

Edgefield, Tenn., Oct. 2, 1907.

Dear Mother:--

I have been trying to get around to write to you for several days, but have had so many letters to write that I had to write, and so many things to do that I had to do, that I have neglected it. It is now past nine at night, at home, and I will begin a letter to you and will finish it as I am able to do so.

It is very pleasant here just now. The days are sometimes quite warm, but the evenings and mornings are very comfortable. In addition to this we are living in our tent at nights. This tent is raised about fourteen feet from the ground, and is on a level with our bedroom. It is the most comfortable things we have ever had. During the hottest weather in the summer, while others were spending hot, sleepless nights, our tent bedroom was always cool. This was a great surprise to us as well as a relief.

Our garden is still giving us nice things to eat. The early frosts this spring killed many of the strawberry buds, and yet we had a plentiful crop of berries, but it seemed to have demoralized the plants, for they have been blossoming and bearing all summer. Up to last week I have brought a handfull of nice ripe berries to Emma about every day. It was certainly curious. *Oct. 3- To-day I got another handfull -*

I have also learned things about late sweet corn. We are now enjoying all we can eat of nice sweet corn, and that at a time when it is supposed here that it is impossible to have green corn. But in July, during a very severe drouth, I planted a small patch of sweet corn as an experiment. But I did it my own way. I plowed the land, and then run a furrow with a one horse plow where I wanted the row to be. Then I took my big span of horses, and hitched them to my subsoil plow, and run it in the bottom of the furrow, loosening the soil to 12 or 14 inches deep. Then I laid off the rows the other way, and where each hill was to be dug a hole. Into this hole I put a little well rotted manure, and mixed it with the soil. Then I planted the seed and covered it. Then on top of each hill I put on a forkfull of rotted straw to hold moisture right in ~~kk~~ the hill. Then I drew water a wet each hill thoroughly. A didn't that corn come up and grow. Later when the stalks were about 18 inches high I put another mulching around each hill, and watered again. For this was all done during the most severe drouth this country has had for over 30 ~~ym~~ years. I only watered twice, during weeks of no rain. Yet the corn grew rank and strong, because the mulchig retained the moisture in the ground. And now we are having green corn on our table while no one else is having any. It took a little time and extra work, but it is worth it several times over, for 200 hills give many meals of green corn at a time when other things are scarce.

To-morrow I shall cut down a lot of the seed growth of our asparagus bed and in a few days we will have a few messes of delicious asparagus at a time when no one expects anything of the kind. We can have it till the frosts stops the growth.

A year ago last spring I set out a vineyard of 600 Concord grapes. I do not think a dozen have died. I mulched them so that they keep the moisture, and the moisturs of the soil responds. I believe that through the dry season you would try this in Cal. you can do many things in the garden that you now think impossible. With the mulch around the roots of

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either fruit or vegetables a little watering will give moisture to the soil that will be retained for days. Two or three waterings in this way will carry a crop through that would otherwise be a failure.

It is a settled fact that Loganberries cannot naturally stand the climate of Tennessee. But this fall, when it comes to the time of freezing, I shall cover my patch with a thin layer of straw, and by so doing hope to have a crop of berries next year.

Emma is cheerful, and her look is much better than it has been for a long time in the past. But we are in great perplexity in regard to a housekeeper. The one that is with us is a trained nurse, and has cases to care for from time to time where they pay here every day as much as we can pay a week. She is splendid help, but expects to leave to care for a case, in a few days. We have tried everywhere, and are still trying yet, but not a sign of success as yet. I shall do something desperate pretty soon. Emma cannot bear any care or work. Her sickness at Battle Creek was perilous to the last degree. Dr. Kellogg, while attending her during the convulsions she had one night, stated that he expected that if she lived her reason would be lost. I can now see that it was very severe on her mind. ~~Yxxx~~ Her mind was certainly affected, for since that time she has been very forgetful, and that to an extent that has puzzled me until the solution came that her mind lost some of its strength at the time I have mentioned.

I am feeling better each week as the weather becomes more reasonable. I have fully decided to stay right where I am. You know that for many months I have been trying to arrange for a new location. I have been unsuccessful in every effort in this direction. The most promising plans have fallen through. And lately I have been feeling that it will be best for me to stay right where I am. If I seek the Lord earnestly, as I am now doing, He will make it possible for me to win out right here. And the more I have decided to stay the lighter the way seems. We may have to go away for three mos. each year during the hottest weather, but we can do this and still get along. I have much property here, and it may have been another trick of the devil to get me to pull up here and make another foolish move that would involve me again, just as I was beginning to see that there is a way through financially. I have concluded to stand still and see what the Lord will do for me. But the attitude had become really unbearable at the Nashville office and in the Nashville church. I am satisfied that Ford has set out on a campaign to crush me. For certainly he lets no opportunity pass to turn every point possible against me. Now, mother, I came down years ago, and had a strong hand in pioneering the work in this field. I did not work selfishly. God blessed my efforts. Great things were accomplished. And now it comes hard to have a man like Ford, who is too selfish to do unselfish work in any cause, come in and turn a strong tide to overwhelm me and the work I am trying to do, But there is one thing I can do, I can refuse to have any controversy with any of them. They go on in such a superior and lordly way to dictate absolutely the policy on my books, to put up prices here, and cut discounts there, to ignore anything like council or advice from me, showing that they feel so very competent where I know they are as weak as water. The Nashville office is bound up in a ring such as would be a disgrace to a worldly life insurance company, and I can show just where it is and how it is. But I have adopted a policy of a quiet attendance to my own business and to have no warfare with these people. Why, mother, if I go to war

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with these people to get my rights, I could probably get some things, and that is all I would ever get. But if I leave the matter with the Lord, He will in the end give me returns that will be worth while. ~~@fxxx~~ My plan is fully laid. I shall go to Eld. Butler as soon as he returns from Mississippi and lay before him a calm, candid statement of the wrong and injustice that is being done me, and shall tell him that I have no controversy with him ~~xxxxxxx~~ nor will I have any. But there are things he should understand. That I shall present them to him and then it is up to him to see that the office is cleared from the injustice. Then I shall tell him it is up to him so far as the future of the matter is concerned. I shall have no argument on a single point, but shall simply present the circumstances before him. Then I shall go my way and attend to my own business.

Why, mother, when I left I left at least two wagon loads of very valuable lumber with them, because they said they needed to use it for a few days in moving some buildings. When I sent down for it later they had used up every stick of it in their buildings. I have twice called their attention to it but not the slightest attention is paid to it. But this is only a little item. I think Ferd would stop at nothing in an effort to bring hardship on me in a business way. But there, I will ~~st~~ stop right where I am.

This is the fourth of October, and to-day I brought in another handfull of ripe strawberries to Emma.

Mother, I have one of the finest equipped feed factories in the denomination. The one at Boulder, and at College View cannot compare with it. I now have a plan to get some one who understands the business and has some money to come down here and run it and we divide the profits. This is the best thing I can see for the present. I shall arrange so that if I have the opportunity to sell out I can settle with the man who is in with me, and so sell. But the works will sell for double the money if it is only in operations. I expect to take up the plan next week.

Next Sabbath,--to-morrow, I am to speak at Nashville. I shall speak of the influence of the Holy Spirit on the individual. It seems to me that our people are all looking for some wonderful manifestation, while they are losing by neglect the work of the Holy Spirit on the individual heart. There is a great move coming, but I cannot see how it can come until the individual Christians have a better understanding of its operation of the daily life. When this is understood and appreciated, and received, then the PEOPLE will be ready for a movement that will stir the world.

At the meeting to-morrow I am going to take my stand with a request for re-baptism. I think <sup>te</sup> this will be right in my case. If baptism is what it should be, the right will be accompanied by the receiving of the Holy Spirit by the individual so far as his personal life is concerned.

I have your recent letter in which you instruct me to give at each meeting an opportunity for those who attend to testify themselves. If I can do so I shall do this at this meeting.

But I must close. I have been several days writing this letter, and there is much more I want to say, but I cannot have the time to-day as it is now Friday afternoon.

In haste and love,

Your Son,

J. E. White