

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.

THE STORY OF A FARMER BOY.

THE world worships at the shrine of Success.

What are its secrets? How to attain it?

Let us study the life of one successful man.

Born on a farm in 1863 this boy saw developed a passion for things mechanical.

To follow his natural bent he entered a machine shop at the age of sixteen, as an apprentice.

At the same time he worked nights with a watch and jewelry repairer.

Yes, Henry was sixteen year of age, but instead of "sparking" the girls, going to shows and dances, Henry went home, tired and dusty from the machine shop, and then helped the jeweler at night.

He could look out and see the bright lights—the girls passing and smiling coquettishly at the little studious drudge.

But Henry toiled on.

He loved machinery.

Nine months as an apprentice and Henry went to work at a steam engine factory.

In two years he was master of the machinists' trade.

Then he started out to sell the Westinghouse portable steam engine. This he did in summers.

He soon got an idea. He would invent a portable farm locomotive.

At the end of two years' work of this nature Henry's father gave him 40 acres of land. This 40 acres was largely forest land, and young Ford bought a circular saw-mill, rented a portable engine to drive it, and went to work for a Harvester company, setting up and repairing portable farm engines in the summer and ran his saw-mill in the winters.

At the end of his twenty-fourth year, he married. Immediately following his marriage he built a home with his own lumber on his farm, did some farming, sawed and sold lumber, and began to build a steam road-carriage in his leisure moments.

Henry was not lazy. Boiler after boiler was tried for this road-carriage, but none of them was entirely satisfactory to their designer, who, concluding that the steam engine was not the best driver for a road passenger vehicle, finally abandoned his first and only steam-car when he was twenty-six.

But he was not discouraged. He didn't cuss the government, or the times, or his neighbors for his failure. At the same time he gave up his life as a farmer, moved to Detroit and obtained employment as engineer for the Detroit Edison Illuminating Company, attaining the position, eventually, as chief engineer. This position he held for seven years; his nights were spent in his little machine shop in the barn back of his home.

Henry was still working nights. In that barn shop Henry built the first Ford gas engine driven passenger car. This first Ford car was placed on the road in the early part of 1893, ran well, and could do 25 or 30 miles per hour.

In 1895 Henry Ford began his second gas-engine car. This was placed on the road in 1898. In the same year Mr. Ford left the Edison Company and the Detroit Automobile Company was organized in which he held one-sixth of the stock and drew a salary of \$100 a month as engineer in charge.

One hundred dollars a month for Henry Ford!

But Henry didn't kick. He still worked.

In 1901 he left the Detroit Automobile Company (which afterwards became the Cadillac Automobile Company), bought a shop, and began the construction of a four-cylinder car; this was on the road in 1902, and was built entirely

without assistance. He promptly organized the Ford Motor Company, holding 25 per cent of the \$100,000 capital stock, and the first Ford car known to the world was placed on the road in June, 1903.

In 1906 Mr. Ford realized that he needed absolutely free control to carry out his policies, and bought up stock to bring his holdings up to 51 per cent of the entire shares. Later he increased his holdings to 58 per cent of the \$2,000,000 capital stock.

Yes, Henry got there, all right. But he worked, and rich as he is, he is working yet.

Maybe the secret is this: Henry liked to work.

VACCINATE YOUR TREES.

DON'T bother about smudge pots to protect your trees next spring from early spring frosts.

Just vaccinate them.

That is all that is needed.

At, least, so says Dr. Paul S. Hunter, of Denver, secretary of the Colorado State Board of Health.

Unfortunately, Dr. Hunter has not his vaccine ready yet.

He hopes to develop a serum from the sap of the hardy mountain columbine.

We maintain an open mind.

Maybe, Dr. Hunter is right, but—we intend to have our smudges ready next year.

ARE FARMERS INEFFICIENT?

MR. FRANK A. VANDERLIP, president of the National City Bank of New York, awoke the other morning.

He remembered clearly he had spoken at a dinner the night before of the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association.

But we fear it was not until the papers came to his bedside that Mr. Vanderlip realized—or remembered—what few remarks he had made at that social gathering.

Thus did the papers quote Mr. Vanderlip:

"Ignorance and inefficiency among the country's farmers, rather than big business, make up the fundamental cause of the high cost of living."

Interesting, isn't it! how these magnates always slough it off onto the farmer. And at a big dinner, too. But to resume with Banker Vanderlip's remarks:

"Land is being utilized with but 40 per cent of efficiency, yet the farmer is not held culpable—he is not answerable to society, as is the railroad manager who produces anything less than 100 per cent."

Then Mr. Vanderlip, who is a banker, let us again remind you, went on to read a kindly little homily to farmers. He advised they be intelligent, thrifty and efficient, and that they conduct their business intelligently.

Altogether, Mr. Vanderlip made just these remarks we should have expected from him.

Of course, this is all very well, but—

Seems to us that sometime ago an old Roman writer said:

"Let the shoemaker stick to his last."

Which being interpreted means: Mind your own business.

Probably, if some of the leading farmers of the Northwest were to tell Mr. Vanderlip that—

"Ignorance and inefficiency among the bank presidents of the country are responsible for the many bank failures that occur from time to time," we believe Mr. Vanderlip would find the shoe on the other foot.

Of course, from the standpoint of Mr. Vanderlip, farmers are inefficient for they do not—

Sell out their farms at 10 times their real value to a corporation, holding, however, a controlling interest in stock.

Then proceed to turn over the farm management to still another company, making the original corporation a parent organization.

Next dispose of bonds covering the farm, stock and everything else possible to bond, and sell more bonds covering the "assets" of the individual corporations.

(This might be "efficiency," but it would also make the 2-cent egg cost the consumer at least 10 cents).

However, as Mr. Vanderlip has brought up the question of the responsibility for the high cost of living, we propose to tell him a few home truths.

Money to the speculator at 5 per cent and to the farmer at 10 per cent—loaned by Mr. Vanderlip and his fellow bankers—helps to make farm produce more costly.

High freight rates (to make that 100 per cent efficiency Mr. Vanderlip was talking of) aids a little more in raising the cost of living.

The inefficiency of Mr. Vanderlip's railroad friends who force their roads to pay dividends on watered stock is a factor helping to make freight rates high.

As a matter of fact—and in sober earnest—the farmer is no worse, and possibly no better, than the rest of humanity.

There are good and bad farmers. There are farmers who farm by rote and farmers who farm with brains.

Our agricultural colleges are helping the farmer to farm with brains.

All in all, the farmer is solving his own problems.

But he is not likely to look to advice from Mr. Vanderlip.

SPRING ROAD WORK.

ROAD supervisors and engineers are now getting ready for the spring road work, the annual campaign of this time.

How many of them study the subject scientifically?

In many sections it has always been customary to scrape or shovel the dirt, mud or dust from the gutters into the middle of the road.

And after the first heavy rain-storm, things are just as they were, or even worse than before.

The United States Department of Agriculture, as well as many agricultural colleges, has issued a number of valuable bulletins describing the exact kind of treatment for each exact kind of road.

Every available scrap of such literature should be studied by road builders.

As well as the articles in your farm papers.

Then we shall not hear of the supervisor who would persist in putting the wrong kind of gravel on his road; the gravel that would not bind and that turned to sand.

We would not have one stretch remarkable for its goodness and the next remarkable for its vileness.

We should have better roads, the kind of roads we are paying for.

And there would be no "mud tax" for the farmer to pay.

Each road is an individual problem. It should be so studied.

WHO ARE THE WINNERS?

MR. VANDELIP, a New York banker, blames the farmer's ignorance for the high cost of living.

Mr. Vanderlip evidently is not aware that it is the farmer and the former farmer and the farmer's sons who are to be found in all ranks of industry, showing the Vanderlips how to be efficient and less ignorant.

Abraham Lincoln was a farmer's boy. So was Andrew Carnegie. So was Henry Ford.

They are too numerous to mention—these farmer boys who are showing business men how to be efficient.

THEY KNEW HOW.

THE OTHER day we took a trip with one of those excursions of city men off to build roads for a day.

We appreciated the interest they were showing in good roads—an interest which has spread all over the Northwest—but we did not think there would be much real work done.

Said we:

When these chaps get out on to a road they will hardly know the handle from the blade of a shovel; they won't know how to hold a pick, or push a wheelbarrow.

We were wrong.

Horribly wrong.

Nearly everyone of those chaps working on roads knew how to wield a spade better than our hired man.

And they did far more work than he ever did in the same time.

When the day was over, they weren't tired out, their hands weren't covered with blisters. They had almost enjoyed themselves.

So we dug into this thing. This was what we learned.

Ninety per cent of these bankers, merchants, real estate men, railroad men, advertising men, or what not, were not new to the game.

Most of them had plowed behind old Black Bess.

A big percentage of them had dug potatoes out of the 40-acre patch.

They were farmers' boys come to the city.

Why shouldn't they know how to hold a spade? Hadn't they done it often enough at home?

And why should they get blisters, although they didn't wear gloves? Who ever heard of a farmer with blistered hands!

To them this work on the roads was a great, human experience. A greater, human experience, perhaps, because there was no tomorrow.

They were getting back to first principles. They had brought vividly back to them the days on the farm.

That is why they enjoyed the road bosses ordering them about viciously.

They heard the call of the soil again.

CLEANLINESS IS COMING.

CLEANLINESS is coming. Every day we are appreciating its importance.

Clean hands, clean thoughts, clean lives.

Then Godliness.

Every day we learn something.

Dr. F. H. Orton, of the Minnesota University faculty, utters a surprising statement when he says: "The mouth is the greatest portal of entry for infectious diseases in the human system, with the exception of the sting of insects."

Sounds startling, but we believe the doctor is right.

"Dr. Osler has declared," continues Dr. Orton, "that if he were asked what was doing greater harm, alcoholism or the unhygienic mouth, he would say it was the unhygienic mouth."

What a simple thing it is too, to have a clean mouth.

And, by the way, we should all visit the dentist once in a while. The time to go is before the tooth-ache comes.

And we should pay him ungrudgingly.

The dentist has to live and he is doing good service in the cause of public health.

IT IS a wise farmer who knows it is hard to invent an excuse without infringing on the other fellows' patent.

PUSH and pull are a hard pair to beat—that's why so many farmers are riding in automobiles.