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THE FUTURE IS BRIGHT.

MR. C. WOOD DAVIS IS AN OPTIMIST AND STATISTICIAN.

He Has Collected Crop Figures from All Over the World and Prophesies a Good Time Coming for America's Agricultural Communities.

Pessimistic is in the blood of C. Wood Davis, the writer on economic subjects, and particularly on the food supply of the world. He was born in New Bedford, Mass., of a Plymouth colony line of ancestors, followed the sea, then sought wealth in the mines of California, was in the service of the Michigan Central railway until 1881, when, with General Fremont, he went to Kansas and began service with the old Kansas Pacific. In 1884 serious prostration drove him to the free air of Kansas City, where he took the first salt well west of the Missouri river, as to its railway connection he had made the first freight and passenger traffic and thus card sent in the same territory. He moved from Fullerton county to Sedgwick in 1870, where he built the first house south of the Arkansas river in Kansas, outside of what is now the city of Wichita. The lumber was hauled 18 miles by wagon, and he sold results in that house.

Railroading, cattle handling and real estate development at interests occupied his time until 1885, when he returned to his ranch, and was led by the unpromising aspect of his farming operations to investigate the question of the world's food supply, present and prospective, relatively to population, without any more expert than that of determining whether or not he should continue his business or would some pursuit more profitable then forming. At

C. WOOD DAVIS.

first he had no thought of publication, but later gave his work to the press and was astonished to find himself famous almost in a day.

His articles were quoted everywhere, and he found himself overwhelmed with orders for more matter. He had collated his statistics so carefully from official reports specially gathered (Queen Victoria's American consuls and ministers in almost every civilized nation, as well as foreign societies, that he was recognized as being admirably equipped for the unique line of discussion he followed. The Arena, The Review of Reviews and other leading magazines have considered articles from his pen, and it is stated that the report on disaster before in the New York Press on the world's food supply was written by Mr. Davis.

The most remarkable feature of his discussions is that he found not a lesson for discouragement and complaint, such as the Farmers' Alliance and other agricultural organizations advance, but cause to believe that the farming world is on the brink of the most successful period of the nation's history. Calculating the food supply of the civilized world he proposes that women could bring a vastly higher price than it had reached last July. In contrasting now his figures that upon the amounts of these millions of bushels that had to have been marketed were held to the farmers' generosity, and the Alliance through out the western states started its power to induce the members to wait a few months before disposing of their crop. Men called the modest farmer living in an unpretentious home as a deliverer, said he was urged to take the stump, to run for office, and indeed to follow the usual public course of the average reformer.

He refused and mentioned as before to enjoy with his sweet bread with the sorrows of home. He is emphatically a student, believes earnestly what he sends forth and is content to accept the present position as a magnanimous and an economical rather than seek more gaudy but less enduring fame.

Mr. Davis' theory can be best summed up in the following paragraph from a recent article from his pen:

"Given a fixed voting population—the world's—increasing at the rate of 14 per cent in ten years and an acreage in grain and potatoes increasing at the rate of 1 per cent, it is only a question of time when scarcity and high prices will result. * * * The impossibility of making good the deficit in the world's food sense while population continues to increase at the present rate assures the prolonged continuance of such prices and high prices for farm products that the farmer will not be compelled to labor longtime to obtain bread in day. He will build better houses and generally will share the good things of life."

Mr. Davis is personally a thoroughly genial man, and interesting one as a man who has spent more time with the world than from among men. His gentleness is so pronounced when your home in Kansas markets have already partly fulfilled and have gained for him the sympathy of many who would not appreciate his elaborate work on statistics. Mr. Davis has received among his intimate friends many prominent characters. With General Fremont he was as farmer, as a brother, while at today's publication he entirely knows, is most at ease with in the state.

C. H. HANSEN.

A system drawn back to country life are the poor roads which one finds almost universally. A fine road adds many extra miles to the distance between the farmer and his market. Bad roads wear out wagons, bar up horses and spoil the temper of both driver and passenger. Poor roads keep many a man tacked up on the city who otherwise would live on offshore and money to the improvement of the country. Isn't it time for Detroit—Venn.

THE ROADS AT BRACKETT'S CORNER.

A Day's Experiences Which Have a More Hidden in Them Somewhere.

Enoch Brown stood on the tavern stoop at Brackett's Corners, gazing intently at the down pour of rain which had been falling steadily for three days and had changed the roads into rivers of mud. His horses had tossed, not with no wagon attached to the harness, stood under the tavern sheds. By and by old Bill Gordon drove slowly up with horses jaded by a terrible pull over sticky roads and with wagon literally plastered with mud. Gordon climbed down.

"Howdy, Enoch," he said to the gloomy occupant of the stoop. "How's the gain down north?"

"Bad. Powerful bad. I got stuck in the holler there an had to unhitch and bring my team up here till I wh. git some one to double up on my team an help me out. I broke two traces trying to git out alone before I give up."

"Wal, Enoch, I'spose I'o hitch on with you; but let's go in an warm up first."

The landlord was a jolly chap. "Yes-sirree," he said. "The gain is jus' awful. Hear about old Sim-boy' son Jim? Wal, you see Jim he made up his mind to git married to Sl. Brown's daughter Mary. The discreet thought they'd give the young folks a good send off an asked a houseful o' folks. But the parson he didn't show up. Bymeby, when events come, they began to get anxious about 'im and making their sick's to see somebody after 'im. Jim was terrible nervous, an finally he took hold an go 'im self. So he took his horse an buggy an started out.

"Wal, they waited an waited for 'im to come back. Nine o'clock came an no Jim an no parson. Ten o'clock, an still they didn't git there. The women folks was mighty off if they expin for that bride an all thought they'd never see the end of the famous 'houseful started out. There was tears in the eye, I'm told. I guess he thought Jim had jus' up a job on 'em, deserted Mary an skipped out.

"It was 2 o'clock in the morin before he got back, but he had Jim an the parson with 'im. Jim's the folks and gone to bed—they wouldn't let none of 'em go home—an they had to get right up an Jim an Mary was married then an there."

"What was the matter?" asked Enoch.

"Why the parson got stuck in the mud down by the grist mill. When Jim drove up a-lookin for 'im, he tried to pull 'im out an got stuck himself. An there they had to stay, waddin or an waddin till old horses come along. Then they all time hitched together an finally got out."

By and by the two farmers, plodding along behind their horses, started out to rescue Enoch's wagon.

"That was kind o' hard on young Sim-son to have the bad roads put off 'is wedding, wasn't it?" said Gordon.

"Wasn't so bad as Lem Walker's luck, though," answered Enoch. "Lem's little girl got a fishbone in 'er throat. The folks couldn't get it out, an Lem started after the doctor. The roads was pretty bad, an it took Lem an the doctor a couple of hours to git back, although they pretty near killed Lem's horse. When they got there the little girl was dead—she'd choked to death. If the doctor could a'e got there prompt she might a' been alive today."

When they reached Enoch's wagon they found it lodged in the sandhole. After nearly an hour's work they pulled it out, but they lacked another team to doing it. When this had been accomplished their teamers were gone exceptionally.

"Dangerous such horrises," said Enoch. "Farmer ain't what it used to be. It seems to me grain worse an worse every year. I don't believe there's a farm in the county that ain't mortgaged."

"Guess there ain't," said Brown.

"And sometimes 'a always a tornado up," went on Enoch, "to eat money and eat down profits. Now, today, there's my harness all smashed to pieces. It'll cost five dollars to fix it up."

"Not after all," remonstrated Brown, as they dismounted from Enoch's reserve but dishonest and strained wagon at the tavern. "We're better off than some. Thirty plenty of men horseboots this road a-pull an shoulder-to-shoulder but this rain had softened the roads up. Of course they can't pull any hard through this mud, and they've lost the benefit of good prices. I'spose it'll everlastingly knock out pining Petersen. He's only been married a little while an seemed to have a pretty good start too." By and by he added thoughtfully, "It is wasn't for increasin the taxes, I believe I'd help along this more that they're talkin about to gek down broken stone roads."

"Good gracious!" said Enoch, as he finished examining his strained and damaged wagon and started to go across to the harness shop with his broken harness. "Don't let that erase get hold of you. We work on the roads all of us, two or three days every year, an it is, though it don't seem to make 'em much better, an we don't afford to have our taxes increased. They're too big already."

And yet, if the county in which Enoch Brown lived should issue bonds and build good roads in place of the "murder bed abominations" that now prevail, his yearly share of the taxes would be less than he has in wear and tear on harnesses, wagon and horses for that one day. If his farm were improved and Petersen could now be here, no more weddings would be delayed and the doctor could answer the calls of his patients promptly. There is a word in it all which is well pay every farmer to study out.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

Do You Know These Things?

If you are a farmer read this. Do you know that every time you haul a load over the bad roads be sure to remember that your labor have to devote more than half their power to overcoming the obstacles of sand or mud, and that only a small portion of your pulling force is devoted to doing the load benefit? Do you know that your taxes would be practically no higher than they are now if the roads in your county were thoroughly improved with broken stone? Do you know that in every locality where roads have been improved land values have increased from 25 per cent. to 200 per cent.?

The state of Pennsylvania has roads far better than the average, and yet a writer of a prize essay on good making estimates the loss to an annual loss by reason of bad transportation of $60,000.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATS.

Sketch of Roswell P. Flower, the Nominee for Governor.

Five men have not a mean place in the Tim. Roswell P. Flower, Democratic candidate for governor of New York. He was born at Theresa, Jefferson county, N. Y., of English descent. His father was a blacksmith and his mother kept going a small store and raising a family of nine children, of which Mr. Flower was the second. His father died when Roswell was about four years old, and his mother kept going a small store and raising a family of nine children, of which Mr. Flower was the second. Also in the family was an uncle, who was a bachelor and an author. Mr. Flower was educated in the public schools of his native town, and was graduated from the academy there. He was one of the youngest of his class, being only 16 years of age when he was graduated. Young Flower was a good student, and was fond of reading, and was a great lover of nature. He was also a great lover of the woods and fields, and was a great lover of the woods and fields. He was also a great lover of the woods and fields. He was also a great lover of the woods and fields. He was also