

FARMERS' EDUCATIONAL AND CO-OPERATIVE UNION OF AMERICA

To Use Waste Cotton.

... offers as a candidate for ... Senate this year W. J. ... who was formerly a Repre-

... is now going over his ... a novel proposi- ... he says he will support, if ... a chance, and there is a con- ... under control of the State ... Board, to utilize the labor ... convicts in making cotton ... from cotton waste.

... declares that the jute ... is manufactured by a foreign ... which exports millions of dol- ... the South each year, and he ... that a cotton mill adjacent to ... convicts could utilize the ... grades of cotton and make ... factory bargaining that would be ... to the cotton bale ... jute bagging, less unsuitably, ... saving of several millions of ... the farmers of Texas every

... costs nearly a dollar ... and if 35 cents could be saved ... farmer it would amount to a ... dollars a year. Then there ... nearly two millions more ... the State for the raw ma- ... skilled labor, provisions for he ... working in the mill. Such ... could be built by the State ... the principle on which the State ... operated the Cunningham ... plantation—the profitable em- ... of convict labor in such a ... to compete with the citi- ... Mr. Bryan believes the idea ... one, practical, and would like ... put in operation by the next ... —Dallas (Texas) De-

How to Tie Wool.

... your wool with sisal or ... woolen manufacturers ... arms against this practice, ... more and more refusing to ac- ... wool dealers wool that is ... sisal or binder twine, and ... has come when the buyer of ... discriminate against this ... twine, for the reason that in ... the fleeces it is impossible to ... sisal or binder twine without ... some of the fibre in the wool, ... causes a defect in the goods ... to the annoyance and ex- ... of the woolen manufacturer, ... has to put such pieces of ... among his defective goods.

... the tying up of tags in a ... of wool is a criminal offense, ... discovered is punishable by im- ... or fine, or both, at the dis- ... the Judge trying the offense.

... the power of the wool grow- ... improve the value of their wool ... tying and tagging, using the ... twine instead of the loose ... sisal. It is barely possi- ... the wool dealers and manu- ... will refuse to accept wool ... sisal except at a discount ... merchantable price.—Southern

Buying Small Farms.

... has been a very noticeable ... in the demand for small ... the past winter, mainly from ... who have been thrown out ... employment. In some sections ... are bought up practically all ... small farms in the market, paying ... for them, and generally ... the entire payment in cash. ... the purchasers are American ... and tradesmen who ... a farm bringing-up. They ... a little money and now ... their source of livelihood has ... they naturally turn back to ... where they know a com- ... living rewards honest, intel- ... This class of citi- ... a large gain to any commu- ... and Home.

Put This into Your Noodle.

... was in a store one rainy ... he had made a purchase, and ... some change back into his ... a nickel fell to the floor and ... under a table when he ... stepped his foot on the coin ... where he could get ... was a very sensible thing to

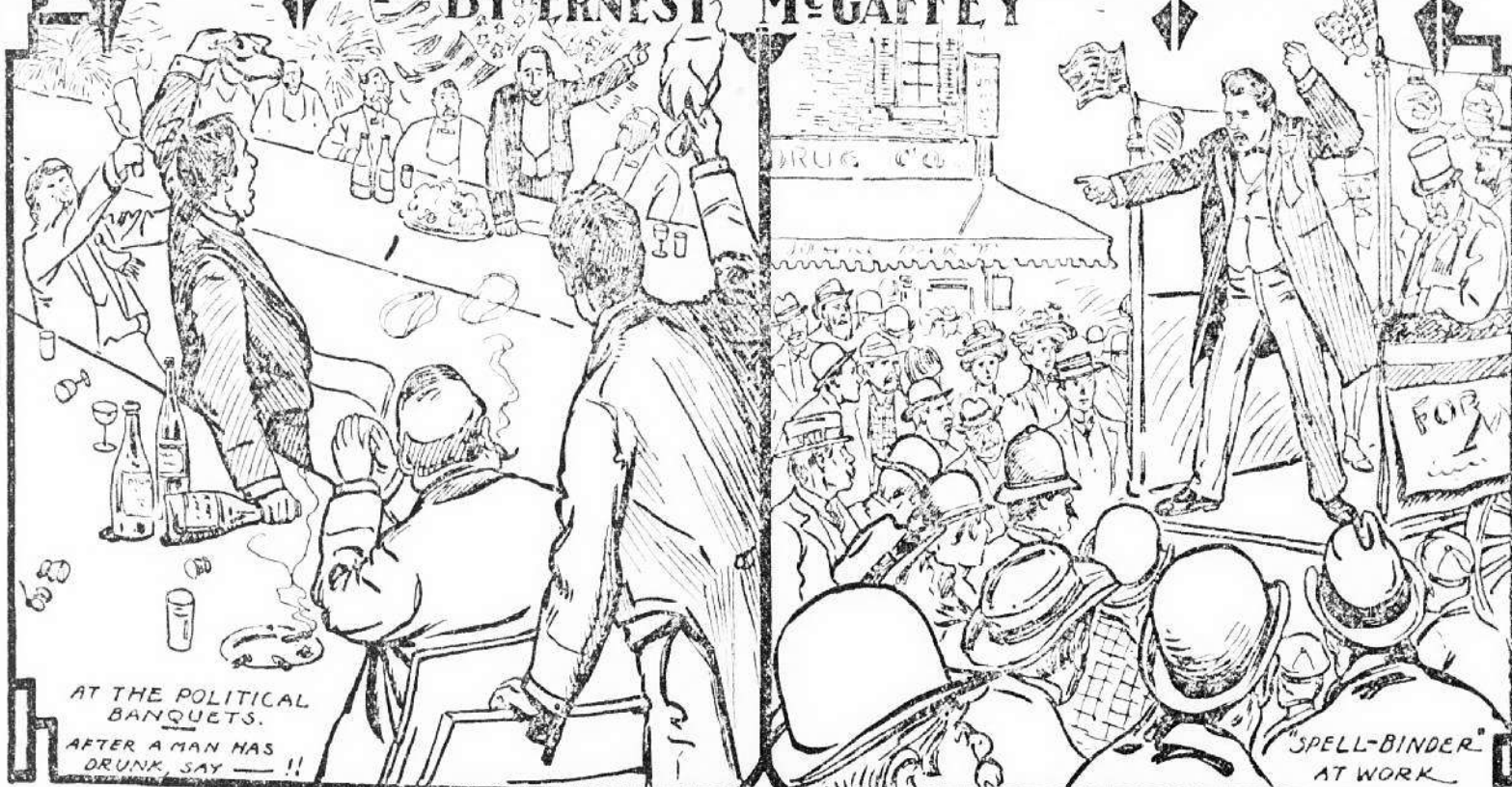
... farmer keeps quite a ... of cattle and hogs. That same ... there was a large manure ... of his barn and some of it ... washed down the hill into ... and carried off to the river, ... a nickel, but many do- ... rolling down the hill every time ... and, he never attempted to ... the loss. Could he afford the ... No, though his farm was by ... in need of commercial fer- ... —Southwestern Farmer.

... think of any such a foolish ... as completely quitting cotton. ... is one of the best crops the ... ever planted. It is the ... of the cotton system, and not ... of this great crop, that ... all wrong. The way to do ... this: Plant plenty of other ... the place and have some ... market; then plant all the ... you can reasonably care for.

... do the best talking; show that ... is making a better man of

POLITICAL "JAW-SMITHS" and THEIR WAYS

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY



AT THE POLITICAL BANQUETS. AFTER A MAN HAS DRUNK, SAY — !!

"SPELL-BINDER" AT WORK

A POLITICAL orator is a man of verbal luxuriance, and nearly always the shallowest of sophists. There is usually little to be gained in what he says, but, to "the groundlings," there is a deep significance in the way he says but, to "the groundlings," there is a deep significance in the way he says it. We had orators in the ward and in the city, the common, native garden variety of "wind-jammers," and the exotic, or imported variety of "jaw-smiths." Oratory at its best is rather a lost art, and the political orator is a good example of a lost artist. We never expected to influence voting in the ward on account of speech-making. The Republicans went to Republican meetings and the Democrats went to Democratic gatherings, and the applause that the speakers received was simply the "jolly" that their own crowd was handing them, and there you had it.

Occasionally a man might drift in where some really witty and able talker was rousing out the "chin-music," and be impressed a little, but after he had gone home and slept over it, and appeared at the polls, he would get the same old ticket and vote it in the same old way. I heard the orators in an early day who were orators, but did not hear them in the political campaigns. "Bob" Ingersoll and Emory Storrs were orators the like of whom I shall hardly hear again, but it was not for me to be dazzled by the glittering generalities or clumsy platitudes of these "silver-tongued" orators of the hustings, no matter whether they were of my own party or not. I liked a good, sensible talk, but the average line of "bunk" handed out by the ground and lofty tumblers of the city campaigns was something to make a man laugh.

And yet the custom had grown so strong that nothing could apparently stop it. There was always the committee on halls, and the committee on speakers, and there was a racing and chasing of cabs and a mounting of platforms by anxious candidates, and a great desire to present to the citizens the "issues of the day" and solicit their suffrages on election day.

And who attended these meetings? Why, mainly, the "boys." The precinct captains, the members of the ward clubs, the hangers-on that only knew Andrew Jackson as the name of a cigar, the men on the pipe-extension gangs, the ward superintendent, the men down in the city hall, the sewer diggers, laborers, etc., who are working for the city, and the "pay-roll brigade" in general.

And where was the private citizen? Why, he was at home, reading the evening paper, playing with the cat, having a quiet little game of "cinch" at ten cents a "corner," five cents a "set-up" and Tommy around to the Dutchman's with the big white pitcher. Much he cared for oratory. If he got a letter from the managers of the campaign, or maybe a letter from a mayoralty candidate, he opened it and read it, and possibly speculated a little as to the truth of it, but, as a rule, he did not bother himself much as to the meetings.

There was an exception to this, however, when the candidate for alderman or the candidate for mayor appeared in a ward. Then the citizens generally went to the meetings. But not to hear what were glibly termed "issues" discussed. But to look at the candidate, size him up, and see whether they liked him, and if he looked like a man who could fill the job. They didn't care for his "oratory," unless he could tell them a good story, or "roast" the opposition candidates wittily, and then he was indeed a "star."

The appearance of the mayoralty candidate was, of course, the great event of a ward campaign, and filled the halls to overflowing. Boys and women in the galleries, and even the aisles jammed. Perhaps some "silver-tongued" would be making the welkin burst about "the thirteen struggling colonies," "these are the times that try men's souls," "when in the course of human events," or some other "guff" borrowed from a school history, a war pamphlet or the declaration of independence, when all at once there



REHEARSING HIS SPEECH

would be a shuffle at the other end of the hall.

"Here he comes," and "there he is" would be the whispers and signals, and the great man or great men would approach through the center aisle attended by a cordon of followers like the attendant pilot-fishes to his majesty the shark, or more properly speaking, like the attendant porpoises on the whale.

The "silver-tongued" "bunk-shooter" would then grasp the hands of the great men, to show how close he was to the throne, and would gently but firmly subside, and "the Real Thing" would proceed to address the meeting. Close attention was always shown to the mayoralty and aldermanic candidates and to no one else. And what the audience was always trying to figure out was "what kind of a man is he?" and not "what are the issues?" And so the orators soared in and out of the issues like a swallow's flight above a river, and their analysis of the questions of the day left as much an impression on their hearers' minds as the bird's flight does in the air above the river's current.

But they were watching him, and shrewdly or otherwise making up their minds as to his sincerity, his courage, his honesty and his general ability to fill the office he was seeking. The main issue was always something that no one, not even the originators of it, really understood. It was usually based on a strictly scientific degree of accuracy. It started from self-evident and bitterly contested conclusion, and arrived in a labyrinth of contradiction from which there was no outlet. The celebrated traction issue, for instance, was one on which several campaigns were fought, and no honest man ever really pretended to understand it. The question had as many angles to it as three-cushion carom billiards, and as fast as one perfect solution to the puzzle was offered, something would bob up that would change the status of affairs and make it as much of a mystery as before.

The main uses of campaign oratory in the wards was to enthrall the workers, to get the "hustlers" in the various precincts busy in getting out the votes. To do this required that the speaker descend from the high trapeze of flowery declamation and talk about the practical benefits to be derived by a party victory. "The thirteen struggling colonies" were all right in their place, but that was several years back, and what the workers wanted to hear about was the patronage to be distributed, the possibility of jobs and positions when the victory was gained, and "what there was in it for them."

The business and professional men of the ward followed their callings on precisely the same plan. They, also, were looking in their line for pecuniary rewards and emolument. Yet they sneered at the politicians. What difference did it make to a fellow who was out of a place in the city col-

lector's office, whether a measure of public policy smacked of Hamiltonianism or Jeffersonianism? What he wanted was the job. So a great deal of the local political oratory was practical to a degree.

At the political banquets, however, the real oratory was supposed to be uncorked, and we always attended these banquets, usually at from three to five dollars "a throw," or a plate, as the more polite termed it. But the science of after-dinner speaking—post-prandial oratory, as it is called, is largely dependent upon extraneous conditions; and particularly as to the state of receptivity on the part of the audience. After a man has drunk, say two or three glasses of sauterne, a couple of glasses of claret, and four or five or eleven glasses of champagne, he is usually in a very uncritical condition. And almost any flowery "bunk" goes with him as something grand.

But just let a man stick to "little old aqua pura" all during the banquet; let him up-end his glass and say: "Nay, nay, Pauline" to the teetering waiters who hover near with the Bacchanalian fluids, and "what a change is there, my country-men," in his judgment of the post-prandial slush that is ladled out to him. The Joe Miller jests and learned by heart orations of the speakers fall on an inattentive ear; and he cannot be lured into wild and unreasoning applause over some well-known quotation which has been delivered by an orator with the air of "I've just thought of that."

Political oratory is composed of the usual two classes of all oratory, to-wit: prepared and impromptu. Prepared oratory is oratory which has been admittedly gotten up beforehand and which the speaker is ready to hand out to the reporters on type-written sheets before the banquet. Impromptu oratory is oratory which the speaker has learned by heart and refers to give copies of, although it has been written out carefully. This compels the attendance of short-hand

reporters to take it down. When the stenographers take it down, the impromptu orators will sometimes give a favored paper an exact copy of the speech, so as to have it printed correctly.

It may be hinted that all this savors of the cynicism of the man who envies the accomplishment of oratory to the "silver-tongued" tribe. Far from it! I have "been there." Horatio, and have on occasion aroused the plaudits of the banqueters myself. The most pronounced success I ever had in that way was a little impromptu gem that I delivered before a "stone sober" crowd one time. I had been given my subject six months before, and had written and re-written my talk all out, at least a dozen times. I had polished it, and adorned it with slavish care, and had blended with it various thoughts and quotations from the poets and the philosophers. You don't have to use quotation marks in oratory, and anyway, I did not know where those gentlemen had stolen their stuff from.

I typewrote this talk, and let it lie a couple of months, and then went over it again, shortening some of the long sentences, and rearranging and shifting until I got it down as fine as it was possible for me to do. Then I learned it absolutely by heart. I could say it backwards or forwards, begin in the middle and recite it either way. I knew it better than the multiplication table or the alphabet. I "orated it" until I had, as I thought, all the proper inflections, even to a little stumble, a little "eloquent pause" where I was supposed to be overcome by the strength of my emotions. It was really a very hard job, the getting up of this little "impromptu," and one which I should hardly care to tackle again just for the sake of doing something a favor.

Finally I had the thing down letter perfect, and the day and occasion arrived for my "setting it off." Now some "impromptu" speakers make the mistake of "spiceling" their piece right off "the books" without giving themselves any time for "inspiration." This is a fatal mistake, and even the most obtuse will not be deceived if you begin at top speed with your "fire-works." But I had heard too many impromptu speakers to be lured into such a false position. The proper way is to select something about the particular occasion which may strike your fancy and then start in with a few halting sentences about that. Something of this sort, for instance: "As I stand on this spot to-day, I feel incapable of adequately voicing the feelings that the time and the occasion would call up in the breast of a real orator," or "I am glad to be with you here, my friends, to-day; and this audience, and the event which we are called upon to celebrate, only makes me feel my shortcomings as a speaker," or "As I entered the hall to-day I caught sight of," etc., etc.

And then, when you have edged in with one or two airy common-places you can come in with your "sis, boom, AH!" verbal pyrotechnics, and give the audience a sure-enough "impromptu" exhibition.

The uninitiated will say: "Ain't he a corker?"

The man that "is next" will reply: "Gwan; I'll bet it took him six months to frame that up."

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.
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ONE POINT IN OUR FAVOR

Might Not Build Cars, But America Has the Railroads.

At Briarcliff Manor, the day before the great motor race, Barney Oldfield said to a reporter:

"Here is a good one on the foreign cars. Do you see that young millionaire with the strap and buckle arrangement on his low shoes? Well, he was doing the south last month in a French limousine.

"Between two towns there was a steep, rough, soft hill. With his heavy limousine the millionaire got stuck on it. He had to turn back.

"Well back there in the town they advised him to ship the limousine on in a flat car of the local freight that was just about to pull out. He wise-

ly did so. During the slow, steep run the conductor and brakeman of the freight gathered about him and his limousine on the flat car. He gave them large, gold-tipped Egyptian cigarettes, and to please him the conductor said:

"Fine car you've got there."

"Yes," said the millionaire. "It's a French car. We can't build them like that in this country."

"No, maybe not," said the conductor, a bit nettled; "we can build railroads, though, to take them up the hills."

Higher Than Monarch.
He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires and fears, is more than a king.—Milton.

Save Good Seed.
You can save the seed of turnips, beets, carrots, cabbage and collards by sowing during the winter and setting out the next spring. Most of the other good vegetable seeds can be saved during the season. The seed variety of turnips, and seed and it is very profitable for the time and trouble taken. It takes little time to save the seed. If you have a money-proof way to put your seed in, collect them, label them and put them in the box. If you keep account of the money you spend for seed you will find that it amounts to several dollars a year, which could be saved. Don't get a good stand, and do not have to cultivate an acre to get a half-acre of stuff.—Jackson (Texas) News.

The "California Mixture."
The "California Mixture" for scale which has given such good results in California, is as follows:
Salt 10 pounds, sulphur 20 pounds, lime 10 pounds, with water to make 50 gallons of spray material ready for the tree. The lime and sulphur remedy was discovered by the California people and after many experiments this formula was decided upon as being the best for practical use. This formula was adopted by many states and has been the popular remedy for many years; however, experiments were constantly being made to lessen the cost or find a substitute.

When properly cooked and applied this mixture will kill every scale that it hits.

Keep a Stiff Upper Lip.
Don't become impatient because the Farmers' Union has not yet established a perfect system of marketing. It took years to build up the great marketing system which now controls prices, and as perfect as it is in its power to rob the producer, the Farmers' Union has made inroads against it the past four years which have amazed the world. Don't fret because you have not overthrown the system. You are building much more rapidly than your enemy built, and much more solidly, for he built upon greed and plunder, while you are building upon "justice, equity and the golden rule."—Co-Operator.

"Poets may sing of the glory of the eagle, and artists may paint the beauties of birds of plumage, but the modest American hen is entitled to a tribute for her industry, her usefulness, and her productivity. The American hen can in three months produce wealth equal to the capital stock of all the banks of the New York clearing house, and have a week to spare. In less than sixty days she can equal the total production of all the gold mines of the United States. The United States proudly boasts of all its enormous production of pig iron, by far the greatest of any country in the world, and yet the American hen produces as much in six months as the iron mines of the country produce in a year. In one year and ten months she could pay off the interest-bearing debt of the United States."

A negro farmer in Kansas knows how to raise potatoes. His name is J. G. Groves, and, it is said, he raises more potatoes every year than any other individual grower in the world. Last year on his farm he produced 72,150 bushels of white potatoes, besides several hundred bushels of the sweet variety. The former crop averaged 245 bushels to the acre, and is about his average yield. He began farming less than thirty years ago without a cent, as a day laborer at 40 cents per day, and now owns 500 acres of land valued at \$150 per acre. His potato crops have made him wealthy. There is something in knowing how.

Fruit jars are mighty cheap now, compared to the cost of doctors, to say nothing of the comfort of a well-stored larder.

Every good Union man's place is a little better kept than that of the non-union brother. This is one of the signs you know them by.

Talking Unionism is all right, and it is necessary for the propagation of its good teachings, but, as in everything else, remember that it is by exemplification that the highest teaching can be done.

The cotton fight on the part of the speculators is a fight of life and death with them. Is it any wonder that they have stirred heaven and earth to take care of a system of getting a living without work which has taken nearly a century to build up and perfect? Don't be discouraged because all of the financial world is helping the speculators, for they all get a small "take-off" in some form or other.

It is a good plan to save handles when they break out of tools. The hard wood comes in good use in many places. It should be put where it can be found easily. The same may be said of iron of all kinds. No one can tell when just such a piece may save a trip to the shop.

There doubtless will come a time when there will be no more clearing of farms, but it will be considered the poorest kind of management to destroy young trees which will soon grow into merchantable timber, and the land will be as profitable in trees as in any other crop.

Manure never contains a larger amount of fertility than when it is fresh. The sooner it is carried out and applied the better.