

THE WAR, THE FARM AND THE FARMER

By Herbert Quick
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The farmer everywhere loves peace. The American farmer especially loves peace. Since the dawn of history, the farmer has been the man who suffered most from war. All that he possesses lies out of doors in plain sight and is spoil of war—his house, his grain, his livestock. The flames that light the skies in the rear of every invading army are consuming the things that yesterday represented his life work, and the life labors of past generations of farmers.

Everywhere the farmer is a warrior when war is the only thing which will make and keep him free. He cannot rally to the colors as quickly as can the dwellers in the cities, because it takes longer to send to the farms the call to arms. It takes longer to call the farmers from the fields than the city dwellers from the shops. Many do not hear the first blast of the trumpet. Others do not at first understand its meaning because they have not had the time to talk the matter over with their acquaintances. Instead of reading half a dozen extras a day, the farmer may read weekly papers only. He must have more time in a sudden emergency to make up his mind.

It is impossible to set the farmers of the United States on fire by means of any sudden spark of rumor. But when they do ignite, they burn with a slow, hot fire which nothing can put out. They are sometimes the last to heat up; but they stay hot. In a long fight they are always found sturdily carrying the battle across No-Man's Land in the last grim struggle. The American farmer will give all that he has and all that he is to win this great war against war.

This war was at first hard to understand. No armed foe had invaded the United States. The night skies were not reddened by burning ricks and farm houses. No raiding parties robbed us of our cattle or horses. No sabre-rattlers insulted our women. It seemed to many of us that we were not at war—the thing was so far off. We did not realize what a giant war had become—a monster with a thousand arms that could reach across the seas and take from us three-fourths of everything we grew. But finally we saw that it was so.

If the Imperial German government had made and enforced an order that no American farmer should leave his

own land, haul grain or drive stock to town, it would have done only a little more than it accomplished by its interdiction against the freedom of the sea. What was the order against which we rebelled when we went into this war? Look at the condition of the American farmer in the latter part of 1914 and the first half of 1915 and see.

When the war broke out, through surprise and panic we partially gave up for a while the use of the sea as a highway. And the farmers of America faced ruin. I know an Iowa farmer who sold his 1914 crop of 25,000 bushels of wheat for seventy cents a bushel. Farmers in the south sold their cotton for half the cost of producing it. All this time those portions of the world whose ports were open were ready to pay almost any price for our products. When finally we set our ships in motion once more, prosperity returned to the farms. But it never returned for the farmers of those nations which remained cut off from ocean traffic.

Take the case of Australia. There three crops have remained unsold on the farms. No ships could be spared to make the long voyage to Australia. So in spite of the efforts of the Government to save the farmers from ruin, grain has rotted in the open. Millions of tons have been lost for lack of a market.

Such conditions spell irretrievable disaster. Such conditions would have prevailed in this country from the outbreak of the war until now if our Government had not first resisted with every diplomatic weapon, and finally drawn the sword.

Why did we draw the sword? To keep up the price of wheat and cotton, and to protect trade only? If someone should order you to remain on your farm, and not to use the public highways, would your resistance be based only on the fear of loss in profits from failure to market your crops? By no means! You would fight to the last gasp! Not to make money, but to be free!

When a man is enslaved, all he loses in money is his wages. But the white man has never been able to accept slavery. He has never yet been successfully enslaved. There rises up in him against servitude a resentment so terrible that death always is preferable.

(This is the first of three articles. The second to be published next week.)

COUNTY FAIR PLANS ARE WELL UNDER WAY NOW

(Continued from Page One.)

the entertainment features will be in harmony with the spirit of the times.

Tickets have been placed on sale in several localities already and within the next few days may be had in practically every part of the county. Guarantee family tickets, admitting holder and family to the grounds at all times during the fair are being sold for \$1.00. The purchaser of this ticket becomes also a promoter of the fair in that the sale of 2000 of these tickets in advance of the opening of the fair comprises the plan for financing the exhibition.

The list of managers for the various departments includes some of the foremost men and women in their respective lines in Washington County, many of them of state and even national prominence. Livestock will be managed

by A. E. Wescott, president of the fair and one of the foremost and most progressive dairymen in the county. Agriculture is in the hands of H. T. Buxton and this alone assures a premier exhibit. Horticulture will be presided over by M. McDonald. Orenco and Oregon has no better nor more widely respected authority on commercial fruits than he. The success of the exhibit of fruits, nuts, berries and grapes was fully assured when Mr. McDonald consented to take charge of it and his plans already give promise of that characteristic energy with which he does things. A more detailed announcement of the original and remarkable plan which he is preparing for this exhibit will be made in the near future.

Plans are under way to secure a number of attractions of more than ordinary value and each week announcements of the progress of the fair will be made.

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