

duced, if there is a vacant field that can receive it. This will reduce the loss caused by fermentation and leaching to a minimum. The bones should be collected and ground and mixed with the manure spreader. Scatter one bushel on the top of the load and then it will be properly distributed by the spreader with the manure.

The American farmer is wasteful in the use of land area. He has not been educated to the point that the whole surface of his farm should be brought into use in crop production. He farms the bulk of his land, but the odds and ends—the fence rows—are an expense to him. The land for a number of feet on either side of the fence is not cultivated for crop use, but merely to keep out weeds and brush—all expense, with no reduction to the cost of living.

May I suggest that farmers use their fence rows in producing something worth while and at the same time increase the interest in keeping them attractive. I would like to have the Indian Office tender to me the use of the fence rows on the Salem Indian School farm for the time that I may remain here as Teacher of Agriculture, be it one year or longer. I think I could demonstrate how they could be made to render a profit instead of present loss.

One of our items of expense wherever we may be is firewood. If there is a piece of timber on a farm, a great deal of this expense can be drawn from the odds and ends. The trees that have fallen should be used first, and then those that have commenced to die at the top. I will venture to estimate that there is enough down timber in Chemawa's forests to supply her cook and heating stoves for one year. Some plan should be devised to save such odds and ends.

Clothing will wear out. How should those that are cotton be disposed of? Burning is the general way, but they should be saved for the rag man. He will give you thirty dollars per ton for them. The worn-out rubbers are worth still more per ton.

“We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour;
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again.

“Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes;
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain.”