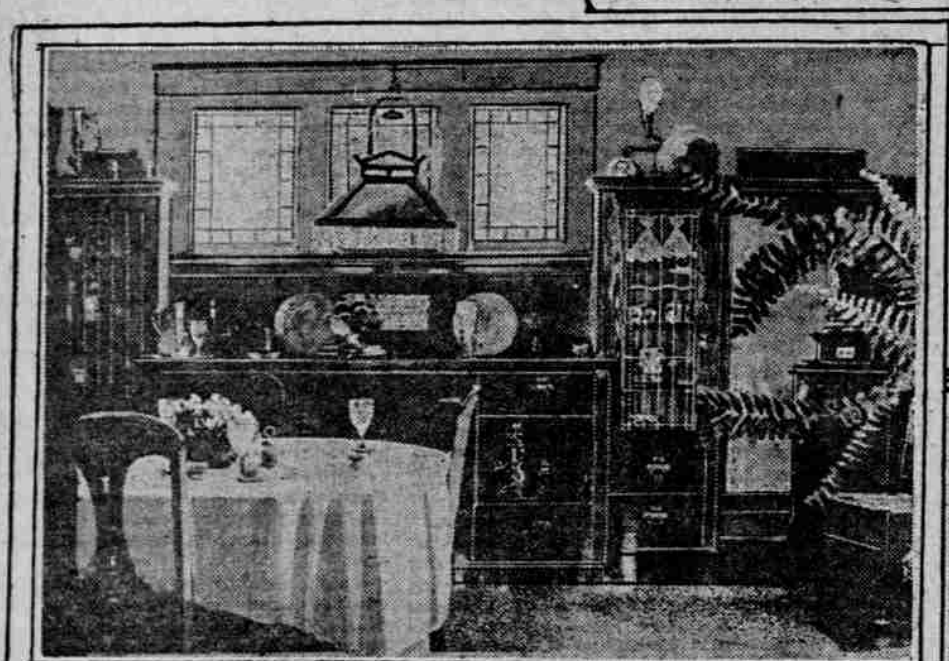


WOMAN WORKS WONDERS

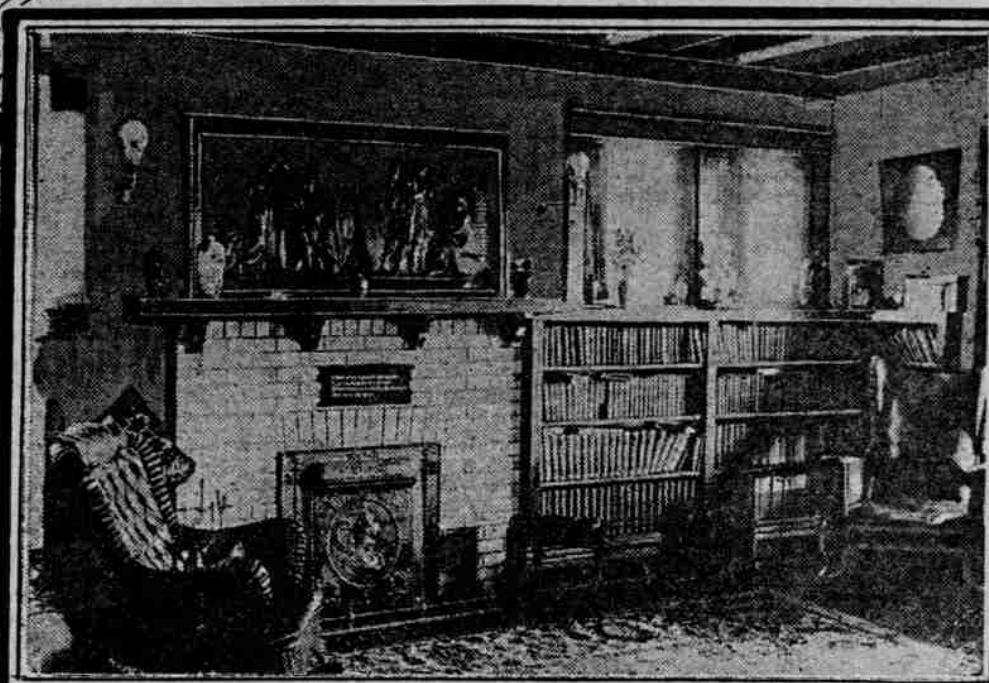
with ONE THOUSAND ACRES



Mrs. Kelly's Dakota Home
Twelve Years Ago



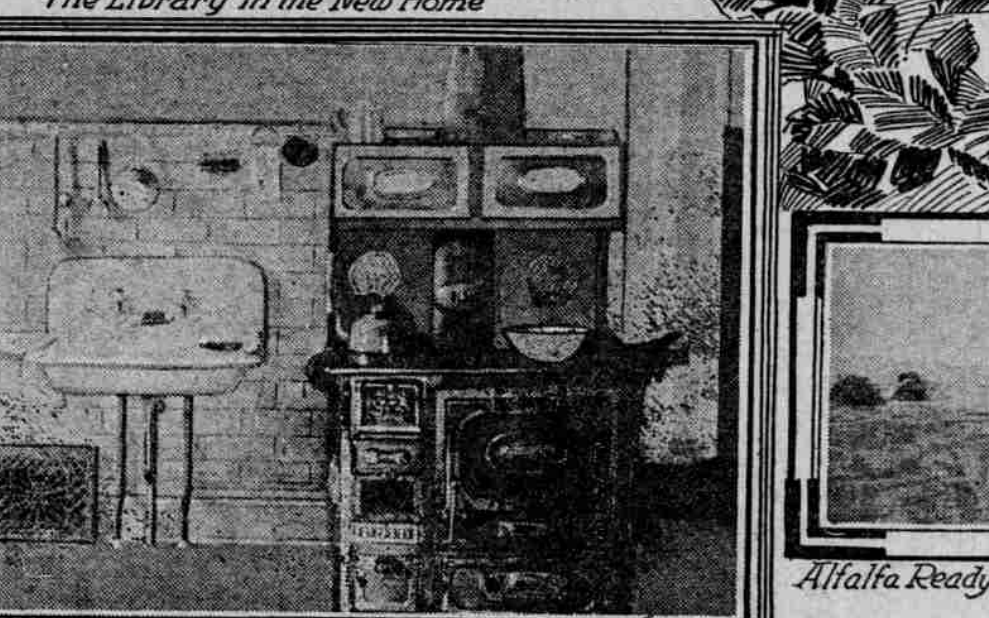
Mrs. Kelly's Home Today
Overlooking the Lake
Fifteen Miles Each Direction



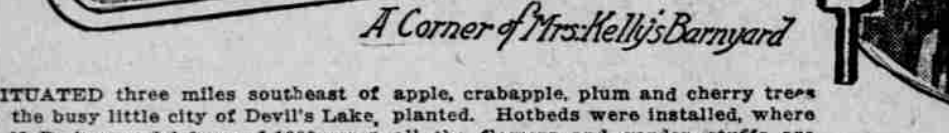
The Library in the New Home



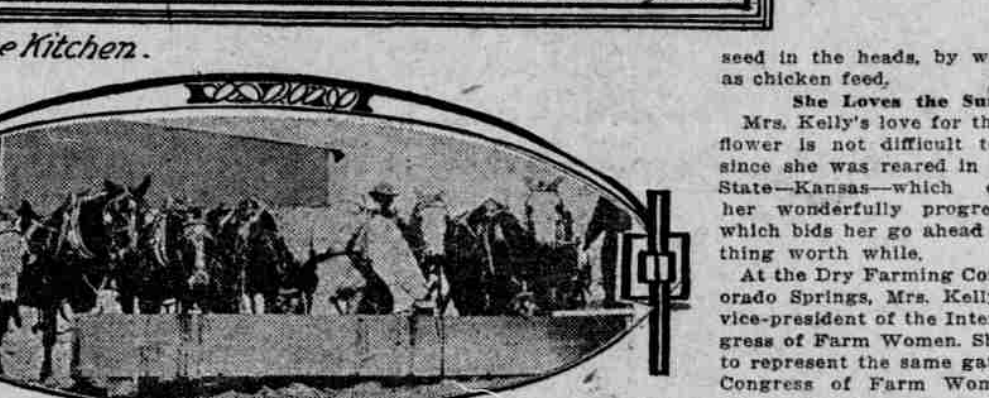
The Dining Room



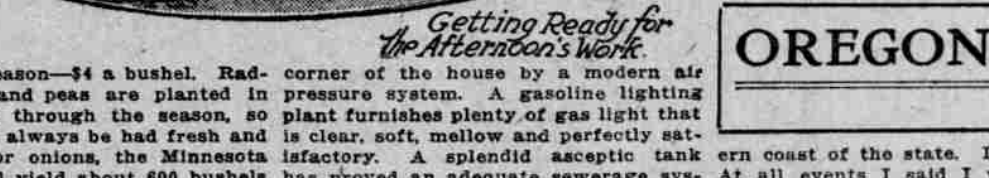
Alfalfa Ready for Stacking



A Corner of Mrs. Kelly's Barnyard



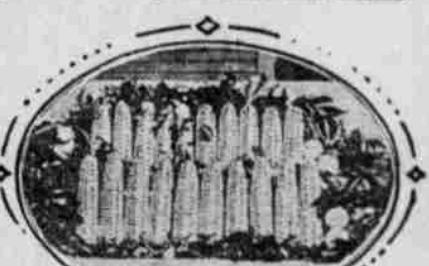
The Kitchen



Getting Ready for
the Afternoon's Work



Mrs. Clara Kelly, of
Devils Lake, N. D., Pres-
ident Farm Women's Con-
gress of America and
Vice President of the Inter-
national Congress of
Farm Women



Mrs. Kelly's Prize Winning
White Dent Corn for Exhibit

SITUATED three miles southeast of the busy little city of Devils Lake, N. D., is a model farm of 1000 acres which only 12 or 14 years ago was considered no more than a barren knoll on the shore of Devil's Lake itself. The old county turnpike ran through this bleak, undesirable land, close to the lake. This was the established road and had been traveled many years by the Sioux Indians, but this particular stretch was dreaded by all teamsters being heavy gumbo, filled with treacherous pot holes and always rough and muddy. Teams were constantly stalled there and the traveler who succeeded in getting through that two or three mile section without the assistance of some fellow teamster considered himself lucky indeed.

Now this once dreaded stretch of highway has been transformed into a beautiful and picturesque drive, that is a delight to behold and has an especial fascination for motorists, who use it as a speedway. This was the first step undertaken by Mrs. Clara W. Kelly toward carrying out her "cherished idea" of establishing a model scientific farm. Since then her energy and perseverance have never for a moment wavered. Her motto has always been, "What is worth doing is worth studying and doing right," and nothing has been done in a slipshod manner under her able supervision. Every tree, bulb, plant and seed on the entire 1000 acres must be of the best pedigree stock. There is no more work involved in raising and caring for good grain than in cultivating inferior crops, and with other growing things the same holds good.

At first the road ran too near the little square house that was the homestead; but Mrs. Kelly obtained consent from the county to move the road back 200 feet. The ground between the house and the road was broken up and pulverized into a garden spot, where rows of cottonwoods, box elders, willows, elms and poplars were set out in attractive order. Then a little nursery was started to replace the weaklings as they died out.

Verandas were added to the plain little house and vines planted. Soon the desolate place began to take on a homelike and inviting appearance.

Meanwhile the fields were being ploughed deep, disced and harrowed; obnoxious weeds killed; the sloughs drained, ditches and culverts put in the proper places. Indeed, a general reclamation and "housecleaning" was constantly going on in every part of this thousand-acre farm.

Looks Into Chicken Industry.

Then Mrs. Kelly decided to look into the chicken industry. Up-to-date chicken houses were built and well filled with barred Plymouth Rock chicks. From the first year it was a paying investment, as freshly-laid eggs always bring a high price even out there in the country.

But the owner's chief attention was given to her perennial fruits, to her flowers, shrubs and vegetables. Currant, blackberry and gooseberry bushes were set out, sage, rhubarb and asparagus beds made, and a little orchard of

apple, crabapple, plum and cherry trees planted. Hotbeds were installed, where all the flowers and garden stuffs are propagated, in order to secure the earliest results. Evergreens were tried again and again, but without satisfactory results.

Now came the very first experiments with alfalfa ever made so far north. One acre was tried by this enterprising woman and three cuttings were obtained during the season, producing seven tons of hay. This result was certainly encouraging and was sufficient evidence that a nice little field of 15 acres would be a boon to the livestock on the farm.

Nearly every thrifty farmer in North Dakota has profited by Mrs. Kelly's experiment in alfalfa.

It was found necessary to introduce crop rotation to rest the soil from the heavier crops—wheat, flax, barley, etc.—and timothy and medium red clover were sowed for this purpose. Other roads or lanes were laid out between the plots or fields; the place was fully equipped with all modern machinery. Discs, drags, sub-surfaces and surface packers, pulverizers, mulchers, manure spreaders—in fact, all new methods that have proved practical were applied, according to the special needs of the several fields.

Soil conditions, regulations, the various systems—not for one instant did Mrs. Kelly cease studying, so as to keep pace with the rapid strides made in agriculture. At the present time this 1000-acre farm yields abundantly—wheat, oats, flax, barley, buckwheat, winter rye, winter wheat, timothy and clover seed—and is rapidly developing into a pedigrree seed producing farm. Tons of valuable wild and tame hay are also put up annually. Last but not least of this woman's efforts to improve the agriculture of this section is a five years' work in developing corn suitable to the northern latitude, experiments being carried on with white dent, yellow dent and Northwestern dent pedigrees. Plots have been scientifically conducted and produced great improvements over the original stock. Mrs. Kelly is now able to give the farmers an absolutely satisfactory corn, for seed as well as for fodder, her corn having won the blue ribbon prizes at the County and State Agricultural Fairs. And not unimportant, a handsome income is derived from these various fields, or plots, by this thoroughly informed farm woman of North Dakota through her own able management.

Five Garden Worked Up.

All up-to-date farms must have a fine garden, so this was the next step taken. The garden plot was worked up, fenced and planted with nearly every kind of vegetable that grows—Early six weeks potatoes raised from pedigreed seed and actually ready for the table in six weeks from the time of planting; red and white Murphy and beauty Hedron potatoes, and early Ohio, which has proved the most desirable, producing about 400 bushels to the acre. At the rear of the garden there are 15 rows of early sweet squaw corn, which yields, over and above home consumption, about \$300 at the Devil's Lake market. The white beans bring in from

seed in the heads, by way of variety, as chicken feed.

She Loves the Sunflower.

Mrs. Kelly's love for the stately sunflower is not difficult to understand, since she was reared in the Sunflower State—Kansas—which explains, too, her wonderfully progressive nature, which bids her go ahead and do something worth while.

At the Dry Farming Congress at Colorado Springs, Mrs. Kelly was elected vice-president of the International Congress of Farm Women. She was chosen to represent the same gathering at the Congress of Farm Women held last year in Belgium. She served as president of the Tri-State Farm Women's Association, covering North Dakota, South Dakota and Minnesota; then she was honored by an appointment of the Country Life Commission, representing the Tri-State Grain Growers' Association. At the Farm Congress held at Tulsa, Okla., last Fall, her splendid work being recognized, she was elected president of the Farm Women's Congress of America, and re-elected vice-president of the International Congress of Farm Women. And she well deserves all the honors these various bodies have bestowed upon her, for her

studies and efforts have been diligently pursued and the results of these gladly imparted to all interested in the improvement of agriculture for the betterment of the state.

Mrs. Kelly's husband, Mr. Clark W. Kelly, is a retired business man who owns several farms himself. He is president of the board of regents of North Dakota Agricultural College, vice-president of the North Dakota Farming Association, member of executive committee of the International Dry Congress, member of the Farmers' Institute board and half a dozen other agricultural organizations.

ern coast of the state. I mined a bit. At all events I said I was a miner, though I was technically known as a roustabout.

"Thus the summer passed. In the autumn I worked for a boatman who was carrying supplies to isolated inhabitants. I wasn't an Indian, exactly, but I was out of doors. Next I signed up with the captain of a steamboat. My father had reached Coos Bay in the meantime and was building a steamboat of his own. It was inconsistent in me, he said, to consort with his competitor. We debated that matter, also, and I departed, hoofing my way back over the mountains to Portland.

An Alibi Makes Him a Doctor.

"I had been pestered a good deal by my father, who argued that I ought to study law or medicine. The professions were teetering up and down in my mind when the attorney for the accused in a murder case hired a witness and established an alibi for his client. Everyone knew or felt that a swindle had been worked on the community and the court. Personally, I charged the outrage to the whole legal profession, from Blackstone and John Marshall down. So I studied medicine. I was graduated at the age of 20 and looked so young and was so young that nobody would hire me and nobody did hire me during the next five years.

"One of the three foremost surgeons in San Francisco gave me employment for a while. I helped him in operations and was much benefited by the experience. By and by I returned to Portland, opened an office, got married and settled down. Sylvester Penoyer, while Governor, appointed me superintendent of the State Insane Asylum. Contractors were supplying the institution with poor food and shoddy clothing. I got into a fight with them and cleaned them out. Later they prevented my reappointment and thus I was cleaned out in turn.

"Then a man with an adequate flow of language and sand enough to put his convictions into words or writing was wanted as Mayor of Portland. Gamblers were paying a license for the privilege of skinning youths and suckers and I denounced the arrangement, saying it was immoral and ridiculous to cheat part of the people that the taxes of the rest of the people might be reduced. I could have been Mayor three terms, but two terms were enough.

"The suggestion that I be a candidate for the United States Senate was not obnoxious. I said so. Indeed, I went further and observed that I would be delighted to serve my state in Congress. There are plenty of men better qualified for the office than myself," I said, "but they are not run-

OREGON SENATOR TELLS HIS LIFE STORY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

ning this year. Of the bunch who are running," I said, "I think I am the best." It was a good, square analysis of the situation, and here I am."

Doctors and the Reporters.

"Why do physicians," I asked, "pretend to dislike publicity?"

"There is no pretense about it," Dr. Lane answered. "They are taught in the medical schools to keep their names out of print. Older physicians so counsel students and young practitioners. The competent doctor doesn't need advertising. He can pitch his tent in the bush and the people will wear a path in the grass to his door. The incompetent doctor hires a big showy office and makes a noise. That is the only way he has of letting the people know he is in town.

"No man of good taste will wear a green necktie, a purple vest and a red shirt. He keeps his colors down. A physician separates himself from the quacks by the modesty of his language and demeanor. He lets his patients do the talking for him. Physicians school themselves in silence. They understand that they cannot engage in bedside stunts of oratory. The patient on his back watches the expression on the doctor's face and clutches at every word that is said. So do the relatives standing around, who are slowly dying of a separate disease, which works in its own way and often mysteriously. A man may show the symptoms of one disease and actually be suffering from something else. The hair-trigger doctor, blurting out his first impressions, may have to change his statement later on. Doubt, then, would displace confidence in the patient's mind and the family might gabble all over the neighborhood. Doctors must keep their mouths shut, except about subjects unrelated to the sick person. Likewise, they are cautioned to shun newspaper reporters and interviewers."

"Should a physician tell a man that he is going to die?"

"Yes, when the man is brave and philosophical; no, when the man is cowardly and collapsible. A person who is slowly dying ought to get ready for the event. But to tell some men that they are hopelessly ill would kill them right off. No doctor wants to be responsible for such a tragedy."

"A 'regular' physician," I said, "can appropriate anything the 'irregular' doctors discover and keep within the ethics of the medical profession?"

Why Some Men Are Egotists.

"Of course; why not? I have a right to use any means on earth to save or prolong life. It is not only a right, but an obligation. If a quack comes upon a remedy or a method that is helpful in curing or preventing a disease it be-

CLEAR.

"Your society started out to decide a number of questions of great scientific importance."

"Yes. We arranged to consider the manifestation of the psychic impulse in protoplasmic life and the molecular energy developed by the prismatic transmutation of light waves and kindred topics."

"And have you done so?"

"No. We've only been in session a week. We haven't yet decided the question of who's boss."—Topeka Journal.