The Advantages and Disadvantages of the Farmer

The politician in every speech he makes tells us that the farmer is the hub of the wheel of progress, and appeals to him as the originator of wealth and as one of a sound and practical turn of mind for his support in the coming election. The Fourth of July orator spared no pains and no rhetorical figures in speaking of the great rural classes. For all of this enthusiastic oratory the farmer has his joys and his sorrows, his fortune and his misfortunes, his advantages and his disadvantages.

Then living several miles from the noisy and busy city or perhaps even a mile or more of forest, field or prairie is stretched between him and his nearest neighbor the farmer can realize, as no one else the enjoyment to be found in hour conversation. The few spare evenings that he may chance to have must be spent in the same old way—the same old routine is to be repeated. There are no great social entertainments within a block of his door and the lecture room is but rarely seen. The soul thrilling and inspiring religious services that are so characteristic of the city cannot be participated in and the cold winter days cannot always be spent in the most profitable manner. Thus he lives in partial seclusion from society and must devise his own
methods of entertainment. The education of his children is often dangerously neglected. School is sometimes so far away that the younger pupils cannot attend in disagreeable weather or occasionally they are kept at home to do some little chore and by this the child who was once greatly interested for all ambition, gets behind his class and finally gives up in despair perhaps never again to take hold of that which will add much to his wealth and happiness. Teachers in their schools are often inferior and are not capable of leading and training anyone much less children.

One may stand upon the streets of a city and hear many unpleasing remarks concerning the country farmer, as he brings his produce to market. His carriage is not of the finest quality if he chance to have one; his horses have not been groomed for sometime, and his clothes show the same characteristic of the farm. In short he is called sordid and slovenly instead of being the plain, honest, and upright farmer, he is christened by some as being a carefree, slow-to-do, and worthless hayseed. If he has business with a merchant, lawyer, or some other city fellow he is treated like a minor, but if he meet three name gentlemen when
out of their business they give him, if any attention at all, one that is freezing.

The farmer can stand these taunts, jeers, and cold reception but combine capital a farmer knows is not as present and you have forged chains that include six every movement and take from him that which he has earned by toil and drudgery.

Erect combine and secure police destroy fair competition with him and say what he must pay for his implements, wine, oil, and nearly everything that is essential to the running of a farm. He can measures of wealth assume a right which no earthly power ought to have and till him what he must take for his grain, cattle, hogs and the even go down so low as to regulate the prices of winter

up seed without any regard to the demand and supply the only fair regulator of the market.

For all of their inconvenience and unfair dealings there is a bright side to the farmer's life and one whose beauty attracts more of our population than any other vocation. The farm:-

This word it self brings peace and consolation to the weary farmer. Speak it and you impart a knowledge of something more than a quarter section core with a small dwelling upon it. It brings to mind the largest structure dwelling with its verandah
and one covered porch; the half-acre lawn dotted at intervals with shrubs and flower beds; the cool, fresh and un tainted air that was never made foul by the smoke and dust of the city; the great shade trees that protect one from the heat of the summer sun; and "The old oak envelope, the house covered bucket. The new round bucket which hangs from the well" will never cease to quench the thirst and fill with pride the hearts of those who partake of its cool and refreshing elixir.

When travelling from the densely populated city into the country one is deeply impressed with the purity of the atmosphere and the absence of the quite commonstench. Instead of being confined in one small room to breathe the air over many times the farmer inhales his from inconceivable space. The growing vegetation extracts poisonous gases and the frequent rains wash disease germs from it. Thus we can account for the long life of the farmers and the comparatively short life of those who hold clerical and other sedentary in which pure air and sufficient exercise cannot easily be obtained. It has been shown by statistics that the average life of the latter is but little over forty years while in the same state the farmers reached the age of nearly sixty-five years.
The old saying that good health is in the sign of pure mind, and life veracious and true today as it ever was, that applies extremely well to the farmers. They have, no saloon in which to spend their evenings. The wiser, vile, and corrupt, that carry their kinds of personal in their strong current, are diverted by the wily farmer, and the enchanter, and leading dune but rarely have his presence. He is free from these temptations but there is another freedom—another liberty that gives him the right to act for himself and not be a mere meddler. By one o'clock bellawarm him that it is time to resume his toil, and no six o'clock signal tells him of the close of his work. Here is not lorded over by some surly and overbearing "boss" who criticizes with words too profane to be spoken.

We can speak of the farmers' independence and of the beautiful field and forest; the meadows may receive a few pleasant epithets; the lawns, dwellings, and other conveniences can be fairly described; and the value and refreshing geysers that make life a pleasure to him is sometimes pictured as a Heaven sent blessing but all the word, paintings, and exquisite descriptions cannot keep those evil that depress him. He will always, as now, be the lonely dressed farmer with his independence.
almost wholly imaginary; the forest and field, a veritable jungle of weeds and underbrush; the meadow and meeklyavenue piny forest of stuff and stuff; a Kansas blizzard or a destructive tornado.

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