

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.

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TO ADVERTISERS.
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A WOMAN HOMESTEADER.

ABOUT two years ago Mrs. Mary M. Younger, a widow, came west to grow up with the country. She filed on a homestead in Wyoming, and, relying upon her industry, she has shown what a Western woman of pluck and experience can do.

Mrs. Younger broke 24 acres. Discing the ground, she planted oats. Her wheat averaged 18 bushels to the acre on sod, but her oats were a failure because of bad seed. She also planted five acres of alfalfa.

From half an acre of rutabagas Mrs. Younger harvested two tons. Half an acre in cabbages yielded 1500 pounds. In her garden she raised turnips, onions, carrots and sunflowers. She had plenty of tomatoes for her table and to can for winter use. Her chickens are thriving and healthy. One hundred hens are laying. She raised most of her own feed for stock, getting 15 bushels of corn an acre from newly broken sod.

Mrs. Younger was in danger of becoming a factor in the unemployment problem, for her needs were greater than wages could supply. She came west, but she did not stop in the cities. She was a woman, and therefore she wished to be independent. She is prospering because of intelligence and hard work. She is not a member of the army of the unemployed.

What Mrs. Younger has done in Wyoming can be done in Oregon and Washington. It is being done in this state. Why is it that some men constantly permit women to outshine them in initiative and industry?

GLAD HE BROKE AWAY FROM THE CITY.

LISTEN to the story of Roland W. Day, who describes how he worked at a trade in the city without getting ahead and how he and his wife decided finally to make the break and go to the country. He has made a success in the country and writes in part, as follows, about his enthusiasm for the new life that he is enjoying:

"What would I be doing if I were in the city working at my trade today with two feet of snow on the level? Sitting by the fire just the same as I am doing now, only I am making dollars today where there I would be spending them. Would my wife go back to the city and live? Well, I think this is answer enough. Why should we, when we are happier than we ever were before and are both young and have the best part of our lives yet before us.

"This same opportunity is awaiting all such young men and women who are not afraid to get out and work and take advantage of a helping hand when it is offered, and work on a little borrowed capital so long as they can see their way clear.

"There is one point that I must say, that I can stop my team in the field, or any other place, and light my pipe, and I never could do that working for a boss in the city.

"There is one great thing that my wife and I are aiming for now, more than anything else, and that is, that when our five-year lease is up on this farm we shall be able to move upon our own."

WHY FARMERS SHOULD ADVERTISE IN THE NEWSPAPERS.

A RECENT issue of Farm and Fireside, the national farm paper published at Springfield, Ohio, J. M. Taylor writes a valuable and interesting article telling farmers how to get to the market with their goods. Mr. Taylor goes on, as follows, to show how farmers can use the newspapers:

"The cities are full of people who want to buy their goods direct, the country is full of farmers who would gladly sell direct for the sake of the additional profits to be gained by that mode of selling. All that remains is for them to get together.

"There is no need of an extensive advertising campaign. All that is necessary is a small display advertisement in the newspapers of the nearest large city. And in writing the ad the farmer should not be bashful about having his name easily seen. Let him advertise Smith's potatoes, or Smith's cabbages, or whatever Smith has to sell. Do it in a manner that will leave the impression that Smith is proud of his cabbages, that he knows them to be up to standard and that he personally stands back of them. People will more readily buy of a man when he stamps his name on his goods in a manner which shows that he is not afraid to be known as their sponsor. Furthermore, it is good business, for if people buy Smith's cabbages this year and find them good they will clamor for Smith's cabbages next year and be satisfied with no others."

BUMPER CROPS.

FIFTY-SIX million dollars is what it is estimated the railroads of this country will get for moving the record-breaking wheat crop.

It is impossible for any one to get a full idea of these staggering figures. The only object in quoting the estimate is to show why "big crops" and "prosperity" are words that go together.

Great as it is, the wheat crop is not everything this year. From nearly every section of the country comes news of bumper yields of nearly all crops. But moving the wheat is the big job right now. This means getting it from the thresher and distributing it for storage and for milling. It takes brains as well as money to do this. It takes the farmer, the banker, the miller, the export man, and, of course, the railroad man. Somebody must pay for this vast yield—and here is another place where prosperity comes in. Good markets join the big crops in making it complete.

Millions of bushels of wheat will be made into bread for immediate consumption. Other millions will be kept for seed. The rest will become a potent force in business affairs of the country and the world. It is the same with the other big crops.

Without modern invention, the reapers and the binders, it would not have been possible for the United States to produce the greatest wheat crop in the history of the land.

DENATURED ALCOHOL.

IF WE COULD utilize the products of the farm to their utmost there would be greater profit in farming. With the price of gasoline going higher because of such universal use for autos and gas engines it would mean much to the farmers and users of engines to have a market for those products that could be converted into alcohol.

Hundreds of tons of fruit go to waste every year because they are not marketable, and the potato market is easily overstocked. Many products contain alcohol that should be distilled for mechanical purposes. But why isn't it? We have a denatured alcohol law, but the farmers are still letting stuff go to waste instead of trying to make it into alcohol.

The reason why is because the denatured alcohol law was not made for farmers. The law is like the ship

building law—made for and by the very interests that would be hurt by a real good law. Farmers cannot make their potatoes and fruit into alcohol under the present law, hence there is no means of transforming these waste products into a marketable product the world so much needs at this time.

There are probably enough waste, or practically waste, products on the farms to make into alcohol that would largely furnish heat, light and power, at least all the farm needs, and that would save gasoline for city needs. But until the law is changed there will be no attempt made to conserve this great by-product of farming.

It might be well for the farmers to ask their congressmen and senators to help fix up a law that would be workable to the advantage of the farmers.

ASK FOR INFORMATION.

HERBERT QUICK, editor of Farm and Fireside, says that we citizens pay our scientists and experts, but that few of us use them as we might. There is not a worm, a bug, a blight, a disease, or a problem of the soil which is not studied by these hired men of ours and about which they are not anxious to tell us. Mr. Quick goes on in part, as follows:

"At the United States Department of Agriculture in Washington almost any question will be answered by experts free of charge. In such cases not even a stamp is required for reply. They will examine diseased plants and tell what the remedy is, if there is one. Some one has said that the way to tell a toadstool from a mushroom is to eat it—if you die it's a toadstool—but these experts will save you the trouble of dying, and tell you in case of doubt, if you will send them the specimen.

"The number of things an observant farmer—especially a young one—wants to know is simply illimitable. And he can be sure that if there is an answer it will be sent him. The country teacher who wants to ruralize her rural school might well ask for these problems to be brought to the school and sent thence to the experts. Such a policy will do much to bring the government closer to the farms, and to make the pupils feel that it is really their government."

PLANTS AS EMIGRANTS.

IT IS often hard to account for the way in which plants spread from one country to another, and yet no such emigration has taken place but the botanists have been able to advance some theory to account for it. In the early seventies of the last century the scientists in France were puzzled by finding that many new plants hitherto unknown in that country had mysteriously sprung up. In the summer of 1872 noted botanists went carefully to work to find the cause of this strange emigration, and they succeeded admirably. They found no fewer than two hundred plants natural to Germany and the countries south of her; these plants were mostly of the grass, pea and bean families and were found only in the territory occupied by the Germans in the siege of Paris. This is a good example of the strange way in which plants travel from place to place.

WHERE OHIO FARMERS BORROWED \$12,000,000.

K. V. HAYMAKER of Defiance county, Ohio, whose rural credit plan for farmers was discussed recently in Farm and Fireside, has been continuing his investigations as to facts, and in a recent issue of Farm and Fireside the following results are recorded:

"In the State of Ohio over twelve million dollars are now out on loan to farmers from building and loan associations. This is over sixteen per cent of all the farm loans in the state. Only six counties do not have

these associations, which are virtually farmers' land banks.

"The plan is extremely well developed, is now twenty years old, and, in Mr. Haymaker's opinion, needs leadership more than any legislation."

FARMERS CAN CHOOSE THEIR NEIGHBORS.

A FARMER is about the only man who can keep at a distance from uncongenial neighbors if he chooses. On general business principles it is bad policy to sell the center or even a large corner out of a farm for any purpose or for any figure very much less than the total value of the farm. If the parties who wish the land seem desirable, give them a long lease that does not grant the privilege of subletting. The smaller the piece of land to be divided the more rigidly the foregoing remarks apply. Owners of large tracts, on the other hand, can advantageously sell of slices to industrious farmers to mutual advantage. But no neighbors at all are better than undesirable ones.

NEVER DISAPPOINT CUSTOMER.

A FARMER who plans selling some of his produce by means of the parcel post must start out with one thing firm in his mind, and that is not to disappoint a customer, either in delivery or in the quality of his goods. The farmer must remember he is competing with the corner grocer and the huckster in the city whose wares the housewife may inspect when she buys. Buying "sight unseen" by mail it will take but one or two shipments of inferior vegetables, fruit or products of the poultry yard to drive the buyer back to the old source of supply.

"EVER A SONG SOMEWHERE."

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 There is ever a something that sings away;
 There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
 And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray;
 The sunshine showers across the grain,
 And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
 And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
 The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 Be the skies above dark or fair;
 There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
 There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 In the midnight black or the mid-day blue;
 The robin pipes when the sun is here,
 And the cricket chirrups the whole night through;
 The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
 And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sore;
 But whether the sun or the rain or the snow,
 There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE WINDING LAKE.

The wood-light grows more mellow-dim,
 The leaves dance happily,
 The russet path glows deeper hued
 To greet her worthily,
 And all the birds in chorus sweet,
 Sing, rapturous, insane,
 When lassie comes to meet me
 Adown the winding lane.

She's sweet as little roses are,
 As quaint as mignonette,
 And shy as modest pansy-buds,
 With shower-jewels set,
 She's Happiness! And from this world
 I've nothing more to gain
 When lassie comes to meet me
 Adown the winding lane!

This earth would be a kindlier place,
 If every man could know
 The fragrance of a shady path
 Where cool, green grasses grow,
 Where, when the sunset hour came by,
 And life was sweet and sane,
 His singing lassie turned the stile
 Adown the winding lane.
 —Ethel Hallett Porter, in July Lippincott's.

Those who think farming is all fun should give it a trial. It takes brains, energy and business judgment to make a success on any farm.