

# Farmers Have Town Clubhouse

By Jerle Davis

It is a place of comfort and convenience for country people who do their trading at Seymour, Indiana: Similar enterprise would benefit any community in the nation

Now it's a city clubhouse for farmers! When they come to town to trade they may go to a well-appointed building to meet their friends, wash up, have lunch, write letters, enjoy telephone service and lounge around if they wish. And their wives may, besides having these privileges, leave the children in the care of a competent nurse while shopping or calling upon friends.

Quite a sensible, long-needed, modern convenience, don't you think? Seymour, a southern Indiana city of about 7,000 population, has a farmers' club with a membership of more than 1,000. It has been in operation since October, 1914, and is a thorough success. During 1916 the average daily number of visitors to the club was about 150.

The existence of the club is due—the plain truth must be told—to the public spirit and generosity of two business men of Seymour, and not to any special enterprise on the part of either the farmers or the citizens of the town. The Blish brothers own a large flour mill and grain elevators. They are grandchildren of Capt. Meedy W. Shields, founder of Seymour, himself a farmer of energy and vision, whose fortune, it seems, was the nest-egg of the Blish estate. For many years the Blish interests have dealt constantly and profitably with the farmers of Jackson county.

Why, reasoned the flour millers, wouldn't it be a fine thing to establish a club here in town for the farmers? They thought it would be—decidedly so—and out of their estate came funds which made the idea a fact in pleasing architecture and real convenience. Not only that; the maintenance of the club is assured by a paid-up income insurance policy. So the farmers should worry!

Much of Seymour's prosperity depends on the farmers living within a radius of 12 or 15 miles of the city, which is the metropolis of a county that is one of the most fertile in southern Indiana. For nearly three-quarters of a century the "tolling plowmen" and their wives have brought grain, fruit, vegetables, butter, eggs, and poultry to the town that Captain Shields started, and have taken home with them in the aggregate, a mighty pile of supplies during three score years. Such a mighty pile, you might say, that the legitimate profits on it have helped to make a vigorous and pretty little city.

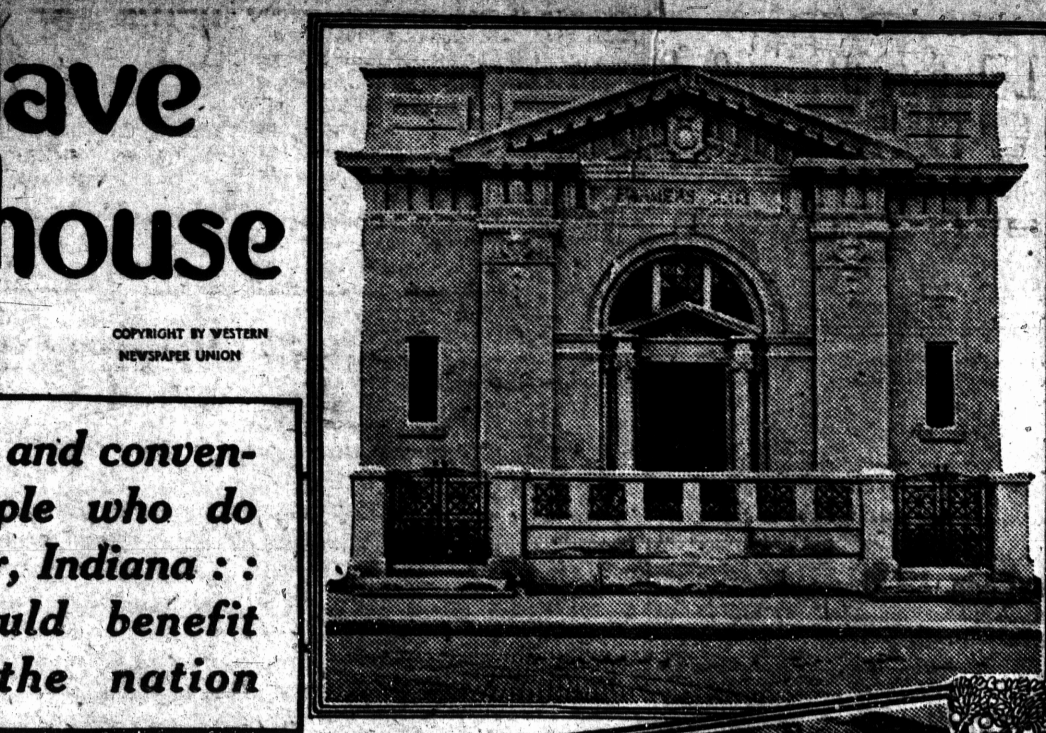
But until the time that Seymour's leading business men decided to recognize the value of farmer trade by putting up a clubhouse for the marketers, the country people certainly didn't enjoy the hospitality that good steady customers in most lines of commerce may expect nowadays. In fine weather they brought their lunch with them and ate it in their wagons parked in side streets, and in bad weather they bought crackers and cheese and bologna and munched it as they stood around the stoves or hot-air registers in the back of the stores where they sold butter and eggs. That wasn't so bad for the menfolk, but it was mighty inconvenient for the farm women, especially if they brought the children along to town, and often they did so.

Is it any wonder then that since the Farmers' Club of Jackson County has been receiving guests the merchants of surrounding towns within a reach of 12 and 15 miles in every direction are complaining that Seymour is getting the best of the country trade? Especially since the most prosperous farmers, and therefore the most profitable customers, own motorcars and can go fairly long distances over the well-paved roads?

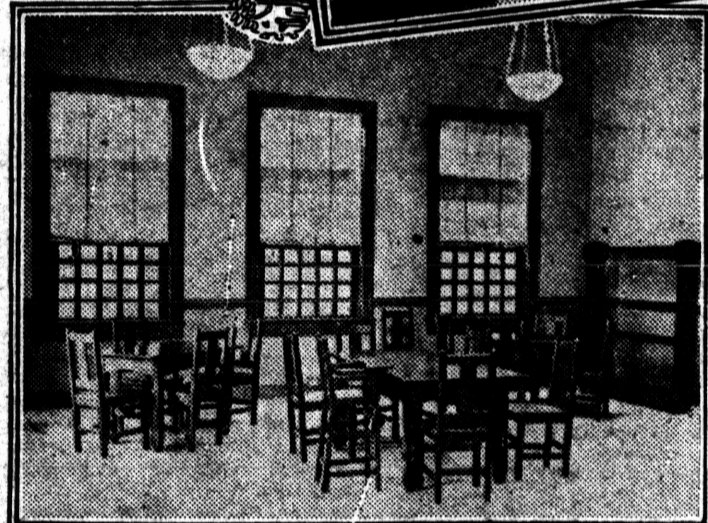
The Farmers' club is good to look at. It is just as handsome in the face as the public library and the government building, and better looking than the city hall and the newest railway station at Seymour. You step into a paneled vestibule from the street when you enter the club. The vestibule gives into a large lounge room. Flanking the lounge room are two nurseries, toilet rooms, a luncheon room and kitchenette.

If you are a farmer who enjoys sliding down to the small of his back in a huge leather chair and toasting his shins before a great fireplace; who likes breathing space and dark oak paneling and a pile of magazines and books and some potted plants; who thinks it makes life more worth living if he can meet people of his own kind for a chat now and then, you would ride many miles to Seymour for half or three-quarters of an hour of loafing in that lounge room.

And if you are a farmer's wife who knows the drudgery of dragging small children around for hours from store to store; who knows what it is to seek in vain for a place of decent privacy where fretful toddlers can be cared for, weary feet rested and an aching back relieved with a brief rest on a lounge; who appreciates a place where a letter may be written in quietude where a telephone is at hand, where a crib waits to welcome a baby for a nap; who longs for an opportunity to talk with other country women; you would bring pressure to bear on the husband to do his marketing at Seymour. For the nurseries offer these comforts of women—reclining chairs, lounges, cribs.



LOUNGE ROOM



LUNCHEON ROOM

Meals are not served at the club. Guests are expected to bring their own food, which they undoubtedly prefer to do in most instances. But the pantry contains shelves where lunch packages may be checked. In the kitchenette is a multiple electric heater, where food and drink may be warmed, and hot and cold water faucets. In the luncheon room are dinner tables and chairs—with highchairs of course for the little ones. And the comfort-station facilities offered at the club? Well, surely nobody is in a position really to appreciate this convenience more than the farm people. There is a matron in constant attendance.

The club has been incorporated under the laws of the state and the organization is self-perpetuating. The trustees charged with the management of the club are the presidents of the three leading banks of Seymour. Whoever happens to be president of either of these banks becomes one of the trustees. The treasurer of the club is chosen from among the three cashiers of these same banks, preference being given to the cashier of the bank having the largest surplus fund and undivided profits at the last preceding report for the year.

There are no fees or costs attached to club membership. Any legal voter in the county who is engaged in farming or who derives his support wholly or partly from the farm is eligible to membership. Anyone thus qualified may apply for membership privileges at either of the trustee banks. All one need do is to take enough interest to ask for privileges; then he and his family may participate in the club.

Because it was an untried experiment—something that hadn't been done before, and all that—the business men of Seymour probably wouldn't have put up the money for establishing the club and maintaining it perpetually if the matter had been proposed to them. Now, if they were asked to reimburse the donors fully and make provisions for maintenance, they'd jointly jump at the proposition—simply as a piece of first-class civic investment; what you might call a trade magnet. They know that it is drawing new farmer trade steadily, and reaching out farther and farther toward rival markets as roads are improved and the price of those handy little buzz-wagons comes down.

The secretary of the Seymour Commercial club will tell you—for promoters have to put a squirt of the poetic and a liberal pinch of sentiment into business talk—that the Farmers' club is "strikingly progressive because it is a concrete expression of the ideal relationship which should exist between every town and the farming community adjacent."

And furthermore, he'll tell you "it was certainly a happy conception, a fitting recognition of the appreciation which the business men of Seymour have for their farmer friends, that led the Blish brothers to do this thing for the farmers of Jackson county and at that same time build a memorial in honor of the founder of the city, Captain Shields, who was a farmer and whose dealings with the

farmers around Seymour created the basis of his fortune."

One of the Indiana colleges, which has an important agriculture department, has shown much interest in the Seymour enterprise. This school sends out special trains and agents and emissaries and whatnot all over Indiana in line with its policy of making Hoosierdom a paradise of scientific farming, and these agents don't often overlook the opportunity of telling about Seymour's Farmers' club and what it is doing to make the city and its rural customers real business associates.

The word is going farther, too, than the farthest reaches of Indiana. Grange organizations, commercial clubs and agricultural colleges here and there all over the country are making inquiries of Seymour about the club. So besides making it easy for the rural neighbor to enjoy himself while trading there, Seymour is entering itself a stack of advertising valuable beyond computation.

What has been done in Seymour can be done in any other agricultural community in the United States. It isn't necessary that the club should be a memorial to anybody; nor that it should be a monument to the generosity and public spirit of one or two men; nor that it should be housed in a specimen of classic architecture. Four or six rooms would serve the purpose nicely. If converted properly to club uses. These rooms might be found in a detached residence or on the second or third floor of a business block. The expenses might be prorated among the business men, and the farmers themselves might pay a modest initiation fee and nominal dues. Where there's a will there's a way—as the fellow said. Anyhow, it sounds pretty peppy and up-to-date, doesn't it, to overhear one farmer say to his neighbor on a Saturday morning in town: "Well, Ed, let's run over to the club and have a talk."

### REMARKABLE TREE SURGICAL OPERATION.

Edward Fontaine, a tree surgeon of Charlottesville, Va., has, according to Inland Farmer, completed the greatest tree surgical operation ever attempted anywhere, and this has been done for Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner of Merrie Mills. The tree is red oak and is possibly three hundred years old. It is 24 feet in circumference, two feet above the ground, with a diameter of eight feet, four inches in its widest part. The cement filling was carried up the tree 33 feet from the surface and a cement leg or root was imbedded five feet into the ground to support the tree in heavy winds. The material used was six wagonloads of sand, 12 loads of field stone, 28 bags of cement, 14 iron straps to re-enforce the concrete, 44 eyebolts and a roll of galvanized wire. So far the operation has been successful.

### NOT LIKELY TO BE POPULAR.

A citizen of Columbus, O., has appeared on the streets lately with an outfit for seeing the time without removing his watch from his pocket. Great surprise was at first created by what was considered extreme singularity of conduct, and it took a good deal of explaining on his part to restore to himself public confidence. It seems, however, that the device is perfectly practicable, as it has been accepted by the patent office. Notwithstanding, most people will cling to the idea that a man who is too lazy to take out his watch to see the time deserves on general principles to be shot and it is very unlikely that the new invention will worm its way into popular favor.—Exchange.

### SOLDIERS MAY TRIM HATS.

Hat trimming is not generally required of young soldiers who go to war, yet many wounded soldiers at the Canadian sports day held recently at Grassmead Meadow, near Orpington, Kent, proved themselves so talented in the handicraft that after the victory is won, instead of going back to the land, some of them may set up millinery establishments in Canadian towns, equal to any branch of the famous Maison Lewis of New York, London and Paris.—Toronto Globe.

### MUCH IN LITTLE

Glasgow provides its policemen with warm food and tea when on duty at night by the use of electrically heated plates in signal boxes. A new cafe and observation car has large windows at the tables so that diners may get a broad view of the passing landscape while dining. For stringing beads quickly an ingenious German has patented a crank-operated machine which feeds them on the point of a threaded needle.

Fire dooms 30 structures every hour; 720 structures every day.

The Chilean congress has under consideration a measure looking to the electrification of the railway connecting Valparaiso and Santiago.

Nitrate exports from Chile are rapidly increasing. Latest figures for 1916 show monthly exports about double those of same months, 1915.

The spout of a new container for a can of condensed milk punctures the can, and allows the milk to be poured as from a teapot.

Private William O'Connor, on the border with the Washington (D. C.) militia, at mess ate 90 onions by actual count. He collected the ration allowance of the men who did not like onions.

In Scotland 23.8 per cent of illuminating gas is made in municipal works to 51.4 per cent in Ireland and 30.8 per cent in England.

One English invention for convalescents is a stout cane, from one end of which can be unfolded a projection to rest a user's foot.

St. Louis has one factory which will this year consume 100,000,000 feet of lumber.

The temperature of southern Australia varies not more than 20 degrees during the year.

A rough estimate of the power that can be developed from the rivers of Alabama places the total at 1,378,000 horse power.

Whistler's picture, "The Girl," described by himself as one of his most important works, brought \$10,500 in London at auction.

## FORCED TO OWN UP

MR. PEASLEE TELLS OF DOWNFALL OF STUBBORN MAN.

Of Course Jonas Might Have Thought the Window Was Open, but It Is Certain That the Shoe Came Through It.

"That Jonas Ebbitt," observed Caleb Peaslee as he leaned upon his hoe and addressed Obed Gunney, "is the stubbornest man in Dilmouth. I wouldn't be surprised if he was the stubbornest one in Maine."

Mr. Gunney nodded his head in confirmation. "Ebbitt is sot," he conceded mildly, "but what fetched him into your mind right at this minute?"

"Oh, I jest got to thinkin'," Mr. Peaslee replied. "Last night I had a chance to show how 'sot' he could be, and I happened to be there when he done it."

"Jest what shape did his sotness take?" Mr. Gunney wanted to know; and Caleb chuckled.

"He'd come down to the post office by way of the beach road," he began, "and he'd got gravel into both of his shoes. 'Stead of takin' off one shoe and dumpin' the gravel out of that and then puttin' it back on again, he took 'em both off. I 'd know why. I presume likelier he done it to be different."

"When he went to put 'em on again he took up the left shoe fust and tried to put it onto his right foot. Mebbe he'd have shifted it to the other foot if Lem Piper'd kep' his mouth shut; but Lem ain't gifted that way."

"That's the wrong shoe you're tryin' to put on that foot, Ebbitt," Lem says, and Jonas's mouth came together like a trap.

"I guess I know full's much 'bout my shoes and feet as you do, Lem Piper," he snapped out, "and less it makes some gret difference to you, I'm goin' to put these shoes on to suit myself." So Lem, knowing that talkin' wouldn't change him, jest watched him, and so did the rest of us.

"Well, by workin' and twistin' he managed to get the left shoe onto his right foot, and then he started on the other one, and by the time he'd got that one on I don't b'lieve a day's work would have tired him more. His forehead was all of a sweat, and they must have hurt him like time, but he never showed a sign of changin' 'em."

"He sot there a spell, to make it appear that he hadn't been doin' anything out of the common, and then he said he'd got to be gettin' long home."

"My way laid along with his, so I started with him. I wanted to get home, of course, and besides that I wanted to see how he'd make out to cripple home with them shoes on the wrong feet. He didn't act very tickled to have me along, and only grunted when I told him I'd bear him company."

"I mistrust that if I hadn't been with him them shoes would have come off 'bout as soon as he got round the fust turn; but with me there he couldn't shift 'em without givin' in that he was wrong, and I guess he'd rather lose a foot than do that."

"If a half a mile ever seemed long to any man, that piece of road between the post office and Ebbitt's place must have seemed long to him. It must have 'bout killed him to walk it, but he tried not to make any sign of it. Once or twice he'd step on a stone that'd roll, or on an uneven place in the road, and it'd fairly fetch a groan out of him; but he tried to turn it off that he was kind of singin' or hummin' under his breath."

"We fan'y fetched up at his place, and Jonas didn't waste any time in sayin' good night to me. He jest hobbled up that path to his door, walkin' on the sides of his feet and groanin' every time he sot foot on a hubble. He fairly fell into the door, and for what took place afterwards—well, I dessey Jonas thought the winter was open."

"'Winder was open'?" repeated Mr. Gunney, wonderingly, and Caleb nodded.

"I hadn't taken more'n a dozen steps," he explained, "when I heard the sound of glass breakin', and something struck within ten feet of me in the road. I took pains to go and pick it up, and it was a shoe—'bout such a shoe as I'd seen Jonas put on to wear home."

"And from the way it come out through the winder there so spiteful," Mr. Peaslee concluded dryly, "I thought that Jonas had sort of giv in for once that he was wrong."—Youth's Companion.

## BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS"

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A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

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Many distressing ailments experienced by them are Alleviated by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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She Tells Her Friends to Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies. North Haven, Conn.—"When I was 45 I had the Change of Life which is a trouble all women have. At first it didn't bother me but after a while I got bearing down pains. I called in doctors who told me to try different things but they did not cure my pains. One day my husband came home and said, 'Why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash?' Well, I got them and took about 10 bottles of Vegetable Compound and could feel myself regaining my health. I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and it has done me a great deal of good. Any one toiling to my house who suffers from female troubles or Change of Life, I tell them to take the Pinkham remedies. There are about 30 of us here who think the world of them."—Mrs. FLORENCE LITTLE, Box 197, North Haven, Conn.

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