



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

The Progressive Farmer Company

(Incorporated under the laws of North Carolina.)

Home Office: 119 W. Hargett St., Raleigh.

CLARENCE POE, President and Editor.
 TAIT BUTLER, Vice-President and Editor.
 E. E. MILLER, Managing Editor.
 W. F. MASSEY, Associate Editor.
 JOHN S. PEARSON, Secretary-Treasurer.
 J. L. Mogford, General Representative.

THERE is no longer any doubt about the pea thresher being a success. And it is selling everywhere. One of our advertisers writes us that he had orders for a dozen from South America last week.

ACCORDING to Wallace's Farmer, the Missouri State Poultry Experiment Station offers \$100 cash to any firm or individual that can furnish a "roup cure" that will cure roup. "Roup cures" are plentiful—some farm papers still advertise them—but it is evident that they are made to sell rather than to cure roup.

APPROXIMATELY 2,200 students are enrolled at the Kansas Agricultural College this year. All but seventy-five of them came from Kansas homes and 738 of them are young ladies. Who is it that wonders, after reading these figures, why Kansas farmers are progressive and prosperous?

THERE should—and could—be twice as many young farmers to take the short courses in agriculture in the Southern agricultural colleges this winter as were in attendance last winter. Hundreds of our Progressive Farmer boys and young men should be getting ready right now to go, and we trust they are.

READERS may have noticed that for sometime we have been leaving that superfluous "ugh" off of "tho," just as "ue" has been left off of "catalog," and the "u" out of "honor." This week we write "thru" instead of "through," a change strictly in keeping with the others, and one, which like them, we expect gradually to become general. The trend of the times is towards simplicity and common-sense in spelling, and neither of these seems to us to require the old "ugh" termination.

OUR "Come South" Special was intended not only to help Northerners expecting to locate in the South, but also to help Southerners not satisfied with present location. The South has almost unlimited diversity of soil and resources. If for any reason you wish to leave where you are, look over letters and advertisements in our "Come South" issue, find what you want, and settle somewhere else in the South instead of going North or West where lands are twice as high.

IT IS an interesting article Dr. T. H. Young writes this week on his experiments with grapes. We quite agree with him that grapes could and should be much more generally grown in the South. Every farm should have a good supply. No one list of varieties will be found good in all sections. Write your experiment station for a list of those suited to your soil and climate. Don't expect any variety to do well, either, without careful pruning and spraying. It may give some returns, even if neglected, but the best crops come only as a result of care and attention.

IT'S GOOD Progressive Farmer doctrine—doctrine we are ready to say a hearty "amen" to—that Mr. W. R. Smith preaches in the Tifton, Ga., Gazette. We should like to see the following paragraph from his letter printed in big type and posted in every schoolhouse in the South.

"Do not permit any school official to make numskulls of your children by providing his incompetent relatives and political backers with lucrative positions. If they are objects of charity, the school-room is no place for them; let a collection be taken up for their benefit. When your school official forces upon your community a cross between a teacher and some other profession, when an efficient, well trained teacher stands ready to accept the position, he has committed a crime against every child in your school district."

A \$300,000,000 Robbery—Will Cotton Farmers Let It Happen Again?

THE Progressive Farmer is not supposed to print stories, and least of all is it supposed to print detailed stories of crime and robbery. And yet whether our readers have realized it or not, there has been appearing in our paper for more than a year now the regular weekly serial story—and the worst of it all, an absolutely true story—of one of the greatest crimes of recent years, a new chapter unfolding each week.

There have been no blood-curdling scenes; no pathetic pen-pictures of the boys and girls who have been robbed of their rights, or of the hard-working men plundered of the wealth they had won in the sweat of their brows; no eloquent portrayal of the meaning of the crime to hundreds of thousands of Southern country women, as worthy, despite their plain clothing, as any who boast of aristocratic blood and brilliant attainments in the society centers of the country.

We have had, we repeat, no vivid descriptions of this crime, to stir the blood and fire the indignation even of those who have themselves suffered, and have seen their families suffer, as a result of this great crime. For the story has been told, not in words, but in figures; and it has run, not with flaming headlines, but in small type under the unsensational heading, "The Cotton Market."

We defy any man who has ever earned his bread with his own sweat to read this Serial Story of a Crime without feeling his blood grow hot with indignation.

II.

Let us take a review of the more notable chapters of the story.

In The Progressive Farmer of August 12, 1911, just as the farmers began marketing their last year's crop, good middling cotton was quoted as bringing on the Savannah market 13½ cents a pound.

But in September the farmers began to sell, began to get their share of good cotton prices, and in The Progressive Farmer of September 30, we find that good middling had been hammered down on the Savannah market to 10½ cents a pound.

In October a larger proportion of the crop came in, and the October 14 Progressive Farmer quotation for Savannah good middling was 9 11-16 cents a pound.

In The Progressive Farmer of November 18, 1911, this Serial Story of a Crime brings out the fact that just then, when the season was at its height, and tens of thousands of farmers were being forced to sell their cotton, the price had been forced to 9½ cents a pound.

For several weeks following there was little variation. The prices could be ground down but little further. They had been forced almost as low—the cost of labor, land, and fertilizers considered—as the five-cent prices which brought such disaster to the South when the writer was hoeing, plowing and picking cotton with his own hands on one of these Southern farms. But even the 9½-cent November prices were pushed a little lower week by week until the end of the year; and we find in The Progressive Farmer of January 6, 1912, that the poor cotton growers who held out till Christmas and New Year, in the hope that they might then find some better cheer and fairer reward for the long year's weary labor—we find that these men were forced to give up their cotton at the still lower price of 9¼ cents.

III.

But by this time nearly all the cotton had passed out of the farmers' hands, and almost immediately the downward trend stopped. Next week (January 13) good middling was quoted at 9½ cents—the increase of ½ of a cent in one week going largely into the hands of the speculators and the big buyers.

A month later the price had climbed 10½ cents. The farmers had been too ignorant, too poorly

informed, too poorly organized to know the value of the crop, or to get it if they had known; but the speculators and the big buyers knew, and knew how to get the benefit of their knowledge; and by the end of the next month (March) we find Savannah good middling quoted at 10 13-16 cents—10 13-16, observe, as against nine cents two months before. In April it went still higher—11-cent prices prevailed; and May 11, when nearly the entire crop had passed out of the farmers' hands—we find that the price had climbed to 12 cents.

And here it stayed—at this high figure, or a little higher—until the time came when the man who grew the cotton—the man who in the sight of Heaven and right, is entitled to its value—would have shared some of the profits of the high prices. But when the time came for him to get his share, prices began to drop again. Consider these facts:

August 3, 1912, we find Savannah good middling quoted in The Progressive Farmer at 12½ cents per pound.

But the next month the farmers began to sell again; and The Progressive Farmer of September 21 brings the story that good middling had gone down to 11½ cents.

Last month more of the farmers were asking for their share of the good prices that had prevailed for the speculators, and the price dropped to 11 1-16 cents—as shown by The Progressive Farmer of October 19.

But while 12-cent and 13-cent prices were realized by the speculators and the big buyers, all summer, 11-cent prices could not hold for the plain farmers, and those who looked up the market quotations in The Progressive Farmer last week (November 2) found Savannah good middling quoted at 10 15-16 cents—and prices going lower still.

IV.

Or let us interpret our Story of a Crime in other figures. If the cotton crop of 1911 could have been sold at the August 12 quotation—estimating on 16,000,000 bales of 500 pounds each—it would have been worth \$1,060,000,000.

But by the time the farmers began to get their share (September 30), the price was 10½ cents, or at the rate of only \$850,000,000 for the crop.

October 14, when a greater number of the farmers were selling, the crop was valued at \$775,000,000.

November 18, \$760,000,000.

January 6, 1912, with the 9½-cent figure, the crop would have brought only \$730,000,000.

Now let us see what the crop became worth as soon as it got back in the hands of the speculators.

By February 10, it was worth \$830,000,000.

By March 30, \$865,000,000.

By May 11, \$960,000,000.

By August 3, \$1,020,000,000.

V.

A few farmers, of course, did hold their cotton and get a little share of the tremendous profits that went to the speculators and big cotton buyers. A farmer has just left our office who told of ginning his when the price was about 9 cents but held it and sold for 13 cents. But the pathetic reflection is that the farmers who were least able to bear the loss suffered most severely; the farmers whose children most needed books and clothing and schooling, whose wives most needed ranges and water-works and pianos, and who themselves most needed improved implements and machinery to lighten their toil, or paint for their homes, or repairs for their buildings—it was these poorest farmers who were forced to sell at the lowest prices, often for less than the crop cost them on any fair wage system.

Moreover, the figures do not bring out fully the real loss to the South and to our cotton growers. Say that the crop was worth \$730,000,000