

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.

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 of Farm Magazine Co., Publishers Oregon - Washington - Idaho Farmer, 411 Panama Building, Portland, Oregon, for rates and information. The publishers will accept business from no advertiser whose reliability can be questioned.

THE LORD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

J. T. HINKLE of Hermiston, farmer, lawyer, legislator, irrigation enthusiast and general booster, was telling recently of the "Paradise" country, where the farmers are agitating a big new irrigation scheme. Mr. Hinkle has been secretary of the Oregon Irrigation Congress for several years, and his creed is that the application of moisture from the streams of Oregon is the one factor that will push the state farther up front.

"The Paradise irrigation project is to be voted on September 8. About 42,500 acres of irrigable land are included and a bond issue to be voted upon by about 100 land holders is what will raise the money to develop it. The project would cost, according to the estimates, about \$2,400,000, or \$60 per acre, including the reservoir.

"The land lies in Umatilla county, north of Echo and east of Stanfield. The plans for its development were prepared by A. Wold, who laid out the Bull Run water system, and was one of the first railroad builders of the state. W. H. Marple, of Yakima, is consulting engineer, and the project has been sanctioned by State Engineer Lewis.

"The only thing that may hamper the passage of the bond issue is the remarkable crop raised this year on the land without irrigation. This has been an unusual year, but some of the farmers look upon it as an indication that irrigation is not necessary to produce good crops."

NOW.

THE beginning and the ending of the world's greatest endeavor are comprehended in that little word. It is short, but it stretches all the way from inception to completion. It is little and it indicates but an instant; yet it fills all time and it will fill all eternity.

NOW is the secret of filling our days to repletion. All that you are or have, all your dreams, hopes, possessions, loves, associations, are yours by virtue only of that slender thread of an instant now.

NOW is all we have. The past is gone, the future is yet to come, but NOW is ours. The value of the time we use we can measure; but who can ever know the value of the that has been lost?

True, there are some things that cannot be done now. We have not the material for them. We have not the skill. It is not yet time for them to be done. But commonly even these can be begun now. To begin a thing is to make yourself a part of it.

NOW is ours. It is all we have. And we shall never have it again.

TWO KINDS OF WIVES.

THIS matter of commonsense thrift does not apply only to the city housekeeper. It is of importance to the farmer's wife as well. As James J. Hill put it in a speech to agriculturists:

"When I am talking to the farmer I remember that the farmer's wife is one half of the family, and she is the bigger half, too. The farmer's success or failure, his going up or down in his scale of accomplishment, depends upon her. A helpful, thrifty wife, who is conserving his capital, his health, his earning ability, not to mention the pocketbook, closing the avenues of waste, will make him succeed. He can't help succeeding, while with a wasteful, careless wife, he might as well give up. These are facts. Make the test—take two men, one with the right kind of a wife and one who has the wasteful, careless kind, and see how real it is in the actual progress of that family."

A HARD, HARD LAW.

DURING the time of Solon, the famous lawmaker, he secured the passage of a statute compelling every able-bodied adult man in the nation to give proof once a year that he was earning a decent living and was self-supporting. Somebody has written to us suggesting that this would not be a bad example for Uncle Sam to follow, since the class of those who have learned to live "gracefully in idleness" is constantly on the increase. By the way, Solon was not the originator of this unique law, which went out of existence shortly after his death. The man who had the "happy thought" first was a certain king Amasis, who, before he became monarch, was by turns, soldier, freebooter and vagrant, living on the plunder he gained from others. He probably based the law on his own experience, not desiring to have his subjects idle and lawless as he once was.

ENTER THE CORN SHOW.

FOLLOWING its policy of educating the farmers of the Northwest in methods of corn growing and the value of corn, the Oregon - Washington Railroad & Navigation Company this year will hold its second annual corn show at Walla Walla, Wash., November 25, 26, 27 and 28. Full information is given on page 11.

The corn movement was started several years ago, and since its inception has done much good among the farmers of Washington, Oregon and Idaho. Last year a special ear in charge of men experienced in corn growing was sent to all sections of the three states, and the corn show at the end of the season was a big feature of the movement. Copies of the booklet issued may be had upon application to the O. W. R. & N. Corn Show, 701 Wells-Fargo building, Portland, Oregon.

THE FARMER'S YEAR.

THOSE who seem to take a gloomy view of the business outlook should look at the latest crop reports. Corn a 2,800,000,000-bushel crop; winter wheat, 655,000,000 bushels; spring wheat, 270,000,000 bushels; oats, 1,200,000,000—all of them far above the ten-year average. The crops are the bright, redeeming feature of the business situation. And the promise is even better than the figures show. Even the pessimist must bow before the splendid gifts of bountiful Nature, and confess that God is gloriously good to this nation.

A few dollars invested in a good fanning mill is well worth while, for its judicious use will mean clean seed, a better stand and better yields, and will keep the land free from many harmful weeds.

The education of the farmer to appreciate the importance of livestock in maintaining soil fertility is very important.

Poor cows and indifferent dairymen are the most uncompromising foes of the dairy business.

Farmers' Club House

AT Seymour, Indiana, in the center of a wide agricultural district, work has been begun on a farmers' club building, to be erected as a memorial to a well known citizen of the county by his estate. We are informed that this is the first attempt in Indiana or any other state by the people of a county seat to establish an institution of this kind for the farmers of the county.

It is proposed to provide many of the conveniences of a modern club house for the benefit of farmers in the county visiting the city. It is to be attractive and homelike, where every farmer will feel free to go with wife, children and lunch basket. No meals will be served or prepared, but a commodious lunch room will be available, also a reading room, rest room, sitting room, and two nurseries. Each nursery will be equipped with reclining couches and comfortable chairs, babies' cribs and jumpers. A matron will have charge and mothers may leave children in her care while shopping. The babies' milk, or food, the farmers bring with them, may be kept cool in a large refrigerator in the pantry during hot weather. For all these privileges there is to be no expense attached. Every part of the building will be free to farmers of the county visiting the county seat.

The building will be fire proof, constructed of Bedford stone and brick and erected with a view to permanency at a cost of \$25,000. It will be located in the heart of the business district. When it is completed an organization will be formed among the farmers, who will elect the principal officers. As far as possible the management of the club will be in the hands of the farmers. There will be no cost in connection with membership. The privileges of the club house may be enjoyed without the formality of becoming members and without initiation fees or dues. The club is incorporated under the laws of Indiana; its purpose is to promote the material, moral, social and educational welfare of its members and their families. The club will be controlled by a board of trustees composed of the presidents of the three leading banks and their successors. The board is perpetuated in this way.

Wouldn't it be fine if we could have a farmers' club house or social center in every county seat. Farmers need to know one another better. Town and country people need to get closer together.

This movement means comfort for farm women when they come to town. A place where they will be free; welcome to go with the children and meet other women and talk babies, flowers and chickens, while the men discuss crops, markets or politics.

SCREENING AGAINST MOSQUITOES

THE value of house screens to prevent the entrance of flies and mosquitoes has been well demonstrated by the warships in Mexican waters. While the cruiser Des Moines was lying off Tampico the mosquito screens were taken off for a few days, with the result that seventy cases of malaria developed among the crew. With the screens on all the hatchways and gunports of the fleet at Vera Cruz only 2 per cent of the 20,000 men in the fleet have been ill, which is about the number under ordinary conditions. This should be sufficient proof of the value of keeping mosquitoes out of the house when it is impossible to prevent their breeding. It would be better for people in the neighborhood of any breeding places to unite and take measures that would put an end to the pest in the locality for all time. A few gallons of d-stillate, costing almost nothing, would do the job.

If the balls of binding twine that many find it necessary to keep from one harvest season to another are sprinkled with flowers of sulphur rats and mice will not touch them.

THE MOTHER-LOOK.

You take the finest woman with the roses in her cheeks,
An' all th' birds a singin' in her voice each time she speaks;
Her hair all black an' gleamin', or a glow-in' mass o' gold—
An' still th' tale o' beauty isn't more th'n half way told.
There ain't a word that tells it; all description it defies—
Th' motherlook that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

A woman's eyes will sparkle in her innocences an' fun,
Or snap a warnin' message to the ones she wants to shun.
In pleasure or in anger there is always hand-someness,
But still there is a beauty that was surely made to bless—
A beauty that grows sweeter an' that all but glorifies—
The motherlook that sometimes comes into a woman's eyes.

It ain't a smile exactly—yet it's brimmin' full o' joy,
An' meltin' into sunshine when she bends above her boy
Or girl when it's sleepin' with its dreams told in its face;
She smooths its hair an' pets it as she lifts it to its place.
It leads all the expressions, whether grave or gay or wise—
Th' motherlook that glimmers in a lovin' woman's eyes.

There ain't a picture of it. If there was they'd have to paint
A picture of a woman mostly angel an' some saint,
An' make it still be human—an' they'd have to blend th' whole—
There ain't a picture of it, for no one can paint a soul.
No one can paint the glory comin' straight from paradise—
Th' motherlook that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

THE RIVER.

Little lad, little lad, that played along the shore,
I hear your mother calling you, do you hear her no more!

There flows a little river through Catskill town,
And there the little fishing-boats go slowly up and down.

I can hear the windlass where the wet ropes run,
I can see the dripping net shining in the sun.

Slow and heavy barges with their freight for human needs
Follow where the guide-ropes of the little tug-boat leads.

Silver, iridescent, the little river lies,
Never asking anything, making no replies.

Green bank and ragged dock, bridged from shore to shore,
And a mother calling for a child that comes no more.

Little lad, little lad, still the river flows,
Still, upon its shining tide the ferry comes and goes.

There's a glint of little pleasure craft, and as the night comes down,
I can see the window lights gleaming in the town.

And the night wind, come from far, is whispering to me:
"There's always toll of weeping where streams run to the sea!"
—Louise Driscoll in Harper's Magazine.

A WOODLAND LAKE.

The morning shadows rest upon
The mirroring surface of the lake,
Half hidden 'neath the climbing sun
By trees that bright reflections make.

Clear as the living trees they lie,
These sunken forests, leaves as green,
And summits dipping to a sky
Blue as the zenith arch serene.

About their feet are verdant glooms
Where shadowy waters lap and lave,
And sloping hillsides, purple blooms,
Reveal lost gardens in the wave.

There hover bright-winged dragonflies,
And yellow banded bumblebees,
Above their shadows; and there lies
A sunny cloud among the trees.

So smiles lost Eden, till the tides,
Breeze-kissed, in myriad ripples break,
And veil of frosted silver hides
The fairy vision in the lake.

THE "PEEPERS."

I'd like to stay at grandpa's longer;
All the meadows are filled with flowers
And in the orchard, big and shady,
The apple blossoms fall in showers;
And there's a brook that's brown and twisty,
That through the leaning rushes sings,
While over it the birds are darting,
And butterflies, with splendid wings

But in the evening, from the hollow
Behind the spring-house, then I hear
The little peepers, calling, calling—
Now faint and far, now shrill and clear,
They make me feel so sad and dreary,
And mother—well, she is away.
They send me home, those lonesome peepers,
When, oh, I'd really like to stay!
—Alice Thora, in Youth's Companion.