The Market Of Kent Dairymen Threatened

Farmers, as a general rule, are slow to organize. Last week the annual meeting of the Inter-state Milk Producers' Association was held in Philadelphia. Membtrs who were unable to attend were asked for their proxies, to be voted by the delegate elected. When some members were asked to sign their proxies they flared up and refused, saying there was not much use in signing anything.

This simply shows the attitude of some of the dairymen. At the various meetings of the board the members fought hard against any reduction in the price of milk, and many other things that come up from time to time. Not long ago at a board meeting some one made a motion that the city of Philadelphia bar all milk shipped into the city twenty-four hours old. Had this passed Kent county would not had any market for its milk. It was defeated only by the strenuous efforts of the members of the board who live some distance away from the city.

The board members are doing their best for the dairymen, but the dairymen have something to do themselves. They should show more interest in the affairs of the association, and when asked to attend meetings or sign proxies, they should respond. At least this is the opinion of those who have the burden of the work to carry.

Through their efforts the Philadelphia market today is the highest of the largest cities. New York, Baltimore, and Washington have lower prices than Philadelphia. This is beneficial to the local dairymen, but hard on the board to protect the market. Dairymen of the Middle West have received a number of cuts and today are receiving a very low rate for milk. They are tryiig to locate a new market and Philadelphia being the highest in price these Western dairymen naturally have their covetous eyes on this city.

And there is another phase that must not be overlooked according to the speeches heard at the milk meeting last week. The Federal Farm Board was stated, is lending money to proups of dairymen in other sections of the country, and this assistance is helping these dairymen to enter the Philadelphia market.

As one speaker put it, the Federal Farm Board is helping one group to the detriment of another group. In the Middle West the dairymen supply milk for creameries manufacturing butter. Millions of pounds of butter in storage has not only reduced the price of butter but it has lowered the price of milk.

Should these dairymen succeed in entering Philadelphia, the Inter-State Milk Producers' Association would be powerless to protect the local dairymen. So far the officers have held the market up to the highest point, and should be encouraged by the individual members. In the event of another cut in the price of milk there will be much grumbling among local dairymen. Co-operation is a big word, said one of the speakers, but it is the salvation of the dairy industry or any other branch of agriculture.

When the Federal Farm Board loaned large sums to other dairy groups in the Middle West, the officers of the Inter-State Milk Producers' Association visited Washington and lodged a complaint, pointing out that the group so helped were trying to enter the Philadelphia market and even offered their products at a much lower price. All these things were spoken of at the meeting last week.

In near-by communities the price of milk is even lower than that received by Kent dairymen. This is attributed to the alertness of the Inter-State officials. These men should be helped in every possible way by the individuals, and the more they are helped the stronger the organization will become.

A short time ago one of the officials was told to his face in Phiadelphia by a Middle West dairyman that he planned to not only ship his milk to Philadelphia, but would undersell the local dairymen by a big margin. He further stated that he could not afford to sell his milk to the butter concern at a very low price, but could ship it to Philadelphia in refrigerator cars much less than what is being paid for now, and still made money.

One speaker stated that the big problem for dairymen today is to lessen the cost of production. One dairyman, it was said, has one of the leading herds in the Philadelphia area. One of his cows is worth twice as much as two in a much lower herd. This speaker urged the dairymen to eliminate the cows not earning their keep and also making something for the owner. During the cow testing campaign in the last few years it was seen that some owners sold poor cows and in one instance a dairyman sold a good cow and bought an inferior one. This kind of dairying will not meet the stiff competition of the Middle West. Eight good cows giving ample milk can be fed less than twelve giving the same quantity.

The Inter-State Milk Producers' Association offers to make individual tests of cows free so the dairymen can learn just what kind of milk each cow is giving. And the dairyman himself knows which cow gives the most milk and which are not giving enough to pay for the feed they consume. To weed out the poor producers and stock up with not more cows but less animals.

When the local dairymen do this, and make a study of the right kind of feed for the cows then the Kent dairymen will be able to produce more milk at less cost than what is being done at present. Less work and more income will result. The Inter-State Milk Producers' Association is doing its utmost to help the dairymen.

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OBSESSION--- TRAGEDY OF THE CAUSE

THE blazing August fitted down like a red hot stove lid over Clancey street.

In its way, it reminded Etta of the blazing kind of fanaticism her father brought home to the ground floor, four-room apartment they occupied in a dingy brown tenement. Etta was sure, had you taken her father's temperature any of the twenty-four hours of the day, he would have registered fever heat. The dingy four walls of their apartment rang with the haranguing, the invective, the argument and the diatribe of his fanaticism on the subject of better conditions for day laborers in the building trade.

Of course, Etta agreed with him. Her father himself was a living argument. He dragged a leg from a steel beam that had felled him while working on a scaffolding of one of the most spectacular office buildings in New York. One of his lungs was half eaten away from pnneumonia contracted while working on a building whose foundation had oozed wet slime over his feet for half a winter.

Etta Rouke had plenty of reason to resent the perils, the long hours, the exposure of a trade such as her father's. But his haranguing was so relentless. Every spare hour was spent at the meeting hall, at union headquarters, at organizing camps. The neighbors in the gaunt brown tenement shied away from him. The children made blah-blah noises with their tongues when they saw him coming.

With the whole of her heart, Etta, who was thirty-five, tired and disillusioned, came to hate the very name of the Cause to which her father was devoting so much of his time, his vitality and his strength. For twenty years, while her girlhood had slipped from her and her devotion to her father had dulled her eye and broken her spirit, Etta had lived rebelliously in the narrow slum.

After all, man had always been man's oppressor. There would always be day laborers hurtling from scaffoldings and carrying down with them the entire destinies of helpless families and little children. There would always be men who would never live to see the interior of the beautiful homes they created. There would always be men forced to live in the squalor of airless tenements while others lived in the beauty of the homes their manual labor had constructed.

Rouke was tilting at windmills, and Etta who had yearned and yearned over a period of twenty years to coax him into the country where he could ply his building trade at the more placid work of carpentry, grew older and bitterer and more disillusioned as the merciless winter and the merciless summers lashed their way into the narrow aisle of Clancey street.

Earlier, when her own spirit was higher and there had been a youth who had finally tired of waiting, there had been something idealistic and noble and exciting about Rouke's loyalty to the cause of his fellow laborers. All that was gone now. Rouke was a garrulous old fanatic. He buttonholed whoever would listen to him, he prattled of capital and labor, unions and vested interests. Meanwhile, the men who had worked side by side with him on the scaffolding for a number of years had grown wealthy; had become foremen and even master builders on their own while Rouke prattled and prattled of a dim Elysium, which, while it remained very bright in his obsessed eyes, grew dimmer and dimmer in the dimming eyes of Etta.

The summers were even more terrible than the winters. The one that came in this particular August was as hot as a mask to the face. The narrow tenement street oozed smells. Babies lay naked on fire escapes. Fruit rotted and dripped on the push-carts. The apartment which Etta shared with her father was rancid with stale air and, to top it, it was necessary because of lack of windows to keep the gas burning all day or indulge in the alternative of sitting, sweltering in the hot darkness.

Hate began to smolder in Etta. Not against the Cause that was keeping her father, fanatic that he was, in the swelter of meeting halls when he was not at his work, not against the stifling tenement, but against her father himself. Fanatic. Fool.

The old dream of a place in the country, even a one-room shanty on a river front, began to press against her blazing eyelids with a pain that was scarcely endurable. The time had come, Etta realized to herself, when it was either a matter of escaping the turgid horror of those terror-ridden days or going mad. Her father was sacrificing his life to a cause that thanked him not—sacrificing his sanity, because sometimes it seemed to Etta that the madness of frustration lay in pools in the old man's eyes, the same madness of frustration that might be said to lie in the pool of Etta's heart.

The days were unbearable. The nights were unbearable. The comings and goings of Rouke, mumbling of injustice, mumbling of workingmen's rights, mumbling of widows and children, mumbling of pensions, mumbling of organized labor, made day and night alike a nightmare.

One night Etta, in a frenzy of what might have been actual madness, caught her father by the coat lapels as he came staggering in from a meeting around midnight and screamed out, between sobs of agony and moans of pain, her inability to prolong their kind of life. For the first time, Rouke seemed to realize some of the mental agony and deprivations that had been his daughter's. The years of her dinning it at him had apparently left him unmoved and now, suddenly, looking at her frenzied eyes, hearing her tormented cries, he seemed to understand.

After he succeeded in quieting her that night, Rouke agreed to sacrifice the uppermost interest in his life—better conditions for the day laborer—and move with his daughter to the country. He admitted defeat. He admitted to the need of the change of environment for them both.

And the next day, in the midst of an impassioned and what he announced was a final plea for a pension bill for the wives of laborers who had been widowed by accident in the trade, Rouke toppled over and dropped dead.

It was as it should have been. On the rostrum of his Cause, Rouke had surrendered only to death.

Etta felt that way about it and secretly blessed the destiny that had not permitted her father to live to surrender.

Etta still occupies the tenement in Clancy street. Taking up where her father left off, she is the moving spirit in the movement to obtain better working conditions for the day laborer. Every day she lectures in some meeting hall or another and, by night, she harangues.

The neighborhood children, when they see her coming, stick out their tongues and cry, "Blah-blah."

Orange Tree Unique

The orange tree is said to be the only one which bears fruit and flowers at the same time.

Atmosphere Part of Earth

The atmosphere is considered as an envelope of the earth and just as much a part of the earth as the rocks are. It goes with the rest of the earth through space and is essential to the life of the earth and to most of the processes in operation on the earth surface. A balloon suspended in the air, even though it is not connected with the surface of the earth, is being carried through space by the rotation of the earth and by its revolution around the sun. This, of course, is in addition to the winds or movements of the air due to other causes.

Monarch Expert Archer

Henry VIII was a great sportsman and patron of the chase, wrote W. W. Greener in "The Gun and Its Development," says the Detroit News. He was a great archer, and although generally using a long-bow, he frequently made use of the cross-bow when shooting for wagers. At the Field of the Cloth of Gold he shot his long-bow against the French cross-bow men and won their applause, putting his arrows successively in the center at twelve-score yards, whilst they with their cross-bows were unable to hit the target.

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