

THE
Road to Gretna Green
By Dorothy Deakin
Author of "George," "The Wishing Ring," Etc.
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CHAPTER VIII. 11
Continued.

"Yes. He says I am playing with your young affections; that I am leading you on, to put it vulgarly. He says I am treating you as the cat treats the mouse. He says I am like a lighted candle, and that you are one of the silly moths. He laughs at you for allowing yourself to be taken in by my wiles, but, all the same, he likes you, and he doesn't want you to singe your wings."

"Good heavens!" The fury in his face cheered her up tremendously. This was all right.

"Of course it's all the most absurd nonsense," Lise pursued lightly, "and I often tell him so. You love Audrey devotedly—as devotedly as she loves you—while as for me, I simply glory in your constancy. It's so unusual in a man, you see, and so fine of you to allow yourself to be original. It's the quality I most desire, and that is why I have always looked up to you so in every way."

Michael straightened his shoulders, and his anger began slowly to melt away under the warm, affectionate look she gave him then.

"You aren't the kind of man to fall in love with a woman who adores her husband," she proceeded adroitly, "a woman past her first youth." (Lise was twenty-two.) "You are too strong and manly and reliable for such weak, degenerate nonsense. And it's because I want to show Jack that I'm right when I explain to him what a fine character you really have, that I've been taunting you in this apparently heartless way. I want to go on being proud of my friend. I want him to take his life in his own hands and model it to his own will. You aren't the man to sit down and cry for the moon. You've only been pretending to do it, because you were afraid of being selfish and plunging Audrey into poverty. But now is the time for you to strike, and strike boldly."

The deluded young man, carried away by her enthusiasm and touched by her trusting confidence in his inherent nobility, flushed as he rose, and gave her his hand on it with a reckless little laugh.

"By George!" said he. "You've made me feel a new man. There's no one like you for putting new heart into a chap. I believe you are right, after all."

"I know I am," Lise answered, with a little sigh.

CHAPTER IX.

It was Osgood who shot the bolt from the blue. He had just come down from Oxford, and was not as well versed in the latest gossip as might afterwards be expected of him.

"What a fortunate thing it is for Micky Kenworthy," he remarked to Mrs. Cogwheel in a distinctly envious tone. "Some men do fall on their feet, and no mistake. There's that chap hanging about, waiting for the heavens to fall, as a ripe plum to drop into his mouth, and, by George! it has dropped."

"Dr. Cogwheel raised his head with ill-concealed interest.

"A plum?" said he. "Young Kenworthy? How?"

"I don't know. I wish I did." Harry Osgood laughed ruefully. "He's just got an appointment at some place in the Midlands. The sort of thing a decent, hard-working man might work and wait for ten years, and then not get."

Mr. Bromsgrove asked pleasantly what the new post could possibly be for which young Kenworthy was fitted.

"Some kind of a land steward or agent, I believe," Osgood said. "An assistant, merely to carry out the orders of the present competent man. He's to get five hundred a year for his job. Just riding round and making remarks on the crops and the weather when the air is too damp for his chief, who happens to be rheumatic. He won't have to do any head-work at all. Merely physical exertion of the lightest kind. Man needn't use his brains from one year's end to another unless he likes it. The post's ideal."

Audrey's eyes were on the edge of her plate, but she said nothing.

"Ah!" Mr. Bromsgrove murmured softly and sadly. "This is good news for you, dear child."

"That he is going away?" She raised her innocent eyes. "Oh, how can you?"

"That his prospects are so good."

"You think he will go, then, and leave me?"

"Only for a time," he answered playfully. "And then I shall be called upon to officiate at a pleasing ceremony. If," he continued gently, "to some amongst us the ceremony proves heart-breaking, who is to know it."

"Don't," said Audrey gently. "I shall, of course. I wonder if it's true. I wonder if he will accept it."

"Well, that's the queer part of it," Osgood admitted. "He's most rum about it. I was with him when the offer came. It's from the secretary of the Duke of Lavendale, and it's a genuine thing undoubtedly. But Kenworthy flung it across the room when he'd read it, and said he wished people would mind their own business. He said—" Osgood stopped suddenly.

"What did he say?" Miss Cotton asked eagerly.

Audrey's eyes were still hidden by her lashes.

"He said several things," the young man replied hastily. "I left him in a most extraordinary frame of mind. I can tell you. But I think he will accept it. He seemed to regard it as a grim duty. Five hundred a year and nothing to do but smack fat cattle on the back, and pot at rabbits. But I rum idea."

feeling that success was almost inevitable. Here was Michael fixed up with a comfortable and lazy job, consenting like a lamb to the plans for his welfare; not enthusiastically, certainly, but then he never was enthusiastic; there was Audrey on the verge of consent, frankly acknowledging already that the idea charmed her; that it would break her heart to let him go away without her; and there was Lise a staunch ally, gallantly keeping them both up to the scratch. All her plans were going well. Mr. Bromsgrove had had the young keeper William removed to Greenrose, it is true, but that in itself had given her a triumph, for she had agreed with Groves that it was best for him to be out of the Vicar's reach, and had persuaded Mrs. Gramper to arrange with the housekeeper at Greenrose, who was even more of a comfortable old dear than she herself, to take Minnie as a still-room maid. And Mrs. Banks loved a love story almost as much as Tormentilla did, so those two would be happy, and Tormentilla told herself that if they were true to each other a little longer, she would take care that their love story had a happy ending. William should be promoted, or at least his wages raised, and she herself would give away the happy bride.

They had not yet fixed the date of the elopement.

Audrey, however, was already buying quantities of new clothes on the strength of it, to her mother's delight. The fact that her daughter was shaking off her gloom, and taking a rational girlish interest in the really important matters of life, cheered her immensely, and she said as much to Lise, who would, of course, understand how thankful she and the child's father would be to see her happily settled with Nigel's excellent income.

"We are so glad young Kenworthy will be out of the way," the good mother went on, "although I am afraid he isn't more likely to keep this post than any of the others, even if it has fallen so miraculously from the skies."

"You think not?" said Lise, amiably, but afterwards, when she talked to Tormentilla about it, she confessed that she had misjudged Audrey. "I thought I understood her," she said doubtfully. "I thought she would take Nigel in the end."

"But you said that you knew she would never swallow the nuts and beans," Tormentilla reminded her. "And the rational dress, didn't you?"

"I know I said that. But what I really thought was that she would keep him dancing on a string till he was driven to such a state of desperation that she could make any kind of conditions. Audrey's very clever, you know. And yet now she seems quite happy at the idea of this romantic, runaway love-match. She can't be the mercenary little wretch I thought her, after all."

"I never thought she was mercenary!" Tormentilla cried warmly. "She's too simple and loving and gentle to think of money. I have sometimes thought her rather silly, and hated myself for being so unkind and uncharitable. She can't be really silly, you know, or she wouldn't have this depth of feeling, this true, disinterested love for a penniless lover."

"No-o," Lise admitted thoughtfully. "I give her up. She's certainly extraordinarily sweet-tempered. I shouldn't wonder if they were very happy, after all."

Tormentilla looked puzzled. A happy life was bound to follow, she had always supposed, on a love-match. No novel that she had ever been allowed to read had so much as hinted at anything else, but then, she hadn't had time for much novel-reading, and Greenie and her mother had generally chosen her fiction for her.

"Who is this friend of yours who is to lend them his motor for the honeymoon, and help us so generously with the dark scheme?" Lise asked curiously. Tormentilla hesitated. It wouldn't do to tell the truth, she supposed, if—

"His name's John Edward," she said at last, and this was quite true. "He's quite pleased to help. He's a very old friend."

"I see," Lise asked no more. To be Continued.

How Many Commandments?

A country lad came to be confirmed before Bishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. The bishop asked him if he had learned his catechism.

"I have," was the reply.

"How many commandments are there?"

"Forty."

"Go home, child, and learn better."

On his way home the youngster met a companion who was also going to be confirmed.

"Stop!" says he. "Do you know how many Commandments there are?"

"Ten," was the reply.

"Pshaw, you fool! I tried the Bishop with forty and that wouldn't do. Go home and learn better."—New York Times.

Historic Doubles.

Those almost perfect doubles, George Du Maurier and Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, were nearly indistinguishable. The story goes that a lady sitting beside Du Maurier at dinner started conversation by pooh-poohing all idea of a resemblance.

"You know, Mr. Alma-Tadema, I think it's absurd to say that you and Du Maurier are so awfully alike. There's really no resemblance at all. Don't you agree with me?" "Quite," was the polite answer, "but, you see, I happen to be Mr. Du Maurier!"—London Chronicle.

Miss Elizabeth Moore, a Vassar graduate, has entered the agricultural department of the University of Missouri, at Columbia, and has announced her intention of becoming an expert farmer. She is a member of several clubs in St. Louis.

According to the Pekin Daily News, the Chinese Ministry of the Interior intends to make investigations concerning the prohibition of early marriages, which it considers to be attended with evil results. The age may be fixed at twenty.

SHOWS FOR ITSELF

REPUBLICAN PARTY'S RECORD ON THE TARIFF.

Rubber Schedule of Payne-Aldrich Bill is Typical Example of Revision as Accomplished by Its "Friends."

With the declaration Vice-President Sherman made in his speech in Enid, Okla., "that the present and future prosperity of the nation is dependent upon the tariff," no intelligent citizen of these United States will take issue. With his further declaration "that the election of a Democrat at the approaching election will retard the efforts of the Republican party to formulate a scientific tariff" every sane observer of political movements will, however, take instant issue.

That the Republican party could under any circumstances approve or assist the formulation of a scientific tariff may at once be determined by consideration of its actual performances. The cardinal tariff doctrine of the Republican party, uppermost alike in peachment and practise, is that the tariff should only be revised by the "friends of the tariff." The present law, which is now about a year and a month old, is the latest concrete application of this Republican doctrine, and it is already stamped with the ineffaceable seal of popular condemnation.

The rubber schedule is a typical example of what revision of the tariff by the friends of the tariff really means. No schedule in the act of August 5, 1909, affords a better illustration of what the friends of the tariff can be counted on to do when they undertake the task of revision.

It is pretty well understood now that the rubber schedule has for its friend at the national capitol the one man who can be said to be of most potent influence when anything is proposed that bears on the tariff schedules. The chairman of the senate committee on finance, Nelson W. Aldrich, senator from Rhode Island, is himself a dealer in rubber.

While Senator Aldrich has admitted in a communication, prepared for publication a month ago, that he is a stockholder and a director of the Intercontinental Rubber company, he denies that either he or any member of his family "has ever had any pecuniary interest as to whether the duty on manufactures of rubber were 30, 35 or 300 per cent," but in the same letter he admitted that his company produced yearly 10,000,000 pounds of rubber in Mexico alone, and that of a total world's product in 1908 of 175,000,000 pounds the Intercontinental company marketed 10,000,000 pounds. Unfortunately, he neglected to say how much of the product his company marketed was sold in the United States, but it is probably fair to say that the bulk if not the whole of its product found its market here.

Mr. Aldrich is peculiarly constructed if he felt no concern in the measure of protection accorded to the customers with whom he is doing business. He may say that an advance in the duty on manufactures of hard rubber amounting to 17 per cent, was not to his personal advantage, but he will find it difficult to convince the American people. What happened in the revision of the rubber schedule upward is exactly what must always happen when "the friends of the tariff" do the revising.

He Made Them Come to Time.

"I will make the corporations come to time," shouted Mr. Roosevelt at Toledo.

He made the Equitable Life come to time with a \$50,000 campaign contribution. He made the beef trust come to time with a big campaign contribution. He made the Standard Oil come to time with another big campaign contribution. He made E. H. Harriman, after a personal conference at the White House, come to time with \$260,000.

These are only a few of the corporations and plutocratic interests Mr. Roosevelt made come to time in the 1904 campaign when he was a candidate for the presidency to succeed himself.

Turn on the light!—New York World.

No More Argument Needed.

In his enumeration of platform pledges fulfilled, Mr. Taft specifies the promise that the tariff revision should be so made as to cover only the difference in cost of production at home and abroad and a reasonable profit to manufacturers. No Democratic witnesses need be summoned to establish the fact that not even a pretense was made at following this rule. All it is necessary to do is to summon Senator Cummins to the stand, who, in a series of powerful speeches in Kansas and other portions of the west, has shown that the platform utterances on this point were totally disregarded and seemed even to have been forgotten.

Gold and Cost of Living.

Stand-pat economists still stick to the massive theory that the great production of gold is the cause of the increased cost of living. Their breadth of knowledge is amazing by its absence.

The higher cost of living is due to the higher profits of eastern mill bosses under special privilege of the Aldrich-Taft tariff. To blame it on the increasing supply of gold is like blaming the price of hen's eggs on the war in Nicaragua.

Taft's Weak Argument.

Congress has been in adjournment less than two months. It would have been so easy for the Republicans, had they been sincere, to make at the last session those changes in the Aldrich law demanded by Mr. Taft instead of at the next session or the session thereafter. Mr. Taft's argument is that if a man refuses to do as he agreed the first time, that is all the more reason for asserting that he will do it the second time.

WASTE OF PEOPLE'S MONEY

Enormous Expenditures of the Government Shown Here by Comparison.

National expenditures for the ensuing year made and authorized by congress amounted to \$1,098,847,184—considerably more than a thousand millions! Let us see what that fact means.

1. It means that we are spending every year nearly one per cent. of our entire national wealth—\$120,000,000; or nearly one-half of the national wealth of Switzerland—\$240,000,000; or of Portugal—\$250,000,000; or more than one-fifth of the national wealth of the thrifty Netherlands—\$5,000,000,000.

2. It means that we are spending every year more than the entire assessed valuation, real and personal, of most of the states in the union, in only 14 of which is there property in excess of a thousand millions.

3. It means that we are spending every year almost as much money as all the farms, city lots and buildings in so great and rich a state as Indiana are worth for taxation—\$1,110,391,659.

4. It means that we are spending in one year one-third of the entire output of all our gold mines in 120 years, \$3,063,787,000!

5. It means that we spend every year more than the entire capital of all the national banks in the United States—\$919,143,825—and nearly one-third of all our savings bank deposits—\$3,713,405,709.

6. It means that we spend in one year one-third of the value of our foreign commerce—\$3,055,115,138.

7. It means that we spend each year our entire corn crop—2,668,651,000 bushels, and that our wheat crop for a single year—664,002,000 bushels—would be sufficient to run the government only six months.

8. It means that, excluding Sundays and holidays, there is spent at Washington every day in the year the enormous sum of \$3,567,685.66!

9. It means that for every man, woman and child in the country we spend each year \$11.

10. It means that for every family in the United States the yearly expenditure at Washington is \$55.

If the waste at Washington is \$300,000,000 a year, as Senator Aldrich has intimated, every American family suffers by this profligacy to the extent of \$1.66 every twelvemonth.

This is enough to buy a suit of clothes. It will buy an overcoat or a cloak. It will buy a good dress. It will furnish a room. It will buy nearly three tons of anthracite coal. It will buy four or five pairs of shoes. It will buy two or three barrels of flour or over three hundred loaves of short-weight bread.

The cost of one battleship—\$12,000,000 to \$18,000,000, needless and an incentive only to jingoism and war—would endow a great university, establish and support a dozen fine hospitals or equip and maintain forever one hundred good libraries.

Turn on the light!

Little Credit Due Tariff Law.

The recent statement concerning the beauties of the new tariff law, lately given out at Washington, does not seem greatly to have impressed the country. The papers were quick to see that, after deducting the \$28,000,000 derived from the corporation tax, the \$12,000,000 resulting from improved business methods in the custom houses, and making allowance for the imports rushed in in advance of the abrogation of the reciprocity treaties, we should have had a considerable deficit. The purpose evidently was to make the people believe that it was the tariff that was working so well. There has been an increase in revenue derived from customs, it is true, but it is not considerable, and of late has been shrinking. The Journal of Commerce says that "such a shuffling statement as was put out in the absence of the secretary of the treasury, and it is to be hoped without his knowledge, is a discredit to the administration." It is not meant to serve as an official statement, but as a campaign document.

More Soothing Sirup.

Further revision of the tariff is to be recommended by President Taft, according to an unofficial statement sent out from Washington. He is quoted as demanding that "exorbitant and unreasonable profits" by producers no longer shall be tolerated.

This evidently is another dose of the president's famous soothing sirup. It is especially significant that it is administered just as Mr. Roosevelt was about to circulate through insurgent strongholds.

Memory of the president's abject surrender to the Aldrich-Cannon clique, however, is still fresh in the minds of the voters. With due deference to his belated concession to an aroused public sentiment, they will insist on electing a congress that can be depended on to enact that sentiment into law.

Republican Hypocrisy.

What fools the Republican leaders must think the voting citizens of the United States are. Mr. Roosevelt has taken occasion to declare his approval of President Taft's suggestion regarding revision of the tariff by taking up one schedule at a time. He subscribes unqualifiedly to the humbug theory that this program will be a successful shock absorber in so far as business is concerned. The November elections will show how far this device of political hypocrisy has succeeded.

A Surprising Statement.

"We cannot afford to be without the great leaders," added the colonel. What! are there two?—Springfield Republican.

As we understand it, to revise the Payne-Aldrich tariff would be to paint the lily and gild refined gold—but there is a petal or two that would be the better for a trifle of Chinese white, and some of the edges of the lily need a bit of gold leaf, just to brighten 'em up a bit.

Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of America
Matters of Especial Moment to the Progressive Agriculturist

A full pocketbook makes a sleepy conscience.

To a brave hearted man his farm is his country.

A drop in the bucket is worth a whole half pint in the whisky barrel.

This fall will witness the long needed and general conservation of the straw stack.

A hen as a bird is a poor singer, but nobody objects to the practise she indulges in.

All is not gold that glitters, but a good many people take comfort in thinking so.

The conservationists who forget to conserve men miss the prime end of all conservation.

A thick coat of manure on the corn land means warm coats for mother and the girls next winter.

If you fool with every agent that comes along some agent is sure to come along who will fool you.

Some men are sure they were meant for a better world because they have made such a mess of this one.

Just as soon as a man is as old as he wanted to be he is sure to begin wishing he were younger than he is.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine. Cultivate the habit of cheerfulness, it is contagious and should be cultivated.

It is good business to get a good thing for the least possible money, and there isn't any secret in how to go about it.

The farm workman who is always afraid he will do more than he is paid for, is not going about it in the right way to get more pay.

Most of us like to say mean things about rich men, but very few there are who would refuse to change places with them, if we had the chance.

Nine times out of ten, bad luck is nothing less than shittiness. There are a great many more fools in the world than wise men, but the latter manage to control things pretty much their own way.

PROGRESS MADE IN DAIRYING

Probably Greatest Advance Achieved in Co-operative Enterprises in That Industry.

Probably the greatest advance in co-operative enterprises among American farmers, with the possible exception of fruit growers, is found in the methods practised by dairymen, says Orange Judd Farmer. The growth of co-operative creameries throughout the middle west, especially during the past 12 or 15 years, has been very extensive. This movement began with the establishment of separating stations for receiving whole milk from farmers at the time of the introduction of separators of large capacity. Sometimes these plants were owned by farmers' associations and operated upon the co-operative plan. Some times they were owned by large creamery concerns, who received the milk from the farmers, separated it and paid each patron according to the amount of butterfat actually received. Sometimes this cream was sold in bulk to the big creamery concerns, while in other plants it was churned and the butter marketed direct.

The most complete co-operation is found in those plants where the entire operations are carried on by the farmers themselves, but there are certain elements of co-operation in all of them. For instance, a number of farmers could club together for the delivery of milk to the separating station and the return of skimmed milk to the farms, thus reducing the expense and labor for all concerned. These receiving stations for whole milk have been displaced in nearly every instance by cream receiving stations.

This has been brought about by the extensive introduction of hand separators, so that the actual work of separation is done by each farmer for himself and only the cream disposed of. In many sections this cream is received by local creameries, owned either individually or by farmers' associations, is churned and the butter marketed direct from there. In this case there are large amounts of by-product to be disposed of as a by-product. If this is apportioned among the farmers, according to the amount of cream received, the amount given each is too small to be of any value. So it is customary to have the creameries dispose of the entire output of butter-milk for a year in advance to some individual farmer or group of farmers, according to the highest bidder, and a return of from 25 to 50 cents per barrel may thus be obtained by the creamery for a by-product.

Worth Thinking Over.

One single swearing, vile-minded hired man will soon corrupt the boys of an entire neighborhood.

The city boy whose eyes open every morning on the blank wall of a flat building and who has never seen a sun rise or the clouds gather and a storm break as the country boy does cannot know the sense of freedom and joy and power which they convey.

If we would help ourselves we can do no better than to be helping others.

Maybe one reason why boys leave the farm is because their standpoint of work is set at that of a full grown man—let up on the boy.

We cannot help close to the line if we have a private ax to grind.

The man who does his duty best never thinks of it as a duty.

Apple Tree Planting.

As to distances between trees, 50 feet is preferred for Rhode Island Greenings, Kings and Spys and 45 feet for Baldwins. Apples used as fillers can be pruned severely and fertilized with double rations.

MARKETING OF COTTON CROP

Committee Appointed by Texas Cotton Growers' Association Makes Practical Suggestions.

At the recent meeting of the Farmers' congress at College Station, a committee was appointed by the Texas Cotton Growers' association was appointed to study and make recommendations as to what was best to be done relative to the crop this year, says Co-Operator. This committee met in Dallas and discussed cotton growing, ginning, hauling, baling and marketing, and with the view that there might be system and co-operation in marketing issued the following recommendations to the public:

To the Cotton Planters of Texas and the Entire South: We, your committee on best methods of handling and marketing the cotton crop, beg now to recommend:

1. That with the present prospects of a short crop, no cotton be sold at less than 15 cents per pound, middling basis, interior common points, and that the same be marketed at a rate of not more than ten per cent. per month.

2. That we urge upon all the great importance of diversifications as the greatest factor that will enable the planter to control his cotton by living at home, and to that end we urge the planters to avail themselves of the education advantages of all demonstration work carried on by the government.

3. That we indorse the idea of making cotton grading a part of our public school curriculum, more especially in the rural districts, and appeal to our state legislature to make provision therefor.

4. We urge the proper warehousing and care of cotton, to the end that it will become a safe and ready collateral and urge the hearty co-operation of bankers and financiers in assisting the planter to hold his cotton when so desired, by making liberal advances on same.

5. We deplore the slovenly manner in which the present square bale, as a rule, is prepared and sent to market, and the gross extravagance in and careless handling of same from the ginner to the spinner, entailing needless time and expense in shipping, recompressing, etc., and recommend some package acceptable to the trade that can be compressed at the gin and go direct and rapidly from the gin to the mill or the ship's side.

6. We finally urge the planters to cover their cotton entirely with heavy bagging and keep same under shelter, either on the farm at the gin or in the cotton yard, in order to prevent country damage, waste, etc.

We realize the consumption of the above suggestions to a large extent depends upon the widest publicity and we therefore request the press of the south at large to give space to same, and to our bankers, merchants, business men generally and brother farmers to give us their ablest counsel and co-operation in the common cause of educating and upbuilding the agricultural classes, the bulwark of our national prosperity. Respectfully submitted,

W. B. YEARY, Pres.,
H. O. BOATWRIGHT,
J. TOM PADGITT,
MRS. J. T. PADGITT,
N. T. BLACKWELL.

W. B. Yearly of Farmersville is a member of the Farmers' union and is a large cultivator of cotton and other farm products, and his advice, being in line with common sense and good judgment, is well worth heeding.

TOO LAZY TO GROW COTTON

Attempt of British Government to Make Egypt Rival of Southern States Proves Failure.

The British government has failed in its attempt to make Egypt a rival of our south in cotton growing. A few years ago considerable uneasiness was felt in this country lest the British would be able to develop the industry along the Nile to the extent that it would hurt our cotton growers. But after spending millions of dollars irrigating areas and in experimental work the crop last year was smaller than the year before.

Laziness on the part of the natives is the principal cause. They will not work but prefer to steal or beg for a living. One enterprising planter took over a large number of our southern negroes in the hope that they would make ideal laborers on his cotton plantations but in a year or two they got as lazy as the natives and also refused to work.

In that country a strip of cotton is all that a man needs in the way of clothing and as all he has to do to secure his food is to steal a few bananas every day work seems to him a useless effort.

The British government is very much discouraged over the experiment so far and it looks as though the future is not likely to hold any further terrors for our American growers unless some enterprising Yankee invents some mechanical cotton picker and adopts plows and cultivators that will run under their own power.

Profitable Farming.

The man that grows on the farm all that he consumes on it saves a double transportation—the hauling home of what he buys and the hauling to market of what he sells to pay for it, says Rural Home. These two items of cost help very materially to make up the difference between profitable and unprofitable farming.