

Home and Farm Magazine Section Editorial Page

Suggestions From Our Associate Editors, Allowing for an Interchange of Views, Written by Men of Experience on Topics With Which They Are Fully Acquainted—Hints Along Lines of Progressive Farm Thought

STAY ON THE FARM

IF WE could live our lives over how differently we would all proceed?

How many opportunities have we missed? Mistakes made? Wrong roads traveled?

What stories we all could tell! the traveling salesman, the editor, the doctor, the farmer, the merchant, the thief, the rich man, the poor man, the beggarman, the priest?

Some of the stories would be tragic; of hopes unrealized, of ambitions thwarted.

We would like to add one other to the list: The Country Girl who went to the City.

We hope that everything is well with her; that as she wandered down hard streets lined with tall buildings instead of pleasant lanes, she found kind friends, considerate employers, and remunerative work, met a worthy Prince Charming and lived happily ever after.

Even then, no doubt, her heart is often sick for the old home, the dear folks she left there, and no doubt her eyes long for the familiar sights and scenes, and methinks, the barnyard sounds would be sweet and restful music to her ears, now surfeited with the clang and bang of the city streets.

Some of the stories we have heard in sadness as told in low voices: The stories of the Country Girl Who Went to the City and Who Never Went Back.

Stories of small wages—not living wages—poor opportunities, not enough to eat, living in cheap lodgings, insults, degradation and death.

Think twice, girls, before you leave home.

Fathers and mothers, don't drive the girls away by your own nagging or carelessness.

Think of the Girl Who Never Came Back.

THE FLY.

HOW times have changed! In those good old days when we were young, we distinctly remember our endeavor to slay flies by the simple expedient of pressing them against the window pane with an eager thumb.

The result was unhappy—to the fly, of course, but also to us.

Father and mother felt alike on the subject.

"How would you like to be that poor, little fly?" they would say.

Then we used to wish we had padded our pants, for one or other would endeavor to convey the feelings of the fly to us.

And for a day or so we ate our meals standing up.

It's so no longer.

"If you see a fly—kill it," says the modern father.

"Swat the fly," says the school teacher.

The modern father and the school teacher are right.

There is nothing cruel or brutal in killing a fly.

The fly is a useless pest.

It is also a very dangerous one.

If you don't kill the fly it may kill you.

It is particularly dangerous to babies and children.

No, it doesn't look dangerous. Neither does a live trolley wire, lying on the sidewalk.

But when it comes to killing, the fly has probably killed more people than the combined armies of the world.

It is more dangerous than a rapid-firing machine gun.

Of course, its danger is subtle. You don't see it. The fly looks so small and helpless and harmless that you may look on it as a mere little nuisance that sometimes tickles your face and hands when you are trying to get forty winks on Sunday afternoon.

The fly carries its weapons on its hairlike legs and feet.

These weapons take the form of disease germs.

There is no disease the fly cannot carry—and worse—it is always to be found in the breeding places of these diseases.

Where there is filth, there is the fly.

It thrives on filth and when it has filled its stomach and smeared its

legs in filth it will fly along to greener fields.

But—on the way it will pause to inspect Ma's pies if they are not protected, or to take a sip from the baby's milk, if it is exposed.

Wherever it alights it leaves its trademark—filth.

More often than not, dangerous germs of disease are found in this deposit. Of course, this does not kill you always; it doesn't always make you sick.

But neither does every bullet from the quick-firing gun kill someone.

In fact, figures show that in the average battle more than 1,500 shots are fired for every soldier that is struck.

Yet the fatalities in battle mount to thousands, and the fatalities in a fly-ridden district are numerous in the course of a year. You may have your food poisoned by the dangerous little fly a thousand times without serious results, but you can never tell when the poison will strike home; it is too risky to take chances.

The thing to do is to get rid of these busy little grave-diggers.

The way to do that is to kill a fly when you see it.

Kill the flies in the house first. Every time you see one of them in the house run it down.

Then keep them out of the yard. You can't run a fly down in the open, but you can starve him.

In the Civil War the South was starved into submission more than it was defeated in battle.

The same kind of warfare will defeat the fly.

Keep refuse matter out of its reach. The fly hates cleanliness. It doesn't enjoy life unless there is plenty of nourishment, such as slops, dirty barn yards and the like.

When you have killed one fly you have done much.

For the fly multiplies rapidly. Mr. and Mrs. Fly will have a family running into the countless billions in the course of their short lives.

So, when you kill one fly, you really kill billions.

Kill flies yourself. Encourage the children to kill flies.

And you'll be better and happier for every fly dead.

A RAY OF SUNSHINE!

WE sometimes get blue and wondrous, after all, if the four hundred million dollars spent on the Panama Canal is going to benefit the farmer and the little fellow any.

But, we met Forbes Lindsay the other day and he reassured us.

Didn't meet him face to face, but in the pages of "World's Work."

Mr. Lindsay is a noted traveler and lecturer.

"No other portion of the United States will benefit so greatly by the opening of the Panama Canal as will the Pacific Coast region," he tells us. This cheers us up.

We realize, with Mr. Lindsay, that a vast amount of produce which now moves to its market in an easterly direction will take the water route from coast to coast when the Panama Canal is open.

Great quantities of foodstuffs that could not stand the expense of the rail haul will be raised in the Pacific Northwest and shipped to the East.

The cost of sending a ton of merchandise from San Francisco, Portland, Seattle and Tacoma to New York, by water, will be little more than one-fourth of the present rate for transportation between these points. And the same applies to shipments from Atlantic Coast points West.

There will be little, if any, loss of time.

Fast freight trains occupy fourteen or fifteen days in crossing the continent.

Eighteen-knot vessels will complete the circuit in the same time.

With the extension of turbine engines and the introduction of oil-burning furnaces, such a rate of speed will be commonly maintained by merchant ships.

There is no doubt that the Panama Canal will give the Pacific Coast a wider market for its products and lower freight rates. It will probably enlarge the territory served by Pacific Coast jobbers. It will bring population to our shores, which may settle

up some of our vacant lands if it does not settle in the city slums.

Let us hope that the benefits will be widely distributed and that we get our just share.

GIVE THEM A HELPING HAND.

A COLONY of 152 Russian farmers has arrived in Hartline, Wash., to settle on \$150,000 worth of farms in the Big Bend country.

The citizens of Hartline gave them a fine reception and turned out to help get them settled in their new homes.

That is the right spirit.

We want men and women in this Western country who will work.

Their nationality, with a few exceptions, does not matter very much.

Let's make good American citizens of these Russians.

HIGH COST OF LIVING? HUH!

WHEAT climbed to eighty-six cents a bushel the other day—the high water mark of the present day.

And immediately the calamity howlers began to dilate on the "high cost of living."

As a matter of fact, living now is cheaper than it was a century ago; or, for the matter of that many centuries ago.

There is but one fair way to estimate the cost of produce. That is in the way it compares with men's wages.

Sixteen hundred years ago, it is true, wheat sold for thirty-three cents a bushel.

But the workman of that time received only one-ninth to one-fifteenth as much money for his labors as does his modern prototype.

The "high cost of living" always has been a bugbear.

They have been always going to regulate it in one way or the other. And they never seem to pay any attention to that economic law that the price is governed by the action of supply and demand.

In 301 A. D.—just 300 years after the birth of Christ—the Roman emperor, Diocletian, found such a condition confronting his people that he sought to regulate the prices of nearly everything, including labor. Fragments of his tables have been discovered and they show how astonishingly high the "high cost of living" was in those ancient days.

Barley was priced at 74 cents; rye at 45 cents; millet at 74 cents; beans at 74 cents; peas at 74 cents, and mustard at \$1.12 a bushel.

Pork was worth 7.3 cents per pound; beef, 4.9 cents; mutton, 4.9 cents; ham, 12 cents; an artificially fed goose was worth 87 cents; lamb cost 7.3 cents per pound, and butter 9.8 cents.

One quality of sea fish was quoted at 14.6 cents; river fish was 7.3 cents; salt fish, 8.3 cents; oysters, 43.5 cents per hundred; sardines, 9.7 cents per pound.

Vegetables were much cheaper than today, but the cheapness was not comparative.

Manual labor received a wage of 10.8 cents per day, with keep; bricklayers, 21.6 cents; carpenters, 21.6 cents; stone masons, 21.6 cents; wagon makers, 21.6 cents; smiths, 21.6 cents; bakers, 21.6 cents; drivers, 10.8 cents.

A barber could charge only one cent for a shave.

Teachers were paid so much per month per pupil, as follows: Elementary, 21.6 cents; mathematics, 32.6 cents; stenography, 32.6 cents; writing, 21.6 cents; Greek, Latin, geometry, 87 cents; rhetoric, \$1.00.

It can readily be perceived that a carpenter who earned 21.6 cents per day and keep could not afford many of the necessities and none of the luxuries of that time.

Proportionately, thirty-three-cent wheat was as prohibitive to the worker as wheat today at \$3.50 per bushel would be.

It will be noticed from the above list that fish cost as much or more than it does today—which means that it was from ten to fifteen times as high, when the worker's wage was considered.

A little study of this list will convince any man that the present "high

cost of living" is not so high after all.

But we expect still to hear that senseless cry: "High cost of living."

A LITTLE WORK WON'T HURT.

THERE is a good deal of talk nowadays about commercializing our public schools.

The question is asked: "Are the boy and girl mere tools to be sharpened for the purpose of making dollars, or are they breathing human beings, capable of the highest personal development?"

Then the professor who asks the question says: "There are four functions of education:

"To make one see clearly, imagine vividly, think accurately and will nobly."

Granted.

But we don't like those sneers at the good old spread-eagle American dollars.

Not many of us have ever seen the day when the jingle of a few dollars together in our pants' pocket was not the sweetest kind of music.

Besides teaching our boys and girls to see clearly, to imagine vividly (we remember getting licked for "imagining" too vividly), to think accurately and to will nobly, what we expect of the public schools is to teach them to live useful lives.

Teach them to appreciate the dignity and the necessity of labor.

Teach them to realize that oftentimes the kid glove and white collar occupations are the most futile, heart-breaking, despair-provoking professions that any boy or girl could choose.

Teach them the value of money and thrift.

Teach them to work with their hands and heads, to love growing things and the out of doors, and above all to love and honor the toiler and the producer, whether he be the artisan in the city or farmer in the country.

LET THE WATER BE USED.

SENATOR JONES, of Washington, has introduced a bill in Congress providing that private landowners holding lands within government irrigation projects may acquire water rights from the government without being compelled to live on their land, provided they irrigate the full irrigable area of their holdings, and provided their holdings do not exceed the size of an established farm unit—usually 160 acres.

Before their water rights become permanent, however, such landowners must show irrigation and cultivation for five successive years.

This is a good bill.

It should be supported by the congressmen of Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

The water of government irrigation projects should be sold and used.

What else is it for?

HERE IS CONSTRUCTIVE WORK.

THE Holden Improvement Committee, which is preaching the gospel of corn, alfalfa and hogs in the Pacific Northwest, is doing good work.

Mr. C. W. Farr, who is in charge of the campaign, is a live wire. So many demands have come upon him for speeches that he has been given an assistant to help him with routine work.

The campaign was handled in a masterly way.

Here's hoping that Mr. Farr will soon have a dozen assistants.

One concrete result of the movement already is the fact that seed men in Eastern Washington have had to triple their orders for seed due to increased acreage being planted this spring.

ALTHOUGH he may not be a good judge of precious stones, the farmer who is a good judge of shoots and knows how to make a poor soil yield a big return is the one with canceled mortgages and a bank account.

IN certain farming districts the farmer who does better tilling than his neighbor must pay the penalty: Success is an offense to the gnat-minded.