

paid for gathering crop. Anent the first, while the constitution provides for a separate officer, as a matter of fact the duties have lately devolved on the secretary--our worthy president has given as a reason that it was to keep the present incumbent out of mischief.

It is said there are three kinds of lies--white lies, black lies and STATISTICS and certainly the latter are sometimes woefully misleading, in the community we have certain classes of readers; those who believe everything they see in the papers--which class is rapidly decreasing and second those who believe nothing which they see in the papers--which class to the uncredit of some of the purveyors of news, I am sorry to say, is increasing. The true attitude probably lies midway, for between absolute accuracy and total ignorance approximate knowledge is about as near as mortals can hope to reach, and so if statistics are not infallibly correct or conclusive they still serve a useful purpose in being suggestive or interesting.

I have received a mass of correspondence which in view of the high grade of the rest of program prepared for today has been referred to a committee who have instructed me to report later as to conditions of crop, prospective yield and other important matter contained therein. Concerning rates for harvesting Mrs.

Hetty Green--accounted one of the richest and shrewdest of American women--is reported to have said respecting compensation to employes, "If you pay 99 cents, when 100 is due, you will be thought a knave; if 101 cents, a fool." Fair--and frankness being taken as her standards of measurement and if this philosophy should faithfully, and without fear, rule on our marshes, it is opined not only an abundant but an amicable number of workers would be allured and attracted and the season of picking, instead of being looked forward to--as in many cases now--with anxiety and apprehension, would become occasions pleasant in the anticipation, progress and remembrance. Suggestions on the subject are now invited. W. H. FITCH,  
Secretary.

### CRANBERRY PICKING TIME.

By R. E. McFarland, the Pioneer Poet of Wood County.

Don't you think that city folks would think it very cute  
To go upon the cranberry marsh to see them pick the fruit?  
If the men would take along their daughters and their wives,  
They would bid good-bye to all resorts the balance of their lives.  
When you go upon the meadow before the work is begun,  
Where every dew drop sparkles like diamonds in the sun:

The grass appears as beautiful as waves on inland seas,

Goldenrod and buttercups are nodding in the breeze.

It surely is a sight to see as on the bog we pass,  
Each berry try to hide itself beneath the moss  
and grass,

They act like timid people as if they were afraid;  
When you bring them to the light blush like a  
bashful maid.

All day long the pickers go

Until the sun is getting low;

For when the sun sinks in the west

Then nature hails the time of rest.

The wild wood songster clears its throat

And gives one last long lingering note

That echoes sweet o'er dale and hill

Then settles down and all is still.

The daily labors being done,

The boys and girls must have their fun,

To the bower house they then will go

And trip the light fantastic toe.

'Till the foreman comes at ten each night;

In a stern voice, "put out the light."

Each tired picker seeks their cot

And soon their troubles are all forgot.

### A CRANBERRY IDYL.

(A poem composed by "Patterson" a ditch digger, and read at the cranberry picnic last August at the Gaynor Blackstone marsh meeting.)

When the snow all disappears

And the frost just leaves the ground,

The season's work begins;

So at it you are bound.

Then you go and get your sod hook

And your ditching knife, you know,

For the dams may need repairing

From the water's overflow.

And a place that needs the work done

Does not escape your eye

For you say this water, it is precious,

I may need it by and bye.

Some time in June you plant your vines;

Be sure and get your proper bevel,

For the vines will not do well

Unless they have the water level.

You think your marsh in proper shape;

They all say that it's boss;

When you find you have an enemy,

That everlasting moss;

And you say I must get rid of that,

Just as quickly as I can,

Or else my neighbors all will say

That I am a "high water" man.

You watch the berries closely,

As they begin to form;

The water must not be too cold,

It must not be too warm;

And you think they'll stand the season

And at last come out all right,

If nothing further happens

And they do not catch the blight.

Some old fogie has said

"A woman's work is never done,"

That a man has got a snap—

He only works from sun to sun—

But there are men before me here today

Will prove that I am right;

That when you run a cranberry marsh,

You are at it day and night.