

# THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

THE INDUSTRIAL AND EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS OF OUR PEOPLE PARAMOUNT TO ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS OF STATE POLICY.

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## PAPEES.

Progressive Farmer, State Organ, Raleigh, N. C.  
 The People's Paper, Raleigh, N. C.  
 The People's Paper, Charlotte, N. C.  
 The People's Paper, Concord, N. C.  
 The People's Paper, Wadesboro, N. C.  
 The People's Paper, Peanut, N. C.

## EDITORIAL SUGGESTIONS.

Cattle destroy more pasture by reading it down than they do by eating the grass. Hence it is advised to divide the pastures into several lots.

When fertilizers are necessary, the wastefulness of letting the home made manure go to waste and buying artificial fertilizers should not be practiced.

A Wisconsin farmer practices hauling out his manure daily. The land then must get the benefit of all of it, none of the value being lost by leaching.

Clean and careful culture is what counts. Don't listen to the slipshod man, for you will miss it if you do, and it is far better to miss heading what he says than to miss the mark you are aiming at.

As a general rule young trees should be pruned while dormant, as pruning when in leaf is more or less injurious, while in many cases old trees are made more fruitful by giving pruning during growth.

In order to secure the best growth and thrift, the orchard should have as good attention as any other crop. Be sure the trees are planted out the land should be thoroughly prepared and in good condition.

Pear trees do not thrive well in a wet soil. Well drained land is better, manured liberally, in order to receive fine fruit. Cut the tops back in order to prevent too tall a growth. Prune sufficient every year to receive a good form.

Farmers do not make enough of food as a fertilizer. Procure them when they must be paid for. Clover and all leguminous plants supply nitrogen, but they cannot grow without a supply of potash. It is cheaper to furnish the potash, than the clover can bring the nitrogen.

A Canadian customer of a Chicago grain commission house has this to say about feeding wheat: "I have been feeding wheat to my horses to the exclusion of oats, it is so cheap. It is a great success. I feed a quart of wheat three times a day along with hay. I believe a quart of wheat is as good as four quarts of oats."

## ESSAY.

In the Interest of Reform.

BY MRS. SARAH E. MITCHELL.

Read in Bertie County Alliance and ordered published.

*Mr. President, Brethren and Sisters:* It is a well-known fact that this country is in a deplorable, critical, and and fearful condition. And we have some brave and noble men and women who do not hesitate to speak before any man, or all men, and tell of this condition, the causes thereof, and the terrible calamity impending.

They tell us that starvation and nakedness stalks abroad in a land of plenty, mainly because through the contraction of the currency, the money sharks are enabled to manipulate the price of all commodities, and thus rob the laborer of his hard earned wages. They also lay the blame on the public servants of the people, for having legislated in favor of the few and against the many, in favor of capital and against labor, in favor of the usurer and against both the producer and the consumer.

And they likewise warn us that unless these laws are repealed, that this republic is as certain to fall as the sparks are to fly upward.

Brethren, this is true. Is this a fair picture of our grand country to day? I suppose every one in this hall will answer yes.

This being conceded, it naturally becomes the duty of every person who loves his country, to use every endeavor that lies in his power to avert so horrible a calamity. But there are many, alas! too many, who see these things just as they are, but who are so cowardly that they dare not raise even one warning note against those who are responsible for this state of affairs.

Brethren, why is it, that the ministers of the gospel are so strangely silent upon the issues now staring this people in the face? They profess to be called of God, to stand upon the wall of Zion, and cry aloud and spare not, and to make no uncertain sound. But to warn the the people of all dangers that threaten, and every enemy that menaces. Yet here is this arch enemy, the money power, that has, over and over again, in days gone by, overthrown the most powerful republics that have ever been established on the face of this earth, and has built for itself on the ruins thereof a throne and a sceptre.

I say, this enemy is to-day in our midst, bending every energy and trying all means to destroy this republic, and to possess itself of the lands (which rightly belong to all God's creatures,) and to bring His servants into subjection unto itself.

AND SCARCELY A SINGLE JONAH TO WARN US OF OUR PERIL.

Is Jonah still afraid of the Ninevites? Let him remember the whale.

Brethren, I am nearing fifty, and have been a church-goer all my life, and I have been a member of the Missionary Baptist denomination thirty years. It is quite probable that I have averaged hearing twenty sermons per year. Twenty times fifty are even one thousand. But to be on the safe side, I will halve it and say I have heard five hundred sermons in my life. Yet in all these sermons never, to my recollection, did I ever hear one of the following texts preached from: "The love of money is the root of all evil." "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God." "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayer;" or "Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! for ye load men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers." All of which is very applicable to the present time.

Brethren, did any of you ever hear one of these texts expounded from the pulpit? If so, you have certainly been more fortunate than I.

Now, brethren and sisters, if the old adage, "Silence gives consent," is true, then we are forced to the conclusion that all those who see the condition of our country, and keep silence, are certainly consenting with sinners. But we should be thankful that the Lord has given us some true and tried men, who are bravely and faithfully performing their duty, such as Butler, Skinner, Pepper, Stewart, Weaver and a host of others. But you will notice that none of these have Rev. or D. D. attached to their names.

Occasionally we do have a Reverend or a Doctor of Divinity, who has the manhood to stand up in the very face



CLEVELAND RECEIVING FRED DOUGLAS AND WIFE.  
 Joe Daniels was not Master of Ceremonies, as represented above, but has endorsed Cleveland year after year.

of the plutocrats and expose their misdeeds; notably, Talmage, Dixon, and Speight. And they deserve our thanks, for such as they are nearly as scarce as hen's teeth.

I have had preachers to say to me, "You can say anything you choose, but we cannot. Cannot speak the truth. Is that what they mean? Must they hide their light under a bushel, for fear of moneyed men?"

God forbid. But if they know the truth, in the name of suffering humanity, let them proclaim it from the housetops, that all men may take warning in time to save our country from the devastation now hovering over it, like the vulture, with outspread wings, only waiting until the toils which cunning hands have set, shall have been fastened so securely that no earthly power can loose them. Then, in all its blackness, will it swoop down upon us, take possession of our lands, rob us of our liberties and wreck our lives.

Once in a while one of our great learned sages (editor of a religious paper) does condescend to give us some questionable advice concerning hard times, and the remedies thereof, such as this: If the farmers would demand less and raise more, there would be no hard times. While at the same time we are told that "overproduction" causes hard times. Possibly, though, they mean overproduction of fools and knaves.

Another of the earth's wise ones, a Doctor of Divinity he is, too, tells us that it is wrong for politicians to go about informing the common people that they are legislated against, and in an unhappy condition. He says he believes in magnifying our blessings and minifying our troubles, and so being contented and happy.

Such stuff as this reminds me of an anecdote I once read. An aged sister was on the point of starvation, and one of her well to do brethren came in to comfort her. She related her condition. The brother knelt and prayed the Lord to give her grace and every spiritual gift. But the sister responded, "Lord, send potatoes."

Now this same editor, who furnishes the first advice, and who in column publishes and endorses the learned Doctor's sickly sentimentality of magnifying and minifying. In the next column, speaking of maintaining those under his own charge, instead of applying the able Doctor's wise(?) rule, says: "Brother farmers, send us some potatoes. We should send empty baskets, and advise that the emptiness be magnified into potatoes."

But in all soberness we would be thankful for a little more practicability and not quite so much spirituality in the advice given us. Spiritual blessings are all right, to be sure, but hungry mouths and ragged limbs need food and clothing. And I for one do not believe that magnifying and minifying anything will fill the bill. In fact, I do not believe in magnifying and minifying anyway. But I believe in the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. According to the Scriptures, let your yea be yea, and your nay be nay; for more than this cometh of evil, and we should not do evil that good may come.

However, complaining of evil and prescribing no remedy, cannot possibly bring any result. So I will mention a remedy that I think will convert our pastors into as veritable calamity howlers as we ourselves are,

JUST CUT THEIR SALARIES INTO TWO IN THE MIDDLE.

Let every reformer subscribe for pastor's salary just one-half what he has been in the habit of paying, and you will hear a calamity sermon the next time you go to church.

Then, when we hear calamity from the pulpit, instead of 'peace, peace, when there is no peace, then will the people be warned; and I fear not until then, for they have been taught from their cradles that the shepherd careth for the sheep, and that the ministers of the Gospel are the shepherds who careth for them, and who will guard them from all dangers.

Brethren, I would that I were a Cicero, that I might declare unto you, and unto laboring men everywhere, that if you would have lands, that if you would have liberty, you must vote out of office the rascals who are transforming our once happy country into a land of serfdom, and vote better men into office.

May the Lord speed the day when this shall be done.

## THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE WHIP-POOR-WILL AND NIGHTHAWK.

Correspondence of the Progressive Farmer.

GUILFORD COLLEGE, N. C.  
 The idea entertained by many people that the two above named birds are identical is an erroneous one. As I have often heard persons ask if there is really a difference in the two, I wish to say a few words concerning them with the hope that if readers of THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER are in doubt they may have a correct idea as to their distinction.

The whip poor will and nighthawk (or bullbat, as it is often called,) do resemble each other closely both in form and habits. A close observer, however, will not fail to notice a marked difference in both. They are very near relatives, these travelers of the evening shades, in fact being first cousins and bearing just the same relations as does the robin to the wood-thrush or the crow to the raven.

One other representative of this family is found in the South. This is the chuck-wilt widow, occurring sparingly in Eastern Carolina, more plentifully in South Carolina increasing in numbers as one goes farther South. The nighthawk reaches Central Carolina in the spring about the middle of March, and owing to the abundance or scarcity of certain flies and insects on which it feeds, is common or rare in given localities.

Within two weeks after the first ones reach us the greater number have arrived and mating begins at once. The courting is carried on in broad open twilight high in air, where all may see. Round and round the meadow they fly, then off over the woods we hear their peculiar squeak as they chase each other often far into the night. The eggs are two in number, being placed on the bare ground in ploughed fields, in meadows, in the woods and have even been found deposited on the flat tops of houses in large cities. Late in the summer when the young are able to fly about with their parents they often accumulate in large numbers to feed, flying low over a field infested by caterpillars and flies. On such occasions they are often shot in large numbers, notwithstanding they are ridding the air of some of the farmers' worst pests. A short time afterwards in

straggling flocks they begin their long journey South. The winter is spent in Florida, the West Indies and some even go farther towards the tropics.

The whip-poor-will also its winter in the South. In Guilford county the first ones are heard about March 15th. Nowhere abundant, they are more or less common in all parts of the State. Their eggs, as every one knows who has been so fortunate as to spend a portion of his life in the country, are placed on the ground on dead leaves or pieces of bark. Unlike the nighthawk, the nest is usually in a sheltered place, a little thicket or beneath the spreading branches of a low tree. Such sheltered places seem to be chosen as if to shield the eggs from the hoofs of feeding cattle. Not until the twilight has deepened into gloom does the whip-poor-will come forth. Then from the fence rail or low limb does his plaintive cry arouse his friend in the neighboring thicket to answer. The flight consists of short excursions, and is not long protracted like that of the nighthawk. It is not a very easy matter to capture a whip-poor-will or get a good view of one, this probably one reason why many are unable to distinguish the two birds. The one mounted specimen now in our Museum I secured late one evening as it sat on the bent stem of a low apple tree calling loudly. Cautiously approaching and stooping low so as to bring the tree in outline against the sky, I saw on the old bent trunk the bird as it raised its head as the call issued. It was secured by a fortunate shot.

It will be remembered that the plumage of birds is well adapted to the mode of life they lead. Thus in the hawk, which feeds by day, the feathers lie close, the wings are hard and compact, as it depends for its prey on its rapidity of flight and ability to turn quickly on short angles. In the owl, which procures its food by stealth, the wings are not so powerful, the feathers are very long and fit loosely over the body. Thus the flight is rendered almost noiseless; thus, too, the abundance of long feathers serve to keep off the chills of night. Equally true, but not so marked is the plumage of the two birds now under discussion. The nighthawk flies more by day, its wings are more powerful and the feathers are not so long and lie closer than those of the whip-poor-will.

By examining the mounted specimens in the Natural History Collection here, the birds show the following marked difference in general appearance: The nighthawk is in length 9½ inches, extent of wings 23 inches, tail a little over 4 inches. The back mostly black, being mottled with brown and grey. Breast barred with white, black and iron colored markings. Wings dusky with a large white spot midway the primaries and extending over five of the large outer wing feathers. By these spots the bird may be easily distinguished when flying over. In length the whip poor-will is about the same as its more agile cousin, but the extent of wings is not so great by six or seven inches. The wings are much more rounded, are dark in color and crossed by spotted bars of white. Tail feathers black, the tips being white in the male and tawny in the female. When the young begin to demand the attention of the parent, the whip-poor-will ceases to call. When the last days of summer arrive our nocturnal songster is pluming his feathers for the long flight towards the South. In the early autumn as one sits out all night by the tobacco barn the whip poor-will's song is no longer heard, and the weary watcher during the long hours of darkness hears only the chirp of the katydid, the shivering note of the screech owl or the long drawn challenge of the cock from the neighboring farm-house. The whip-poor-will has sought a more Southern clime.

T. GILBERT PEARSON.

## CREAM OF THE PRESS.

Hard Hits, Bold Sayings and Patriotic Paragraphs from Reform Papers—They are Worth the Price of One Paper a Whole Year.

The most serious question confronting the people of the United States is how to restore the government to the people.—*Ottawa Journal.*

When Cleveland isn't fishing at Buzzard's Bay, he has the country on the hooks as a bait for gold suckers.—*Brockton Diamond.*

The Alliance is educative in its basic idea and principles. Educate yourselves and your children. Circulate Alliance literature.—*Cotton Plant.*

Wealth, prejudice and ignorance constitute the great triumvirate of obstacles to true reform and advancement.—*Emporia Times.*

The greatest curse to the great industrial masses is ignorance. The few succeed because the masses are not informed or organized.—*Cotton Plant.*

Hog Island and Buzzard's Bay will go "thundering down the ages, as the wallowing place of the biggest hog that ever roved up the garden of liberty.—*Exchange.*

The more national banks the greater their influence and the more difficult it becomes to secure the restoration of a real, sound currency system.—*Pensacola Daily Times.*

How much longer will the people of this country remain divided in two parties, each representing the money power? The people have no one to represent them.—*People's Tribune.*

The Populist vote in Congress was the only party vote cast as a unit. But then, this is not surprising. It is the only party that says what it means and means what it says.—*Brockton Diamond.*

The reform papers tumbled at once to the pretended fight between Carlisle and the bankers. They unanimously pronounced it a farce. There are sentinels on the watch towers of liberty.—*People's Tribune.*

The Republican legislature of California has put itself on record as favoring free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, and government ownership of railroads. The world is progressing.—*Labette Times Statesman.*

The Senate came near passing a silver bill Tuesday, but it is as well they did not. Even if the cuckoos of the House would pass it, the hangman from Buffalo would put his paw on it with a veto.—*Helton Tribune.*

The Standard Oil Trust gobbles the Chicago gas combine. Is this the reason why the Standard Oil's Chicago University cannot stand a professor who advocates municipal ownership of gas works.—*New York Voice.*

A Washington correspondent of the *Globe Democrat* calls attention to the fact that the gold obtained by the 100,000,000 bond issue is all gone and that the interest on these new bonds is now drawing gold from the treasury.—*Missouri World.*

Statistics gathered recently by those interested, in the city of Buffalo, N. Y., disclose the fact that there are over 3,000 women in that place who receive the munificent sum of \$2.50 per week to live on and remain virtuous—if they can.—*American Enterprise.*

## RESOLUTIONS

Passed by Sandy Branch Sub Alliance No. 775, Chatham County.

Correspondence of the Progressive Farmer.

RICHMOND, N. C.

Resolved, That this lodge will use no fertilizer on time this season unless we can get guano for 300 pounds of lint cotton, and acid phosphate for 200 pounds of lint cotton; per ton, delivered at Richmond, freight prepaid.

2. That a copy of this resolution be sent to county Alliance, and also a copy sent to THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER for publication.

J. W. PHILLIPS, Pres.

W. A. WOMBLE, Sec'y.

Animals cannot be fed by a rule. Each one must receive what it may require, and this can be only known by observation. Animals differ, and the quantity of food that may satisfy the demands of one may be insufficient for another.

First Villager—"How do you like your new neighbor?" Second Villager—"Can't tell yet whether I like him or hate him." "Why so?" "The first thing he did was to put up a high board fence, and I haven't been able to discover whether it is to keep his chickens in or my chickens out."—*New York Weekly.*