

The Chair named the following gentlemen to act on the respective committees:

Nomination of Officers—C. H. Everett, Racine; C. P. Goodrich, Fort Atkinson; E. C. Jacobs, Menomonie.

Resolutions—W. D. Hoard, Fort Atkinson; W. A. Henry, Madison; Mrs. Adda F. Howie.

Exhibits—C. L. Hill, Rosendale; S. M. Ingalls, Fond du Lac; M. T. Allen, Waupaca.

Auditing Committee—H. C. Taylor, Orfordville; Stephen Favill, Madison; Fred Rietbrock, Milwaukee.

Adjourned to 7:30 P. M.

Convention met at 7:30 P. M.

The President in the chair.

The evening's program included a much appreciated address by Mrs. Adda F. Howie of Elm Grove, on "Home Making;" vocal solos by Miss Bishop, Miss Peck and Miss Korra; recitations by Miss Waters; instrumental music; and the following address:

THE CLERGYMAN ON THE FARM.

Rev. Sabin Halsey, Fond du Lac.

Mr. Chairman, Fellow Citizens, Farmers and Friends of Many Years: I count myself happy to stand before a Fond du Lac audience when I am not expected to preach. I am sure you will agree with me that a preacher should know something about Canada thistles and kale and quack grass, to bring himself in touch with nature and with all classes of people. I sat for an hour this afternoon in the meeting of this Association entranced with what I heard from one of the most successful practical farmers in the state, and as I looked into the faces of some

of these men who have a reputation, not simply throughout Wisconsin but throughout the northwest, I have appreciated something of the work they are doing.

I am going to give you for a few moments some reasons why I think every clergyman should take an interest in the great science of agriculture, and why every clergyman, if possible, should own at least an acre or five acres, or ten acres or an eighty acre farm and give it some of his thought. We have passed the time when people said it was a crime to save a nickel for a rainy day, and I know of no better way to invest superfluous earnings than in a farm, even for a minister.

The first reason I give, is as a matter of recreation and health. Many a man's life and strength have been saved because his physician has sent him out to dig in a garden or take care of some horses or cows. Most preachers have what they call "Blue Mondays." They wake up Monday mornings with a big head and a small heart, and they are very apt to sit around the house and feel that they are very near the border line of despair. How much better for a man to take such an interest in God's great, big out-doors as to get up early in the morning, put his dinner in his pocket, drive out into the country and take his place beside other workingmen and give his strength to the soil and return home at night to sleep the sleep of the just and be broader and better all the week to come. God started the first man as a tiller of the soil and that is where we seem to belong naturally.

Another reason I wish to give is, that God has commanded man to subdue the earth and keep it in subjection. When I drive out to my farm and take the handles of the plow—though I would rather ride the sulky plow—I feel every moment that I am carrying out the divine command to subdue the earth. O, but some one says, what undignified things for a man to do. Well, that sort of dignity that is referred to is of no sort of account. The only dignity on earth or in heaven that counts before the throne of the Omnipotent Jehovah is the dignity of frank, openhearted manhood and womanhood.

Another reason why the clergyman should take an interest in agriculture is that a special benediction has been pronounced upon the tiller of the soil. I have searched the Scriptures

through and I can't find a single benediction pronounced upon lawyers or any other kind of business, except the tilling of the soil. God has promised that there shall be seed time and harvest. He has promised that the cattle shall increase on a thousand hills.

One other reason. You know when God wants great men, He has them born, starts them and grows them on the farm. All the great men of history, the statesmen of the world, have come from the farm. When we came to the saddest time in the history in this country, what did we do? We called for the man, Abraham Lincoln, who had his start on one of the poorest farms in old Kentucky, and so with Garfield and with McKinley. A number of years ago in this state, some of us felt that something must be done, and at the convention in Milwaukee, one man took the platform and nominated the long, lean, lanky, witty farmer, my friend, W. D. Hoard, and you and I have now, and our sons will have, an appreciation of what he has done for the farmers of the state of Wisconsin, the best work he has done, and that appreciation will live when that voice we love so well has been silenced forever.

One other reason, and I am through. The clergyman should have a little farm, because it furnishes such an opportunity for the exercise of cultivated, intelligent faculties. The time has come when it is understood that the young man on the farm is just as certainly obliged to put his brain into his work as does any professional man. Give your sons the benefit of a college education, they will need it in the days to come, to make of the waste a fruitful field and to make the wilderness blossom as the rose.

Ex-Gov. W. D. Hoard being loudly called for, responded:

I wonder if you think I am a slot machine—all you have to do is to stick in a call and out comes a speech.

You have listened this evening to the best that the musician and the preacher can give; you have listened to Dooley's humor, rendered by a little Irish woman—which reminds me that the first girl I ever fell in love with was an Irish girl, and I appreciated the proposition that when an Irish girl falls in love with a man, he has got his hands full, and his arms, too. While

this little lady was reading I was thinking of a neighbor of mine, an Irishman by the name of O'Brien, whom I found digging a ditch, and he gave me a lesson that lasted me for many years. He was doing a splendid piece of work, clean cut and true, there was the hand of an artist in it. I was filled with admiration, and I said, "O'Brien, that is a ditch fit for a king." He took off his cap, made me a very polite bow, straightened himself and said, "Sir, the O'Briens were kings once." He hadn't forgotten his lineage, and he still took a kingly pride in his work,—whatever he put his hand to, he did it like a king. It is pretty nearly time that this holy lesson permeated the hearts of all men who have to do with this God-given proposition of agriculture. So many men look upon it as a drudgery. I never step within the sacred precincts of my farm but what there rises to me, as it were, the inspiration that is seen in the springing grass, and in the lowing herds, and in all the problems that are there unfolded to me, and I feel sometimes as though the contact with men is pitiful when I can have the contact with the mysteries of life.

Music, Vocal Solo, Miss Elsbeth Korra.

Adjourned till 10 o'clock A. M., next day.