live on wages all their lives, subject to caprice of employers or dictation of organizations which they join, seldom owning even a roof to cover their heads; renters all their lives when they might be land owners, landed aristocracy in 30 or 40 years. For by that time the real land-owning farmers will be the aristocracy, the nobility, here as in England and on the Continent, and the homeless and landless and propertyless classes will be the dissatisfied and discontented ones.

These are some of the benefits farming will confer if rightly followed. They are many and substantial. Let the audience suggest others and discuss them.

Is It Worth While to be Honest?  
[By Prof. W. I. Chamberlain, Iowa Agricultural College, Ames.]

It is at least worth while to meet the question fairly. Dishonesty, small and large, is all abroad in the land. New forms of stealing and robbing legally are multiplying. Corners in grain and in stocks, with the attendant gambling; substitutions and adulterations of foods and other merchandise, by which a great concern steals a small fraction of a cent and of health with each half pound package or pint can sold; schemes old and new and bunko games for getting money or value out of others with or without their consent, but without rendering a fair equivalent of value or of service; large fortunes of ill-gotten gains; haste to be rich; rich honesty if may be, dishonestly or doubtfully if must be. Such and such like things tend to raise the question whether it is not merely an old-fashioned proverb, that “honesty is the best policy.”

Our answer to this question will depend much upon the meanings we give to the two words, “honesty” and “policy.” If the first means strict pecuniary honesty and the latter means the way to make money fastest for a time, then the proverb is not true. Strict honesty does not always bring quickest wealth. Many a man during the war grew suddenly rich on shoddy clothing sold the government to its robbery and the suffering of our troops. Many an expert grumer takes in a small fortune in a single night, of the money of his dupe; many a bank cashier has fled the country suddenly. Enriched at bitter cost of stockholders or depositors or both.

Honesty does not always pay the largest immediate cash returns. If it did there would be no bogus butter, cheese, sugar, coffee, spices, no railway and grain gambling with corners; no thieves, counterfeiters, forgers, gamblers, swindlers, defaulters, burglars or robbers.

But if our proverb means that honor, integrity and truthfulness are in the long run and in the large issue wisest for a rational and moral being, then I think the proverb is beyond all peradventure true. And this, I think, was the original meaning of this much abused proverb of poor Richard.

Follow me with a few illustrations that seem to show that in this sense the proverb is true.

First in agriculture it is true. The short-sighted often doubt it at first. Many a farmer, so-called, has thought to cheat his farm and crops or stock and succeed thereby; has sown poor seed or scanty, only to find that “whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.” Or he has cheated or pinched in care or feed of cows, sheep, steer or pigs only to have his dishonesty thrown back into his face his butter or wool yield the weighers sales in Chicago. Or he has skimmed his soil by poor tillage, or skimmed it by failing to restore the exhausted elements of fertility. For a few years in each new locality long-suffering nature has endured this dishonesty, this theft from the generations yet to come, and then she has rebelled and brought retribution. Whole regions of the Old World, stripped of their fertility by the vandalism of misnamed “agriculture,” stand to this day ungracious monuments, with these words deep-cut for their inscriptions “In agricultural honesty is the best policy.”

How is it in merchandising? Where do you buy your goods today? Where you were cheated yesterday, or where you yesterday got the exact goods in quality and quantity you paid for? Who are the merchant princes of our great cities, whose massive blocks tell of real success? They are the men that dug deep and laid the foundations of their massive blocks and of their vast business relations upon the bed-rock of fundamental honesty. Why the “firm name and good-will” of some such business houses is worth a million dollars in solid gold.

How is it in banking? Why our whole complicated modern system of
banking and exchange rests upon honesty and truthfulness and upon confidence therein. Suddenly break confidence in a bank, and you break the bank. Depositors rush and clamber over one another in eager haste to draw out the money they do not want, from the place where it would be safe if they would leave it there, while it is in utmost peril if they all try at once to draw it out. Lack of confidence brings panic, and a run that no average sufficient margin of deposits can meet. What brings financial crisis and depression over the land? "Over production" some say. "Extravagance" say others. But this simply means over consumption and contradicts the "over production" theory. "Loss of confidence" say others still; and this perhaps most nearly accounts for admitted facts. But a "lack of confidence" in what? In truth and honesty. How is confidence in these destroyed? By falsehood, dishonor, reckless speculation, perversion of trust funds, commercial dishonesty as in the case of Fred Ward. How is business at last revived after stagnation? "Only by a restoration of confidence," you say. Confidence in what? In the honor and fidelity of men. Confidence, at least, that by the bitter ruin of stagnation men have learned for another term of years that "honesty is the best policy." And so the banks unlock their vaults and bring forth their vast resources, locked there from distrust in men's veracity and honor, and once more business revives and mighty enterprises are set on foot.

How is it in railroading? How is it when the snorting iron horse, the modern Centaur-Cyclops, with his single flaming eye, by night gathers in his train the goods and souls of you and me and half of the people in the land, and whirs them at a terrific speed into the awful darkness of the stormy night? How dare you trust your life to this wild and snorting monster? Simply because you trust the skill and honesty and truthfulness of all that rule and guide that monster, and of all that laid the narrow, glimmering, parallel lines on which his swiftly rolling footsteps thread. Civil engineer, trackmen, bridge-builders, switchmen, locomotive engineers, firemen, brakeman, all believe that in railroading at least honesty and truth are the best, nay, the only policy. Did not you believe they so believed and practiced, you would not for a moment dare to trust the tender mercies of that iron monster. How is it when any single railroad man abandons honesty and truth as his policy in the management of trains. Awful disaster may and often does result. We have scarcely done reading of the "Nickel Plate" disaster in Ohio, where in the grim and biting sarcasm of Mrs. Partington an "excursion train" was indeed an "execution train." How did it all happen? In Cleveland sat the train despatcher; in his mind's eye a distinct picture of every switch and siding and train in his whole division of the road. Oh, the faithfulness, the skill, nay, the genius of our train despatchers that send so many trains flying in opposite directions over a simple track, all freighted with human life and yet so few mistakes.—This train despatcher sat in Cleveland, I say, tapping his telegraphic key. Sixty miles away the operator read the clicking with his ear, wrote it out, and handed the order to the conductor of this excursion train. "Let train No. 11 pass freight train No. 42 at Station 96"—Station 96! Why this is station 96! No place to wait for a slow freight. Plenty of time to make the next station. Push on engineer!

And the engineer pushed on;—too late sees the freight train rounding the curve through the deep cut,—and as the mangled bodies mingle in the awful chasm below, and the souls ascend to the judgement seat of God, what is the accusation they will bring, the crime they will charge upon him who slew them. Disobedience to orders? Ah, no, that is the charge the railway company brought against him, and instantly discharged him from their service, and from the service of all railways for all time. Will it be manslaughter? No, that is the indictment of the human court. The awful accusation these murdered souls will bring is this. "He was dishonest with us. He lied to us. Tacitly he said, "My orders are to push on." Oh, if he had come to us like an honest man, and read to us his telegram and said, "My orders, as you see, are to wait here for the freight train. But I am sure I can make the next station. You know the high bridge and the curve in the deep cut beyond, but I'm going to try to make it under high speed."—if he had done this, he would at least have been honest with us, and we could have stampeded from the doomed train before it set forth on its
accursed way.” And then from the full chorus of the souls that had left theirs mangled bodies in that wreck, methinks there would go this single cry, “Lord, God of truth and justice, judge thou whether eternity be not too short to expiate the guilt of such dishonesty.”

Take another case from our own somewhat recent memory, that touches the point of financial honesty in railroad. One fearful night in blinding snow and wind and intense cold, the Lake Shore R. R. bridge at Ashtabula, Ohio, parted its iron, and the train crashed in awful ruin a hundred feet below. I will not sicken you by recalling the scenes of horror there enacted.

— —A few weeks (perhaps months) later Mr. Collins, the chief engineer of the road, committed suicide. Hints had been openly heard that he had been bribed by the contractors to accept inferior steel and iron and workmanship in that bridge; but there was no proof. His suicide of course added strength to the suspicion. Men called to mind the memorable words of Daniel Webster, “There is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.” Whether the suspicion had any real foundation I do not know; but if it was well founded then what visions nightly, before the suicide, must have wakened that engineer in the cold sweat of horror.— —Here is the yawning chasm; there he sees a hand thrust from the smoking mass, the hand freezing outside in the zero of the blizzard while the foot roasts inside in red hot coals of anthracite;—Siberian hell outside,—inside the hell of the tropics, consuming the agonized body of one man.— —Now in the hush of his new slumber he hears a dying woman’s prayer, “God in his tender mercy pity my motherless little one at home, and their heart-broken father.” Then he sleeps again and hears the harsh clank of the gold that bought his official silence when he inspected that fateful bridge and knew full well its “factor of safety” was to small. Through all the ages of eternity do you think that chief engineer or that “Nickel Plate” conductor will for a moment doubt whether honesty is the best policy. The wrath and curse of God and of man abide upon such dishonesty.

These of course are mere illustrations but they might be multiplied indefinitely, and give strong presumptive evi-
dence that honesty and truthfulness are the best settled line of conduct; that they are best, nay, essential to permanent success in study, in scientific investigation, in agriculture, in merchandising, banking, railroading, in the whole realm of human activity.

But I meet two classes of men not convinced by such arguments. The first class say, “Yes for the bulk of mankind and for the welfare and existence of society, honesty and truth may be best and even necessary, but is not this one of the cases where the shrewed ones will do best to get out of the beaten racks in which the bulk of mankind must and should go. Will not dishonesty pay best for the shrewed?” Ah, you, sir, that say this, what kind of a man do you thus declare yourself to be? A foe to society. One who wants all the rest of mankind restrained by law from being dishonest, that prosperity may reign, property may accumulate and you may thrive by dishonesty and deceit. Do you wish to live in society that you may profitably practice the thing that would wipe out property, destroy society and reduce it to anarchy and barbarism? Would you live at ease on the toils of others and thus at enmity with conscience, with society and with God when you might live at peace with them all? Is that the kind of a man you wish to be?

Then let me say to you that the “knowing ones” do not always escape detection. As a rule they end in exposure or in the penitentiary.

Let me give a few from very many similar examples that have come under my own notice, and which seem to show that men over-estimate the slowness and improbabilities of detection and punishment, and do well to consider the pitiful smallness of the rewards of dishonesty compared with the bitterness and disgrace of exposure.

A farmer in Ohio sold his clip of wool to the agent of an Eastern firm. He was to pack it at his own wool room and deliver it at their railway station to be weighed and paid for. The same parties bought thousands of tons of wool in Ohio. The fact that he, this Ohio farmer, packed a few pounds of small boulders in each sack could never be discovered. Then, too, it would come out of the rich manufacturers who were not paying him enough per pound for his wool at any rate. So he
argued with his conscience, trying to still its chidings, a task no man has ever yet fully accomplished. In a few weeks it was traced back to him, and he paid several hundred dollars as "hush money." But it never could be hushed. His neighbors whispered it and eyed him askance. He would have given his whole farm to blot out that mean act of dishonesty from existence and from the knowledge of his neighbors and of his own conscience.

I once had a pupil in a large High School I taught, to whom the boys, when angry at him, would shout "Codfish at $30 a piece." He would slink away from them, and once I saw him shedding bitter tears. It puzzled me at first but I finally learned the facts. This boy's father before the boy himself was born, had one evening in a grocery store a dry codfish and started for the door. The grocer saw its tail sticking below his coat, and beckoned him aside and said, "You should wear a longer coat or steal a shorter fish. I'll take just $20 for that one." He paid the $20, and then this grocer having levied the blackmail and taken the hush money had the meanness, not to hush, but whispered it abroad to vex for twenty years the man's children, then unborn. What would not that man have done to blot that small thing: forever out of existence.

In the hurry of a state fair in Ohio, some three or four years ago, I paid some one of four clerks $5 too much, and discovered the fact within a few moments. Circumstances fixed it presumably upon one, and his hearing made me doubly sure it was he. I had asked them all. Well, he was $5 ahead and I was $5 short. The next year he was anxious to help again and the next, for it was good pay. I never needed him again. My successor did not need him, he never will need him, for I gave him the exact facts. The young man was $5 ahead the first year, and is already $50 behind. We had another state fair clerk, an expert with the pen; too expert. He was a regular clerk in another state house office, that of the state canals. With his expert pen he "raised" the figures in canal warrants to the overplus amount of some $30,000 and got that amount himself. But when he was sent to the penitentiary where he still is, he had not a dollar left to show for it all. It was all gone on wine, cards, fast horses and fast women as money thus gotten usually is. And his poor old father and mother and young wife (for he had one) were almost heartbroken.

But you say such men are sometimes successful in avoiding detection, or escaping punishment. Yes, and they are to be envied. I know one such, a bank cashier, the brother of an honored friend of mine, a successful defaulter, who got out of the country some twenty-five years ago with a hundred thousand dollars of our peoples' money. Did anybody envy him? No, the universal feeling was, what an utter fool. Worse than dead to his friends. His name never mentioned by them or to them to this day. Thus men regard even the successful defaulter.

And so I might go on to give large numbers of examples like these from my own observation in the last thirty-five years to show that as a rule dishonesty and falsehood do not pay even financially in the long run. Even if dishonesty is financially successful for a time it does not seem to endure, or to bring real happiness even while it lasts. Only the money and the reputation honestly got are of permanent value. Conscience, society and God on high seem to conspire against the dishonest man and mar his success and happiness.

I wish I might take the time to look into the reason for this, and to establish these two preparations by argument. 1. Great physical forces environ us in this world, and it is wisest for us to work with and by and through these great forces rather than without or against them. 2. This is also a moral world, with supernatural or if you please nonphysical forces, and it is also wisest for us to work with and not against these great nonphysical forces—the moral forces that environ us. I wish I might rehearse what seem to me unanswerable proofs that the same God that established the matchless order and created the mighty forces of the physical universe, established an order quite as matchless and forces quite as mighty in the moral universe; and that even as violation of physical law often brings awful consequences, as when a wrong signal wrecks railway trains, or a lantern broken in a shanty sweeps the great city of Chicago with flames as with the bosom of destruction, so in the moral world what may seem a small violation of law may bring awful consequences.
Consequence follows conduct less promptly in the moral world than in the physical world, but not less surely. "Though the mills of God grind slowly yet they grind exceedingly small."

One practical question and I am done. How can we best band together to stop the flood of dishonesty that seems sweeping over our land. I answer we must begin at the cradle and work all the way up.

As parents by precept and by example we should train our children to habits of absolute truthfulness and honesty. We should never threaten a punishment or promise a reward we do not give, or never let them see in us dishonesty or falsehood.

As teacher we should imitate the Persians who taught four things; to read, to write, to cipher (compute) and to speak the truth. To the "three r's," readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic, we should add the fourth, righteousness, or right conduct.

Our preachers should see that they do not divorce morality from religion. The foundation stones of Christ's gospel are love, purity, truth and honesty. The falsehood and mean hypocrisy of Anna and Sapphira were followed by sudden death, and ever since the whole force of the church has been squarely against dishonesty. St. Paul says, "Lie not one to another" and, "Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing that is good." Would that our pulpite might ring out the gospel truths on dishonesty.

As citizens we should never cast our ballot for anyone who has amassed property by questionable means, for anyone whose integrity is not unquestioned, for anyone we could not trust with our pocket-book full of uncounted bank bills, for anyone whose word is not as good as his bond.

As business men and housekeepers we should never knowingly buy counterfeit or adulterated goods, or deal except from necessity with dishonest men. I do not in general believe in boycotting; but I do believe we have a right to boycott lying and stealing.

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Mixed Farming.

[By Prof. W. L. Chamberlain, Iowa Agricultural College, Ames.]

Mixed farming is coming to have a bad name in many quarters. The word mixed seems to suggest the idea of confusion, lack of system, frittering away the energies on a multitude of small details. This kind of "mixed farming" I do not believe in, at least for these times. The mixed farming I do believe in I will describe further on. The kind I don't believe is a kind of outgrowth of old times and conditions; a failure to adapt the style of farming to the changed conditions.

When transportation was practically impossible, no railroads but "corduroy," and no market except for barter or store pay, the farmer must raise and make about all he and his family ate, drank, wore, and lived in; i. e., food, clothing, shelter. But now, with our immense advance in machinery, our matchless facilities of transportation and exchange, the tendency is strongly towards division of labor, and concentration of effort upon specialties. And it is wisest and best that it should be so. It sometimes cramps and narrows the individual worker intellectually, especially under our manufacturing systems.

Unquestionably the division of labor and the specialization of employments in manufactures and commerce greatly increases the production of material and benefits the race. In agriculture, however, nature has set up barriers against carrying specialties too far or in too narrow lines. Some of these barriers I will describe further on. But to a certain limit specialties, farming, concentration of intelligence and effort upon fewer crops and kinds of stock, is wise.

I have said that the objection to a certain kind of "mixed farming" is well founded. I have in mind a typical "mixed farmer" of the sort I don't believe in. No matter when and where I knew him, nor how many there are of him in Ohio, Iowa or Wisconsin. He is always mixed and so is his business. He has "more than he can carry," at least like the tipsy man, he "might better have gone twice for it." Three large farms he has, and keeps buying and renting more land. He doesn't want "all his eggs in one basket" and so has as many baskets, he can neither watch eggs nor baskets. He has all sorts of crops, stock and industries and seems to need them all to make the "two ends meet" or rather the forty ends. He has three maple sugar camps, and you can smell burnt syrup in some one of