

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 WAY OUR MOTHERS USED TO DO.

AT a "mother's meeting" several women talked long and learned about the proper training of children. One woman never had any children of her own, nor had she ever raised any. Yet she had a perfect system, and was full of advice. Another maiden lady, a school teacher, also told just how it should be done. In the discussion a gentle little woman on a back seat ventured to make a suggestion which was not according to the rule:

"What, may I ask, do you know about the science of children," asked the president.

"Very little," was the humble answer. "I have only raised six of my own, but I cannot give you any rules for doing it."

The best cook in town was a woman of 60 who in her inconvenient kitchen turned out the most wonderful cake and doughnuts and pies. The young woman from the domestic economy class took pencil and paper and went to get the recipe.

"Now, Aunt Mary, tell me just how you make those doughnuts and I will write it down."

"Well," said Aunt Mary, "I take a handful of flour, a pinch of salt, a lump of butter and as much milk and sugar as I think I need and just make them."

You see mother and Aunt Mary could not tell others how to raise great, healthy boys and girls, or how to make doughnuts and pies by rule. They put their personality into their work, and that gave them almost a patent. If the average man could have his future wife trained by one of these natural housekeepers, or a college of domestic economy, which would he choose?

A TRIBUTE TO THE RAZOR-BACK.

THE editor of the Biloxi (Mississippi) Herald arises to pay a tribute to an old friend:

"After all has been said against the old rake straw hog, he never required the services of a veterinarian or a trained nurse to bring him up to hoghood's estate.

"He gets up in the early morn, hones his sides on a fence post, and goes forth to the brakes and brambles and comes back when he gets good and ready.

"He can well afford to be called a 'razorback,' for he raises himself and most of the rest of us.

"He does not grow as large as the more popular breeds, nor grows quick, but he boards himself and cannot see why these little details are anybody's business.

"Another thing that can be said to his credit is that when the fall of the year comes, if you can get him out of the reed brakes time enough to fatten him, he will furnish you a couple of sides of bacon and a pair of hams the flavor of which the world cannot duplicate.

"We suppose that his days are numbered, and soon he must pass from us forever, but his memory will be kept bright by the lingering taste of hambones, rice and red gravy as long as time lasts."

We can hear that Southerner smack his lips as he thinks of hambones, rice and red gravy!

CLARKE COUNTY CANNERY A SUCCESS.

WE are always glad to record the operations of a successful cannery.

So great was the response to an appeal for co-operation between the Clarke County (Wash.) Growers' Union cannery and the members that an addition 30 feet wide will be built at once to accommodate the pear crop.

The cannery was built this spring and opened in time to handle fruit to May.

During June the cannery paid out as part payment on fruit, \$8,151, and for August this sum will be greatly increased.

Employment is given to 83 women and girls, and 26 men and boys, with the surety that more will be employed when the pear crop begins to come in.

Already \$15,000 worth of goods have been canned and stored, and several representatives of large wholesale houses are bargaining for the entire output of the plant for this year.

During the strawberry season, 40 barrels of strawberries were put up by the cold process, being placed in barrels with layers of sugar and berries. These were shipped direct to Chicago to be used for fruit flavoring.

Even the stems from the cherries are saved and sold for 7½ cents a pound for medical use. The pits will also be sold.

SHE DIDN'T KNOW HER OWN DAD.

THERE is a good story of a helpful man who wrote an article telling how he helped his wife in the kitchen.

He kept the wood box filled, brought in coal, churned and helped at the washing, and did a dozen other things to help his wife. This man told the story, and it was printed in a farm paper without his name.

His daughter read it and thought it a very fine statement of what a man ought to do.

She took pains to give this opinion to a young man who was beginning to call quite frequently.

Then this girl learned that father was the man described in the article.

That seemed to take the romance out of it, for it did not seem so remarkable that plain and patient father should be glorified for doing the things which seemed so natural for him to do!

Nobody looks upon father as much of a hero.

When he is good natured and willing to help in the house he rarely gets full credit for it.

OREGON'S LUTHER BURBANK.

BY pollenizing the Oregon wild blackberry with the Cutbberth raspberry, Father Schoener, parish priest of Brooks, Or., and famous as a breeder of roses, has produced an entirely new variety of berry, which he tentatively has named the "Willamette," in honor of the valley in which it was created.

In pollenizing the blackberry with the raspberry, Father Schoener reversed the process that produced the loganberry.

The new berry is dark red, in form like a raspberry, but three or four times as large as the largest raspberry.

The fruit is said to be firm and of a most delicious, distinctive flavor. "It has nothing of the acid sourness of the loganberry, nor of the heavy sweetness of the raspberry. Nor does it resemble the taste of its wild mother. It is neither tart nor sugary, and cannot be described. It must be tasted.

We will watch Father Schoener's experiments with interest.

CO-OPERATIVE LAUNDRY SUGGESTED.

IT IS announced that Prof. W. A. Henry of Wisconsin offered a check for \$300 to the manager of the first co-operative laundry in Wisconsin.

This offer was made by Prof. Henry 18 years ago, and is now renewed by him.

In order to meet the requirements this laundry will have to be owned and managed by Wisconsin farmers or their wives.

It may be run alone or in connection with a co-operative creamery. It will have to be generally patronized by farmers, and the prize will not become available until the plant has been in operation at least one year.

That sounds good. A co-operative laundry conducted by farmers in Minnesota is the real thing.

It cleans up the clothing, puts life into the neighborhood and starch into the backbone of many another co-operative enterprise.

IS IT A QUESTION OF MONEY?

CO-OPERATIVE laundry could be IT IS often suggested that a co-started at the local creamery or cheese factory.

The dirty clothes are to be brought to the laundry, washed and ironed and sent back. Steam from the creamery boiler could be used for the laundry.

This is a good thing in theory, but it is seldom seen in practice.

In hunting for the reason, we are told seven times out of 10 that the men folks say there would be no money in it.

The milk carried to the creamery gives a profit of money. The laundry would not mean an income but more or less expense.

If the women continue to do the washing this expense will be saved!

Now then, we would like to have the women's side of it. Is that argument strong enough in your neighborhood to settle it?

IF WE HAD \$100,000,000.

WHAT would you do if you had \$100,000,000?

Would you scatter libraries all over the country, give medals to heroes, endow colleges and hospitals, give prizes to airships, erect expensive buildings and monuments, as some millionaires are doing?

If we had \$100,000,000 or even a paltry million, here are some of the things we would do:

- Run a model farm.
- Start a farmer's loan fund.
- Help out the struggling homesteaders.
- Build some good roads.
- Endow a national newspaper.
- Abolish some of the city slums.
- Raise fine stock.
- Irrigate some dry land.
- Clear some logged-off land.
- Help young men and women to get farms of their own.
- Employ labor in industries on a profit-sharing basis.
- Fight stock-watering and stock-gambling in every form.

VACATION TIME.

VACATION time is here for city folks, busy times for farmers and farmers' wives.

But when the harvest is over take a vacation.

The Northwest is full of delightful spots, beaches, mountain resorts, camping places.

Get away from work and deadly routine.

See some unaccustomed sights. Come home cheerful and refreshed.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers in this locality who wish to fully cover all sections of Oregon and Washington and a portion of Idaho will apply to local publishers for rates.

General advertisers may address C. L. Burton, Advertising Manager, 411 Panama Building, Portland, Oregon, for rates and information.

The publishers will accept business from no advertiser whose reliability can be questioned.

On the Deerledge national forest in Montana one lookout station has the record of reporting accurately, by distance and direction, a fire that was 60 miles away.

It is said that the best times of day to see forest fires from lookout stations are just after daylight and just before sunset.

Stories With a Smile

Papa Foiled Again.

Papa Bending keeps a pretty sharp eye on his daughter Mary, and many a would-be lover has taken a walk for a few minutes' conversation with the hard-hearted parent.

"You seem like a nice young man, and perhaps you are in love with Mary?"

"Yes, I am," was the honest reply. "Haven't said anything to her yet, have you?" continued Papa Bending.

"Well, no, but I think she reciprocates my affection."

"Does, eh? Well, let me tell you something. Her mother died a lunatic and there's no doubt that Mary has inherited her insanity."

"I'm willing to take the chances," replied the lover.

"Yes, but, you see, Mary has a terrible temper. She has twice drawn a knife on me with intent to commit murder."

"I'm used to that—got a sister just like her," was the answer.

"And you should know that I have sworn a solemn oath not to give Mary a penny of my property," continued the father.

"Well, I'd rather start poor and build up. There's more romance in it, Mr. Bending," continued the lover. "I've heard all this before, and also that you were on trial for forgery, had to run away to America for bigamy and served a year in prison for cattle stealing. I'm going to marry into your family to give you a decent reputation. There—no, thanks—good-by."

"Foiled again!" muttered the father.

Father and Son.

A gentleman in a provincial town owns a row of houses, and in one of them lives a married son of his who is noted for his miserly habits.

This had got to such a pitch that for several years his father had been unable to get a single penny of the rent due him.

As he did not want to take harsh measures he at last went round to his son one morning and said:

"Look here, Tom, it's plainly no use my trying to get any rent out of you for that house of mine, so I've decided to give it to you."

"No fear," interposed the son. "I shan't have it."

"Why not, pray?" exclaimed the astonished parent.

"Because then," replied the unabashed son, "I'd have to pay th' rates and taxes! and goodness knows they are heavy enough in this town."

Only Winners Wanted.

Lincoln Beachey, the aviator, had just looped the loop at Santa Barbara.

"But I don't know what will become of aviation," he said, "if the inventors fight much harder. We poor flyers must watch the inventors—we must choose the winner or we'll be left badly."

"It's like the show girl in the Broadway lobster palace.

"'Waiter,' she said, 'this lobster of mine has only one claw. How about it?'

"'Well, ye see, madam,' said the waiter, 'our lobsters is so fresh that they fight one another in the kitchen.'

"'Please take this fellow away, then,' said the show girl, 'and bring me a winner.'"

His Redress.

"A cat sits on my back fence every night and he yowls and yowls and yowls," complained a young lawyer's client. "Now, I don't want to have any trouble with Neighbor Smith, but this thing has gone far enough and I want you to tell me what to do."

The lawyer looked as solemn as an owl and said not a word.

"I have a right to shoot the cat, haven't I?"

"I would hardly say that," replied the young lawyer. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand it."

"No, but the fence does."

"Then," concluded the light of the law, "I think it safe to say you have a perfect right to tear down the fence."