

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1893. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

OUR FARMER STATESMAN.

A Chat With J. Sterling Morton on the Farms and Farmers of the United States.

How Do the Secretary of Agriculture Look and Talk—He Tells Yellow Shirts and a Diamond Ring and His Career in His Own Words—The Farmers of the United States Prosperous, Not Poor—Breeds the Best Measure for Land—The Next Great Farm Emigration to Be to New England—The South and Its Lands—How Uncle Sam's Money Has Been Wasted and How Morton Would Abolish Congressional Seats—Our Hogs in Europe and How Our Cows in the United States—How He Feels of the Making of German Beer—The Secretary Talks About Himself—How He Was Educated—The Story of His Wedding Journey—His Love for His Deceased Wife and Something About His Grandchildren.

Special Correspondence of the News.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 5, 1893.—One of the most interesting characters in President Cleveland's cabinet is the Hon. Julius Sterling Morton, the secretary of agriculture. He has come to Washington with a brain well sharpened by his contact with the business of the west. He brings over with him into the agricultural department, and he promises to turn some of Uncle Jerry Rusk's institutions upside down. I spent an evening this week with him in his bachelor quarters at the Cochran hotel. He is, you know, a widower, and he lives very quietly, though he is not unacquainted with society, and is one of the most compassionate of men. Let me tell you how he looks. Gov. Morton is about five feet seven inches high, and he weighs just about 175 pounds. His shoulders are broad and his limbs are clean cut. He does not look to be more than fifty years of age, but he is over sixty and is still in his prime. He has a light complexion, light gray hair and a gray moustache, with the shadow of a gray goatee showing on his chin. He has a high forehead, a strong nose and pleasant mouth. He dresses more like a New York club man than the typical farmer statesman, and he would not be out of place in any crowd of gentlemen in New York or Chicago. When I called upon him he was dressed in a well-cut business suit of light gray, and a pair of fashionable yellow shoes showing out below his well-cared-for pantaloons. A diamond as large as the back of my hand sparkled in a ring on one of the fingers of his left hand and a costly watch pin had a place in his necktie. The contrast between him and Uncle Jerry Rusk, whom I saw just before he left Washington, was striking, and as I said "Good day," I thought his

appearance gave the lie to the statement that there is no money in farming in Nebraska," I asked. "Mr. Secretary, is it true that the farmers are ruined in the west and the days of money making for them have gone forever?" "I think not," replied the secretary of agriculture, with a smile. "Of all classes in the United States today, it seems to me that the farmers have the best outlook. They are not half so badly off as they have been painted, and many of them are making money. Of course there are failures, but of all the business of the United States farming is the least liable to fail, and there are more success in it than in almost any other business. Take the dry goods business; by per cent of the men who go into it become bankrupt, and the proportion of failures in all mercantile pursuits is very large. As to farming, I know hundreds of instances of success right around me in Nebraska. One of my neighbors came out west with only seventy-five cents. He bought his land on time, and he has now some 1,500 acres. He is the president of a bank and is rich, and all of his possessions came out of the soil. Around him you will find many poor farmers. They came to the same place with little money and hard prospects, but they were shrewd. They have not stuck to their work. They have left their farms to sell patent rights and have been straggled into schemes to make money fast without work. No business can succeed without faith, energy and brains. Few men will not make a good farmer or a good farmer. The land has got to be managed with the brains of the owner in order to make it pay. The average farmer is better off here than he has ever been and I believe he will continue to improve."

OUR FUTURE HARMON. "Why do you think so?" I asked. "It is the only logical conclusion," was the reply. "The government lands are nearly all taken up. Sixteen million

acres is wearing out some of the best farms of the country, and the best of cultivated lands has been nearly reached. We double our population every twenty-five years. In a quarter of a century we will have 100,000,000 to feed instead of 50,000,000, and their food is all to come from the soil of the farmer. The result is that lands must be used and farm products will increase in price. The law of supply and demand makes it certain that farm property will be the most valuable of all property in the future, and the farmers will be the millionaires."

SECRETARY MORTON'S HOME. "WILL YOU BEY ENGLAND FARM?" I asked. "I think the tendency is toward small farms. Our farms will be more like those of France. The land will be better tilled and the deserted farms will be brought in. Take the abandoned farms of New England. I believe that the next great emigration of our farmers will be to the New England states. I have seen the abandoned farms of these states so that you can see tracks which were once cultivated, for from five to seven dollars per acre. These lands will be more like those of their owners going to the west. They have had little for years and nature has been reforesting them. They are now covered with undergrowth and they will have to be cleared again. But, well farmed, they will produce profitably, and within the past few years capitalists have bought a 1,000-acre farm, and Morton, the famous lawyer, has just purchased a large tract. Yes," continued the secretary emphatically, "I look for the re-creation of New England and it will again blossom as the rose."

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Why, during this time we paid out \$4,000 to import the most of the Indianapolis shotters, and how much money do you think was expended from here? Just \$10,000. For every dollar's worth of pork sent to Germany from Indianapolis we paid more than ten for inspection. It isn't good business."

Advertisement for Z. C. M. I. featuring 'CONGRESS MEETS' and 'FANCY GROCERIES'. The ad includes a list of products like 'Potted Goods', 'Can Goods', 'Bottled Goods', and 'Preserved Goods'. It also features a large illustration of a man in a suit, likely representing the 'Congress' mentioned in the headline. The text promotes the quality and variety of goods available at Z. C. M. I., located on the Potomac in August. The ad concludes with the name 'Z. C. M. I.' and the name of the superintendent, T. G. WEBBER.