

in that way cultivate more intensively, and obtain a much larger yield and profit per acre than by dry farming.

CORPORATIONS SUBJECT TO PUBLIC CONTROL.
When you go beyond this field of co-operation, you reach a field which is now largely occupied by large corporations, which are exercising a public use and for that reason subject to public control.

I believe that eventually the public ownership of all public utilities is inevitable in this country; but I am not a believer in the theory that we are ready to-day for municipal ownership in all our cities or for the government ownership of all our railroads.

Municipal ownership without municipal integrity may be a greater evil than corporate ownership, "and the last condition of that man be worse than the first."

I believe that political honesty must come before public ownership, and that the only way we will ever get political honesty is to restore the great majority of our people to the land, where they will live close to nature, and learn the obligations of man to his fellow men, and the imperative need of public integrity, by learning to unite together to do things for themselves.

HONESTY THE CORNERSTONE OF CO-OPERATION.

Man is the product of his environment. Man will be what he is trained to be. And co-operation will train men to be honest with each other and with the public, because honesty and integrity in the discharge of obligations to one's fellow men is the corner stone of co-operation.

Without it co-operation is a house built upon the sands.

With such integrity, co-operation is a house built upon the eternal rocks as a foundation.

And so it is that your movement for the formation of farmers' associations, in order that you may transmit for yourself the business of selling your own soil products, is but a single thread in the great cable of co-operation which will finally warp our ship of state off the rocks, and draw it to a safe anchorage.

The profits that you will make for yourself in the formation of these co-operative associations, and their management, is the least of the reasons which should impel you onward in the movement.

A CRISIS IN OUR HISTORY.
We have reached a crisis in our country's history.

It is a crisis threatening greater danger than when the cloud of disunion swept from the south and the nation was drenched in the blood of a civil war.

The cancer of corruption following in the wake of great wealth is eating out the vitals of our country.

I have shown you that there is but one cure, and it is to men of your class that we must look for this cure.

In training yourselves to co-operate together to do things for yourselves that one man cannot do for himself, you are engaged in carrying out a patriotic purpose just as noble as though you had enlisted as a soldier to shoulder your arms and march to the front and lay down your life, if need be, in repelling the army of a foreign invader.

We are spending millions for forts and navies and to maintain an army to protect ourselves against the other nations of the earth.

Our greatest danger is not from foreign nations. It is in our midst. It is at the very heart of our political and social life.

And you who are here to-day are pioneers in the great campaign which will result in overthrowing the cohorts of corruption which will otherwise destroy us.

OPPOSITION A STIMULANT.

I have been told that your movement meets with opposition. Those who oppose it are most unwise. It is the lesson of all periods of the history of our race that reform movements, movements for the betterment of mankind, even movements which merely purport to be for human betterment and are of questionable character, have been strengthened and built up and perpetuated by opposition and persecution.

No greater stimulus to the growth of your movement could exist than to have it systematically opposed. Such opposition rouses the combativeness and aggressiveness which is in every man's being, stimulates him to greater effort, and encourages him to persevere until obstacles have been overcome which would otherwise have caused failure.

STRENGTH COMES FROM STRUGGLE.

It is another law of nature that strength comes from strenuous struggle. The strong arm is the arm that is used. The strong mind is the mind that thinks. The strong man is the man who has developed every fibre of his physical vigor by use. The strong races of the earth are those which have survived oppression and overcome great obstacles in their development.

Be not discouraged by any condition that may confront you.

Be not discouraged even by temporary failure. It is the history of all movements that failure must at times be a part of their record.

But as the wise saying has it: "Failures are but the pillars of success."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SUCCESSFUL CO-OPERATION.

What others have done, you can do. If you want successful illustrations of co-operation among producers, go to California and study the workings of the associations which have been formed there among the fruit growers for the marketing of their product.

And the road to their success was paved with many failures. At first it seemed as though there were more failures than successes.

But they persevered. They were forced to swim or drown. They had to learn to market their own products or have their industries destroyed.

And so will you learn, if you will persevere and be loyal to your fellows and to your movement.

If you want other illustrations of successful co-operation, go among the co-operative creameries of Wisconsin or Michigan, or go among the co-operative canal companies of California or Colorado or Montana.

If you want instances of gigantic success in co-operation, go to England,

to Ireland and to Belgium and to Denmark and find it there.

CO-OPERATIVE STORES IN ENGLAND.

The growth of the co-operative stores in England has been something marvelous. Starting with practically nothing in the way of capital, in a comparatively few years they have built up a business aggregating millions of dollars a year.

But they began right.

They began with the acorn and they gradually developed the tree until it has become a great strong oak.

If they had begun at the big end, and subscribed a capital stock as large as their present capital, and gone out into the highways and byways to hire men to transact their business, forming a great organization in which no man was trained to his duties, they would have failed hopelessly and miserably failed.

And so would any great business enterprise started in that way.

Co-operation can be no exception to the law of evolution.

You must begin with the seed and let it grow gradually, as they did in England with their co-operative stores.

THE MAKING OF MEN.

The great central thought which should be the pillar of fire by night and the pillar of cloud by day to lead the American people out of the wilderness of the corruptions and dangers of accumulated and aggregated wealth should be a great public movement in the line of "making men" rather than "making money."

Our government is upheld upon the shoulders of its own people.

And as our citizenship is maintained at a high standard of moral and physical strength on the part of our men and our women, just to that extent will the strength of our nation be maintained.

If we would be sure of this, we must keep our young men from flocking to the cities.

The way to do it is to train them through a system of education which will equip them to solve the problems of the country, and plant the idea in their minds that the country after all offers a greater stimulus for mental activity than the city.

PROBLEMS OF THE COUNTRY.

The most attractive problems of this generation are in the country.

The building of good roads, the building of better farm homes, the engineering problems of the farm, the application of power to the needs of the farm and the farm home, the lessening of domestic burdens through better domestic arrangements, the construction of rural electric railways and rural telephones and farm irrigation systems and the application of machinery to all the uses of the farm, offer a field for effort and invention and the application of energy to the farmer's boy which no city can offer to him, provided he has had the opportunities of education to qualify him to solve these problems.

There should be in every county in this country a school where every farmer's boy could, without going any farther from home than the county seat, learn to do all the things which I have mentioned.

AGRICULTURE AND MANUAL TRAINING.

We have schools where a part of this training may be obtained. The Thorpe Polytechnic Institute at Pasadena, California, and the Stout Manual Training School at Menominee, Wisconsin, are of this class. But, coupled with them should be the agricultural training which a boy gets at the Doylestown National Farm School, or in part at the summer school of the Wisconsin State University at Madison.

And every girl should have an equal opportunity to fit herself for her duties as the mistress of a farm home.

Out of such homes will come a generation of strong, conservative and intelligent men who will solve the great problems of this people, and will solve them so gradually and steadily that no radical methods will ever need to be adopted.

They will put out of business the politician who wants to ride in blood up to his bridle bits, like an erstwhile governor of Colorado, or the present-day politician who seeks to ride into public office on a wave of prejudice and clamor the people's rights with his voice, while his hand, like as not, is in the pocket of some corporation.

"Put not your faith in princes"—nor in politicians.

"The Lord helps those who help themselves."

So long as the people depend for relief upon politics, just that long will they be disappointed.

THE LARK IN THE MEADOW.

When they learn the lesson of the fable of the lark in the meadow, and go to work to do things for themselves, to take politics less, and train themselves to do things by co-operation more, they will be surprised at the progress they will make in the right direction.

Politics, and a dependence on the part of the people upon politics, are the hope and the salvation of the corruptionists and the trusts, and of every combination of capital which lives by skimming the cream from the industries of the people.

If you want the cream yourself you must do your own skimming.

You must not imagine for moment that what I have advocated is a mere theory. It is far more than that. It is a broad highway leading us out of the social and political bog in which we have been mired down.

There are instances here and there all over this country where the seed has been planted and is thrifflily growing.

INDICATIONS OF THE MOVEMENT.

You see the movement at work in the increased interest in country life, in nature study in the school, in the establishment of such institutions as the Doylestown Farm Training School in Pennsylvania; in the Pingree potato patch idea; and the vacant lot farm associations which are working it out in many cities.

You see it in the school gardens which are being established in so many places and in the increased interest in agricultural training as a part of our public school system.

You see it in the great upbuilding of the Department of Agriculture as one of the component parts of our national government, and in the work

RED RUM.

A Temperance Lesson.

We were standing at the counter of a sumptuous barroom in San Antonio where Barclay and the two Englishmen in the party had met by appointment. Barclay had a ranch to sell which the Englishmen, two heavy-set, red-faced, high booted fellows were about to purchase. I had acted as broker in the transaction and was well pleased with the price settled upon and anxious that no "hitch" occur to delay the immediate closing of the bargain.

The bartender put out four glasses and a bottle of liquor in anticipation of our order and the two Englishmen and myself poured a good "three fingers" into our glasses, but Barclay hesitated a moment and then said, "I think I'll take sarsaparilla."

The Englishmen glanced at each other significantly. "We're not buying soft drinks today, partner," said one.

Barclay hesitatingly poured out a good sized drink and raised it to his lips and turned toward the Englishmen who smiled their approval.

A strange thing then occurred. Barclay took off his hat and looked into the crown of it for a minute and then set the untouched liquor on the bar again. "Gentlemen," he said, "You'll have to excuse me, but I cannot drink liquor." Todd, one of the Englishmen, banged his fist down on the bar and exclaimed:—"If you can't drink with us, you can't trade with us—that's all."

Barclay turned to him, his face very white, and said slowly:—"Then the deal is off gentlemen."

Presently Barclay said, "I'll admit I should like to trade with you, gentlemen, but the trade can go to the devil if I have to drink whiskey in order to make it. I will tell you why I can't drink liquor if you will listen a moment. You may think it took courage to refuse to drink, but I tell you it would have taken more courage to have accepted it." He drew a newspaper clipping from his pocket book and laid it down where we could all see it. "That's exhibit No. 1," he remarked.

For a moment we started in amazement at the great black letters which spelled the word GUILTY. The article following said that John Barclay was convicted of murder in the first degree, but that sentence was postponed through respect to the prisoner's mother who dropped dead in the courtroom upon hearing the verdict.

"That's nice stuff for a man to read about himself, eh?" said Barclay, with a feeble smile. He folded the slip, put it back in his pocket-book and produced another which read "Barclay to be hanged on the twenty-first instant."

"Gentlemen," he said, "the immediate cause of those two notices was murder. The prime cause was—well, what is 'murder' spelled backward?" Without waiting for an answer he traced the letters of the word with his pencil in the order suggested: "RED RUM."

An embarrassed silence followed.

"Gentlemen, the rum that I drank murdered my mother. At that time," continued Barclay, "my mother and I were living in a boarding house kept by an old maid of uncertain means and temper. I had just returned from a cattle-trading trip and was regaling 'the boys' with a little up-country gossip and some hot rum. I remember it was eleven o'clock at night. The whole scene comes back to me now: the hot rum-and-water laden air; the great stove, red with rage and energy. There my remembrance of the scene ends."

That department is doing to stimulate an interest in agriculture and the prosperity of those engaged in it.

You see it in the awakening interest in co-operation everywhere, in the co-operative associations that are being formed, in the rapid growth of co-operative creameries and co-operative producers' associations of all kinds.

TRiumPH OF THE RURAL LIFE.

And the one thing which will tend it more easily possible, which will tend to the most to draw the city dweller to the country and relieve the loneliness and isolation of the farm life, are the good roads, for which a great movement is now gathering force, and the electric railway systems which are threading the rural districts in every thickly settled farming section of our country.

All these are forerunners of the final triumph of the rural life and of a new era in this country when "Men-making" and not "Money making" will be our national slogan.

"A time like this demands strong men; Great hearts, true faith and ready hands; Men whom the just of office does not kill, Men who possess opinion and a will, Men who have honor, men who will not lie."

Men who can stand before a demagogue, And damn his crocheted sateries without winking; Men who are not afraid, Tall men sun-crowned, who live above the fog, In public duty and in private thinking."



If he will not sell Arbuckles' ARIOSIA write to us. We will supply you direct. You will get greater value for your money—a better pound of coffee—full weight—than he can sell you under any other name. He cannot sell Arbuckles' ARIOSIA loose, by the pound out of a bin or bag, because we supply it only in sealed packages that you can identify every time, which protect the coffee from the dust and impurities that loose coffee absorbs—and insure full weight. Coffee exposed to the air loses its flavor, strength and purity. You cannot tell where it came from—neither can the grocer—he may think he knows—but he doesn't, and all you can ever know is the price ticket. It is worth remembering that outward appearance is no indication of "cup" quality.

Grocers as a rule are honest, trustworthy men who would not consciously mislead you. Whenever one of them advises you to take loose grocery store

coffee, instead of Arbuckles' ARIOSIA, he doubtless believes he is doing you a favor, whereas he is really depriving you of the most wholesome and delicious beverage that you can buy, something better than anything else he can sell you for the price. The sales of Arbuckles' ARIOSIA Coffee exceed the sales of all other package coffees in the United States combined, and the business of Arbuckle Bros. exceeds that of the four next largest concerns in the world, simply because the public actually receives better coffee for their money in Arbuckles' ARIOSIA than they can buy in any other way.

Arbuckles' ARIOSIA Coffee is good to drink—it quenches the thirst and tastes good. Most people need it. It aids digestion, increases the power and ambition to work and it makes one feel like doing things—no after depression.

United States soldiers drink more coffee than the soldiers of any other nation.

When I awoke I was horrified to find myself in a prison cell. The jailer stood at the door and cautioned, "Remember anything you say may be used against you." A great dread sat, like a lump of ice, on my heart. I begged him to explain. Anything but that awful suspense. Then he told me I had murdered Miss C, the old landlady.

"My trial was set down for a date about a month off and my angel counsel secured the best and ablest counsel to defend me; but, best of all, she came to me in my agony and put her hand on my forehead, and then kissed me and told me that she believed me innocent. How she could logically do it, with evidence enough against me to damn an angel, I don't know, but she did it with her woman's heart, and her woman's heart broke when, at length, the jury told her she had been mistaken."

"Gentlemen," resumed Barclay, after a pause, "I used to believe all lawyers rascals until that time. But the way that man worked for me was nothing short of sublime. He labored with me day in and day out, morning, noon, and night, striving by all means known to philosophy, science and practice, to recover from the sensitive plates of my memory the picture printed on them by a rum-enslaved spirit between the hours of eleven P. M. and two A. M. on the night of the murder. But it was of no use. Evidently the fling of memory had been temporarily desensitized by the stupefying influence of the alcohol. Anyway, nothing could bring the dreaded pictures of that awful period to the surface.

"I shall not bore you with the harrowing details of the trial. It was shown, however, that I had been discovered in Miss C's room. I was on the floor in a drunken stupor when the officers arrived, and was completely dressed, even to my overcoat and hat. Near my right hand, as if I had but recently relaxed my hold upon it, lay my pistol. One of the cartridges had been discharged and the bullet found in Miss C's body fitted the empty shell.

"My lawyer used to come to my cell and implore me to use every trick and device that I knew to bring back the chain of events of that fateful night, but I could only gaze at him stupidly. So far I could go, but no further. At a certain point the cloud of oblivion would drop before my mind, and I could not penetrate it. I thought that by thinking with great rapidity, and running with exact sequence along the chain of occurrences leading up to a certain hour, the mental momentum thus acquired might carry me through into the realms of my mental darkness. But it was without avail. You can drive a horse at a furious rate right up to the brink of a lake, but there he will stop, and not budge an inch further; and the blackness of the lake in front of him is no blacker than the blackness of that hell-born period of five or six hours of oblivion that confronted me. O, the helplessness of it all. I used to sit and watch my lawyer fight against such overwhelming odds that the admiration I felt for his skill would, at times, so absorb me that I felt the part I was taking in the awful tragedy.

"To make a long story short, the case finally went to the jury. You have seen the newspaper clippings. The verdict killed my mother who had never once left my side during the trial, except at night, and then only to resume her place the first thing in the morning. She had been hoping against hope. When mother dropped dead, I offered a silent prayer of gratitude that she had not lived to witness the last act.

"On the morning of the twenty-first, as the clipping says, I was brought before the judge, an old friend of my father, and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead. Gentlemen, there's an experience not many ever had and lived to tell of it. Words are but feeble when one tries to describe it.

"Talk about timely rescues in the dramas—'all neatly planned to occur with the regularity of clockwork'—why they actually had that awful black cap drawn over my face, and the noose adjusted before the governor's 'stay' arrived. I heard a commotion in the crowd and wondered rather impatiently what the delay was about. Then hands removed the cap and noose, and I was led back to my cell. When I reached my cell and sat upon my bed, I couldn't realize what had occurred and pinched myself to see whether I

were really there, or my spirit had come back to haunt the place.

"Presently the head jailer came to me and told me that a fire had taken place in the neighborhood the night before, in which two strange men were so badly burned that death was but a matter of hours with them. One of the men, when he was told that he could not live, sent for the minister and confessed to having committed the murder I had been convicted of. His story, which was subsequently confirmed by the other burglar, was substantially that they had come to our town in quest of proper prey. They had learned that Miss C had many well-to-do boarders in her house, some of whom carried money with them in large amounts, and they had determined to rob the house. The hour was late, and the night very tempestuous and black, the very elements seeming to favor the wicked purpose of those men. Their plan was to go to Miss C's room and secure the keys of the house, after which they could loot at leisure. Accidentally, however, they awakened the landlady, who immediately set up such an unearthly screaming that it was found necessary to despatch her without more ado. One shot was enough for the dastardly purpose, and the poor old creature, who had never done any other harm than to ask for her just dues, went quickly 'over the river.' The robbers then paused for a moment to ascertain if anyone in the house had been aroused by the shot. Concluding finally that the storm had drowned the report of the pistol, they determined to leave at once, as the murder had so unnerved them that they had no thought of theft, but cared only to get away. As they were going out, however, they discovered a man lying in the hall at the landing, near Miss C's door, in a drunken stupor. Then it occurred to them to drag the man noiselessly into her room, and leave him there with a pistol on the floor near his hand. Their motive in doing this was to divert suspicion from themselves, as they were strangers in the place. When they discovered that I had a pistol in my pocket similar to their own, they exchanged cartridges; hence the empty shell in mine.

"Gentlemen, that is my story."

Presently he said: "I know there's one question you all want to ask. You want to know what I've got in my hat that had such a startling effect upon me. I will tell you what it is—it's a picture,—it's not that of mother, nor my sweetheart, but"—and he held his hat with the inside turned toward us.

There was a picture there, one that caused us all to shudder. It was the picture of a gallow.

Todd extended his hand.

"The deal is on," he said.

Didn't Keep the Appointment.

A young American student at Prague fell deeply in love with a pretty German girl and sent her a note proposing a place of meeting. He wrote: "That my darling may make no mistake, remember, I will wear a light pair of trousers and a dark cutaway coat. In my right hand I will carry a cane and in the left a cigar. Yours ever, Jake." The girl's father got hold of the note and sent this answer:

"Dot mine future son make no mistake, I will be dressed in mine shirt sleeves. I will wear in mine right hand a club, and in mine left hand I will grasp a six-shooter. You will recognize me by de vay I bats you on de heat a goople time twice mit mine club. Wait for me at de corner, as I have somedings important to inform you mit. Your frent, Heinrich Muller."

Query—Did the young man keep the appointment?

If your grocer does not sell ARIOSIA let us send you a

Family Box.

On receipt of \$1.80, express or postal money order, we will send 10 pounds of ARIOSIA in a wooden box, transportation paid to your nearest freight station. The \$1.80 pays for the transportation and the coffee, which will be in the original packages bearing the signature of Arbuckle Bros. that entitles you to free presents. Ten pounds—ten packages—ten signatures. If you write for it we will send free a book containing full particulars and colored pictures of nearly 100 presents for users of Arbuckles' ARIOSIA Coffee.

The price of coffee fluctuates—we cannot guarantee it for any period.

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"WALNUTTA HAIR STAIN"

Restores Gray, Strained or Bleached Hair to its Natural Color. It is a permanent stain, does not wash out, and does not fade. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all cases of gray hair, and is the only one that will restore the hair to its natural color. It is a true hair restorer, and is the only one that will restore the hair to its natural color. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all cases of gray hair, and is the only one that will restore the hair to its natural color.

Glorious Hair Grown Free.

A Wonderful Preparation Which Turns Back the Hand of Time—Makes the Old Young and the Young Beautiful.

Free Samples of the Greatest Hair Tonic on Earth Distributed by a Well-Known Medical Institute.

NO ROOM LEFT FOR DOUBT.

We can cure you of baldness, hair falling, scanty partings, all diseases of the scalp, stop hair falling and restore gray and faded hair to its original color.

We don't want you to take our word for it. We will prove it to you AT OUR OWN EXPENSE.

A FREE PACKAGE of our wonderful treatment will get your case under control and make you happy.

Our remedy is NOT A DYE nor a hair color, but a marvelous and natural Hair Food. You cannot make a mistake in trying it, for we ship it to you prepaid at our own expense, and do not ask you for a cent of money unless you feel justified by results.

It makes not the slightest difference to us how long you have had your trouble. We will go to the roots of it and cure it.

Think just for a moment what this means. Think what it promises for those who have lost or who are losing, the glorious tresses of youth!

We will restore your hair, make it long and strong, make it as you wish it to be, and give you more satisfaction than you have ever before experienced. Do not be disappointed because you have used other hair remedies without results. Be just to yourself and to us. Our hair oil will make you happy. What it has done for others it will do for you.

We ask you in all kindness to write to us and we will send you by return mail, at our own expense, a full trial treatment of the Greatest Hair Food on Earth.

We will also send you our interesting booklet of advice and hundreds of testimonials from delighted patients, giving their experience for the benefit of others who have become discouraged. You will never regret answering this announcement, for it means much to you, more than you can imagine.

If you want beautiful hair, if your hair is getting so that you look aged or your personal appearance is disgraced, write to us for help.

We are an Incorporated Company, not a private concern. We want you and your friends to know what we can do, and how we do it. Send to-day, and do not put it off. You will be delighted with what we send you, and it costs you nothing. Address in full, enclosing \$1 stamp for reply, LAWRENCE MEDICAL PREPARATIONS, Incorporated, Dept. 622, 2110 North Peach St., Baltimore, Md.