

WILLAMETTE FARMER.

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Correspondence.

Woman on Liquor Traffic.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

In the January number of the North American Review Senator H. W. Blair states some plain truths to the National Republican party. He tells them that "alcohol is already in politics," and that they will find themselves defeated in an election not so very remote if they do not live up to their convictions of duty upon the great questions which are now coming up for discussion before the people. Many thanks to the noble Senator for his fearless declaration of truth. Thousands of American women say Amen to these true, ringing words of warning. However, he fails to make mention of another important factor in American politics, which will not down, but goes on steadily, persistently, by asserting itself—I mean the prayerful, irresistible influence of the Christian women of America. For years these women have besought the Infinite One to show them the way to work effectually against the gigantic evil which is desolating our land. They prayed that saloons might go, but the doors were not shut, the saloons did not go, and all because "alcohol" was in politics dictating to parties and shaping legislation.

By and by a homely truth forced itself home to the hearts of these women, that whatsoever was legislated upon the people could be legislated off. Full of this new gospel, they went forth preaching the worth of the ballot, and man's obligation as a citizen, only to be confronted with another gigantic truth, that while they were beseeching a miracle, man was striking hands with the powers of darkness, and alcohol was fortifying itself behind unholy statutes and constitutional defects. Some years ago, when certain noble women presented their claims for recognition at the hands of the Republican party, they were told that their claim ought to be treated with respectful consideration, and that was the end of it. We now are on the eve of another great political contest, great questions are up for settlement—questions which involve the happiness of women and the morals of a nation.

Conscious of the fact that the platform of a party indicates its principles, we, as women, are very anxious to know what the great parties purpose to do about this liquor traffic—which, on the wheels of iniquitous legislation rolls over the lives and hearts of helpless women, crushing them beneath a weight they are powerless to resist.

Let no politician console himself with the thought that we are women, powerless, having no ballots, for women have demonstrated that they are a political power; aye, even to the making and unmaking of parties. The election returns from Iowa and Ohio speak in trumpet tones in favor of woman's power in politics. We as women are to work either for or against. Edmund Burke says, "when bad men conspire good men must combine." Women will heed the advice; we are combining. We seek to effect a revolution in the interest of good government, of righteousness, of home education, of peace. We seek it by legitimate means. We seek it by agitation through the press, and on the platform, by meetings and petitions. That prohibition is in politics is not our fault—it has been placed there by the liquor men themselves. They have constituted themselves a third party and put the liquor traffic above all questions of policy or principle that may arise in government. They boldly defy law. They propose, with an enormous fund in their treasury, to corrupt courts, bribe juries and suborn witnesses. This, and more, they are resolved to do in solemn conclave. And why? Can any honest politician answer truly? We as women have no creed, save that of "God and

home and native land," and before this all party preferences dwindle into insignificance. Moreover, we believe that government is instituted for protection; when government cannot control its own vices it is defective. The liquor traffic is wrong—eternally wrong—there is only one way to act, and that is constitutional prohibition of the whole business. On this platform we stand; nor will we move. We have enlisted for the war. We shall stay in this battle "until this cruel war is over." Mock at us if you will. An old French proverb says: "What woman wills, God wills," and in this nineteenth century the proverb stands a luminous prophecy! It is the luminous prophecy still, and to its fulfillment the very stars of heaven run, and to its consummation we pledge our hands, our hearts, our lives.

ENTRE NOUS.

The writer of the above should not have been afraid or ashamed to put her name to it. The WILLAMETTE FARMER has always been openly an opponent of the liquor traffic and gives place willingly to the foregoing. It is also opposed to anonymous publications and considers that argument derives greater force from being identified with those who argue.

Something About Drainage.

LAHISH, Or., May 12, 1884.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

Your remarks in regard to the subject of drainage, in the issue of May 9, is certainly correct, but it takes more than one little man to drain such a body of land as we have here in Lake Lahish. Although one dollar per acre for all land included in the lake would drain it completely (about \$2,000) yet that is too much for one or two to put in and all the other land owners get the benefit. I would be willing to pay \$5, or even \$10, per acre on 20 acres to even have the main ditch opened out and then ditch the land myself besides. The land is worth in its present shape scarcely anything, but if well drained, one-third of the crop would pay interest on three or four hundred dollars per acre. But some parties here that own from 80 to 200 acres, let it lie year after year paying taxes and refuse to do anything toward ditching, and claim that to drain their own land is enough for them to do. But there is about 100 rods of the proposed ditch at the lower end that is necessary for an outlet that yet does not do the land crossed any benefit at all and the digging of this should be shared by all parties interested. This seems to me only fair and just. Mr. L. C. Fisher started a subscription paper this spring to raise money to do the work, but the majority of those interested did not seem to think it necessary to put in any coin, and as one of them expressed it, "it will be done anyway," and they get the benefit. So Fisher gave it up in disgust, and now there seems little prospect of anything being done for another decade. Can the FARMER give us any advice on the subject?

Respectfully, F. J. BEATY.

Letter from Umatilla County.

FOSTER, Or., May 17, 1884.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

The grain crops are looking exceedingly well. The acreage is not half so large as last year. There is a good deal of corn being put in and it looks well. About Centerville and Weston they are sowing from fifty to seventy-five acres to the farm. The ground is too dry to sow grain on. Timber cultures that have had any care look well. One man informs me that he had on his timber culture 25 different varieties. Alfalfa has not done very well for me on hill land, although I don't think I gave it a fair trial for the ground had not been cultivated long or well enough. I am going to try a piece of bottom land and see what it will do as our bunch grass will soon be gone on our farms and we will have to find some substitute. I shall also try a small patch of red clover.

Planted out some catalpa trees two years ago this spring and they made last year a growth of five feet. I think every farmer, irrespective of timber culture, should put out a good sized grove and when there is more timber in the country we will then have a more even season and more rain. Our vegetables look as well as they can. I live nine miles north of Foster.

GEO. W. PARKER.

Ohio Correspondence.

LEONARDSBURG, April 28, 1884.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

In these days of seeming predominance of the Prince of the Power of the air and the coldest, darkest and most forbidding April ever experienced in this region, I again turn mine eyes toward Salem. With seasons too short at both ends, it is but natural that farmers should complain. For in this region called the great corn belt of Ohio many well to do farmers have even incurred debt in the purchase of feed to pass their stock through the coldest, longest, and most relentless winter in the history of the past twenty-five years. The only crop which last year panned out a reward to the husbandman was potatoes, which now go begging a market at any price against \$1.25 per bushel in April of last year. Last year we all ate Michigan and York State potatoes at aforementioned rates. Kansas 65c corn, kindly shelled to hide spoiled corn, has had a wide introduction, because we could do no better. The prospects for seed corn are at present a fearful menace to the poor farmer who from sheer necessity must purchase if he plants. The southern zephyrs which tore up trees and threw down fences, ruined buildings, and shadowed many streaks of country with terror and consternation, has done much to weaken the attachment of the people to those localities which carry the evidences of a call from Mr. Cyclone. Give but plenty of wind or lightning and it takes the sand out of the stoutest heart—the one can't be stemmed nor the other dodged. Never in the recollection of the writer has there, at this season of the year, been so little preparation or so poor a chance for preparation.

We are now passing through the period of carp and Jersey cattle; of low tariff and cheap sugars; of all wool cloths with cotton warps, and cheap calicoes; the realistic change of from westward ho, to Florida or bust; with everybody for Blaine and somebody for Sherman; big State conventions and collie pups; Alvin Joslyn's ten thousand dollar challenge band and his sixty thousand dollars income; of Chicago wheat corners and busted lard dealers; of high waters and city riots; with polygamy a fixed institution and able to bully the best government in the world.

With kind regards I am,

JOHN WATERS, JR.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

Jackson County.—Representatives, J. R. Neil and Thomas F. Beall; county judge, E. Depatt; clerk, W. H. Parker; sheriff, A. S. Jacobs; treasurer, N. Fisher; commissioners, W. T. Rodgers and C. H. Pickers; assessor, John Ashpole; school superintendent, W. M. Colvig; surveyor, James Jeffreys; coroner, Dr. Inlow.

Yamhill County.—Senators, J. C. Braley and C. H. Burch; representatives, J. C. Nelson, D. C. Coleman and H. M. Daniel; clerk, George W. Bridwell; sheriff, E. B. Collard; commissioners, Henry Gee and T. C. Goodrich; school superintendent, G. J. Burchett; treasurer, J. L. Ferguson; assessor, George W. Phillips; surveyor, Jeff Fenton; coroner, Gus Smith.

University Commencement Exercises.

Prof. Hoyt will address the students of Willamette University June 11. Hon. Richard Williams delivers the annual address, Mr. Hoyt following. It is hoped that all who were under Prof. Hoyt, or students prior to 1860, will meet him. A picnic dinner will be given by his old scholars in the University Grounds, on the site of the old "Institute" building after the exercises of the day.

Horticultural.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

With the completion and through connection East by rail Oregon fruits will obtain their merited reward.

How is your orchard? If you expect success see that the soil is in good tilth. Weeds should not be allowed to go to seed.

There never was such a showing before in Oregon and Washington as there now is in the orchards. There is every prospect of a good market.

Wild strawberries will be abundant this coming season if the signs of the times can be counted upon. In fact all wild fruits promise much.

After the present harvest, and when the fruit crop is all garnered, then will our farmers see the amount of money there is in horticulture. We predict a "boom" in tree-planting this fall.

The demand for Oregon fruit will no longer be confined to California, but henceforth the market of the world will be open for us. Chicago will come here for green fruit. The supply will hardly equal the demand.

Says the Dayton, W. T., Chronicle:

Mr. John Goodwin a solid farmer of Whitman county and one who has had a great deal of experience in fruit culture, informs us that there is no danger of losing fruit trees by frost, if one takes care to set out his orchard on a hillside, instead of on low damp ground. He has experimented considerably and can prove his theory to be correct.

Though corn should not be planted until the ground is warm, there is an advantage in early plowing, partly to give opportunity for warming the seed-bed. Some of the very best crops have been grown on fall-plowed land, with the manure spread on the surface during winter. The need for warmth in the seed-bed makes a freshly-turned furrow unsuitable for planting corn, though it is all the better for oats and barley. But if corn ground is plowed early, cultivation to mellow the seed-bed should be continued until planting time.

Wheat raising for export in India dates back about six years, but the increase is astounding. Thus in 1879 India exported a little over 1,000,000 centals, in 1880 over 2,000,000, in 1881 over 7,000,000, in 1882 over 19,000,000, and in six months of 1883 over 15,000,000 centals, or at the rate of 30,000,000 centals a year. And the Bombay Chamber of Commerce officially asserts that India is capable of supplying not only the wants of the United Kingdom, but an amount limited only by the question of finding a market for the producer and cheapening railway communication with the coast.

Chemists who have examined Indian corn find that it contains all the way from six to eleven parts in 100 (by weight) of fat? By proper means this fat can be separated from the grain, and it is then a thick, pale oil. When oils are heated sufficiently in closed vessels, so that the air cannot get to them, they are turned into gas, which occupies many times the bulk that the oil did. When pop-corn is gradually heated and made so hot that the oil inside the kernels turns to gas, this gas cannot escape through the hulls of the kernels, but when the interior pressure gets strong enough it bursts the grain, and the explosion is so violent that it shatters it in the most curious manner. The starch in the grain becomes cooked, and takes up a great deal more space than it did before.

Small Fruits on the Farm.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

I am often surprised that so few farmers grow small fruits. It is rare you see raspberries, currants, gooseberries, etc., on even splendid farms. Why is this so? Is it laziness or carelessness? Perhaps it is both. They generally say, "there's no money in small fruits." Yes, that is so! If there is not directly much cash in small fruits there is indirectly something of far more value than mere money. Yes, two somethings—pleasure and health. We spend money freely for both these. A little labor with the hands directed by some brains will procure all these—fruit, pleasure and health—and thus enable them to save their money to

buy the "gals" those fine dresses "promised good while ago, 'cause the nice young fellows are expected next Sunday."

Well, now, suppose "Sal" hits a new dress and "her fellow" comes, she feels good and just a little proud, and him a little, too. The "old folks" round, gets dinner, and on the table is what? Currant jelly, jam and strawberry pie. They all smack their lips around the table, and, particularly "Sal" and "her fellow," after dinner. Its awfully catching, you know. The "old folks" feel "bully," and the "little fellows" feel "just splendid," with stomachs full of "them 'are strawberry pies!'" So they all have an "awful good time."

Well, strawberries, currants, gooseberries, etc., are not only pleasurable to eat, and healthy, but actually save money. Now, is there anything on top of dirt so splendid as a dish of ripe strawberries, or currants, or even gooseberries? If there is, I'll get up before sunrise and run out in my linen to see 'em. Children, both little and big, love all the fruits, 'cause they are good." Then why not have "lots of 'em"?

In a country like ours, grand in all its features, magnificent in its scenery, transcendent in its mountain ranges, illimitable in its forests, laved by the mightiest of oceans, lined by the grandest of rivers, and traversed by the beautiful Willamette, a climate unsurpassed, a soil unequalled, surrounded by cloud capped peaks, peerless, pure, and grand as God's own sentinels watching the centuries as they pass; our destiny is interwoven with our country; our country is high in its mission, lofty in its design, peerless in its purity, while its glorious future illumens like a sunbeam through a dark and lowering cloud, scattering life, light and beauty everywhere. So then, we appeal to every farmer, horticulturist, and agriculturist to do their best in building up our country and thus make it as glorious in Art as it is in Nature. Let us show our manhood, be game and grit to the back-bone. We can court, win and wed Flora; she will adorn our brows with blossoms and flowers. We can court, win and wed Pomona; she will fill our hands and baskets with fruits of ambrosial perfume. These will bring health and pleasure as a reward. What adorns our country more than gardens of fruits and flowers? Give me flowers and their fruits.

Now, I have a little vineyard, an acre or more of strawberries, currants, gooseberries, etc., and 'twould do your bones good to see the "little fellers" go for 'em when they are ripe. Yes; they go for 'em like a geared streak of lightning down a peeled poplar pole. Hear 'em! "Ain't these good?" "You bet!" "Golly! See here! What a whoppin' big 'un! Aint they awful good?" I've heard older people say similar things, too, about these good things. Look here! Every farmer can have small fruits with a little elbow grease and a hint or two of brains.

"Peaches on that giddy height—"

"Mam, Sal's stealing all the cherries!"

More sometime. JIM TICKLE.

State Grange Reception.

The members of the Salem Grange will entertain friends and delegates of the State Grange on Tuesday evening, May 27th, on which day the State Grange convenes. All ladies belonging to Salem Grange are requested to bring such provisions as may be convenient to aid in furnishing the refreshment table for that evening. All old members and friends of the Grange are cordially invited to meet the State delegation in the hall of the Salem Grange.

By order of the Committee.

Near Weatherburg, on the Baker City road, two highwaymen stopped the stage and robbed the passengers. They had silk handkerchiefs over their faces, and took the express box and what the passengers threw out as ordered, but made no effort to search the passengers.