

# THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

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## THE FARMER OF SNAP-BEAN FARM



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[Courtesy of Southern Ruralist.]

### Joel Chandler Harris.

The late Joel Chandler Harris, the South's beloved "Uncle Remus," bred on a Southern farm and all his life loving farm things and farm-folk, and keeping close to the soil as long as he lived by lovingly working on his place near Atlanta, which he called "Snap-Bean Farm"—it is certainly only fitting that a Southern farm paper should show his face to its readers, should encourage the memorial to his memory, and most of all should urge every farmer boy to read and treasure his "Uncle Remus" stories of Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, Brer Wolf, and all the other inhabitants, of brierpatch, broomsage field and cotton patch. The story of "Bill Sutton's Automobile," on page 6, is only an illustration of Mr. Harris' delicious humor, and will doubtless appeal to all our readers.

## The Menace of Night-Riderism Again.

Three weeks ago we published an editorial calling the attention of our readers to the perils of night-riderism in the South. Since that time the danger has grown more imminent, rather than less so, and with outbreaks in Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, and elsewhere, we should be false to our ideas of duty did we not again urge our people to avert at all hazards this menace to every legitimate interest of the South, and most of all to Southern agriculture.

We have had enough of talk; the time has come for action.

There have been enough resolutions passed and we have seen enough newspaper headings, "Night-Riders Condemned," etc., etc. What we need to see now is the heading "Night-Riders Hanged—or Imprisoned." That is the only way to stop this uprising which threatens to destroy the peace of the South.

When Sheriff House, of Lonoke County, Arkansas, the other day took his life in his own hands, leaving the hospital against the advice of his physician, to go home and bring the terrors of the law upon the budding night-riders in his county, he set an example which every other officer in the South should be proud to follow and which ought to insure a public monument to his memory.

And Sheriff Nichols, of Spartanburg County, South Carolina, the other day showed the true spirit of the law and a full appreciation of his duty as a sworn officer of the law,

when he met the mob with guns of steel instead of speeches of entreaty.

The Charlotte Observer is right in declaring that "what the mob needs is shooting, not talking;" and the Manufacturers Record is right in declaring that "a few fatalities judiciously administered and distributed will cure night riding."

In view of the numerous reports of the night-rider notices in different parts of the South, it is discreditable to us that some of these bullies are not already looking through prison bars—but now that our people are aroused to the seriousness of the situation, we hope for a speedy achievement of this most necessary and desirable result.

Over in Kentucky the other night a cowardly band of these ruffians went to a poor man's house and not content with killing him, killed his wife and two children also in cold blood.

This is the logical end of night-riderism—a state of things in which no man's life would be safe—no, nor woman's either—in which all property values would decline because of being in constant peril from the mob and in which neither young nor old in any unprotected country home could sleep in peace and safety.

It was a wise man who said centuries ago, "Resist the beginnings,"

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