

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

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SUBSCRIPTION

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To Correspondents:

Write all communications, designed for publication, on one side of the paper only.

We want intelligent correspondents in every county in the State. We want facts of value, results accomplished of value, experiences of value, plainly and briefly told. One solid, demonstrated fact, is worth a thousand theories.

The editor is not responsible for the views of correspondents.

RALEIGH, N. C., FEB 15, 1898.

The Progressive Farmer is the Official Organ of the N. C. Farmers' State Alliance

The date on your label tells you when your time is out and serves as a receipt for all money sent us.

"I am standing now just behind the curtain, and in full glow of the coming sunset. Behind me are the shadows on the track, before me lies the dark valley and the river. When I mingle with its dark waters I want to cast one lingering look upon a country whose government is of the people, for the people, and by the people." - L. L. Polk, July 14, 1890.

N. R. P. A.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A preacher in New Jersey claims that there are no female angels—all are men. This will be cheering news to all "new women." Won't they be glad to learn that they will, some sweet day, become men?

We notice that a number of papers, notably the Dunn Union, Smithfield Herald, and Rocky Mount Argonaut, continue to advertise the so-called limbless cotton. We also could have made quite a lot of money by advertising it, but as we accept only reliable ads, and always prefer to expose any scheme to cheat the farmer, we decided to investigate. Results are well known.

Some idea of the value of American poultry may be gained from the statement that chickens and eggs rank above the wheat crop in value. The value of the poultry product is said to be \$290,000,000. The value of the cotton crop is \$260,000,000; of the wheat crop only \$238,000,000, and of the entire crop \$187,060,000. In North Carolina poultry matter, there is great room for improvement.

Our readers doubtless remember the story "Engineer Connor's Son," by Will Allen Dromgoole, which was published in THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER some weeks ago. It was a most pathetic little story, and our readers doubtless enjoyed it. Next week we shall publish a humorous story by the same author. The title of this story is "George Washington's Butday," and those who have read both stories will be ready to admit that the author is a master of both humor and pathos. Don't forget to read it.

We must insist that if the date on your label is not changed within two weeks after you send us money, that you notify us at once. If you wait a month or more and cannot tell the exact date when money was sent, we're put to a great deal of needless trouble. Some people wait a year or more and thus expect us to look through a list of several thousand names to find out whether or not their label was properly changed. It is worth several dollars to trace up errors like this and we hope subscribers will in future remember the rule; Notify us at once, if the date on your label is not changed within two weeks after you send your money.

The Populist party is not the only one that is having trouble with its National Chairman. National Chairman Jones, of the Democratic party, is trying to get ex-Chairman Harry, his predecessor, off the National Executive Committee of that party, because of his pronounced goldbug views, and many Democrats are kicking. "It is," says the Wilson Advance, "a curious spectacle to see the Chairman of the National Committee of a divided political party solemnly sitting in judgment upon and proposing to politically execute a man who, as chairman four years earlier, led that party to success." Just what this fight will lead to cannot yet be known.

THE WAKE COUNTY ALLIANCE WIDE AWAKE.

The adjourned meeting of the Wake County Alliance held at the Court House in Raleigh last Thursday was well attended and a most enthusiastic and satisfactory meeting. It was a beautiful day and there was a larger turnout than usual. Brethren were present from several Alliances which have been dormant some time, and they partook of the enthusiasm and will be heard from later.

Brother Denmark explained a plan he thought a good one for the Alliance to adopt and put in motion at once, and a committee appointed to take the matter under consideration advised its adoption as the most simple and practical plan yet suggested for the disposition of the shoe factory product most easily, distributing it more generally, and most safely and easily worked.

The Executive Committee of the County Alliance together with the President and Secretary-Treasurer were constituted a Board of Directors to arrange details and put the plan in operation at the earliest practicable moment.

Feeling sure that this plan will be adopted by other counties, we will await the completion of some of the minor details before publishing. These details will be arranged as soon as possible, and plan furnished to the brethren. The brethren were delighted with it, and those who were inclined to doubt, now have those doubts dispelled, and are confident this plan solves the last problem between the shoe factory and success.

There is now no need for a Sub Alliance remaining in a dormant, do-nothing condition because of the tardiness in starting the shoe factory. The factory is now running, and it turns out the best quality of shoe. It is your factory. It was paid for with your money. Built at your expense. It is your property, and you should feel proud of it, and interest yourself to spread its products. North Carolina has been running about eighteen shoe factories in New England regularly for years, paying New England laborers to make their shoes, and New England capitalists, who own our railroads, to bring them to us. Now will State pride and a disposition to free ourselves and use the product of our own labor, in our own factory, stimulate us to unite and stand together? What say you, my dear reader? Who would be free must first strike for liberty.

UNWISE CONDUCT.

For sometime Wilmington and Charlotte have been threatened with an epidemic of smallpox, the most fatal of all the contagious diseases. By prompt action of the authorities in both cities the danger seems to have been greatly diminished, but this is by no means certain. Many of the people in both cities submitted to vaccination voluntarily, and many others were vaccinated by force of a compulsory law. But many resisted the law. Indignation meetings were held by those who opposed vaccination.

All this opposition seems strangely out of place. We know that vaccination is not a pleasant operation. If successful a sore arm is a foregone conclusion. But it is a certain preventive of this horrible disease, at least it prevents a serious attack, and it is remarkably strange that people will even hesitate when the disease appears in a city. Of course it is hard on people who are obliged to perform daily manual labor. They are liable to lose a few days from their employment. But in many instances the strongest opposition has been developed among people who could afford to spare time enough to allow vaccination to take effect.

Before this preventive was discovered millions died of smallpox, now only thousands die, and they are those who are never vaccinated, or who have not been vaccinated in a number of years. People should hesitate long before they create a row against vaccination, the most wonderful of all the discoveries made by medical men.

RALEIGH NEWSPAPERS.

The Post and the News and Observer, Raleigh's morning dailies do not seem to be in the best of humor with each other. Both are Democratic. The Post is an open defender of the Southern Railway. The News and Observer is for anything that has filth in it. Our readers remember what a fuss it made over the Butler "shortage" at the A. & M. College. It was claimed by it that Butler was \$5,000 short in his accounts. Later events showed that he was "long" \$3,000.

The Biblical Recorder, (religious) aptly says that if the shortage had been \$50,000 and Butler's politics had suited the News and Observer, that sheet would never have mentioned it. Had we to choose, we prefer the Post's clear and fearless defense of monopoly to the News and Observers

Pharisee-like, pretended friendliness for the people.

But to return—the following clipping may shed some light on the subject of the love which Raleigh's leading dailies have for each other:

THE POST AND

The Post and the News and Observer, Raleigh's two bright and newsy morning papers have recently made some valuable additions to their plant—the first put in type machines and the later has added a new press of the latest make. Both papers are much improved. Thanks for both the Post and the News and Observer.

Where the Courier mentions the News and Observer, the Post, as will be seen, places a dash. The Post editor doesn't dare take the holy (I) name of the State savior's daily between his sinful lips.

The newspaper war in Raleigh is pretty interesting to on-lookers, and when the promised Republican journal finally steps into the already crowded field, it is likely to be more interesting still.

DISGUSTED.

Some newspapers in North Carolina could raise themselves greatly in the estimation of the thinking public and at the same time greatly ease their own consciences by following the example of the editor of the Petersburg, Ind., News, a Republican paper. He is disgusted with himself for having distributed goldbug "prosperity" supplements during the year 1896, and in a recent issue of his paper makes this statement:

"During each month of the year we furnished our readers with Republican prosperity supplements. No more such supplements will be sent out with our paper. The supplements are a fraud, a delusion and a lie. We are ashamed of them, sick and sore at the idea of sending out such 'prosperity supplements' when at the same time we are unable to collect enough money to meet our bills—after having made them."

This campaign year THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER is prepared to stand up for the interests of the farmers and laborers, regardless of consequences. Democrats, Republicans, and Populists are on our staff of editors, and we bid defiance to party lash. We shall serve no master and shall be ruled by no faction. Each one of the editors is a true blue Alliance man and we shall work for the Alliance and its principles. If you want a paper that is a slave to party and is afraid to say anything without the consent of the party boss, then you must try some other paper. But if you prefer a paper that does not fear to tell the truth on all—a paper that will interest every member of the family and is alike a paper for the campaign, farm and fireside, then you want THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER. If you are a subscriber, get us up a club. If not a subscriber, send in your own subscription. As it is a campaign year, we will run the paper at \$1 per year, 50 cents for six months, three months for 25 cents. Let us have a club from your neighborhood.

RANSOM'S CATSUP.

One of the most courteous and polite representatives of the South who ever came to Washington is ex-Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, who has recently returned to this country from Mexico, where he was the American minister.

If there is anything that "Matt Ransom," as he is called, prides himself upon it is his courtly manner and distinguished bearing under any and all circumstances. But his dignity was given a jolt at the Metropolitan Hotel a few days ago in a manner that the punctilious North Carolinian will never forget.

Only a few moments before the incident occurred he had been lecturing a constituent on the evils of drinking and pointing to himself as an example of sobriety and total abstinence. Hanging upon his arm at this time was a light-weight overcoat, and his hand was tightly gripped around the handle of a small leather satchel. One of the bell boys grabbed the overcoat and satchel simultaneously for the purpose of taking them up to Mr. Ransom's room. In his haste the bell boy tripped and sprawled on the floor and a suspicious looking black bottle slipped out of one of the overcoat pockets and was smashed into a thousand pieces on the marble floor of the hotel corridor.

"There goes my bottle of catsup," said Mr. Ransom, without changing a muscle of his face. But the odor that arose from the marble floor was suggestive of the strongest liquor ever brewed by a North Carolina moonshiner.—Chicago Tribune.

Listen a minute. We have a request to make. When you read this copy of THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER, hand it to a neighbor and get his subscription. He'll never regret it, and when he has taken the paper a year, he will thank you for asking him to subscribe.

NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR OUR READERS.

We believe that the best of everything is none too good for our readers, and we are pleased to tell our readers this week of a treat in store for them, and not simply a treat, but a great treat, in fact, two great treats.

We have secured the services of Prof. Frank E. Emery, Agriculturist N. C. Agricultural Experiment Station, and Secretary-Treasurer of the N. C. State Dairyman's Association, as editor of our Dairy and Live Stock Department. All of our former readers are to be congratulated upon this selection, for, as every one will admit, there is not, within the bounds of the State, a man more capable to edit this department. Prof. Emery is a true-blue Allianceman, and best of all, writes from experience. To every one who owns a cow, this feature of the paper alone will doubtless be worth the subscription price.

This is treat No. 1. Again, Prof. B. Irby, who was until recently Professor of Agriculture A. & M. College, Raleigh, has consented to become the editor of our agricultural department, and will, besides, write on various other topics of interest to farmers. His letters will indeed be a treat. Mr. Irby has had much experience in farming. He knows the farm in all its phases, and from every standpoint. Our aim in securing him as editor, is to make THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER such a help to farmers that no farmer in the State can afford to do without it. And we predict that future events will prove that we have almost succeeded.

This is treat No. 2. Not the least valuable feature of these letters is that they will be peculiarly fitted to that great farming and trucking section between Richmond and Savannah, as they will not try to cover the whole country, as some papers attempt to do.

THINK OF THIS.

The Southern Mercury of Dallas, Texas, of February 3rd, contained a quib which will bear three readings. Here it is:

"We don't say this because the Mercury is a farm or reform paper, but because it is the truth of history. If present economic and political evils are ever checked or reformed it will be by a vigorous effort in the country school houses spreading to the towns. Reader, the responsibility is as much on you as on any other man or woman. Talk it in your school house, at your fire-side and in your town. You are dominated by political fakirs because you are either ignorant or slavishly submissive. Don't be a party or hero worshipper, or a made to hand hero."

When this has had its three readings, we think it will pass unanimously.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose you were to see a man bitten by a serpent, whose bite you knew was in most instances fatal, and suppose that man, instead of fleeing from his danger or killing the reptile, should again and again bare his arm and place it to the serpent's forked tongue in order that more of the deadly poison might enter his system.

Well, you might say the man had most likely just escaped from a lunatic asylum, or that he intended to commit suicide. And it is very probable that one of these two reasons for his strange action would be the correct one.

Now it is hardly possible that you will ever see a man calmly allow a serpent to bite him more than once, but it is very likely that you are doing something almost as foolish. Lack of organization among farmers and laborers is a serpent which has more than once bitten them, poisoned their happiness and hopes and proven fatal to prosperity. Does not every thinking farmer or laborer know this is true? And yet he again and again bares arm, so to speak, to this deadly serpent. He calmly allows it, again and again, to poison his happiness and blight his fondest hopes.

Why does any sane man persist in this suicidal course? Why does any sane man sit still with the silly cry of "I can't stick" or "we can't organize," and wait for some one else to take the lead, while all the time the deadly poison of class legislation and lack of organization is getting in its deadly work? "What wouldst thou have a serpent bite thee twice?" asked Shakespeare, two centuries ago. And again in these closing days of the nineteenth century, the question presents itself to the American farmer and laborer with more than ordinary force. It demands an answer. An answer it must have. With the evidence of the deadly poison before us, will we be long in answering the all important question: "What, wouldst thou have this serpent bite thee twice?"

This question, as we have stated before, must be decided by the farmers and laborers themselves. They cannot shift the responsibility. The question, too, must be answered by acts, not

by words. It is not enough to abuse the serpent, not enough to howl calamity, or send up pitiful wails, but we must cease to bare the arm to this deadly serpent and must assert our independence.

When the question of organizing is pressed upon us, it is not enough to say that we realize the need of it, but we each one of us, individually, must feel the need of getting to work, and must do it.

An Alliance should be organized or reorganized at every school house in North Carolina. Here is work for each one of us. Let each sub-lecturer bestir himself. Our farmers have much to learn about political and domestic economy, and until they get together at least once a month in each school house in North Carolina there is little chance for improvement. Let us not try to "save the nation," or the State, or even our county, but let us not rest until a strong Alliance is organized in our school district.

Dr. V. N. Seawell, State Lecturer, is now trying to reorganize the Alliance on a strictly non partisan basis in Harnett, Duplin, Sampson, and surrounding counties. Let Alliancemen in these counties bestir themselves.

Democratic Alliancemen should remember that Populist and Republican farmers are as much interested in securing good prices for their products and in making the farming class independent as they themselves, and vice versa. Farmers of all parties are alike interested in improving farm methods, and in fighting the enemies of the farmers. Then don't let partisan politics crop out.

If an Alliance was organized in each school house in North Carolina, the results would soon be apparent in better posted and more intelligent farmers, well kept farms, and better prices for farm products. Every sensible farmer now sees the folly of trusting to "party." If the farmers would be free, they themselves must strike the blow. Their Republican clubs, their Democratic clubs, and their Populist clubs keep a sharp lookout for party, but none of these, in fact nothing short of a farmer's club, will look out for the farmer's interest.

QUILL DRIVERS.

What They are Saying and Doing. E. C. Waterman, who is the quill driver of the Newport News, attended church the other night. He was, we suppose, very pious looking that night, and when called upon to lead in prayer, proceeded to perform the duty in the following style:

"Almighty and kind Father, who doth from thy throne look down on the government of men and delinquent subscribers: Most humbly we do beseech Thee to draw near unto them and whisper a few things in their ear that the statutes forbid us to print. Thou knowest our wants, but the subscribers knowest them not and seldom steps in to inquire. Let it be known unto them that there are patches on the home-stead of our pants, and there in an aching void in the front of our backs and that we hunger and thirst and hearken us not to sup with him. Thou knowest Lord that our plant, paper and ink cost money, but the subscriber knoweth it not and careth a blame sight less. Thou knowest we are cold and the subscriber bringeth not the wood he promised, and we are shivering and shaking while he roasteth his shins before the red hot stove of his mother in law. Tell him all these things, Lord, and if he faileth and bringeth no succor, banish him to the lower regions to dwell among the calamity howlers, and Thine shall be the glory and praise throughout our newspaper career. Amen."

Despite their poverty, editors have some advantages over other people. Robbers, knowing full well that it is useless to try to get blood from a turnip or money from an editor, always pass them by. Hence, in robberies, the editor always gets out his note book and calmly writes up the affair while the masked gentlemen take the filthy lucre from his more fortunate brethren. We said always, but it so happened that the robber in one case was a new hand, and an exchange thus chronicles the result:

"Hands up!" said the villain with the low brow and the bulldog jaw.

"All right. I'll put up my hands," replied the man with the tall forehead and the pale countenance, "but you have evidently made a mistake. I am a newspaper man."

"Here," said the footpad, tears of pity springing into his eyes, "is a quarter. Don't let this ever become known, or the gang'll put me back in the amateur class."

The Lexington Dispatch says that a man was out in the woods hunting a short while ago and was caught in a hard rain. The rain poured down in torrents and the hunter crawled into a hollow log for shelter. When the rain ceased the log had swelled so the man couldn't move an inch. While in that unfortunate condition he began to think

over all his meanness and remembered that he had not paid his subscription to that paper, when he actually felt small that he crawled right out of the log.

We won't guarantee that the fellow was not also one of our delinquents, you begin to shrink up as you read this, know you by these presents what it means.

Some people don't know what an editor is like. For the benefit of another editor says:

The editor is just as you see him, in other words, he presents himself just as you may wish to look at him. He is as independent as a farmer, as pastry when he can, just like a capitalist, and often dines on chuck steak and corn bread as a laboring man, and don't care a darn what you or I think of him.

It is absurdly amusing, however, how different people look upon an editor.

Some take him for a football to be kicked down stairs when he writes something that doesn't suit.

Some people imagine he is a base ball to be knocked about over the common.

I once had an old lady mistake me for a pauper, and she sent me a pair of socks and a pair of woolen suspenders.

Some people imagine an editor is an ostrich who can live on scrap iron and ice water, for they never pay him.

If the editor writes an editorial they say he is dictatorial, if he don't, they say he is lazy.

I once knew a man who didn't have nerve enough to milk a cow unless his hind feet were tied over her horns, we said the editor was a coward.

Some men who haven't sense enough to call a syntax from sod corn think they could get out a better paper than the editor, one hand tied behind the other.

The man who owes the editor newspaper calls on him, and the man he calls every morning; between the editor the editor is constantly between him and high water in the creek.

Notwithstanding this, there are acre fields full of men standing around every where who want to be an editor.

One of our advertisers has been kind enough to show us the replies to his ad. in THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER, and we were disappointed to find that hardly one in ten of those whose names are on our subscription books state that they saw his ad. in this paper.

This is but a little favor, and we greatly appreciate it if each subscriber will mention THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER when writing advertisers. Don't forget this.

STATE LECTURER'S APPOINTMENTS.

- Let Every Farmer and Laborer, Whether Allianceman or Not, Attend Dr. V. N. Seawell, State Lecturer will lecture at the following times and places with the purpose of reorganizing the Alliance: Harnett Co., Witt Alliance, February 16th, 11 a. m. Cumberland Co., Fayetteville Alliance, February 17th, 11 a. m. Harnett Co., Dunn Alliance, February 18th, 11 a. m. Sampson Co., Newton Grove Alliance, February 19th, 11th. Sampson Co., Maple Grove Alliance, February 21st, 11 a. m. Sampson Co., Mingo Academy Alliance, February 22d, 11 a. m. Sampson Co., South River Alliance, February 23d, 11 a. m. Sampson Co., White Oak Alliance, February 24th, 11 a. m. Sampson Co., Roseboro Alliance, February 25th, 11 a. m. Sampson Co., Ingold Alliance, February 26th, 11 a. m. Sampson Co., Taylor's Bridge Alliance, February 28th, night. Sampson Co., Clinton Alliance, February 28th, 11 a. m. Sampson Co., Harrell's Store Alliance, March 1st, 3 p. m. Duplin Co., Rock Fish, March 3 p. m. Pender Co., Sills Creek, March 3 p. m. Moores Creek, March 5, 3 p. m. Doughton, March 7, 3 p. m. Rileys Creek, March 8, 3 p. m. Rocky Point, March 9, 3 p. m. Topsail Sound, March 11, 3 p. m. Maple Grove, March 12, 3 p. m. Burgaw, March 14, 3 p. m. Cane Neck, March 16, 3 p. m. Bladen Co., Coily, March 17, 3 p. m. Centreville, March 19th, 3 p. m. White Oak, March 21st, 3 p. m. Tar Heel, March 22d, 3 p. m. Bladenboro, March 23d, night. Abbottsburg, March 24th, 11 a. m. Register, March 25th, 3 p. m. Columbus, March 26th, 3 p. m. Samples of shoes from the Alliance Shoe factory will be on exhibition. The brethren will assist the Lecturer in getting to each of his appointments and otherwise assist in the work. Can you look the label of you pay square in the face? If you cannot it is because your subscription remains unpaid.