

MISCELLANY

(Continued from Page 45)

neighborhood where farming was at a rather low ebb. The land was good. It was not very far from good markets. Opportunities were promising. The farm had been rather neglected, so that the barn needed rigging up and the fences renovating. He went at it with a will, and it was not long before things began to take on a new look. Buildings better, fences better, crops better. You would scarcely have known the old place. It was all fine.

But the most encouraging thing about it all was the inspiration this man's course put into the hearts of other farmers of the locality. It did not take long for them to catch the longing to fix up their own farms. In every direction one might hear the sound of hammers as old houses were made over, with a porch here and a comfortable addition there; and out in the fields the same upward drift was apparent.

There are hundreds of nice farm localities in this country that have been simply made over through the example of one or two good, enterprising farmers. The thing is to get the ideal before one. Then the rest is easy. Drifting along is easy. Ruts are made by wagon wheels that naturally run into the same track. It takes work to get up on the level, but how much better the world goes after that!

Folks used to live in a pretty poor sort of way. Most anything would do for a house. A hole in the ground or a cave was good enough. Things that we of to-day would not look at were all right to eat. Just to get enough to fill up on and then to lie down and sleep was all men cared for.

Then somebody had a dream of a house that should be built above ground. There should be windows in it, though these came very slowly. Brighter and brighter the vision became, until now the man who is satisfied to live in a cave is almost unknown.

This is the way all good things have come. Some one has longed to build a better fence or grow a better crop. Blessings on the man who has that dream! Or some one thought out a machine that would beat anything ever known before. Toward these ideals these men have worked; and you and I are enjoying the result. But there are still improvements to be made. We may all of us reach up toward better things than we have done yet. Better buildings, better fences, better crops, better homes and better manhood. These are things well worth striking for.

And when our young men have in their hearts the hope of a day when they shall do better things than they or their fathers have done, there is not much danger that we are on the downward track.

E. L. VINCENT.

A Co-operating Family

In the suburbs of Indianapolis there is a family of nine brothers and sisters who form a sort of co-operative colony among themselves. When their father, Nicholas Jose, died nine years ago, leaving them a small tract of land on the outskirts of Indianapolis, they decided to divide it among themselves, and each one of them built a cottage, the grounds being laid out with special regard to the general effect. A year or so later one of the women of the little colony persuaded the others to try running a dining-hall and kitchen co-operatively. A large dining-room and kitchen, with quarters above for the servants, was built in the central portion of the lot, and here the whole family with children of all ages gather daily for their three meals.

The plan is conducted on strict business principles and there is a president and secretary to look after the financial interests. Each member of the household is charged with so much per capita, and guests are charged to the family who invites them. Absence does not permit a rebate except when it amounts to three times running.

Each family has its own dining table, so that their living co-operatively in no way interferes with the separate home-life of the various members. The managing and the marketing is divided among the women of the family, and

each in turn a month at a time has charge of that department.

The friendly rivalry that exists between the women to see which one shall be the best manager brings into the dining-room the best that the markets affords, and the rivalry between the men shows in their endeavor to keep the surrounding lawns beautiful.

FARMERS' ELEVATORS

Charles City, Iowa.

The Farmers' Co-Operative Elevator Company of Charles City, Iowa, has been trying since May 15, 1907, to get a site on the Illinois Central Railroad for their coal sheds. For some time the railroad advanced plausible excuses for their delay in granting the land requested, but on July 7th they refused outright to make the grant. The Elevator Company applied to the Iowa Board of Railroad Commissioners, and on October 5th they handed down their decision instructing the railroad to comply with the request of the Farmers' Elevator Company, and designating the land to be given them, but as yet the manager of the Elevator Company cannot get the railroad to get the land ready for their sheds.

Richards, Iowa.

The Farmers' Elevator Company at Richards, Iowa, has been organized a little over a year, and since its start it has been very successful. It has 102 stockholders among the best farmers of the country. The elevator was completed at a cost of \$3,700 and ready to receive grain on December 5, 1906. A corn crib and coal house were built later. The grain, coal and twine handled to July 1, 1907, were as follows: 48,413 bushels of corn handled at a profit of \$811, 50,000 bushels of oats handled at a profit of \$6,630, and 9,900 pounds of twine handled at a profit of \$85.85.

Emerson The Optimist

Emerson was an optimist. He always prayed with the windows open to the Sunrise, and to him the East was all aglow. "I have not yet seen a man," he says, but he hints that a man will yet be evolved.

Humanity is one. The Oversoul is all and over all. He built on Plato and Socrates. He knew that eternal change was the Law and that evolution means elimination.

"Why don't you keep your business the nice size it is now?" we have been asked. Why don't you keep your child the size it is now? Only the dead remains stationary.

Life expands. Humanity advances, reaching towards the perfect.

"Let us come into port grandly, or sail the seas with God."

Men Wanted! To work for Public Ownership of Telephones, Telegraphs, Elevators, Stock Yards, Abattoirs and Railways.

Free 'Bus From All Trains

Seymour Hotel

Farmers from the Three Provinces make it their headquarters when visiting the city

Every street car passes the City Hall, which is only a stone's throw from the hotel entrance

Rates: \$1.50 Per Day.

JOHN BAIRD, Prop.