

WILLAMETTE FARMER

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CASH SYSTEM.

The farmers of Oregon, of this coast, and elsewhere, are all alive to the advantages and importance of dealing strictly for cash, and we have a few brief remarks to make on that subject.

We have tried the credit system, and are tired of it. A portion of our subscribers pay up punctually, but the most do not. We lose interest money, and meet with some losses, and the subscription list does not average over \$2.50 for each subscriber, per annum, and this leads us to making the following change in terms:

Hereafter all renewals and subscriptions, where the cash shall accompany the order, can be paid at \$2.50 per annum. All subscriptions that are allowed to run thirty days over time will be invariably \$3.00 per annum. This offer is made to induce prepayment of subscriptions, and will be applied only to those who pay strictly in advance.

All those who are receiving this paper are invited to remit the balance that will be due us on the 1st of January, and add \$2.50 to pay for the year 1876. That will commence the year punctually, and place them on the prepaid cash basis.

A look at your tag will show you how much you will be indebted to us January 1st at the rate of 25 cts a month.

Remittances can be made by registered letter, currency can be sent by mail at its current value, or money can be paid to our local agents.

[For the Willamette Farmer.]

FARM ECHOES, NO. 2.

Prose of Farm Life.

Strangely mingled in our minds are the glowing thoughts of an ideal, and the prosaic, unpleasant duties of every day life. The ideal in most instances is subservient to the real in the experience of every life that must gain a livelihood by honest toil and constant daily labor. While the musical jingling and jangling of the bells as the cows come slowly home bring recollections of bright sunny hours of childhood they also bring vivid remembrance of milking the cows just after daylight, on a cold wet morning standing shoe mouth deep in water and slush in a muddy yard, where, with benumbed fingers and feelings not easily described, we lost forever the "loo and moo and jingle of the bells" when the dingle when the cows come home." It is all very nice to talk about the plowman's pleasure in turning the furrows and scattering broadcast the wheat and oats and barley that in time will develop into a lovely expanse of golden cereals the pride and wealth of the husbandman. I am afraid those who look at it from so romantic a point of view have never tried it for themselves, never known what it meant to work early and late day in and day out, up at four o'clock in the morning summer or winter, and no rest except time for a hurried meal at noon, eaten in silence, till the evening shadows drive them to the house too tired to read or talk or even give a word of cheer to those for whom they work so hard. Farming is an occupation that no person with fastidious tastes in regard to dress should attempt, for it is impossible to go cleanly or tidily dressed doing the rough drudgery which constitutes farm labor. Do not fondly imagine either, that after the plowing and sowing is all done, that the farmer is then at liberty till the harvest begins and that he may feel himself free to take that little trip he has so set his heart on. There are many things he will find it necessary to do about the house and barn, and then the fences are constantly rotting down, a board goes loose or a hard wind storm destroys the labor of many days, which must all be repaired in time or there is no guarantee that the sprouting grain, on which so much depends, may not be destroyed by other people's cattle. If some good friend to the farmers of Oregon or if the farmers themselves would wake up to a knowledge of their best interests and see that a "no fence" law were introduced into the statute of Oregon, they would be saved a great amount of capital and labor which is expended yearly in building and rebuilding fences. Nor are these miles upon miles of useless fences the only disadvantages that beset the illusion that rural life of spirit never invades the farmer's domain. There are numerous inconveniences and many

forms of injustice that the farmer must contend against which most effectively put to flight all poetical imagery of farm life. The greatest of which is the uncertain returns for produce, for when the grain and other farm products are ready for market, the farmer is obliged to sell for just what monopolies and speculators are willing to give him. No matter what be the intrinsic value of his wares he is compelled to take the just or unjust recompense offered, for like all other people the farmer and his family must live, and thus must be content with what he can get for his produce in order to satisfy present wants. In the great system of exchange carried on by every trade and traffic the farmer finds himself constantly at a disadvantage for in his selling he gains no per cent., while for everything he buys he must pay a high percentage. This unpleasant state of things cannot last always for with a more general co-operation among themselves, this injustice will in a great degree be obviated and the farmer will have to contend less with the unfair dealings of merchants and tradesmen. Should the farmer live far from town, there is a lonely feeling of being out of the world, and the great inconvenience of hauling farm products long distance to market. On the other hand should he dwell near the city his orchards and gardens, besides being subject to the thieving propensities of fun loving rogues, are coveted by the hosts of friends who come out to dinner, and who expect to receive on account of their friendship, a gratuitous supply of all the fruit they wish for winter storing. This would all be well enough could the farmer be accommodated with dry goods and groceries in the same way, but that of course is a different thing, the tables are turned, and this is a rule which will not work both ways. That the children of farmers are free and happy from morning till night, with nothing to do but hunt hens nests in the barn, or tumble about in the new mown hay, that the winter is spent in roasting apples by the great wood-fire or in playing hide and seek among the shadows in the garret is too good to be true. On the contrary the little people are in many families kept continually busy, as hard at work as the older folks, not that I would discourage early formed habits of industry, but all work and no play is very apt to make Jack a dull boy, and I seriously plead that the little ones be given more holidays. Even when they attend the district school they must hurry home to do the chores of an evening, and must hurry out of a morning to help about the work before they start on the long walk to school; then on every day they can be made use of on the farm or in the house they are kept out of school, until they fall behind their classes and become discouraged. I have known many such instances where bright children have lost all interest in their studies, for no other reason than being kept away from school to help about home. When I see little boys of ten and eleven years, who can just grasp the plow handles, plowing every day it is fair weather, and going to school the days it rains, I do not wonder they grow up careless ignorant lads, who, disgusted with home and farm life, leave it long before they reach their majority. It is the city children who enjoy the hospitality of Grandpa's old farm house, who carry away with them none but bright memories of the old homestead; the children who grew up there know better and deplore the unsatisfactory surroundings of farm life. Give the children a chance to develop into broad shouldered men and rosy faced women, give them too, a solid education, just as much as you can afford, and then can the farmers' boast, in truth of the stalwart strength and ability of the country nobility, and there will be more of the beautiful mingled with the prose of farm life. It is a sad fact that the farmers of the Willamette valley seldom have beautiful, pleasant homes, and that they are for the most part only places in which to eat and sleep. Farmer Slack and Farmer Ignorance were ever notorious for bad management and small gain. With better judgment and wiser calculation there would be more time for mental improvement, more time to cultivate the social graces, and with these would come the desire to beautify homes, that would become as beautiful poems, bringing delight to the longing eyes a glimpse of the bowers of Paradise.

HAPPY HAL.

On Dec. 29th, at Tacoma, W. T., John and Harry Halston, sons of J. R. Halston, Esq., of that place, were drowned, together with the engineer of the Back Diamond. They had been out gunning, on the flats, in a canoe, and a stiff breeze coming up, the boat was upset and all three drowned. At last accounts, only the body of John had been recovered.

[For the Willamette Farmer.] Causes of Intemperance.

If it be true, as it is said, that more intoxicating liquors are sold and drunk in the United States at the present time than at any former period of our history, notwithstanding all the efforts made to arrest the evil, is there not something radically wrong in our treatment of the evil? In order to treat any disease successfully, we must first, if possible, discover the cause of the malady and endeavor to remove that. And, in many instances, this is all the treatment that is required. Public opinion has laid this to the dram shops. It would be more philosophical to say, the desire to indulge in intoxicating drinks, causes dram shops to appear to satisfy that desire. When a new demand arises for a commodity of any kind, there are always persons to be found who, for a consideration, are ready to supply that demand. Dram shops exist to supply a previously existing demand. They are not the prime cause of intemperance, though they increase the evil. Through their influence or agency, many persons, especially the young, are frequently led into habits of dissipation and idleness, who otherwise might have remained sober and industrious. They are but an exciting cause. The chief cause must be looked for further back. The inherent causes of the great amount of intemperance existing amongst our people are many and various. I will first mention the predisposition to the use of alcoholic stimulants received from the parents, and transmitted from father to son, and from generation to generation, by hereditary descent. It is well known that peculiarities of form and feature, as well as moral qualities, are transmitted from parent to child. So is a predisposition to certain diseases; and, in many instances, the diseases themselves are transmitted; and why not the appetite for intoxicating liquors? Every medical man knows this vice is transmitted, and inebriates of this class are the most difficult to reform.

Secondly, I will notice the effects of habits on the nervous system. We live in a fast age. We exist on the high-pressure principle. And, in the race for riches, under the pressure of active competition, we sometimes need to need some extra stimulants to rouse up our energies, and keep them up to the top notch of efficiency. Hence resort is made to ardent spirits. But all these are subordinate causes.

The chief cause of the appetite for strong drink in our people is to be found in the quality and quantity of food they eat. As long as the American people consume such quantities of stimulating and highly-seasoned food as they do, they will want to imbibe stimulating drinks. Stimulating food and stimulating drinks necessarily go together.—The one is the concomitant of the other. A man who begins his dinner with a plate of soup, into which he has put some portion of the contents of nearly every bottle in the cask; then takes fish, covered with some piquant sauce; this to be followed with roast beef plastered over with mustard; and so on to the end, excites thirst in his system which plain cold water will not satisfy. Not that cold water would not be the best thing with which to put out the fire he has kindled within the vital domain by the use of such hot, stimulating condiments; but he does not want that—it is too insipid. Inebriates, as a general thing, are inordinate eaters, especially of animal food. Beef is generally preferred, as being the most stimulating animal food, and that covered with mustard sufficient in quantity to draw a blister on the heel of a negro. Coffee and tea are used in large quantities, and tobacco by the ton.

It may not be true that every one who eats immoderately of stimulating food is a drunkard, but such a one, by his manner of living, supplies the necessary conditions for becoming a drunkard. That he does not become one is, perhaps, because of a high moral principle acting with great power of will to restrain his appetite for stimulants. The converse of this proposition is true. As a general thing, men who are fond of stimulating drinks, are also fond of stimulating and highly-seasoned food. Not every man who chews or smokes tobacco will drink whisky, but the habitual users of ardent spirits, with scarcely an exception, use tobacco in some form. The great malady is the malady of the stomach. Conscientious people become dyspeptic; the non-conscientious become drinkers. The appetite for drink is not necessarily made by drinking, but in nine cases in ten it is created and cultivated by the use of coffee, tea, pepper, pickles, mustard, spices, too much salt, hot bread and pastry, raw meat and grease, and, above all, by the use of tobacco. The cry of a depraved ap-

petite and inflamed stomach is always for something stronger. Let us reform our tables, and save our sons. Stop the demand by correcting the appetite, and stop the supply by preventing the manufacture and importation. Any legislator who does not see and acknowledge that the use of poisonous drinks is a public evil, a corruption of society, and a civil danger that should be dealt with by law, is unworthy of the place of a legislator. Distilleries and dram shops are slaughter-houses of men, and should be dealt with as such. Money got by selling intoxicating liquors is blood-money, and should never be touched by an honest man.

W. R. PORTER.

Aumsville, Jan. 1, 1876.

From Josephine County.

WILLIAMS CREEK, DEC. 23, '75.

ED. FARMER: The incessant "patter of the rain upon the roof," with its consequent enforcement of attendance in doors such weather as this, has a tendency to produce, even among rustics, an "itch for writing." And knowing that the FARMER is liberal in its provision of antidotal remedies for such a disease, I once more offer an intrusion upon its columns.

First and foremost, I am tempted to offer some observations upon agricultural journals in general. I am the freer to take the risk of such a criticism in writing to the FARMER because of a belief that the views which I entertain upon the subject are very much in accordance with those upon which that journal is conducted.

Farmers, as a general rule, do not desire a paper that is exclusively devoted to rudimentary or commonplace agriculture. They learn their most practical and useful lessons experimentally and not from books or periodicals. Hence, a great deal of the matter contained in many agricultural journals is worse than "sweetness wasted on the desert air." Then why should there be such a continuous iteration or repetition of the same old, threadbare observations? I am glad your columns afford a different variety of intellectual pabulum. The followers of the plow, like all other classes of persons in free America, want to know what is going on in the world, what new discoveries are being made, what progress is being attained in the fields of art, science and literature, as well as in the business of farming. The literary feature of your paper, as heretofore conducted, is, in my opinion, worthy of special commendation, and the inducement thus held out to local talent ought to meet with a more hearty response, than it does. We all take more or less pride in the development of budding genius and in the encouragement of literary excellence within our State; and if this department of the FARMER is not ably conducted and made both interesting and instructive, it is the fault of those who should take an interest in the paper and write for it—"those exasperating birds," as Grace Greenwood, would say, "who can sing but wout."

GRANGE MATTERS.

The present month is a season of Grange refreshment, excitement and revivification in Southern Oregon as well as throughout the Union. Washington Grange, No. 181, indulged in a luxurious feast on the 4th inst., on which occasion the fourth degree was conferred upon a large class of initiatory members, which, in connection with the attendance of numerous visiting members, enabled us to celebrate the Order's anniversary in a very acceptable and agreeable manner. We were very kindly assisted in the ceremonies by Bro's Purnell and Cunningham and Sisters Cunningham and Topping, of Applegate Grange, who deserve great praise for their unremitting zeal and labors in behalf of the Order. I might mention many other thoroughly devoted untiring and unselfish devotees of the cause in this vicinity, did space permit, who on account of their fidelity are entitled to the meed of the highest praise. The election of officers for Washington Grange No. 181 came off last Saturday and resulted in the selection of the following members to serve during the ensuing year: W. M., Wm. W. Fidler; W. O., B. Biglow; W. L., M. F. Baldwin; Steward, Bro. Lee; A. S., H. H. Sparlin; W. C., B. B. Davidson; W. T., M. Kent; Sec.

Mattie Nail; Gate Keeper, James Jordan; Ceres, Lizzie Kinkaid; Pomona, Martha South; Flora, Sister Doehul; L. A. S., Nancy Miller.

As evidence that our Grange is in a highly prosperous condition, I may mention the fact that another large class, consisting of eight persons, is waiting to be initiated at our next meeting.

The farmers of this vicinity are hopeful over the prospect of next season, in view of the fact that the miners are now having a favorable winter—the first in a long series of years—for their enterprises. When the miners do well, all other kinds of business are likely to prosper in Southern Oregon.

For the information of orchardists I may state that Mr. Ferris, one of my near neighbors, had in his orchard the last season a number of trees that bore the second crop. Only a few apples hung on the second but what did hold on matured and become excellent fruit. This circumstance suggests the question why, if trees will do this well one season, may they not be made to do so repeatedly—and what an advantage in fruit culture it would be if we could develop a kind of tree that would bear two crops annually! Many of our farmers are, at present, too, in imminent danger of having a second crop of potatoes.

The raining season commenced before many of them had finished digging, and, as a consequence, the warm rains started what were left in the ground to growing, and many are now up out of the ground.

The "cattle on a thousand hills" look badly for the time of year. A protracted winter is apt to diminish their number very materially—number of cattle, not the hills.

W. W. F.

About Potatoes as a crop.

ED. FARMER: You asked me to tell you what I know about raising potatoes and I will begin with saying that I do not know as I know any more about potato-raising than other farmers, but I do know more about it than I did a few years ago before I commenced the culture of potatoes on a large scale. I say on a large scale—I mean from two to four thousand bushels per year, yet I do not consider myself a potato sharp. I have read a good many works on potato culture but a carefully kept record of experiments and results for a few years, I find worth more to me than all the "book farming" that I have read. Any of our land in Oregon, if properly cultivated, and seeded with good seed will bring good potatoes. I remember, when we first came to Oregon, and for many years after, two and three hundred bushels per acre was considered over an average crop, but how is it now? If farmers raise enough for their own use, it is the exception and not the rule, when in fact there is not a farm product, aside from wheat, that would pay any better than a few hundred bushels of good potatoes. There is always a demand for all good potatoes that Oregon has to spare, in the California market at certain seasons of the year. California gardeners always strive to get their seed potatoes from Oregon, simply for a change, which they find to be very beneficial. A lesson which our Oregon farmers would do well to heed. Most all farmers of experience I believe, admit that wheat and oats to do well should be changed from one kind of soil to another every few years; now if this is true with grains, it is equally true with regard to potatoes. I find it to my advantage to change seed at least every two years.

Now in this letter I am not going to recommend to my brother farmers any particular variety to raise but will say that if you plant for your own use only, suit your fancy; but if you expect to raise any for sale, nothing pays but the very best. Some years, of course, almost any varieties can be sold, but other years again, none but the choicest varieties can be marketed; so always strive to raise the best if you would make the business profitable. But Mr. Editor this letter is already too long—in my next I will speak of the different varieties, my mode of culture, digging, &c.

J. B. DIMICK.

Hubbard, Oregon, Jan. 8th.