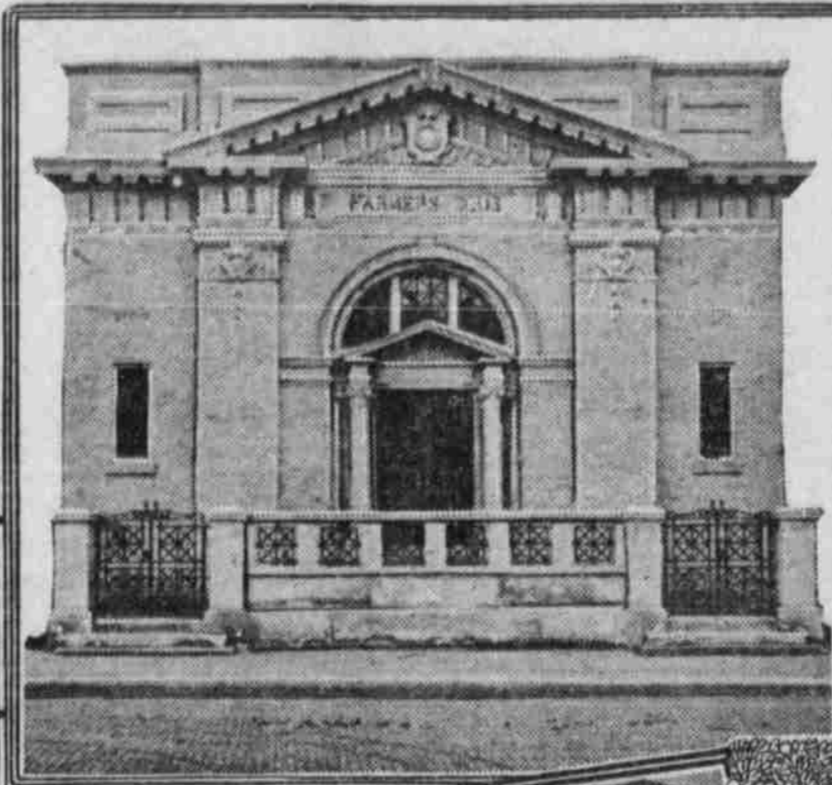


Farmers Have Town Clubhouse

By Jerle Davis

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It is a place of comfort and convenience for country people who do their trading at Seymour, Indiana : : Similar enterprise would benefit any community in the nation



NOW it's a city clubhouse for farmers! When they come to town to trade they may go to a well-appointed building to meet their friends, wash up, have lunch, write letters, enjoy telephone service and lounge around if they wish. And their wives may, besides having these privileges, leave the children in the care of a competent nurse while shopping or calling upon friends.

Quite a sensible, long-needed, modern convenience, don't you think?

Seymour, a southern Indiana city of about 7,000 population, has a farmers' club with a membership of more than 1,000. It has been in operation since October, 1914, and is a thorough success. During 1916 the average daily number of visitors to the club was about 150.

The existence of the club is due—the plain truth must be told—to the public spirit and generosity of two business men of Seymour, and not to any special enterprise on the part of either the farmers or the citizens of the town. The Blish brothers own a large flour mill and grain elevators. They are grandchildren of Capt. Meedy W. Shields, founder of Seymour, himself a farmer of energy and vision, whose fortune, it seems, was the nest-egg of the Blish estate. For many years the Blish interests have dealt constantly and profitably with the farmers of Jackson county.

Why, reasoned the flour millers, wouldn't it be a fine thing to establish a club here in town for the farmers? They thought it would be—decidedly so—and out of their estate came funds which made the idea a fact in pleasing architecture and real convenience. Not only that; the maintenance of the club is assured by a paid-up income insurance policy. So the farmers should worry!

Much of Seymour's prosperity depends on the farmers living within a radius of 12 or 15 miles of the city, which is the metropolis of a county that is one of the most fertile in southern Indiana. For nearly three-quarters of a century the "tolling plowmen" and their wives have brought grain, fruit, vegetables, butter, eggs, and poultry to the town that Captain Shields started, and have taken home with them in the aggregate, a mighty pile of supplies during threescore years. Such a mighty pile, you might say, that the legitimate profits on it have helped to make a vigorous and pretty little city.

But until the time that Seymour's leading business men decided to recognize the value of farmer trade by putting up a clubhouse for the market, the country people certainly didn't enjoy the hospitality that good steady customers in most lines of commerce may expect nowadays. In fine weather they brought their lunch with them and ate it in their wagons parked in side streets, and in bad weather they bought crackers and cheese and bologna and munched it as they stood around the stoves or hot-air registers in the back of the stores where they sold butter and eggs. That wasn't so bad for the menfolk, but it was mighty inconvenient for the farm women, especially if they brought the children along to town, and often they did so.

Is it any wonder then that since the Farmers' Club of Jackson County has been receiving guests the merchants of surrounding towns within a reach of 12 and 15 miles in every direction are complaining that Seymour is getting the best of the country trade? Especially since the most prosperous farmers, and therefore the most profitable customers, own motorcars and can go fairly long distances over the well-paved roads?

The Farmers' club is good to look at. It is just as handsome in the face as the public library and the government building, and better looking than the city hall and the newest railway station at Seymour. You step into a paneled vestibule from the street when you enter the club. The vestibule gives into a large lounging room. Flanking the lounging room are two nurseries, toilet rooms, a lunchroom and kitchenette.

If you are a farmer who enjoys sliding down to the small of his back in a huge leather chair and toasting his shins before a great fireplace; who likes breathing space and dark oak paneling and a pile of magazines and books and some potted plants; who thinks it makes life more worth living if he can meet people of his own kind for a chat now and then, you would ride many miles to Seymour for half or three-quarters of an hour of loafing in that lounging room.

And if you are a farmer's wife who knows the drudgery of dragging small children around for hours from store to store; who knows what it is to seek in vain for a place of decent privacy where fretful toddlers can be cared for, weary feet rested and an aching back relieved with a brief rest on a lounge; who appreciates a place where a letter may be written in quiet, where a telephone is at hand, where a crib waits to welcome baby for a nap; who longs for an opportunity to talk with other country women, you would bring pressure to bear on the husband to do his marketing at Seymour. For the nurseries offer these comforts of women—reclining chairs, lounges, cribs.



LOUNGING ROOM



LUNCH ROOM

Meals are not served at the club. Guests are expected to bring their own food, which they undoubtedly prefer to do in most instances. But the pantry contains shelves where lunch packages may be checked. In the kitchenette is a multiple electric heater, where food and drink may be warmed, and hot and cold water faucets. In the lunchroom are dinner tables and chairs—with highchairs of course for the little ones. And the comfort-station facilities offered at the club? Well, surely nobody is in a position really to appreciate this convenience more than the farm people. There is a matron in constant attendance.

The club has been incorporated under the laws of the state and the organization is self-perpetuating. The trustees charged with the management of the club are the presidents of the three leading banks of Seymour. Whoever happens to be president of either of these banks becomes one of the trustees. The treasurer of the club is chosen from among the three cashiers of these same banks, preference being given to the cashier of the bank having the largest surplus fund and undivided profits at the last preceding report for the year.

There are no fees or costs attached to club membership. Any legal voter in the county who is engaged in farming or who derives his support wholly or partly from the farm is eligible to membership. Anyone thus qualified may apply for membership privileges at either of the trustee banks. All one need do is take enough interest to ask for privileges; then he and his family may participate in the club.

Because it was an untried experiment—something that hadn't been done before, and all that—the business men of Seymour probably wouldn't have put up the money for establishing the club and maintaining it perpetually if the matter had been proposed to them. Now, if they were asked to reimburse the donors fully and make provisions for maintenance, they'd jointly jump at the proposition—simply as a piece of first-class civic investment; what you might call a trade magnet. They know that it is drawing new farmer trade steadily, and reaching out farther and farther toward rival markets as roads are improved and the price of those handy little buzz-wagons comes down.

The secretary of the Seymour Commercial club will tell you—for promoters have to put a squirt of the poetic and a liberal pinch of sentiment into business talk—that the Farmers' club is "strikingly progressive because it is a concrete expression of the ideal relationship which should exist between every town and the farming community adjacent."

And furthermore, he'll tell you "it was certainly a happy conception, a fitting recognition of the appreciation which the business men of Seymour have for their farmer friends, that led the Blish brothers to do this thing for the farmers of Jackson county and at that same time build a memorial in honor of the founder of the city, Captain Shields, who was a farmer and whose dealings with the

farmers around Seymour created the basis of his fortune."

One of the Indiana colleges, which has an important agriculture department, has shown much interest in the Seymour enterprise. This school sends out special trains and agents and emissaries and whatnot all over Indiana in line with its policy of making Hoosierdom a paradise of scientific farming, and these agents don't often overlook the opportunity of telling about Seymour's Farmers' club and what it is doing to make the city and its rural customers real business associates.

The word is going farther, too, than the farthest reaches of Indiana. Grange organizations, commercial clubs and agricultural colleges here and there all over the country are making inquiries of Seymour about the club. So besides making it easy for the rural neighbor to enjoy himself while trading there, Seymour is gathering to itself a stack of advertising valuable beyond computation.

What has been done in Seymour can be done in any other agricultural community in the United States. It isn't necessary that the club should be a memorial to anybody; nor that it should be a monument to the generosity and public spirit of one or two men; nor that it should be housed in a specimen of classic architecture. Four or six rooms would serve the purpose nicely, if converted properly to club uses. These rooms might be found in a detached residence or on the second or third floor of a business block. The expenses might be prorated among the business men, and the farmers themselves might pay a modest initiation fee and nominal dues. Where there's a will there's a way—as the fellow said.

Anyhow, it sounds pretty peppy and up-to-date, doesn't it, to overhear one farmer say to his neighbor on a Saturday morning in town: "Well, Ed, let's run over to the club and have a talk."?

REMARKABLE TREE SURGICAL OPERATION.

Edward Fontaine, a tree surgeon of Charlottesville, Va., has, according to Inland Farmer, completed the greatest tree surgical operation ever attempted anywhere, and this has been done for Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner of Merritt Mills. The tree is red oak and is possibly three hundred years old. It is 24 feet in circumference, two feet above the ground, with a diameter of eight feet, four inches in its widest part. The cement filling was carried up the tree 33 feet from the surface and a cement leg or root was imbedded five feet into the ground to support the tree in heavy winds. The material used was six wagonloads of sand, 12 loads of field stone, 28 bags of cement, 14 iron straps to re-enforce the concrete, 44 eyebolts and a roll of galvanized wire. So far the operation has been successful.

NOT LIKELY TO BE POPULAR.

A citizen of Columbus, O., has appeared on the streets lately with an outfit for seeing the time without removing his watch from his pocket. Great surprise was at first created by what was considered extreme singularity of comfort, and it took a good deal of explaining on his part to restore to himself public confidence. It seems, however, that the device is perfectly practicable, as it has been accepted by the patent office. Notwithstanding, most people will cling to the idea that a man who is too lazy to take out his watch to see the time deserves on general principles to be shot and it is very unlikely that the new invention will worm its way into popular favor.—Exchange.

SOLDIERS MAY TRIM HATS.

Hat trimming is not generally required of young soldiers who go to war, yet many wounded soldiers at the Canadian sports day held recently at Grassmead Meadow, near Orpington, Kent, proved themselves so talented in the handicraft that after the victory is won, instead of going back to the land, some of them may set up millinery establishments in Canadian towns, equal to any branch of the famous Maison Lewis of New York, London and Paris.—Toronto Globe.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHEREFORE

ARMY'S ELECTRICAL EXPERT

George Owen Squier, lieutenant colonel in the United States army, who already has an international reputation for discoveries in the fields of electricity and chemistry, is by the war department officially declared to have made an epoch-marking discovery in sea telegraphy. Experiments initiated and carried out by him have shown that Morse signals in cable communication can be read audibly, instead of visually by flashes, as at present. The device employed is an audion cable receiver. Experiments have been carried on between points in the United States and Alaska.

Colonel Squier is a son of Michigan, whose proficiency in physics and chemistry, when a student at West Point, led to his going to Johns Hopkins university, after his graduation from the National Military academy in 1887. He originally entered the artillery service, but after 1898 he was connected with the signal corps, and he is now of the aviation corps. During 1901-1902 he was busy supervising the installation of the Philippine cable-telegraph system. In 1912 he was sent to London as military attaché at the embassy, and was there when the war began. Later he was sent for to organize the aviation corps of the United States army, in which work he accomplished remarkable results. He organized schools for instruction of aviators and laid foundations which promise in time to make this part of the service thoroughly efficient.

His writings on the sine-wave systems of telegraphy and ocean cabling, multiplex telephony, absorption of electro-magnetic waves by vegetable organisms, and on electro-chemical effects attributed to magnetism, have given him fame, now to be enhanced by this latest application of ingenuity to a detail of intercontinental communication, which has large significance financial and social.



CLIPPERINST

HE UPSET A TRADITION



International Film Service

Forty-two years ago a German Jewish boy, fourteen years old, landed in New York from Hesse-Darmstadt, Germany, with \$13.40 in his pocket. He did not tarry in New York, but went West and stopped at Salt Lake City, Utah. Today he is one of the wealthiest men of the state, a pioneer in railroad building, and on January 1 he was inaugurated governor—the first non-Mormon and the first Democrat to be elected to that high office. His name is Simon Bamberger.

"You people of America—you native-born—do not know what splendid opportunities your country offers," says Governor Bamberger. "Nowhere else in the world could I have found the opportunity given me to rise in life, and I am the proudest American citizen in this country. I am an American, not a hyphenate, but an American. It has been an unwritten law for twenty years in Utah that no one should be governor of the state unless he was a Mormon and a Republican. That I, a foreigner, should have overturned tradition is gratifying beyond expression."

Governor Bamberger was asked to what he attributed his success in the United States.

"The fact that I have always tried to be honest and square with my fellow beings," said he.

MISS BOARDMAN WAS SHOCKED

Miss Mabel T. Boardman, president of the American Red Cross, is what is known in impolite parlance as a "crank" for sanitation and cleanliness. She believes as firmly in this principle in peace as in war and her friends declare Miss Boardman believes cleanliness is not only next to godliness, but comes near being first. Her horror can be pictured then when on a recent visit to the South, she was obliged to view the shiftless state of personal cleanliness in which the darkeys, many of them, revel.

She finally caught a gray-haired old negro smoking a villainous corn-cob pipe on the steps of his cabin and prepared to do battle with him on the spot.

"How in the world do you expect to go to heaven with a breath like that?" she sniffed, congratulating herself on having struck a weak point in the pious old fellow's armor.

"Hee, hee," snickered the darkey, rocking back and forth in his mirth. "When ah dies, lady, ah 'spects to lose mah breath."



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HONORED BY THE SENATE



Senator Willard Saulsbury of Delaware, who was selected to be president pro tem of the senate to succeed the late Senator Clarke of Arkansas, is a son of the late Senator Willard Saulsbury, and belongs to the family in which the Delaware senatorship has run for generations. His term will expire in two years, and, as Delaware is normally Republican, it was felt by his Democratic colleagues that his election as president pro tem would aid his chances for re-election. He is an active politician, and believed to be a very skillful manager.

By marriage he is related to the DuPont family. He was born April 17, 1861, was graduated from the University of Virginia, was admitted to the bar, took a high place among the Delaware lawyers and extends his activities in many directions. He is vice president of the Delaware Anti-Tuberculosis society, belongs to the Sons of the American Revolution, Colonial Wars, etc., and has been a member of all the Democratic state and national committees since 1892.