

THE GRANGE VISITOR

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Our Common Schools.

The article on "Common Schools" to be found in another column, contains many good ideas, but our readers will not be likely to accept without investigation the assertion that the Common Schools of this State are so far behind those of other States.

If there is anything in our educational system that our people have reason to be proud of, it is our free Common Schools. They are the schools for the masses, and are free and accessible to every child in the Commonwealth. Our townships are six miles square, and are generally divided into nine school districts, with fine and commodious school houses in each district, built and kept in repair by a tax upon the property in the district. In these schools are kept up from eight to ten months in the year, free to every child in the district. All of the common English branches *must* be taught, and some of the higher branches are successfully taught in most of the schools. The schools are under the supervision of a Township Superintendent, who is well paid, and has ample time to visit the schools and ascertain by observation whether the teachers licensed are *competent* to be taught by visiting the schools, when visits do the most good, at or near the beginning of the term. As the Superintendent's visits to the schools were *teach*; and if not, to annul their certificates and fill their places by others. Under the County system of Superintendents, which our correspondent advocates, one man had the supervision of all the schools in the County, which in some instances exceeded one hundred. Each school has two terms in each school year. To examine teachers for so many schools consumed a large portion of the Superintendent's time, and as most of the teachers examined were necessarily strangers to him, "moral character and ability to teach"—two of the most essential qualifications for a good teacher—could not be known or ascertained necessarily few and far between, they became merely a formal duty, a routine of work with little or no practical results.

The only real objection to the County Superintendency was that it imposed more labor upon one person than could well be performed. This objection is obviated by the Township system which seems to give very general satisfaction. Yet, our correspondent is correct in saying that our schools are not what they should be, and that the fault is with the parents. The subject is a very proper one for discussion in Subordinate Granges, for, in the Common Schools does much of the cultivation of that "best and most costly crop raised upon the farms, men and women, take place."

The Editor.

In order to relieve the native modesty of the editor and carry out the resolution of the State Grange, we deemed it proper to take advantage

of his temporary absence, and give place for his fine portrait and the sketch which appeared in the last number of this paper. Learning by experience that artists are not always true to nature, we took the precaution "to make assurance doubly sure," in order to convince our readers that we were not deceiving them. By obtaining his autograph, which fortunately was not needed to indicate the design of the artist. We think the portrait a good one, and would have been recognized by all who know him, even without the autograph. How could it have been otherwise with so fine a subject?

A Troubled Grange.

ROMEO, March 22d, 1880.

Worthy Bro. Cobb:

As we see nothing of the workings of Romeo Grange in the VISITOR, permit me to say, we are doing good work, and prospering. Although we cannot boast of a large number of working members, yet what we have are first-class; and cannot be beat in any Grange in the State.

All our members have been tried in the crucible, and came out all right. We meet once in two weeks; and after the regular work of the meeting, we have from one to two short essays, with criticising discussions, &c. Still some of our brother farmers stand aloof. Their sympathies are with us, and when we talk with them, their hearts appear to be in the work. There seems to be a fear that the goat will throw them off or hurt them, or something of the sort. We ask some of our neighboring Granges that are so prosperous, and adding to their numbers by scores, to tell us how it is done, to give us some light through your valuable paper.

Can we vary our rules and not effect our Charter, that will have an influence for good? Or shall we stand by the rules like men, as we have done from the commencement? I believe some of the old members would come back if it were not for back dues, but they have staid away from the meetings until it seems hard. There is as much due as the initiation fee would be at the present time. I sometimes think it would be advisable throw off all their dues except the last quarter, as they were all right while they were with us. A few words from our sister Granges may have a good effect. There should be frequent communication, and friendly intercourse between the Granges; for if one is affected by certain influences, others will be, and what is an antidote for one is applicable to the others. For every ill there is a cause, and the cause will not always produce an antidote for the disease, and not perceiving the cause how can we remedy it? It is true, men may experiment, but such we thought was not the teaching of wisdom. So we move along with a power and a resistless force, in full consciousness of doing right and practicing faith, hope, and charity. W. G. A.

We advise the correspondent to continue to stand by the laws and rules of the Order, as they have done, and enforce them as far as it is possible to do so. No Grange ever prospered for any length of time, that persisted in violating the rules and usages of the Order, or neglected to enforce them. The most prosperous Granges are those that best obey and enforce the law. Order,

system, thorough discipline, and a strict observance of all the rules, forms, and ceremonies of the Order, are essential to a prosperous Grange. An army without discipline becomes a mob, a Grange without forms and discipline, is but little better. Every Patron, whether officer or "high private" should always endeavor to be on hand at every "roll-call," and fill his place in the Grange as promptly and efficiently as a member in an army corps. Then the meetings should be made so interesting with discussions, music, essays, lectures, readings, and social recreations that no member can afford to stay away from them. Then will you enjoy the "fruits of your labor," and those outside the gates, "witnessing your good works," your love for the Order, and its practical benefits upon your lives, in making you better men, better women, better husbands, better wives, better citizens, will catch the inspiration and knock at your gates for admission. "All fears of a refractory goat" will vanish.

It is evident that the writer is not well posted in the rules of the Order relating to reinstating "suspended and delinquent members." The following is decision 39, to be found on page 108 of the Digest of the National Grange:

A member suspended for non-payment of dues can be reinstated by the Grange upon payment of all dues up to the date of reinstatement. This rule does not prevent subordinate Granges from adopting by-laws terminating the membership, or prescribing other conditions of reinstatement, after the member has been delinquent a specified time.

Kansas.

The following from the pen of Bro. Samuel J. Barnard, Past Master of Bainbridge Grange, Berrien county, and Ex-Lecturer of Berrien County Grange, will be read with interest by his many friends in this State. If he does not succeed in infusing a new life into the Subordinate Granges in his locality, it will not be for want of ability, untiring zeal and inflexible faith in the principles of the Order. HUMBOLDT, Kan., March 15.

Brother Cobb:

I intended to have written a short sketch for the VISITOR before this, but as there was nothing encouraging to write about the condition of the Order in this locality, I have neglected doing so. But perhaps it is just as essential to tell of our failures as of our prosperity, that our fellow laborers in the Order may ward off approaching danger. The Grange has had its boom in this section of the State. There have been two co-operative stores in this county, which flourished for a while, but being managed by incompetent or designing persons have gone by the board, the Patrons, who were honest and enthusiastic, losing all their stock. This has thrown a wet blanket over the Order, and caused it to dwindle from a good working condition, with a lively County Grange, to a single Subordinate Grange, and that with scarcely life enough to hold regular meetings. The others have died, with no one to give them decent burial—that is, no one has properly suspended their Charters for them. Myself and wife have joined the Grange that still survives; they are taking a little courage, elected their officers at the last meeting, and say that they are going to live. Bro. Jacob Helmick, a good Patron from Berrien county, Mich., and one of my co laborers while there, has purchased a 160-acre farm three miles from me, and I begin to have a little courage, for every Patron from Michigan will add greatly to our strength. I believe that the time is coming when I can make a better report.

SAM'L J. BARNARD.

P. S.—Most farmers have sown their oats, some have made garden and planted early potatoes, and are now plowing for corn, this 14th of March. S. J. B.

A POEM OF SCRAPS.

BY H. A. DEMING.

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life 's a short summer, man's a flower?
3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
5. To be is better far than not to be,
6. Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
7. But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10. Unmingled joys here to man befall.
11. Nature to each allots his proper sphere—
12. Fortune takes folly her peculiar care,
13. Custom does often reason overrule,
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well, how long or short, permit to heaven.
16. They who forgive most, shall be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18. Vice intercourse where virtue has not place.
19. Then keep your passions down, however dear,
20. Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
21. Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay
22. With craft and skill, to ruin and betray.
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
24. We masters grow, of all that we despise;
25. O, then renounce that impious self-esteem;
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave.
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What is ambition? 'tis a glorious cheat,
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
33. How long we live, not years but actions tell,
34. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35. Make them, while yet you may, your God your friend,
36. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just—
38. For, live how we may, yet die we must.

[1. Young; 2. Dr. Johnson; 3. Pope; 4. Prior; 5. Sewall; 6. Spencer; 7. Daniel; 8. Sir Walter Raleigh; 9. Longfellow; 10. Southwell; 11. Congreve; 12. Churchill; 13. Rochester; 14. Armstrong; 15. Milton; 16. Bailey; 17. Trench; 18. Somerville; 19. Thompson; 20. Byron; 21. Smollett; 22. Crabbe; 23. Messinger; 24. Crowley; 25. Beattie; 26. Cowper; 27. Sir Walter Davenant; 28. Gray; 29. Willis; 30. Addison; 31. Dryden; 32. Francis Quarles; 33. Watkins; 34. Herrick; 35. William Mason; 36. Hill; 37. Dana; 38. Shakespeare.]

Girard Grange, No. 136.

GIRARD, April, 23d, 1880.

Bro. J. T. Cobb:

It has been said that we never read anything in the VISITOR from Girard Grange, No. 136, and then the wonder why it is, when we know that we have both talent and material for communications in a Grange like ours. Our Grange is prospering, and doing a good business in the way of trade. Our members are active, and their interest in the Grange is increasing. A few weeks ago, Bro. Mickleby, by invitation, gave us one of the best speeches we have listened to. The speech was public, and our hall was filled. Within four weeks from date of Bro. M.'s speech, 22 applications for membership were filed with the Secretary, and so the good work goes on. Our farmers actually begin to see the difference between \$4 and \$8 plaster, for which the Grange receives credit. We have just been called upon to mourn the loss by death of one of our most worthy members, Bro. B. H. Smith. This is the second death in our Grange since the beginning of the New year.

Fraternally, A PATRON.

A Gentle Reminder.

Bro. J. T. Cobb:

PLEASE change the address of the GRANGE VISITOR to A. Tompkins, York, Washtenaw Co., Mich., and oblige, as we have changed our residence.

We presume A. Tompkins knows where he formerly got his mail. We don't. When he tells us, the desired change will be made.

The Methods Used by the Agricultural Department in Distributing Seeds.

The following correspondence is printed for the benefit of those who are not informed as to the manner of distributing seeds by the Department, and can therefore be used as an answer to the numerous letters that are received making inquiries relative to this subject:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
February 7, 1880.

Hon. Wm. G. Le Duc, Commissioner of Agriculture.

Sir: In reply to your letter of February 3d, suggesting that the law requires you to give the seeds, etc., directly without the intervention of members of Congress, I beg leave to say "Quid facit per alium, facit per se." It makes no difference whether you give the seeds with your own hand or deliver them by a messenger or through the mail, or by members of Congress.

I regret that your action upon this subject has created so much indignation among members of Congress. I protest against it as utterly indefensible; but "what can't be cured must be endured," and therefore, for the sake of my constituents, I send you the inclosed list of names of persons, all of whom have applied to me for seeds, and are entitled to have them under Section 420 of the Revised Statutes, and to whom I would send the seeds if I had them.

Very respectfully, etc.,

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
February 14, 1880.

Sir: Your favor of the 7th inst., condemning my method of seed distribution as "utterly indefensible," has been received.

You will pardon me, I trust, that I differ with you so far as to consider that method fortified, not only by the decided approval of the majority of the very body among whose members (you say) it "has created so much indignation," but by the stronger fact that it conforms to the letter and spirit of the law, is well calculated to promote the best interests of the Government, and is eminently conducive to "the greatest good of the greatest number."

With my information on this subject, I must be allowed to believe you are in error, too, in supposing that objection is had by any considerable number of members of Congress to the method of distribution now followed. But were your supposition correct, while I should regret the lack of information on the subject, or the indifference thereto, or any other cause that has led to such opposition, I should still feel it my duty to adhere to a plan so plainly enjoined by organic law, so strongly approved by my own judgment, and so fully sustained by the experience of the last two years.

With many it is the subject of regret that the line of duty does not always lead through flowery fields. To bow before the breath of censure, however undesired, to drift along with the popular opinion, no matter how wrong, if not as manly, is yet perhaps easier than to stem the sweeping current. But, recognizing the force of the maxim "Ne Jubiter quidem omnibus placet," I am constrained to adopt my own standard of right and to consider not what is the popular but what is the right thing to do. *Non sibi, sed patrie.*

Among the very many questions which it has devolved on me, in my official capacity, to consider and decide, none have engaged more pains-taking thought and investigation than this of seed distribution. I may then fairly claim a pretty thorough knowledge of the subject, of the manner in which the distribution was made at a time when the seeds were mainly sent to the members of Congress, and of the improved working of the present method of distribution. As I seek only the best interests of those chiefly concerned—the farmers (and farmers are, in part, your constituents)—and cannot be charged with personal motives (not being a candidate, present or prospective, for any office within their gift), you will indulge me, I hope, in what might otherwise seem an unnecessarily lengthened communication. It is proverbial that "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." The soft answer will at this time better serve my purpose, which is to convince you, if possible, of the advantage of the present plan of distribution, against which you make complaint, over the old plan, to which you would have me return.

Yielding to the demands of members of Congress, either because they deem it expedient or necessary to secure needed appropriations, or for the purpose of avoiding the responsibility and labor of distributions made directly from the Department to the farmer, or from finding it easier to follow than to oppose a vicious precedent, former Commissioners of Agriculture turned over to members tons of seed, which were sent by the mail-bagful to their rooms in this city.

Here they were sometimes subdivided into smaller parcels, and thus sent out to political friends, or else were sent in the full bags to friendly postmasters, who were duly instructed to make such distribution as would be of value in making votes and influence for his principal. So notorious is this that I

will not insult your intelligence by asking if you believe it to be correct.

These postmasters were often merchants; and I have records showing that the Government seeds were frequently considered a part of the stock in trade and sold for the benefit of the merchant-postmaster. Sometimes the seeds were in the way and were handed by the postmaster-merchant to any and everybody applying, or that could be induced to carry them off. Other records show that, while many farmers would have been glad to get them, the seeds were not infrequently fed, in large quantities, to horses, hogs and poultry. And so of the thousands of dollars' worth of seed thus sent out it is safe to say that the Department never received reports sufficient to indicate whether or not they were of any agricultural benefit whatever. Again, there were seeds sent in bulk to members of Congress, no tally-list was or could be properly kept, and consequently duplicate parcels were again and again sent out from a never-overstocked depot, and the few were thus over liberally supplied, while the many went entirely unprovided for.

Not only have we these conclusive reasons for abandoning the old practice, but further objection is found in the earnest protest of a large number of Representatives themselves against a system that drew so heavily on their time and required so great labor, besides cumbering their rooms with innumerable bags and bundles.

These gentlemen recognize the importance of being freed from the nuisance of themselves assorting and re-assorting hundreds of little parcels, of conning poll lists for names, of directing packages, and of answering the almost countless number of letters which the system imposed. They feel that their time can be employed more profitably to their constituents and agreeably to themselves than in such drudgery as this. They rightly consider that they were not elected to the legislative branch of the Government to be transformed into mere clerks, and are quite willing to delegate the work of the party whose duty it is and who is paid for it.

I have endeavored to make plain to you (with some of its evil results) the old plan of distributing seeds; I will detain you but a moment in explaining the new.

Recognizing that the principal object of distributing seeds at all is to have them intelligently and thoroughly tested, so as to determine their economic value and their adaptability to the varying soils and differing climates of old and new lands, and with this knowledge gained, to introduce and cheapen the production of different varieties of vegetables, grains, and such other productions of the soil as are useful for human and animal food, or that enter into the world's commerce, either in a crude or manufactured condition, I have, as the surest means for attaining this end, selected upon this subject a few reliable witnesses, from ten to twenty of the best farmers in every county in the United States, (and this without regard to political preference, or any other consideration except that they be good farmers), who, together with all live Granges, agricultural societies, farmers' clubs and like organizations, are to be made the chief recipients of seeds. When these and our regular reporting correspondents (of whom we have one principal and three assistants in each county in every State) and irregular correspondents (who comprise a large number of practical agriculturists scattered all over the United States and Territories) are supplied, little remains for the miscellaneous distribution. From seeds so distributed we are sure to have the required reports, or failing, the recipient is speedily dropped from our roll. These reports are carefully examined, and note made of any important fact mentioned or conclusion drawn that may be a guide for future purchases and distributions.

Such a distribution benefits not only the farmer who grows the grain or vegetable or fruits, but also the lawyer, doctor, priest, law-maker, and other non-producer who is interested in obtaining better food at less cost, and who profits by the general as well as the agricultural prosperity of the whole country.

It may be said, then, this pains-taking in setting the whole matter of the distribution of seed before you, for the reason that your letter has impressed me with the belief that, in common with other Representatives, you have neither fully estimated the evils of the old system nor weighed the advantages of the new.

I have written at greater length than was at first intended, but cannot close without saying that, while the maxim you quote, "Quid facit per alium, facit per se," may do very well in law, there is a homelier maxim among the farmers that pleases me better. It is, "If you want anything well done, do it yourself." Now, wanting the seeds which I have been at pains to select and purchase for these experiments, and with them will be best conducted and reports thereon be most surely returned, I greatly prefer to make the distribution myself, the more especially as the law makes it imperative on me to do so.

In conclusion, I have the honor to inform you that seeds will be sent to your agricultural correspondents named in your letter of the 7th inst. in due course. Very respectfully,
Wm. G. Le Duc,
Commissioner of Agriculture.

Communications.

Our Common Schools.

J. T. Cobb:

Having attended several of the Grange meetings in our vicinity, and being somewhat conversant with their movements; also having the pleasure of an acquaintance with some of your contributors, I make bold to address a few lines to you, and also to the patrons of the GRANGE VISITOR, through the columns of your excellent paper.

The subject that I would speak to them about is one of so much importance that I approach it with a trembling hand, lest I should not present it in such a manner as will induce them to give the subject due consideration and prompt attention. For it seems to me as though the time has fully arrived when this subject should receive the attention of the whole people, and especially of the Grange, who are, necessarily, the most concerned and interested in the up-building and improvement of this great corner-stone of our National prosperity and independence, viz: our common schools.

It is a fact not to be denied, that the common or ungraded schools of our State are not keeping pace with those of the adjoining States, or with the improvements in other directions in our own State. Which fact is owing to the simple cause of negligence to give to this, the very foundation and framework of our government, its proper place and attention in our home circles—a social gatherings—which are the true legislative halls of our country—which it calls for at our hands.

One great fault lies in the cumbersome text-books, the volume of which could be decreased at least one-half, without suffering loss, and also the almost infinite variety that are in use in our State at the present time.

Then, if we take into consideration the fact that scarcely two schools in the State use the same series of text-books throughout—and, also that many of the books they do use are out-dated, and as far behind the times as the old wooden plows of our grandfathers—it will not be wondered at that we are not keeping pace with our sister States; but when we add to these disadvantages the weightier ones of a defective superintendency, a second-rate corps of teachers, and a lack of true interest at home, in the education of our children,—the only wonder is, that we receive as much benefit from them as we do.

We evince our interest in anything by a personal oversight and supervision of it—whether that thing may be the making of a dress, the plowing of a field, or some matter of greater importance, it matters not; our interest is shown by what we do, not by what we trust others to do for us.

No good farmer would send his hired help into the field in the spring of the year with a few partial instructions with regard to what he should do, and never go near him during the entire season to see if he was performing a proper task daily of what you instructed him to do, and if it was done in a workmanlike manner. Nay, verily! but he would go out with him and show him what he wanted done—and how to do it, if need be. He would visit him in the fields often, inspect his work, commend or reprove, as the case may be, and thus, by showing an interest in his own affairs, awaken an interest and zeal in his hired help, akin to his own, that would have lain dormant under the powerful and potent opiate which negligence and lack of interest on the part of his employer, would have administered.

In a few words—if you want other people to take an interest in your work, take an interest in it yourself. Is there a father among you who does not show more interest in the plowing up of a wheat-field, than you do in the plowing of the virgin soil of your children's minds, which shall bring forth harvests of far greater importance than the wheat field, if every grain were a pearl?

Awake then, and spur yourself to action, visit the school where your children attend. Question them each evening at home, on what they have learned during the day, and ascertain if it was learned right,—if not, correct any error that they may have fallen into. Answer all of their questions cheerfully, drop your evening paper, take that little one on your knee, and answer all of his curious questions about this new world which his school life has brought him in contact with. By doing these things you will prove to your children the deep interest that you feel in their future welfare and happiness.

You cannot expect that any hired teacher will take a greater interest in your children than you do yourself. I speak from experience when I say, not one parent in ten makes a practice of visiting the school-room, except on such days as they have public exercises, or some special occasion. They do not look into the character or fitness of the person to whom they implicitly trust the training of their children's minds, further than that they bear a legal certificate. Nor do they question their children with regard to their teacher, or how they are getting along in their studies, unless it be in a half-hearted, casual way, which will neither show itself in the animated recitation, or rapid progress in learning.

Think not, parent, that the quick intuition of that bright-eyed child will fail to detect your lack of true interest in his education; for, alas! too many are laboring under this fatal error.

Let me entreat you not to put the future destiny of that precious child into the hands of an unknown workman, without at least inspecting the work. Remember that first impressions are generally strongest, and that the seed sown in that young and fertile mind will surely spring up and bear fruit. Aye! fruit that shall shed honor and glory on your declining years, or bring your gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.

While it is right that your heart should be full of joy and thankfulness for the gift of that little one who is the light of the household, yet forget not the awful responsibility that it brings with it; for not only its destiny, but that of hundreds, nay, thousands, may be linked with that of the prattling infant on your knee, who is taking its first lessons from its mother's looks, acts and words.

Remember, the sins of omission are sometimes greater than those of commission, and that you will not be held faultless if you fail to take the general supervision of your child's education. Just "as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," and school government begins at home. Therefore, see to it that the twig is straight in the beginning, and keep a watchful eye on it, until it is able to withstand the winter's blasts alone.

The following are a few questions for discussion in the Grange meetings:

Resolved, That our Legislature should prescribe a uniform series of text books to be used throughout the ungraded schools of our State.

Resolved, That County Superintendency is better than Township.

Resolved, That we ought to have a prescribed course of studies in our ungraded schools, which all shall be required to pursue, and when such course is finished, and the pupil passes a satisfactory examination, he shall receive a certificate stating the same.

Resolved, That the best way to drive what few good teachers we have left from the field, is to keep on cutting down wages, and never, under any circumstances, keep them longer than one term in a place.

Hoping that the above questions may receive the attention of the Granges, and to as good purpose as numerous other things which they have given their attention to, and that what I have said may be the means of awakening a new interest in our common schools.

I remain, most respectfully,
Yours,
KARL M. LEA.

"To Develop a Better and Higher Manhood and Womanhood among Ourselves."

I find this glorious thought in our Declaration of Purposes. It stands as the first specific object. Well it may. Can a greater thought be conceived. Its wording is simple, but O! how deep is its meaning. *A better manhood and womanhood!* Does this mean notoriety? Does manhood comprehend holding some high and honored position? Does womanhood mean being able to shine in the most fashionable circles? I think not. I know it does not. A man is a man wherever you may find him—be it in the Presidential chair, or in the cornfield, and a rascal is not a man in either position.

We may find men in every calling, and in every position, and in the same callings and positions we may find those who are not men.

"A better and higher manhood and womanhood among ourselves." Does this mean that we shall develop these qualities in a few persons, farmers, that they may become leaders in the Nation? I think not, but rather that each individual farmer, farmer's wife, son, or daughter, becomes better; reach a higher manhood or womanhood; becomes more gentle, more intelligent, more benevolent, more charitable.

Of all the means necessary to the accomplishment of this first object mentioned in our Declaration, the exercise of charity seems to be among the first—"In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things charity." Charity for each other's opinions; charity for their failings; charity in all things. No two persons can be just alike, think just alike, or believe alike. "A difference of opinion is no crime, but the error lies in the bitterness of controversy."

The investigation of the differences of opinions, leads to truth,—but charity is necessary, or the bitterness of controversy will defeat all good. Our happiness as individuals, and as a class, depends upon the degree of our attainment of this great object—manhood and womanhood.

Independence is essential—independence in thought and in actions. We complain that farmers are not represented in the different departments of our Government. It is true, and it should not be so. Every farmer should think, speak and act for himself. When this is done, we will be represented by our own class. Develop men for the position, and with sufficient intelligence and individual independence and resolution, and farmers' rights will be respected.

We often hear arguments in favor of large farms. I read a remark made at a Farmers' Institute in this State, that it is necessary to have 160 acres in a farm, in order to make farming successful. I am opposed to this idea. There may possibly be more profit in the large farm than in the small one, comparatively, but the difference is not great. No one man can till 160 acres of land with his own hands—and I am in favor of a higher manhood and womanhood in the whole class of farmers, not in a few persons. Where one man owns and cultivates a large tract of land, he must certainly hire his help by the day or month, and where there is a master, there must be a servant. Of course this matter must regulate itself, but I should much rather see each man own what land he cultivates, even though it be forty, twenty, or even ten acres. Then we have a class of independent men. Men who are citizens, residents, free-holders. If our farming community can be composed of such men, intelligent, industrious and independent, the Nation will be on a secure foundation.

"Patriot and Rover" are given as opposite terms, and truly they are. "A better and a higher manhood and womanhood among ourselves," that we may increase our individual and general happiness, and if we have even a little success, we may feel that our labor has not been in vain.

Sylvan Grange, No. 398, Mar. 6, '80.

THE GRANGE VISITOR.

SCHOOLCRAFT, MAY 1, 1880.

Secretary's Department.

J. T. COBB, SCHOOLCRAFT.

Officers and members of Subordinate Granges in corresponding with this office, will please always give the Number of their Grange.

POSTAGE STAMPS of higher value than three cents will be returned to the sender.

CALIFORNIA LETTER, NO. 3.

Our last communication from Los Angeles left us a tourist taking notes at San Jose, one of California's finest towns, now more than a century old. Its neighbor, the Santa Clara mission, was established a year or two later. The towns are connected by the Alameda, a street of not less than six rods in width, with a row of old trees through the middle of the entire distance, said to have been set out by the Jesuits soon after the mission was established.

Both towns have a lot of adobe houses occupied by Spaniards. Their present value has little to do with their age, as all important improvements and valuable portions of each are the growth of late years.

San Jose has but small manufacturing interests. Aside from flouring mills, it has one woolen mill, two fruit canning establishments, two glove factories, and perhaps some other concerns of little consequence. But it has fine residences, school houses, churches, and other public buildings, four banks, also stores, shops, and places of business of all sorts, not forgetting the inevitable saloon and billiard tables, which constitute, in amount, no insignificant part of California business life. Hard times, is the universal cry, but this business flourishes everywhere. The city has five independent lines of street railways, two of which run to Santa Clara, and accommodate business men who have fine places all along the route.

Situated in a valley of such richness and extent, with an attractive climate, its nearness to San Francisco has made it desirable as a place of business and residence for men of ample means. A liberal expenditure of money has covered her streets and roads for miles in every direction with a coarse gravel, that when worn down makes almost a macadamized road. We were at first curious to know how so much river bed gravel could be had, and learned, on enquiry, that the rushing waters of the rainy season brought from mountain sources, and washed out banks along the way an annual supply, which is taken from the dry bed of the stream during the summer months. These broad streets and roads make the finest drives we have ever seen. Our old friend, Frank D. Cobb, invited us to ride out and see the country around San Jose. Starting out at a ten mile gait, we soon measured the Alameda to Santa Clara. Making a circuit among the orange groves, we drove in various directions for an hour, returning by another route. We whirled by beautiful places of from one to twenty-five acres, on which money had been liberally expended to improve and beautify. The size and appearance of fruit and forest trees, and the improvements seen on either hand formed a striking contrast with the adobe houses of the native Spaniard, and his untidy surroundings.

Coming again into the city, we turned upon the road leading to the site of an observatory on the summit of Mount Hamilton, twenty miles distant. On this road, the County has expended \$23,000, to comply with a condition of the will of Mr. Lick, one of the dead rich men of California, who,

though not himself a scientist, provided by a gift of \$150,000 for the establishment of an observatory which shall aid astronomical science and transmit the euphonious name of Mr. Lick down the ages.

This rapid ride of little more than two hours, covering not less than twenty-five miles, gave us a favorable impression of San Jose roads and California horse-flesh, and with a ride to the Alameda mines and other similar favors, gave us a good acquaintance with the surroundings of the city and neighboring country.

On Monday the 29th, we left by early train for Los Angeles. The time at San Jose was so pleasant that we shall not soon forget the genial hospitality of Bro. and Sister Hale, nor the friendly interest manifested by them and the members of their family, in our welfare. As we bade them adieu, the invaluable nature of our social relations, as one of the most important elements in human reach to secure the happiness we are all seeking in this world, was impressed upon me, and I saw in the future bright spots along life's pathway.

From San Jose to Los Angeles, a distance of about 470 miles, required thirty hours time, nine of which were spent in the unimportant town of Lathrop. Here weary travelers over this route, while waiting for the train from San Francisco, have been entertained for several years by genuine grizzly, who, though mainly more inclined to sleep than to show off, does sometimes caper around his 8x10 cage, growl, and show his teeth, as a big grizzly should. Leaving Lathrop at 8:30 P. M., we had little chance to see the famous Valley of San Joaquin, through which the Southern Pacific runs in a southeasterly direction.

Soon after daylight the following morning, we reached the mouth of a canyon 1,290 feet above sea level, in which is situated Calienta Station. Our ascent to the foot hills of this spur of the Sierra Nevada mountains had been gradual, but now the serious work of climbing a precipitous mountain side was just before us.

Just across the narrow point of the valley, we could see one track winding upward and disappear around projecting cliffs.

The iron horse, refreshed for the task, soon started for Tehachape Summit, to reach which, required an ascent of 2,674 feet in a distance of 25 miles.

This was a splendid run, covering every point of compass, winding around rocky steeps and over deep gorges, twisting and turning, but always climbing.

After having traveled nine miles, through six tunnels, some straight, some curved, we look down upon Calienta, one and a half miles away. In making this ascent to the summit, we pass through seventeen tunnels, with an aggregate length of 7,683 feet, over the famous *Loup*, where, whirl around a circular mountain, and in a few minutes pass over this tunnel now 78 feet below.

So wild and crooked our route that from out the same window, we sometimes saw the track we had just been over below us, or the track we should soon reach far above us. A working train, following us about eighty rods, could be seen emerging from one tunnel as we rushed into another above and beyond.

'Twas a wild ride over a serpentine track for three hours, and as one of the sights we came to see, was very much enjoyed, meeting my expectations of rough canyons, deep gorges, over-hanging cliffs, and snow-capped mountains, more fully than anything before seen.

We often saw traces of the old Los Angeles and San Francisco wagon road that we crossed and recrossed on our railroad ride over the mountain by this Tehachape Pass. On the summit is a valley of the same name, some 20 miles long by three to five wide.

A fellow passenger, Mr. G. P. Cuddeback, planted his fortunes

in this high valley thirty years ago as a stockman, and with a range of fifty miles each way, covering mountain and valley, for some years made money, until the "no fence law of the State," destroyed his cattle range. Seven years ago he sold his last 2,000 head of cattle, and four years later a dry season starved to death 1,000 of his sheep.

Selling the remainder—by habit a stock ranchman—he has invested in Angora goats, of which he has now a flock of 700, which he will increase to 2,000. He has faith in goats—says they thrive on mountain brush, which they prefer to grass, and being better travelers, can be kept in a mountain district, beyond the reach of sheep. From the little we have seen, we conclude their is a vast amount of country west of the Mississippi fit only for miners and goats.

The fleece of the goat is lighter than that of sheep, but being of greater value per pound, as much can be realized per head as from sheep. The natural increase of a flock is greater than of sheep, and having better fighting qualities, are better adapted to self-protection, so useful in mountain life.

We shall have occasion to refer to this mountaineer again as a fruit grower of Santa Anna Valley.

In this mountain valley sufficient wheat is raised to keep a steam grist mill busy all the year, though we saw but a few small fields of two or three acres each. A little way beyond the summit, to the right of the road, is a small salt lake, dry in summer, during which time the salt is shoveled up by the wagon load. Descending the mountain from Tehachape summit we speed rapidly down a winding way to Mojava, a station on the borders of a desert of the same name, and quite an important place, from which supplies are forwarded to various mountain mining districts, some of them more than 100 miles away. From here we crossed the desert, and after ascending a grade of 116 feet to the mile, the road pierces a ridge of the San Fernando mountains, passing through a tunnel 7,000 feet in length. From here we soon enter San Fernando Valley, and see in the distance fields of growing grain, evidences of thrift and prosperity such as we have not seen since leaving the valley of San Jose. Though not all good land, the general appearance of the valley is good, the rest of the way to the "City of the Angels."

LOS ANGELES is situated twenty-four miles inland from the port or San Pedro, to which it is connected by rail.

This old city has a population of 15,000 inhabitants, has some fine business blocks of modern construction, with some fine churches and public schools, three banks, four daily, and several weekly newspapers.

It is the great business center of Southern California, which being separated from the more northern portions of the State by a mountain range, and having ample territory for a State, her people are talking of the not distant day, when they will set up an independent State government of their own. The surplus agricultural products of the valleys stretching out from this city all seek this as a central market.

The Naud warehouse, built of brick, 200 feet square, with an addition of 100 feet being erected, indicates something of the business done in the way of shipping produce, as it is reached by but one of the three railroads centering here.

We stepped into the flouring mill of Lankershim & Co., which has eight run of stone, and found business brisk. Over 150 barrels of flour are ground and put up in 50 and 100 pound cotton sacks daily, besides 15 tons of barley ground for feed, which is mostly shipped to Arizona.

This Company has undertaken to supply its mill, in part, with grain of its own raising. It has 20,000 acres of wheat in the San Fernando Valley, some 25 miles from the city.

Farming on a large scale is one of the features of California business life. We spent a half-day at two of the largest ranches in the San Gabriel Valley, a dozen miles or so from Los Angeles. "Sunny Slope" has been the property of Mr. L. J. Rose, for nearly 20 years. That he has not adopted the easy going habits of the natives, the following brief account of his business will prove.

His orange orchard has over 7,000 trees. Of lemons and limes there are about 4,000 trees, and of apples and other fruits 1,000 more, covering in all something over 125 acres. Sold 11,000 boxes of oranges and lemons in 1879.

He has 500 acres of vineyard, and for 18 years has manufactured wine. Has now a distillery for the manufacture of brandy from wine, of greater capacity than any other on this coast. In 1879 he made 220,000 gallons of wine and 50,000 gallons of brandy, and expects to double that amount this year. In this branch of his business, he has a partner, a Mr. Stearns, of New York City, who attends to selling their goods in the Eastern markets.

He has made wine and brandy for 18 years, and evidently understands the business. The casks required are all made on the premises, and of itself makes quite a business. Mr. Rose keeps 50 men employed all the time, and some seasons of the year requires additional force.

He has all the facilities for perfectly irrigating his ranch, and expressed the opinion that lands properly irrigated would maintain their fertility for an indefinite period. His ranch everywhere showed order, system, and good cultivation; and Mr. Rose has become quite famous for the success he has achieved.

From "Sunny Slope" we went two miles to "Santa Anita," the country residence of Mr. E. J. Baldwin, a San Francisco millionaire. We were fortunate in finding the proprietor at home, and predisposed to show visitors what he had done since 1874.

We first took a drive through a large barley field, the grain in full head, and standing thickly on the ground—then through an alfalfa meadow, from which six crops had been taken within a year.

This alfalfa, Mr. Baldwin said, would produce not less than 15 tons per acre, on land well irrigated, or naturally adapted to it.

We had not time to visit his wheat and corn fields, for on a ranch of 8,500 acres, some of the fields must be quite a distance from the house; and this ranch, which Mr. Baldwin designated as the home ranch, is but a fraction of his real estate in this valley. On this place he has, however, 17,000 orange trees, 14,000 almonds, chestnut, lemon, lime, and other fruits. Has 350 acres in vineyard, and intends to increase this branch of his fruit growing to 1,000 acres.

He, too, manufactures wine and brandy. A visit to his wine cellar will satisfy any one that this branch of his business is carried on in the most skillful manner, and the forty-eight tierces, each holding 1,500 gallons, and a large number of pipes, barrels, and casks, indicated the extent of the business. Though he commenced this manufacture five or six years ago, he has not put any on the market within the last few months.

But we are dealing with comparatively small matters. This ranch is simply the central point of his vast landed property, 60,000 acres of which are in Los Angeles Co., and 15,000 in San Bernardino Co., and 15,000 acres in El Dorado Co. About 20,000 acres of this land is under cultivation. There are sixty tenant houses and fifteen sheep camps. A hundred men find constant employment at this time, and to make the extensive improvements of building, fencing, tree planting, cultivating, ditching, and ornamenting, generally has required an army of from 200 to 250 men for several years. Besides tenant houses that are scattered about the country, there is here a village of well painted houses that are part and parcel of this immense

ranch. It seems incredible that the sum of \$585,000 could be judiciously expended in farm operations by one man in half a dozen years. This amount Mr. Baldwin has here expended as a farmer. A large store, mechanic shops, school house, and the necessary buildings for the manufacture of wine and brandy, packing of fruit, together with the mansion of the proprietor, with the required barns and stables, the residences of superintendent and employes of lesser grade, make up a first-class little village; and being under the control of one man, none of the disagreeable bad blots that come of poverty, ignorance, or shiftlessness are seen here.

Mr. Baldwin's large outlay is beginning to give him some return, as within the last three months he has sold over \$40,000 of the products of his ranch.

His stock embraces 100 work mules, seventeen thorough-bred mares with colts, big and little, a jack, several race horses, carriage and riding horses, 1,000 head of cattle, 30,000 sheep, and 3,500 hogs. His hog ranch is a volunteer barley field where they will remain until fattened with the ripened barley. Of this crop he expects to slaughter next fall 2,000 head. His meat-curing establishment, where pickling, packing, and smoking are done, is complete. The surplus stock of last year of hams and bacon has all gone to feed the miners of Arizona, together with grain and flour, and several hundred tons of hay for man and beast of that mining district.

We visited the stable where his fancy stock is kept. Near by, in a field of alfalfa, is a mile track, well fitted for use. Of this stock, not being a *connoisseur* in that line, we express no opinion, only that it is well cared for. From this stable we went to the new carriage house and stable, not quite completed, although \$25,000 has already been expended.

This building, as we drove on to the premises—and here by "we" is included our friend, Bro. C. E. Duncan, who left Schoolcraft with us six weeks ago,—the question arose as to the use of the beautiful building standing away from all others, near-by the roadway; and we reached the conclusion that it was a very fine church, and rather high-toned for the size of the village.

On further inspection, we found as fine work, perfect finish, and expensive fixtures as are seen in many of our first-class churches; but it was a carriage house, and we left before finding the church of the place, though we have little doubt it is there.

The four stalls, and every part of the lower story are furnished with matched cedar and redwood strips, with cornice and elaborate trimmings, which, varnished, gives the whole an appearance of elegance, such as we have never seen approached in any building used for this purpose. Iron upright hay rack, with iron feed box and water tank in each stall, and iron gutter, with perforated cover, in the floor at the foot of the stalls, completed the stable on our side of the floor. On the other side were two large box stalls, harness-room, a small carpeted parlor, grain boxes, and expensive fixtures everywhere.

But we must hasten, as we have neither time or space to give a full description of this ranch.

After a two hours' inspection, we were invited by mine host to partake of a lunch, to which we gave ready assent, and found ourselves well qualified to do ample justice to this unexpected favor.

We left soon after lunch, feeling that this had been one of our most fortunate days for sight seeking that we had spent on this coast.

We shall long cherish a lively recollection of Santa Anita, and the generous hospitality of Mr. Baldwin and his very pleasant and intelligent wife, nor will we forget favors conferred by other members of the family.

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Lecturer's Department.

C. L. WHITNEY, MUSKEGON.

Pickings by the Way—No. 7.

On the morn of the 30th ult. we breakfasted at Bro. Cobb's, but the worthy Secretary of the State Grange was not there, yet the hospitality of his home was dispensed by Bro. and Sister Wm. Cobb, as usual. The forenoon was actively employed at the office in sending out specimen copies of the VISITOR to dormant Granges. In the afternoon we went back to Mendon, and were doomed to disappointment, for only five of the promising ones were present. Of the others some were indisposed with a convenient toothache, a bad cough, etc., etc., cover to the real cause, as time will publish to the world. The Charter, Seal, etc., the books of this Grange have been ordered to be returned to Sec'y Cobb's office, and the last Secretary has agreed to do so,—but—there is plenty of room, material and all that is needed to make a good Grange at Mendon, but those who should lead have private reasons for not having one, and hence they have none. Will not some farmer or farmers just south or east of the town make a move to have a Grange there? They can have one.

On the 31st, we returned home, visiting the office of publication of the VISITOR on our way, to find upon our table a large pile of letters to be answered.

NEW GRANGE.

On the 9th inst, we accepted an invitation to visit the town of Talmadge, Ottawa Co., where in the evening we lectured in the town hall, and afterward organized Talmadge Grange, No. 639, with thirty Charter members. Bro. Myron Harris was chosen Master, and Sister E. Smith, Secretary. They will have a good Grange there, and the wonder to us is that they have not had one before. Let every County and Pomona Grange see if there are not some rich fields yet unoccupied by our Order.

KENT COUNTY.

On the afternoon of the 12th inst we were met at Berlin by Bro. John Preston, worthy Lecturer of Kent Pomona Grange, and a short ride after his new span of black horses brought us to his comfortable home, where supper awaited us, well prepared and served by Sister Preston. A social evening and a good night's rest prepared us for the labors of the 13th at Sparta Center. En route for this appointment we called upon and made the acquaintance of Prof. Miller, late of our Agricultural College, who not only has charge of the Alpine Grange school, and leads it with success, but is making a fine home with attractive surroundings, and an excellent fruit and garden plat near by the scene of his scholastic duties. Arriving at Sparta Center we found dinner just ready at Bro. Lyman Murary's, at which Bro. and Sister Jas. Boyd, of Alpine Grange, were our fellow guests.

At the appointed hour quite a large and intelligent audience were present at the hall. On the desk we noticed some good sister's work in two beautiful bouquets of flowers, some from the forest, and some from the conservatory of some skilled led cultivator; there were liverworts, cactuses, callas, and other floral gems, woven into beautiful groups by some appreciative hand, showing taste, culture and skill.

For an hour and a half this assembly gave an attentive ear to what was said of the Order, and its work in the past.

In the evening we met Sparta Grange, No. 340, in private session, and think that if the good saying of the members themselves that evening were put into active service, very prosperous days would be seen in this Grange precinct.

The labors of the day completed, we went to the cosy home and hospitable board and bed of Bro. and Sister Dart, in the enjoyment of which we were able on the morning of the 14th, to be ready for active duty to Manager Preston, with whom we visited a sugar orchard and camp, belonging to Bro. F. M. Cummings, and then started for Oakfield Center.

Eastward lay our course, but north and south from it we go to avoid washed-out causeways, and see some of the people of Algoma Grange, near the center of that town. Across the town of Algoma, with its sandy roads then deep and heavy, where industrious farmers have settled on busy making farms, among stubborn pine stumps and other hindrances we go, and thence through the town of Courtland,—where fair plains have been made into places for pleasant and attractive homes of rural life,—to Oakland. We soon reach S. B. Kutzy's, where we get dinner and then go to the hall where a small audience attend. After the lecture we took supper, and a ride of several miles along the side of the beautiful lakes of the towns of Courtland and Cannon to Bro. W. T. Whitney's, in Plainfield, where we spent the night. The morning of the 15th found us rested and refreshed. Breakfasting on a sumptuous meal we ride to the city of Grand Rapids where we find mail awaiting us. The afternoon brought a few faithful and interested ones together at the Beckwith school house, the place of meeting of the Beckwith Grange, where, by language and blackboard we showed how millions of money had been saved to this State by the Grange, and had it been organized sooner, many millions more could have been saved to our hard working farmers.

The lecturers took tea with Bro. Beckwith, the Master of this Grange, and then rode across the country to the home of M. B. Hines, of Imperial Mills, in the township of Plainfield, where we spent the night.

A RAINY DAY.

A rainy morning greeted us at our awakening from sleep, and gave promise of a day of moist droppings. After breakfast we looked over Bro. Hines' fine flock of well bred Merino sheep, and an even lot of delaine wools we have never seen. Bro. H. is a careful breeder, not only in sheep but in Durham cattle, as his herd will attest.

Rain or shine, the Lecturer must keep his appointments, so Bro. Preston said onward to Cannonsburg, and away we went in the teeth of the pitiless storm, sorry to leave so comfortable quarters and such pleasant society as the farm at "the Mills" gives to the Patrons who visit it. Carrying an umbrella against a head wind is not conducive to the enjoyment of the picturesque in nature, so we cannot tell you, as we otherwise would, of the landscape pictures in which the town of Cannon excels any town we have seen in the State. Had we time and talent we would tell you of those hills,

"How proudly they rise
In the wildness of grandeur
To blend with the skies."

Or how

"Mid her clustering hills
Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide."
"When low the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide."

In short, something startling might have been done had not the cold rain dampened our ardor. Our driver pulled up at a gate and said, "We stop here for dinner." At Bro. Hartwell's, one mile from the village of Cannonsburg, we dined and then went to the Church where a large audience would have been out, but for the rain, yet a large number did come, to whom we spoke, and have regretted that so faithful and interested a neighbor-

hood could not have had a pleasant day for their meeting.

Arrangements had been made to feed all at the Grange Hall after the public meeting, and to the Hall under the guidance of fair young Patrons we went and found it what every Grange Hall can be, a place of social enjoyment and rest, amid attractive walls, decorated by fair hands ready and willing to use art and good taste in hall as well as home, making both pleasant and attractive.

A half dozen true sisters in any Grange, working with a will to do, and succeed, and it needs no prophet to foretell the result. Like Cannonsburg they will have a good Grange, and an attractive hall to meet in, and their meetings will be instructive and productive of good results. Sisters! the power is with you, press onward and make the Grange, the only Order that recognizes your equal rights, a power for good in the land. Work for it, and in it, and through it, and with it, until the world shall acknowledge its power, and by it, your worth and true position.

A good supper, and pleasant Grange meeting, with sweet singing and the pleasant society, would pay any man or woman to come a long way, even in the rain to enjoy.

At a late hour this pleasant interview closed, and we went to Bro. Hartwell's, the Master's home, to allow rest and sleep to prepare us for the labor of the coming day.

Saturday morning's sunshine called us to the labors and pleasures of another day. With music and conversation, the morning passed all too soon, and we had a late start for Rockford. We reached Bro. Livingston's, in Plainfield, just in time for dinner, and thence soon made Rockford, where a fair and very attentive audience gave ear to our instruction for an hour or more. Good singing was here, too, a pleasant auxiliary to the other exercises. After the meeting, an hour of pleasant conversation and tea was taken with a pair of recently-married Patrons; the wife is the daughter of the old Master of Rockford Grange, Bro. Dockery. Bro. Solomon Whitney is the present Master of Rockford Grange and, though young, seems to be a leading Patron and a good officer.

An evening train took us to Grand Rapids, and a midnight train to Grand Haven, whence we took the morning's boat for home, feeling pleased with the week's work and our better knowledge of the Patrons of Kent County and the hearty co-operation and labors of Worthy Lecturer Preston.

Our Last Page.

"Nothing but advertisements," says the reader, and he lays the paper down as he glances at the eighth page of the VISITOR. "Where can I buy fruit trees, or paint, or harness, or something else that I want?" are questions often asked us by those who ought to read the last page of the VISITOR and learn. Hardly any thing a farmer needs but can be had of either or both of our Chicago or Detroit agents. Write and tell them what you want, and ask them what it will cost you there; then figure in the freight, and you can at once tell the entire cost. Do you wish to paint your buildings, buy a new harness, get a pair of scales, fruit trees, plants or seeds, bees or swine?—then see the too often unread last page of the VISITOR. The agency of Geo. W. Hill & Co., Detroit, and that of Thomas Mason, Chicago, are both giving general satisfaction. Try them, and you may realize that the page with "nothing but advertisements" is last but not least in value.

June Festivals.

The beautiful month of roses and flowers is near at hand, and the season of Grange gatherings upon the Earth's green carpets, under Nature's leafy bowers, is near—near enough to have the preliminary arrangements made, place and time selected, speakers secured, etc.

Let us have many such meetings this year, before the hand of partisan politics begins to mar the harmony of society and to pit friend against friend, array neighbor against neighbor, even brother against brother.

Let our arrangements be all in time, all be made with business precision, and, when made, then announce them to the public, and all labor together in the best of unity to secure the desired end. First, secure your speakers by writing early, that you may not be disappointed, nor compelled to change your time to suit the convenience or time of the speaker you wish. Publish notice of your meetings to inform the brethren and the public, and secure a good attendance, and let the public, as well as the Order, know that we are alive and very active. When arrangements are complete, use personal effort to secure the largest possible attendance of all who can be benefited by attendance, and make the meeting pleasant, agreeable and instructive to all who may come.

May the June festivals be a great success, and truly tend to the advancement of the farmer and the building up of higher and nobler manhood and womanhood.

Department Seeds.

The Secretaries of most Granges have, through the courtesy of the Commissioner of Agriculture, received packages of choice seeds for distribution among the members of the Order.

Care should be used in the distribution of these seeds, and a system adopted by which each package can be accounted for, showing to whom given, and requiring each recipient to return a written statement of the time sown, soil grown upon, cultivation, time of gathering the crop, and the amount and value of the product. All these facts, collated by the Secretary or Lecturer, would make a valuable report to the Department, and enrich the fund of experimental knowledge upon which the Commissioner can draw in compiling his annual publications. This would encourage the Commissioner to supply seeds in greater quantity and variety each year, until each Grange would in reality become an experimental station, connected with and supplemental to the National Department of Agriculture. This Department recognizes the Grange, by sending the seeds; let the Grange everywhere recognize the Department, by using such seeds to the best advantage for all concerned.

The Wheat Crop.

Traveling through fifteen counties in Central and Western Michigan convinces us that, while the breadth of wheat at the present writing may be larger than it was last year, yet the prospect is by no means flattering. Wheat is everywhere much injured by the winter, and so injured that it cannot recover with even a very favorable spring. It seems to us that it is safe to calculate the yield of this year at from ten to fifteen per cent. less than last year's yield. Poorly drained, flat and mucky soils seem to suffer most by the freezing and thawing of the open winter. More thorough under-draining must be practiced on such soils to be sure of a crop of wheat.

Cross Questions.

NUMBER 1. Why don't our Grange get the State and National Grange Proceedings?—Why don't your Grange send the name and address of its Master and Secretary?

No. 2. Why didn't the Secretary put our Grange upon the list of Granges for 1880?—Why didn't your Secretary report the names of your Master and Secretary for this year?

No. 3. Why have not some County or Pomona Granges received the Proceedings, By-Laws, etc.?—Why have not some County or Pomona Granges complied with the By-Laws, and sent in the names or address of Master, Secretary and Lecturer?

No. 4. Why was not the list of Pomona Granges put upon the list of Granges for 1880?—Why did not Pomona Granges Nos. 1, 2, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 15, 16, 17 and 20 report, so that it could be done?

No. 5. "Why don't the State Lecturer visit our Grange?—Why don't your Grange write him?"

No. 6. Where can we buy supplies and sell our products to the best advantage?—Why don't you read the last page of the VISITOR?

Appendix Errata.

So many have failed to report the names of the Master and Secretary of their Grange as to render the list of Granges for 1880 quite incomplete; to remedy which it is proposed to print an additional sheet, to put into the present list. Send in to Secretary Cobb at once, all errors corrected, all omissions supplied, and all changes made. County or Pomona and Subordinate Granges may take this as a special invitation to them to report at once the needed information. If the Secretary is so busy that he can't do his duty, let some of the members volunteer to send a postal card with the needed information.

The following Granges are delinquent in reports and payments of dues from the Secretaries for two or more quarters:

- 3, 28, 47, 57, 66, 68, 86, 126, 143, 146, 155, 157, 172, 189, 203, 213, 214, 218, 268, 276, 283, 325, 326, 338, 339, 380, 382, 383, 388, 400, 414, 417, 422, 474, 485, 520, 562, 599, 630, 631, 632, 637.

Notice of Meetings.

The Berrien Co. Pomona Grange, No. 1, will meet in regular session at Bainbridge Grange Hall, in Bainbridge township, on Tuesday, the 25th day of May, 1880, at 10 o'clock A. M. A general invitation is extended to members of the Order. The brothers and sisters from adjoining counties are invited to meet with us. CHAS. HOGUE, Sec.

Sodus, April 24th, 1880.

BERLIN, Ottawa Co., April 16, 1880.
Bro. J. T. Cobb:
Western Pomona Grange, No. 19, will hold a regular Quarterly meeting, at the hall of Ravenna Grange, Ravenna, Muskegon County, on Thursday, the 28th of May, at 11 A. M. All are invited. CHAS. W. WILDE, Secretary.

Don't forget the Van Buren County Grange, to be held at Waverly, May 20th. Find the program in VISITOR for March 15th.

Fraternally,
C. B. CHARLES, Sec.
Bangor, April 26th, '80.

The term "watered stock" originated, it is said, with Daniel Drew, who was a drover in his early days. T. Carpenter, a leading broker in Wall Street, was a son of a farmer in Putnam County, where Daniel Drew came from, and he went to him one day to sell him some stock, which had been put upon the market at considerably above the actual cost of the property. Drew said: "That stock makes me think of old farmer Brooks, up in 'Put' who used to salt and water his stock to make his cattle weigh heavy when he sold them." The broker told it on the street, and it became an adage.

HOW THE FARMER MISSED IT.

If I had told her in the Spring
The old, old story briefly,
When the sparrow and the robin began to sing,
And the plowing was over chiefly!

But haste makes waste, and the story sweet,
I reasoned, will keep through the sowing,
Till I drop the corn and plant the wheat
And give them a chance for growing.

Had I even told the tale in June,
When the wind through the grass was blowing,
Instead of thinking it rather too soon
And waiting till after the mowing!

Or had I hinted, out under the stars,
That I knew a story worth hearing,
Lingering to put up the pasture bars,
Nor waiting to do the shearing!

Now the barn is full, and so is the bin,
But I've grown wise without glory,
Since love is the crop not gathered in,
For my neighbor told her the story.

—Burlington Hawkeye.

Correspondence.**Sparta Grange, 340.**

SPARTA, March 22d, 1880.

Bro. J. T. Cobb:

Feeling fully satisfied that Sparta Grange, 340, is doing its share of work, and not the least signs of life from it in the VISITOR, I will at least say that we are prospering. We and our work are steadily advancing, not with the speed that some do, still our advance is cautious and sure. The principles of our Order are, at times, partially lost sight of, yet they reappear often enough so that we may see and appreciate them, and the benefits vouches to us if we fully sustain our obligations.

Our hearts and minds are growing larger and stronger under the generous rules of charity, and good will towards our associates in our Grange.

The subject of education is taking a more general and liberal stand, than when it was claimed by some that the object of the Grange was to secure the best bargains, and be recognized as belonging to a body that had influence to give us a living at our own terms. We now see where we erred then. Still we are far from our rightful position on this question. I noticed a word in print not long since that at first failed to interest me, but as its friends gradually crowded it into notice, I found it to be the simple, plain word "Boom." Now I don't like the word used in connection with our work. It is a word that has an almost world-wide reputation, and figures in nearly every business, whether desirable or not; and it has become one of the leading by-words of the day. I rather question its power to add new members or life to a Grange, or in any way to assist us in gaining that enviable position that we might reach by following our language, which is full of expressive words, the meaning of which should be better understood by all.

Now we don't need any "booms." The Grange has a sure and solid foundation, and is steadily advancing to occupy its rightful position, where its earnest workers feel proud to see it.

SPARTA GRANGE, No. 340.

Perhaps a word from us would be acceptable. We do not claim much surplus strength, but we are quite sure we are alive. As an indication of our activity and usefulness, will say that we have taken and disposed of 48 tons of Day & Taylor's plaster this spring.

We take a lively interest in all important Grange movements, and fully appreciate the magnitude of the work before us,—the purification of our State and National politics. I do not see much good accruing from our participating in the primary caucuses of the old political parties, as they are controlled by and run in the interests of the worst political hacks in the land; neither am I quite sure that an independent movement would be advisable at present, as there are so many farmers outside the gates, whose influence would be as likely to be against us as for us.

I am quite encouraged by the many earnest epistles published in the VISITOR, but am not quite so enthusiastic as the brother who remarked that "if

J. J. W. would run for President next fall, I verily believe he would be elected." Hoping for the best, I am, Fraternally yours,

W. S. CLARK, Sec.

Whispers from Wheatland.

CHURCH CORNERS, April 7th, '80.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed you will find * * for dues for quarter ending March 31st, '80.

In connection with the above, I want to say that Wheatland Grange is prospering. We are having an influence here in arousing the farmers to looking after their own interest. We do not boast of a large number, but we do boast a little of having a few solid and firm members.

I see in the VISITOR a request that you be informed of the number of Grange halls in this State, also the size and cost. We have a hall, built in 1875. The size is 24x54 feet, one story high, 14 feet between floor and ceiling; cost about \$500, furnishing about \$100. We think we have a nice one.

Since we have had a home of our own, we have kept a small stock of goods, and find it pays. We get twenty per cent better goods, and they cost twenty per cent less money. We buy most of our goods of Geo. W. Hill & Co., Detroit, and are well pleased with him.

I have bought of Day & Taylor, 52 tons of plaster this winter at a cost of \$78, and paid freight on same to the amount of \$104—the freight being about one-quarter more than first cost of plaster. Who gets the best pay for their labor, those who manufacture plaster, or the railroad monopolies. Two to one in favor of the latter. Then give us a farmer to represent us in Congress who will make a move for a cure. Congressman first, Governor second.

I see in the VISITOR one writer says fill all the offices with Grangers. I think that is asking too much. All we should ask is equal representation, and equal rights with other classes, and I believe that if we ask it and demand it, the time is not far distant when we, as farmers, will obtain it. But I would really like to see Bro. Woodman Governor.

Fraternally yours,

JAS. HUMPHREY, Sec. 273.

"Bound to Live."

EDGEWOOD, March 28th, 1880.

Bro. J. T. Cobb:

I enclose \$1.50 for three new subscribers for the VISITOR. More are promised, which I will forward soon. We cannot do without it.

Hamilton and Lafayette Grange, No. 529, is not dead yet, as 'Reuben' asserts in the *Post & Tribune*, which he knows to be untrue, for he has been to our hall and got books from our library, and saw us there. We have a hall and a \$452 library. We meet every Friday night, and do something in the way of business by bulking our orders. We say, let our next Governor be a farmer; we have plenty of them in the State capable of holding the office. We should not be contented with Governor alone. For one, I shall vote for farmers wherever put up, irrespective of party. Our numbers are few, but we are alive, and bound to live, notwithstanding "Reuben's" assertion in the *Post & Tribune* to the contrary.

Flower and Vegetable Seeds.

STURGIS, March 24th, 1880.

Please publish in your next issue, for the benefit of the Patrons of Michigan, and others, that if they want flower and vegetable seeds, or dry goods, or anything they need, send to G. W. Hill & Co. I have dealt with them, to some extent, both in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, and seeds. I purchased \$72.00 worth of onion seeds of them, that would cost me \$94.00 at catalogue prices, and the same reduction in everything else. I consider them perfectly reliable in every respect. Patrons, try them.

THOS. STURGIS.

Grand Lodge Grange Heard From.

Bro. J. T. Cobb:

GRAND LODGE, March 12, 1880.

Not seeing anything in the VISITOR that would indicate that there was any Grange in this place, I thought I would just say that there is a Grange established here. We have a nice hall of our own, and are attending to our own business. I am a reader of the VISITOR, and in pursuing its pages in connection with other publications, I find a principle therein contained that would actuate us to extend our labor as Patrons, and make an effort to secure to ourselves a voice in our State Government, by giving the nomination for Governor to some reliable farmer. I consider that a step in the right direction, and while we are doing this for ourselves, let us not forget to look over our Legislature a little, and instead of filling up our Legislative halls with second and third rate lawyers, who know nothing of our wants and care less, let us see to it, and place in their stead some of those farmers who are more competent to transact the business, and who have wisdom enough to know when they get through. I think a change in this direction highly necessary. And who can make this change? Surely the farmer, for we hold the balance of power, and if we will, we can bring it about.

I feel that we, as a class of individuals, have been trampled down by those who are inferior to many who till the soil, and who gain a livelihood by the sweat of their brow, as commanded by their Creator.

Our Grange is striving to live up to Grange principles. We ship our wool, we deal in groceries, salt, and plaster, and our Grievance Committee have never been called upon to settle any difficulty. We are taking in a few members occasionally, and have the best of feelings to all members of the Order.

CHAPLAIN.

Pa-tron or Pat-ron.

ATTICA GRANGE, No. 448,
April 20th, 1880.

Bro. Cobb:

With reference to an article in the VISITOR, first number for this month, on the proprieties of speech, or correct pronunciation of words appertaining to the Grange, permit me to offer a thought. Let us not be more strict than the lexicographers. I suppose it proper to pronounce it Pa-tron, or Pat-ron, or Patron-age. Learned men have been somewhat whimsical in their pronunciation, and not quite in agreement. I admit, we, as a class, need instruction; and are pleased with the instruction offered us through the GRANGE VISITOR. But, if you please, don't check us up too tight, when we are doing our best. When we do use improper words or phrases, then check us, if you please,—at the same time don't be more particular than Worcester or Webster.

OLD PIONEER.

Hudsonville Grange, No. 112.

HUDSONVILLE, April 9th, '80.

Bro. Jerome T. Cobb:

I thought best to write something concerning our Grange. We are still alive, though there is seldom anything heard of us through the VISITOR. We are suspending more members than we are taking in—but those who remain are not going to die yet. We are determined to continue our work, and do it well, and overcome every difficulty that threatens to oppose.

Our Master, Bro. H. E. Hudson, and our Lecturer, Sister E. Green, are doing all they can to make our meetings interesting and instructive.

We are truly happy to hear of the success of the Grange throughout the State, and it is our desire to see every farmer that is interested in his own welfare within the gates of the Grange. Long live the Grange!

Fraternally yours,

DELL BARNBAY,
Secretary.

Liberty Grange, No. 391.

Bro. J. T. Cobb:

I have been a constant reader of the VISITOR some four or five years, and have never seen a word from Liberty Grange, No. 391, though I have looked for it many times, knowing that we have both brothers and sisters in our Grange who are capable of writing on most any subject, if they would only take the time, and set themselves about it.

As for myself, this is new business for me, and I do not feel capable of writing even a few words, and like Sister M. A. J. of Cedar Run, I probably shall write nothing but what has been said before.

We have not as large an attendance as when we first organized April 15th, 1874, some have moved away, and others have gone out for non-payment of dues; but those left are good Patrons, and the kind that will stick by us through thick and thin. Some are coming back, and more are sending in their names for admission. We have a home of our own, which is mostly paid for. All seem to be aroused and greatly encouraged. Outsiders find we are not dead as many prophesied we soon would be, and we judged by their actions and conversation that they were willing to bury us. Hoping some of our brothers and sisters who will read this will write something more worthy of publication,

I subscribe myself,

A MEMBER OF LIBERTY GRANGE.

Words of Cheer.

ROCHESTER, Vt., April 8th, '80.

J. T. Cobb:

Enclosed you will find 50 cents, with which to renew my subscription to the GRANGE VISITOR. I wish to thank you and the Patrons of Michigan for the words of cheer and encouragement which it has contained during the year that I have received it.

Although living in the Green Mountain State, and never having seen a Michigan Patron, yet I feel acquainted with many of them, and my wife thinks that she could readily recognize some of your lady contributors.

Our noble Order has a stronghold in Vermont, and although our numbers have somewhat diminished during the past three years, yet our working membership is as strong to-day as at any time in the past.

Several Pomona Granges have lately been organized, and we feel much encouraged at the prospects of returning prosperity.

At the last meeting of the State Grange, arrangements were made for holding a State Picnic during the summer, or early fall months. It is earnestly desired, and confidently expected, that Worthy Master Woodman, of whom you are so justly proud, will favor us with his presence at that time.

Fraternally yours,

A. MESSER.

Good News.

Brother J. T. Cobb:

Last night I, with my wife, visited Hudsonville Grange, No. 112, and found them in good working order. Last fall they were in rather a stupid condition, but at the present time they are lively and cheerful.

I formerly belonged to that Grange, but it has been some time since I have had the pleasure of meeting with them, until last evening; and it was gratifying to see each one so ready to push the work along, and that friendly shake of the hand of those brothers and sisters were certainly cheering.

I am at present a member of Wyoming Grange, No. 353, which is in good condition. LIBERTY T. BURSLEY.
Hudsonville, April 6th, 1880.

The Order in Georgia.

Brother Cobb:

Perhaps a short communication from the grand old Empire State of the South might be of some interest to your many readers of the VISITOR. We come with fraternal greeting to our brothers and sisters of the great State of Michigan, through the columns of your paper; to them all over this broad and beautiful land, whether in the mansions of the rich, or in the humble cot; ours is a common interest and a common danger, and one should feel that he had a duty to perform in our glorious Order, and commence work with a determination to succeed, let the time be what it may, in accomplishing the noble mission of our Order, in raising the farmer to a level with other callings. We have the power in our own hands, if we would but wield it in the right direction, and that direction is the way pointed out by the last meeting of the National Grange, on "American Agriculture." "Let us heed the admonition, and escape the doom." The Order in Georgia is looking up, and will soon take her stand with her sister States.

The "new process" cotton factory is our hope and pride, next to our noble Order.

Willacoochee Grange is hurdling her wandering sheep into her fold again,—returning to their first love. Let them come, there is room for all.

W. B. MCDANIEL,
Ass't Steward Ga. State Grange.
Glen Julia, Fla.

Newaygo Co Grange, No. 11.

Bro. J. T. Cobb:

The next regular meeting of Newaygo County Grange will be held at Fremont Grange hall on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 25th and 26th of May next, commencing on Tuesday, at 2 o'clock p. m.

The unfinished order of the Croton meeting will be called first, and afterwards the following special order, each and every topic to be followed by a general discussion:

"How to Make the Grange Pay," Bro. T. H. Stuart, Croton Grange.
"The Social Features of the Grange," Bro. Samuel Gibson, Ashland Grange.
"Labor," essay by Sister S. P. Barnard, Hesperia Grange.

"The Good of the Order," Bro. Samuel E. Dieker, Croton Grange.
"Homes and Home Education," essay by Sister J. Mallery, Fremont Grange.

"Fruits, and the Kinds of Apples best Adapted to our Locality," Bro. Theodore Taylor, Hesperia Grange.
"In what Manner can the Grange best Promote and Advance the cause of Temperance," essay by Sister Wm. Hillman, Ensey Grange.

"Why Should Civil Government be Taught in our Common Schools?" Bro. James O. Wilsie, Ashland Grange.
"Culture and Profits of Corn," Bro. L. Reinold, Ashland Grange.

"Our Schools, and the Duty of Parents in Regard to Them," essay by Sister L. E. Wright, Croton Grange.
"The Profits of Sheep," Bro. Samuel Cox, Ashland Grange.

"The Grange for our Boys and Girls," Bro. W. C. Dancer, Croton Grange.
"Beautify and Adorn the Farms and the Country, as well as the City," essay by Sister Mary Stuart, Fremont Grange.
"The Frauds of Trade," Bro. W. W. Carter, Ashland Grange.

"The Necessity for a Rotation of the Crops," Bro. M. W. Scott, Hesperia Grange.
"Chorister—Bro. J. B. Smith, Hesperia Grange.

All fourth degree members are especially invited to attend.

MELVIN W. SCOTT,
Lecturer County Grange.

A Copy of the Visitor for Each Family.

BELL BRANCH, April 5th, 1880.

Editor Grange Visitor:

At a regular meeting of Redford Grange, No. 367, held April 5th, the Grange voted a copy of the GRANGE VISITOR to each family whose members fully paid, making 24 copies, for which please find enclosed \$12; send as follows: * * * * *

Several are now taking the paper, but propose to distribute their extra copy outside the gate.

Yours fraternally,
MRS. E. P. F. BRADNER,
Secretary.

Ladies' Department.

THE SINGERS.

LONGFELLOW.

God sent his singers upon earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market place,
And strided, with accents deep and loud,
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals, dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contribution from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the singers three,
Disputed who the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree:
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach."

"These are the three great cords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

Training Children.

This is a subject of interest, as well as of great importance, for on the proper training of our children depends the future welfare of our country.

We could wish this subject had been assigned to some one more capable than ourselves of treating it.

The training of a child commences with its infancy. Regular habits, proper diet, plenty of fresh air and exercise, will lay the foundation of a healthy, then naturally follows—a happy childhood.

A great many children who are thought by some, fretful and peevish, are not well, and they require more tender and judicious management than those who are strong and robust.

I have heard people remark of a fretful baby, "Oh, he just cries from ugliness, and I am going to let him cry it out!" But I do not believe it, a child never cries for nothing. If they are restless and cry, they need soothing.

They are babies only a short time, they soon grow too large for mother's arms, so give them all the love and care you can, and take comfort with them.

Obedience is one of the first and most difficult things to teach a child. It requires many a lesson, and much patient teaching, to impress this upon the mind of the child. But nothing is more pleasing than prompt, cheerful obedience, and if not learned in youth, will cause many a bitter heartache in after life, for this is a lesson all must learn. There are no people more disagreeable and difficult to get along with than those who have never submitted to proper authority. A willful, disobedient child will make a selfish, obstinate man.

A mother says: "A sorrowful and frequent practice is that of removing articles from the child's reach, instead of teaching it to let them alone, and so enable the child to learn a lesson in self-control. If a child cannot be taught self-control, or is not taught it, how, as a youth, or as a man, can he resist temptations which, on every hand, beset his steps?" and further, "If a child's will is never subject to an earthly parent, how seldom does it become so to our Heavenly Parent!"

Another important thing is to teach them habits of industry. If they are required to do certain tasks each day, they form habits which will follow them through life. In requiring anything of a child, not command, but, rather, ask them; it gives them more self respect, and they will do it more cheerfully.

Be careful with whom your children associate, take an interest in their little mates, and make them welcome, when they come to visit them.

If a child acknowledges a fault, do not censure it, for it requires a great deal of moral courage, even in a grown person, to admit they even were in the wrong.

Seek the confidence of your children,

let them feel that no one is as interested in their joys and sorrows as you are. A great many children are driven from confiding in their parents by having their advances met with coolness and indifference. If you would have them trustworthy, trust them. Would you make them true, believe them. Nothing will do a child more good than to trust it with little secrets, it shows that you have confidence in it, and can rely on it.

It is of little use for the mother to admonish her child to be patient and gentle, and herself give way to impatience and anger: or for the father to advise his sons not to use tobacco, while indulging in the practice himself. In fact, what we would have our children be, we must be ourselves—for it is by example, as well as by precept, we are to lead them to a noble manhood and womanhood.

One thing more we would mention, and that is, give your children plenty of good reading matter. The children of the present time are favored, indeed—for never before was there such an array of talent interested in children's literature as now. Some of the best writers of the age contribute to the children's magazines and papers. If they are furnished with good reading, they form a taste for it, and do not fancy the light, trashy, kind.

The magazines and papers are too numerous to mention, but among them we would speak of Scribner's *St. Nicholas* as prominent. Children who are not old enough to read it, can enjoy and appreciate having it read to them.

Let them have games and home amusements, and they will not seek it elsewhere. Let them have a happy home; fill their lives as full of sunshine as possible—all too soon come the cares and clouds of life—then they will have in after life, one bright spot to look upon, a free joyous, happy childhood.

MRS. J. E. BAYLEY.

An Essay.

The following was read before Paris Grange, February 7th, by a sister:

It is but a few weeks since I heard a worthy brother say that he thought the Grange was not going to stay long, or at most, it would not long remain an institution of much power. It was also his conviction that the day was not far distant when Paris Grange would be but a small affair. Brothers and sisters, is this so? Are we going to let it be so? It is a very easy thing to do, if we only say so. Nothing could be easier. For we all know that unless there is a unity of effort, and that in the right direction, there can be no such thing as a successful Grange. But I do not believe it is so, or ever will be, that is, unless something else takes its place.

Do you think that we have labored so long and so faithfully to have a home of our own, a place where we can meet, and say and do as we chose, and none can trespass, or debar us from aught, so long as we obey the laws of our country,—do you think that these will,—now that the battle is half fought,—give up in despair, or like traitors go over to the side of the enemy, neglect their duties, and prove false to themselves, and all the nobler motives which should guide their actions?

I have always been proud to say that I was a farmer's daughter; but if the Grange goes down, I shall be proud no longer. I shall hang my head in shame to be classed with a set of people who cared for no advancement in life beyond their own selfish aims for worldly gain. For with the death of the Grange dies all hope of any great advancement among the farmers; and if the farmers do allow the Grange to go down, they will justly merit the ridicule which they have suffered in the past for their ignorance.

It is a fact which history proves, and which I think all will grant, that wherever a people have remained at home, plodding day after day in the

same old furrow, giving no heed to what is going on around them, shutting themselves up within themselves, giving up to sordid motives—that people have remained from one generation to another without any improvement, but even worse than their ancestors.

I think it is a well established fact that the Americans are a progressive people. Statistics tell us that seven-tenths of the American people are farmers. Now if these seven-tenths are going to say that we cannot support the Grange, an institution that will certainly, if properly conducted, result in the practical education of every member—does this look like progress in the future?

Farmers, situated as they are, comparatively isolated from one another, have not, or think they have not, the advantages of the laboring classes in our cities and villages. There, the people, on account of their relations to each other, can unite more easily in societies for general improvement. They establish libraries and reading rooms, attend lectures, and places of interest and amusement at their pleasure. But there is no earthly reason why farmers may not do the same to a large extent. With united energies, wonders may be accomplished.

We know that we are often surrounded with the most trying circumstances; and trivial things that come to annoy us, seem to gain increased power, until we are tempted to falter on the way. We know that sometimes there is so much for busy hands to do, there are so many hard duties devolving upon the tired father, it seems like asking too much to require him to hitch up the horses, and drive to the Grange. But when we get there, we feel paid for the extra exertion required. The meeting of sisters and brothers whose hearts we know are true, to whom we may look for sympathy, the bright faces and cheerful tones of friends we have learned to prize, enlivens and refreshes, and gives us strength for the duties that follow on the morrow.

When we hear our grandmothers tell of the work they used to do, of the spinning and weaving of every thread that composed their garments, when they had no sewing or washing machines, to lighten their ceaseless toil; how they had little or no time for learning or improving the mind, either through schools, Granges, or home instruction, how can we help thanking a loving Providence for the many opportunities we enjoy? And, sisters, can we not afford to sacrifice some of the elegancies of the toilet, beyond that which is necessary for taste or comfort, to the development of a refined and cultivated mind? Let us try to devote just as much time as possible to reading and study. As soon as practicable, let us have a Grange library, filled with books for all. Let us study and put into practice more of the beautiful lessons of our manual; and above all seek to cultivate within ourselves a habit of close observation of the beauties of field and forest. We who are so supremely blest with the most exquisite adornments of nature's handiwork, as seen in her flowery fields, her sighing forests, and babbling brooks, often grow careless and indifferent through familiarity with such surroundings. Let this not be so, for we shall find in nature every lesson we need to learn. Lessons of charity, of love to all mankind, of truth, purity, and goodness of heart.

May the new home we now occupy become to us a place second to none but our own loved homes—a place where our deepest, purest thoughts find utterance. And may the lessons we here learn be such as shall help us to live better, purer, nobler, and truer lives.

ECONOMICAL.—Young wife (shopping).—"I'm giving a small dinner to-morrow, and I shall want some lamb." Butcher.—"Yes'm, fore quarter o' lamb, 'm 'm." Young wife.—"I think three-quarters will be enough!"

Watson Grange, No. 154.

Ero. J. T. Cobb.

Having never seen anything in the VISITOR from Watson Grange, I will endeavor to write a few lines concerning it, and let those who read the VISITOR know that there is such a Grange, and that the majority of its members are alive and wide-awake; although backward about writing and letting others know what they have done and are doing.

Our Grange was organized December 12, 1873. We have lost several from dimits and suspensions, but we still number upwards of one hundred and fifty. Last year we received seventeen new members, and this year have received thirteen, and still new applications at nearly every meeting. We hold our meetings once in two weeks, so we have plenty of work to do each meeting, balloting for and initiating candidates, besides going through with the general routine of business, and listening to the usual amount of talking done by various members of the Grange, most of which is very interesting. I will close now, hoping that some other brother or sister may take courage from my feeble effort and write something better.

SUKIE.

The Old-Fashioned Girl.

She flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she was fifteen. She used to help her mother to wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pies so goodly that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's. And yet she could fry griddle-cakes at ten years of age, and darn her own stockings before she was twelve, to say nothing of knitting them herself.

She had her hours of play, and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She had no very costly toys to be sure, but her rag doll and little bureau and chair that Uncle Tom made were just as valuable to her as the \$20 wax doll and elegant doll furniture the children have nowadays.

She never said "I can't," and "I don't want to," to her mother, when asked to leave her play and run up stairs or down on an errand, because she had not been brought up in that way. Obedience was a cardinal virtue in the little old-fashioned girl.

She rose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country she fed the chickens and hunted up the eggs for breakfast.

We do not suppose that she had her hair in papers or crimping-pins, or had it "banged" over her forehead, and her drouces were no trouble to her.

She learned to sew by making patchwork, and we dare say she could do an "over and over" seam as well as nine-tenths of the grown-up women nowadays.

The old-fashioned little girl did not grow into a young lady, and talk about beaux, before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, and was not fancying a hero in every plow-boy she met.

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the arts of cooking and housekeeping. When she got a husband, she knew how to cook him a dinner. She was not learned in French verbs and Latin declensions, and her near neighbors were spared the agony of hearing her pour out "The Maiden's Prayer" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold" twenty times a day on the piano, but we have no doubt she made her family quite as comfortable as the modern young lady does hers. It may be a vulgar assertion, and we suppose that we are not exactly up with the times, but we honestly believe, and our own opinion is based on considerable experience, and no small opportunity for observation, that when it comes to keeping a family happy, a good cook and house-keeper is to be greatly preferred above an accomplished scholar. When both sets of qualities are found together, as they sometimes are, then is the household over which such a woman has control blessed.

The old-fashioned girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang or used by-words. She did not laugh at old people or make fun of cripples, as we saw some modern little girls doing the other day. She had respect for elders, and was not above listening to counsel from those older than herself.

She did not think she knew as much as her mother, and that her judgment was as good as her grandmother's.

She did not go to parties by the time she was ten, and stay till after midnight, playing euchre, and dancing with any chance young man who happened to be present.

She went to bed in good season, and doubtless said her prayers before she went, and slept the sleep of innocence,

and rose in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness.

And if there be an old-fashioned little girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless her and keep her, and raise up others like her.—N. Y. Examiner.

The Slangy Girl Not a Lady.

Mothers of the old school look regretfully upon the questionable manners of the rising generation, for the *sang froid* of the girl of the period stands out in unpleasant contrast with the modest suavity of our grandmothers. Notwithstanding the painstaking attention given to deportment in public and private schools, the girl of genteel manners, unmarried by ill-breeding and rudeness, is the exception, and these faults are even more prevalent among the highborn, than the lowly. At school, the girl who has the largest amount of slang can laugh the loudest, and has the least respect for either rules or propriety, is the most popular, and is courted as the boon companion and the jolly spirit. Most girls like to be favorites; the slangy schoolmate is imitated, and a pert, uncouth style is thus developed, to mar through life a beautiful picture. Finishing schools and intercourse with refined people, will in a measure, tone down the coarseness, but it will be exhibited sometimes, and upon occasions that produce the greatest chagrin.

Foreigners claim that what they term the self-reliance and impudence of American girls come from the wide liberty given them to appearing in public. Native gentleness and modesty are worn off by a constant contact with the rough edges of humanity. American girls abroad have certainly been severely criticised for bad manners, and not altogether unjustly; but the overbearing snobbishness exhibited toward us in return, as if we were a race of Indians, partly palliates the offense. It is better for us, in our cultivation of politeness, to study the manners and customs of our own country, than to ape foreign airs, and cater to foreign tastes. American girls would place themselves above all criticism, if they would but study dignity of bearing, and mild, lady-like ways. Music and the fine arts are elevating, but French spoken with the shrill, harsh voice of an anglo-verner, and a request for music answered with slang, force the hearer to the belief that the accomplishments have been cultivated to the neglect of good breeding.

Another main constituent of the make-up of a real gentlewoman, is an even temper. Tempers come by nature; but they can be controlled, like a fine piano. It requires work, but it can be done by careful, judicious, self-training. Some one says that a hot temper will make more havoc in a household than a kerosene explosion. But a sweet, well governed temper, and the ability to overlook mishaps without a storm of words, is like a delightful perfume, refreshing and pervading the whole house.

What better time to resolve to try the experiment of wearing the graces of a gentle womanhood? Drop slang, study refinement and polite bearing; and above all set a close watch on your temper. At the end of the year, you will be amazed at the compliments you receive for being a perfect gentlewoman, and at the good influence you have exerted upon others.—Land and Home.

Old Virginia Alive.

On every hand is to be heard "boom." For some months during the past year there was quiet all along the Grange lines, and it was thought that this indicated DEATH or DISORGANIZATION, but now it is seen that there is life in the grand army of Patrons of Virginia still. From all sections the good tidings come that, with the budding of the trees, and the blooming of the flowers, which, to all appearance, were dead or lifeless a few months ago, so those Granges which had retired into "winter quarters," and rested from their labors for a season, are again marshaling their hosts and preparing for active work in the field.

Those that were quietly "sleeping" have waked up refreshed and prepared for work. Those that stood on guard and were watchful during the halt in the progress of advancement, have lost none of their ardor and enthusiasm, but are greatly encouraged and stimulated to still more active work. While some of those who were "dead and buried," and whose funeral had been preached, have burst asunder the bands of death, and experienced a most glorious resurrection.

The *Virginia Granger* takes up this "Grange boom," and heralds it throughout the length and breadth of the country, and it will gladden the hearts of good Patrons everywhere, from Maine to Texas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to know that in the grand old Commonwealth, "the mother of States and statesmen," there is renewed manifestations of interest in the grand purposes of the Order, a spirit of a revival awakened, the lists all have been struck, and the onward march of the brave band begun, and they will press forward so long as the reverberating blows of "Woodman's" axe shall be heard clearing away the obstacles which stand in the way of progress.

Subscribe for the *Granger* and you will hear all about it—and many other things besides.—Virginia Granger.

