

THE GRANGE VISITOR

"THE FARMER IS OF MORE CONSEQUENCE THAN THE FARM, AND SHOULD BE FIRST IMPROVED."

VOL. XX. NO. 20.

CHARLOTTE, MICHIGAN, OCTOBER 17, 1895.

WHOLE NO. 476.

Northern Michigan.

According to our announcement in another column, we shall present in the various issues of the *Visitor* this winter, articles from the counties of northern Michigan, descriptive of their agricultural resources. We present Ontonagon county in this issue. Menominee county will have its turn in our next issue, and Dickinson and Iron counties, if the gentlemen we have asked to write respond in time.

Ontonagon County.

BY ALFRED MEADS.

You ask me for a few lines from this end of "Michigan's dependency,"—the upper peninsula, as to our agricultural resources. Having been a resident here for 36 years I can speak as one in authority. The county of Ontonagon possesses some of the best agricultural land to be found in Michigan or the northwest. No better can be found anywhere; everything that can be grown in a northern latitude can be grown here, and that includes everything in Ferry or Vicks' seed list except peaches and grapes. I assert without fear of contradiction that no finer wheat, both spring and winter, oats, barley, rye, vegetables, root crops and fruit can be or has been grown than grows right here in Ontonagon county.

FARMS UNDEVELOPED.

But why, your readers will ask, has this not been known or verified before? My answer is that in general we are not an agricultural community. We are miners. Nearly all the attempts at farming have been in an experimental way, and in most instances by inexperienced men who spoiled good mines to make poor farms. Were I to tell you of the monstrous growth of our vegetables your readers would put me down as belonging to the tribe of Annanias, but at the risk of that I will say that our winter and spring wheat is superior to that grown elsewhere, in Michigan or in Dakota. Our oats, will, in a good season, grow from 70 to 80 bushels per acre. Our barley is superior to the Canadian; cabbage that will not go into an ordinary barrel but might be squeezed into a large well tube; turnips that will fill a bushel measure; potatoes the finest in the world, some specimens weighing three and four pounds, yielding a peck to a hill and 800 bushels per acre. Fruit of every kind do remarkably well. All kinds of berries grow wild, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, huckleberries, cranberries, (high and low bush) and many other berries. Cherries and plums grow wild, also grapes in my own garden in the village. I have growing, thrifty, seven varieties of plums (no curculio) and many kinds of apples, and recent visitors from lower Michigan who have seen them say they have seen nothing like it in lower Michigan. And this is in a miner's garden. What would be done with it if you or some practical agriculturist got hold of it God only knows, as I now have to prop up nearly every limb on the apple and plum trees; the branches of the plum trees hang down overloaded with plums, like a bunch of grapes, and many of the Donovan and Green Gages have yielded several bushels of plums to each tree. In confirmation of these reports I refer to Hon. W. A. French, state land commissioner, and P. Heald, state trespass agent.

A FINE GRASS COUNTRY.

This is also a natural grass country—the home of the timothy, red top, and white and red clovers. The grass is sweet and nourishing, and a drove of scrub cattle brought here in the spring and turned out to grass in the woods, came out in the fall as "fat as butter." If it is then a good grass country it is a good dairy country, and I expect before I die, though I am 65, to see some of the largest creameries and cheese factories in Michigan. I beg pardon, I mean in the "state of Superior."

There are thousands of acres of land just open for homestead entry and farmers are flocking in from Grand Rapids, Lapeer, Newago, and other places in Michigan and Wisconsin. There is market for everything that can be raised; tens of thousands

of bushels of oats, thousands of bushels of potatoes, hundreds of barrels of flour and carload upon carload of beef and pork are brought in every fall and winter by the mining and lumber companies, every dollar's worth of goods of which ought to be raised here.

Michigan's motto rightly belongs to the upper peninsula, for if you wish to see a beautiful peninsula come and see it here. *Ontonagon.*

Origin of the Grange.

The Order of the Patrons of Husbandry originated in the mind of O. H. Kelley, a man of New England birth, who went to Minnesota in his early manhood, and became a farmer in that section of the country.

In 1864 he was appointed a clerk in the Department of Agriculture at Washington. Two years later, in January, 1866, Mr. Kelley was commissioned by Hon. Isaac Newton, Commissioner of Agriculture, to visit the southern states, lately in hostility to the government, for the purpose of obtaining statistical and other information in regard to the condition of the south, and report the same to the department at Washington.

It was while traveling in the south in obedience to these instructions, that he thought of a secret society of agriculturists, for the protection and advancement of their interests, and as an element to restore kindly feelings among the people, first occurred to Mr. Kelley.

The idea of giving women full membership in the proposed Order, originated with Miss Carrie A. Hall of Boston, Mass., a niece of Mr. Kelley's, to whom he had imparted his views of the new association after his return from the south. In the full formation of the Order, six other men were directly associated with Mr. Kelley, namely, William Saunders of the Department of Agriculture, who next to Mr. Kelley did most in originating the Order, and Rev. A. B. Grosh, of the same department, William M. Ireland of the Post Office Department, Rev. John Trimble and J. R. Thompson of the Treasury Department, and E. M. McDowell, a pomologist of Wayne, N. Y., all of whom, with one exception, were born upon a farm.

These seven men were the founders of the Order, and for nearly two years they labored with great energy, and with a faith and zeal amounting almost to inspiration, until with the assistance of friends who became interested in the plan, they completed a well-devised scheme of organization, based upon a ritual of four degrees for men and four for women, which is unsurpassed in the English language for originality of thought, purity of sentiment, and beauty of diction.

Having formed a constitution to govern the Order to which this ritual was adapted, these men met on the fourth day of December, 1867, and constituted themselves the National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, with William Saunders as Master; J. R. Thompson, Lecturer; William M. Ireland, Treasurer, and O. H. Kelley Secretary. The remaining offices for obvious reasons were left vacant.

The little brown building in which the organization was effected was at that time the office of Mr. Saunders, and stood embowered with the trees in the gardens of the Agricultural Department on the corner of four and a half street and Missouri avenue. Later the late Colonel Aiken of South Carolina, and other interested members of the Order, made vigorous efforts to have the government preserve this historic building, but they were unsuccessful in their efforts.

The first Subordinate Grange was organized in Washington, D. C., the 8th day of January, 1868, as a school of instruction, with William M. Ireland as Master.

The first dispensation for a Grange was granted at Harrisburg, Pa., the 4th day of April, 1868, but the first regular Subordinate Grange to which a charter was issued was organized at Fredonia, N. Y., the 16th day of April, 1868.

The first State Grange, that of Minnesota, was organized the 22d day of February, 1869. The new Order made slow progress up to 1872, only 257 Granges having

been organized in the entire country. During the year 1872, 1,105 were organized and the Order had an existence in twenty-two states.

The first meeting of the National Grange, as a delegate body, was held at Georgetown, D. C., the 8th day of January, 1873; with six of the founders of the Order and seven delegates present, representing eleven states; six of the delegates were Masters of State Granges, and the remainder were deputies in the Order. In addition to these, four women were present, viz., Miss Carrie A. Hall, Mrs. O. H. Kelley, Mrs. D. W. Adams and Mrs. J. C. Abbott. The total number of Granges organized previous to this meeting was 1,362.

From that time forward the growth of the Order was phenomenal, nearly 27,000 charters to Subordinate Granges having been issued up to the present time. It is just to say that during the first four years in the history of the Grange, which constituted the formative period of its existence, the Founders of the Order and other kindred minds who became associated with them, were deeply impressed with the magnitude and importance of the work before them, and they not only labored unceasingly, but cheerfully gave of their limited means, that they might scatter the seeds of hope, of good will and of fraternity among the farming population in all parts of the land.

A few years later the long cherished hopes of these faithful men, and women also, were realized, and their sacrifices and labors were rewarded in part, at least, with the recognition of knowing that they were accomplishing a great civic order, founded on the principles of equity and justice, and having for its objects the education, the elevation and the unification of the farming population of the entire country. —*Alfred Mosser.*

Facts and Figures That Count.

The following is of interest when it is remembered that the last State Grange expressed itself simply in favor of a deep waterway from the lakes to the ocean:

It probably did not occur to those composing the deep waterways convention that the people in a greater part of the country had an indefinite knowledge of traffic on the chain of lakes, but information and estimates on this subject have been presented by the *Chicago Tribune* that cannot but impress the people of the United States with the necessity and the advantages of improving the facilities for carrying on this great trade. Judging from what has been done and the present prospects, it is estimated that the lake commerce of the current year will aggregate 45,000,000 tons, worth \$640,000,000, an increase of 9,000,000 tons in volume, and \$100,000,000 in value over last year. It is not only increasing in volume and value but in value per ton of freight, the latter having grown within two years from \$12.60 to \$15.

To carry on this immense trade there is a magnificent equipment of docks and vessels, the number and capacity of the latter being constantly increased. There are now on the lakes 3,341 vessels of more than 300 tons each. Their aggregate burden is 12,274,000 tons and 365 of the steamers are more than 1,000 tons each. The fleet represents an investment of \$75,000,000 and the docks of \$88,000,000. The Detroit river is the greatest maritime gateway in the world. Last year there passed through it 52,700 vessels with a tonnage of 32,000,000. More traffic passes through St. Mary's canal than through any other ship canal in the world. There is only one other port in the world where there is as much grain received as at Buffalo and no other port that handles as much flour.

In addition to this Buffalo last year handled 2,500,000 tons of coal and received 240,000,000 feet of lumber. At Duluth, the other end of lake navigation, there is an ore dock where 67,000 tons of ore can be stored and where a vessel can be loaded in half an hour. Other docks there will carry 350,000 tons of ore and 125,000,000 feet of lumber. Bay City is one of the great ports of entry and clearance, has one of world's largest steel ship-building yards

and last year shipped 481,000,000 feet of lumber. There are many other facts and figures that might be adduced in this connection, but the above are sufficient to convince the people of this country that there is a necessity for deepening the lake channel and for providing a direct route to the seaboard. The scheme carries with it the assurance of cheaper rates, a larger supply and a lessened cost to every consumer of products from the great northwest. —*Detroit Free Press.*

An Odd Publication.

Dr. Beal of the College has in his possession a copy of the "Tropical Agriculturist," a monthly magazine of information regarding the products suited for cultivation in the tropics. It is published in Colombo, Ceylon. Its motto is Washington's famous saying, "Agriculture is the most healthful, most useful, and most noble employment of men." It states that it contains information relative to the cultivation of cocoa, sugar, cinchona, tea, coffee, rubber, palm, rice, tobacco, and cotton. The interesting thing about it is that, while it concerns agriculture or at least the cultivation of the soil, there is scarcely an article in it that would be of practical value to any American farmer, even in the southern states. We notice, however, a quotation from a magazine called "The Australasian," giving the formula for making a spray for fruit trees; quassia chips being largely used in preparing the spraying liquid.

Farmers in Politics.

South Carolina politics are an object lesson for statesmen to study. The farmers poll about one-half of the vote in nearly all the states. They are developing an growing dislike against the city corporation and saloon power in modern politics. What Tillman has done in South Carolina, bold, able, and aggressive leaders are liable to do in almost any of the states. This increasing prejudice in the rural regions against city rule, in the absence of greater issues, may crystallize the farmers into a fighting force which will, for a period, be the prevailing political power of the country. Lack of strong leadership alone has kept farmers and working men in the political background for the last thirty years. —*Grand Rapids Democrat.*

Just the Desired Effect.

Monroe Co., W. Va., 9-24-95.

Mr. O. W. Ingersoll.

Dear Sir: I am a painter of several years experience, and I have worked all kinds of ready mixed paints, and can say yours is the best paint I have used; it dries the hardest, and has the best gloss. I will always continue to use it.

Yours Respectfully,

L. O. CAMPBELL.

See Adv. Ingersoll's liquid rubber paint.

"See here, you impostor, you've begged from me four times in the last ten days." "Auh! Yer ain't got no kick; yer ain't gime a cent." —*Chicago Record.*

A fixed standard for milk is simply encouraging and offering a premium on adulteration. We are already within measurable distance of fixing the prices according to the quality. This is much easier accomplished than many are aware. Then the enterprising and intelligent farmer will not only reap the fruits of his industry, but it will lead to increased consumption and enhanced prices. —*Gilbert Murray, in Agricultural Gazette.*

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, Ohio. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O., WALKING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Field and Stock.

Poultry Notes.

Begin now and get the poultry house ready for winter. Don't put it off.

Make the coops wind and water tight. Your hens won't lay eggs unless they are protected from wind and storms.

Have a window—quite a large one—so they can get sunlight. Sunshine is meat and drink to poultry in cold winter weather.

Another thing that costs nothing but a little labor is a good dust bath. We put two or three inches of dry dust over the bottom of our coop every fall, and quite a large box of dust in the corner of the coop for a dust bath. The dust in the bottom of the coop will keep it dry all winter, and with some chaff or litter thrown in makes a good place for them to scratch.

Don't expect your hens to lay in a filthy coop where the rain comes in and the wind sweeps through. Just spend one day this fall and clean up the coop, put the dust in and fix a window for sunshine, and you will make your chickens happy and get eggs; and you will be four times paid for your one day's work. Just try it once and see.

POULTRYMAN.

Grasses

And Other Forage Plants best Adapted to Endure Severe Drought.

Prepared for the meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science, at Springfield, Massachusetts, Sept. 1895, by Dr. W. J. Boal.

In 1873, twenty-two years ago, I began the cultivation of small plots of grasses and other forage plants varying in number from time to time from one hundred to three hundred kinds. During all these years they have been grown in four or five different places with a variety of soils and exposures, and some of the most promising have been duplicated in larger quantity on several other portions of the college farm.

In central Michigan the rainfall from June 1894 to August 1st, 1895, has been much less than usual. During all this period of thirteen months there was no rain of sufficient quantity to fill the swamps or raise the streams to any appreciable extent. To add to the test, there was an unusual number of days with a very high temperature, grasses and clovers in most places suffered much and those which survived went into winter in an enfeebled condition. The continuation of the dry weather in 1895 still taxed the resources of the survivors to a remarkable degree.

In no previous year, really a great part of two growing seasons in succession, have the losses been so many as during the period just mentioned. In Michigan it has been the best time during the past fifty years at least, to make trials to determine the relative value of forage plants for enduring dry weather. It is not likely that we shall again have so severe a drought in many years to come, and for this reason the results about to be given may be of little worth. The most striking result is that forage grasses love a cool and moist climate and not a hot and dry one.

The test of forage crops for dry regions has been repeatedly made on a greater or less scale in the central portion of the United States and westward in Algeria, South Africa, Siberia, Australia and Russia.

TIMOTHY.

To start with for comparison, let us consider the condition of the grass best known to farmers, namely, timothy. On the College farm where this grass is used in all mixtures for hay and pasture, and where about one hundred tons are mowed annually, not a load of hay was secured during the past summer. With rare exceptions the timothy was less than a foot high, very thin, with only now and then a small spike to be seen, and at the usual time of cutting, the short small leaves were dead and coiled up. Red clover and Mammoth clover, two plants that have stood so long the test of time, need not be considered here, further than to say that only an occasional feeble plant can be found. This is to be attributed mainly to the ravages of the clover-root borer, added to the dry weather. Alsike clover is but little sown and, as everyone knows, thrives only in moist seasons or in moist soil.

In many places June grass was much killed out leaving open spots a foot or more in diameter, which were left bare or left occupied by some annual weeds. Italian rye grass sown in the spring failed to come up till the arrival of a light rain late in July. On September 1st it was two or three inches high.

Orchard grass for pasture was much ahead of any of those above mentioned, while tall oat grass was much the same.

Awnless brome grass looked quite green, putting forth panicles, though the height was considerably less than usual. The quality seemed to be poor and harsh.

Two grasses from the west were noticeable for their endurance. Slender wheat grass was considerable better than timothy, and

glucose wheat grass, but the same. There are two objections to using the later species—the root stalks spread through the soil much like those of couch grass, and ergot is rather common.

For several years past, another grass, very unexpectedly to me, has thrived well at our College. It is a wheat grass found growing sparingly in thin patches to some extent in ordinary cultivation, but unfortunately fails to produce any seeds. A wild grass known as *Panicum Vratagum*, by the last of August had made a very fair growth, but the quality is of a very low rank. Cord grass also made a fair growth, but it has for a long time borne a poor reputation for quality. Bermuda grass remained green and made a slow growth. But little has been tried. For our dry weather it is certainly much superior to June grass, but it starts late in spring and ceases to grow on the arrival of early frost of autumn. I think fall-plowing in Michigan would cause most of it to perish during our ordinary winters.

In exceptional cases, wild rice has been cut, floated away in rafts, and cured for hay which is of good quality, but this cannot be relied on for agriculture.

Corn has thrived remarkably well in 1895. The ground was rather dry when the grain was planted. It came up very well and at once began sending its roots down for moisture. A few light showers in its early growth would have changed this habit and surface roots would have multiplied. But the deep rooting saved the corn crop, which will fill many gaps during the coming winter and spring.

ALFALFA.

If we were to prepare for a succession of such grasses as 1894 and 1895, the farmer need look no further than alfalfa, or lucerne. It stands the dry weather and the heat most admirably. June grass and other grasses and clovers were kept back by the peculiarities of the seasons referred to, and left the field to alfalfa; but on a return of moist seasons June grass may be relied on to rally all its forces, and alfalfa, as in the past, must dwindle, and in most cases retire from the field or linger in small quantity.

Soja bean for several years with small tests has promised well. The large beans would make it difficult to cure for hay. The same may be said of cow peas, which have not been tried as much as grass, should have been.

Equal to alfalfa has been grown for the past three or four years a new pasture *Lespedeza sericea*, a hardy one, received direct from Japan, and the quality may be against good, and from the test of my horse, whinnying, was too fastidious. It does not produce seeds in our short seasons, but doubtless would farther south.

AN IMMIGRANT WITH A LONG NAME.

Some twenty years ago I selected seeds from a single plant of *Festuca Elation arundinacea*, the seeds for which came from the Kew gardens. I fancy the English would consider it too coarse where they can grow without difficulty meadow fox-tail and others of fine quality, but for our precarious seasons for general use for pasture and perhaps for mowing, it ought to be found on every farm in the northern United States, though in some places it might not prove very valuable. For dry weather or for wet weather it is excellent pasture. The leaves are long, flat and rather thick. It resembles meadow fescue, though it is more robust. I do not claim that it will revolutionize agriculture. The only seed that I know of in this country is now in the possession of the agricultural department of our College. Diligent inquiries should be made of the professor in charge (Clinton D. Smith,) till he takes especial pains to see that the grass is extensively propagated. It is a perennial, seeding well, and is more difficult to kill in a rotation than timothy or orchard grass.

Michigan is a Fruit Growing State.

Michigan is one of the greatest fruit growing states east of the Mississippi river. Its peach reputation is known from Chicago to the peach belt of Maryland for quality and flavor. But Michigan's greatest future is her plum growing, which is one of the most profitable fruits grown. The day is not far distant when plum orchards will be as noted in Michigan as are peach orchards. Conditions are more favorable in Michigan for plum growing than in any other state. In fact it is the only state to-day east of California that can grow perfect plums. New York plum growing is on the decline. Her plum belt in the Hudson is invaded by the black knot and curculio, and the two combined have almost wiped plum growing out in the Hudson River valley. So Michigan must come to the front and develop her plum fields.

There is no fruit to sell faster in the market than plums, or any that will bring more profit to the grower. There is only one plum to grow for commercial profit. That is the sweet or European plum budded to good varieties. Lombard, will however, remain king of the plums. Bradshaw,

Quackenboss, German Prune, Shipper's Pride, are also good; but the Japanese are also getting a foothold—Kelsey Japan, Yellow Japan and Abundance. Michigan with all the facilities should rapidly increase the value of her land. In the lower peninsula and upper lake coast I remember in central New York along Seneca, Cayuga and Canandaigua Lake, land would not bring \$5 per acre. In fact the owner did not know what to do with it to make a living. It was bluffy, hilly and hard to till. One day the owner of a small farm struck a happy thought, planted a small plot to grapes, and like all good things it rapidly spread, and now is one of the largest grape growing districts in the country. Land advanced from \$5 to \$800 and \$1000 per acre. Perhaps the same destiny awaits Michigan in the upper lake shore in the lower peninsula. Who can tell? D.

The Kalamazoo Peach.

All the fruit allowed to remain on the tree grows even, of a slightly yellow color, deeply shaded with dark and light maroon, blending so beautifully, that you have the acme of perfection in appearance in this peach. For hardihood it cannot be excelled, always bearing whenever there is a peach in the country. Still another point in its favor is that the branches do not break when loaded so that the ends of the limbs touch the ground. While trees of many other varieties break completely down, ruining them for future crops, the Kalamazoo stands the strain, maturing an immense crop and keeping the tree ready for another year's work, when properly fertilized and cared for. Mr. Stearns values this peach so highly that when trees of any other variety die or are in any way destroyed, in goes a Kalamazoo, and he is sure of a good return on the investment. During the storm of the past few weeks the Kalamazoo peach has hung to the tree, while other varieties have fallen to the ground. This feature should not be lost sight of as a good many dollars are lost annually by hard winds.—*South Haven News*.

Private Dairymen Should Organize.

From the first organization of a dairymen's association in this country to the present time such organizations have been largely in the interests of associated dairying. The term associated dairying is intended to include all dairying that brings together the milk of a few or a greater number of farmers to one place where it is made up or made ready for market. This the writer calls associated dairying, whether the business is conducted on the co-operative plan and the profits divided, or the milk is purchased by the proprietors of a cheese factory, creamery, or condensing plant.

However it cannot be said that the subject of milk condensing has received much, if any, attention at dairymen's meetings, but at many of them creameries or butter factories have largely monopolized the time.

Associated dairying has come to stay and private dairying was here before it came and will stay here with it.

It is true that one dairymen's association was organized and officered mainly by private dairymen and has never failed to give that branch of dairying proper attention, while at the same time it has been equally careful to give associated dairying a place in all the meetings it has ever held. This society, the Vermont Dairy Association, was organized mainly through the efforts of O. S. Bliss of Georgia, Vermont, who is still living and who can come nearer writing the history of improvement in dairying in this country, and writing it from personal observation and knowledge, than any man living, if we except T. D. Curtis, who is in such feeble health that he is unable to do literary work of any kind.

But the above is somewhat of a digression and to return to it will say, that what seems to be needed is a national organization—a sort of parent society with its membership drawn from as many states and territories as possible, and all of its members having a special direct or indirect interest in private dairying.

Then let the national or parent organization charter state societies. Let the latter organize county societies. And finally let all work together for the interest of private dairying.

Of course the above is but an outline and before any plan could be perfected all the details would need to be thought out and carefully worked up into a practical system.

Just think what a means of good such a system properly managed and worked would become. National, state, and county meetings, for the discussion of dairy and kindred topics, would be among the possibilities. Through such meetings and by other means, a great amount of information relating to dairying could be disseminated. Not only information relating to means and methods, but to markets and other matters of interest to farmers as well.

At the present time some commission men refuse private dairy products, and others do not encourage the consignment

of them. This, they say, is because the creamery men do not want them to handle private dairy products.

What is needed, is for the state associations, when organized, to arrange with one good commission man in each of the large cities in each state, to receive and sell the products of members of the organization.

All members engaged in butter making should be educated up to and required to make a good article, put it up in attractive package or form and then stamp it with a registered trade mark of the organization.

There will always be many kinds of information that can be given to the members that will be of value to them. To illustrate: Suppose such system had been in operation the past ten years, during which time hundreds of thousands of dollars have been swindled out of the farmers of this country by "creamery sharks," then such swindling would have been prevented. For as soon as the creamery sharks had begun getting in their work the fact would have been reported to the national organization, and by it to the state societies, and by them to the county societies.

With such a system well sustained and managed, great good could be accomplished in many ways. Of course but a few of the many good uses to which it could be put have been mentioned, but its opportunities would be great at the start and constantly increasing. The writer would be pleased to see expressions of thought on the above subject in the agricultural and dairy papers, not only from editors, but farmers and others interested. He would also be glad to receive communications direct from any and all who may care to address him.

F. W. MOSELEY.

Clinton, Iowa.

Texas Fever.

It is well known that Texas fever is transmitted to native northern cattle through the medium of southern cattle ticks which infest the southern cattle. It makes very little difference whether the southern cattle are brought north from the permanently infected territory, or whether susceptible northern cattle are taken southward into the infected country, they are attacked by the disease. It is probable that the disease is more severe when northern cattle are taken south, into the permanently infected and warmer region. After the animal has recovered from the disease, it is immune, or vaccinated, as it were, against a further attack.

With the increased emigration from the north and west into those southern states wholly or partially within the permanently infected region, come inquiries, both from northern and southern stockmen, as to the best method of treating northern cattle that are taken south, in order to reduce the loss as much as possible from this very fatal disease.

Recognizing the fact that every northern animal must take the disease, it is obvious that measures should be adopted that will tend to render the attack as mild as possible. The fall of the year after the first frosts come is probably the best season of the year to take northern cattle south, as the cooler weather modifies the disease somewhat. The southern cattle ticks are less numerous and less active at this season than when the weather is warmer. It has been observed in attacks of the disease in this state that the fewer ticks there were on native cattle the milder was the outbreak. It would seem, therefore, that the fewer southern cattle ticks that are allowed to get on the northern cattle, the milder will be the disease; but persons of experience generally agree that when northern cattle are taken south in the fall, ticks should be placed on them, a few at first, and the number gradually increased until the number ordinarily found on southern cattle is attained. The ticks should invariably be placed upon the cattle in the fall.

It is quite probable that in some portions of the south the surface water, and also the water of streams, is infected with the germs of Texas fever. It would seem best, then, to water the susceptible cattle for a time from a well or any source where the water was pure.

It seems to be well established that calves do not suffer from the disease so severely as older or adult cattle. Whenever practicable, then, calves should be taken in preference to older cattle.

Green corn fodder seems to modify the disease somewhat, and should be fed if possible, when animals are effected with this disease.

If susceptible northern cattle are taken into the permanently infected region during the spring or summer, care should be taken to keep them as free as possible from the southern cattle ticks for thirty days, at least, or until they had an attack of the fever. The mortality from this disease among northern cattle taken south is quite high, probably more than fifty per cent dying, under ordinary conditions. On this account animals for breeding purposes are the only ones shipped, and when they have recovered from the fever their value is correspondingly increased.—*Dr. N. S. Mayo, in Kansas Industrialist*.

WOMAN'S WORK.

The Dream-Ship.

When the world is fast asleep,
 Along the midnight skies—
 As though it were a wandering cloud—
 The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.
 An angel stands at the Dream-Ship's helm,
 An angel stands at the prow,
 And an angel stands at the Dream-Ship's side
 With a rue wreath on her brow.
 The other angels, silver-crowned,
 Pilot and helmsman are,
 And the angel with the wreath of rue
 Tosseth the dreams afar.
 The dreams they fall on rich and poor,
 They fall on young and old;
 And some are dreams of poverty,
 And some are dreams of gold,
 And some are dreams that thrill with joy,
 And some that melt to tears,
 Some are dreams of the dawn of love,
 And some of the old dead years.
 On rich and poor alike they fall,
 Alike on young and old,
 Bringing to slumbering earth their joys
 And sorrows manifold.
 The friendless youth in them shall do
 The deeds of mighty men,
 And drooping age shall feel the grace
 Of buoyant youth again.
 The king shall be a beggerman—
 The pauper be a king—
 In that revenge or recompense
 The Dream-Ship dreams do bring.
 So ever downward float the dreams
 That are for all and me,
 And there is never mortal man
 Can solve that mystery.
 But ever onward in its course
 Along the haunted skies—
 As though it were a cloud astray—
 The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.
 Two angels with their silver crowns
 Pilot and helmsman are,
 And an angel with a wreath of rue
 Tosseth the dreams afar.—

Eugene Field, in *October Ladies' Home Journal*.

What is Freedom?

Man was not made to be a slave—
 But moulded in some angel form,
 The hand of God his freedom gave,
 That he may keep it safe from harm;
 This blessed birthright freely given,
 Begins on earth and ends in Heaven.
 He may be free though bound in chains,
 Though joys depart and pleasures flee;
 Who through the power of mind maintains
 The thought that sets the spirit free;
 The power of thought so wide unfurled—
 Moves through the mind and rules the world.
 When man his freedom shall obtain,
 'Twill come with healing in its wings;
 The right to labor, and retain
 The blessing that his labor brings;
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,
 And makes rest fragrant and benign.
 He is not free who will not think,
 But there in rustic fetters bound,
 He sports away upon the brink,
 Nor cares to think a thought profound
 By which his country may be blest
 Or he may find eternal rest.

SAMUEL TROTMAN.

Alden.

Educating Mothers.

To educate the mother should require more attention. When we see so many with families, so poorly calculated to govern and control their children properly, it is a serious thing to think of. I know of no better way than to commence with the infant. It is true, mothers must first perfect themselves before they can perfect the child. They should learn self-control, the true foundation of motherhood. They should govern more with love than with the rod, never allowing themselves to become angry with their children. Control that irrepressible temper, for a bad example may be injurious long before it is suspected that the child is capable of observing, and good temper should be cultivated from the very earliest times.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

A good work is growing out of the kindergarten schools. From the age of three to seven there is no better training than can be obtained at the kindergarten. There children are taught good behavior, patience, and order, and all a child is capable of learning at that age. I hope the time is not far distant when the kindergarten school will be established in every city, village, and rural district. There would be some expense, but how many farmers who pay sums of money yearly for the bettering of their stock? Then why hesitate to expend money for improvement of their children? This early training is a necessity, for as the twig is bent the tree inclines. Mothers, you can see that your daughters attend these schools. Go with them yourselves at least once a week. Go and consider the responsibility of motherhood. A writer says a child's success is

DUE TO THE MOTHERS.

Mothers should awake to the realization of the future welfare and prosperity of their children. If they gain their moral and intellectual strength from their mother she should be possessed of broad and intellectual views. For if the active brain and willing hand are supplemented with a liberal education, how much more easy does her care of her family and home keeping become! Cooking is an art she should not fail to acquire. I care not how wealthy a family may be, every mother should have a good practical knowledge of all kinds of housework, to make better wives and mothers, wiser help-meets and counselors.

The daughters of such mothers are taught they need something more than mere rudiments of knowledge. It has been said if there is one thing dwellers upon the farm need above all else, it is a chance for the higher and broader education of woman. It is she into whose hands are to be committed the molding and influencing of the future generation. MRS. W. S. SIMONS.
Battle Creek.

Fresh Air Outing for City Children.

Read at Newaygo Pomona Grange.

I do not know just why this subject was assigned me. But I will say that first, last, and all the time I am heartily in favor of this feature of Grange work. I hope our Grange and sister Granges will not wait till so late in the season next year. Practically I know but very little about the Fresh Air Work, but in my week's experience with my three little ones I am perfectly satisfied that it is a noble work to do. It is a new feature in this section, yet we cannot look upon it as an experiment, for it has been quite general in the southern portion of the state, and in my correspondence with our worthy sister, Mrs. Mayo, she gives me assurance that the results are always good. In her own words she says: "They were such a comfort to us. They brought a blessing with them." In her last letter she told me they had their second installment. I trust that next year we shall find many with hearts as large as hers. I will make a brief explanation for the benefit of those who may not understand.

Through your woman's work committee these children are sent at no expense to you whatever. All you have to do is to take them to your homes and care for them two weeks. The quiet country, with good air, good food, plenty of both will give health and strength to many little ones whose constitutions have become vitiated by the stifling atmosphere of the cities. And who can tell but what some of these little ones thus entertained may become good and honest Grangers, and in turn cast their bread upon the waters? It is but justice to say that others beside Grangers have given homes for the children. The state of Michigan abounds with good people and if they could only realize how true it is that hundreds of boys and girls in the large cities have never seen the blue sky except above the smoke begrimed walls of tenement houses; who have never seen or played in the shadow of the woods; who have never run on the cool grass, so different from the heated pavement of the city, I prophesy there wouldn't be children enough to supply the demand for them. Nor are those that come to us the only ones that derive a benefit. You yourselves have a consciousness of doing good, and the promise "That with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." The kindness thus shown may and undoubtedly will lead these children to aspire to a noble and higher manhood and womanhood.

"For you never may know who may falter,
 Or the good that a smile may do;
 And the loads you lift make a kind of shift
 For your aching shoulders too."

I would not make this appeal wholly for children. There are many mothers and young ladies, working girls, who have never had the opportunity of a visit in the country. The boon thus bestowed on those otherwise unable to gain any idea of country life and fresh air is almost inestimable. Some of the ladies say in reply to solicitations "Why, I need an outing myself." I hope each can take an outing every year, only just plan it so it will not interfere with her giving one. We generally have three months of summer and several more weeks of very warm weather, so there is ample time for both. Another will say, "I have all I can do"—Well,

"We all think our loads are heavy,
 That we each have all we can bear,
 But our backs grow strong in the pressing
 throng
 If we think of another's care."

Let it be a labor of love—love lightens labor. I hope the hearts of the Grangers will be touched with kindly love and sympathy and induced to some self-sacrifice if need be for the benefit of some one less fortunate than themselves. I hope each Grange represented here to-day will not fail to appoint their woman's work committee, and that they will not fail to give this feature of Grange work a large share of their attention. I would ask each member to interest themselves in this—

"For our toil somehow grows lighter,
 When we share the weight of woe
 That grieves, and throbs, and moans, and sobs,
 Wherever our footsteps go."

Juvenile Granges in Ohio.

The following is a letter to the Patrons of Ohio, from T. R. Smith, Worthy Master of the Ohio State Grange:

As the legislators of our next State Grange have been nominated and will soon be elected, half for one year and half for two (and hereafter, all will be elected for two years,) I desire to thus early call attention to the subject of *Juvenile Granges*, that delegates may study the subject and come to the session, in December, with thoughts crystalized and plans matured, to enact such laws and devise such rules for government as shall enroll the children

from 8 to 14 years, and have them ready to take higher grades or be advanced to the Subordinate Grange at 14 years of age. We have sought to bring the Grange to the attention of the thousands who never read a distinctively Grange paper, by using a page, weekly, in one of our greatest agricultural journals, and much good fruit has already been gathered from the seed thus sown; but we perhaps are overlooking the most fruitful field for recruits. We have, so far as I know, but one Juvenile Grange in Ohio, but it has done good work and popularized the Grange. There are many localities where children are numerous enough and circumstances favorable enough to warrant many more Juvenile Granges.

One of the reasons assigned by many parents for not attending their Subordinate Granges is, that they cannot leave their children at home, nor take them to the Grange hall. With a Juvenile Grange this objection is reduced to a minimum, because the children go along and are placed in charge of a Matron who superintends the literary, parliamentary and business drills.

The fees and dues are but nominal as the expenses are but trifling. No dues to State Grange. The officers are same as in Subordinate Grange, except the Matron takes the place of lecturer.

Not all Granges can have a Juvenile annex.

(1) Many would be excluded from lack of juveniles.

(2) Many have no suitable place for such meeting.

(3) Some fail to recognize the possibilities of children.

(4) Some are constitutionally opposed to all "new fangled" kinds of advancement.

But where conditions are favorable no better move can be made than to gather in the children of the members, and give them the practical education of a Juvenile Grange. I trust the next State Grange will take such action as will stimulate such a movement.

Religion in the Family.

Never too Early to Approach Children with Religious Suggestion.

It is a remarkable thing in regard to little people that it is almost never too early to approach them with religious suggestion, writes Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in the *October Ladies' Home Journal*. It is not what we say to them that makes them religious, it is the religious instinct already in them that makes intelligible to them whatever of a religious kind we say to them. The best that a child can come in this, as in every other respect, accrues from wisely handling and fostering some impulse already contained in the child's original dowry. If the beginnings of individual religion were not an implant no method of treatment, no ingenuity of culture could suffice to establish such a beginning. Religion cannot be imminent in the child, and even be a part of his experience, without his being able yet to know it as religion, or being able to comprehend the illusions made to it by his elders.

* * * It holds in the twilight of life what is true in each dawning, that it begins to be morning a good while before there is sunshine enough in the air for the sun-dial to be able to tell us what o'clock it is. * * * The infant's eyes are full of light waiting to be greeted by the light of the sun so soon as its lids are lifted. The heart of the child is tuned to the things of God, and its strings are ready to become musical so soon as they are touched by a hand that knows how to stir them into resonance. It is a good while before the child and the earth come very close to one another, but on the contrary "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

The Poetry of Matrimony.

Her constant aim is to be interesting to her husband. She multiplies herself. In turn she is his friend, his confidante, his partner in business, his chum, and, if I may use the word in its best and most refined sense, his mistress. She is forever changing her appearance. For instance, you will seldom see a French married woman wear her hair in the same way longer than three or four weeks. She knows that love feeds on trifles, on illusion, on suggestion. She knows that, when a man loves his wife, a rose in her hair, a new frock, a bonnet differently trimmed, will revive in him the very emotion that he felt when he held her in his arms for the first time. She also knows that the very best dishes may sometimes become insipid if always served with the same sauce.

She understands to a supreme degree the poetry of matrimony. I have heard men say that matrimony kills poetry. The fools! There is no poetry outside of it. And the poetry has all the more chance to live in French matrimonial life because our wedding ceremony is not, as in England, the end of courtship, but only the beginning of it. In France, when you have married your wife, you have to win her, and the process is very pleasant. I have always told my English friends that if in their country there were not so many kisses

indulged in before the wedding ceremony, there would be a great many more administered after it. Why is the French woman of forty so attractive? Because every feature of her face shows that she has been petted and loved.—*A Study in Wives: The French Wife, by Max O'Rell, in North American Review for October.*

The Juveniles.

A Story About Rain Drops.

Ned and Grace stood at the window watching the rain pour down outdoors, feeling very unhappy about it, and wishing it would stop. You see, their mother had said last night that if it should be pleasant that day they would all take their lunch and go out on the hills for a picnic; but when they awoke in the morning they found the sky hidden by clouds, and that the rain would keep them in the house all day.

Aunt Bessie came down stairs, and seeing their unhappy faces, she wanted to know what had happened. So Grace told her of the nice plans and how they must now stay in the house all day, because of the rain. Ned said he didn't see the use of so much rain, and Grace said "she should think the sky would run dry sometime."

"Oh," said Auntie, "but the rain does a great deal of good. If you will come to the kitchen with me while I make a custard for desert, I will tell you where it does come from and what it is good for. I wish you would take this big pan, Ned, get some water in it, and then set it on the stove. Now that will be the beginning of my story."

Auntie had told the children many good stories before, so they waited, expecting to hear a very good one this time, but they could not help wondering why Auntie wanted a pan of water to help tell the story.

Presently Auntie appeared from the closet with a large plate. She laid it against Grace's face and then against Ned's.

Ned and Grace rubbed their cheeks because the plate felt so cold against their warm faces.

Auntie held the plate over the pan of hot water, and Ned asked: "Why do you do that, Auntie?" "To show you how the raindrops are made; so watch it well."

The plate was dry and bright when it came from the closet, but it was beginning to look dull and damp, as if it had not been wiped dry. Then the steam began to rise from the pan and settle on the plate, until it was quite wet.

Auntie carried it to the door, calling to the children to come quickly and see her raindrops. As soon as the door was open, the steam that had settled on the plate suddenly changed to drops of water that ran across the plate and down on to the children's hands as fast as if they had been waiting for a long time just for a chance to get there.

"Those are nice raindrops; please do it some more," begged Ned.

So once more they watched the steam settle on the plate and made it turn to raindrops on the children's hands.

"Now," said Auntie, "I can tell you stories and make custard too, so you must listen quietly while I tell you about the real rain that God makes."

"We used a big pan to hold the water, and the stove to heat it, but God has all the great oceans, the rivers and lakes all over the world for water, and that makes a great deal, you know. You remember we were seven whole days going up to Seattle on the steamer, and if we wanted to go to China or some other far away country it would take much longer; so there must certainly be a great deal of water in the world. And the sun is much better than our stove, for it shines all over the earth, and warms the great wide ocean, and lakes, rivers, and all the water it can find; and as the water becomes quite warm, the steam rises from it and goes up into the air. At first it is a very fine, thin stream,—so fine that we seldom see it; but more and more goes up, and it all gets together away up in the air until it looks white and thick, and then we say there are clouds in the sky."

The clouds drift about up there until by and by they get into colder air, or a sharp wind begins to blow, and the clouds act just as our steam did when we took the plate to the door—all the steam changes to drops of water, and then we hear them pattering down on the roofs and all about us.

You know yourself how the rain washes the dusty plants and makes their leaves and blossoms fresh and glossy again.

You know, too, how the new twigs and little buds come out after a rain, when the roots have had plenty of water to drink.

Think how our peas and lettuce came up after the last rain—and those lovely wild flowers that you gathered out on the hills.

How could you ever get them without the rain?"

And when the children had had time to think about it, they decided that they were glad of the rain, even if they could not have a picnic, for they could have a picnic another day, when they would not be so sure of the rain.—*Emily Gould Bliss in Outlook.*

THE GRANGE VISITOR

CHARLOTTE, MICH.

The Official Organ of the Michigan State Grange.

Published on the First and Third Thursdays of Each Month

EDITOR:

KENYON L. BUTTERFIELD, LANSING, MICH.

To whom all exchanges and all articles for publication should be sent.

MANAGERS AND PRINTERS:

PERRY & McGRATH, CHARLOTTE, MICH.

To whom all subscriptions and advertising should be sent.

TERMS 50 Cents a Year, 25 Cents for Six Months.

In Clubs of 20 more 40 Cents per Year each.

Subscriptions payable in advance, and discontinued at expiration, unless renewed.

Remittances should be by Registered Letter, Money Order or Draft. Do not send stamps.

To insure insertion all notices should be mailed no later than the Saturday preceding issue.

Entered at the Postoffice at Charlotte, Mich., as Second Class matter.

NEXT ISSUE, NOVEMBER 7.

OUR WORK.

The following has been approved by the State Grange as a fair statement of the object of the Grange of Michigan has in view, and the special lines along which it proposes to work. We hope every Grange in the state will work earnestly in all these departments, so that by a more united effort we shall rapidly increase our numbers, extend our influence, and attain more and more completely those ends which we seek.

OUR OBJECT

is the Organization of the Farmers for their own Improvement, Financially, Socially, Mentally, Morally.

We believe that this improvement can in large measure be brought about:

1. (a.) By wider individual study and general discussion of the business side of farming and home keeping.

(b.) By co-operation for financial advantage.

2. (a.) By frequent social gatherings, and the mingling together of farmers with farmers, and of farmers with people of other occupations.

(b.) By striving for a purer manhood, a nobler womanhood, and a universal brotherhood.

3. (a.) By studying and promoting the improvement of our district schools.

(b.) By patronizing and aiding the Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations in their legitimate work of scientific investigation, practical experiment, and education for rural pursuits.

(c.) By maintaining and attending farmers' institutes; reading in the Reading Circle; establishing and using circulating libraries; buying more and better magazines and papers for the home.

4. (a.) By diffusing a knowledge of our civil institutions, and teaching the high duties of citizenship.

(b.) By demanding the enforcement of existing statutes and by discussing, advocating, and trying to secure such other state and national laws as shall tend to the general justice, progress and morality.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

We begin in this issue a series of articles which we believe will prove of much interest and great value to all who see and read them. Arrangements have been made by which we shall have an article from each of the several counties of northern Michigan in both peninsulas, written by a resident of that county, and giving a brief summary of the values of the county for farming purposes. We have asked our correspondents to give facts and to omit anything in the way of "boom" talk. We aim to give our readers information which will aid them in gaining an adequate and truthful idea of the resources of northern Michigan. The first article is from Ontonagon county—clear to the northern borders of the state, and will be followed with letters from Menominee and other upper peninsula counties, and then with articles from various counties in the northern part of the lower peninsula.

We wish to say that we feel that northern Michigan does not receive its due in respect to its value for farming purposes. True, the winter seasons are long and the growing seasons short. True, there are great areas of valueless land. True, the conditions are somewhat primitive. But it must not be forgotten that there is nothing that cannot be raised, except grapes, peaches, and corn fodder; that it is the greatest potato country in the world, probably; that portions of Canada and the northwest, within similar isothermal lines, have become rich and productive; that farming is an "infant industry" in many of the counties; and finally, that there are thousands of acres of as fine land as "lies out of doors."

We recognize the drawbacks to the country, and are not foolish enough to prophesy that the future garden of Eden will lie in northern Michigan. But we firmly believe that that part of the state has agricultural possibilities that we of the south do not dream of, and that the next twenty years will witness wonderful strides in the development of good farms. We want, if we can, to aid in calling attention to this country, and removing the prejudice, that exists in the minds of nine people out of ten, against northern Michigan.

STATE PLATFORMS.

The following is a brief summary of the platform adopted by the Democratic party at their recent state convention at Syracuse, New York:

Home rule; economy in public expenditures; honesty in public office; equal and

honest enforcement of all laws; a proper observation of a day of rest and an orderly Sunday; no unjust sumptuary laws; no blue laws; home rule in excise, as well as in other matters, within reasonable limitations established to protect the interests of temperance and morality and an amendment of the excise and other laws by the legislature of the state, which shall permit each municipality to express its sentiments by a popular vote of a majority of its citizens; honest elections; compulsory official accounting of expenditures by political committees as well as candidates; practical and honest reform in the civil service; improved highways of travel throughout the state in the interest of our citizens and particularly of the farmers and bicycle riders; beneficial and needed legislation in the interest of labor, opposition to combinations, trusts and monopolies, in restraint of competition in trade; improvement in and the maintenance of the canals of the state, in accordance with the time-honored policy of the democratic party; general taxation for revenue only; no government partnership with protected monopolies; no meddling with the present reform tariff to the injury and unsettling of business and industries; sound money; gold and silver the only legal tender; no currency not convertible into coin; gradual retirement and extinction of the greenback currency; no free and unlimited coinage of silver; no entangling alliances with foreign nations; the vigorous enforcement of the Monroe doctrine; no jingoism; reaffirmation of the democratic national platform of 1892; indorsement of the administration of President Cleveland.

The following is a resolution adopted by the Pennsylvania Republicans, under Mr. Quay's dictation:

Resolved, That we deprecate the growing use of money in politics, and the corporate control of legislatures, municipal councils, political primaries and elections and favor the enactment of legislation and the enforcement of laws to correct such abuses. We earnestly insist upon a form of civil service which will prevent the enslavement of public officers and employees and the compelling of those appointed to preserve the peace to confine themselves to their duties; which will insure absolute freedom and fairness in bestowing state and county and municipal contracts, and will punish any form of favoritism in granting them; which will forbid the grant of exclusive franchises to deal in public necessities, comforts, conveyances and sanitary requirements and will insure the recognition of ability and fidelity in the public service, keeping service to the country ever foremost, when accompanied by ability and fitness.

We demand that public office should be for public benefit, and its term in subordinate positions should be during good behavior. No public employee or officer should be permitted to influence primaries or elections nor upon any pretense be assessed upon his salary, and all unnecessary positions and salaries should be abolished, and expenditures and taxation reduced. There should be uniform valuation of property for public purposes, corporations enjoying public privileges should pay for them, and schools should be divorced from politics and kept absolutely free from political influence and control.

The significant thing about these statements, is not that they were made in New York and Pennsylvania, or that they were made by the Democratic and Republican parties, but that they were made at all. National parties have become so accustomed to neglect state issues, that it marks a step of distinct advancement when the party state conventions of the largest states in the Union see fit to make state issues the liveliest and most important ones.

We have in these columns often asserted that state affairs should be given more attention by parties and politicians. Take the platforms of either the Republican or Democratic party, in this state, in 1894, and what do they amount to, so far as promising any suitable legislation for our own people? Nothing. No party dares go before the country on the election of president without a carefully drawn platform which has the semblance at least of a promise to the people. But parties have repeatedly, and traditionally, gone before the people of a state, on state elections, without a solitary promise of good state government. And yet, when you come to think of it, it is the state government which comes closest to our daily lives and happiness.

We hope the state conventions of 1896, in Michigan, will have the backbone, the foresight, and the patriotism to get up a state campaign on state issues. Do you think they'll do it?

The article on page 3, entitled "Fresh air outing for city children," should be credited to Mrs. N. L. Lewis of Fremont.

THE APATHY OF TEMPERANCE PEOPLE.

Social movements have the swing of the pendulum, now to this extreme, now to that. Or they go in waves, advancing with rapidity and tumult, and receding in quiet. The temperance question in Michigan has been undergoing a period of recession. For several years little advance has been made, and comparatively little agitation has been going on. Temperance people have been divided as to the best methods, and in fact the temperance question has not been considered a live issue. In the last two legislatures the utmost that was accomplished was to keep the liquor interests at bay. That was all. Apparently there are signs of an awakening. The liquor men have perfected a strong organization, and they propose to fight, unscrupulously if need be, for their interests. This course will tend to breed a spirit of union among temperance people. Another sign of the times is that the recent Methodist conference in this state took an active attitude in their resolutions on the subject.

Now it is exceedingly important that the pendulum, if it swing, shall swing to a purpose. It is important that the awakened temperance sentiment shall not expend itself in theoretical or fanatical legislation. In fighting the saloon the essential thing is to beat it, and it matters very little who the generals are, or what colors fly, or what weapons are used. So we say it will be helpful if the temperance people can have some plan of action, some preparations for a campaign which will insure substantial results. We don't want merely an era of howling against the saloon—we want some heavy fighting though, against the saloon and its brood of evils.

To our minds the plan of a state liquor commission to thoroughly investigate the liquor traffic in Michigan, its effect on the people, and methods of restriction, is the soundest solution of the question. It would form a strategic base of operations. Sometimes agitators, in their vehemence, cut themselves off from their base of supplies, and are swallowed up in the country of the enemy. We want some actual results from the next temperance campaign. Let us go at it, men and women of Michigan, with confidence and wisdom, not in haste and illy prepared.

What do our readers think of the idea of a state liquor commission?

THE GRANGE AND FUTURE STATE LEGISLATION.

We believe that it is none too early for the Grange to begin preparing itself for its legislative campaign in the legislature of 1897. If we are to influence legislation we must be in training. We must have our objective points of attack, discipline the army, and provide arms and equipment. This is not too strong a figure of speech, for there will needs be some severe campaigning if the farmers and other laboring men of Michigan get their wants from the legislature.

The first necessity is to determine what we want. And right here we wish to say to those doubting Thomases of the Order who fear lest we are going too far in our advocacy of legislative campaigns, and to say also to those of our critics outside the Order who aver that legislative matters are not our business, that one of the chief excuses for the existence of the Grange is that it shall be an instrument in the hands of the farmers for the correction of abuses that are deemed to exist in government. The Grange, to be true to its mission, must seek to influence legislation. Now, what shall be our point of attack? What questions are of most importance to our people? What, among so many reforms, shall we choose as our particular portion?

We do not wish even to attempt to dictate to the Grange what these questions shall be; although, and we say it frankly, we do conceive it as the province of the VISITOR to aid the Grange in coming to a definite and wise decision. In these matters, as in all others, we wish to be neither weak nor assuming. We name these issues because they seem to be of first importance. Our idea is that these questions shall be thoroughly discussed in every Subordinate Grange in Michigan, and that finally, as each question comes to be more thoroughly understood, the State Grange shall choose two or three of the measures as

subjects of special endeavor before the next legislature. We hope every Grange in Michigan will discuss these questions this autumn. We shall try to keep them before our readers, and to furnish from time to time such facts as may aid in intelligent discussion. The following are the questions we present:

1. Pure food. The last legislature strengthened the pure food laws, but we imagine that their enforcement will develop serious weaknesses. What these are will gradually appear. Commissioner Storrs is making an honest and vigorous effort to make the laws effective. We must have pure food, if we have to fight for it, and we should secure the hearty co-operation of the labor organizations in the fight. Laboring men are even more severe sufferers from food adulterations than are farmers, for they buy everything they eat.

2. Taxation—as regards public expenditures. This is a fundamental question in itself, one that ever recurs, one that is always troublesome, and is the first question in taxation. Where does the public money go? Why does it go there? And could it be more advantageously expended? These queries are of utmost importance. We want them answered. There are several lines of reform needed here. Some of them have both an economic and a social or educational aspect, but we enumerate them here because of their financial side.

(a) State institutions. These cost an enormous amount of money, and are increasing in number and cost. Must we have so many? If so, can they be run more economically? Take the asylums for the insane—nearly one million dollars a year for their maintenance, so we are told. Can these expenses be reduced? If not, can we not check the causes of so much insanity? The real problem, to our mind, lies here. (b) The state capitol—the legislative and administrative departments. Our legislatures are unsatisfactory and expensive. We have heard business men assert that they could do all the business of all the departments in the state capitol for half or two-thirds the present cost. If that is true, why do we submit to the continued extortion? (c) Schools and education. No one regrets the money expended in these lines, but it is a legitimate question whether the money is wisely expended—whether we get adequate returns. In connection with this is the policy of the University. We believe there should be a perfect understanding between the people and the University authorities as to what shall be the desires of both regarding the future work and policy of this institution.

(d) Local expenses. About three fourths of our taxes are township (or city) county, and school taxes—all for local purposes. We are accustomed to cry out against an excessive state tax, but to our mind the greater burden and the chief opportunity for reform lie nearer home. Court expenses, common school expenses, road expenses, jail and poorhouse expenses, these we often neglect to investigate but they pile up just the same.

3. Taxation—as regards just and equal distribution of the burden. We are hoping for great results from the investigations of the state tax statistician, in showing where reform is needed. This information we must have before we proceed further. But the whole question of taxation is before us, and we can with profit study the theories and the facts.

4. Temperance. This question has a tremendous social and moral bearing, as everyone knows—even fanatics scarcely exaggerate it. But our people are doing little or nothing to mitigate the evils of intemperance. A further effect of the liquor traffic is one not often spoken of, and that is the economic effect. Our poorhouses, jails, prisons, hospitals, asylums are fed by alcohol—and we pay for it all. Is there no remedy?

5. A business basis for public service, state and local. Not only is the present spoils system expensive, but it is demoralizing to our people and to the recipients of its favors. The principle is simple—conduct state business as near as possible on the same principles as private business is conducted.

6. Home rule for cities and counties. Detroit should settle its own street railway fights and health board affairs, unless there is positive reason for state interference for

OCTOBER 17, 1895.

THE GRANGE VISITOR.

5

state good. Cities should largely legislate their own charters. Counties should be able to settle a hundred questions that the legislature now acts upon. The surest method to attain home rule is to constitutionally establish the matter.

7. Transportation. How about the railroads? Are their rates fair and equitably applied? How about highways? The main question is not, shall we have a more elaborate system of road improvement? but the plain business proposition, are we getting the worth of the money now spent on the roads? S. S. Bailey says we are losing a million dollars a year. Worth looking after, isn't it?

We have barely outlined seven topics, any one of which affords material for a volume. These seem to us to be live questions of deep importance to our people, and especially to farmers. We hope they will be fully discussed in Granges and in these columns. Let us hear from you.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

From considerable recent travel about the northern portions of the state, we are led to feel that there exists for the Grange of Michigan a golden opportunity. The people of the northern counties are hungry for organization. They want to know more about their locality and its adaptation to various crops. They want to know what to raise to best advantage and how to raise it. These are wants that they express themselves. They want to have more of social life, to learn more of the outside world. In almost every northern county the farmers' institute society has been adopted with avidity, and everywhere expressions were heard which would indicate that they wish frequent gatherings of farmers where farm and general topics may be discussed.

The Grange will fill the bill for these people, and they will appreciate it if its makeup and purposes are properly presented to them. They will organize in some form. That may be counted on. Whether the Grange will enter this unoccupied territory and take possession remains to be seen. If the Grange does not, some temporary organization will, and Grange progress will be delayed ten years.

Some southern Michigan readers may have an idea that this northern country is not worth working for. If any of you think that, just change your mind. We shall try to prove to you in a few of the succeeding issues of the paper that you are wrong in your estimate. For unless you are already tottering to the grave, you are very likely to see northern Michigan noted for its rapid development as an agricultural country. Laugh if you will, but mark the prophecy.

No, the Grange must in some way devise ways and means to push its organization, not alone in the rich southern counties of the state, but as well, and even especially, in the northern counties, where in the next decade will be developed thousands of as fine farms as lie out of doors. We must not lose the opportunity.

"Inefficiency of Country Public Schools."

MR. EDITOR: The heading quoted challenged our attention when we opened our Visitor of October 3.

We do not remember of ever seeing such a wholesale denunciation of country schools in print, as that of Mr. John Gilmer Speed, in October *Forum*. We are troubled by it, too; we thought we poor country people were really making progress; but it seems we are not. "We are growing more ignorant generation by generation," "and the average country school is a failure." We are turning into the "American peasantry," and "are as illiterate and unlearned as any class of people in the world who claim to be civilized." "It must be so Plato, thou reasonest well!" Would not one be led to think from the "don't knows" of the article that Mr. Speed had mistaken the true meaning of education? Kate Douglas Wiggin says: "Education is to know for the sake of living, not to live for the sake of knowing." Mr. Speed would doubtless turn this definition around, "to live for the sake of knowing."

While our system of education can be benefited by helpful criticism, is it quite kind of a self-appointed critic to tell the men and women of America that they are growing more ignorant, more uncivilized when they are sacrificing themselves to make a better civilization? Is it helpful criticism to say the men and women of two generations ago were better educated than the generation that carried Old Glory and kept step to the music of the Union? What better evidence of true education could a nation ask for than that shown by the boys in blue? And this critic says the generation now passing away is not as well civilized as the generation that thought it

all right to put a father's sons and daughters into pean slavery because their skin was black and their hair curly. The sons of the general that fought the war for the Union to gain their freedom are building Chicago, successful ending are the United States with York, have covered morning bells call together whose morning children who assemble in million school than were known to collect better rooms ago. Talk about the efficiency of the country public schools! The country public schools have made it possible for the country to furnish eighty per cent of the business men of to-day. Talk about writing, speaking and spelling being in decadence in the country schools. Did Mr. Speed visit the World's Fair and see the works from the country schools exhibited side by side with the works of the best colleges and high schools, and not suffer by comparison?

Mr. Speed should have visited Mr. Pattengill's country exhibit given at Lansing a year ago. Does Mr. Speed think it a sign of decadence when 50,000 Christian Endeavorers, a large per cent from the country schools, can assemble in Boston, where two generations ago his ancestors were so highly civilized that they placed a rope around Mr. Garrison's neck and dragged him through the streets with cries of "kill him!" "kill him!"? Is such a mob with murder in its heart, with oaths on its lips, a better index of civilization than 50,000 young people from town and country, of every denomination, marching under the flag of a broader Christianity and singing the songs of the Master? If so, then perhaps the present is less worthy than the past. Was the generation that murdered Lovejoy better civilized than the generation that raised the means to rebuild, to feed fire scorched Chicago?

What do the learned men, the close observers of current history say? They say "If it was not for the pure country continually flowing into the cities they would sink into barbarism"—"uncivilized" country blood, too. Is there any difference between the sections of this country educationally? The friend of the country school is a hundred years ahead of the section that "thanked God it had no free schools." To-day the most hopeful sign of progress in the New South is the rapid growth of country education. Inefficiency of country public schools! Mr. Editor, our schools are a long ways from being perfect, but with all their imperfection, they are the best institutions under the blue sky, they are the hope of the toiling bread-winners—the last intrenchment behind which liberty will make her stand. Ghosts and spectres of the past may walk abroad at night, but the glad sunlight of a better day, educationally, will drive them to the dark places of the bats.

D. E. McCLEURE.

Shelby.

Rural Free Mail Delivery.

A better mail service in the city than in the country is, by reason of the greater density of population in the first named, consistent with the "greatest good to the greatest number," and, therefore is a part of good government; but the disparity between the mail service in the city and in the country has become greater than is warranted by justice or the public welfare. The estimated receipts of the postoffice department for the current fiscal year equal the expenditures of the preceding year; and it is generally conceded that the finances of the department have, notwithstanding the business depression, reached a point that justifies a decided improvement in the mail service. One cent letter postage would aggravate the inequality between the mail service of the city and of the country. That rural free mail delivery is the more equitable is so apparent that its opponents are compelled to limit their arguments to an exaggeration of its cost and the assertion that the people do not want it. But the people do want it. There is not a single agricultural paper that does not heartily advocate it. There is not a national farmers' organization that is not earnestly working for it. During the past year two hundred subordinate farmers' organizations have pronounced in its favor. The leading dailies everywhere advocate it. Just as the people understand the situation are they in favor of it, once more demonstrating that intelligent public sentiment is wise and just.

Mr. Wanamaker's experiments, set forth in his able reply to Senate resolution of January 13, 1892, demonstrated that free mail delivery in towns and villages would not add to the net expense of the department. With free delivery on farms would grow up an express and telegraph messenger service that, while being of great benefit to farmers, would yield such profit to the carrier that the bids for free delivery would soon be greatly reduced. Mail could be delivered by those not capable of earning high wages, and the number of offices could be lessened. In an agricultural township now having five or six offices, all but one could be abolished, and two boys on ponies could deliver the mail daily.

WOULD NOT ADD TO EXPENSE.

This would effect an actual saving. In

the more sparsely settled regions, boxes along the star routes would suffice for some years. All that has been asked for has been well expressed by the Farmers' National Congress: "That free mail delivery be extended into towns and villages and to farms as rapidly as possible without making an onerous increase in the net expense of the postoffice department. This is not unreasonable when city mail service is being constantly improved. For example, during 1894 the cost of free delivery in Chicago was increased from 75 to 125 square miles, and the number of deliveries and collections increased 25 to 40 per cent. At the beginning of the year there were 12 car stations, 24 sub-stations, and 70 stamp agencies; at its close there were 22 car stations, 15 branch postoffices, 54 sub-stations, and 190 stamp agencies.

If publications wrongfully enjoying the second-class privilege paid a proper rate postage, the net cost of rural free mail delivery would probably be met. Nor would the official publication of the L. A. W., which is friendly to our cause, be denied "pound rate." A further saving could be made of the appropriation for "special mail facilities on trunk lines," which has not accelerated the mails, which has ever been recommended by any postmaster-general, and which Dickinson, Wamaker and Bissell have condemned; or getting back to a reasonable figure the appropriation for "mail depredators and postoffice inspectors"—known in the postoffice department as slush money. It is plain that whatever free mail delivery means will be saved many times on the grand alone that it is much more economical than one person should bring their mail to fifty people than that the fifty people should go for it. But why should the postoffice department more than the war or navy department be required to be self-sustaining?

OF BENEFIT TO CITY AS WELL.

So closely interrelated are the interests of city, town and farm that anything to the benefit of the one must be to the benefit of the other. The farmer would be benefited by the prompt receipt of the merchant's letter; the merchant would also be benefited. The publisher as well as the farmer would be benefited by the daily delivery of the newspaper at the farmer's door.

The isolation of the farmer, driving his son and daughters to the overcrowded cities, and his growing discontent from an increasing realization that he is not in touch with the busy centres of humanity, proclaim the need of rural free mail delivery in ways that the nation cannot afford to ignore. This need is revealed by a comparison of our mail service with that of other nations. Japan has rural free mail delivery, and in all the vast Indian empire there is not a person, no matter in what jungle he may live, to whom his mail is not delivered. China, which alone keeps us company among the nations of the earth in the private ownership of telegraph lines, and which has highways about as bad as ours, refuses further to disgrace herself by being as niggardly and antiquated as we are in rural mail facilities; and the American farmer has a mail service much inferior to that enjoyed by the agricultural portion of the nation we have most despised. —John M. Stahl, in *October North American Review*.

How shall the Farmers Obtain their full share of Legislation?

Read at Cass county Grange by A. P. Shephardson.

This question carries with it the idea that the agriculturists do not get their rights in that direction. I intend to show in the first place that they do not; in the second place the reason why; in the third and last place to point out a remedy. I wish to call your attention to the adjustments of the tariff. Wherever there is any adjustment in the tariff are not our products always the first to go on the free lists, while manufactured articles have been protected? You may say tariff for revenue don't protect. I say there never has been a tariff levied since our government has been a republic but what has protected certain articles. I think it is clear that we as a class are neglected in that direction.

Again, we will look at our patent right laws. An individual manufactures some implements; he is granted a patent from the patent office that gives him the universal control of the market for that article. Somebody else sees money in the article and goes to manufacturing and putting on the market. The first person keeps quiet until second person gets the market well stocked. Then Mr. First sues Mr. Second, gets what damage he proves it is to him, but don't stop there. He goes for every one that has used the tool of his patent, for royalty. I think there was a law passed a few years ago to this effect: If we made proper effort to find out if the article was an infringement, and did not know, we were to be free from royalty. See what a loop hole for the legal profession. Would

it not have been better to have enacted that the only one liable is the infringer?

GAME LAWS.

Again look at our bird and game laws, who do they protect? No matter how much damage this game is doing us, we must let it alone until the season opens, then every sportsman from the town is running through our crops, throwing down our fences, and leaving the gates open. Those laws were enacted simply for the sportsman's benefit. A few years ago I sent a petition to our representative from St. Joseph county to prohibit persons from catching fish in the lakes of Fabius and Newberg for sale or remuneration, from the fact our waters were being drained of fish. I soon got word back such a law would not be legal, but I notice they passed just such a law in regard to speckled trout. I suppose that was legal because the sports required it. I think if it was legal in one case it was in the other, and I hold our representative accountable if he was a farmer. Think of the salary paid the game warden—twelve hundred dollars a year and his actual expenses, and has power to appoint deputies in each county to prey upon the taxpayers.

Again, look at the mode of taxing railroads in this state—taxed according to their gross earnings instead of their value, as we are. If we were taxed according to our gross earnings at the same ratio I think our taxes would be greatly reduced.

THE REASON WHY.

Now I pass to the second proposition, the reason why, and I make this statement. It is simply because we have been satisfied to be represented by individuals of other callings. In proof of this statement I wish to present the composition of our legislature in 1879. I presume there has been some improvement since, but I can't give the statistics now. But in 1879 the Senate was composed of 12 lawyers, 10 farmers, 2 doctors, 3 lumbermen, 4 merchants, 1 engineer. The House, 17 lawyers, 37 farmers, 12 doctors, 13 merchants, all others 21. Now I wish to give the census of 1874 of three professions that were represented. It shows the agriculturists numbered 186,890, lawyers 1,563, physicians 2,337. You see by this that 5,057 farmers had one representative of their calling, while 91 lawyers had one representative of their profession to labor for their interests. Senator Childs, God bless his memory, presented a bill in the legislature of Michigan to regulate attorney fees in foreclosure of mortgages. His bill was never heard from after its reference to the proper committee, but the judiciary committee afterwards presented a bill on that subject which closed with the following proviso: No attorney or solicitor's fees shall be collected, received, or taxed unless an attorney at law or a solicitor in chancery foreclose the mortgage. If that wasn't cheeky I don't know what is. The learned profession must do the business or no pay.

Now let us look at Michigan's representation in the lower house of congress from 1836 to 1878—42 years. Of 52 different men only two were farmers, while there were 34 lawyers, and of all other callings only 18. Is not this proof enough why the farmers do not get their share of legislation? Men are apt to work for their interest, and, if other states were represented as Michigan the legal profession had it all their own way. The 43rd congress was composed of 379 members in the lower house. The lawyers and those engaged in banking taken from the whole number leaves 91. Cannot any sensible mind conceive the natural results from legislation of men of such professions? I think this is sufficient to show that we need a change. Then the question arises, how can it be brought about? The remedy, brethren, is in our own hands. Let those engaged in agriculture, which is about 45 per cent, attend the primary conventions and send good men whose interest is with ours and pledge them to elect to all higher conventions men of the same calling and at the higher conventions put in nomination men who are agriculturists, then see they are elected, and while they are working for their interests they will be helping us. We are not blaming those that represent us for their nomination and election. We have been content to attend to our business on the farm and neglecting our political duty, while they have run the political machinery to their advantage and our detriment. Then we have walked to the polls and elected them. If there is ever a change we have got to attend the primary conventions and get men of our profession on all tickets if possible. If we don't succeed then step over the party lines and elect the man that represents our interests. Show them we will not vote for a lawyer nor a millionaire. There are too many of those there now. If we get a reform we must have men of smaller means. You may say we have not got men in agricultural business competent for the position. We have got plenty of them; they may not be as glib with their tongue as the lawyer, but their judgment in my opinion excels, for they have been so situated that their minds have conceived the need of the common people.

OCTOBER, 1895.

THE GRANGE VISITOR.

7

PATRONS' PAINT WORKS.

PATRONS' PAINT WORKS have sold Ingersoll Paint to the Order P. of H. since its organization. House Paints and Cheap Paints for Barns and Outbuildings, 10,000 Farmers testify to their merits. Grange Halls, Churches, School Houses, Dwellings, all over the land—some of them painted 15 years ago, still looking well, prove them the most durable.

MICHIGAN PATRONS "Buy direct from Factory" at full wholesale prices and save all Middlemen's Profits.

O. W. INGERSOLL, PROP.
Oldest Paint House in America.
241-243 Plymouth st., Brooklyn.

Ingersoll's Liquid Rubber Paints

Indestructible Cottage and Barn Paints

Sample Color Cards, "Confidential" Grange Discounts, Estimates and full particulars MAILED FREE. Write at once.



COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY GRANT ALLEN.

Kathleen Hessegrave, a pretty young English artist, and Arnold Willoughby, a Bohemian amateur, meet casually at the Royal Academy gallery in London. They hold mutual views upon art and upon the stupidity of the judges who have rejected their pictures. Rufus Mortimer, a rich American idler, joins them. He is a friend of the Hessegraves and is surprised to find Kathleen in the company of Willoughby, whom she knows as a common sailor dabbling in art. CHAPTER II.—Kathleen lives with her mother in fashionable lodgings. The aristocratic visit there, and one day at a reception the company discuss the mystery of young Earl Axminster, who has fled the country disguised as a sailor. Canon Valentine, the lion of the party, thinks the aristocracy of England is well rid of him. His habits are too good. III.—Willoughby is the earl. He is stranded by the failure of the picture, refuses help from Mortimer and goes to sea to earn money to continue the study of art. IV.—Mortimer pursues Kathleen on love's quest. She likes him and with difficulty holds him off. V.—Mortimer, Willoughby and the Hessegraves meet in Venice. Mrs. Hessegrave is alarmed at Kathleen's enthusiasm over the sailor painter and his works. VI and VII.—The young artists roam through romantic old palaces together. Willoughby a guest at Kathleen's home. The maiden half reveals her love for him, and both confess to themselves that they are in love. VIII and IX.—Mortimer proposes and discovers Kathleen's passion for Willoughby.

CHAPTER VI. A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

But the cup of Mrs. Hessegrave's humiliation was not yet full. A moment's pause lost all—and, lo, the floodgates of an undesirable acquaintance were opened upon her.

It was charity that did it—pure feminine charity, not unmingled with a faint sense of how noblesse oblige, and what dignity demands from a potential Lady Bountiful. For the inevitable old man, with a ramshackled boathook in his wrinkled brown hand and no teeth to boast of, who invariably moors your gondola to the shore while you alight from the prow and holds his hat out afterward for a few loose soldis, bowed low to the ground in his picturesque rags as Mrs. Hessegrave passed him. Now, proper respect for her superior position always counted for much with Mrs. Hessegrave. She paused for a moment at the top of the moldering steps in hopeless search for an elusive pocket. But the wisdom and foresight of her London dressmaker had provided for this contingency well beforehand by concealing it so far back among the recesses of her gown that she fumbled in vain and found no solid. In her difficulty she turned with an appealing glance to Kathleen. "Have you got any coppers, dear?" she inquired in her most mellifluous voice. And Kathleen forthwith proceeded in like manner to prosecute her search for them in the labyrinthine folds of her own deftly screened pocket.

On what small twists and turns of circumstance does our whole being hang! Kathleen's fate hinged entirely on that momentary delay, coupled with the equally accidental meeting at the doors of the academy, for while she paused and hunted, as the old man stood bowing and scraping by the water's edge and considering to himself with his obsequious smile, that after so long a search the forestieri couldn't decently produce in the end any smaller coin than half a lira, Rufus Mortimer perceiving the cause of their indecision stepped forward in the gondola with his own purse open. At the very same instant, too, Arnold Willoughby, half forgetful of his altered fortunes and conscious only of the fact that the incident was discomposing at the second for a lady, pulled out loose his scanty stock of available cash and selected from it the smallest silver coin he happened to possess, which chanced to be a piece of 50 centesimi. Then, while Mortimer was hunting among his gold to find a franc, Arnold handed the money hastily to the cringing old bystander. The man in the picturesque rags closed his wrinkled brown hand on it with a satisfied grin, and Mortimer tried to find another half franc among the folds of his purse to repay on the spot his sailor acquaintance. But Arnold answered with such a firm air of quiet dignity, "No, thank you. Allow me to settle it," that Mortimer, after a moment of ineffectual remonstrance—"But this is my gondola!"—was fain to hold his peace, and even Mrs. Hessegrave was constrained to acquiesce in the odd young man's whim with a murmured, "Oh, thank you." After that she felt she could no longer be afraid—till the next opportunity. Meanwhile, when Kathleen suggested in her gentlest and most enticing voice, "Why don't you two step out and look at the Tintoretto with us?" Mrs. Hessegrave recognized that there was nothing for it now but to smile and look pleased and pretend she really liked the strange young man's society.

So they went into the Scuola di San Rocco together. But Rufus Mortimer, laudably anxious that his friend should expend no more of his hard earned cash on such unseasonable gallantries, took good care to go on a few paces ahead and take tickets for the whole party before Mrs. Hessegrave and Kathleen, escorted by the unsuspecting Arnold, had turned the corner by the rearing red church of the Friari. The elder lady arrived at the marble coated front of the Scuola not a little out of breath, for she was endowed with asthma, and she hated to walk even the few short

steps from the gondola to the tiny piazza, which was one of the reasons indeed why Kathleen, most patient and dutiful and considerate of daughters, had chosen Ven-



Arnold handed the money hastily to the cringing old bystander.

ice rather than any other Italian town as the scene on which to specialize her artistic talent, for nowhere on earth is locomotion so cheap or so easy as in the City of Canals, where a gondola will convey you from end to end of the town, without noise or jolting, at the modest expense of 8 pence sterling. Even Mrs. Hessegrave, however, could not resist after awhile the contagious kindness of Arnold Willoughby's demeanor. "Twas such a novelty to him to be in ladies' society nowadays that he rose at once to the occasion and developed at once, one bound from a confirmed misogynist into an accomplished courtier. The fact of it was he had been taken by Kathleen's frank gratitude that day at the academy, and he was really touched this afternoon by her evident recollection of him and her anxiety to show him all the politeness in her power. Never before since he had practically ceased to be Earl of Axminster had any woman treated him with half so much consideration. Arnold Willoughby was almost tempted, in his own heart to try whether or not he had hit here by pure accident of fate upon that rare soul which could accept him and love him for the true gold that was in him, and not for the guinea stamp of which he had pur-

posely divested himself. As they entered the great hall—Campagna's masterpiece, its walls richly dight with Tintoretto's frescoes, Arnold Willoughby drew back involuntarily at the first glance with a little start of astonishment. "Dear me," he cried, turning round in his surprise to Kathleen and twisting his left hand in a lock of hair behind his ear—which was a trick he had whenever he was deeply interested—"what amazing people these superb old Venetians were, after all! Why, one's never at the end of them! What a picture it gives one of their magnificence and their wealth, this sumptuous council house of one unimportant brotherhood!"

"It is fine," Mortimer interposed, with a little smile of superiority, as one who knew it well of old. "It's a marvel of decoration. Then, I suppose, from what you say, this is the first time you've been here?"

"Yes, the very first time," Arnold admitted at once, with that perfect frankness which was his most charming characteristic. "Though I've lived here so long, there are in Venice a great many interiors I've never seen. Outside, I think I know every nook and corner of the smallest side canals and the remotest calli about as well as anybody, for I'm given to meandering on foot round the town, and it's only on foot one can ever really get to know the whole of Venice. Perhaps you wouldn't believe it, but there isn't a single house on all the islands that make up the town which can't be reached on one's own legs from every other by some circuit of bridges, without one's ever having to trust to a ferryboat or a gondola. But of course you must know the tortuous twists and turns to get round to some of them. So, outside at least, I know my Venice thoroughly. But inside—ah, there, if you except St. Mark's and a few other churches—with, of course, the academy—I hardly know it at all. There are dozens of places you could take me to like this that I never stepped inside yet."

Kathleen was just going to ask, "Why?" when the answer came of itself to her. In order to gain admittance to most of these interiors you have to pay a franc, and she remembered now with a sudden burst of surprise that a franc was a very appreciable sum indeed to their new acquaintance. So she altered her phrase to, "Well, I'm very glad at least we met you today and have had the pleasure of bringing you for the first time to San Rocco."

And it was a treat. Arnold couldn't deny that. He roamed round those great rooms in a fever of delight and gazed with the fullness of a painter's soul at Tintoretto's masterpieces. The gorgeous brilliancy of Titian's "Annunciation," the naturalistic reality of the "Adoration of the Magi," the beautiful penitent Magdalene beside the fiery cloud flakes of her twilight landscape—he gazed over them all with cultivated appreciation. Kathleen marveled to herself how a mere common sailor could ever have imbibed such an inextricable love for the highest art, and still more how he could ever have learned to speak of its inner meaning in such well chosen phrases. It fairly took her breath away when the young man in the jersey and blue woolen cap stood entranced before the fresco of the "Pool of Bethesda," with its grand faraway landscape, and mused to himself aloud, as it were: "What a careless

giant he was, to be sure, this Tintoretto! Why, he seems just to fling his paint baphazard upon the wall, as if it cost him no more trouble to paint an 'Ascension' than to sprawl his brush over the face of the plaster, and yet—there comes out in the end a dream of soft color, a poem in neutral tints, a triumphant pean of virile imagining."

"Yes, they're beautiful," Kathleen answered, "exceedingly beautiful. And what you say of them is so true. They're dashed off with such princely ease. You put into words what one would like to say oneself, but doesn't know how to."

And indeed even Mrs. Hessegrave was forced to admit in her own mind that in spite of his rough clothes and his weather beaten face the young man seemed to have ideas and language above his station. Not that Mrs. Hessegrave thought any the better of him on that account. Why can't young men be content to remain in the rank in life in which circumstances and the law of the land have placed them? Of course there were Burns and Shakespeare and Keats, and so forth—not one of them born gentlemen, and Kathleen was always telling her how that famous Giotto, whose angular angels she really couldn't with honesty pretend to admire, was at first nothing more than a mere Tuscan shepherd boy. But, then, all these were geniuses, and if a man is a genius of course that's another matter, though, to be sure, in our own day genius has no right to crop up in a common sailor. It discomposes one's natural views of life and leads to such unpleasant and awkward positions.

When they had looked at the Tintoretto through the whole history of the Testament, from the "Annunciation" down stairs with the childlike Madonna to the "Ascension," in the large hall on the upper landing, they turned to go out and resume their places in the attentive gondola. And here a new misfortune lay in wait for Mrs. Hessegrave. 'Twas a day of evil chances. For as she and Rufus Mortimer took their seats in the stern on those neatly padded cushions which rejoiced her soul, Kathleen, to her immense surprise and no small internal annoyance, abruptly announced her intention of walking home over the bridge by herself, so as to pass the color shop in the Calle San Moisè. She wanted some ultramarine, she said, for the picture she was going to paint in the corner of the Giudecca. Of course Arnold Willoughby insisted on accompanying her, and so to complete that morning's mishaps Mrs. Hessegrave had the misery of seeing her daughter walk off through a narrow and darkling Venetian street, accompanied on her way by that awful man whom Mrs. Hessegrave had been doing all she knew to shake off from the very first moment she had the ill luck to set eyes upon him.

Not that Kathleen had the slightest intention of disobeying or irritating or annoying her mother. Nothing indeed, could have been farther from her innocent mind. It was merely that she didn't understand or suspect Mrs. Hessegrave's objection to the frank young sailor. Too honest to doubt him, she missed the whole point of her mother's dark hints.

So she walked home with Arnold conscience free, without the faintest idea she was doing anything that could possibly displease Mrs. Hessegrave. They walked on, side by side, through strange little lanes bounded high on either hand by lofty old palaces, which raised their midleaved fronts and antique arched windows above one another's heads in emulous striving toward the scanty sunshine. As for Arnold Willoughby, he darted round the corners like one that knew them intimately. Kathleen had flattered her soul she could find her way tolerably well on foot through the best part of Venice, but she soon discovered that Arnold Willoughby knew how to thread his path through that seeming labyrinth far more easily than she could do. Here and there he would cross some narrow, high pitched bridge over a petty canal, where market boats from the mainland stood delivering vegetables at gloomy portals that opened close down to the water's edge, or wooden barges, handed fagots through grated windows to bare headed and yellow haired Venetian housewives. Ragged shutters and iron balconies overhung the green waterway. Then, again, he would skirt for awhile some ill scented Rio, where strings of onions hung out in the sun from every second door and cheap Madonnas in gilt and painted wood sat enshrined in plaster niches behind burning oil lamps. On and on he led Kathleen by unknown side streets, past wonderful little squares of flag paved campi, each adorned with its ancient church and its slender belfry, over the colossal curve of the Rialto with its glittering shops on either side and home by queer byways, where few feet save of native Venetians ever ventured to penetrate. Now and again round the corners came the echoing cries: "Stali," "Preme," and some romantic gondola with its covered trappings, like a floating black hearse, would glide past like lightning. Well as Kathleen knew the town, it was still a revelation to her. She walked on entranced, with a painter's eye, through that ever varying, ever moving, ever enchanting panorama.

And they talked as they went. The young sailor painter talked on and on, frankly, delightfully, charmingly. He talked of Kathleen and her art, of what she would work at this winter, of where he himself meant to pitch his easel, of the chances of their both choosing some neighboring subject. Confidence begets confidence. He talked so much about Kathleen and drew her on so about her aims and aspirations in art that Kathleen in turn felt compelled for very shame to re-

pay the compliment and to ask him much about himself and his mode of working. Arnold Willoughby smiled and showed those exquisite teeth of his when she questioned him first. "It's the one subject," he answered—"self—on which they say all men are fluent and none agreeable." But he belied his own epigram, Kathleen thought, as he continued, for he talked about himself, and yet he talked delightfully. It was so novel to hear a man so discuss the question of his own place in life, as though it mattered little whether he remained a common sailor or rose to be reckoned a painter and a gentleman. He never even seemed to feel the immense gulf which in Kathleen's eyes separated the two callings. It appeared to be to him a mere matter of convenience which of the two he followed. He talked of them so calmly as alternative trades in the pursuit of which a man might if he chose earn an honest livelihood.

"But surely you feel the artist's desire to create beautiful things?" Kathleen cried at last. "They're not quite on the same level with you—fine art and sail reefing?"

That curious restrained curl was just visible for a second round the delicate corners of Arnold Willoughby's honest mouth. "You compel me to speak of myself," he said, "when I would much rather be speaking of somebody or something else, but if I must I will tell you."

"Do," Kathleen said, drawing close, with more eagerness in her manner than Mrs. Hessegrave would have considered entirely ladylike. "It's so much more interesting." And then, fearing she had perhaps gone a little too far, she blushed to her ear tips.

Arnold noticed that dainty blush—it became her wonderfully—and was confirmed by it in his good opinion of Kathleen's disinterestedness. Could this indeed be the one woman on earth to whom he could really give himself—the one woman who could take a man for what he was in himself, not for what the outside world chose to call him? He was half inclined to think so. "Well," he continued, with a reflective air, "there's much to be said for art, and much also for the common sailor. I may be right, or I may be wrong. I don't want to force anybody else into swallowing my opinions wholesale. I'm far too uncertain about them myself for that, but as far as my own conduct goes—which is all I have to answer for—why, I must base it upon them. I must act as seems most just and right to my own conscience. Now, I feel a sailor's life is one of undoubted usefulness to the community. He's employed in carrying commodities of universally acknowledged value from the places where they're produced to the places where they're needed. Nobody can deny that that's a useful function. The man who does that can justify his life and his livelihood to his fellows. No cavalier can ever accuse him of eating his bread unearned, an idle drone, at the table of the commonality. That's why I determined to be a common sailor. It was work I could do, work that suited me well, work I felt my conscience could wholly approve of."

"I see," Kathleen answered, very much taken aback. It had never even occurred to her that a man could so choose his calling in life on conscientious rather than on personal grounds, could attach more importance to the usefulness and lawfulness of the trade he took up than to the money to be made at it. The earnest looking sailor man in the rough woolen clothes was opening up to her new perspectives of moral possibility.

"But didn't you long for art, too?" she went on after a brief pause. "You, who have so distinct a natural vocation, so keen a taste for form and color?"

Arnold Willoughby looked hard at her. "Yes," he answered frankly, with a scrutinizing glance. "I did. I longed for it. But at first I kept the longing sternly down. I thought it was wrong of me even to wish to indulge it. I had put my hand to the plow, and I didn't like to look back again. Still, when my health began to give way, I saw things somewhat differently. I was as anxious as ever then to do some work in the world that should justify my existence, so to speak, to my fellow creatures—anxious to feel I didn't sit a mere idle mouth at the banquet of humanity. But I began to perceive that man can not live by bread alone, that the useful trades, though they are, after all, at bottom the noblest and most ennobling, do not fill up the sum of human existence, that we have need, too, of books, of poetry, of pictures, statues, music. So I determined to give up my life, half and half, to either—to sail by summer and paint by winter, or only I could earn enough by painting to live upon, for my first moral postulate is that every man ought to be ashamed of himself if he can't win wage enough by his own exertions to keep himself going. That is, in fact, the one solid and practical test of his usefulness to his fellow creatures—whether or not they are willing to pay him that he may keep at work for them. If he can't do that, then I hold without doubt he is a moral failure. And it's his duty to take himself sternly in hand till he fits himself at once for being the equal in this respect of the navy or the scavenger."

"But art drew you on?" Kathleen said, much wondering in her soul at this strange intrusion of conscience into such unfamiliar fields.

"Yes, art drew me on," Arnold Willoughby answered, "and though I had my doubts I allowed it to draw me. I felt I was following my own inclination, but I felt, too, I was doing right to some extent, if only I could justify myself by painting pictures good enough to give pleasure to others, the test of their goodness being al-

ways salability. The fact is, the sea didn't satisfy all the wants of my nature, and since we men are men, not sheep or monkeys, I hold we are justified in indulging to the full these higher and purely human or civilized tastes, just as truly as the lower ones. So I determined, after all, to take to art for half my livelihood—not, I hope, without conscientious justification, for I would never wish to do anything in life which might not pass the honest scrutiny of an impartial jury of moral inquisitors. Why, here we are at the Piazza! I'd no idea we'd got so far yet!"

"Nor I either!" Kathleen exclaimed. "I'm sorry for it, Mr. Willoughby, for this is all so interesting. But at any rate you're coming with Mr. Mortimer on Wednesday."

Arnold Willoughby's face flushed, all aglow with pleasure. The misogynist in him was thoroughly overcome. Nothing remained but the man, chivalrously grateful to a beautiful woman for her undisguised interest. He raised his hat, radiant. "Thank you so much," he answered simply, like the gentleman that he was. "You may be sure I won't forget it. How kind of you to ask me!"

For he knew it was the common sailor in rough clothes she had invited, not Albert Ogilvie Redburn, seventh earl of Axminster.

[To be Continued.]

A Queer Flower.

One of the vegetable marvels of July is the fraxinella, or dittany, an old fashioned flowering plant, native in southern Europe and Asia and much cultivated in the gardens of our grandmothers. The plant has showy flowers—white, red and rosy—and an odor that belongs to the leaves as well as to the blossoms.

The plant, if visited at night with a lighted match, is suddenly enveloped with blue flames, as is the hand that bears the match. The flames are harmless and are caused by the combustion of a volatile oil that is secreted by the plant. This oil, in the form of vapor, impregnates the air immediately about the plant and is ignited at the approach of a light. The plant blooms abundantly, and the pyrotechnic display may be repeated night after night, especially if the condition of the atmosphere is favorable.

The plant obtains its name of dittany from the fact that it grows wild upon Mount Dicte, in the island of Crete. It is by no means so well known now as it once was, since the gay flowers of old fashioned country gardens have given place to more æsthetic and less showy blossoms.—New York Sun.

Physician—"You must not occupy your time with anything which requires the slightest mental attention." Patient—"But, doctor, how can I do that?" Physician—"I will fix that. You are to read all the recent novels without a purpose."—Chicago Record.

An absent-minded young preacher in New England, wishing to address the young ladies of the congregation after the morning services, remarked from the pulpit that he would be very glad if the female brethren of the congregation would remain after they had gone home.—Standard.

Nesbitt—"I understand that your son at Harvard is quite a literary character." Planter—"Oh, yes; he commenced writing for money before he had been there three weeks."—Ec.

"There are many things in this world to which we must shut our eyes," said the paternal Gibson. "Yes, pa, and soap is one of them," chimed in the pride of the family.—Tid Bits.

Landlord—"I guess I'll have to raise your rent." Tenant—"For what?" Landlord—"They've changed the name of this street and it is now an avenue."—Chicago Record.

First Party—"I saw a most interesting article in your paper to-day." Editor (proudly)—"Indeed! What article was that?" First party—"My wife brought home a bar of Monkey-brand laundry soap wrapped up in it." Editor collapses.—Chicago News.

"I tell you, said the pert young assistant, 'the editor isn't in, and I'm not going to tell you again. If you have anything for him you can leave it with me.' 'Very well,' said the caller, taking off his coat. 'I came in to give him a good sound thrashing, but I'll give it to you instead.'—Ec.

