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## Not yet had she more than dimly conservatism of a reserve county to her

# THE MIDLANDERS

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

Author of The Day of Souls, My Brother's Keeper, Etc.

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#### CHAPTER X

Rolling Stones Gather Moss. The following week Rome had another sensation. The McFetridge twins came back. Now the McFetridge twins belonged to an older and not easily relished annal. They were the nephews of old Mowry, the undertaker, and had been the village cut-ups before they inherited the Carmichael livery-stables. But even a livery-stable did not reform them, and promptly, on attaining their majority, they sold the

What deviltry Hen McFetridge did not think of in his 'teens, Ben did. They had been a pillar of red neckties by night and a cloud of bad cigar smoke by day on the drug-store corner, since they spent their patrimony trying to develop racers in the period when all Iowa went made over trotting and built a mile track in every county and paid fabulous prices for mares and drivers-the days of Allerton and Axtell and Bud Doble. But the fleetlimbed Morgans have long since given place to Percherons and Clydesdales and the mile tracks are innocuou county fairs, or raising corn today; and with the passing of the trotting

bankrupt at twenty-one. Occasional rumor and reminiscense of the McFetridge boys came out of the west as other sons returned, but one bleak day Hen and Ben, rotund and forty, same neckties and bad cigars, were discovered in front of Carmichael's relating a tale of Aladdin to Rube | Van Hart, the broken-down league player. They had registered at the Parsons House, slapped Miss Amelia on the shoulder, dropped their real alligater skin cases and walked around the square into every store and office: up-stairs to Vawter, the artist; blithely into the back room of Cal Rice, president of the First National; and to Uncle Mowry's, Dickinson's grocery and all through the court house, bringing a presence of freckles, good living, diamond pins and dizziness. They saw everybody, "jollied" everybody-within two hours everyone in town knew the McFetridge boys had struck it rich.

"Same old town, Ben," said Hen. Same, Hen," answered Ben. go over to Wiley's and get something in the News about us."

But Wiley was off trying to collect bills. He did not see the McFetridge boys until he went to the Maccabee's supper at Odd Fellows' Hall that evening. There, with old Mowry, in his long black coat and white tie, at the door, were Hen and Ben, a self-constituted reception committee for the ladies. Wiley was always invited to lodge functions and affairs of the sort because, for his share of chocolate cake and coffee and ice-cream he would have something about it in next week's "News Notes of a Busy Day." He had heard that the twins hadn't changed a bit, except to get fat, and Hen's diamond was in a horseshoe pin, while Ben's was set in a real and immense nugget.

Hen and Ben slapped him on the back simultaneously and spilled coffee over his best trousers.

"Hello, Wiley-you old gazabe!" "Still running the old sheet, Wiley, that the old man used to chase us out

"Yes. Hello, Hen-Hello, Ben! Yes, I'm making out about the same!" "Poor sledding, eh? Hear C l Rice and Cld Thad bumped you when they arranged to have the Earlville papers get over here for early delivery. Say, heard about us in oil?"

"Yes." "Big. Tulare fields, California. Hen and me was beating it from one watertank to another one day-flippered both of us. Cleaned out in the dray business in Fresno. Well, Hen and me coming down a canon along the track about dark, saw some cow tracks. Now we saw the stars shining up out of those cow tracks. Wiley, if it had been you that's all you would have seen, just stars shining back from them cow

"Ben and me prospected, and lit for town and entered that whole blamed tate for two thousand," said Rube. cow pasture. Then we went to Los round California this very minute."

"Did they bite?" put in Ben-"couldn't keep 'em off with a club!" "Crazy about us," said Hen-"us and the cow tracks. We organized and sold whenever we wanted more money we assessed the stock and got finished his interview with the cowit. Finally the whole company blew shed between him and the Dane, but up-Hen was president, and they said he says we just got to get that girl." they didn't want a president who spent all his professional time at the girl "You mean-" shows in Los."

Hen looked at Ben-"Was it good Ben?

Ben looked at Hen-"Was it, Hen" We made those reorganizers buy us out at five hundred thou. Good-what, Hen?"

"Cow tracks for mine," sighed Hen. "First thing Hen says was: 'Let's beat it to the old town back in Iowa and show 'em we got the money.' We climbed into a Pullman at Los and Hen gives the nigger ten dollars to buy a paper. 'Keep the change, nigger, says Hen, 'we're going back to see the

old town." Wiley smiled, "I'm glad you did s well." He sighed, stilling a resentment against fortune. He, too, had swung the circle of the west and was back to the old town. And oh, what the Mc-Fetridge half-million would have done if he had found it! But they were right. Wiley would have seen only stars in the cow tracks-he never saw any thing but stars, some way or other But he smiled cordially: "It's great, boys. Come round to the News tomor-

"Sure. We want some stuff in the his old feeling of doubt when he en- be glad to listen to a woman who had convicted for the murder of J. R. Cool

Earlville Mercury-Journal correspond-

"Miss Amelia Parsons." "Oh, lord!" cried Hen-"we're onbig as a house! We'll have a two-column cut made of us and shove it in. Maybe you can use one in the News,

"Surely." Wiley laughed-since the days when they and Rube Van Hart and all the kids batted flies on the News lot he had enjoyed the McFetridges.

"Same old town, Wiley." "Same old town, Hen."

stable and went off, to the relief of all "What it needs is a few funerals. Maybe some of 'em will drop dead when fable heartsickness, which Harlan had years done, should come a man's rea they know Ben and me got money. Where can a man get a drink in this town easlest?"

Wiley looked at Rube Van Hart. Rube winked at Wiley. The Maccabees High street, conscious that every were cluttering up the hall with cake household hastened to the windows to laughing, the tears in her eyes. That's and conversation, and old Mowry and see her. "There goes Aurelie Lind- all I want to know! Just to hear you Hicks, the expressman, with their strom—the first time she's been out enormous reception badges of white satin and wired roses, were enough for a Wiley, and the four went out and operation. But even her former school

down-stairs.

Rube arranged a row of beer bottles along the side of a horse stall after an home from Mrs. Blake's, and Carmichael's trying to corral an agreement Curran sighed, looking at Janet's firm with 'em to do all the hauling for the assembly next summer. Carmiachael's trict requisition paper. "Poor little wife is going to join 'em to cinch it!" girl!" he said, "I'm desperately sor-"Oh, lord!" roared Ben, "same old ry!" town!

"We'll throw a fit into 'em," Hen: "watch us."

Rube and Wiley drank their beer had batted .400 with the Cubs, and Aurelle much before-but she's been was now chambermaid to Carmich- at the shop I-I've met her"-he look had the ink on his hands of a three "she hasn't any idea of what to dodollar and twenty-five cent printing job from the Gem restaurant! They riage in Saturday's mail!" listened hungrily to all this magic-

"Say," went on Hen, after all the west had been rehearsed, "we got a scheme that's a wonder. We're going to buy the tint opera-house."

"Crazy about the show business. added Ben. "Why, these old zooks here don't know they're alive," continued Hen. What do they get here? Swiss Bell Ringers and Flint, the Hypnotist, or

some dead one with a picture show on art, that these women's clubs round up. If you want to go to a show you got to go to Earlville, and the blamed cars stop at eleven-fifteen. Now ain't that nice for a man with a girl? Suppose he wants to pull off a little eat

"Oh, my Aunt Maria!" whispered Chicago?"

after the show?"

out in 'Frisco with the show business than anything you ever heard of, These actors and managers think they are wise, and they did get some of our show and it broke up for twenty thousthere's always a lot of phony shows sentimental self." around waiting to be financed, and angels from the long uncut, they can't is a deal like myself, I fancy. A soul

and down comes the show-flop!" Wiley's face looked vacant.

rubbed his aureate nose. "Four shows now out on the wondering what has become of their little angels," said Hen-"but what's

"What the old town needs," went on Ben, "is a silver cornet band, a semipro ball team, and a few hot shows in the tin opera-house." "You can buy it of the Gamble es-

"Listen. Got something more than Angeles, where all the easy marks in that. Morris Feldman, over at the tenthe United States come out, and we twenty Main street house in Earlville, capitalized them cow tracks. Say, we was telling me about this girl who won got more engraved certificates of stock the Chronicle beauty prize. Why, he than you can shake a stick at sluing says when she goes to Chicago the vaudeville managers will be climbing over one another to sign her! Morris went out to see her, and old Lindstrom chased him over the fence with a gun, and then prayed for his soul because he couldn't shoot him. Leave it to a

Jew to take care of his hide. Morris "Get her?" Wiley looked startled.

"Sign her, and put a show out. Morris Feldman says he's found a man with a piece, and all they need's the money. And they tell me around town that this little girl's having a tough time of it. All these High street gazooks won't look at her-the Shakes-

peare club gang and all them.' "Yes," murmured Wiley, "it's true. She's not very happy over it all." "Is she pretty as the papers tout

"Yes. Isn't she. Rube?" "All the way. If she coached along the side-lines with me pitchin', I'd be rattled clear out of the box."

"It's a shame," said Ben, "if she ain't got a chance! Ain't it, Hen?" "It is. We read that paper and we 'Little girl, the twins'll stake says: you with their last cow track!""

"You mean," retorted Wiley, staring at them, "that you're going to back and the way she forced a favorable Aurelie Lindstrom to go on the stage?" "You guessed it the first rattle." Hen ooked at Wiley with the pity of the dent, had attracted everyone's attenmoney-getter for the dreamer; and Wiley looked at Hen with the reserve of ing, bachelor governor-of course Ja- in the electric chair at the state penithe idealist for the vulgarian. He had net Vance would attract him. He would

grasped her fame—not more than that, superintendency. east and west, last Sunday, some twenty million blowsy breakfast-feed- ford it." ers had propped the supplement up against the sugar urn, and over their coffee and chops, had scrutinized her full-sheet presentment-that careless gown betraying her slender rounded

'pink un" to scan the football scores. But off somewhere, the gilded world had called her. The letters she got by ership!" ing indecision, at times, made him revile himself as a weakling.

hundreds, the congratulations and inquiries, curious and kindly, envious and ingratiating, warned her. A New left with her-she fought it rebellious- work. ly with pride and anger and sullen sitown she tossed her small head along tell them so. I'll make the fight!"

since it happened!" "It" was spoken of in the best famiwelcome committee. Rube winked at lies as one would speak of a surgical up Mr. Purcell-and father!" "I'll bet," said Hen to Ben, "that them with hardly more than a nod, there's been as much bootleg booze and they fell back to discuss her stat- gathering his wits-perhaps that was drunk at Carmichael's stable since we us, her looks, her possibilities-she sold out as before, and that's going couldn't be as handsome as Vawter's analyze his admiration for Janet.

silly picture made her! Wiley lounged into Miss Vance's of fice in the court house the next morn-"the Methodists are coming saw Aurelie go into Dickinson's store, her red dress a brave bit of flame. Mr. pen scratching its way across a dis-

Miss Vance's cool gray eyes lifted:

"Oh, I don't know. Only I'm begin ning to think as Harlan did-the whole and listened. Poor old Rube, who once thing is horribly vulgar. I never knew ael's horses; and Wiley T. Curran, who ed away frowning at his own tremorand there were six proposals of mar

Miss Vance scratched on: "I should they, too, had come back to the old think much good might come of it. As Miss Lindstrom for a week, but he vulgarity, it couldn't be much worse than her surroundings before. hope something comes of it for her." "I'm afraid it'll spoil her."

> "Not necessarily. Wiley, it's like yo to accept it impractically." "Why, the whole town's laughing a

her. And here the McFetridge boys with their ridiculous scheme-

"Why?" Wiley subsided. Janet was always squelching him. "Well," he ruminated. for a week she made the old town fa mous—it figured in a Chicago date line six times, and the photographers came and snapped Lindstrom's shack and the Sinsinawa bridge, and the North Side school where she used to go, and"-Wiley got up and sighed-"well. Amelia Parsons says the notor Wiley softly. "Where—this side of ety to Rome was shocking, and the Shakespeare club ought to pass resolu-

"Leave it to us. We had more fun tions deploring the whole business!" "Probably they will. They deplored my election also. If Aurelie can go and do anything that otherwise she'd neve money, but we got our fun. Backed one approve. Miss Conway said she was very bright child in the eighth grade and-but that's all right. You see And she certainly has appealed to your

"Eh, well!" He shrugged, "Janet when Hen and me sail in line two little the whole thing hit me! The little girl do enough for us. And when we've had in bonds. I was, Janet-you remem all the fun we want we cut the string, ber?" He raised his hand to the October hills. "I had to go off foot fre and wander and see it all. Something beyond all this. Aurelie's suddenly awakened, too, out of her bitterness her love-" he checked himself and sighed. "I can understand all that, Ja the use. We wanted to see the old net, My world was gilded splendidly -and it is yet, you know. I can't ge

> over it." "Is it true these proposals of mar riage she gets?" pursued Miss Vance mpersonally.

> "Rot! Even Aurelie laughs-and tears 'em up! A lot of people bother her, indeed. But she's a sturdy little soul with a terrible simplicity and directness. Wants to be somebody wants to be somebody! God bless th

kid-I can understand!" "Wants to be somebody!" Jane watched him shrewdly, "And you" Wiley, I took you at your word-you're

going to run for congress.' "I had luncheon with Governor Del roy up in Des Moines last week. Now please-please-this is not for th News, remember! I told him you had

promised to lead his forlorn hope in this district." "Janet, I never held an office in m

life!" "Neither did Delroy until he rebelle up there in the north!" She arose and came swiftly to him. "Wiley, I've been all over the district at the institutes, and I say the time has come! You don't know the restlessness against Congressman Hall and this old regime. Some live forceful man is going to seize the change and ride on it

"You lunched with Delroy? Youliscussed me?" "Yes. He was eager to know of you

-he'd watched your editorials." Wiley looked quizzically at her. Janet lunching with Delroy, the great new name in the tumult of the new politics! Of course Delroy knew of Janet. The last paper she read to the state teachers on a radical reorganization of the country school system, resolution through the institute against the opposition of the state superintention. And Delroy, the handsome, dash-

Curran sighed. "Janet, I couldn't af

"Suppose your campaign could be financed-" her cool business smile

was on him. And then her enthusiasn broke past it. "Oh, Wiley, it's a big Egyptian face upturned, the leaves game! A man's game! I never was and blossoms in her hair, the simple so interested as in what father and Arne tell me, and what I see is going throat-scrutinized, grunted; read the on over the county! And you're going "lead" of the story, grunted again; to be in it! I told Delroy so! They! and turned to another roll and the build his organization on you and you fight down here—they're eager t break in, and the county so needs lead-

He smiled, but he felt the inward tremor of the man who is conscious of Aurelie! Aurelie, with her hurt his limitations of daily nervous force pride, her love that was a tragedy, her The need of care of it had held him wild beating of life against her bars! from many a crucial effort, that supreme hazard of fortune: for the physical integer, after all, is the factor of York manufacturer wanted to use her that youth was done, its visions, its face on his tooth-powder boxes—that nobleness, its lechery; its easy purity was the worst she knew of. And John which is virtue untempted; and its evil Lindstom, in a rage, had seized most which is ignorance of good. But of late of her mail and burned it and forbid- had come his rebirth, the surge of asden her intercourse with the town. She piration and fine hope to the shallow had gone about in a dream, some inef- of his life. Now, with the prodiga

He reached across the desk for Jan lences. When she made one trip to et's hands. "Girl, I'll do it. You can She threw back her strong shoulder speak that way, Wiley! I'm going to telegraph Delroy, and Schemmerhorn of the state central committee, and cal

He was amazed as she arose with mates didn't banter her-she went past that imperious decision of hers and went out. Janet had always left him one reason why-well, he never could

He was at his job-press that afternoon, when Hen and Ben McFetridge drove up in a begilded motor. With errand to the hay. "Shut the door," he ing after the arrival of the twins. They them was a fresh-faced young Hebrew who was introduced as Morris Feldman of the Majestic Theater. "And"-continued Hen-"we got the

little girl all right!" "Got her?" Wiley looked up. Your prize winner. Old man was up in the woods with his dogs, chopping brush, and the old lady was off somewhere, and we talked with the girl Told her we were going to put her out

with a show and she most dropped "I should think she would!" gaspe Wiley.

"She'll get used to our ways," continued Hen-"heavy on the job-eh

Ben?" "Right there-eh, Hen?" said Ben "Morris, here, has been trying to see was afraid of the dogs. But the min ute he handed her a line of conversation we had her. He's got a man in Dubuque so crazy about this prizebeauty business that he wrote a play about it. Morris says all the people up the valley are crazy about it-and it shows what a dead one this town is. We can play up and down the state and get on to the Meyer & Sammet circuit later . . . say, think of the paper we can get out-three-sheet stuff and

strom, the \$100,000 Prize Beauty winner.' eh, Hen?" "Got the 'Frisco Morning-glory

Bunch skinned a mile," said Hen. "You're crazy!" retorted Wiley. "Crazy, maybe," said Ben-"but got her name on a contract."

"But she can't act!" "Don't need to," said young Mr. Feld-"Nobody has to know how to man. act-it's all in the line of dope you put over. Hand out some bunk that the public is crazy about and they'll eat it. And this girl's got it-biggest paper in the west has been spreading on her for two weeks now. It's a pippin. I wanted to bite myself when she signed up. Steinman & Franks were after her, too-they were going to have a man down here from Chicago today." "Those big vaudeville people? guess, if she's going in the business at all, she ought to have gone with them."

"Leave it to us." retorted Hen. "Morris read this here play to us last night -four acts, and in the third they blow up the mill." Mr. Curran sat down on the plat-

form: "Hen, are you in earnest?" "Going to clean up the state. Morris got an option on a lot of scenery that was made for the Millie the Model company; and it blew up, and the stuff's in Dubuque stored. And wait till you see our paper. Morris, here, telegraphed for his booking agent to pick up some people. All to the candy

eh, Ben?" "Right there," said Ben. "And if this Millie the Model scenery doesn't fit Hanbury's piece, he's willing to re write the play to fit the scenery." Wiley sighed: "Hen, you and Ber

are wonders!" "No, we're out for the coin this trip And to give that little girl a chance Honest," continued Hen thoughtfully 'she's got me going. And besides Ben and me got fifty thousand dollars of Tulare oil stock to unload and we thought maybe if we spread on this show, It'll advertise us."

Wiley looked his concern. "Now, it" all straight, Wiley," went on Hen, "and you can say so in your little old soreacked newspaper. Morris, here, will give you a column of dope that will make this old town weak in the pins. Still Wiley hesitated; he was supersensitive to a degree about anything concerning money despite his unpaid bills. "I-I-don't like it, boys. You see this girl-Well!" he flounderedfor an instant Harlan's name was on to success, and oh, Wiley, I want it to his lips' . . . then, after all, what did he know of Harlan and 'Aurelie' He went on doggedly: "She's a good little girl, Hen—after all."

"Bet she is," retorted Hen-"and I'm going to see she gets her chance." The editor watched the machine rol up High street. He went in and sa at his old desk, and lighted his old pipe, and stared at his old shop. He wished that sometime he would grow

(To be Continued).

- Two negroes. Davis McReynold and Jasper Green, were on Tuesday sentenced by the court at Beaufort to die tentiary on September 4, having to papers about us. Who's doing the countered men of action; the indraw- twice been elected against the hostile er, a dispensary constable.

### STRUGGLE FOR RIGHT. Real Meaning of Progressiveism in

Politics.

#### SEN. MCLAURIN ON SUPREME ISSUE.

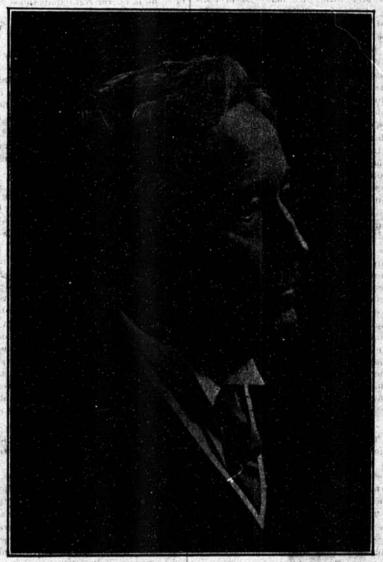
True Politician is the Man Who Seeks the Advancement of His Fellows, Own Interests-All that is Good in Government Easily Identified as Having Originated With Almighty God.

Leaving all politics out of the queson, easily the most striking developnt at Filbert last Friday, was in that portion of Senator McLaurin's address which undertook to explain the significance of Progressiveness in politics. The speech was remarkable in a political nature that has been preiousy heard from a South Carolina

they sowed. We older men, remember how sweet those doctrines sounded and how just and right.

You remember how the entire repre

entation in congress from South Carpledged to stand by these demands and not the caucus of a political party. The Rather Than the Promotion of His Democratic party at that time, dominated by Wall street interests went completely to pieces, then after years of struggle, in the last election the Republican party went to pieces, and the Democratic party went into power with Bryan and Wilson, as the culmi nation of the great up-heaval set in motion twenty-five years ago by the school idea began to find its birth in a farmers of the west and the south. You were told then that no matter how it resulted, you would never be bene fitted, but this is not true. Let me ask that it was different from anything of you older men, who remember the beginning of this fight, to note the pros perous, contented and well to do ap



HON. JOHN L. MCLAURIN The man who wants the south to conserve the wealth that comes through cotton by means of state-owned and operated warehouses.

rostrum. Here is what the speaker had to say on the subject: Fellow Citizens:

I am not here to talk politics further than what is in accord with the relation which every good citizen bears to the window stuff: 'Miss Aurelie Lind- his fellow man. Nor am I here, (as often heralded), as the evangel of a new dispensation, either religious or political.

I want to talk about cotton, for have an extract from the New York World, showing how Congressman Ragsdale and Henry of Texas, have the new currency bill held up, trying to amend it, so as to embrace every principle contained in the warehouse bill, which is now on the calendar of the state senate. They are having hard fight against intrenched privilege but sooner or later, the volume of

money must be made to bear its true relation to the products for exchange. It has become a common thing to sneer at men who feel called upon to follow a public career as "politicians." The word has come to mean to thousands, a low, dirty intriguer with no ambition save the promotion of his personal interests. The only states men are dead politicians. As long as one is alive he is surrounded by the fires of hate and suspicion-a center for the attack of harpies, who care nothing for the welfare of the people they pretend to serve. So many men have small ability coupled with vault ing ambition: these can protect nothing, and only rise by pulling others down, and pointing out the defects of any plan that does not include the pro

motion of their ambition. A gang of wolves, when one of their number is wounded, always stops long enough to devour their brother, then give tongue in pursuit of fresh prey. These men are not politicians they are human wolves, ever crouching in terror at the feet of power, but ready at any moment to turn and drink the heart blood, while licking the hand of the master.

The true politican is called of God as much as he who expounds His holy word; he battles for his fellow man through good and evil report; he suffers the slings and arrows of vituperation: if in human weakness he falters and mistakes the road he hears through the dark hours the voice calling and rises, girds up his loins and presses on; he bears with patience and forgiveness the doubt and suspicion those for whom he would gladly give his life, and like the Man of God, he has no reward except in the next "Well done, thou good and world. faithful sevant." You older men, know the conditions that existed twenty years ago, and all of you know them as they exist today. There have been tremendous changes for the better. How have they been brought about? B men who fought error in spite of popular clamor, who pointed out the way of progress, with no thought of its effect on personal or political fortunes. You remember that greatest of al popular movements, the Farmers Alliance, with its hated and despised subtreasury plank. Today a president and congress is trying to devise a currency

reform based upon this very principle.

A government commission is traveling

Europe, studying the system of agri-

cultural credits abroad, and that all

sis of credit. Every one of the great

leaders of the Alliance went down un-

pearance of the people who make up this great audience, then look back and contrast this crowd, with the anxious faces, and the generally poverty stricken appearance in the campaigns about 1890. They told you then that the practical realization of that revolution meant ruin to all. I ask you today who has been hurt? Such prosperity, as has come to the

farmers of the west and south, has been shared by all other classes of people. And I want to tell you, that this is only the beginning, for if we continue steadfast and faithful the rewards for productive labor are greater than any yet received. Those who clothe and feed this world are entitled to the greater share of its comforts and luxuries, and they receive less. man or that lay claim to being the pect more than any other halted discoverer of progressive principles, but I want to say to you my friends as the history of man. You will find as by order of President Taft. There the fundamentals laid down in the book of Genesis. If you will read your Bible and then profane history, you will see that the question through all the ages has been the vain and ruinous struggle of man made government to supersede and overthrow the govern ment framed and perfected by Almighty God.

The difference between these con

ending ideas has overthrown empires

and built civilization. Man made government has ever been arrogant, selfish and cruel, while the theocracy which God established for Israel is the perfection of charity and justice, contrib uting to the peace, comfort and hap piness of each individual in exact proportion to his or her capacity for enjoyment. The only perfect ogvernment that the world has ever seen was es tablished by God four thousand year ago, its force and power is evidenced by the fact, that the Hebrews, though scattered for 2,000 years over all the world, are as distinctly a nation today as they were then. On the other hand every strictly man made government that has ever existed has been based upon the idea of the domination of the few over the many. They have either fallen into decay and perished, or saved themselves as we are doing, by the gradual adoption of the cardinal principles of the old Israelitish theocracy And I am here to tell you that wha we call "Progressivism" in American politics, elected Woodrow Wilson pres ident, and is nothing more or less than revolt against selfish man made government, back to original principles as comprehended in our Declaration of Independence. The American revolution was the

grandest and most important event in he world's history since the birth o Christ, and on vonder little mountain only ten miles from here, your fore fathers fought the battle, which made that revolution an actual reality. That battle was for God and Right: but you and I know that after it was won, our leaders could not resist the subtle temptation of ambition, and set up anew the old principles of privilege for the destruction of which our fathers have poured out their blood. But the eternal principle which God had laid down at the beginning, was definitely and finally unshackled, and today we can see that the world is comthe sub-treasury meant with a view of ing more and more under its domina making the products of the farm a bation.

der the load of abuse, many of them crystalization of this sentiment. What its claws and, dropping, broken hearted. Yet today the speeches a similarity there is between the Roos-feet.—Harper's Weekly.

of Peffer, Polk, Tom Watson and evelt-Taft split in the Republican par-"Sockless" Jerry Simpson, read like ty, with the split of the gold wing of prophecies. Their work was not in the Democracy under Palmer and vain, even though others reap where Buckner, against the Progressives of years ago. This means that the Progressives in both old parties are in a najority and will control the destiny of this country, no matter which party is in power. I have often asked myself the question, "Why this change of sentiment?" I have heard it explained in many ways, but none of them are satisfactory to me. I will tell you what I think about it. After the revolution the people were ignorant, education was confined to the few. The leaders would shout, "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none," and then go in foregathering for themselves all the special privileges to be had. But about seventy years ago the common

> modest way. Then out of the travall and sorrow of a Civil war, the slave owning caste was destroyed, and a new era dawned. Privilege and wealth began to be taxed, and servitude and poverty taught in the schools. That all men are born free, entitled to the same opportunities and that privilege is a matter of worth, not birth. A great and eternal truth is about to become in this nation a

grand and glorious fact. But my friends, I have not come here to talk about the past, it is of the future and the opportunity now open to the south of utilizing her cotton crop to become the dominant factor in the tent is this true that it has been es financial world. I would not have you think that I regard the question as one of mere money, but I recognize the fact, that with wealth goes intelligence culture and an ever advancing civiliza-

Here the senator gave a full exposition of his well known views of state owned and operated warehouses for great results as he could ac agricultural products. In the course of his remarks, he referred with approval the primitive stage of society. to an editorial in the News and Courout of the cotton grower, as every expense from the gin-house to the facthe planter. The way to do was to give eral backwardness. otton a stable price like the coffee e no Bulls and Bears, and the exchanges would serve their legitimate ourpose as the coffee exchanges are get a doctor who can't diagnose the case, he is apt to give you the wrong medicine and kill you.

Cost of Intervention.-Cost of Intervention in Mexico is something that American statesmen need to consider now. That was a consideration with less so with the present one. "In- four horses aplece for each and ev tervention means a terrible toll American lives," That statement which appears in a current news re port is followed with another s saying that "there is no question this in the minds of President Wilson and his advisers." Never was there any question of it in the minds of President Taft and his advisers. The cost in money would be tremendous, As Senator Bacon, chairman of the senate committee on foreign relations said one day recently in a debate with Senator Fall, of New Mexico, it would be immensely cheaper for the United States to pay all the losses of Americans in Mexico than to intervene for protection of their property rights. But the larger and

more important consideration is the toll of lives. It is not merely the loss of lives of an army of intervention that must years old until the twenty-third of be taken account of. There are yet in Mexico thousands of Americans whose lives might pay. That pros-American troops on this side of the acter of the cultivator, and (3) accom-Rio Grande when the so-called manoeuvre army was assembled in Texhas been a considerable exodus of Americans since then, under urgent advice of our government, but large numbers did not leave, many because unable to do so. The present administration, like its predecessor, must have regard for them. That it is regardful there is abundant evidence It is considering what might happen to them in counting the cost of inter vention. And it sees that "interven means a terrible toll of Ameri-lives."—Pittsburgh Times-Gacan

A Tower of Gold,-According to law promulgated in Germany in 1871, the \$30,000,000 which France paid in indemnity to the Prussians the previous year was guarded in the "Tower of July" at Spandau, the famous fortress situated eight miles from Berlin. Besides this amount of money, definitely set aside, is a quantity of gold n reserve for commercial panics.

In order to safeguard such a massive store, great precautions have been taken for the past forty-two years The money is kept on two floors of the fortress and is packed in 1200 oaken chests. Each chest contains \$25,-000 in gold. The involability of these chambers is secured in the following nanner; they have tripple doors with various locks whose keys are held by certain officials of the ministry of war; and these keys each open only one door, so that no one official ever able to enter alone.

The clamps of the chests are and stamped in such a way that it is not possible for them to be tampered with without danger of almost instant discovery. Moreover the weight of each sack and chest is registered .-Harper's Weekly.

The Flying Frog of Java.-The Jaanese frog is a creature measuring nches. The skin of its back is pale blue and by night looks dark green or olive brown. The frog remains motionless during the day, with eyes sheltered from the light and with belly up, clinging to its support by adhesive cushions and by its belly, which is provided with a sticky covering, and it with even less "hard work." One of it is hardly distinguishable from the the things that would most astonish a objects that surround it. At nightfall it begins its hunt for the mammoth crickets on which it feeds, making leaps covering seven feet of ground. During the leap the play of lungs fill-Every intelligent man has noted ed with air swells its body. To dewithin the past few years the mighty scend from a height it spreads wide sas farmer who said. "It would take dropping, rests upon its

# WESTERN FARMERS

They Make More and Work Less Than We Do. By Clarence Poe

TERMS----\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

I am going to stop right in the middle of my northwestern co-operation stories to say something about northwestern farming. For the fact is, that the first essential to co-operative marketing is to have something to market, and if a man will not adopt progressive methods in the farm work he is already doing, there is not much hope that he will adopt progressive methods in the marketing work may do some other time.

The fact is, that these western farmers, apart from their co-operative activities, are making more money than we are making, and with le work-less muscular labor.

For a double reason, therefore behooves us to find out how they doing this. We should like to get the even with our present amount of labor; and we should also like to reduce the proportion of fatiguing labor on the farm.

The answer to this riddle is the an swer that I have frequently given the Progressive Farmer; namely, that these western farmers are running their brains with from two to four horse-power, while we are running ours with one horse-power. This is an age of machinery. To such an extimated that the interventions discoveries in use in the world today (chiefly improved machinery), increase the average man's productive power twelve-fold. That is to say, the man implements and machinery and scientific knowledge, can accomplish as with eleven slaves working for him in

ler on the subject of the proposed \$50 therefore, that this is an age of matax on contracts for future delivery, chinery and that the man or the people saying if it was paid, it would come who neglect to avail themselves of its labor-saving 'and money-making advantages, simply condemn themselves tory was deducted from the price paid to poverty, unrewarded toll, and gen

Moreover, while I have just said that growers of Brazil did, then there would the western farmer runs his brain with from two to four horse-power while now doing all over this world. If you Dr. Butler looked up the census facts he found that neither for the farm workers in the Carolinas and Virginia. nor for the farm workers in Ala an average of even one ho mules to average one aplece for farm worker, whereas in Iowa and Indiana and Illinois, typical western the Taft administration and it is no states, there were between three and three to four horses, cultivated sixty three acres, while the farm workers in Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi cultivated on an average only sixteen acres, and in the Carolinas and Vir-

ginia, only twenty-two acres apiece I saw a great many significant and interesting sights in the west, but I believe the most interesting and significant of all was what I saw on Mr. A. O. Nelson's farm the Monday morning I left there his twelve-year-old boy cultivating from six to eight acres

tor-and riding while he did it. In other words, this 12-year-old boy, Hubert Nelson, and he wasn't twelve April, this year, was (1) doing twice the work of an ordinary grown man in a southern corn field, and (2) probably doing it better on account of the charplishing all this result with less fatigue than would have been involved in hoeing corn for the same period of

"Let the Horses Do the Work," is the motto of the western farmer; and well do they live up to 4t. Hoeing is almost a lost art in Minnesota and Wisconsin.

"I believe the only 'Man With the Hoe' in Wisconsin is a woman," I remarked to Professor Hibbard. "The only people I see doing any hoeing are few women here and there in garlens: Don't you do any hoeing at all?" "Hoeing is almost unknown," was the reply. "Back in Iowa I remember that one man did hoe a little field. But he was an exception. I once cultivat-

ed fifty acres of corn by myself-and,

of course, you can't do that with hoe

work." "Tell me your methods of cultivating corn?" I asked Professor Hibbard in this connection, and he answered: "Most of the land is broken in the spring. We plow, then harrow at once and let it lie a week or a month, then disk and cross-harrow. After planting we harrow one to three times before the corn comes up. This harrowing kills about all the weeds and grass just as they are sprouting, so that we have mighty little trouble with them later, if a good seed-bed has been made, and if there is plenty of harrowing before the corn comes up and just after. After it gets up well, we cultivate from three to five times with a two-horse cultivator, one man in this way cultivating from six to ten acres a day; or f he uses a two-row cultivator, from ten to fourteen acres a day. We keep this up until the corn joints, or begins to tassel; that is to say, until the stalks get so they would break if cultivation

"And isn't there anything you use a single horse for out here?" I asked Professor Hibbard. "About the only thing we use a single horse for out here is a buggy," was between fifteen and twenty-five his reply. "The main thing that troubles the western farmer is that he

were longer kept up."

can't drive ten horses at the time. I have driven five." And the beauty of it is, as I have already suggested, that the man who gets the increased results from using from two to four horses is likely to do southern farmer traveling in the west would be the great proportion of arm work done while the farmer is sitting

down. In the Progressive Farmer a few weeks ago, we printed the story of a

(Continued on Fourth Page)