

# STRAW HATS at Half Price.

## NEW FALL GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.

**B. WILLIAMS & CO.**  
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97 JOHNSON ST.

### FARM PHILOSOPHY.

**Bill Nye Addresses the Sons of the Soil—He Discusses Divers Problems**

**And Tells How to Amuse the Soil so That it Will Laugh in the Autumn with Abundance.**

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The following are extracts from an address which I am now preparing and hope to deliver before our encampment of farmers to be held at Philadelphia during the coming autumn. The subject selected for the address is, "Why do farmers eat canned vegetables?" Later I shall also speak, if urged to do so, on the subject of "The appalling death rate among horned cattle along the right of way of railways and the liability of common carriers for loss of memory and impaired vitality among mules, caused directly or indirectly by injuries received at the hands of such common carriers."

I shall speak with considerable abandon regarding railways. I shall cry aloud and spare not. Yesterday I wrote to Mr. Boyd, of the Pennsylvania road, for transportation for self and wife to and



from the encampment, and a good time may be confidently looked forward to if Mr. Boyd should send same as requested in my esteemed favor of late date.

In speaking to the farmers of the United States I feel some freedom and some sympathetic interest, for by birth and nature I am a farmer, having passed my earlier years on a farm, and now in my declining days, "when the frost is on the pumpkin and the bud-dens in the shock," I am again engaged in the horrid growth which betokens manual toil in the field. Literature with me has been merely a fad, an incident, as it were. Farming has been my joy, my life, my love, my religion. While I have flown to the pen in my hours of dejection and when, east-drawn, my life work has been to cross the sheep corral with the horse chestnut, and thus produce a clotheshorse that would give general satisfaction.

It is therefore with no newly awakened intelligence that I approach agricultural questions, but with the courage and vigor of an 8-pound and 6-ounce brain that has thought rapidly upon these subjects while other brains were seeking good society, where they could avoid thought. It is not a newborn thought, with a limber neck and long clothes, that I introduce to your notice to-day, but mature and well-seasoned judgment upon those matters which so closely interest the farming millions of America. We as farmers are like the horse—patient and intelligent, but yet with a power which if used in our own interests would easily jolt the spine of the professional man and cause him to sit up in the middle of the road and exclaim bitterly, "Why was I at it?"

The question before us is, "Why do farmers eat canned vegetables?" One reason, I opine, is that they "come from the store." But is that a cogent reason? Should we eat an inferior article of food at a high price in order to be metropolitan and assume an air of reckless gaiety and ground feed which so ill becomes us?

Another reason that we eat canned vegetables, I opine again, is that we have been trying to live down an erroneous impression noticeable for many years among the gay and goddess but well-clad residents of the city. For centuries it was generally believed by those who dwell in town that farmers ate large quantities of cream, and that their gardens were full of every conceivable fresh vegetable and fruit. This theory has been exploded with a loud and reverberating report.

Farmers eat less cream than the pale and seductive but scholarly green goods dealer, and the poor people of the busy marts of trade have more fresh vegetables, except when they are in the country on their regular Fresh Air Fund vacation, than the farmer does. Farmers as a class like to grow, as it were, for the market, and they are in luck if they can market them. If they cannot market them, of course they can eat them, but not otherwise.

Of course in these calculations we do not consider the agricultural freak known as the fancy hand farmer, but rather the rank and file—the mass—as it were—of those who are seeking to bring from a reluctant and buggy soil bread for the eater, seed for the sower, wool for the weaver, meat for the master and soup for the sower.

We farmers are often asked: Why don't you keep our boys on the farm? Why don't you entertain them more?

Why don't we have a billiard table and orchestra in the barn, so that our boys can be happy at home and not seek to become rowdies and debauchees? They also ask us why we do not get a pair of bright red mules and raise a flock of nice red mules for the busy mart.

Most every one feels free to advise the farmer, and every little while some man who has amassed eighty-four dollars in trade comes out on the farm with a case of ginger ale, and also one of hay fever, bringing with him, too, a little red covered book to how to amuse the soil so that it will laugh in the autumn with abundance.

Anon he will be seen trying to live a large mortgage by means of a green mosquito net, but with ill success. The farmer obtains more such advice and examples than any body else. Those who fear that they may not succeed as respecters in town still know that they can succeed on the farm if the worst comes to the worst. Even the man who picks up the stubs of costly cigars in front of the Authors' club by means of a gold headed cane with a bird in the end says to himself, "How I wish I were a farmer!" "Tray beent!" If I fail at this the clover seeded fields are awaiting me. *Negotium est negotium!* I may at least buy a cow and raise virus for vaccinating purposes on the farm.

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We should not give up too easily in trying to raise vegetables. Canned corn is better than nothing, but corn grown on the place is far better. So it is with all other truck. An acre will raise a large family of vegetables and produce enough to sell. I could not sell any this year; but next year, if I can raise a few extra vegetables and sell them at what they have cost me this year, I will buy a billiard table and fit up a dive in the barn, so that the boys will not yearn to leave the farm. I realize that we should take more care to have our vegetables early. The earlier you can have your vegetables ready in the spring the more notice they will attract. I surmised this myself this season, but my cold frame was a shade too cold, I presume. At least when my vegetables were ready for the market they were as high as 1,000 and a shaggy dog killed in one night in a small garden where musk melons were growing in profusion.

The aphid, or plant louse, is another enemy of the farmer, and may be said to rank next to the tariff and the man who wishes to explain same. Tobacco is death to the plant louse. The louse is bitterly opposed to the use of tobacco in any form and cannot see why it should be popular with anybody.

The asparagus beetle is another insect that seems to be getting quite a hold upon the American people. Kerensky emulations will work well on these bugs and break down their constitutions.

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Snails are voracious enemies of the garden, and Mr. Greiner says that the only way to deal with them is to scatter pieces of orange peel on the ground at night, and in the morning one can, if very active, capture the snail, which is so fond of the orange peel that it forgets to go home to its family for breakfast, and thus may be headed off and run down by a brick.

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Why don't we have a billiard table and orchestra in the barn, so that our boys can be happy at home and not seek to become rowdies and debauchees? They also ask us why we do not get a pair of bright red mules and raise a flock of nice red mules for the busy mart.

Most every one feels free to advise the farmer, and every little while some man who has amassed eighty-four dollars in trade comes out on the farm with a case of ginger ale, and also one of hay fever, bringing with him, too, a little red covered book to how to amuse the soil so that it will laugh in the autumn with abundance.

Anon he will be seen trying to live a large mortgage by means of a green mosquito net, but with ill success. The farmer obtains more such advice and examples than any body else. Those who fear that they may not succeed as respecters in town still know that they can succeed on the farm if the worst comes to the worst. Even the man who picks up the stubs of costly cigars