

THE CHEMAWA AMERICAN

Published Monthly at the United States Indian Training School
Chemawa, Oregon

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Entered at the Chemawa, Oregon, Postoffice as Second-Class Mail Matter

Subscription Rate: : : : : 25 Cents Per School Year
Advertising Rates on Application

THE FARM

He who possesses a parcel of land is almost a king. To own a piece of fertile land is to have independence as nearly as it is possible to be independent in this world. The owner and tiller of the soil, if economical and thrifty, will be the last to feel the "pinch of poverty" in the event of times distressingly hard. Everything in a productive way depends, more or less, upon the farmer. His position is that of a master mariner—his hand, more than any other, steers the ship of human destiny.

The population of these United States of ours is increasing by millions, and of necessity it must be true that each year sees a greater demand for the products of the farm. Bear in mind that this is a fact, not a dream. In times past land was cheap and easy of obtainment, but that time is past forever. When land was easy to obtain we had not the population of the present, and, in consequence, not such a great demand for what the farm would produce.

As our population increased and more mouths were to be fed greater and greater demands were made upon farms and farmers. It could not have been otherwise. Our population has increased rapidly, with its demand for food-stuffs, but not a single inch has our farming land expanded. We still have the same number of acres of land that we possessed when our boundaries were established. True, more land has been redeemed from the wilderness and brought under cultivation, but the redeeming process is nearing an end and yet there is no end in sight for increase of population.

Let us ponder these facts and learn a lesson from them. There is