CHAPTER XVII.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

"Man is unjust, but God is just;
And finally justice triumphs."

Well, after the Institute was over and Mr. Goodrich had gone away I was taken back to the farm, as Mr. Philips was going away to attend a Horticultural Meeting in Minnesota. He said it was the largest society in the West and one of the best, that it was founded and kept up by some of the very best men in that state. Such men as J. H. Stevens, P. A. Jewell, John S. Harris, Wyman Elliot, H. M. Lyman, Peter M. Gideon, E. H. S. Dart, A. W. Latham, S. H. Kinney, Frank Yahnke, Clarence Wedge, T. E. Cashman, Prof. S. B. Green, and a lot of others he could mention, who were wheel horses in the society.

In less than a week after my return to the farm, Mr. Philips came up and brought a stranger with him, who said his name was Mr. Lawrence, of Black River Falls. He said, "Well, Philips, I was in Sparta and Abe Abrahamson, Kingman's man, told me that you had two cows that would make close to eleven hundred pounds of butter this year. I did not believe it, yet, after all, I came way down here to see them," "Well, here they are," said Mr. Philips, "Queen Vashti and her daughter standing behind her, Yeksa's Queen. Their year's test is not quite up, but I don't think Abe was far out of the way, for they are both doing well."
After looking at us he said, "They are queens for a fact, I must say! Have you any young bulls from them for sale?"

"No," replied Mr. Philips, "but I can show you a heifer that, I think, when she comes in will crowd these two cows for second place."

They then went and looked at my granddaughter, Queen of Salem, and he said, "I declare, if she isn't a beauty, I never saw one! She must have sucked the cow till she was a yearling."

"I see that you have the Short Horn idea of raising calves," said Mr. Philips, "but she only sucked the cow three days, then for ten days was fed with mixed milk, part skim, but mostly new milk, and after ten days she was fed all skim milk with a little oil meal in it until she was a year old."

"Why, does that pay?" said Mr. Lawrence.

"I certainly would not do it if I did not believe it paid," replied Mr. Philips, "and God never made better food to grow a dairy cow on than skim milk properly fed."

"What would you take for that heifer?" said Mr. Lawrence.

In reply Mr. Philips said, "She is not for sale, but if she was it would take one hundred and fifty dollars to buy her."

"Oh, my!" said Mr. Lawrence, "this is not a good place for a poor man to come to buy cows."

"But these are the kind of cows for a poor man to have, as he needs the very best so he won't have to stay poor," said Mr. Philips.

Mr. Lawrence then said, "By the way, Philips, didn't you attend the first Farmers' Institute that was held at Neillsville several years ago?"

Mr. Philips told him that he did, when Mr. Lawrence said, "I thought you did, for my brother attended it and he said that you told the best story he ever heard in his life, and I want you to tell it to me, for when he told me about it I made up my mind if I ever met you to ask you to tell it."

Mr. Philips said, "It is too long a story to tell at an
tute, it was at the banquet there that I told it, and there is no inspiration in telling a story to a single person."

"Well, don’t you attend Institutes any more?"

"Yes, occasionally," Mr. Philips replied.

"How did you come to start out in the Institute work?"

Mr. Lawrence asked.

"I will tell you," said Mr. Philips. "When Mr. Morrison first started out as Superintendent of Farmers’ Institute work, he wanted a horticulturist of some experience and who knew how to tell it. Someone recommended me to him, so he wrote me and said if I would do that work to come on a certain day to Marshfield. So I went. When I got on the train I found W. D. Hoard, Uncle Joe Smith, Supt. Morrison, and T. B. Terry, of Ohio. They were all strangers to me, as I had never met any of them before. We were going to Neillsville, but had to stay at Marshfield all night. Mr. Hoard had ordered a room with a fire in it, as he was not feeling well. I went to bed first, and the clerk, by mistake, gave me Mr. Hoard’s room, but afterwards gave me another room, which led to the story your brother told you about. We had a good meeting and the ladies gave us a fine banquet. It was the third Farmers’ Institute held in Wisconsin, but was the first one I had attended. Thirty-two were held in the state that winter, closing at Green Bay, and I attended all but two of them. I had a chest of chemicals to attend to that were very heavy to carry up and down stairs. I had to be at the meetings early, and stay late to get the chemicals ready to ship to the next place where a meeting was to be held."

"Why didn’t you keep on in the work, what made you quit it?" asked Mr. Lawrence.

"I quit it because I could not give my time to it and hire a man to do my work at home," said Mr. Philips. "After I had been in the work and up late nights for three weeks, I became anxious to know what remuneration I was to receive. Mr. Morrison said he needed me and would see that I was well paid,
But, to 'make a long story short,' I did not use policy enough; I needed training along that line; I said things I should not have said, although they were true. I will give you an instance. Mr. Morrison, one Friday night, sent me to stay over Sunday with Uncle Hiram Smith who was then the leading dairymen of the state. I received many valuable lessons from Mr. Smith and revere his memory, and I was glad when our dairy building at Madison was named Hiram Smith Hall. Mr. Morrison said, Uncle Hiram can't be with us at every meeting, and I want you to look over his great dairy and creamery so you can answer questions when he is not with us."

"I felt that he had conferred quite an honor upon me, and I will admit, it puffed me up a little. I looked Uncle Hiram's
dairy and creamery all over, according to instructions, and had a good visit with him and his wife over Sunday. One incident occurred which I occasionally tell about. Sunday we had a fine roast goose for dinner, at two o’clock. I ate a hearty dinner and did not expect any supper, as Mrs. Smith was doing her own work, but about five o’clock, when Uncle Hiram and I were up in, what he called, his den, he smoking and I writing, Mrs. Smith called us down to supper. On the table, in the basement, were three bowls, a pitcher of milk and a large pan of corn meal pudding, or mush. When we were seated at the table Uncle Hiram said, in tones no one could fail to understand, ‘Mr. Philips, for more than twenty years my wife and I have had mush and milk for supper Sunday evenings; Now, it is mush and milk or nothing, which will you have?’

‘I thanked him and said I preferred mush and milk for I was very fond of it, and had eaten it many an evening for supper in my father’s house. There was another incident during that visit I have never forgotten because I have found it very true. When going from Uncle Hiram’s home, to take the train, we passed a beautiful house with fine barns and attractive surroundings. I remarked, that, judging from appearances, the owner must be well fixed and take comfort. ‘There is where appearances are deceitful,’ said Uncle Hiram, ‘for he does not take comfort.’

‘I asked why he did not, if he was in debt or what was the matter? He said, ‘The reason is this, his children are all married and he and his wife live there alone; they are able to have any luxury they desire, but he never comes down town, unless it is for his mail. The trouble is the man has no chums. Why, don’t you know, Philips, that a man must have one or more chums if he wants to take comfort in this world?’

‘I said I had never thought of that, but, when I come to think of it, I believed he was right. I often think of that remark of Uncle Hiram’s when I sit down to talk with a confidential friend, like my friend Kellogg, of Wisconsin, Frank
Yahnke, of Minnesota, or the chummy visits I used to have with my old friend C. C. Palmer, of Wisconsin.

"Well, as I said, my visit was pleasant and profitable. I found that Uncle Hiram was using a very inferior looking grade sire in his dairy herd, while at the same time we Institute workers had been preaching, to the farmers, the gospel of the sire being half the herd, and that he should be a thoroughbred to get the best results. Now it was all right for Uncle Hiram to keep a grade sire, as, I afterward learned, he had good reasons for so doing. But, where I was not politic and made a mistake was in telling it to the other Institute men. Uncle Hiram admitted that what I said was true and said he kept him because he did not care to raise any calves that season, and scolded me a little for telling of it before. I knew all the facts. I was sorry what I said had caused any unpleasantness, but it was too late, the die was cast, I only told it to my fellow workers as I thought we ought to practice what we preached.

"There was another class I did not please, that was some nurserymen. First those who were selling trees grown in the South, and in the far East, also those who were selling very cheap trees, as the first were not so well acclimated and the second were not liable to be as good as a class of trees that were sold at living prices so that they could be replaced. I advocated trees grown as far north as possible. Either in Wisconsin or Minnesota, and on good fruit soil, and as near the place they were to be set out as possible, as with those I had had the best success. I also advised planters not to set very large quantities in one year, but to be good and set some good trees every year, to pay good prices for them, and then to plant them good and give them good care. Then if they had fairly good soil and had dealt with good men, they would have good results. I advised them to be good to the good tree agent who came to see them every year, for to him every country owes much of its success in apple and forest tree growing, his coming to the same neighborhood every year is evidence that he is
selling good trees." "Well," said Mr. Lawrence to Mr. Philips, "the advice you gave was certainly good, if it did interfere with some men's business." "Well," continued Mr. Philips, "I worked until the close of the Institutes that season at Green Bay and Mr. Morrison turned the settlement with me over to the Farm Committee of the Board of Regents at their June meeting, and when they met, as funds were not so plenty as now, they decided that what Messrs. Fargo paid me, for distributing advertising matter, and the commission Mr. Hoard paid me, for getting one hundred and eighty subscribers to his paper, was all my services were worth, but I thought differently, as that would not pay the man who worked for me through the winter, and I honestly thought I ought to be paid enough to pay him as I worked hard and faithfully. The result was that Mr. Morrison did not employ me any more. After Mr. Morrison's death, Professor Henry managed the Institutes and invited me to take part in the closing one, at Menominee, which I did. Mr. McKerrow has asked me to attend a number of institutes since he has been superintendent, and paid me for my services. But a new rule was adopted that a man must have succeeded financially in some particular line to be employed on the staff of workers, and as I had spent the best part of my life experimenting in orcharding, largely for other's benefit, that rule shut me out. And since I have taken up the breeding of dairy cattle, at which I am determined to succeed, I find that my cattle need me at home to get the best results. Then, too, I find that I am growing older so I only go occasionally to an institute; however, I consider that they have been and still are of great practical benefit to the farmers. They have helped the breeders of good live stock very much, and have learned farmers where good live stock can be obtained. It is pleasant and exhilarating to attend them and shake hands with the old wheel-horses like Goodrich, McKerrow, Arnold, Briggs, Convey and others. But we must be going back to town, and, perhaps, I will tell you the story on the way, but I prefer to tell it to a
crowd or at a meeting or banquet, but the roads are bad and it will help pass the time. So here goes:

"When I was a boy of twelve I read this story in the Dollar newspaper, printed in Philadelphia. An Irish lady was the proprietor of a hotel in a city in Pennsylvania. One very cold night her house was crowded with guests and as it was before the days of furnaces or steam heat they used the old fashioned warming pan, or frier, to warm the beds for travelers. Among her guests was a priest, sometimes called a Friar. Now this woman had hired a young man that day, who knew the priest, but was unacquainted with the use of the warming pan. So when eight thirty came around she called the boy, and told him to warm up the frier, and put it in the bed in room No. 8. So the boy told the reverend gentleman to get good and warm and he would show him to bed. The man said it was too early, but when the boy said it was the landlady’s orders, he went with the boy who showed him to bed. After he had become warm and nearly asleep, the landlady called the boy and told him to take the frier out of No. 8 and put it in No. 11. So the boy called on the good man and told him he must get up and go to another room, he reluctantly obeyed and had to get into another cold bed, and in twenty minutes, as guests wished to retire, the Friar was moved to No. 13, and in twenty minutes or half an hour to No. 9, and from there to No. 12, when he objected so vigorous that the boy said, ‘I told the mistress I had rather lose my job than to move you any more. But she said I must do as I was bid and please go once more. I don’t see how she makes so many mistakes.’ So the good man consented to go and warm another bed. Pretty soon, it was between 11 and 12 o’clock, she ordered the young man to move the frier to No. 15, which she said was her own room. At that the boy was surprised and said, ‘Mam, where will ye sleep yourself? besides the poor man is nearly frozen already, he has nary any drawers on and his legs shivers like a man with the ague. I’ll not move him any more; I’ll lave your employ before I’ll do it.
The tears came in my eyes the last time I asked him to move.'
'Hold on,' she said, 'what in the world have ye been doing?'
An investigation at once followed, the boy was sent to bed and
the priest was not disturbed any more that night. I told the
audience that I was reminded of that story when they put me
in Hoard's bed to warm it, but when the clerk moved me I told
him it must stop right there, as they could not use me for a
frier. So I locked my door and went to bed. Many of the
audience never saw or heard of a warming pan and it pleased
them immensely.'

The man said, "I thank you. It pleased my brother so much
I wanted to hear it."

The man then said, "We are not half way to town yet,
have you not some other stories you can tell?"

"Yes," Mr. Philips said, "I have a couple of experiences I
can tell you, the first happening some twenty-two years ago.
About twenty years prior to that, on a properly made complaint
to me as a Justice of the Peace, I ordered a man arrested for
being drunk and disorderly. After he was adjudged guilty, I
took a little time to affix the sentence and before it was done a
friend of his came to me and asked me if in lieu of fining him I
would marry him to a widow lady, who would agree to take
him home and take care of him. I said yes, if I was satisfied
she could do it. So I went to the house where the Constable
had him in charge, and found both willing to have the ceremony
performed. He was thirty and she was sixty years of age. As
I thought she was competent to handle him, I pronounced them
husband and wife, and remitted his fine, and they went home
rejoicing. Twenty years afterward the same man came to my
office and said, 'A long time ago you gave me a good wife. He
dead last year and I want you now to come to my house and
give me another. You done me good job other time so I come
to you again.' I went to his house and found another woman
willing to take him for better or worse. I tied the knot and was
treated to some cookies and coffee. I could have had some-
thing stronger had I desired it. I then started for home. On the way I met a crowd, headed by one Martin Johnson, on their way to give the couple a reception—and from the noise they made they had something stronger than I was treated to. At midnight or after, they started for home, when they reached a forks in the road some distance away, Martin halted the crowd and addressed them, saying 'up this valley there is a couple living unlawfully together and I move we go there and make them get married too.' All agreed to go but one man. So they went and began to make demonstrations at the house at two o'clock a.m. The couple came down stairs and received their unbidden guests. Martin informed them he had authority from the Governor of Wisconsin to look after such cases. So he ordered his companions to care for them while he examined the house. He did so, from cellar to garret, and do the best he could, he could only find one bed that had been occupied. So calling them by names he said this way of living is a disgrace and must cease, he then drew up an agreement which they both signed, saying they would be married the next day, which was Sunday. Martin promising, as his part of the contract, that he would be there about noon with a Justice and witnesses, then the crowd departed. The next morning, before breakfast, I heard a rap and when I opened the door there stood Martin. He made known his errand and showed me the contract. I consented to go, and Martin was soon there with a livery team. We took another young man along for a witness and started on a different errand than I had ever started out on before. When we arrived in sight of the house the couple were at a spring back of the house watering their cattle. Seeing us, they started, she for the house to arrange her bridal outfit, and he to drive the cattle to the yard, where he seemed desirous of remaining. I waited a while, then told Martin to go and bring the groom, assuring him if he failed, he himself would have to act as groom, for we must have a wedding anyway. Martin soon persuaded him to come to the house, and soon the bride
came down stairs, arrayed in her best. He hesitated some. He said he had for several years intended to marry her, but had not been able to find time, and was still willing, but did not want to be forced to do it. I told him I was not there to force him, but was there to do the work if he wished it done. Finally he said, 'Well, seeing you are here, we will have it done now.' So I performed the ceremony, and fried cakes and coffee were then served, and the groom handed me a five dollar gold piece, which paid the bills, including livery, and we left for home, and the couple are still living on the same farm, and Martin has gone to his long home some years ago.'

"Well," said the man, "that was a singular performance."

"Yes," said Mr. Philips, "it was a curious wedding, and to pass the time, I will tell you of a curious funeral I attended some eleven years ago. An old gentleman, a neighbor, had been ailing for some time and finally died. I told my wife I was going to the funeral, as he had always been an accommodating and kind neighbor. She said, 'You have no clothes here at the farm that are suitable to wear, and besides, the preaching will be in a foreign language that you can't understand, and if I were you I would not go.' But as I do not always give up I went. The smallness of the house and the number of the guests made it necessary to place the remains in the granary. Well, we were well fed, the table set and the dishes washed seven times, to feed one hundred, after which it was discovered that no preacher had been engaged for the occasion. At that time a man came to me and said, 'we are in a fix, all ready to start the funeral and no minister. Can't you help us out and say something for the old man.' I replied I had talked in various meetings, but had never preached a funeral sermon, but knowing his wife and he could sing, I replied I am always willing to help where I can, and if you and your wife will sing four verses I will think of something to say, and help you out, but you must bring the old gentleman out onto the lawn, which they did, as it was a beautiful June day, and, my
dear friend, you must believe me when I say they sung those four
verses very quick. I started at once and intended to make my
discourse short as my audience were standing. After reviewing
my friend’s life as a citizen and a neighbor, luckily my knowl-
dge of horticulture helped me out. The women and children
of the neighborhood had covered the coffin profusely with wild
flowers—one geranium being on the head of it. I gave a short
account of the value of flowers in expressing sympathy, and
tried to impress on their minds how they would think of their
father every spring when they went into the woods and saw
the wild flowers. I did not tell them that they would have a
lonesome time without a father, for I knew that the man that
expected to be a companion to the widow and a step-father to
the children was quite close to me, and to show you I was right
in my conclusions, I will say he came after me in less than
three months to tie another knot. But though years have rolled
by, I never pass that house but I think my sermon not on the
mount but in the coulee, did some good, for every summer
since then you can see a nice flower garden growing. They
all shook hands with me and thanked me, and have acted as
though they felt grateful and thankful to me for my neighborly
kindness ever since, and when I talk to young men I always
tell them to speak in school whenever they have a chance, for
they cannot tell what they will be called on to do some time in
life. ‘Well,’ the man said, ‘that is good advice, and these
incidents from your memory have been very interesting to me,
and as we are now in sight of the depot, I again desire to thank
you and will say if you ever come to Franklin Grove in my
state again, be sure and come ten miles further, to Dixon, and
see me.’

Early the following spring Yeksa’s Queen gave birth to her
third calf, and when it was a week old a German, by the name
of Wolfe, came into the barn and said he wanted to buy a bull
calf, but did not want one of mine, as one of his neighbors, Mr.
Dawson, owned the bull Vido, one of my sons, and he wanted

Daughter of Queen Vashti, Dam of Guydette, Queen of Salem, Lord Yeksa, King Yeksa and Cambell's King.
one from a different mother so that after a while they could
exchange. Mr. Philips showed him my daughter’s calf and put
a low price on him, as he said he needed the milk, but at that
price he must take him away in a week. As soon as Mr. Wolfe
saw what a great udder the mother of the calf had he said he
would come after him in a week. Mr. Philips then said to him,
“As you live in the town of Campbell and as both his dam and
granddam are queens, and Queen of Salem is his full sister, we
will name him Campbell’s King and I will send you his transfer
as soon as I receive his register number.’’

Before fall my first great-granddaughter put in an appear-
ance, as Queen of Salem, who was now two years old, was
the mother of a nice baby heifer. Then they all called me old
Queen in earnest because I was a great-grandmother, and it
began to make me feel old too, though I was only eight years
old. Mr. Philips said a man, at one of the Institutes, told Mr.
Goodrich that if he fed his cows as heavy as he and Philips did
that they would be used up at ten years old. “Well, I don’t
believe it,” Mr. Goodrich said to him, “for one of my best cows
is fourteen years old, and if they did play out at ten years old
and had paid me a profit all that time it would be better than
to keep them until they were twelve or fourteen. If I had been
keeping them at a loss.”

I thought if that man was right and I played out at ten years
old that my race was nearly run. Mr. Philips, when he saw
my great-granddaughter, said, “Well, another heifer and now
for another name, and as my wife’s first name, Avis, is another
odd name and I have started to raise a family of queens I will
name this one Queen Avis, so you have a daughter and a great-
granddaughter named after my wife.”

He then said, “I have some good news for you Queen. You
will remember what a good visit we had with Mr. Harris, well,
he wrote me that he is coming up to the farm again, and is
going to bring some great horticulturists with him to see the
orchard and the cattle.”
The next day Mr. Philips went to town with the team after the expected visitors. When they came up the hill they saw us cows and came over in the pasture to where we were. Queen of Salem, my granddaughter, having recently come in, was the center of attraction, so much so that Yeksa's Queen,

![Wyman Elliott. Minnesota's Seedling Specialist.](image)

her mother, and I, her grandmother, were almost jealous of her; still we were proud of her too. Mr. Elliott, of Minneapolis, Minn., said, "If I owned her I would keep her in the front yard for an ornament." Mr. Latham and Professor Green agreed with Mr. Harris and Elliott on the value of us cows, and all agreed that Mr. Philips had a fine location for a commercial
orchard, if there is any in the country. They said that the soil and elevation were right and the trees looked well.

Mr. Harris did not spend as much time at the barn as he did on his previous visit. He said he still had Lizzie and liked her as well as ever; that one could not help but like her, as she was so gentle and docile. "Maybe it's a case of like master like cow, said Mr. Philips, for C. P. Goodrich says he never saw a profitable cow that was not docile and gentle, and that in order to be such she had to have a docile and gentle owner or care taker."

After the visitors had looked at the orchard, Professor Green spent a little while shooting at a mark, with a bow and arrow, with the boys and Mr. Elliott watched them, and Mr. Harris came with Mr. Philips to take another look at us cows. After they had talked about us a little Mr. Philips said to Mr. Harris, "I am not going to give you a long talk like I did when you were here before, but I have got a little thing here, in my note book, that I want to read to you, as it expresses so correctly both your and my views on rearing children and on home life.

"A lady received the following reply from another, in answer to the question why she allowed her husband and children to 'litter' up every room in the house, and the sentiment will find lodgment in the heart of every home-loving person in the land. 'The marks of little muddy feet upon the clean floor can be easier removed than the stain made when those little feet go down into the mud of the highway of evil. The prints of the little fingers on the window pane cannot shut out the sunshine half so much as the shadows that darken the mother's heart over that one who is but a name through the coming years. And if my John finds his home a refuge from care and trouble and his greatest happiness within its four walls, he can put his boots in the rocking chair and hang his coat on the floor every day in the week. And if I can stand it and he enjoys it, I can not see that it is anybody else's business."

"That is pretty good logic and expresses my sentiments
exactly,” said Mr. Harris, “though I think one can have just as jolly and happy a home and have it neat and in order, and the children taught to be neat and orderly as to have it the opposite, but if either has to be sacrificed let it be the neatness and order.”
Mr. Philips took the visitors back to town that evening so they could take the night train for their homes. As they passed by the pasture where we cows were still eating grass, they all took off their hats and waved them at us which pleased us greatly, as we cows always enjoy being noticed and treated kindly.

The next evening, when Mr. Philips came to the barn at milking time, he came to me and said, "Well, Queen, I have got some more good news for you, and for me too. You, of course, remember that I sold your first son, Uncle Dan, No. 3,237, to W. L. Dexter, of Russell, Ill. Well, today I received a letter from him which I will read to you as it tells about your eldest son, and some of it is bad news.

"In answer to your letter in regard to what Uncle Dan did for me, will say that from him I raised forty head of grade cows,
as good as were ever raised in Kenosha County. I had to dispose of him at the stock yards because he got so vicious I dared not keep him any longer. I never saw a finer animal in my life than he was. The herd I raised from him were large and all first-class milkers. I ship my milk to Chicago and receive fifteen cents a hundred above the market price for it, which is good evidence of the quality. I never had any picture taken of him, I now wish I had because he had the strong points of a dairy sire stamped in his very make-up, but I will send my picture to insert in your forthcoming book. Have you any calves of this strain of blood for sale, if so, please let me know the age and price?

Yours truly,

W. L. DEXTER.’”

After Mr. Philips had read the letter he said, “This is a grand showing for one of your calves, isn’t it, Queen? When we take into consideration the fact that his sire, Sir Dandee, was a very ordinary bull with no great producing ancestors back of him, and that his only title to Yeksa’s blood was transmitted by you, it goes to prove Mrs. Foster’s wonderful prophesy of the great powers of transmission possessed by Puck and Yeksa, and shows that her grounds for pronouncing you a wonderful cow were well taken. What a pity that Uncle Dan was slaughtered right in his prime. How easy it would have been to have built a safe pen to have kept him in, where he could not have harmed anybody, as Mr. Kingman, of Sparta, did for his wicked bull, Old Copperas. If Mr. Dexter had done the same it would have increased the value of his herd thousands of dollars, and without much trouble or expense. It is a great pity that such valuable bulls are slaughtered in the midst of their greatest usefulness, and shows a great lack of foresight.”

In about a week after the visit of these distinguished visitors my daughter, Yeksa’s Queen, gave birth to another son. He was named Yeksa’s Son. His number was 7,290, and he was sold to W. S. Hill, in northern Wisconsin, and I never saw or heard of him again.