

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.

WHY?

WE DON'T often disagree with our agricultural colleges. We couldn't if we tried.

But just the same we are often puzzled.

We wonder, for instance, why they hurl at the unoffending farmer and editor, obsolete and unusual words.

For our part, we frankly confess it is a nuisance to look up a dictionary. And for the average farmer, we'll wager he does not carry a Webster in his hip pocket as he cons a college bulletin.

For example: the other day we saw a Government bulletin which announced some experiments in agronomy would be conducted in Nevada. Both the Oregon and Washington agricultural colleges have experts in agronomy or agronomists.

At this rate, the men who grow corn, who raise potatoes, cultivate beans and orchards and so forth are agronomists.

Most of them don't know it. And if they were so called would probably feel insulted.

Agronomy is another name for agriculture. Specifically it means the management or cultivation of land.

Why not so call it? Why browse through the dictionary for another name?

Surely it's not necessary.

The man who runs and reads, or who farms and reads, has not the ponderous vocabulary of a Carlyle.

If he had, we should see laundries advertised as "albicification factories," soldiers called "agucerys," and a mean horse described as a "solidungular scroyle."

Why start this kind of thing in agriculture?

SHE EARNS HER FEED.

CAPTAIN E. B. Cassatt of Berwyn, Pennsylvania, has a Guernsey cow.

The unusual feature is that the cow is a most unusual animal.

During the past year her gross earnings were \$1200.

Her output was nearly ten tons of milk and the equivalent of more than 1260 pounds of butter in the year.

Of course, she broke a world's record.

For the 365 days ending May 19, the cow's record is 19,673 pounds of butter fat.

Her name is May Bilma. Such a cow deserves a name. We wish we owned her.

WORTH WHILE.

MORE than 201,000 farmers and their families went to school at the farmers' institutes conducted by the Pennsylvania State Department of Agriculture during the season of 1913-1914, according to reports compiled on Capitol hill.

The exact attendance was 201,176, the third largest season known since they began to hold institutes, in 1895. It was exceeded only by the seasons of 1909-1910 and 1910-1911, when the attendance went over 205,000.

All told, there were 1,187 sessions, divided between 461 days, the average attendance a session being 179, which is away up in the list. The state employed fifty-four lecturers and spent about \$22,000.

Farmers and their families in the Northwest know something about agricultural institutes, too.

Any money a state spends in helping farmers to better themselves and their produce is money well spent.

In fact, it is earning principal and interest within a few hours after it is expended.

A JOLT.

MAINE has set a new pace for scientific farming.

Leon S. Merrill, dean of the Maine Agricultural College, has reported that 87 per cent of the grad-

uates of that institution are engaged in agricultural work.

We don't know how Oregon and Washington can compare with those figures.

We are afraid it would jolt our self esteem were we to know.

Mr. Merrill remarks that he has to offer the largest figure mentioned anywhere.

We are inclined to believe him.

We should like to meet that chap who was telling us about those abandoned farms in the East.

Probably they were only abandoned while their owners attended school.

The Eastern farmer is finding that he must look to his laurels.

He is doing it.

More than one-half the Maine percentage of graduates are farmers, 2 per cent are demonstrating agents, 14.6 are agricultural teachers and experimenters, 2 per cent are agricultural editors, and most of the small number not doing something to further agriculture are in business and handling the proceeds of farms with other goods.

In the past two years the four-year students of the college have increased in number from 139 to 252, and the short-term men have decreased in number.

That indicates a larger demand for complete education on farming.

It shows the trend of thought in New England.

We can't afford to be caught napping.

TUBERCULOSIS.

FOR OVER ten years experiments with tuberculosis have been under way.

Quite recently the results were made known.

The object was to get a dairy herd that would be absolutely free from tuberculosis, and yet possess all the valuable characteristics of the breed selected.

The best specimens were bred together without regard as to whether they had the disease.

At birth the calf was taken from its mother and fed on pasteurized milk.

Out of 200 calves born of tubercular cows not one has become tubercular.

It would be rash to claim that many of the findings of this band of investigators would apply to the human race.

Tuberculosis has a much more wasting effect on men than on animals, but there is one thing sure:

That is that the experiment clinches the observations of the best physicians that tuberculosis is not an inherited disease, but a transmitted one, which can be stamped out by united social effort.

It may be a long time before we shall succeed with humans.

Let's make a start with animals, anyway.

WATERCRESS.

THE Londoner eats a considerable quantity of watercress.

An English woman, Mrs. James of Covent Garden, has a practical monopoly in the matter of furnishing watercress to the first class hotels and restaurants of the English metropolis.

She is now considered to be worth \$400,000.

Years ago she started in the business of selling watercress by marketing two basketfuls.

She does not hold her monopoly by cutting prices.

In fact, her price is often a little ahead of the market.

She can't monopolize the supply. Almost anyone can grow watercress. But she has monopolized quality.

She has a reputation of never having supplied a wilted bunch of watercress.

Her watercress is sold on her personal honor.

Which proves that the old copy book maxim: "Honesty is the best policy" works out in real life.

SENATOR GORE.

SENATOR GORE was quite right. We don't blame him for getting impatient.

The Senate was debating the agricultural bill.

An appropriation of \$50,000 for the study of co-operation among farmers in matters of rural credits and sanitation was the subject of attack.

"If such appropriations continue," said Senator Overman, "The country will be faced with a deficit."

Then up rose Mr. Gore, chairman of the agricultural committee. In a stinging speech he said:

"The money is coming out of the pockets of the farmers.

"It is the farming class, the authors of wealth, that bear the brunt of the \$130,000,000 appropriation for a Navy to send men to their death; of the \$95,000,000 for the Army to butcher and kill.

"You will pass those bills in half an hour, yet you debate the bill to appropriate \$19,000,000 to benefit the farmers for two weeks."

Senator Gore does not seem to need his sight to make him a pretty effective Senator.

He can see right and wrong, any-

FIGURES.

FIGURES are usually a nuisance. Unfortunately, they are necessary.

We need them in our books; we need them to know how we stand.

Uncle Sam issued some figures the other day.

They tell us how we stand as farmers.

Incidentally they show a progressively higher percentage year by year.

Those higher percentages indicate greater and improved crops per acre.

For example: The average condition of winter wheat on May 1 was 95.9, compared with 95.6 on April 1, 91.9 on May 1, 1913, and 85.5, the average for the past ten years on May 1.

A condition of 95.9 per cent on May 1 is indicative of a yield per acre of approximately 17.8 bushels, assuming average variations to prevail thereafter. On the estimated acre to be harvested, 17.8 bushels per acre would produce 630,000,000 bushels, or 20.3 per cent more than in 1913, 57.5 per cent more than in 1912, and 46.3 per cent more than in 1911. The out-turn of the crop will probably be above or below the figures given above according as the change in conditions from May 1 to harvest is above or below the average change.

The average condition of rye on May 1 was 93.4, compared with 91.3 on April 1, 91.0 on May 1, 1913, and 89.4, the average for the past ten years on May 1.

The average condition of meadow (hay) lands on May 1 was 90.9, compared with 88.5 on May 1, 1913, and a ten-year average on May 1 of 88.1.

Stocks of hay on farms may 1 are estimated as 7,832,000 tons (12.3 per cent of crop), against 10,828,000 tons (14.9 per cent) on May 1, 1913, and 4,744,000 tons (8.6 per cent) on May 1, 1913.

The average condition of pastures on May 1 was 88.3, compared with 87.1 on May 1, 1913, and a ten-year average on May 1 of 85.6.

Of spring plowing 70.9 per cent was completed up to May 1, compared with 67.2 per cent on May 1, 1913, and a ten-year average on May 1 of 66.0.

Of spring planting 56.4 per cent was completed up to May 1, compared with 57.0 per cent on May 1, 1913, and an eight-year average on May 1 of 54.6.

JUST how much discord is required in God's formula for a successful farmer no one knows, but it must have its use, for it is always there.

MANY a city bred farmer has gone into farm speculating and come out farmless.

DEAD and unborn farmer is the only one who does not make mistakes.

WHEN a farmer wears long chin whiskers, it does not mean that his wife buys his neckties.

A FARMER is either his own best friend or his own worst farmer.

THE LESS the farmer knows about his neighbor's affairs the more satisfied he is with his own.

IF IT WASN'T for hope of good crops the farmer would have no disappointments.

IT IS ALMOST impossible for a play farmer to be a real farmer.

A FARMER remembers he does not need a search warrant when looking for trouble.

LET US GO A-MAYING.

Bills dreams arise to greet us,
And life feels clean and new,
For the old love comes to meet us
In the dawning and the dew,
O'erblown with sunny shadows,
O'eraped with winds at play,
The woodlands and the meadows
Are keeping holiday.
Wild foals are scampering, neighing;
Brave merles their haughty blow—
Coral! Let us go a-maying,
As in the Long-Ago.

Here we but peak and twiddle;
The clank of chain and crane,
The whirl of crank and spindle
Bewilder heart and brain,
The ends of our endeavor
Are merely wealth and fame,
Yet in the still Forever
We're one and all the same;
Delaying, still delaying,
We watch the fading West;
Coral! Let us go a-maying,
Nor fear to take the best.

Yet beautiful and spacious
The wise, old world appears;
Yet frank and fair and gracious
Outlaugh the jocosand years,
Our arguments disputing,
The universal Pan
Still wanders—fluting—fluting—
Plating to maid and man,
Our weary well-a-waying—
His music cannot still;
Coral! Let us go a-maying,
And pipe with him our fill.

Where wanton winds are flowing
Among the gladdening grass;
Where hawthorn brakes are blowing
And meadow perfumes pass;
Where morning's grass is greenest,
And fullest noon's of pride,
Where sunset spreads serenest,
And sacred night's most wide;
Where nests are swaying, swaying,
And spring's fresh voices call,
Coral! Let us go a-maying,
And bless the God of all.

—William Ernest Henley.

COUNTRY AIR.

Though I dine amid the splendors
Of a palace day by day,
Where the lights are softly glowing
And the music throbs away;
Watch the people all around me,
But not caring for the fare,
For I'm longing for the open
And a breath of country air.

With an appetite that's jaded,
Day by day I wonder through
All the stuff that's placed before me,
Caring not just what I do
All around me folks are laughing—
It's their way to dauben care;
While I'm longing for the open
And a breath of country air.

Take me back into the country,
Where the winds are blowing free,
Where the sunshine and the shadows
Mingle into mystery.

There I'll seat aside my frippery,
For the old hill trail prepare,
And I know that I'll be happy,
Sinking in the country air.

—Harry M. Dent.