

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.

WHO WOULD FIGHT THE WAR?

THE air is full of war and rumors of war.

You hear jingoes on every corner.

"What is a jingo, father?" asked the small boy.

"A jingo, my son," answered that wise man, "is a man who devotes his time to thinking up opportunities for other people to go out and be shot at."

We wonder if the fellows who are shouting the loudest for war in saloons and cigar stores would really go to the front.

We imagine the farmer boys and the high school boys of the cities would have to shoulder their muskets and help fight the battles, as they did in the days of '61.

SUCCESSFUL FARMERS.

NEARLY all highly successful farms are unique in their management.

In the absence of a science of farm management they represent systems wrought out by men of unusual energy and intelligence, who have gone resolutely about discovering and utilizing the full possibilities of their farms.

These men have been governed largely by chance in the locations chosen, or, in some instances, by parental desires; and, to some extent, in the type of farming followed.

Hence it is they are distributed here and there over nearly the entire country and represent every type of farming that can be made highly profitable.

From such men, who utilize the full possibilities of their land with a given system of farming, we are learning the facts which, when properly classified, will constitute the science of farm management.

Although such farms are widely distributed they are seldom plentiful in any section.

Few men have comprehended the system of farming fully and developed it to its full possibilities.

Cropping systems are rarely planned with a view to keeping the land busy and to meeting the exact requirements for highest success in the system followed.

But when problems of this kind have been met successfully on a given farm, that farm becomes an object lesson of inestimable value to every farmer.

The lesson part is not so much how to work to a given system as it is how to meet the problems that present themselves.

Such farms demonstrate the great value of intelligent management as compared with hard work applied unintelligently.

Their achievement, when the cause of it is understood, lends encouragement to other intelligent men.

WATCHFUL WAITING.

LINCOLN STEWART was a boy in Wisconsin when his father went away to the war of '61.

"Every child of my generation breathed in a mingled air of romance and sorrow," he writes in *Colliers*. "All through those first years of my life the words Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan and Sherman rang in my ears like solemn bells timing a majestic march. All letters, papers and messages spelled battle and death. What the war meant to my mother I shall never fully know. Her side of those long months of waiting was never delineated, for she was naturally very reticent and markedly shy of emotional expression; but piece by piece in later years I drew from her an elliptical tale of her long vigil—some faint hint of the anguish of her suspense after each great battle."

Yes, this is another kind of watchful waiting. Lincoln Ste-

art's father fortunately came back. Think of the thousands who didn't!

And of the anguish of the women left behind.

HOW TO SELL THEM.

THE United States Reclamation Service has a number of irrigated farms for sale.

Why not advertise them in the newspapers?

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

A NEW YORK woman draws alimony of \$20,000 a year. No doubt her chief worry is that her ex-husband might get paralysis of the pen.

IT'S NO BED OF ROSES.

IT NO LONGER is the vogue for the country editor to come breakfastless to work, a profane prayer on his lips that a sale bill may turn up during the day, thus helping to pay for lunch and dinner," says a writer in *Colliers*.

"It no longer is the custom for the editor to feed on contributions brought by the folks of the countryside, as a modest exchange for the newspaper he gives them. Introduction of the perfecting press, the linotype and the gas engine in the country newspaper offices has taken from the business the haphazard methods that marked its early day. The veteran 'print,' who wandered from town to town, establishing newspapers that flourished a few short weeks, has written 'thirty.' His class is extinct.

"Among the 'home folks' the editor is not considered 'poverty-stricken.' His automobile takes him to and from work. His income is rated equal to that of other professional men. A change in administrations has given him opportunity to refuse postoffice appointments and embassies that would take him from his lucrative field.

"From his pedestal of affluence it is quite natural that the country editor should find much that is objectionable in his own pet adjective, 'poverty.' Also it is natural that he should seek, through his own channels of publicity to let the public know that: 'We (the editor and his wife) drove our machine to the county seat Tuesday and later attended the opera.'"

Everyone likes to be considered prosperous and to be well spoken of. The article in *Colliers* is appreciated. But please don't get the idea that the newspaper business is a rose-sprinkled money-paved path. It's a hard game rustling ads, subscriptions, etc., and meeting bills.

It takes nerve, energy and hard work.

Getting paid for accounts due sometimes requires a special training in hypnotism.

No, we editors may no longer appear "poverty-stricken" (we often feel that way), but we refuse to sit idly by and be hoisted onto a "pedestal of affluence."

We are not yet in the plutocrat class.

We may attend the opera. But we go in on a pass.

POWER DELIVERY.

FARMERS on all hands are discussing the question of motor trucks.

Do they pay?

Yes and no.

The motor truck will prove profitable to the farmer just so long as he can keep it running.

By that we mean that if a farmer has enough hauling to keep a truck trundling along six or eight hours a day, he will have his investment more than repaid in saved cost.

But there is another angle to this truck question.

One farmer alone may not have enough hauling to keep a truck busy.

We are not all like the big grain

farmers of Eastern Oregon and Washington who can use power six months in every year.

So, why not co-operate?

Two, three or four farmers—even half a dozen—might organize a little company purely to haul for themselves.

They would be enabled to purchase a good truck, engage an experienced man and be money ahead.

It would not need very much bookkeeping to divide up the cost every month.

But before one farmer or a number of farmers decide on a truck, there are a number of important points to be decided. Some of these are:

What type of car for your particular needs—gas or electric?

What horsepower?

How many pounds capacity shall it have?

Should several small cars be used or one big one?

Should it be equipped with pneumatic or solid tires?

Can an inexperienced man be given charge of the running and repair work?

Should the car always be loaded to capacity?

Etc., etc., etc.

Today there are motor trucks of every conceivable size and design, therefore, it is the problem of the possible purchasers to choose carefully the kind of a car best fitted to serve their purpose with the greatest efficiency.

A very good rule to stick to very closely is to have the car filled very nearly to capacity on every trip that is made.

A motor truck should not be chosen having in mind a maximum or minimum load, but an average load.

To get the greatest efficiency out of a commercial vehicle, keep it loaded and moving the largest possible number of hours during the working day.

A DIPLOMAT.

OUR neighbor, Jim's boy Sam, is never at a loss for words.

The other night he was sitting in the front room on the sofa, and this is what we heard little sixteen-year-old Sally talking to Sam:

"Which do you like the best, Sam," inquired the little minx, "black eyes or blue?"

"Why, really," replied Sam slowly, "the light is so dim here, I can't say just now."

FEEDING THE BRUTE!

HERE'S just one thing to remember, my dear," said one of the old-time mothers to her eldest daughter the morning of her marriage.

"There's just one thing to remember if you want to be happy.

"FEED THE BRUTE."

This seems cynical. It isn't.

It is based on cold, hard facts and solid reasoning.

Man is a work machine.

He needs food properly cooked and properly served.

Otherwise the work machine runs down.

A run-down man is a cross, cantankerous creature.

Cross, cantankerous men are a great factor in the divorce figures of today.

But there is another side to the story:

Kansas Agricultural College has been compiling a number of interesting figures about its women students.

The college has found that domestic science makes against divorce.

Eight hundred and twenty-nine girls have graduated in 20 years and all have taken the course in domestic science.

Four hundred and twenty-seven have married and only four have been divorced.

That is, instead of one in 12, less than one in 100.

But there's more to the story:

Of the four divorced, two have remarried their former husbands.

So the percentage drops from one in 12 to one in 200.

Which shows that "feeding the brute" pays in home happiness—if you know how to do it.

And domestic science courses show the way.

In many parts of the country domestic science courses now are included in public school work.

The course included cooking, dressmaking and millinery.

And it knocks a hole in the high cost of living bogie, for, as Tom Lawson points out, the high cost of living is usually the cost of high living.

A woman is more likely to be interested in running her home if she knows how to run it.

All of us are interested in doing those things we do well.

Practical usefulness makes ourselves and others happy.

Education ought not to be based on the needs of a small class. It should meet the fundamental needs of everybody.

The girl who can take care of herself and her whole family has a feeling of self-respect that makes for mental and physical health and therefore for happiness.

A PREVENTABLE LOSS.

THE ENORMOUS sum of \$150,000,000 was the aggregate loss sustained by the United States in meat animals as the result of disease and exposure in 1913, according to estimates announced by the Department of Agriculture.

The figures indicate a total loss of 7,005,000 hogs, valued at \$73,000. This represents more than 1,000,000,000 pounds of meat destroyed mostly by cholera.

"If there had been no such loss," it is stated, "probably increasing scarcity of meat would have been largely prevented."

The hog cholera epidemic of 1913 caused an estimated loss of about \$65,000,000.

THE FARMER AS MECHANIC.

EACH year the profession of farming—for it is a profession—becomes more difficult.

The farmer needs science and he needs mechanics.

The farmer is becoming considerable of a mechanic.

One only needs to glance at the power equipment on even the smallest farm to recognize this.

Some farmers complain that they have been compelled to purchase much labor-saving machinery.

On the other hand, had it not been for this machinery, many of them would have had to go out of business.

The latest thing is steam-cured hay, which makes the farmer independent of cold or rainy weather in haying time.

Some of the details will be found on the Science Page in this issue.

The green grass is hauled to the hay factory, unloaded at one end of the plant and, 30 minutes later, emerges at the other end perfectly cured, ready for the barn or bale press.

In case of rain, a canvas cover insures arrival at the barn without wetting.

Frequent showers make good grass.

But much of this is ruined in the process of sun-drying.

Old Sol is no respecter of persons.

The steam drier is independent of weather, and moreover turns out a better product, and can work nights.

Maud Muller might get a job checking the weights, but there isn't much romance about watching the steam gauge and a lot of conveyor belts.