



The Farmer Pays It All

(Written for a Farmers' Union picnic held near Hennessey, Oklahoma, and recited by Miss Bumps, daughter of Elmer Bumps, a prominent member of the organization.)

We have heard in song and story of the heroes who win glory
Fighting, dying, 'neath the old red, white and blue;
And their memories we are praising and tall columns we are raising
To the soldiers of the nation, tried and true.

We have watched the corporations get a death grip on the nations,
And we have seen the giant trusts their coffers fill;
We have seen the king's financial pile up fortunes quite substantial—
And the farmers of the nation foot the bill.

We have seen, as years were rolling, men the big trust kings extolling,
We have seen the nation's bounds extended wide.

We have heard that trade and barter to extend must have a starter,
So a subsidy for ships must be applied.

We have heard the railroad bosses say they're up against great losses

If with water their great stocks they can not fill;
And a lot of men will swear if we complain about the tariff—
But the farmers of the nation foot the bill.

Day by day we toil and labor, scarcely seeing nearest neighbor,
While the men who profit from our honest toil
Live in ease and laughing gaily, watch us while we're toiling dally

To bring forth the fruits of Nature from the soil.

Don't you think, O toiling brother, toiling wife and toiling mother,
That it's time we stood a strong, united band?

Don't you know that once united all our toil will be requited.
And that we would be the rulers of the land?

Join our union! Stand together in sunshine or stormy weather,
Face to face, and heart to heart, and hand to hand.

All our mutual burdens bearing, all our daily blessings sharing,
All for one and one for all, united stand.

Hear the voice of Union calling; see the foe is backward falling;
Clouds of wrong are scattered by the rising sun.

Armed with ballots ready, forward! God Almighty hates a coward—
Do your duty and our battle will be won.

A Resourceful Physician

Dr. Harvy Link, who lived at Millard, Neb., and practiced his profession for upwards of fifty years, was one of the finest men that ever lived. This statement will be vouched for by thousands who knew him while he lived, and mourned him sincerely when he died. His resourcefulness and his ability are illustrated by an incident that happened in his practice more than thirty years ago, when his section of the state was thinly settled and public conveniences such as the telephone, interurban railroads, rural

free delivery and automobiles were unknown.

One night Dr. Link was called to a home eight miles from his office, the messenger being a half-witted boy who could not tell just what was the matter. But the call came from the home of a man who was himself something of a physician, so Dr. Link naturally thought that if it was an urgent case some one would have been sent who could give the details. He answered the call, and when he arrived at the house, the night being very cold, he found a young lady in convulsions as the result of arsenical poisoning. Dr. Link had nothing in the shape of an antidote with him, and he knew there was no time to return to his office. It was up to him to do something, and while he was warming up his benumbed hands at the fire his fine old brain was working rapidly. Finally, turning to the head of the house he said:

"You came here from Pennsylvania, didn't you?"

"Yes sir."
"Bring your rifle and bullet ladle?"

"Yes, sir."
"Bring me the bullet ladle."

Then he turned to the wife and asked:

"Got any baking soda?"
"No, sir."

"Then hurry over to your neighbor's and borrow some."

The wife grabbed her shawl and started. Then Dr. Link turned to the man and said:

"Been lots of hog cholera in this neighborhood, eh?"
The man admitted that there had been.

"Your hogs had it?"
"Yes, sir."

"What did you give them, copperas?"
"Yes, sir."

"You hurry out to the barn and bring me some copperas."

By the time the man had returned with the copperas the wife had returned with the baking soda. Dr. Link moistened a little of the soda with water, mixed it with the copperas, poured the mixture into the bullet ladle and baked it to a fine whitish powder. And that mixture was the best known antidote for arsenical poisoning—carbonate of iron. The antidote was administered and the life of the young woman was saved.

Dr. Link was one of the staunchest old democrats in Nebraska, and he was a familiar figure at democratic conventions for half a century. And when he arose to speak, his long white hair falling almost to his shoulders, he was always cheered to the echo and listened to with closest attention. Dr. P. L. Hall, for years chairman of the Nebraska democratic state central committee, and a son-in-law of Dr. Link, learned many of his democratic lessons at the feet of his father-in-law. Before becoming a national banker Dr. Hall practiced medicine for a number of years at Mead, Saunders county, Nebraska.

A few weeks ago Dr. Hall and a number of others were discussing Christian Science at a meeting of a literary club in Lincoln. Naturally Dr. Hall rather inclined to ridicule the healing features of the Scientists. But finally an adherent of that faith, who is one of Dr. Hall's closest personal friends, arose and said:

"Dr. Hall feels impelled to talk that way because of his professional

training. But I can prove that he leans towards the Scientist ideas. In 1896 he was practicing medicine in Saunders county, and was chairman of the Saunders county democratic committee. During that memorable campaign, whenever a republican came to him complaining of illness, Dr. Hall would fill him full of calomel or quinine and send him home. But when a democrat came in for treatment, Dr. Hall would give him a copy of the Declaration of Independence and the Life of Thomas Jefferson, and tell him to read both carefully and be healed."

Brain Leaks

Piety is never perfunctory. Godliness does not mean exclusiveness.

You can not beat a carpet with feathers.

The wisdom of youth looks unwise to old age.

Policies may change, but principles are eternal.

The praying Christian is always a doing Christian.

It is easy to be generous when we have too much.

The best road to the throne is by way of the cross.

A lot of energy is wasted in looking for easy jobs.

A ham in the smokehouse is worth two on the stage.

When the light of love dies the home is in darkness.

A foul tongue can not express the desires of a clean heart.

People who advertise their woes find plenty more coming.

A great many people are suffering from weevilly conscience.

A good mirror is the one that reflects just what we want to see.

Man is the only animal that will deliberately get drunk the second time.

The girl who possesses an old-fashioned maiden aunt is mighty lucky.

God does not take account of sex in figuring out the enormity of the offense.

The hardest work some people do is to complain about the tasks of tomorrow.

Satan works hardest when the churches are closed for the summer vacation.

When a man wants to do wrong he never has any trouble in finding an excuse.

Failure of the fruit crop will have no effect on the output of "doped" jams and jellies.

We have a poor opinion of the discretion of a man who will eat jelly put up in a factory.

Too many men who are looking for work avoid the places where they are most likely to find it.

It's a mighty good thing that our wives have never thought to go on strike for the eight hour day.

Charity with a brass band attachment doesn't get high enough for the recording angel to either see or hear.

The time of year is near at hand when we find it difficult to see anything funny in the "jokes" about the iceman.

A lot of people never hear opportunity knocking because they are themselves too busy "knocking" other people.

The man who watches the clock most is usually the man who complains loudest about the size of his pay envelope.

When you want to take an accurate census of the working members of a congregation, attend a couple of prayer meetings.

A lot of men who have abounding faith in themselves never get energy enough to muster up the work that ought to go with it.

The man who defends profanity on the ground that it is a safety valve for his temper, usually finds himself at the blowing-off point most of the time.



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