

WHERE TOWN AND COUNTRY PEOPLE WORK TOGETHER

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THE GET-TOGETHER BANQUET

This is an article about the Farm and City Get-Together Festival at Jamestown, N. Y., where some enterprising dreamers turned their talents to practical purposes :

IN TOO many cases country people and town and city people misunderstand one another, and both lose. As a consequence urban dwellers buy Oregon apples and California grapes, and rural folk buy their furniture, farm machinery and supplies from Chicago mail-order houses. Here and there, however, some of the more far-sighted men and women of both groups are making determined efforts to supplant distrust and contempt with fellowship and co-operation. And it works—Ladies and gentlemen, it works beautifully!

The enterprising citizens of Jamestown, N. Y., and the farm people who live in the counties surrounding the city (which have a population of about 40,000) joined hands, hearts and hands this last autumn in a great "Farm and City Get-Together Festival," and the affair was such a huge success that a permanent organization was formed and the festival will be held annually hereafter.

Here is an illustration of how misunderstanding is bred and why it persists sometimes:

James Mason, a city dry-goods merchant, drove out in the country one pleasant Sunday afternoon in October, and was astonished at the number of apples he saw on the ground in orchards along the roadside. "I cannot buy good apples at the grocery next my store," he complained, "unless I pay Alaska prices for them, 5 cents each. Yet here they are rotting on the ground."

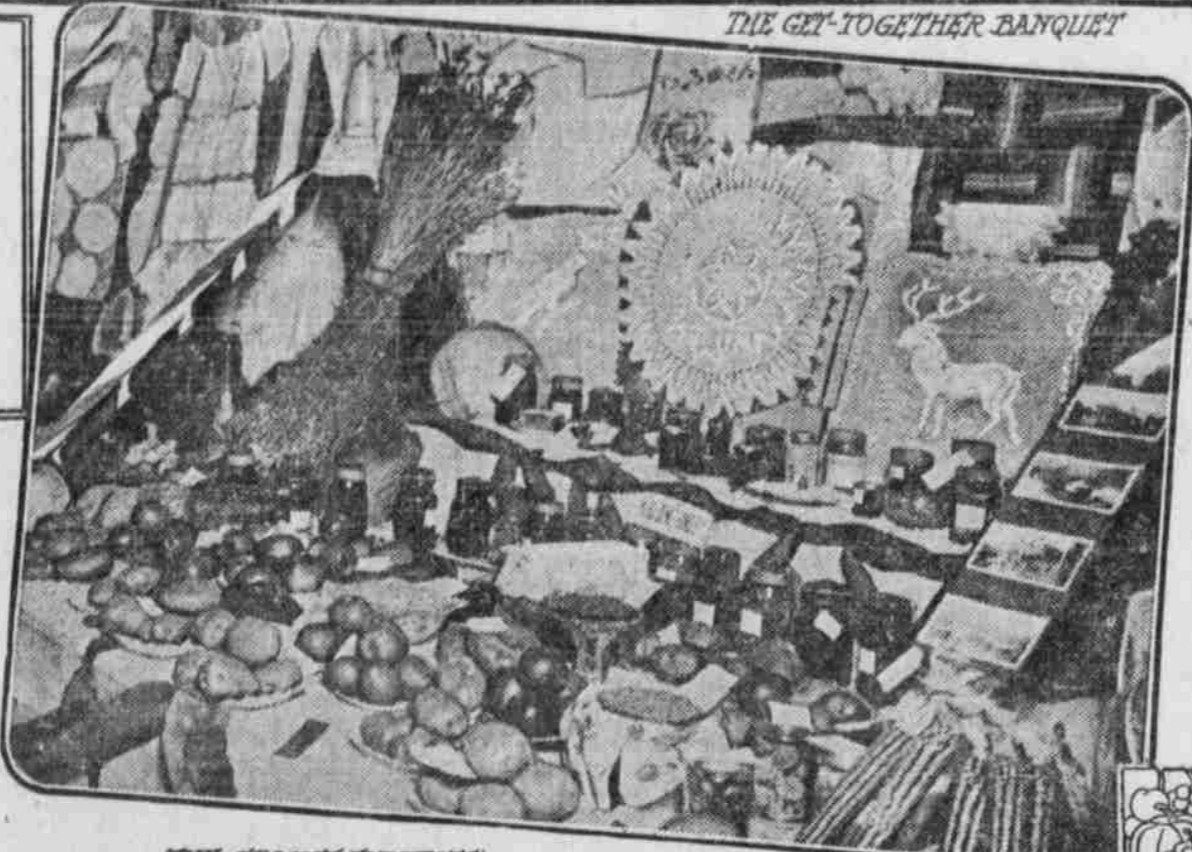
Mason jumped to the conclusion that the farmers did not try to save the apples, or to help the city man and his family get food. "They are both selfish and lazy," he asserted when he told of the experience.

Simon Newcomb lived on a farm near where Mason drove that Sunday. He had been in town Saturday afternoon with a load of apples. The groceryman looked them over, and offered Newcomb 50 cents a bushel. Newcomb had read in his farm paper that apples were scarce, and he thought he ought to have a dollar a bushel.

"But your apples are not sorted. There are several kinds in the one crate, and many of them are inferior in size, and some badly worm eaten," objected the grocer. "You leave them with me for 50 cents a bushel or else take them somewhere else."

Newcomb looked at his watch and saw it was nearly four o'clock, and he sold them. But when he got home he told his wife the grocer took advantage of him and was little better than a robber.

But both men were wrong. The orchard owner was not lazy nor selfish. He had other problems worse to handle and more necessary to him than picking up and saving a few bushels of apples.



THE GRANGE EXHIBITS

Nor was the grocer a robber. He had a trade which required certain standards, and the stuff offered him did not conform to those standards. All wrong, almost from the start.

Just as the foregoing illustration makes plain the problem more than pages of generalities, so the experience of Jamestown in its first Farm and City festival will show how the effort to get-together succeeds better than more pages of platitudes.

First of all Jamestown had a live board of commerce, and a secretary with a vision not bounded by the factory chimneys of the city nor its city limits. Secretary Fred Clayton Butler had been studying some United States census reports on Chautauqua county, N. Y., and he discovered that most of the rural towns of the county and all its rural villages, but two or three that had a lot of factories, had decreased in population in the last three decades. He did not need to be told about the increase in cost of living. That was self-evident.

In surveying the field he found that there was an active apple growers' association in Chautauqua county, also a milk producers' association, a farm bureau, a lot of big granges, and a number of farmers' clubs. The manager of the farm bureau was Hawley B. Rogers, and Mr. Rogers was called into conference with Mr. Butler.

"You do not need to tell me anything about decreasing rural populations," interrupted Rogers, when Butler started in on his pet paragraph. "I knew all about that before you city people awakened. But what can we do about it?"

Right here the city man had the farm bureau man beaten. "We can get together and find out," was his reply. "I know that the city people have a double stake at issue; the cost of what they must have to eat, and the market for a large part of their goods. I think your people have something at stake also. You want good roads, and good schools, and good markets. Perhaps we can get together."

Out of this conference grew a bigger conference, present at which were representatives of most of

these rural organizations and some active business men from the city of Jamestown. The proportion at this time, and so far as possible in every succeeding step up to the big banquet which closed the festival finally and successfully held, was just "fifty-fifty"; half city people, half farm people on every committee and in every conference.

This conference, held in August, decided to hold a Farm and City festival, a real get-together, in November. "Not a county fair, but better than a county fair, with the vaudeville features omitted," was the way it was expressed. At the initial meeting it was decided to carry out this get-together idea by making the exhibits of an educational character as far as possible in every instance.

To do this and to finance it several committees were named. A street was closed and covered with tents. Other tents were put up on vacant lots, and the state armory was used. All sorts of exhibits—prize livestock, poultry, dairy products, grains, fruit, vegetables, etc.—were shown and prizes awarded. State experts in all phases of farming, in domestic science, in child welfare, in dietetics, etc., delivered lectures to the city and country people. A railroad traffic expert discussed plans for helping producer on the farm to get his products directly and expeditiously to consumer in the city. The government sent a good-roads exhibit, and motion pictures were used to make many of the lectures more graphically interesting.

And then there was a great closing dinner. Five hundred persons representing every part of the county and city attended this affair. There was fine music, for one thing—orchestral and choral work, led by Cornell university music instructors, and solos—and Gov. Charles S. Whitman, who was in the city on a campaign trip, left politics behind and he and Mrs. Whitman attended the banquet.

"Co-operation" and "get acquainted" were the watchwords of the occasion. Two weeks afterward the committees met and decided unanimously to hold another "Farm and City Get-Together Festival" next year.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

FRANCE'S NEW HERO

Gen. Robert George Nivelle, who has succeeded General Joffre as commander in chief of the French forces, carried out one of the most striking achievements of the war—the recovery at a single stroke of almost all the territory gained by the Germans before Verdun.

General Nivelle, whose mother was English, is sixty years old and one of the numerous "discoveries" of "Papa" Joffre. At the beginning of the war he was a colonel in command of the Fifth regiment of artillery and about to be retired. He was promoted to general of brigade on October 24, 1914, and a few weeks later placed in command of the Sixty-first Infantry division. On December 23, 1915, he received his three stars and was appointed commander of the Third army corps.

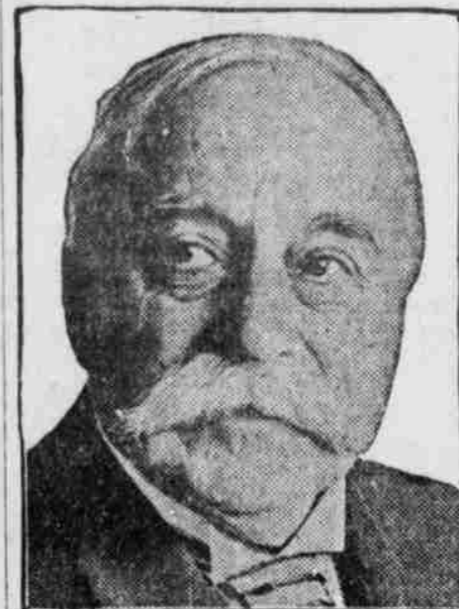


Nivelle is said greatly to resemble the authentic portraits of Cardinal Richelieu. In action he is alert, quick, gesticulating and gives the impression of having great reserves of energy, both physical and mental. He has also the reputation of being a strict disciplinarian and possibly is the greatest gunner in the army. With him artillery is the deciding arm.

The general is a great admirer of England, speaks English and is fond of reciting old-time English war verse. More than this, he frankly asserts that he is more than half English, because his father married a Miss Sparrow of Deal and he has several relatives in the British navy.

Nivelle is the friend of inventors. Let one get a pass to his headquarters and he receives the most assiduous attention, particularly if he has brought a product of his work with him.

WHY DEWEY ENTERED NAVY



Ever hear how it came that George Dewey, admiral of the United States navy, and hero of the battle of Manila, happened to go to Annapolis? It's a funny story, as told by his third cousin, Col. Elias Dewey of Chicago.

"The fact that the West Point cadets got eight weeks' vacation in four years, while the 'middles' received but one week in that length of time was the reason the future admiral was sent into the naval branch of the service," says Colonel Dewey.

"George lived at Montpelier, Vt., in the middle of the last century, and my home was at Malone, N. Y. Our fathers were second cousins, and both of us youngsters received appointments to West Point at the same time. My father wouldn't let me go because there were many Indian wars then and he was afraid I would get scalped. It happened that George was some lad in those days and had a good time generally. His father, after diligent inquiry, found that the West Point boys had two months' vacation in four years, while the 'middles' had to be satisfied with a single week. This meant that Dewey, Sr., would have had George around a long time if he went to West Point. He thought he could get along with one week, that he could manage it somehow. So he sent him to Annapolis."

MIRACLE MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS

Some time ago trachoma broke out in a dangerous degree in the Appalachian regions of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia, and for a year the federal health authorities have been working to stop the spread of the infection. At a cost far less than the cost of a single torpedo boat, the government has checked the spread of this infection, which might have proved an expensive plague if it had been allowed to spread.

But the picturesque figure in the fight is the Miracle Man of the Mountains, the "gov'ment doctor," Dr. John McMullen, who with his faithful nurses has wrestled with the power of darkness and brought light to hundreds of eyes. It was difficult to persuade these simple, childlike people at first to submit to operations on their eyes; now during the latter months of the fight against trachoma Doctor McMullen's clinics have lasted from daylight to dark and hundreds have waited patiently in line for their chances.

Doctor McMullen would not tell it himself, but it is a fact that in Muhlenberg county he held a four-day clinic and in that time operated 60 times. He examined and treated 400 people, and at any time could look down and see a hundred in line waiting to reach him. To do what he did he had to begin work at sunrise, and, except for luncheon, stopped only when the sun went down.

The service has three hospitals in Kentucky and one each in the other three states where trachoma is prevalent.



SPIDERS ARE NOT VERY DANGEROUS

The famous tarantula, reported to be one of the terrors of the arid parts of the Southwestern states and northern Mexico, and which bulks so large in the imagination and the fears of those persons who have friends on the border, is really not the tarantula of history and of fable.

One of the numerous students of spiders—and the tarantula is a spider—says that that terrifying insect that it is the *Lycosa tarantula*, a kind of spider found in some of the warmer parts of Italy and Spain. When full grown it is about the size of a chestnut and of a brown color. "Its bite was at one time supposed to be dangerous," says this authority, "and to cause a kind of 'dancing disease,' but it is now known not to be worse than the sting of a common wasp."

It is very likely that when the early Spanish explorers came upon the great spider of the Southwest, and seeing a good deal of resemblance to the tarantula of the old world—those explorers not having been scientific entomologists—they called the new spider a tarantula, and the name has stuck.

There is no doubt that the big spider of Arizona, New Mexico, California, old Mexico and many other places is a relative of the tarantula of Spain and Italy, and in color, disposition and in the matter of his hairy legs a layman might easily mistake him for the tarantula. But perhaps there is not much in a name so far as spiders go, and it is just as well to avoid if possible that particular spider which so many Americans call the tarantula, though it is quite certain that the meanness of his disposition has been exaggerated.

J. H. Emerton, one of the spider experts of the world, writes, after years of intimate study of

spiders: "When undisturbed, spiders never bite anything except insects useful as their food, but when attacked or cornered all species open their jaws and bite if they can, depending on the size and strength of their jaws. The stories of death, insanity and lameness from the bites of spiders are probably untrue."

The species of spider are hard to number. The spiders of North America have been studied by Hentz, Emerton, Keyserling and Thorell, and no doubt by a number of other men who have specialized in insects, and it is estimated that there are 800 species in North America. The spider has heart, liver, stomach, intestines, thorax, lungs and several other interesting organs, as, for example, the spinning glands and spinnerets.

It is recorded that a good many experiments have been made to throw light on the effect of spider bites on man. A distinguished entomologist, named Bertkau, allowed various kinds of spiders to bite his hand. Some of them drew blood, giving a sensation like that of a sharp needle prick. The wounds smarted and swelled somewhat and itched when rubbed, producing very much the sensation of mosquito bites, but no permanent ill effects followed. Another entomologist, named Blackwell, also allowed specimens of the big spiders to bite his hand. He reported that he felt no particular pain and little inflammation followed, and the wounds soon healed. Still another entomologist, named Dolezschall, reported that he had shut up small birds with the *Mygale*, one of the biggest and fiercest of the spider tribe. The birds soon died after being bitten. He allowed one of his fingers to be bitten by a large jumping spider. The pain was severe and his finger and then his hand and

arm became lame, but the soreness soon passed away.

The *Mygale* is one of the best-known of the large and heavy spiders. It is a native of tropical and subtropical America. It is said that it catches and kills small birds with its poisonous bite and then sucks the blood of its victims. The body of this spider is pitch black and is covered with long reddish-brown hair. It has eight eyes placed close together in the front of its head. It is a close kinsman to the so-called bird spider of Surinam.

The official name of that American spider called the tarantula is *Otzenia Californica*, and it is one of the trapdoor spiders. It is common in New Mexico, Arizona, and California. According to John Sterling Kingsley, this spider digs its hole in a fine soil which when dry is nearly as hard as brick. These spider holes are sometimes nearly an inch in diameter and vary in depth from two and three inches to nearly a foot. The mouth of the hole is enlarged and then closed by a thick cover which fits it tightly. That cover fits into the mouth of the hole very much as a cork does in the neck of a bottle. The cover is made of dirt fastened together with threads and, like the hole, is lined with silk and is fastened by a thick hinge made of spider's silk. When the cover is closed it looks exactly like the ground around it.

This, like many other species of spider, is nocturnal in its habits, raising its trapdoor at night and sallying forth in search of food, its chief food being insects.

There is so much diversity of opinion as to the effect of the bite of these spiders that in living where they are a man should practice safety first and take no chances with them.

CARTER GLASS AND HIS SON



Representative Carter Glass, who is secretary of the Democratic national committee, is not a lawyer. He is a newspaper man and banker, but one of the Virginian's sons is now quite convinced that his dad would have been successful had he followed the profession of the law instead of devoting his energies to finance.

It appears that Mr. Glass has a son among the troops on the Texas border. He is a bright youth and Mr. Glass is proud of him. The younger Glass, like other boys of his age, started to smoke cigarettes some time ago, much to the discomfiture of his father, who protested against it.

A short time ago Mr. Glass received in his mail a package containing three photographs of his soldier son, all in uniform. Later a letter came, and in it the boy wrote that he stopped smoking cigarettes, "which no doubt would be gratifying," the boy said.

Mr. Glass read the letter, and read again. Then he took up the photographs. In two of them young Glass held firmly between his fingers a cigarette.

"It's no use," wrote Mr. Glass to his son, "it's no use. I'd like to believe that you have cut out cigarettes, but the preponderance of evidence is against you."