

# The COUNTRY MOTHER and HER P...



will take you. I think a boy ought to have his chance to take a pretty girl out for a drive, for I have great faith in the recently trained boy of the farm. You must let him look the world straight in the face, know it and not be afraid of it. The mother who sends her boy to the mother whose home is the farm, I would say, do not forget your children need food of the soul as well as food of the body. They must have good physical training for one and mental food for the other. The mother who sends her boy to the mother whose home is the farm, I would say, do not forget your children need food of the soul as well as food of the body. They must have good physical training for one and mental food for the other. The mother who sends her boy to the mother whose home is the farm, I would say, do not forget your children need food of the soul as well as food of the body. They must have good physical training for one and mental food for the other.

## She Can't Keep Her Boys on the Farm, Says an Agricultural Expert, Because She Is Unable to Keep Their Brains Busy

LET us first consider the wonderful women who, in spite of their starved, hard lives in the country, have sent out into the world some of its greatest leaders. Also that 97 per cent of the successful city men have been bred on the farm.

There is a woman who knows, who is in the thick of farm educational work, her activities touching it specially where it affects the farm child and the mother. She is an enthusiast who gives herself up to her vocation with all her might and main, and probably comes more closely in touch with the women of the farm and their children than any one among those women themselves—more closely, perhaps, than any one else in this country. It is she who makes those sentences the keynote of a talk.



Types of Children Who Attend the Old-Line Schools.

She is the trusted counselor, adviser and friend, by this time, of pretty nearly every boy and girl living on a farm in one big state, and looked to for counsel by many of their mothers. So she knows, in a way that no individual mother among them can quite know, what are the varied difficulties and handicaps such a mother faces; and she realizes, as no woman who is not living on the farm can realize, the things that should be done and the means that can be depended on to aid.

When, therefore, this expert consented to tell of the country mother, she brought to bear not only an exceptionally broad knowledge and experience, but the sympathetic, intimate understanding, without which no word on this least known yet most vital of the nation's "farm problems" can have true weight or bearing.

### The Old-Fashioned Country School.

And many times they prove too well they can—they would deprive a boy during his maturing manhood of that most priceless of man's endowments, his free will. It is far from impossible to crush young ambition and enterprise for other and, possibly, better needs, as gauged by the individual fitness, by depriving a boy of a chance to know the chances that offer and the occupations that allure him.

"I should by no means urge that a boy be deprived of his boy life on the farm. He should have his young life in the laboratory of nature. He will win immense benefit from the contact, but, when he has reached the age when his character impels him to his true vocation, he should have opened to him every avenue that may invite his choice.

"It is easy to see how the boy's longings and ambitions may run counter to his mother's hopes—and her fears. The average mother on the farm—probably the average mother in the world—wants the safe life for her boy. She would rather see him harbored there at home forever than exposed to the physical dangers she dreams in the world about them.

"But to keep any man bound down, imprisoned, where harm can't reach him, is criminal. He ought to know his world; he ought to learn the possibilities of his strong, beautiful body and soul for good or ill. He must, sooner or later, encounter the world about him; for, even though he seek to flee from it, this world will force itself upon him. He must learn how to fight it.

"Please come to me at my office and ask me to let them know whether Roy is going to church. I have said, no: I won't spy on Roy. If he hasn't been properly prepared for his mild ordeal of school life away from home, it cannot be accounted his fault. Let him



Bright Boys, Like These, Will Be Hard to Keep on the Farm.

recourse to their children's best interests. She understands, but she refuses to surrender.

"The woman who is a mother often indulges in a selfishness that is colossal. They think only with their mother hearts, which urge them to keep their boys forever at their apron strings, however unjust life on the farm may be to the son's real talents. If they can—

fafter now, if he must, so that he shall find his feet in grim reality.

"A father told me he wouldn't let his son, 15 years old, drive a good horse; the boy must take the old plug. All I could say was that it was a pity; your boys, any boys, are ashamed of driving an old plug, and all the reward you will earn is that, down in their hearts, they

THE woman who bears the children of the farm is truly unique among her sex. The woman of the city does not, cannot, comprehend her; their ways are too far asunder. Sometimes, when "country boarders" find "country boarding," the city-trained mother gets a few, stray glimpses of this feminine existence, so utterly at variance with hers; but those glimpses are gained through the natural, selfish haze of the buyer dealing with the seller.

And the woman of the farm, if she has a single business instinct to lessen her toil, makes it her first law of nature, as a country boarding house keeper, to put her own private affairs in the background, her boarders, she knows, are pleasure-seekers, not friends or even sociologists.

She is not to be compared with the women of Europe whose homes are the farm. She is of a kind totally different, though, in attitude, in the very air she breathes and the relations she maintains toward those near her or near to her. There a whole countryside might, more or less, be classed for tolls and aspirations; here past, present and future are utilities, various. And now, even as the American farm and its farmer are in process of unusual development and change, so the farmer's wife and the farmer's mother find her surroundings changing, her duties changing, her outlook on her home and the world beyond changing, too.

Nearly all of these mothers of the farm, from the very evidence that they have done their part, command the respect of their saters in the cities, as triumphing over difficult tasks well done. But only some of them find many of their admirers in their friends and their hearts, who know them well, learn what truly heroic figures may live and die, unknown of the outer world, in a quiet, unassuming life of a shielded lane.

"Some of the women who live on our farms," said she, "more than deserve the word 'wonderful' I apply to them. The one, narrow avenue of feeling through which the people of the cities receive something of those hard, starved mental lives is their dread of the 'loneliness.' But it is not mere loneliness the woman of the farm endures; nor is she necessarily lonely, in the words of that poet, whose every sight and sound fill to overflow the interest of the day; and, too often, the past she has inherited leaves her debarr'd from the intellectual stimulus which her husband takes as his natural, man's right. Many in the country have been here starved in their women, for they are in rather frequent contact with their fellows—in the country store, in the market, at the grange, in the associations of fruit growers. But many of these women lack these broad and broadening influences."

"But what achievements of sacrifice and resolve will their lives often times show? I know one such woman whose life of toil has been filled with high, of those hard, she has sent her six children through college by her own efforts. It was no unusual thing for her to retire at midnight and be up at 4 o'clock in the morning. To keep herself informed on the affairs of the day, she borrowed magazines and newspapers from her more fortunate neighbors.

"Her toil and devotion, I believe, are rivaled by not a few other mothers among the poorer farm folk. They, like their intelligent sisters among the more prosperous, represent the women who discern truly their duty as mothers; who realize that their first material care should be to let their children have the full opportunity the nation's whole, wide, varied opportunities present.

"We must not overlook the fact that 87 per cent of the successful city men are those who have been educated on the farms. It is the invaluable moral—yes, and the physical—training acquired on the farm that fits a man to survive in the so-called strenuous life of the great city.

"These successful men, as boys, were continually... the shrewd bargainers, the work which tenses every moral fiber that enters into the struggle for life in competition with others. The man in Wall Street

## CONCRETING a WHOLE COUNTRY



House Furnishings and Ornaments in Concrete.

THE man of the future—the very near future—if he isn't a man of concrete himself, will be so surrounded, occupied and buried by concrete, when the cement experts get through with their adaptations, that he will feel he ought to be made of concrete, though he isn't.

He won't eat concrete; no, not that, although we have had clay-eaters in the United States long enough to make even such a diet seem not impossible. But he may very well take his meals sitting on concrete chairs, at a concrete table—he can do it now—and there seems to be no special reason

why he shouldn't help himself to potatoes and pork and beans on a concrete plate, if he feels like it.

And there is no reason at all why he shouldn't fill up a concrete pipe afterward—they're doing that now, too—and lean back to the luxury of his concrete smoke in a concrete armchair, like the substantial citizen he's going to be. When, at last, he kicks the concrete bucket, they'll put him in a concrete coffin—they're doing it now—and plant him in a concrete vault—doing that, too—and there let him rest under a concrete monument to concrete forever and ever, amen.

It'll be a concreted land and nation, all right, when the ambitious specialists in cement and its uses shall have wrought all the miracles they hope for, and seem to be in a fair way of performing.

THE cement men had an exhibition this year; they have it every year—it was in Kansas City, Mo., for 1912—and they showed one another their latest achievements with the universal plastic, with the general public looking on, more surprised than they were.

There seem to be only a couple of handicaps on the use of concrete for every purpose under the sun, including sundials and burial vaults. One of them is fitness for purpose; the other is weight. Every year that passes gives evidence that the fitness of concrete increases and the weight decreases. A third limitation, cost, has now reached the stage where it meets the expense of many other, rival materials and, for the rest, is stoned for by superiority.

This isn't a concreted country—yet; but already so many of its most familiar phases of existence proceed on concrete bases, that it could be almost made of concrete, from the cradle to the grave, with small expenditure of new, creative ideas. The latest development is along the lines of intimate home uses, with the one, main problem simply that of lightness. Hand in hand with that difficulty goes an unrivaled advantage—durability. They can make countless articles in cement and concrete that present delicacy of construction, combined with an unequalled strength and permanence.

The cities, of course, show innumerable uses for the

material; but they have scarcely the range of needs afforded by the farm or country house.

The man who chooses now to have a home that is to present concrete's durable qualities can, of course, fence it around with concrete posts and smile at the futilities of weather, insects and decay. He can build his barn of concrete from barnyard to roof, grin at lightning and watch his fields turn into an interest-bearing bank account from the manure his concrete floors restore to them. He can stable his hogs in concrete and smoke his hams in a concrete smokehouse—the latest fashion in fireproof, bugproof, thiefproof smokehouses for the American farmer.

He can lay all his gutters in concrete and prevent road washings—Hudson Maxim did it years ago along the steep hillsides of his home at Lake Hopatcong, in New Jersey. He can build his house of concrete blocks; surround it with concrete pillars; set his lawn with concrete benches; raise his fancy flowers in a concrete conservatory; grow the home window plants in concrete boxes—mighty handy, some they are; lay his floors in reinforced concrete; frize the walls with classic concrete reliefs; build his fireplaces—plain, quaint or magnificently designed—in freestone or in the best material of concrete; install his balustrades in concrete; install his concrete stairways; set up his stained-glass windows in intricate concrete frames; install concrete laundry tubs; set up concrete clothesline poles; make the kitchen sinks of concrete; put in concrete drainage pipes; build the tank of concrete; pipe the water from the spring in concrete; set the benches in concrete; set the concrete candelabra; light the candle in the concrete candlestick to lead the way to bed after phonograph music from a concrete case.

Thus far only part of the concrete story. House furniture, from settees to chairs, is made of concrete; and it can be designed to approximate mahogany in weight, with finish and color tones equal to fine woods. Even the children now have concrete playthings, for sets of molds are sold for children's use, which enable them to turn out blocks and columns in concrete as they grow up. So it may be said that the new generation is being brought up in familiarity with the practical uses of a cement—probably one of the best guarantees of future universality that could have been devised. It does look respectable that the boy who, in manhood, finds himself called on to construct a dipping tank for stock, or a lot of watering troughs, or a house, will naturally turn to the material he played with and tested when he was a boy.

These things are all real enough, and many more. When the house is on a river bank and the new popular concrete bridge don't happen to be handy, like as not you will decide to build a concrete motorboat for pleasure and for ferrage when you need it.

The concrete coffin, vault, monument—all are as real as the little concrete tobacco pipe; the designs in tombs and memorials range from the simple headstones up through imposing sculptures to such great edifices as the McKinley Mausoleum, at Canton, O. The cradle to the grave—that is about where cement stands with us now.