

control your representatives in Congress, when there are more than a hundred farmers to one merchant who voted for them? Are you going to allow your interests to be ignored by an insignificant minority? If not, then you'll have to get busy, and also cause your neighbor farmers to get busy and go into the letter-writing business, and stay in it, until you get results.

**WHAT THE UNION FARMER SHOULD DO.**

(Continued from page 1.)

must go along as if nothing had happened and believe they'll come right after awhile.

These are only a few of the qualifications indispensable to the leadership that must perpetuate the Farmers' Union. I believe, though, we are developing this class of leaders gradually, and I largely attribute the phenomenal increase in membership to that fact. If these traits are required of leaders, it is certain that qualities no less positive are required of members generally. They must exact loyalty and a rigid accounting of the leader, but they must uphold his hands, dismissing idle suspicions against him, and resist the everlasting temptation to kick out of the organization because it may have made one or two failures in their locality. A menace that should be carefully watched is the outside critic. Frequently, he is an old member who became dissatisfied because he was not elected to some petty office, or because of a private grudge against some officer or member, or because things didn't go just to suit him in his local. There has been treachery, failure, weakness and all sorts of the sins he charges, in the union. Nobody denied that. There have been similar offenses in every large organization, of whatever nature. But the man who leaves the Farmers' Union, or any other association simply because its members are not possessed of superhuman virtues; the man who refuses to do his share in solving the problems and lessening the hardships of his fellows because he finds they're not angels—ought to go out and associate with the animals. That's about all he's useful for.

We are, slowly, overcoming another fault that has weakened the organization, and that is developing leaders whose sole ambition is to use the influence they create in the Farmers' Union to help them in other lines. There are plenty of men I could name to you who have joined the union with the deliberate intention of leaving it, after they have built up fences for political prestige, for a commercial career, or some other selfish end. This sort of leader must go. The only kind who counts in the long run, is he who enlists for the entire war, not for one battle, and who goes into a Farmers' Movement, not to curry strength for himself, but to stay in the organization, growing more useful as he learns more and has the foolishness hammered out of him.

It is well in a year that promises to mark even higher membership records than those now obtaining, that members bear in mind these simple first rules. They are necessary, if we are to live up to our mission, develop our highest usefulness and make our influence felt in every field of activity in this country.

CHARLES S. BARRETT.

Union City, Ga., March 14, 1912.

**NOW AND THEN.**

Trojan, in Raleigh Christian Advocate.

Talk about the high cost of living or the cost of high living, here is something apropos. I felt like it would be good for me and my folks to have a shad. I 'phoned to the fish market and the man said: "Roe shad, \$1.75; a good buck, 85 cents; pair of hickory shad, 50 cents; and a bunch of herring, 20 cents." The latter being so full of small bones, I didn't care for, and hickory shad I didn't want even gratis. The prices of the roe and buck cut me out entirely. Consequently I told the butcher to send us a pound of round steak at 15 cents, and my wife, who is a preacher's daughter, took that one pound of beef, cooked it right, made nice gravy and hot biscuit, and who wanted anything

better? So we said, farewell shad; beefsteak is just as good and doesn't cost so much.

Thinking of shad takes me back to other days when my home was in Fayetteville and where I was born, a little previous to John Hall.

"Take me back to the place where I first saw the light,

To my own Sunny South, take me home;

Where the mocking bird sang me to rest every night,

Oh, why was I tempted to roam?"

That's the idea exactly. We never paid any such price as that for shad. We never paid more than 50 or 60 cents for the best roe and 20 to 30 cents for bucks. As for hickory shad, you could get them for 10 cents per pair. Don't think me a kicker and wanting to go back to the old days, I am just remarking. Folks, generally, are much richer now than in those sweet days when the mocking bird sang his delightful songs and shad could be bought at reasonable figures. I am not of the rich but I was raised with shad and can't forget my raising. We got plenty of them in season, right there at Fayetteville, out of the dear old Cape Fear River and nobody thought of charging such outrageous prices. I never tired as a boy and young man in eating shad, but from present indications, there is no more shad for me. It's a shame. What are we coming to anyway? I wonder if the Legislature wouldn't do something for us in the way of relief as indicated in the complaint? Why it is much higher, comparatively, than sweet sugar and kerosene oil, and they are both handed out by wicked trusts. Good-bye shad.

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But I don't want any more sausage this year, thank you. A man called sometime ago and asked if I wouldn't take a few pounds of his home-made at 17 1-2 cents per pound? That it was very nourishing. I suppose so, and especially for a man afflicted with more or less uric acid and his entire circulatory system out of gear. However, I agreed to take a pound and gave the man 18 cents; that was too much but I couldn't make the change, exactly. "You are not in very good health?" he said. "No," was my reply. "You used to sorter preach, didn't you?" he continued. "No; I preached!" was the answer he got. "Well, I am a kinder preacher myself," he went on, "but here lately I have the Brown's-skeetis so bad that I don't preach much." But according to my notion, if he can eat that sausage and preach a little bit, or "sorter," he is a wonder and almost a miracle. No surprise to me that he has the "Brown's-skeetis." He says he makes a little home-made" every now and then but he will not get any more of it on me. I ate a small cake next morning for breakfast. It was tremendously lean meat and I looked at it with some fear and trepidation. Two o'clock the next morning uric acid rheumatism had my right foot and it looked as if it was going to tie it up in a knot. My good doctor had to come and straighten out the foot as he has come many a time and given me a lift. Shad wouldn't have done me that way and sausage won't any more.

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Some days ago there died on Blackwell's Island, in the Alms House, an aged lady, who had been known to many as a reputable physician. For many years she was in active practice, giving her services largely to the poor and, consequently, saved no money. Her own health in old age became much impaired and she landed in the poor house. She was high-minded and too proud to let her condition be made known to old friends, who would have been glad to have given her aid. A nurse in one of the hospitals where Dr. Baldwin had given attention to the sick, learned of the woman's death about the time her body was to be consigned to the grave. She obtained the body, and, securing a nice casket, had the remains interred decently as was proper for one who had done so much good for suffering humanity.

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In the same city there lived another woman and she owned a dog and much money and property, too. You know in this day there is to be found once in awhile a woman who prefers a dog to a child. The dog was taken ill and for several days lingered attended carefully by the best dog doctor in the city. The poor mistress was sick too and denied the privilege of watching over her poodle but a trained nurse was employed. The dog died. The body was placed in a fine casket with his name on a silver plate and lay in state in the reception hall. Friends sent flowers with cards attached bearing expressions of deep sympathy. The deceased was carried in a fine hearse to the cemetery for pet poodles and laid in a grave specially prepared for him and on which was placed the flowers sent by the sorrowing friends. Now

then, Dr. Mary Baldwin died in the poor house and was about to be laid in a pauper's grave when her body was fortunately secured by an old friend and properly interred. But what a difference between her funeral and that of the dog's!

"Rattle her bones  
Over the stones,  
Nothing but a pauper  
Whom nobody owns."

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It is none of my business how much a woman loves her dog, but it is a sad commentary on the conduct of many women who, apparently, care more for dogs than they do for children. Thousands of dollars are spent for dogs and their luxurious keep, while human beings, unfortunate in their battle with the issues of life, must die in the poor house and be buried in pauper's graves. This unevenness must be an evidence that in some day Almighty God will strike a correct balance and settle in full. It is nothing to the dead what kind of funeral is given them, but to us who are living, a five hundred dollar funeral for a dog and a pine box funeral for a human being are not according to the fitness of things. And this does not take into account the valuable lives lost by hydrophobia caused by the worthless curs.

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Sometime ago in Fayetteville, Hiram Whaley, after living more than eighty years, passed over the River to enter into his well earned reward, the rest prepared for the people of God. He made harness and saddles to meet expenses; his business was serving God. He was my first Sunday-school teacher and taught me much that was good. My mother sent me one day down town on an errand and in passing the old Hay Street Church I noticed the door of the Sunday-school room, in the rear of the church, was open, and curiosity prompted me to investigate. I peeped in and saw some men and women, more of the latter, and the women most of them wore sun bennets. I saw Mr. Whaley going from one to another and he was talking and then would pause and listen to the members as they told him how they did spiritually. He was holding an old-fashioned class meeting, although I knew it not then. I had slipped in and occupied a rear seat. Presently he came to me, wearing his usual benign smile, and placing his hand on my head, said: "Johnnie, you are young but you may die and in your grave soon may lie. Be a good boy and when that time comes it will be well with you." Well, I wasn't always the good boy he advised me to be but the impression made on my mind and heart by the kindness and goodness of Mr. Whaley remains with me until this day. In 1892 I went back to Fayetteville after eight years' absence and my mission was to preach in the old church. My first visit after reaching town was the harness shop, and as I went in he took both my hands and said: "I have never lost faith in you and that you would become a good boy, and to think that tomorrow I am to hear you preach." There is no use talking, you can't get away from the impression made on your mind and soul by the life of such a man as was Hiram Whaley. The greatest work that any man can do in this world is to help in the salvation of the sinner; and this writer, in what may be the sunset of his days, passes through sunlit hours as he often thinks of those who extended him the cordial hand and spoke the encouraging word. Don't forget to do this often, brethren, as you pass on, some one is waiting for you to do it.

Hyper-sensitiveness may come from overwork or illness, or from plain selfishness. To be easily annoyed is to be sick or selfish. When we are played out or worked out, our nerves are worn to the quick, and writhe at the touch of trifles. Then—rest for our lives. We cannot afford not to. But there is an irritability that is not physical. It is moral—or immoral. It comes from being self-centred. We live, but will not let live. We want our way any way. If we are interrupted, we are visibly annoyed. Interference, corrections, suggestions, light our fire-crackers, and we explode. Other people's pleasures and pains, their children, cats and dogs and canary birds, are impertinences. Why? Because they do not pertain to us. This is plain selfishness. Let us beware. It is the spirit, the essence, of evil. Let us go to the cross of Jesus and learn to love. We shall always be in relations in the world. Let us make them loving relations. Let us look out for hyper-sensitiveness. It means peril for body and soul.—Maltbie Davenport Babcock, in "Thoughts for Every-Day Living."

The glory of life is to love, not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served.—Hugh Black,