

Letters from Brazos County – 1891-1895
Compiled by Bill Page

From an adult:

[Endorsement for Prof. Dyke's Elixir]

Prof. Dyke's Elixir has restored the hair on my head when I was perfectly bald, J.T. Biggs, Bryan, Tex., Oct.8. **Golden Day's for Boys and Girls**, 12 (6): back cover (3 January 1891)

It has been a long time since I have written to the Cousins' League – three or four years; am I still considered a member? I love to read the cousins' letters, especially the essays. I have tried to write one, but am afraid it is a failure. My subject is Education. The simplest definition of education, or getting an education, is the science of learning how little we did know. The more we learn the more we desire to learn, and thus we climb step by step, until the mind of man has reached a very high state of mental culture. In the dark ages education was not thought of; men knew not how to write, and had they known, were not supplied with sufficient material for that purpose. But as time passed on, and the mind of man increased, (I don not mean to say that the mind increased in bulk, but attained a higher culture) an alphabet sprung up, writing materials were manufactured, and to-day, look what an abundance of paper is made. It can scarcely be said that the man of the present day earns his living by the "sweat of his brow" – he merely has to stand with his arms folded and watch the process of this machinery. Education leads us to investigation, which leads us down to search the depth of this old earth of ours for the mysteries hidden by the Wise Creator. By such an investigation we are enabled to almost enumerate the topics of incidents that happened in pre-historic times. Our investigation not only extends downward, but reaches upward to the high heavens. Calculations have been made of the dimensions of the sun and other large planets, and especially this once burning mass we call our earth which is so small compared with some other planets. But greatest of all is the investigation of the human frame. They have been able to reckon the amount of blood that flows through the veins and arteries, the mind itself to calculate its daily process – even to take off and replace the brains of a man. Education covers a very broad field. It is Christian education that has brought this world from heathen darkness into Christian light and love. It has brought the world from the Dark Ages to its present state of glory, and it has so enlightened the mind of civilized man that he no longer worships the worthless idols, but his mind settles on the One True Being. And through the constant spread of Christianity people do not have to make pilgrimages to the Holy Land of Palestine to worship God, but have buildings erected all over the land for that purpose. Education raises the mind of mortal man to its highest degree. It has been but a short time, comparatively, since the great continent of America was discovered; now nearly every foot of it is owned and a great part of it cultivated, the seas are constantly bearing burdens from one continent to another. All of this is owing to education. Summing it all up, it can be truthfully said that education is the basis of this world. Lula Vesta Lowry, Bryan, Texas.
Texas Farm and Ranch, 16 July 1892, page 13

I am a little boy 9 years old and going to school. When school is out I help papa on the farm. I love to read *Texas Farm and Ranch*. Willie Biggs, Bryan, Texas

Texas Farm and Ranch, 27 May 1893, page 13

From an adult:

[Endorsement of Cuticura Soap]

My baby was severely afflicted with some dreadful skin disease. Its head, face and hand for awhile were nearly one solid sore. I had doctors prescribe for it, tried several remedies, but all seemed to do no good. I saw an advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies, and concluded to try them. I bought a complete set, and began using, and now my little girl seems to be completely cured. Geo. W. Turner, Teacher, Bryan, Texas.

Columbus Enquirer-Sun (Columbus, GA), 22 July 1893, page 4

From an adult:

Editor Texas Farm and Ranch: In *Texas Farm and Ranch* of September 16th, there is a piece headed "Correspondence Country Gentleman" which says in England a farmer does not do manual labor and ought not to here. It only shows that there is something wrong, for a common farmer here who does not do his own work fails. I won my own farm, my own stock, and I take three agricultural papers, and read them and get all the light I can from them. I rent part of my land out every year, and I hire some labor, and myself and boys work on the farm all we can, and it takes the closest economy to make the ends meet. I find that I can only use hired labor at certain seasons of the year and make it pay. I cannot cultivate an entire crop with hired labor and save myself.

As to agricultural papers, I like to read them. I like to read political papers; but it will not do to follow either of them closely, for often if you take the reverse of what they say you will get the truth. A large portion of the pieces written for the agricultural press will not benefit the common farmer. One man will have a number of ways of making one thousand dollars off from an acre; each one of them would break a man up if followed. If I can make my farm net me three dollars per acre I am satisfied; but many of these paper farmers never stoop so low as that. They reach high above this part of Texas. I am a northern man; was raised on a farm; and have owned a farm all my life, though for several years I did not do manual labor. Many of the popular theories that I read about I try. I speak as to this part of Texas. As to fruits, apples, peaches and grapes I have tried and they are a failure. As to raising of hogs, I have been in the business all my life, and am still at it, but I have my doubts whether it pays to keep any above the number that you can feed from the waste of your kitchen. I do not know how to make pork without corn, and this is no corn country. Some say artichokes, but with me artichokes are a failure. This was a stock country once, but it is done now; it only pays to keep the number of cows that you need for your own table. A vegetable garden in the spring sometimes does well, and sometimes it fails. A fall garden has always failed with me. But as a general thing cotton does well. This is the poorest cotton season we have had since I have lived here, and that has been twelve years. One of the greatest fallacies that the Texas press ever advocated was to reduce the acreage of cotton to bring the price up, while at the same time the manufacturers of cotton were importing cotton because it was cheaper in Egypt than it was here.

Small grain is a failure here. It often fails for pasture. As to fine stock, a few people can make something by it, but the common farmer only wants a good grade. I am cotton farmer, and shall be as long as I remain here. It is an old groove worn smooth, but more dollars roll in it than in any other one that I have seen advocated. The people are longing

for something now; I do not blame them. A short time since it was castor beans, jute, etc. Well, what next – hops, peppermint or hemp? I have never tried sheep, goats nor ostriches, neither have I went very extensively into geese, ducks, hens, pea fowls, turkeys, nor any of the feathered tribe. My motto is to go slow; not be too fast in adopting new things. T.P. Lowry. **Texas Farm and Ranch**, 23 September 1893, page 4

From an adult:

Editor Texas Farm and Ranch: I have just been reading *Texas Farm and Ranch* and several thoughts have presented themselves to me. One is the rearing of hogs. Now is the rearing of hogs profitable to the common farmer or not? I said on a former occasion that I thought it doubtful, except a few that could be raised from the waste of the kitchen. Now what does it cost to make 100 pounds of pork? I speak for this part of Texas. I have been raising hogs for over forty years, and have bred several breeds: razorback, Berkshire and Poland China. I have raised hogs in Texas and I have raised them in the North, and I am still raising them. I have sold many pounds of pork and I have bought it, but still it is a doubtful question how far it pays. I may not be intelligent, I may not have the book learning, and I do not always see that those who differ with me are a success, but I will tell what I know of raising hogs. In the North where I was raised, many farmers made raising and fattening hogs a specialty, and it was generally conceded that it took 15 bushels of corn to make 200 pounds of pork. Since I have lived in Bryan, dressed pork, in the fall, has generally sold for \$5 per hundred; good corn, in the spring, generally being 50 cents per bushel. That will make 200 pounds of pork cost you \$7.50, leaving \$2.50 for the care and trouble of rearing and fattening. In the North, corn was generally worth 20 cents per bushel and pork \$4 per hundred. The corn would then be worth \$3 and the pork \$8, leaving a balance of \$5 for the farmer. In the North, hogs are often raised in a small pen, but here I find that they do better by having considerable range; therefore it takes fencing, feeding, and watering to raise hogs. All this takes time, and that time is taken from the field, your other work is cut down in proportion to the number of hogs you feed. Now we want cheaper feed than corn to make raising hogs a success in my judgment. Now what shall it be? Some say artichokes, but with me they are a failure. With cotton about one-third of a crop and worth only 7 cents per pound, and pork high, it is better to raise your own meat, and for fear that will be the case every year it is best to keep a few hogs for your own use. But with cotton a fair price and a good yield, and pork as low as it has been for several years past, it will take no more labor to buy your meat than to raise it, unless you can find a cheaper feed than corn. It his part of Texas I think it is an even race between those who buy and those who raise their pork; in fact they are both losers. T.P. Lowry. **Texas Farm and Ranch**, 7 October 1893, page 4

From an adult:

Bryan, Texas – Editor Texas Farm and Ranch: I deem it advisable to reply to Mr. E.L. Huffman, of Fort Worth, and give, in part, the information that he desires. In my former communication my object was to state the wealth of this part of Texas is consisted in the production of cotton, and would in all probability remain there. My object in stating that I was a Northern man was to show that I was familiar with Northern agriculture. As to the

failure of small grain and fruit, I have but little to say. I shall not state variety nor mode of culture; they have been both repeatedly tried here by our best farmers, and I believe that I only utter their opinions when I say failure. I will admit there may be some varieties raised here to a limited extent; in fact I believe it. But that only shows that the country is not adapted to these products. As far as my knowledge extends, there is not a fruit farm, vineyard, or small grain plantation in the county.

I have never said that I failed in hogs. I have raised hogs, and good ones, too, and still continue to raise them, but the cost of production and the price of pork as a general thing leaves a very narrow margin. Mr. Huffman seems to convey the idea that if one man can produce pork with profit, all others can, regardless of situation, surroundings, or conditions.

In regard to graded stock, I will not commence on it at present, but will box it for some future time; but will say that we have one creamery here with all the late improvements in it, as I am informed, but it has not made a pound of butter for several years.

Mr. Huffman states the rule for failure as follows: Try all kinds and varieties of small grain in common use, and all known methods of culture. I do not know whether he intended to apply this rule to other products of the farm or not, but the rule is a broad one.

An ordinary farmer might experiment for twenty years, and still there might be varieties that he had not tried and modes of culture that he had not adopted. In fact lifetime is too short to test the rule. Mr. Huffman's rule wipes the word failure out. Mr. Huffman informs us how many farm papers he takes. I have said not anything about farm papers, except one general remark, that sometimes in agricultural papers, like political papers, you had to take the reverse of what they say to get the truth. Now it would be a very sad thing if my assertion could be proven by Mr. Huffman's writing. Mr. Huffman speaks about my mis-statements – that is only a mild term for lie – but he is as general in his statements as anything I said. He points out not a single instance where I have deviated from the truth. Mr. Huffman informs us that the “birth and life of Jesus were both south of Mason and Dixon's line.” According to Bible history, Jesus' birth and life was in Palestine, Asia. According to the Colonial history of the United States the above line was made by two surveyors from England by the name of Mason and Dixon, between the Penn and Lord Baltimore's colonies. Afterwards these colonies became the states of Maryland and Pennsylvania. The line was finished in 1767, and was about 250 miles in length. In common parlance it was called the line between freedom and slavery. It was a mere local line to settle a dispute between the quarrelsome Colonies, made nearly 1800 years after the birth of Jesus and about 6000 miles distant. How he could be born south of the line when it did not exist, I know not.

And now as to the fact that any odium or disgrace attached to me on account of my Northern birth and education, I submit to without a murmur or complaint. Mr. Huffman has an entire open field in that respect. He can search all the novel and infidel writers that he desires to find terms or ideas to express his contempt of me or any Northern person, and I will make no defense. I will admit that I was born and educated in the North. I have no apologies to make. I have only lived in Texas eighteen years. I refer to the North whenever I can illustrate an idea better thereby.

T.P. Lowry. **Texas Farm and Ranch**, 28 October 1893, page 4

I am another Texas boy that would like to join your industrious band, only I am not very industrious. I would rather not tell my age; am a farmer's boy, and a farmer. I am particularly interested in the old bachelor's letters, and wish they would come oftener. I can hardly be called a bachelor, yet I expect to be one of that kind some day, and would like all the advice I can get. How is it the girls usually have the most letters? There are more boys in Texas than girls; the same may be said of all the Western States. Besides, it has always been said that the boys are the smartest, but the girls have the advantage of us on good looks for they are all pretty. Walter Lowry, Bryan, Texas

[Well, how is that, Walter? If there are more boys than girls in Texas, how does it happen that so few boys write. I think the *Texas Farm and Ranch* family must be nearly all girls – Uncle Mike] **Texas Farm and Ranch**, 18 November 1893, page 12

From an adult:

Bryan, Texas – Editor *Texas Farm and Ranch*: I ask your indulgence to again reply to Mr. E.L. Huffman. I would not reply, if he had not assumed points that I did not make. First, as to the rule that there can be no failures until all varieties and modes of culture have been tried: Huffman says, "that rule is the foundation of every agricultural board or society that exists." Admit that to be true, it only proves that societies, like individuals, are prone to follow in the foot steps of others, and have not the independence of thought to form a rule of their own. The rule is not practical, for an ordinary life time is too short to test it; it is unwise, for it ignores agricultural education, and in fact, the natural laws that govern the growth of vegetation. Every intelligent man knows that the soil, the climate, heat and cold, has great influence upon the growth of plants. Some plants require a heavy soil, some a light soil, some require cold and damp, some hot and dry. Now, every farmer should study these conditions, and if he understands them, he often can tell whether a certain vegetable will prove a success or not, with very little experimenting. The rule is wholly experimental – a man's knowledge is nothing. Now it is a strange circumstance, that an intelligent society of Texas, with E.L. Huffman as its secretary, should adopt that rule when it had its origin a hundred years since, and that, too, by the same people that originated the blue laws, and put witches to death. I am thankful that no such rule governs me; that I belong to a progressive age; that I am able to study the conditions of my farm, and cultivate it as I deem profitable.

Mr. Huffman says that I started out to cover a locality, and now confine myself to Brazos County. I have defined no limits either to small grain, fruit or cotton. I am not able to; often there is great difference in the same county. Mr. Huffman says, in speaking of fruit, small grain and vineyards, a few years ago, "there was none in Texas," and "that he is persuaded had not a different class of man from Lowry appeared on the ground, there never would have been any in the state." How does he know that? Where does he get his knowledge? What does he know about my character for industry, enterprise, or experiment? He also says, in speaking about persimmons, that I would "rather believe that they grew in a paper box than on Texas trees." Now, where does he get the foundation for that assertion? I have never written one word about persimmons. Mr. Huffman also says,

that through the influence of Dr. Ragland, the fruit men of Texas answered questions stated to them, and these letters reached me and I “fired a volley of failure at them.” Again, Mr. Huffman is in possession of information that I cannot account for. I have read some of those letters but not all of them. I presume each one told the truth to the best of his ability. I have contradicted none of them, nor said anything about them. Neither one of them lives near me, that wrote the letters, so far as I know. Then referring to Dr. Ragland, Huffman said that he “was laboring to aid men.” I do not deny it, and referring to me, he says, that I “advise all to fold their hands in despair.” I gave no such advice, there is not such language used, nothing that can be taken by implication to mean such. Then he says” “I have cast no odium on Mr. Lowery on account of his being a Northern man.” Admit that is so; then what did he mean by his peculiar remarks? Was he illustrating some horticultural problem? Was he showing his familiarity with infidel and novel writers? Or, was it mere idle words, the want of thought? Again, Huffman says that my assumed meekness is an “artful play of the baby act.” What does he mean by that but to cast another odium? The words, “baby act,” generally mean cowardly. Does he think that I ought to have got my blood up and used the shot gun, or does he think that I ought to have resorted to the code of honor? Well, I shall do neither. I shall leave Huffman free to use just such terms to express his thoughts as he desires, and take no offense at them. Huffman says the fact of me being a Northern man proves nothing. I think it does. I think in this case it has enabled me to assert a truth, and to refute every argument that he has made against it, without using any of his peculiar phrases. The fact is, I feel quite independent. I think that I can prove each assertion that I made. I think that I am able to test the common products of the soil, without trying all varieties or modes of culture. I think that I can test the quality of a ham or cheese without eating either entirely. T.P. Lowry. **Texas Farm and Ranch**, 2 December 1893, page 4

Bryan, Texas – Editor Texas Farm and Ranch: Since my little Essex contribution to your paper last September, I have received Essex inquiries from every part of the globe, nearly, except Mexico. This establishes one of three things – that the Essex breed of swine is fast crawling on top. Your paper has a very extensive circulation, or my article was a “Dick Nailer.” However, this I leave to you to decide. At any rate, from the numerous letters of inquiry we received, it seemed to us that your paper visited every family in this and every other state, and a few “on the other side.” For many reasons we are pleased to note this wide circulation of Texas Farm and Ranch; it is a meritorious reward. But we are getting off the track.

We started out to ask permission to answer some of the inquiries regarding the Essex swine through the columns of your paper. It is believed, from the way you mixed with the hog boys, especially Mr. Third Party Williams, at the Swine Breeders State Convention, recently held at Taylor, that your interest in the hog family generally is sufficient to grant the request.

Now, Mr. Editor, you can say to the enquiring brethren that the Essex breed of swine is of royal birth. They originated in Essexshire, England, long before you or I ever thought of playing marbles or catching butter-flies. We are told that about 70 years ago one Lord Western of Essexshire, conceived the idea of making himself both famous and useful to all future generations. He decided to establish the finest breed of swine that England had or could ever boast of. So he topped the swine herds of England, procuring the best that

country then afforded, regardless of trouble or cost. He then sent to Italy, and bought the very best swine that could be found in the famous herds of that country, and brought them to England, where, by judicious mixing of these two choice selections of swine, he created the great Essex breed of hogs which have been so extensively bred in that country ever since because of their many good qualities. They were afterwards imported to this country, where they have been greatly improved by judicious breeding, especially within the last few years, and wherever tried they are rapidly coming to the front as the hog for the masses. At the Worlds fair in Chicago, they created such a favorable impression that the supply of pure Essex is not near equal to the demand. Several of the most prominent Essex breeders in the North and West write us that they already have more orders for pure registered Essex pigs than they can hope to supply during the year.

Some want to know the chief characteristics of the Essex. To these you may say that they are unanimously solid black and this color is visited upon their off-spring, even unto the third and fourth generations. They have short, broad dish face; ears fine, generally erect, though slightly drooping with age; full, heavy neat jowl, with short, full, slightly arched neck; shoulders deep and broad; back straight, broad and level, with deep, full sides, and well sprung ribs; loins broad, strong, and well let down flanks; hams broad, full and deep; tail medium, fine and curled; legs straight and tapering; feet unusually small; hair fine, silky, and free from bristles. They are of easy, graceful motion, and full of industry. By nature they are as gentle as cats – gentle cats – which, with their “get up and get,” adds greatly to their fattening qualities. They are the best “all around family hog” in existence. We trust some good, worthy person in every neighborhood in this and every other state will try a pair of them. They are the hog to solve your friend William’s problem – to raise in close quarters.

Now we could tell you many good things that have recently been said by prominent swine breeders in behalf of the Essex hog, but we fear it would be drawing too heavily on your time and patience. If you will give us another hearing we may give you another chat on this subject soon. But before parting we propose to say that you did us and yourself a great injustice in not keeping your promise to come by and see our very fine herd of Essexes, and take in the A. & M. College, when on your recent trip to the Swine Breeders’ convention at Taylor. You would have gone home a lover of the Essex hogs, and singing the praises of the grand educational work that is being done under the immediate supervision of President Ross. We still hold you to your promise to come and see us. More anon, perhaps. W.R. Cavitt. **Texas Farm and Ranch**, 24 March 1894, page 4

Dear Aunt Sallie: My grandpapa takes *Texas Farm and Ranch*, and I read so many letters from little girls, so I would like to write one to you. I am 12 years old. I have three brothers and one sister, all younger than myself. My baby brother is 18 months old; his name is Jim Hogg. Would you like to have a recipe to make tomato catsup? I helped my mamma to make about 20 gallons last year, and it all kept so nicely. Let me know if you want it. Sallie P. Dawson, Millican, Texas. **Texas Farm and Ranch**, 2 June 1894, page 13

Dear Aunt Sallie: I am a little 10-year-old boy, wanting to join the League. My father takes *Texas Farm and Ranch*, and I like to read the Cousin’s letters very much. My school is out, and I am helping papa plow. I was studying arithmetic, geography, fourth

reader, spelling and grammar. My teacher's name was Miss Annie White. I liked her very much. I have for pets a sow and seven pigs. Will Biggs, Bryan, Texas
Texas Farm and Ranch, 9 June 1894, page 13

To the busy League: I am a stranger to you, dear cousins, but I must introduce myself. I am a country girl twelve years old. We have so many things I could tell you about, but will wait until I see this in print. I have three younger brothers and one sister, all younger than myself. Jim Hogg is the name of my little brother. Oh how sweet and smart he is (age eighteen months). Grandpa takes *Texas Farm and Ranch*. Love to all the cousins, Sallie P. Dawson, Millican, Texas. **Texas Farm and Ranch**, 4 August 1894, page 13

Dear Aunt Sallie and Cousins: I thought I would write a short letter to the Cousins' League. I go to school; my teacher is named Prof. Trammel; I like him very well. I am a little girl, 12 years old. I have four brothers and two sisters, and one of my brothers is married. I have one pet; it is a doll. I enjoy reading the cousins' letters because they are so nice. I study speller, reader, arithmetic and geography. We have had some bad weather. My papa takes *Texas Farm and Ranch*. Aunt Sallie, my sister and I, and one of my little friends will put our letters in the same envelope. Mary Parker, Bryan, Texas
Texas Farm and Ranch, 30 March 1895, page 13

From an adult:

Bryan, Texas – Editor Texas Farm and Ranch: Will some of your hog men tell me in what latitude and longitude hogs eat artichokes, root for them, harvest them? Is there a special breed of hogs that takes naturally to the tuber? I have tried the Berkshire, Poland China and Jersey Red, and they will neither root for them, harvest them, nor eat them when harvested and thrown to them. I have raised artichokes at different times since 1878, and hogs all the time, but “nary” an artichoke could I ever get my hogs to eat. Bro. Stell writes, in your issue of the 13th inst., as though they root from them about Paris. Somebody please give us light. M.W. Sims. **Texas Farm and Ranch**, 27 April 1895, page 12

Dear Aunt Sallie and Cousins: As I have been a silent reader of the League for some time and found it so interesting, I have decided to write a few lines. This is my first attempt to write. I am a little Texas girl, fifteen years old. I live five miles from Wellborn. I have a pair of canary birds, they keep me company when I am lonesome. I like to go to school when it does not last too long. My teacher's name is Prof. Meriott. I like him very much, because he is so kind to us. Our school house is in a pretty place, in the edge of the woods. Well I will close, with best wishes for the League. Fannie Royder, Wellborn, Texas. **Texas Farm and Ranch**, 24 August 1895, page 16

Dear Aunt Sallie: I have read so many nice letters from the cousins this month I cannot resist the temptation any longer. Cousins, it is snowing to-day and what a nice time I would have but my two brothers are not at home to play with me, and I feel lonely. They have gone to Navasota, ten miles from home, with grandpapa. Aunt Sallie, may I ask a few questions: 1st, What General was tried and condemned to be shot for cowardice? 2d. Who was called “Mad Anthony?” 3d. Where did Louisiana get her name. Good-bye. Love to all, Sallie P. Dawson, Millican, Texas.

Texas Farm and Ranch, 5 October 1895, page 16

May Sandel, Wellborn, Brazos Co., Tex. – Mr. Big Hat: It has been a long time since I wrote to the Cozy Corner, and although I have attempted to write several times since, I have always failed to send my letters off. I studied the Summer School lessons and sent my answers off last week. I do hope I will receive a diploma, but would be surprised if I should receive one. I enjoy reading the letters in the Cozy Corner. Most all of the cousins write interesting letters. I am somewhat timid about writing, as the others can compose letters so much better than I can. I have been reading the letters in this week's paper, and notice that many of the cousins are in trouble. I sympathize with them all, especially Berta Langhram. Berta did you ever read this verse:

"Be still sad heart and cease repining.

Behind the cloud, the sun's still shining."

How true and beautiful those words are! and they are so comforting. I think Mr. Big Hat has a very kind heart. He writes such sympathizing letters to those who are in trouble. School here will not begin until the last of this month, and then I will be so glad. I have several new studies that I am anxious to begin. I will have the dear same teacher I had last year. I am 15 years old. Mr. Big Hat, I think your story of Oklahoma was very good. You must write us another true story. How many of the cousins have had a nice time this vacation? I, for one, have not enjoyed it very much. I think it is our duty to embrace every opportunity to have a good time while we are young, for

"Soon the pleasures of to-day

One by one will glide away

To the mystic shores of sweet long ago."

Dallas Morning News, 20 October 1895, page 8

Dear Aunt Sallie and Cousins: Rap-a-tap; please open the door and let me look at all the sweet, happy faces this evening. I have written twice, but failed to see my second letter. As the third time is the charm, I write again. I guess the reason I do not see my other letter in print, the wastebasket has just opened its big mouth and swallowed it up. Never mind, Aunt Sallie, I will not get mad because my sorry letter was not printed. My school will open this month. Aunt Sallie, why don't you just have your photograph printed where they have those little songs? Don't you think that would suit better and be more appreciated? Aunt Sallie, you have had so many nice invitations, I am almost ashamed to make a step toward inviting you; but I will do so. Come and stay twelve months. You ought to have had the invitation when we had lots of little chickens. I want to go to the Fair at Calvert. I went to Ray, Robertson County, Texas. It is thirty miles from Bryan. I have an uncle living there. My grandmother will be eighty-two years of age this coming October. I hope to live that long, don't you, Aunt Sallie? Ah, how many nieces you have who are not akin to you. Do you ever grow any pretty flowers? Well, I will close with one wish to the cousins and five to Aunt Sallie. Agnes R. Higginbotham, Bryan, Texas [Agnes, you are very kind, and I would enjoy visiting the cousins. Think of it, if I should accept all their kind invitations I would rarely ever be at home. I should like to live as long as grandma if I could be well and useful. – Aunt Sallie.] **Texas Farm and Ranch**, 26 October 1895, page 17

Myrtie Kirk, Bryan, Brazos Co., Tex. – Hello cousins! My ship is steering her anchor toward the dear old *News'* column again and when the waves lash the shore one thinks I can see the cousins standing gazing in wonder and amazement at a supposed stranger trespassing on unwelcome territory. Just for one moment, I'm sure I've met you all before, and it is with a cordial greeting I meet you again. Well cousins, how many of us are striving for the greater and the one thing most needful at the present day for boys, girls, young men and young women – an education? Not one confined altogether to books, but in the various avenues of life, and by so doing, qualify ourselves for elevated positions. The boys and girls in demand to-day are young men and women of culture and refinement. If we carelessly and indolently while our time away before we are aware of it, the meridian of life will have been reached and we will find ourselves far in the descendancy. I think we all should have high aims in life and struggle to accomplish something. I expect some day to be a stenographer. Cousins, how many of you ever wrote stories? I have a story, which is original, entitled, "Brownie Goolsby." I will send it to our department if Mr. Big Hat will publish it. Of course, I won't promise you anything extra, as this is my first production in prose. Next time I write I will endeavor to tell you something of the state insane asylum situated at Terrell. I attended the summer normal held at Terrell in July and August. I think Terrell is a beautiful little city. I think it is a good plan for the cousins to correspond with each other. I will correspond with Ollie B. Dawdy if he will write the first letter. Well, cousins, for fear of tiring your patience I make my exit. "Nil sine magno vita labore dedit mortalibus."

Dallas Morning News, 27 October 1895, page 12

Jacquette Rypinski, Bryan, Brazos Co., Tex. – Mr. Big Hat and cousins: As I have never seen a letter in *The News* from Bryan I thought I would be the first to write. I think the letters that the cousins write are very interesting and I am going to try and make mine just as interesting. I am writing this in school and am writing in haste. I am in the sixth grade. I have a very good teacher and I like her much. I have been going to the graded school for five years and have been promoted every year. We have ten grades in the school. I will be 13 years old month after next. I will try to answer a few of Shelton Hines' questions. The highest mountain in the world is Mount Everest in Asia. London is the largest city in England. Dublin is the capital of Ireland. Edinburgh is the capital of Scotland. I will ask a riddle which I would like some one to answer: What is it that never slew anything and yet slew twelve? **Dallas Morning News**, 27 October 1895, page 12

Aunt Sallie and Cousins Dear: Bang-a-bang on the stupid old door, I have got it unlatched and wide open once more. It is dry, dry here, we have had no rain in some time. I wish we cousins could get up something to write about. I like nice friendship, I like to visit my best girl friends and have a nice time with them. I spent the day with one of my old school teachers. I wish our school would open soon, for I am sure I would feel more interested in life and in the world. How many of the cousins like to ride on the train in rainy weather? I imagine I wouldn't like to live in a black-land country in rainy weather, for I was in Dallas once after a heavy rain, and oh how muddy it was. I was there at the time of the Fair, and we walked from the Fair grounds to the depot, we had much rather walk than ride as it was rather cold. I was glad, so glad to get there, and then, when we got home I was still gladder. I will send the song. With best wishes to Aunt Sallie and success to Texas Farm and Ranch, Agnes Higginbotham, Bryan, Texas

[The black mud is very trying when wet, but it is so rich, and there are no finer roads in the world in dry weather. We can't have all the good things in one place, so we must be happy with what we have. – Aunt Sallie.] **Texas Farm and Ranch**, 2 November 1895, page 17

Adelia Tabor, Bryan, Brazos Co., Tex. – Mr. Big Hat and cousins: I have never read any of the letters you have written until last Sunday. I think they are very interesting, and I would like to become a member of this department. Will you accept me as one? I go to school and am 13 years old. I am in the ninth grade. I study Latin and thereby am able to understand that part of Myrtle Kirk's letter, which translated to English is: "Life will give nothing to mortals without great labor." I will not write my letter in big words and make it difficult for the smaller cousins to read, like Myrtle did, for the simple reason that the rhetoric I study teaches us not to use such hard words, but to use more simple ones. As this is my first letter I will answer only a few of the cousins' questions, although I can answer all of them. St. Petersburg is the capital of Russia. The Amazon is the largest river in South America. The English channel is between England and France. I am personally acquainted with Cousin Jacquette. We are school mates. I can not answer your questions, Jacquette, but I hope you and some of the other cousins also will be able to answer this one:

"Twelve pears were hanging high,
Twelve knights were riding by,
Each one took a pear, and left
Eleven hanging there."

Dallas Morning News, 10 November 1895, page 14

Jacquette Rypinski, Bryan, Brazos Co., Tex. – Mr. Big Hat and cousins: Here I am again. This is my second letter to the Cozy Corner, but I have been reading the letters for a long time, and never once thought of joining your happy band. Cousin Hedwig Pfeffer, your answer to my riddle is not right. Herbert Taylor, your fairy tale about your ride upon the buzzard's back was real nice. I am well acquainted with Cousins Adelia and Nellie, as Cousin Adelia has stated in her letter, and I am glad to see that I am not the only one who is writing from Bryan. So many of the girls say the boys are beating us. The only reason why I see the boys are beating us is that they have more adventures than we do. They can tell what kind of times they had camping along the banks of rivers or of going hunting and fishing, or of something like that, for they have more fun than we do in that way. I have six brothers. I have a cousin living in Bryan who has four sisters younger than she is and three brothers, while I have five brothers and one sister younger and one brother and one sister older. But I would not exchange my brothers for all of the sisters in town. It is not because they are good, but because I would rather have them boys than girls. There is less work to do for the boys than for the girls. With girls you have to be forever primping and crimping, where for boys you can put on two or three pieces and they are dressed. But our family of boys are as mischievous as any other boys. Talking about old maids and bachelors, to my notion old maids are not as disagreeable as bachelors. Old maids are kinder and happier. Our school examinations begin next week. Christmas will soon be here; it is traveling real fast. I must tell Mr. Big Hat and the cousins good-bye for this time and study my lesson for the next division.

Dallas Morning News, 1 December 1895, page 14

Robert Grey Tabor, Jr., Bryan, Brazos Co., Tex. – Mr. Big Hat and cousins. Here comes another little boy to ask admittance to your Cozy Corner. I go to school and am in the fourth grade. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, language and Texas history. I have a Shetland pony, three horses, two nanny goats, two shepherd dogs and one cat. I am 9 years old. This is my first letter to the Cozy Corner.

Dallas Morning News, 22 December 1895, page 14

Jacquette Rypinski, Bryan, Brazos Co., Tex. – Mr. Big Hat and cousins: Good morning, Mr. Big Hat! What have you been doing with yourself lately? What do you want for Christmas, Mr. Big Hat? I want one or two things, but I will take anything I can get. All of the cousins are talking of their dolls, and I will tell you a little about my doll. I have a doll, which has only one leg; the other was cracked when mamma got it for me. I got it for my birthday, December, 1894. So it was a year old Dec. 2, which was my birthday. I played with the doll for a long time and then the leg came off, and I played with it for two or three months and when school began I put it away. I want to keep it as long as possible. I was 13 on my birthday. Our school lets out Friday, Dec. 20, for the Christmas holidays, and takes up on the 6th of January. No one ever answered my riddle, so I will answer it myself. The question was: What is it that never slew anything and yet slew twelve? It was a crow, which ate the flesh of a poisoned horse, and was taken to a hotel and was eaten by twelve robbers, who died from eating it. As no one answered my first riddle I will ask another. It is not a riddle exactly, but it has an answer to it. "Come to me neither dressed nor undressed, neither walking nor riding, and neither in the road nor out of the road." I have been reading a great many good books in the last five or six months. I have read five or six of Louise Alcott's books, and I like them very much. I read one of E. V. Roe's books this summer. The name was "Miss Lou." I think he is a very good author. At times I would rather read than eat. Cousins, hasn't the Cozy Corner grown in the last six or eight months? Wishing the cousins and Mr. Big Hat a merry Christmas and happy New Year, I will say good-bye. **Dallas Morning News**, 29 December 1895, page 14