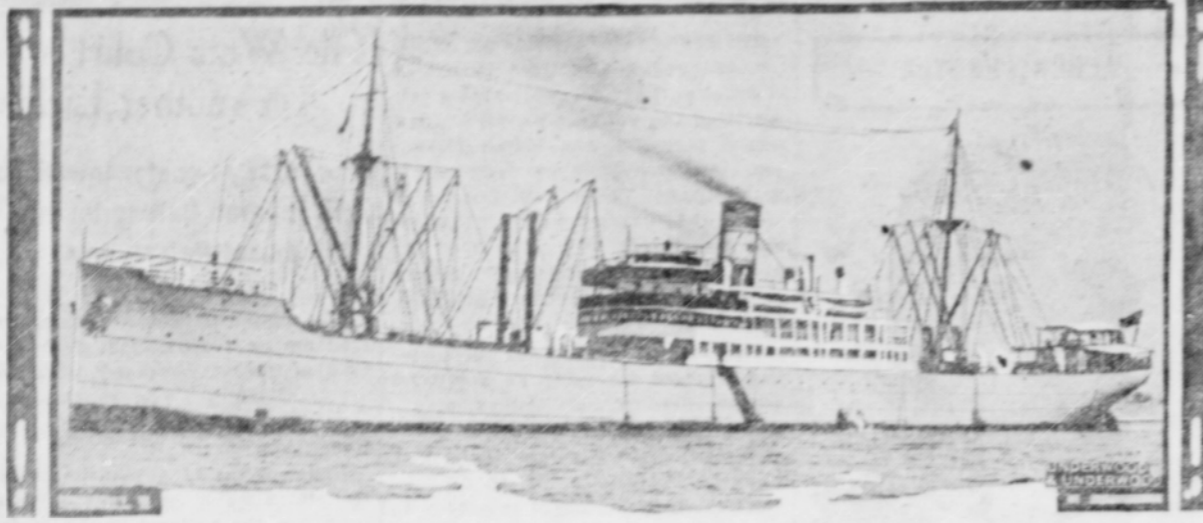


New Type of Motor Ship Built by Sweden



Sweden has produced another marine innovation, the motor ship Axel Johnson, shown above in Los Angeles harbor. The ship is able to sail around the world without refueling. She is of 10,000-ton displacement, has a speed of 13 knots and is built to carry a big cargo of perishable commodities in refrigeration.

Farmer's Income Half of Worker's

Economic Status, Except During War Years, Declining Since 1900.

New York.—The inequality of the farmer's economic position, as compared with that of persons engaged in other occupations, is strikingly illustrated by the fact that the farmer, for every dollar of national income received by workers in other activities, receives less than half a dollar per capita, according to a report on the agricultural problem just completed by the National Industrial Conference board, New York, after nearly a year of study of the agricultural situation.

The farmer's economic status, moreover, according to the board's report, has shown a progressively declining tendency ever since 1900, excepting during war years, when he had a temporary respite. For every dollar of national income received by persons in other lines of occupation, the farmer received in 1850 31 cents; in 1860, 38 cents; in 1870, 40 cents; in 1880, 31 cents; in 1890, 36 cents; in 1900, 44 cents; in 1910, 41 cents; and in 1920, 39 cents. Indications are that his share has not materially increased since.

An Economic Problem. The agricultural problem is essentially an economic problem, the conference board emphasizes, and any effective program for the solution of it in order to embody a sound, far-sighted and well-balanced policy can be arrived at only on basis of a most thoroughgoing study of underlying facts.

In preparation for such comprehensive, thorough treatment of the situation, the conference board for nearly a year has been studying the agricultural problem with a view to analyzing the difficulties responsible for "the farmer's plight." In the opinion of the board, however, it is no more a question of what ails the farmer than of what will be the consequence for all the rest of the nation, for industry, finance and general business, for all the urban population, if American agriculture continues to lag behind in comparison with the general economic development of the country.

The following sums up a few of the cardinal findings of the conference board's report on the agricultural problem, just completed, setting forth symptoms and causes.

Lagging Behind. Tracing the development of American agriculture since before Civil war days, the board's report notes a distinct tendency of the farming industry and farm production to decline, relatively to our population growth, beginning with the year 1900. While farm land acreage increased faster than the population up to 1890, the acreage of farm land per inhabitant since then has decreased 30 per cent. Improved acreage continued to increase faster than population up to 1880, but per capita acreage of improved farm land has decreased by about 16 per cent since that time. The acreage of harvested crops increased faster than the population up

to 1900, but crop acreage since 1900 has decreased about 8 per cent per capita of population. In addition, the yield per acre of principal crops, which had increased rapidly until about 1900, has declined by about 4 per cent since.

Thus, farm production in proportion to urban population has been decreasing since 1880, and has declined by 29 per cent since 1900 alone. All of these facts indicate, according to the report, that since the beginning of the century the cost of agricultural production, prices and markets have not been such as to make it pay to maintain the same rate of increase of farm production for our growing population as existed before that time.

We do not have far to seek for at least one of the reasons for this situation, according to the board's report. If we examine agricultural exports and imports. Since 1900, farm exports show a distinct downward trend, while agricultural imports are increasing.

Farmer Pays More, Gets Less.

The farmer's weakened position in meeting foreign competition at home and abroad, the board points out, has resulted from a tendency of his expenses to rise more rapidly than the prices he receives for his products. Overhead capital costs, including all taxes and interest charges of farming, which rose less than 60 per cent from 1880 to 1900, increased about 100 per cent from 1900 to 1920, and nearly 900 per cent between 1900 and 1920. Farm labor costs in the 20 years increased 90 per cent. Operating costs per unit of production, covering all materials and products of other industries purchased by the farmer, practically unchanged between 1880 and 1900, rose 116 per cent between 1900 and 1920. Combined costs per unit of product rose over 300 per cent in these 20 years. But wholesale prices of farm products increased only 120 per cent during the same time.

His Income Dwindles.

The return on the total capital invested in agriculture, the board finds, including the value of the food, fuel and shelter supplied by the farm, during the five years prior to the war averaged 5 1/2 per cent, but during the five years since 1920 averaged only 4 per cent, and the net return on the individual farm operator's investment only 2 per cent.

The average return to the farmer for his labor and management, after allowing a nominal return on capital invested, including the food, fuel and shelter supplied him by the farm, in the five years preceding the war, averaged \$470 a year; in the five years since 1920, \$600 a year. But taking into account the increase in the cost of living for the farmer, the report finds the purchasing power of his annual income since 1920 about 4 per cent below that earned by him in 1914. This the board contrasts with the average increase of 22 per cent in the "real" annual earnings of workers in other industries, including wage earners and clerks in manufacturing and transportation, ministers, teachers and government employees.

Actual earnings of the farmer in 1924 in return for his labor are com-

puted by the board at \$730 on the average, as against average earnings of \$1,256 per wage earner in the manufacturing industries in the same year, average earnings of \$1,572 by transportation workers, \$2,141 earned by clerical workers, an average of \$1,678 earned by ministers, \$1,295 by teachers, about \$1,650 by government employees, and an average of \$1,415 per worker in all groups other than farmers.

The food, fuel and housing supplied by the farm the board's report declares, at about \$630 per year, which, the report points out, leaves the average farmer a cash income of about \$100 out of the \$730 earned by his labor during the year 1924. An average return of about \$400 is allowed on the capital invested, making the total average cash income per farmer operator about \$500 a year. Since the cost of food and clothing purchased by the average farm family during the year runs to about \$475, the average farm income, the board points out, is only slightly more than enough to purchase the necessities of life.

Since these figures represent averages, the board's report declares, there must be as many worse cases as there are better ones, and in many instances therefore farmers must have had to forego payment of interest on debts or taxes, to say nothing of repairs, equipment and maintenance and proper care of the fertility of the soil, in order to pay ordinary living expenses. This situation, the report states, is illuminatingly reflected in farm bankruptcy statistics. The rate of farm failures from 1910 to 1924 shows an increase of over 1,000 per cent, in contrast to that of commercial failures, which have remained practically the same per year during the same period. Capital invested by farm operators decreased from \$47,000,000,000 in 1920 to \$32,000,000,000 in 1925, a loss of approximately \$15,000,000,000 per year.

Per Capita Income.

Striking is the comparison made in the report of the income per capita of the non-farming population with that of farm inhabitants. While the income per head of urban population in 1919 was \$723, \$816 in 1920 and \$701 in 1921, the per capita income of the farming population was \$362 in 1919, \$298 in 1920 and \$186 in 1921. While this, in a measure, reflects the larger family usually prevalent on farms, as compared with the city population, it does not make the feeling of these additional months any easier, in the view of the authors of the report.

In summing up the causes of the farmer's difficulties the report declares that while 60 per cent of the farmer's income depends on world conditions of supply, demand and costs, which are out of his control, most of the elements entering into the expense of operating the farm, that is, the cost of agricultural production, are determined by domestic conditions which place the costs for the farmer on a higher level of values than the world level of values which determines the bulk of the farmer's income. Having to produce at a level of high costs, the farmer must meet competition which, producing at lower cost, limits the market for his surplus in accordance with the abundance or scarcity of world crops.

Neuritis in musicians and typists is attributed to an accumulation of lime salts between shoulder and arm, due to constant friction.

WOMAN'S GENIUS SOLVES ORE TREATMENT PROBLEM

Millions Saved, but Originator of Idea Has Passed Into Practical Obscurity.

Denver, Colo.—From a woman's hatred for dirt has developed the oil selective flotation process which has made the treatment of complex and low-grade ores a success. Millions of dollars have been made and saved by the method, although its originator, Carrie Everson, has passed into practical obscurity.

J. J. Clark, majority owner in the big Kittling mine at Silverton, Colo., tells how she stumbled onto the idea, and other Denver mining men vouch for his story.

"One day in 1907," Clark says, "Miss Everson was in her brother's assay office in Denver and saw a pile of dirty ore sacks, which her woman's instinct for cleanliness impelled her to tackle. She doused them in a pall

of sudsy water and swished them around until a scum appeared on the surface of the water—a scum which, to her eyes, appeared to contain mineral values, although at the time she could not conceive of metals floating.

"She removed the scum, poured out the sudsy water and found at the bottom of the pail a sludge which she knew to be only waste rock particles. The mineral values were floated to the top while the rock sank.

"Her brother analyzed the scum and determined that lead and zinc values had ridden to the surface on the grease bubbles of the soap, just as in the modern flotation process they rise to the surface on tiny rafts of oil.

"The brother took up the idea and started to develop it in a small way, trying to interest many prominent mining men. In a short while many scientific investigators were at work on the same thing, but it was several

years before the oil flotation method became any more than a secondary method for separating ores.

"The idea never died out, however, and ten years ago metallurgists in Australia made a great step by floating silver, lead and zinc separately in different oils. The war halted perfection of the process, and it was not until 1920 that both Australian and American metallurgists made real progress and developed the method to a practical position. Now it is used almost throughout the world, and has made paying projects out of workings hitherto unprofitable."

Changes Name. Frankfort, Ky.—Residents of "Poor Fork, Ky.," need no longer be ashamed of the name of their town, as Governor Fields has signed a bill changing it to "Cumberland, Ky."

Rejuvenating Pies. Berlin.—Delicious rejuvenating pies may be bought for 30 cents each. Each contains a pinch of a powder devised by a disciple of Steinbach.

The TALE of KIDDIE KATYDID by Arthur Scott Bailey

A CHANGE IN WEATHER

ALL the wild creatures in Pleasant Valley had heard all about Kiddie Katydid and his fiddling. At least twenty-seven people came to Mr. Frog at different times and told him the news. And he was furious.

"Old Mr. Crow has deceived me!" he complained. "I found out, this secret myself. And now that black rascal's taking all the credit for it."

"Mr. Crow has suggested that Kiddie Katydid be invited to join the Pleasant Valley orchestra," Long Bill



Mr. Frog Began to Fashion a Small Garment.

When informed Mr. Frog. "They have no fiddlers, you know. And Kiddie will be a great help to them. Mr. Crow has appointed a committee to call on Kiddie tonight and ask him to come to the next concert."

That was the last straw, so far as Mr. Frog was concerned.

"Mr. Crow might at least have put me on the committee," he spluttered. "But he has left me out in the cold." "Why, it's not cold today!" Long Bill exclaimed. "Quite warm—I call it!"

"It'll be good and cold by night,"

said Mr. Frog. "I look for a sudden change in the weather. Nobody ought to venture out tonight without his heaviest overcoat on."

After flinging that remark over his shoulder, Mr. Frog flung himself inside his tailor's shop and slammed the door behind him. And then, sitting down cross-legged upon his table, he began to think, wrinkling his low brow until you might have supposed he would need to smooth it out again with one of his flatirons.

At last the tailor suddenly quit thinking and smiled very widely from ear to ear. And carefully selecting some soft, warm, green cloth he began to fashion a small garment, which was tiny enough to fit—well, to fit a person as little as Kiddie Katydid.

Being a spry worker, Mr. Frog finished his task by nightfall. And then, taking his handiwork with him, he left his shop—after locking the door behind him—and hid himself beneath a shelving rock on the bank of the creek.

He was in a very happy mood; for his ideas about the weather had proved to be good. It was already turning cold.

"If it wasn't midsummer I should think we were going to have a frost!" Mr. Frog exclaimed, buttoning the long coat which he had donned before going out of doors. "I wish they'd hurry up!" he added mysteriously. He kept a close watch upon his shop door. It was evident that he expected callers.

Not long afterward a crowd began to gather in front of Mr. Frog's door. "Back Soon!" said the sign upon it. And the thin, shivering knot of field folk sat themselves down unhappily and waited for the tailor to appear. Every one of them wanted a warm new overcoat, for each expected to be out late that night.

Meanwhile Mr. Frog watched them—and giggled as loud as he dared. It was Mr. Crow's committee that thronged about his door—the people who were expecting to call upon Kiddie Katydid that very night to invite him to join the Pleasant Valley orchestra.

(© by Grosset & Dunlap)

Buck Jones



This prominent "movie" star, better known for his splendid horsemanship, was born in Indiana. He is not quite six feet in height, and weighs 175 pounds. He has brown hair and blue eyes. He is among the best known of the Western stars. He was a cowboy before his screen debut made him famous.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT By F. A. WALKER

BANISH SELFISHNESS

IF YOU will look around you, give a few moments each day to the cause of disquietude in business and social circles, you will find, if your heart is tuned aright and your vision is clear, that selfishness is at the bottom of many of our troubles.

Nations and peoples in their commendable effort to eliminate violent hates, seemingly overlook the despicable thing from which hostilities grow.

Sorrows that stir the eye to tears, wreck homes and pile burdens on aching backs unable to bear them, come in a large number of cases from self-love, illiberality toward one another, narrow-mindedness and egotism—blotches upon your escutcheon and mine which we ought by every possible means at our command strive to rub off.

In moments when loftiness of purpose takes hold of us and we discover how self-worshipful we are, if we would cleanse our own selfish souls, we would soon find the world sweeter and brighter.

In a heavy atmosphere of selfishness how can the sun of gladness shine through?

How are we to put aside this prevalent fault in others if we do not first put it aside in ourselves?

The proper qualities of content and happiness are frequently flung aside by those who consult their own interests, heedless of the rights of their neighbors.

It is a lamentable human custom to do this, but that does not in the least lessen our personal and dutiful obligation to humanity at large.

To face the fact and know, is better than to keep on making mistake after mistake and piling up regrets for ourselves and those who in later years must take up the burdens we are no longer able to carry.

If we make but a step or two in the right direction and hold our position bravely, whether we stand or fall, we will have accomplished something which will cheer us as we near the gathering twilight.

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WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE BY JOSEPH KAYE

At 21: George Barr McCutcheon Managed to Write a Story Between Shortstopping at College.

"A MAGAZINE in Boston known as The Waverly accepted a story and printed it when I was twenty-one. My time then was also spent in perfecting myself as a shortstop on the college nine and in laboriously memorizing things just before the 'exam.'"

"Immediately after the publication of the story I assumed the dignity of a real author. I sent a second effusion to The Waverly, and this time I was bold enough to ask them if they could not pay something for it. But they were inclined to adhere to a strictly literal conception of what a contribution ought to be; a contribution was a contribution, and so far as they were concerned that was all there was to it.

"A period of ten years elapsed before I had another story in a magazine, but I had not labored in vain, for I received fifteen dollars for the tale.—George Barr McCutcheon."

TODAY: Who does not know "Gran-stark"? and "Brewster's Millions"? McCutcheon is the author of both, and if he had written nothing else he would still be enshrined in the annals of the popular novel forever more. But he has written scores of other stories, so his fame is still more secure.

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THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS By H. IRVING KING

BRIDES AND MIRRORS

THERE is an old superstition, still much in vogue, that a bride should not look in the mirror after completing her toilet; that is, that after leaving the mirror at which she has dressed for her marriage she should add some article for her toilet—a glove or a ribbon perhaps.

This is a survival of the manner in which the ancients regarded their own reflected image which was as a part of their spiritual self—their soul, or at least their "external soul." Some savage races so regard their reflections today. The shadow of a man and a man's reflection had to the primitive man a like relation to the man himself. They partook of the nature of what the modern "Theosophists" call a man's "astral body."

This belief is at the base of the reluctance of conservative savages, and of some old-fashioned civilized people of a superstitious turn of mind, to "have their pictures taken"—of why the breaking of a looking-glass brings death into the family. It is an inheritance from untold ages of the notion that "the soul goes out of the body with the reflection," as one writer puts it. Now the bride, having partially dressed herself before her glass turns away and completes her attire. The reflection of herself partially attired has vanished—been drawn back safely into herself. Fully attired she must not venture another projection of her exterior soul, her astral body, lest some accident should happen to it which might react upon herself causing death or disaster in the near future. And brides upon their wedding day, like very young children, have always been regarded as particularly susceptible to the influence of "black magic."

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A LINE O' CHEER by John Kendrick Bangs

THE NURSE

NOW March may have a name by fare, And ways too far removed from grace To be as lovable as June With all the universe in tune, Yet I do like to think of her Despite her roughish character As of a kindly nurse who stands At April's door with loving hands To usher in the joys of spring And all the sweets the May days bring— Like my own childhood's Janes and Hannahs Whose hearts were better than their manners.

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The Hotel Stenographer by Roe Fulkerson

"I SIMPLY can't be done, Kelly," I said the Hotel Stenographer, looking after the departing young man.

"He want you to marry him?" asked the House Detective with a grin.

"No," replied the girl, "he wanted me to go riding with him in his flivver."

"I'm not too proud to ride in a flivver. When we get good roads everywhere I hope to own a flivver. But I can't ride in one now. I suppose if I had ever been to riding school and learned to post up and down like the girls on horseback I might synchronize myself with the jumps of a flivver."

"I am tired of biting my tongue. I am weary of wondering if my barrette has come out of my hair. I do not like to be nervous about some important part of my clothing shaking loose from its moorings. My mother was seasick when she came over from the old country and I have a weak stomach and if I'm churned around like a flivver does it I get a sense of uncertainty that makes me nervous."

"Some day I may fall in love with a guy all broke out with flivveritis. I suppose I will take him with all his fads and shiver my way around the country in them, but if so, I shall enjoy him, not them."

"If I were a man and wanted to marry a girl I would play a trick on her. I would take her in my arms and tell her I had ordered a flivver just to take her riding. If she turned pale and looked frightened yet swore she was glad of it, I would know that I had found a woman who would stick to me no matter what misfortune befell. I would know that she loved me for myself alone and I would marry her and buy her a real car as a reward for her devotion."

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