On Dairy Utensils—
   Stephen Favill, Delevan.
   H. Z. Fish, Richland Center.
   Chester Hazen, Brandon.

On Dairy Exhibits—
   C. F. Dexter, Chicago, Illinois.
   W. F. Davis, Sheboygan.

On Nominations—
   Hiram Smith, Sheboygan Falls.
   L. N. James, Richland Center.
   C. R. Beach, Whitewater.

On Essays—
   Prof. L. B. Arnold.
   Col. T. D. Curtis.
   Prof. W. A. Henry.

The convention adjourned to meet at seven o'clock P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

Convention met pursuant to adjournment at 7 P. M.
President Morrison in the chair.

WORK.

BY MRS. C. V. LAYTON, Lone Rock.

No where in the early history of man is the phrase "dignity of labor" employed. It is related that our earliest progenitor had labor presented to him in quite a different light, and it is no where shown that any of our remote ancestors assumed any great amount of that dignity, if they could possibly escape it. The phrase perhaps originated with some royal exile, who losing his divine right to live off other men's work, strove to wrap around the fleshless limbs of the horrible skeleton necessity, some of the royal purple he once had worn. He would invest the idea with some of the blue distance of poetry, and by "making believe, very much" and make people think he enjoyed it. Or it may be a phrase
coined by some court flatterer of those royal mechanics who from rude chaos and disorder, framed kingdoms strong and steadfast. Peter the Great, learning ship building that Russia might have a navy, or rough old Fredrick William of Prussia, who was justice, marshal and street commissioner as well as king. Kings, were the men who idealized butchery, and dressed it in scarlet and tinsel, perhaps they also idealized drudgery; but it is more probable that it is a specimen of that style of fervid eloquence called stump oratory, and originated in an attempt to lend radiance to the obscene and dull hued horizon of some political aspirant.

Our Washington is represented in a picture intended to cultivate in the youthful mind a love of farming, as seated on horse-back watching a troop of slaves at work, and beneath are printed the words, "agriculture is the most useful the most noble, and the most elevating employment of mankind." The boy to whom the picture was given said, "if Washington had got off his horse and taken that heavy hoe from one of the negroes and tried it awhile he would have said, 'agriculture is the most useless, the most tiresome and the most degrading employment of mankind, surveying is far more interesting.'"

Martha Washington was a beautiful dignified woman in powdered hair and rich brocades, but if she did her own work and had to hurry to wash the bread-dough off her hands before she answered the door-bell, with face and hair powdered with flour, if she could be dignified and unconscious, not humble and apologetic, then was she a real Lady Washington. Where is the dignity of milking? An awkward usurpation of the natural rights of the calf.

What the dignity of mopping? It is worse than Bunyan's man with the muck-rake; one may fancy mopping as a sort of gymnastic exercise; or have left as a remnant of childhood's fancies a taste for it, such as some have for modeling in clay, or dabbling with oils and paints, but one would not pose with a mop for one's portrait.

Where is the woman who can appear dignified while madly brandishing two paper bags cut in strips, and mounted
on broom handles, in a relentless raid on the useful household fly?

A woman putting down a carpet is a deplorable sight, and a man putting up a stove, may be eloquent, but never dignified. Our artists are obliged to go to Italy to find a people lazy enough to pose gracefully, which shows how unpicturesque are the demands of labor.

A man who has cows to feed and milk, and a corn crop to get in and out, is too busy to be handsome, and a woman hanging up clothes, with a clothespin between her teeth, and a fear in her mind, lest the fire should be out, and dinner not ready when the men come, is apt to forget, that slow motions and a low voice are most desirable attributes of womanly beauty. Yet poets have sung of labor, and composed their odes in bed; orators have extolled the working man and made work and honesty almost synonymous terms. It used to be customary to invite some city gentleman to speak at July celebrations and agricultural fairs in the rural districts when they spoke so flattering to farmers and praised their honest faces, their hard hands, their honorable employment till it fairly made the farmers blush at first, but they became accustomed to it and seemed to consider it all their due. These same gentlemen used also to shower upon the ladies, delicate confections of flattery. “Thanks for the inspiration given by the presence of the ladies a galaxy of beauty with their bright eyes and rosy cheeks; thanks for their kind attention, which must have been wearisome indeed.”

But all that was long ago; now, men often listen to addresses made by women and would feel insulted to be thanked for lending inspiration by the very presence of their manly forms, their utterly lovely moustaches, and have learned that women do not weary of listening to practical ideas on subjects relating to their employment and surroundings, and some men believe that by the time the world owns womanly right to a country, she will have mastered the first principles of civil government.

City and county have come nearer together and have found that the depths of wisdom and experience are not
always sounded by the city man; that a farmer's heart may be as hard as his hand, that his mind is not always as broad as his acres, and when it is, it is not the direct result of physical labor.

It is true that to the farmers has virtually been conceded the monopoly of honesty, and so long as he keeps strictly to his calling, he is above suspicion. It is only when he enters into commercial relations that he has opportunity or temptation to dishonesty.

The Carthaginians were equally noted for their commerce and their dishonesty, and the question arises whether they would not have had better reputations if their land had been better adapted to agriculture. But this gives rise to too many questionings since if honesty is indisolubly connected with the successful cultivation of the soil, we might have a new government office, a kind of Bureau of Morality, and daily prognostications appended to the weather probabilities, all of which would be of great value to the cheesemaker if not to the average farmer. The joys of the farmer's work come from his near approach to nature, he receives his harvest direct from earth and air, sunshine and rain, but his trails come from a cloud the size of a man's hand which interposes between him and the exchange of that harvest, must he hope that a man of money will make a corner in wheat, or that two or three kings may quarrel in Europe in order that breadstuffs may rise? And if the corner is broken, and the market flooded, or the holders of Egyptian bonds having secured them have ended their holy war, and the cry goes out of "overproduction" does the honest farmer draw a sigh of relief because the poor have all been fed, and there are twelve elevators full left over? Does he stock down his farm and go to making butter and cheese for those hungry ones to eat with their bread? O golden age, when labor meets its just reward and the land flows with milk and honey.

It has been said of late that the farmer allows hard labor to absorb every energy, which has the effect of depressing the intellect, blunting the sensibilities and animalizing the man. And yet there is no avocation which allows more
time for thought than the farmer's (if he be truly a farmer, and not a mere land owner and overseer), and it is thought that makes the man, not material or mental acquirements. The long furrows and stoneless soil of our western country ought to produce a race of thinkers among those who guide the plow, and why may not the new poetry of our new land be penned by the hands which guide the conquering march of the mowing machine over our broad meadows. E. C. Stedman has proved that a Wall street broker can be a poet and what a paradise for thought and sentiment is the farm compared with the inferno of the stock exchange. But the sweetest songs were never sung, the fairest thoughts have never blossomed into verse, and earth crowns her men of deeds whose works are symbols of their thought and rouses to lofty emulation hearts that never thrilled to the poets' strains.

Work into which one puts his heart can never brutalize and the farmer should love his calling, to be happy and to be successful, and his wife should be his business partner, or, at least one of the committee of ways and means. The isolation of farm life makes this more necessary than any others. There are few women whose ideal of earthly happiness is to be matron of an asylum for cow milkers, for the compensation of board and clothes, and the dire possibility of the use of one third of the cow pasture if left without a "natural protector." "O, says the good farmer, love is enough to make the path smooth" Is it? Then go home and deed your farm to her and try it.

Though there is no dignity in labor, yet the world must be fed and clothed and houses made which mind and soul may convert into homes, or which may stand, staring piles of brick and mortar mere shelters from the seasons. No one should be asked to take up manual labor because labor is holy, because labor is worship, because labor is beauty, for it is none of these.

In the beginning labor was a light penalty laid upon man for disobedience, he should earn his bread instead of lazily plucking it from the trees; at the present labor is a curse laid upon the weak by the strong. "Thou shalt earn thy
bread and mine,” is the new command. It fares ill with the poor Adams of our later civilization, since they have lost even the ground they might till. Will the babes rest much longer to the “lulla-by baby, labor is grand?”

I know that stereotyped phrase “growth of monopolies” is very tiresome to the average capitalist. He gravely informs us that we never hear a word about monopolies from any one but poor wretches who have never succeeded in anything. Perhaps he thinks the bankers and bondholders, the Standard Oil Co., the R. R. kings, or their servants, the state and national legislatures, might speak with more authority on the subject; but he can scarcely expect to hear from those with whom silence is policy, and policy their guide.

The people must arouse to this work, or they must submit gracefully to the continuance of a peasant class in this country, and must learn for themselves and teach to their children, the humility and servility on which with unresting toil they must depend, for the rich grow richer, the poor poorer, year by year.

We have none of us so far outgrown the penalties traditionally imposed upon our first-father for his willingness to obtain knowledge, that we can hope to live without work, unless we prefer to beg or steal. I should be glad if every able bodied person was compelled to a few hours of work each day. I doubt not the work would all be done in the forenoon, and the would sit down in the afternoon with a clean apron and a clear conscience.

We should not strive to enoble physical labor alone, when we see starving souls and starving minds looking out of the windows of well fed bodies; when we see souls striving to overcome body and make a splendid animal know that he ought to be a man, and when we see souls and minds fed on spiritual and mental pap, which was prepared centuries ago and is now gently warmed, and stirred, and tasted, and fed to men and women old enough to feed themselves.

Instead of teaching children that the world owes them a living they should be taught to do their share of the world’s work, but not all physical labors, though they choose to be farmers. The world does not always repay those who work
for her with grateful praise, yet every right act, well done, adds to ones mental and spiritual stature and makes the way easier for those to follow who shrink from censure and can not live without public approval. Garabaldi when exiled from Italy, might have lived off his patriotism, but he went to boiling soap on Staten Island, thus waiting for the day to come when he might lead his countrymen against the invading hosts of Austria. Killing Austrians and boiling soap are neither of them grand or noble acts, though poetry sings of the sweets of labor and the glories of the battlefield ever so grandly. But they were acts which were necessary for self-respect, and self-defense for the true. Country is but another self.

The first and noblest work for human beings is self-culture, not the surface polish of manner acquired in society, nor that gathering and storing of corn against probable famine, called education, nor that delving in dust heaps for possible treasures which a prescribed course of study must mean to any thoughtful person arrived at maturity. But the culture of the virtues, the destruction of the vices, the cultivation of the waste places in the soul. For eradicating faults severe self-consciousness is required, but the work of culture requires also a large degree of self-forgetfulness. To aid in this work the study of the social and political problems of the day is more improving than the history of Persian wars; the statistics of poverty and its attendant crime in our own country more thought inspiring than abstract mathematics. Reading from the open book of to-day, as disciples of the gospel of humanity we turn from its pages sadder, but wiser.

Next to self culture, in order of duty, comes the training of children for lives of use and beauty. The mother's influence over the average boy does not extend far beyond the cradle, unless it is strengthened by the father's example—"father says, father thinks, father does,"—is constantly on his lips, and mother's ideas are considered visionary beside the father's large experience. There is no calling in which better opportunity is given to men to gain an influence over their children than the farmers, but he must himself be what
he would have his children. If he habitually addresses his
dairy as though they were afflicted with original sin, and
keeps about him men capable of compiling volumes of pro-
fane history between the pasture and the milking barn, to
the utter demoralization of the cows' nerves, what can he
expect of his boys?

He knows that a poisonous parasitic growth infesting corn
has given its name, to language equally poisonous, equally
destructive to the young and growing mind, he should guard
his children from its smothering contact, teaching them him-
self the truths they must know in language sacred as his
purpose. Boys ought to have a pleasanter home topic to dis-
cuss at school with their mates, than "how father drove a
sharp bargain on a fellow, with an old, blind horse."

Happy the family that can look with loving reverence to
a good father. Mothers have no right to a monopoly of in-
fluence, and the truth is, they never had it; the reason the
world does not progress faster is because that fact has never
been acknowledged; the preaching and advising has all been
directed to the mothers.

Influence — the sacred right of influence has been awarded
to the mothers as a kind of rebate for taking from them the
trials and burdens of political life. But the women of this
age love wisely, and will not accept alone the divine pre-
rogative. They are calling to men from all civilized coun-
tries, saying: "Accept one-half this divine right of influence
and let us take from your weary arms, your tired hearts,
one-half your political burden."

In the reaction from the over severity of the past, in the
relation of parent and child, there seems danger of going
too far. Parents once believed in the natural depravity of
the child, and treated it accordingly, much like a convict on
parole; now they trust almost entirely to the innate good-
ness of their own and sometimes other people's children,
though if they indulged in a modicum of the old time watch-
fulness they would see them rush in where angels fear to
tread. The goodness of the modern child is subjected to too
severe a strain; infants need protection and direction to
guard them from that primary source of all sin, selfishness.
A late writer says, "I believe that the idea of duty is more potent for social improvement than the idea of interest; that in sympathy is a stronger social force than in selfishness. * * * The Mammon of injustice can always buy the selfish whenever it may think it worth while to pay enough; but unselfishness it cannot buy."

To redeem each other from the bonds of sin and selfishness is our work, the echo of that prayer uttered on Judean hills eighteen hundred years ago, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven," not with the meek and passive spirit of acceptance of the evils of life, but with the "unhasting, unresting" spirit of the destroyer of evil, the promoter of good; in hope, with justice, listing to the cry of the poor, interpreting for that dumb majority who are not representative men of any interest by virtue of intelligence, worth or public spirit, but victims of failure and hopelessness.

The strength of the state lies in the welfare of its weakest member. May we not all be employed in welding this chain of brotherhood? for we are called to work with heart, head and hand, to "work while the day lasts, for the night soon cometh when no man can work."

DISCUSSION.

Mr. Faville — There is one point I wish to speak of in that paper, a point I have realized ever since I have been old enough to know about it, and that is, that we lords of creation, ought to divide the responsibility and care of this great government with the ladies; and that for no reason, except because of the inherent right of the matter, the women of this country are responsible to this government in all other things, and why in the world should not they have a right to say what sort of laws it should have, and who should make the laws.

Mr. T. D. Curtis — I wish to heartily endorse every word of the paper, which this lady has just read. I entirely approve of the sharp criticism all through the paper, and I
wish we had more ladies who would come into our conventions and give us just such papers as this.

Mr. Philips—I think there is one point made in the paper that has not been thought enough of, by farmers especially. There is no class of men doing business who have more close relations with the help they employ. They are not only with them on the farm, but they are taken right into the house. And if you hire a man that swears, and take him into your family with your children growing up around you, or if you swear yourself, and kick your cows, you cannot be surprised that your children will do the same thing.

AMUSEMENT.

MRS. D. G. JAMES, Richland Center, Wis.

In considering this subject, we find the persons most actively interested are to be found occupying two extreme positions, while a vast number of parents and educators are all at sea and seem disposed to leave the important questions involved to adjust themselves, or what is worse, leave the inexperience of youth to define and limit their individual indulgence, hoping they will come out right, yet knowing that more lives have been wrecked in the pursuit of pleasure, than by all other combined causes. The persons representing one extreme, in their determination to be on the safe side, insist that all amusements are harmful or dangerous and unnecessary for any age or condition in life; a change of employment furnishing sufficient diversion. They are always referring to their own childhood, trying to make the new conditions suit the old theories. This position is much easier to maintain consistly, than to discriminate wisely between the different amusements. The advocates of this extreme have little or no influence, they are simply set aside by those they wish to reach and save.

The persons representing the other extreme, equally anxious to advance the best interests of society, keep open house, encourage amusements usually practiced in unsafe places, hoping to keep their friends from danger. They