

The Farmer in Years to Come

BY JACOB MCKINNEY MERRILL.

FARMING is the big business of the future!

It has more possibilities than any and all other businesses combined. No line of human endeavor has been so belittled and lied about as that of the farmer. He has been called a mossback, a hayseed and a sod-buster, terms that have silenced the longings of many a young heart and driven young, aspiring men from the tilling of the soil to the city office and the city swirling, sweating endeavor, breaking lives on the altar of public opinion when, had there been no sneers at the farmer's calling, thousands of third rate lawyers, merchants and office men, with a bare subsistence for their endeavor, would be gentlemen of the soil, rich in good health and dollars wrung from a willing and smiling earth.

As a boy, working in my father's sawmill, afterward in the backwoods store, waiting on jobbers, millmen and drivers, with now and then a scattering of "mossbacks" from the rear townships, I had this intense loathing for the farmer and his calling instilled into my soul till I imagined the very name farmer carried with it a belittling significance.

Many of the farmers in the new country were mere "shack hogs," living from hand to mouth, eating their johnnycake, fat pork and "taters" with a sodden disregard for the niceties of life. I had no fellow feeling for the breed. In fact I shrank from them with a sort of contemptuous loathing hardly to be accounted for.

Lumbermen and Farmers.

The millmen, loggers and drivers were princes in comparison with the backwoods sand-pipers. I learned to despise them even when waiting on their varied wants across the counter. Of all the customers we had to do with these men on the new lands back from the river were the least desired. They were always and forever asking for tick. "Charge it, boy, till we sell our craps," was the frequent remark after the man had got through with his day's trading.

Often we did "charge it"—to our sorrow. Nine out of 10 of these fellows were shiftless, good-for-nothings who had escaped from the older regions south and east, hoping to better their fortunes in the new region adjoining the Great Lakes.

Now and then, one there was who came to this western wilderness imbued with a spirit of determination to make for himself a home; perhaps a comfortable fortune in the wilderness. Such as these I could count on the fingers of one hand. I call to mind three men who were honest in their dealings, though "mossbacks." They won out magnificently. One became in after years a judge on the bench, another a member of the State Legislature, the third contenting himself with owning a dozen farms, with a bank account that would shame even that of the big lumbermen.

For many years the occupation of tilling the soil was considered rather beneath the dignity of a gentleman. Nobody with a thimbleful of brains would be caught behind a plow, turning the soil for future cropping. Frequently the remark, "What became of Dan Weston (name not particular), who was driving things here on the river 10 years ago?"

"What, him! Well, what do you think, he's gone to farming, actually gone to seed up on the island!"

"Poor fellow; I thought he knew more'n that!"

Better have been dead in estimation of the majority, and I felt the same way toward the "poor fellow" who was working out his independence next to Nature's bosom.

Need of Farming Business.

A good many of the early loggers made their pile, took the money out of Michigan pine, removed to Chicago and became men of importance in that new and bustling city by the lake. Not one out of 10 who mossbacked it in the back townships ever made good. And there were they scratching their bare living out of a virgin soil the richness of which ought of have made at least thousands out of the owners.

The slackness of those early farmers acted as a deterrent for better men, who, had they put their talents into the farm work, might have redeemed themselves and become men of wealth and standing. Every man to his occupation. Our great men in the scientific, financial and professional world have made their mark by being on the job all the time.

There is a lack of Napoleons, Wel-

ingtons and Rockefellers in the ranks of the farming community, but it is not because of any inherent weakness in the soil method of rising to eminence. Farming in America is in its infancy. The great, grand men who shall succeed at the plow have not yet come to the front in sufficient numbers to attract the world's attention, but this is not to be always so.

The time will surely come when from the fields of agriculture, horticulture, too, if you please, since I am speaking of the soil as a maker of great fortunes—the creator of the ideal life, there will spring men of eminence and power as great as any this free land of ours has ever produced. Millions of acres of smiling, not unfruitful, soil lies fallow pleading from every grassblade and bush for the hand of the husbandman to come and make good with plow and harrow and spade. He is coming. It cannot be long before the great empire of untuned sod fields of the West shall become teeming gardens of living realities.

Possibilities in Farming.

The possibilities of soil culture are so amazing as to cause one who understands to lift his hands in wonder that the opportunities have remained so long unattached.

Five acres are enough to care for a family of five. Five acres! No farm at all, you exclaim. Let me tell you what I have done on three acres of the despised sand of Western Michigan. I began as an invalid from the heated office of the town, came as an amateur at the game of land culture. I posted myself in book lore on the subject. Then I got down to business on three acres of soil left untenanted since the cutting of the pine 20 years before.

There were three of us in the family, I the only worker for the field. I will not go into particulars only to state that my inclination led me into the fruit field. Strawberries first, then the bush fruits, followed by peaches, grapes and apples.

Such berries! They were the astonishment of my neighbors. Nobody had seen anything like the luscious, meaty strawberries that grew on my first little patch. I had to buck low prices all along the line. The first year was a discouraging one. Even the second was not much better. We managed to live, however. My health improved and I began to work and study, study and work in earnest. From a trembling, halting, hesitating amateur fruit-grower, I came in five years into the full sunlight of a successful horticulturist.

I had my land paid for, a good team, plenty of tools, a nice cottage home, small fruit of all kinds growing better and better each year, with a half acre of the finest Worden grapes that ever purpled in an October haze.

My grapes were the wonder of the town and county—and they grew on the sand. Around about some of the richest farms in the state were located. Some of the farmers had tried to raise grapes, but one and all made a failure of it. Why? Wrong conception of the requirements of the vine, for one thing; no ideal love for the work.

Love Your Work.

Love! That is the word that compasses all things that are good. Be in love with your work, man and woman, if you would succeed. The fruitgrower must love every plant and tree on his place if he would make a success of his operations. I was in love with mine. I went daily and talked with the berries, talked affectionately with my Elberta peaches as they yellowed in the Autumnal sunshine, walked among the raspberries, the luscious blackberries, giving them friendly good mornings.

And the birds! I never had a gun on the place; I never killed a bird, not even the despised English sparrow, and there were hosts of these fighting my battles against destructive insects, aiding me in every possible way known to feathered friends of the husbandman. I am a friend of the birds. Even the hated crow was to me a friend. One field of potatoes, an acre, was completely cleared of bugs by my crow friends.

The first year or two the small birds insisted on taking a lot of my red raspberries. I circumvented the little chaps by a device of my own invention which frightened them away, without harming a feather on any of them. My small fruit gained for me a reputation that spread the country roundabout. I soon made a name for myself as "the strawberry man." Little children waited beside the garden gate for the wagon of the berry man.

\$75 For The Best Tea Garden Recipe

SYRUP is not the most used article of diet, but its purity and food value should have the most careful consideration of the discriminating housewife.

Tea Garden Syrup measures up to the highest standards of purity, food value, flavor and economy. Tea Garden is packed in full-measure cans—is healthful and nutritious.

Tea Garden is a syrup of varied utility—use it for every cooking purpose and it will give uniform satisfaction. We will give \$75 for the best recipe for its use and \$25 for the second best.

For Good Molasses Get Pelican

PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO.

PORTLAND, OREGON



I had no trouble in selling all I could raise. My bank account grew and I was happy in the work that was most pleasing to me.

There can be no disguising the fact that the great men and women of the future will be tillers of the soil. I am as sure of it as I am sure that the sun will rise tomorrow morning. It is in the air, it breathes from every hilltop, glitters from every plain.

Young men, ambitious boy or girl look not to the crowded marts of the city for your future inspiration; turn rather to Nature and to Nature's gods. Dig in the soil, build your future greatness from the sand hills and dales now smiling uselessly under cover of wild roots and grasses.—The Farming Business.

Cities Rise from Ruins.

London Chronicle: When the war is over we may be sure that most of the towns and cities destroyed by the Germans will, like the Phoenix, rise from their ashes. The teaching of history is that a city is hard to kill. For instance, London has been declimated five times by plagues, in addition to visitations of typhus,

cholera and other epidemics. She has been burned more or less severely several times. Paris has gone through eight sieges, ten famines, two plagues and one fire which devastated it. Rome has been swept by pestilence no fewer than ten times. She has been twice burned and six times driven to submission by starvation. Constantinople has been burned out nine times, and has suffered from four plagues and five sieges.

Absolutely Free

A beautiful 42-piece set of dishes given to our direct cream shippers this year. Write for particulars.

T. S. TOWNSEND CREAMERY CO.
P. O. Box 235, Portland, Or.
Creamery E. Seventh and Everett Sts.

ASK your friends to buy their Railroad Tickets to California, via the Pacific Northwest.

Koveralls Keep Kids Kleen

Practical, Healthful, Economical
Garments for Small Children

Practical. Because they are made in one piece, and can be slipped on or off instantly. They fit and look well, and yet are loose and comfortable in every way. Healthful. Far superior to bloomers. No tight elastic bands to stop free circulation of blood and retard freedom of motion. Economical. Saving wear on good clothes—saving washing—so well made they are outgrown long before they are worn out.

Ask Your Dealer **KOVERALLS** For ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Made in high neck with long sleeves, or Dutch neck and elbow sleeves. Made of blue denim, or blue and white hickory stripes for all the year wear, and in a variety of lighter weight materials for summer wear. All garments trimmed with fast-color red or blue galatin. Sizes 1 to 8 years.

75c the suit A new suit FREE if it rips Awarded Gold Medal at Mechanics' Fair 1913

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send them, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, 75c each.

Made By

LEVI STRAUSS & CO., San Francisco



MAKE MORE MONEY ON YOUR FARM

Send for the Free Booklet, "The Use of Explosives in Agriculture." It will tell you why to subsoil, how to plant trees, how to get out stumps, how to break up rocks, how to make ditches. This booklet covers many points that will make your farm more productive. Sign below and send today for FREE BOOKLET.

Name Address

California Trojan Powder Company

Railway Exchange Bldg., Portland, Oregon.