at her freshness bow;
The morning kisses her lips red,
While riding father's plow.

I saw her drive the team afield,
And mount the iron seat,
As lithe as any kitten when
It springs with cushioned feet,
The city miss, with lazy yawn,
And marble face and brow,
Was sleeping off the last night's dance
While Ceres rode the plow.

The one is like a flower that grows
Within a sunless room;
The other drinks God's morning air
That gives the richer bloom.
The one may pound the strident keys
And bellow like a cow;
The other sings the world's breadsong
The while she rides the plow.

When fashion's gilded race is run
And time has left his scars
On powdered beauty, that once shone
Like meteoric stars;
Then who will press her painted lips
Or breathe the lover's vow,
While summer tints with rosy blush
The girl who rides the plow?
—Eugene Secor.

Price Says Heavy Demand.

Theodore Price, the cotton speculator who has been on the bear side of the cotton market for two or three seasons past, and the man who issued the confidential circular last year to bankers and merchants advising them to force the farmers to sell, has turned to the other side of the market and has just issued the following circular:

America will sell its agricultural products of this year for something over eight billions of dollars. The world cannot pay us for this in gold, abundant as it is, because there is not much gold in the world, and we must be paid in goods which other people will produce. The result will be an impetus to industry and commerce that will set all wheels in motion and give employment to all able to work.

I shall not be surprised if about September, 1909, Messrs. Hood, Fernie & Co. in the light of spinners' takings of 14,000,000 bales of American cotton for the season then ending, shall cable me that a crop of 15,000,000 bales will be too small for 1910.

When cotton was half a cent lower, I advised spinners to protect their prospective requirements until December. I now advise them to buy all the cotton they can, around present prices. I am certain the crop has been over-estimated and am equally certain that it will seem so small before frost that the cotton they now buy or the goods they manufacture from it can be sold at a handsome profit.

To the Southern planter I say there is no possible reason why you should accept less than 10 cents per pound for this year's crop, however large, and you may be justified in demanding very much more, if the crop promises to be less than 13,000,000 bales.

A year ago, in September, 1907, when cotton was selling at 13 cents I predicted that under the panicky conditions which I foresaw, it would sell at 8 cents, and May contracts in New York actually sold at 8.03.

On Wholesale Botching.

It used to be that a man could take a small team and small tools, plant many things on thirty acres of land, raise a good support. Send their children to school half of the year. But how is it now? From 75 to 90 acres with a double or triple team, all of the children and a hired hand thirteen months in the cotton field; buy everything to live on out of the store on a credit (board in town and live at home). If that is not botching, what is it? One land owner in Red River county said it used to be that "I could not get one man to take more than 25 or 30 acres; then I got a bale to the acre, but now he must have 75 or 80 acres, and the result is it takes three acres to make a bale."

Now, on another kind of botching. There is too much cross-firing on various subjects. I fear if it is not stopped it will get our Union in to a conglomerated mess. Let me offer a suggestion: Let headquarters say what we need mostly to give success. Such as banks, mills, warehouses, etc., and let the locals work to that point and quit cross-firing.—Rev. E. C. Martin, National Co-Operator.

Grape growers in the Rogue river valley, Oregon, are delighted because they have discovered that the peculiar red seed of that country will produce the Flame Tokay grape to perfection. One grower put out 100,000 Tokay slips this spring.

Some idea of the scarcity of timber may be had from the fact that when an Illinois farmer cut 19-inch boards out of cottonwood trees on his farm the fact was heralded throughout the state as something quite remarkable.

Agriculture in the Public Schools.

Professor S. A. Minear of Fort Stockton, Texas, in National Co-operator, says:

School gardening is presented with the elements of permanency inherited in itself, for Europe has over a hundred thousand school gardens today, which have become a feature of the educational field.

In Cleveland and Dayton, Ohio, in Philadelphia and Kansas City, it has raised adjoining real estate, and in the city of San Antonio, Texas, it has raised the value of lots where children worked with the soil and growing plants.

This work is comparatively new to Texas, but it is not, however, in an experimental stage, for in the District of Columbia, Connecticut, New York and other states it has been conducted with various results.

On the other hand, there are many educators who look upon this work as a fad, but they are stimulated by political movements, which will eventually fade away.

Agriculture in a broad sense is the primary basis of wealth in this country, and we should do all in our power to bring early to the mind of the child facts which will point out the necessity and importance of such work conducted on a systematic and scientific basis.

It is well known by all who have the opportunity of being connected with the public schools, that the public school education causes us to forget our relationship to the soil and points to the farmer as being a man without a future. To allow such to continue is a sad mistake and will no doubt injure the child.

The work in a city may be entirely different from what it should be in a rural district. In the city the main ideas should be to combine moral and physical training, to throw off the class room restraints and to give the child an opportunity to stretch its limbs. To accomplish such, it should be done through some form of manual training, and there is no form better than the school garden.

In the rural districts the point of view should not be to maintain common methods used at home. The mental strain does not exist in these schools as in the city, because the average country boy brings about the equilibrium between the mental and physical functions, therefore it would be wise to teach an elementary principle of agriculture in such schools, and have a garden where it could be conducted in a manner which would eventually effect the industrial development of this state.

No attempt heretofore has been made to present the methods for this state in a written form and I hope these chapters will help lead the way to better things. Conditions existing at San Antonio, Texas, have been constantly kept in mind in preparing this work; therefore, what is said will vary according to the locality.

The community system of gardening is where the children take care of the garden in general. This system does not strongly develop the idea of individual responsibility, and a boy has a tendency to care little for the plants which others have shared in producing. This brings about lack of interest and many boys will shirk responsibility.

The individual system is where each boy possesses a small plot of ground for a garden. Each boy performs every operation of preparation, planting and general care of the plants grown in his garden. This system furnishes a basis of valuable knowledge and is superior to any system yet tested.

Size Up the Successful Farmer.

The Danbury Reporter sizes up the successful farmer of the future in the following manner: "The day is coming when the small farm, the labor saving machinery, the knowledge of seasons and soils and rotations, and the careful but intense cultivation, shall constitute the equipment which will yield handsome returns. The farmer of the future who shall win success will be an educated man. He will know his fields like the potter knows his clay, and his mind will be as skilled as the hand of the artisan who fashions the vase. He will be able to plan a campaign upon his plots with the same precision that Lee planned at Cold Harbor, and execute it with the success of Jackson at Antietam. As the lawyer knows his code, he will be acquainted with soils and strata, and as the practitioner is drilled in the art of civil procedure, he will know the rotations. He must be familiar with precedent, and his evenings shall be spent by the fireside with text books and farm journal, and the experiences of his fellow soilmen in other countries shall be in his mind always. He must be a student, but his knowledge shall not all come from books. Personal experience, experimentation, test plats, visits to other model farms, the constant ambition for new ideas—these shall make his battery invincible."

Don't get the habit of starting to town as soon as you get a bale of cotton picked. Let it remain in the open, where it will gain in weight, quality and price.

The president of the National Hay Association says that the hay crop of the United States during this year will be the largest in ten years, or since 1895.

It's all right to "put your shoulder to the wheel," but be sure the wheel is steered in the right direction.

Sultan to Decapitate His Court Astrologer

By WILLARD W. GARRISON

Soothsayer Gets In Bad with the Stars and Is Now in Jail

Wise Sage Will Offer Up His Head as New Year's Gift to Turkey's Highest Potentate—Recital of the Country's Trials and Tribulations—Some High Officials Flee—Others Are Jailed Before They Can Escape—How His Majesty Feels About the Regal Distress.



EX-COURT ASTROLOGER ABDUL HUDA'S New Year's offering to the sultan of Turkey will be the former's head.

This is the latest bit of wireless news from the imperial palace at Constantinople, and it is vouched for by Lord High Guardian of His Majesty's Wearing Apparel Mafid Mohammed, who whispered the words across the plaza to a tall blonde lady who was interested in stars before they thrust Huda into jail.

It all came about in this manner: At a recent star chamber session between his majesty and the court astrologer, Huda informed the sultan that as far as he could discern by daylight the orbs of the universe were in their correct positions, thus lending security to the monarch.

A few days later the Young Turks started revolution. A few days after that the sultan was compelled to proclaim that the equal-rights constitution of 1876 would again be in force. This he did with one



ABDUL HUDA.

eye pinned upon the threat that the empire would be disrupted by the malcontents.

Then he fired the cabinet. And appointed a new one.

Finally a minor palace official attempted to locate his majesty's vitals between the ruffles of the latter's coat of mail.

Each day as his majesty smoked his long pipe, dismissed these disturbances by a new shifting motion, the impression began to gain strength with him that all was not serene.

The use of the word serene in his thoughts immediately recalled the star predictions of Abdul Huda, but then no better star-gazer was to be found in the empire, for had not the imperial guardian of the Turkish empire tested him many times and found that Abdul's predictions were always true? He had.

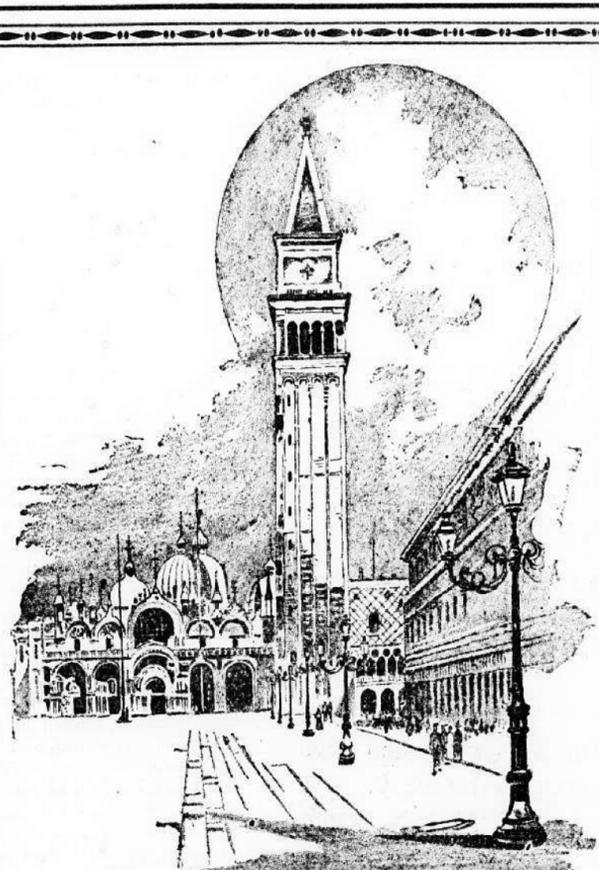
Then mentally the sultan went over what his astrologer had told him only the Friday previous.

Mars, the star which portended for war, was gradually fading away, and Huda had also said that within a few weeks there would probably be no Mars.

The big dipper, suggestive of the horn of plenty, was brighter than ever. It was true, for had not Huda in all his wise raving said it?

Mercury, the swift one, whose existence was a memory of work, was soon to go into a perpetual total eclipse, so had Abdul said.

Huda's inside reasoning had also depicted the eventual union between Jupiter and Venus, which, of course,



PALACE OF THE SULTAN IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

augured well for friends of the sultan. Surely, then, there was no cause for trouble, the ruler soliloquized to himself. He paused and pondered and then lit up with a new kind of tobacco.

Fifteen minutes elapsed. "Ha, I see it all," he whispered to the royal fox terrier. "Huda's in bad with the stars."

Then in a loud voice: "Corporal of the imperial guard, front!"

In came the trusty band, weapons in hand. "Hunt up Abdul Huda, royal astrologer, and bring him hence," ordered his majesty.

Within a few minutes, Huda, his trunk packed for his vacation, was ushered into the regal presence, well knowing that the signs had been switched under his eyes.

"Off with his head!" shouted the sultan, rising from the divan.

Fifteen brown forearms pulled 15 shining sabers and were ready to deliver the fatal stroke with the same regularity that governs up-to-date melodrama.

"Stay, slaves," quoth his highness, "I would fain give him a worse punishment before I am ready to deprive him of what little gray matter there may be beneath that bald pate. To the dungeon with him."

The day's routine over, the sultan re-seated himself upon the divan and thought of what had best be done. Finally he decided that there could be no place just like jail as a punishment, and so Huda remained there.

However, the story goes, the former student of the stars will offer up his head on New Year's day as his sacrifice for getting into the evil graces of the stars.

Previously everything had looked splendid to the monarch. The Young Turks had not objected to his harem until Huda got in bad with the planets and many of that party had promised to leave the country rather than be called to purgatory by decapitation.

As each step in this fearful condition of things came to his mind his royal highness decided that it looked darker for Abdul Huda's head and also rather dark for Abdul Second's safety, the latter being the sultan himself.

There was no one else to blame it on except the astrologer. Had not his plea of sickness when other nations pressed him for the return of their loans, always been sufficient to quell them? It had, and he could see no other reason for the status than by returning to his original reason.

If things went wrong in this manner Huda must have been in league with the palace camarilla.

A double tap at a secret bell, an order shouted down the speaking tube and the officials of the palace camarilla were pinched.

This retinue included Riza Pasha, the former minister of war, and Raghib Pasha, one of the justly exalted and highly honored court chamberlains. Because he considered the dignity of his position Raghib barricaded himself within his cyclone cellar a few plazas from the royal mansion and prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. He opened fire on the police, but his ammunition soon gave out and the minions of the law escorted him into the royal presence, who meted out 30 days and costs in the royal dungeon.

Because the court soothsayer's report had been doctored, the sultan set about to corral the entire body of hangers-on, who daily loafed about the

"Power Behind the Throne" Gone and the Monarch Is Compelled to Dictate His Own "Copy"—Cheering of the Multitude Outside the Royal Palace Greatly Disturbs the Ruler—Granting of Constitution of 1876 Is Great Victory for Young Turks Party—Other Events in Revolution of Form of Government.

court. This done he issued notice that parliament, representing the people, would be held in the fall.

He had to issue the notice himself, for the former power behind the throne—Achmed Izzet Pasha, his secretary—smelling the trouble by a far better method than that which the astrologer possessed, skipped the country and a few days later was reported in the United States.

Then in view of the new order of things within his realm, Abdul II decided to call home his ambassadors at foreign capitals. Hence not long ago we read in press dispatches that Mehmed Ali Bey had been recalled from Washington and a successor appointed. The Turk recalled from the national capital is no other than the father of the missing secretary, and as a consequence it was expected that the pair would connive together as to the best mode of procedure in the present case, for both might be made a part of the consignment of corpses which the sultan had billed for the morgue on New Year's day.

Thus by the foregoing will be seen that things are in a bad way in Turkey,



IZZETT PASHA.

and despite the fact that they cheer the sultan outside of the palace until he has to empty the court water picher upon them so that he may sleep in peace, many of the tall Turkish minds have announced that they "are going away from here, never again to return."

And the cause of all this trouble, according to those who sympathize with his majesty, is none other than Huda himself.

Therefore he is pining away the idle hours in the jail's solitary confinement pen, playing solitaire with the covers from Turkish cigarette boxes, which the guard shoves toward him with his manna and water twice a day. The only solace which he had on first entering the jail was that within two months he would have a full pack of cards for they furnished him a box of cigarettes with each meal. That is, his friends did. For they provide his luxuries, while the actual bodily necessities are given by the ruler himself.

However, let it be said that the astrologer does not know of his fate, and he probably will not until the time comes for him to be led out to sacrifice his star-filled cranium to the art which he has studied throughout his 49 years.

As Turks go he is a young man still, and being unmarried there probably will be few who mourn him. His only acquaintances were court officials, and they had little love for him for the reason that he would at every opportunity take their predictions from their mouths and turning them into magic Turkish words return them to the sultan as sayings from the Zodiac.



ABDUL HAMID, II. Sultan of Turkey.