

Organized Agriculture the Striking Feature of Present Day Farming

Specialization in Agriculture.
WHILE LIVE in an age of specialization, rapid advancement is being made along all lines of effort. We can no longer utilize the methods used by our forefathers, as competition and custom have forced the old methods to give way to new and improved ones.

A study of meetings of "Organized Agriculture" held in most of the western states during January shows that the farmer has come to realize that he must be a specialist in order to farm profitably on land that is worth \$15 to \$20 per acre. The character of agriculture in the middle west is rapidly changing. It is becoming more diversified. Its operations are more complicated, the use of improved machinery is becoming more common and necessary, and successful farming now requires a wider knowledge and greater skill. In fact, farming has come to be an occupation which is no longer the life of the ignorant. The prevailing idea has been that anyone can farm, but people are coming to see that it takes quite a somebody to make farming a success. The lazy, sick, unintelligent person would make out just as well, or rather, just as poorly, as a lawyer as a farmer. Farming is no longer the life of slavery that it was fifty years ago. The successful farmer of today is the man who combines educational and physical forces in doing his work and producing wealth.

agricultural associations. This organization was known as the United States Agricultural society.

In these earlier organizations were combined all agricultural interests. The year 1838 saw the establishment of the New York Horticultural society, the first organization of its kind in the United States. This is the beginning of the organization of those who were specialists in some particular branch of agriculture. Following the example of the horticulturalists, other agricultural specialists have formed separate organizations—now we have every phase of agriculture organized separately.

Specialists to the Front.
 At present the only general agricultural organization of national scope is the National Grange. It was organized at Washington in 1827, but existed only on paper until 1872, when the first national meeting convened at Georgetown, D. C., with delegates from ten states. It was a secret society with a ritual and degrees and seemed for a while to catch the popular fancy among farmers. At the meeting in 1871 thirty-two states were represented. It probably no other organization has made so rapid a growth. A large element, however, of the membership was attracted to it by the rallying cry of "down with the middleman." Little country stores, with a very small capital and managed by men



SIX FARM HORSES OWNED BY THE NEBRASKA EXPERIMENT STATION—Photo by Staff Artist.



EX-GOVERNOR ROBERT W. FURNAS, EX-GOVERNOR W. D. HOARD ATTENDED THE FIRST STATE DAIRY MEETING HELD IN NEBRASKA TWENTY YEARS AGO—HIS NEXT ADDRESS TO NEBRASKA DAIRYMEN WAS DELIVERED LAST WEEK AT LINCOLN.—Photo by Staff Artist.

Spirit of Association.
 Along with the application of invention has grown up numerous agencies for educating and training the farmer in agriculture, for disseminating information with regard to improvements and for stimulating among farmers the associative spirit and increasing the benefits to be derived from co-operation. The first of these agencies, chronologically, consisted of voluntary organizations for the promotion of agricultural interests. Look back a moment in the history of agricultural societies and note the various causes that have influenced the rapid transition made in their progress and advancement. It was not until the close of the eighteenth century that the advance movement in agriculture took on the form of organized effort. Most of the early agricultural societies were begun in cities and their membership was largely composed of men who had only a secondary interest in agriculture.



FIVE SHORTHORN BULLS OWNED BY VILEY BROTHERS OF ALBION, Neb.—LOANED TO THE NEBRASKA EXPERIMENT STATION FOR SHORT JUDGING COURSE.—Photo by Staff Artist.

Beginnings of Organization.
 The organization of agricultural societies began in 1781 at Philadelphia, then the national capital, taking in such men as George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and Timothy Pickens. This organization spread rapidly south and north among the Atlantic coast communities. The movement continued until, in 1800, we have the germ of a national organization in the form of the Columbian Agricultural society, which was the foundation of a national organization finally formed in 1852 at a convention called by twelve state

of no business standing, sprung up at every cross-road. Contrary to the expectation of their founders they did not save them money, but resulted in some valuable business education, for which a good tuition fee was paid. Disintegration set in, but, fortunately, wise leaders caught the idea

that the organization must be kept on an educational basis to save it from extinction, and through their efforts it has become a power for good in many localities and has been of great service to the farmer. County, state and national societies have been organized and no other large bodies

of farmers can so quickly and thoroughly co-operate in measures pertaining to the interests of the farmer as those belonging to this order.

Educational Features Predominate.
 It is very largely through the efforts of

these agricultural societies that the farmer today enjoys the benefits derived from the creating of the Department of Agriculture, with a representative in the cabinet, and the establishment of the agricultural experiment stations and the farmers' institute. These with the agricultural press, are the greatest factors today in the educational advancement of the farmer.

The Department of Agriculture and the agricultural college have opened up a field for specialists in all lines of agriculture. These men of "one idea" have become enthusiasts and have rallied about them those who are interested in their particular branch of agriculture. This has led to the forming of the special organizations to promote each branch of agricultural effort.

Co-operation of the Societies.
 In former years at the different state and national meetings questions of general interest were discussed in one general meeting. At present, by the co-operation of the executive officers of the various agricultural societies, the meetings are held during the same week, but separate programs are prepared for each association, which hold their meetings during the day in different halls. In the evening men of national reputation address general mass meetings.

In this connection we print a picture of ex-Governor W. D. Hoard of Wisconsin, and ex-Governor Robert W. Furnas of Nebraska. This photograph was taken on the Nebraska state farm at Lincoln during the

state agricultural meetings. Ex-Governor Hoard, who is a recognized authority on dairy matters, had just delivered an address before the State Dairymen's association. Ex-Governor Hoard was present and delivered an address at the first State Dairymen's meeting held in Nebraska, twenty years ago, and this was his first visit to the Nebraska dairymen since that time.

Ex-Governor Furnas has been identified with the agricultural interests of Nebraska for fifty years and has taken an active part in the organization of the State Board of Agriculture and the State Horticultural society. It has been through the persistent efforts of specialists of this kind that agriculture holds the prominent position it does today in the United States.

Thomas Dixon and His Work



ELMINGTON MANOR, THOMAS DIXON'S OLD VIRGINIA HOME.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Nearly every morning a tall man walks briskly down Twenty-fourth street and steps into the doorway of an office building near Sixth avenue. His commanding figure rises above the throng of busy New Yorkers. His shoulders are broad and his long arms swing at his side. From under the visor of a yachting cap flash piercing black eyes. The face is smooth shaven, strong and clear cut and the mouth is determined. His long black hair is streaked with gray. It is a face that resembles Lincoln's and it is one to command attention anywhere.

The man is Thomas Dixon, Jr., the publication of whose new novel, "The Clansman," has once more centered interest upon his remarkable personality. Successively lawyer, minister, lecturer, and author, he is one of the most picturesque and interesting figures in contemporary American life. A million Americans have been thrilled by his impassioned eloquence and his books have found their way to as many readers.

chapter is finished it is copied by Mrs. Dixon on the typewriter. "Mrs. Dixon is my best critic," he says. The typewritten copy is then revised and cut up.

How "The Clansman" Was Written.
 "The Clansman" is a striking example of this. It is the second of a trilogy of southern novels dealing with the race problem, of which "The Leopard's Spots" was the first. Mr. Dixon began work on this book over two years ago. He wrote "The One Woman" while he was engaged on it. The large canvass of "The Clansman" made it necessary for him to make a profound study. It was difficult to get at the facts concerning the true Thaddeus Stevens, who figures so prominently in the story under the name of Stoneman and whose confiscation act brought on the reconstruction reign of terror. He bought \$2,000 worth of books on this subject alone. A single paragraph about the Ku Klux Klan cost \$300. It involved a trip to Nashville and an exhaustive research there.

Having determined to make "The Clansman" interpret the true spirit and purpose of the Ku Klux Klan, he spared no effort to reveal the working of this extraordinary organization, "The Invisible Empire," as it was called, that brought law and order out of the terror of black rule in the conquered south. His uncle, Colonel Leroy McAfee (to whom "The Clansman" is dedicated), was grand titan of the Ku Klux Klan.

A member of an old North Carolina family, Mr. Dixon, had heard from his own people the story of their wrongs. To all this he added a careful study of the subject. He had access to the secret ritual and he talked with members of the Klan. But the matter of the Ku Klux Klan is another story. Sufficient to say, one has but to read "The Clansman" to realize that Mr. Dixon has entered himself into the spirit of the order.

"Do you write rapidly?" I asked Mr. Dixon.

"Well, that depends," he replied. "Some days I write 500 words; some days 5,000. 'The One Woman' was written in thirty days. The actual writing of the first draft of 'The Clansman' was fifty-nine days. Emotional chapters are a great strain on me. I use myself up to the limit."

"Do you revise much?" I asked.

"I cut 20,000 words out of 'The Clansman,'" he said.

I asked Mr. Dixon what, in his opinion,

was the novelist's first qualification and he said: "The power to express a problem in terms of life like Ibsen. Then," he continued, "I don't think the writer ought to be hampered by the limitation of formal style. I believe an author should plunge into his subject, develop it in a logical, dramatized way." Mr. Dixon himself is one of the best exponents of this. In it sense he has violated all literary traditions in his books, but to offset this there have been tremendous vigor and virility, a genuine story instinct and a rare appreciation of a dramatic situation.

A Literary Confession.
 Mr. Dixon made a very interesting confession. "You know," he said, "I determined to be a writer when I was a boy. It has really been a life ambition. I had the privilege of starting the student paper at Wake Forest college in North Carolina and the first story I wrote was singularly enough a Ku Klux story."

"I determined not to write a novel until I was 40 years old. I believe that a man who writes should know life before he begins to write about it."

"But didn't you write fiction before the forty-year time limit was up?" I asked.

Mr. Dixon smiled. "Yes," he said. "You see I have lived a pretty strenuous life and when I was 30 I felt that I had skipped a few years and my conscience didn't hurt me. All my work in the pulp was in a sense preparation for literary work. Besides, I have long had the idea of a trilogy of southern novels dealing with the race problem. 'The Leopard's Spots' clamored to be written. In that book I tried to tell the story of the negro from his enfranchisement to his disfranchisement, while in 'The Clansman' I have tried to reveal the meaning of the Ku Klux Klan that overturned reconstruction law and preserved the integrity of the Anglo-Saxon race in the south. I really believe that the story of the Klan forms one of the most dramatic chapters in the history of the Aryan race."

heard of a North Carolinian who killed a negro soldier who had insulted a white woman on a train. The negro's companion rode to the depot in time to meet the train. The defender of the woman's honor had gotten off, however, but another white man was arrested and charged with the killing, and at a drum-head court-martial was sentenced to be shot.

When the man who did the shooting heard of it he promptly surrendered to the black troops and was executed. A monument was recently raised to him. Mr. Dixon was so deeply impressed with the tale that he wrote out of it the story of "The Clansman."

It is highly probable that Mr. Dixon's next novel, the last of the race trilogy, will be called "The Traitor." It will deal with the race problem as it confronts the south today.

A Youthful Experience.
 Mr. Dixon's reference to his youthful ambition to be a writer recalls the very striking fact hitherto unpublished, that he was the youngest member of the North Carolina legislature. He was 20 years old when he was elected. His first speech was an impassioned defense of a bill that he had introduced to pension disabled confederate soldiers. It was the first bill of the kind introduced in the whole south. At that time Mr. Dixon was a lawyer, which profession he abandoned to enter the ministry, where he achieved a remarkable reputation. For years he was perhaps the best known pulpit orator in America and the most sensational, too. His sermons were syndicated and were read every Monday morning all over the country.

His Strenuous Life.
 Mr. Dixon's life has been crowded with dramatic and exciting incidents, but none was more sensational than his encounter with Tammany, when he was pastor of

the People's church in New York City. In view of Dr. Parkhurst's recent charge that the "old" was off, it is well worth recalling. Dr. Parkhurst, after a personal investigation, made his first and now famous attack on Tammany graft and corruption in municipal life. The only New York preacher who came to the support of the doctor was Dr. Dixon. In a fiery sermon delivered at Association hall at Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, where he conducted the People's church, he bitterly assailed Tammany and denounced the officials that the organization had forced on the city. His principal target was the excise commissioner, whom Dr. Dixon scathingly arraigned as a crook. As a result, he was indicted by the grand jury on the charge of criminal libel and arrested. The warrant was served by four detectives. He was taken to the Jefferson Market jail, where he gave bond. That night, with the aid of some newspaper friends, he obtained the records of the members of the grand jury. He found out that twelve of them were Tammany leaders, with bad records.

The jury had been packed. He announced through the papers that on the following Sunday, he would denounce the jury. Two hours before the doors of Association hall were opened the streets were crowded with people. Mr. Dixon preached to an enormous audience and he mercilessly arraigned the Tammanites in the jury. He was cheered. The sermon created a profound sensation. In a few days he was visited by the district attorney, who said the indictment was a mistake and had been filed away.

"Then somebody has lied," said Mr. Dixon. And the next Sunday he flayed the district attorney.

Subsequently the New York clergy rallied to Dr. Parkhurst and there was a cleansing of the Tammany stables. But the Tammany incident was only one of many. "The One Woman" was violently assailed by the socialists. Many of the



LOG CABIN IN WHICH MR. DIXON WROTE "THE CLANSMAN."

friends of Dr. Herron, on whose career the book is said to have been founded, were especially hostile.

The anarchists were offended too. Mr. Dixon received a great many threatening letters. One Chicago anarchist said he was coming over to New York to kill him. He never came.

Shortly after the publication of "The One Woman" Mr. Dixon retired from the lecture platform. He had made a great success. Previously he had left the ministry. His views were too liberal to suit the orthodox.

As pastor of the People's church, he had preached to thousands of people at the Academy of Music in New York. Here every Sunday afternoon people of all creeds were welcomed and topics of popular interest were discussed. But his desire to write got the better of this idea.

It is sixteen feet wide and twenty-three feet long. At one end is a huge fireplace, where whole logs crackle. Here Mr. Dixon works when he is at home. Here are some of his favorite books—Froude, Eliot, Dickens. He is a student of history. The study of the reconstruction has made it necessary to acquire a large library on this subject alone. He reads little fiction, but is a great admirer of James Lane Allen.

In the log study the greater part of "The Clansman" was written. Mr. Dixon is an intense admirer of Abraham Lincoln. "The Clansman" shows this and interprets the real attitude of Lincoln toward the south in those soul-striving days before a nation's wounds were healed.

If you should happen to be at Elmington Manor in the winter the chances are that you would be roused from your bed some cold morning to see your host standing before you in a shooting jacket and urging you to join him in a duck hunting expedition.

Mr. Dixon is an enthusiastic sportsman. He spends weeks roughing it in Gloucester and adjacent counties. He sleeps in the shack and is in the open all day long. Often he goes duck hunting in his launch Dixie.

Once his launch got caught in a blizzard and was lashed about for a week. The party on board included several New York people. The coal gave out and part of the boat was used for fuel. Finally Mr. Dixon made his way over the ice to the land.

Interesting Literary Methods.
 Follow him to his study on the sixth floor. This is his New York work shop. It is a simply furnished room where the rumble of the elevated trains and the roar of the busy streets reach him. Mr. Dixon likes to write in the midst of the hurly-burly of life. It is characteristic of the man. In this room he began "The Clansman," and it was here I talked with him about his work and his ambitions.

To talk with Mr. Dixon is to feel the force of a singularly magnetic personality. He talks as he writes—energetically, dramatically, but earnestly. He is frank, almost naive in his candor. Like most successful authors he has his own methods of work and his idea of a story is embodied in one of his rapid fire sentences: "Get a big theme and exhaust every resource." He blocks out a scenario as if he were writing a play. Since most of his books are historical novels, he becomes saturated with data. He makes his characters live and act before him. When he has the whole moving drama before him, he begins to write.

Instead of sitting at a desk, he sits in a Morris chair with a cutting board usually used for sewing in his lap. This he can shift about at will and the first draft of his story is done with pencil. As a

sentimental poetry; it remained for a New Jersey farmer to clinch sentiment with a sound principle.

He wanted a boy to pick his grapes, and when among his neighbors looking for one who whistled. He found such a boy with, out difficulty, and sent him up the ladder with the order not to cease whistling until the last grape was picked.

"Any one who has tried to whistle and eat grapes at the same time knows how little of the farmer's harvest was deflected into the boy's stomach. But the tale recalls that older one of the boy whose father sent him down cellar to draw a pitcher of cider, and ordered him to whistle while he was doing it. The whistling ceased for a time, however, and then went on again. When the boy reappeared he was asked why he had stopped."

"Only to wet my whistle," he said.—Youth's Companion.

Colonization of the Negro.
 Since Mr. Dixon has devoted his best literary talents to an interpretation of the negro problem, I asked him what he thought would be the solution.

His eyes flashed and he stood up. Again he was an orator, for he said, dramatically: "The solution! There is only one solution and that is to colonize the negro. The black problem is the real eternal problem of the south. If the negro is not sent away there will be a race war."

In "The Clansman" Mr. Dixon makes Lincoln say:

"I have urged the colonization of the negro, and I shall continue until it is accomplished. My emancipation proclamation was linked with the plan. Thousands of them have lived in the north for a hundred years; not one is the pastor of a white church, a judge, a governor, a mayor or a college president. There is no room for two distinct races of white men in America, much less two distinct races of whites and blacks. We can have no inferior servile class, peon or peasant. We must assimilate or expel. The American is a citizen king or nothing. I can conceive of no greater calamity than the assimilation of the negro into our social and political life as our equal. A mixture of citizenship would be too dear a price to pay even for emancipation."

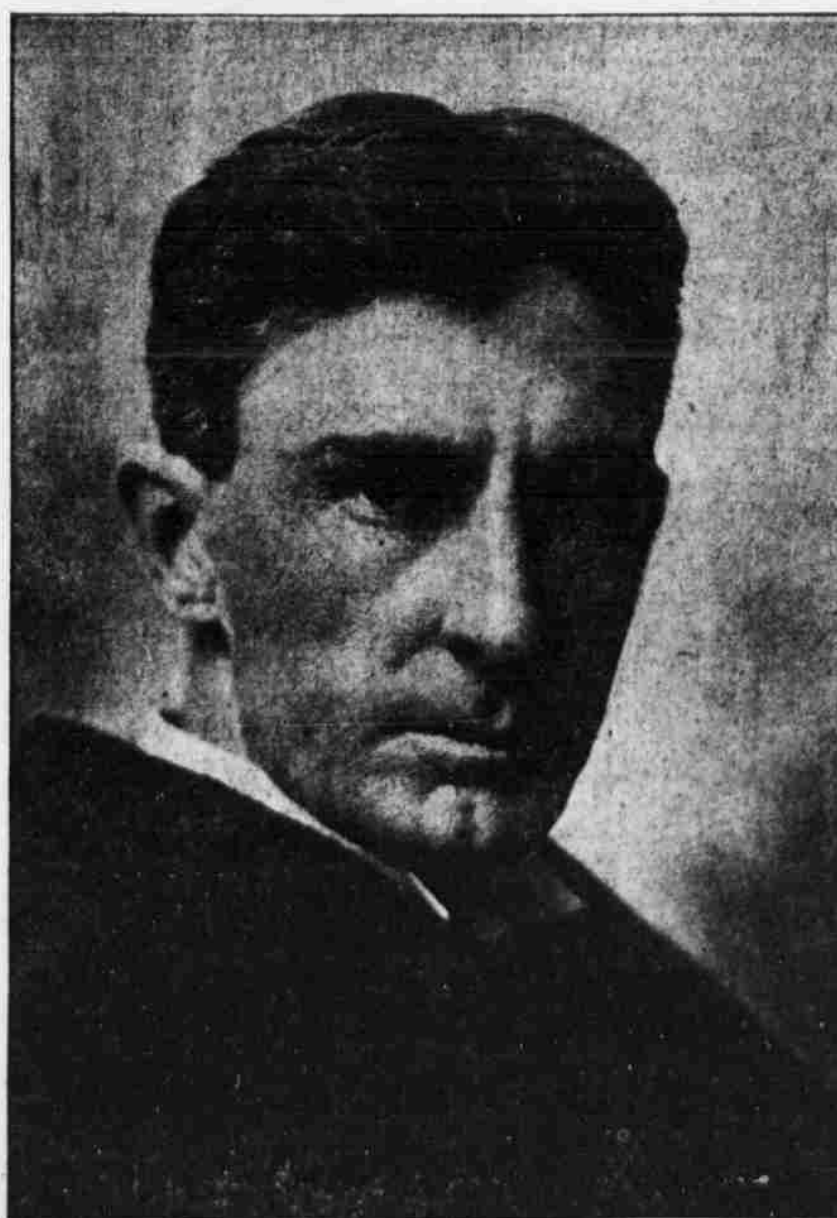
"This reminds me of a story," continued Mr. Dixon. "Once when I was in Cleveland on a lecture tour a well known and highly respected negro lawyer of that city asked me what I thought of the negro problem."

"Colonization," I replied.

"But," said the lawyer, "what about the good negroes like Bishop Turner and myself?"

"You've got to go and keep the others good," I replied.

The Origin of "The Clansman."
 It is interesting to tell in this connection the story of the origin of "The Clansman." Once, while the guest of Senator "Pitchfork" Tillman in South Carolina, Mr. Dixon



THOMAS DIXON, JR.

Prattle of and About the Youngsters
MAMMA," said the little girl who was having her first experience of riding in a sleoper.

"Hush, dear," whispered her mamma, "you will awaken the other passengers."

"But, mamma, I only want to ask one question."

"Well, what is it?"

"Who has the fat above us?"—Life.

"No, Willie, you mustn't go down to play with Tommy," said a fond mamma to her 1-year-old son. "He has the whooping cough and I'm afraid you'll take it."

"Oh, P., I won't, mamma," replied Willie.

"If you'll let me go I promise you faithfully I won't take anything belonging to Tommy."—Albany Journal.

"The whistling boy has been celebrated in

A Log Study.
 Almost within sight of the mansion is a simple log cabin built by Mr. Dixon himself.

Tardy Contributions to the Conscience Fund

A STRANGER who refused to give his name called at the Baltimore & Ohio ticket office at Zanesville, O., and handed Agent J. H. Lee \$5.05, which, he said, was in payment for a scalper's ticket on which he had ridden from Cincinnati to Zanesville fifteen years ago. His conscience had troubled him.

The Kansas Southwestern, a short branch road running out of Arkansas City, has opened up a conscience fund account. Some time ago the agent at Caldwell received the following letter: "Agent—Will you please send the address of the superintendent of the Frisco depot, or where shall I write to make a wrong right?"

The required address was given, and the following letter came as a response: "Dear Sir—When I was a small child I took some of the railroad's coal, which I wish to pay for, as I am now a child of God, and heaven and lost souls are my only desires."

In the letter was enclosed a postoffice order for 75 cents.

A remarkable case has been brought to the attention of the manager of the Texas & Pacific railroad by a letter which he has received from W. L. Marling of Marcelline, Mo., who lost a leg by being run over by a train while employed on that road as a brakeman.

He was paid \$2,000 by the company in settlement of the injury. Marling's letter reads: "Four years ago I worked for the Texas & Pacific, and at that time I was a bad man, reckless, careless and had no respect for God or man. While under the influence of liquor I purposely lost my leg. But recently God has saved me, and my hope of heaven is sure. I want to make this confession, as the Good Book requires us to do. I have spent this money that I have received from you and am willing to submit to anything that you should think just."