

BRING HOME SEEKERS.

Nothing Will Build Up a Community Like Good Roads.

The commercial bodies, the railroads and the newspapers are bending every possible effort to secure immigration, in other words, to attract the attention of the solid and substantial home seeking element and bring them here as home makers and there is no one thing that will induce them to come and cause them to stay more than good roads, said a speaker at the Oregon good roads convention.

The Willamette valley would have had more than double its present population had more attention been given to this subject. Real estate men in all parts of this valley will tell you that in many cases they have located good farmers from the older states, but on account of bad roads and the utter impossibility to get around, the women folks got homesick and blue and urged their husbands to go back to the old home where they could get out occasionally to see their neighbors or to go to church in comfort.

In speaking of good roads I also mean to include good sidewalks and good streets. In order to secure prosperity and happiness either in the city, town or country, we must have good roads for the pedestrian, the buggy, the wagon, the bicycle and the automobile. The modern idea of laying out an addition or improving a given section of any city is most successful when the streets and sidewalks are built in advance, and in making such improvements the real estate owner not only gets a profit on the land he has for sale, but he gets a profit upon the improvements he makes, and he is entitled to it. The investor or home seeker who gets into such an addition or locality shows good sense because he knows he does not have to depend upon his neighbors or the municipal government.

HIGHWAY LEAGUES.

How the Farmers of Illinois Will Improve the Roads.

Steps have been taken by the Illinois highway commission to organize the farmers of the state into leagues for the maintenance and improvement of the public highways, says the Motor News. Several leagues have already been organized.

The Illinois highway commission was created by the last general assembly and has taken up in earnest the work of improving the roads throughout the state. Nearly \$5,000,000 is spent annually in Illinois in maintaining highways and bridges. The aim of the commission is to improve the roads without adding extra expense to the taxpayers.

About 95 per cent of the public highways in Illinois are earth roads. A. N. Johnson of Springfield, the engineer of the commission, has given special attention to this class of roads, and he asserts that they can be greatly improved by "dragging" at a merely nominal expense to the farmers.

When the farmers' leagues are organized and the work placed on a systematic basis it is proposed by the commission to have all the farmers in a certain section turn out and drag the roads when they are wet and in the proper condition. Without an organization this cannot be done, as each one now leaves it to another to do, with the result that the roads are not attended to or repaired at the proper time.

The method which has been found to work satisfactorily in Iowa and Missouri consists in dragging heavy logs along the highways at a slight angle, which throws the soft mud or clay toward the center of the road. The logs are about nine feet in length, with a fattened surface.

Why Roads Should Be Improved.

There are many striking examples of the value of good roads. Wherever roads have been permanently improved it is found that there has been a very great increase in value of the adjacent property, says the Good Roads Magazine. Among examples of this sort is that of Jackson, Tenn. From figures recently published it is shown that since 1909 the city has increased 5,000 in population. The roads were improved through issuing bonds to start with, and they have advertised the city so much that families are constantly coming in from adjoining counties, with the result that land values have increased in some cases from 20 to 100 per cent. Property in the city has also greatly increased in value.

Millions Lost Annually.

"I believe the improvement of the roads of the country is of more vital interest and importance to the farmers of the republic than perhaps any other that we have heard debated here. All civilized governments build roads. All save our own have some established system for building and maintaining public highways, under the direction of skilled and competent officials. The secretary of agriculture estimates that the cost, the extra burdens imposed upon this country by bad roads, is not less than \$600,000,000 annually.—From a Speech Delivered by Congressman Lee of Virginia.

Kentucky's Greatest Handicap.

J. C. C. Mayo of Kentucky, who has been a chief factor in the development of the eastern counties of his state, and is an extensive owner of valuable coal lands of that region, said recently: "Our greatest handicap is the wretched condition of our country roads. In wet weather they are almost impassable, and the farmers cannot get over them in empty wagons. The construction of good roads in the rural districts is one of the biggest questions of the day, and this country will never experience the fullest prosperity until the problem is solved."

POINTS TO CONSIDER

WHY IT PAYS TO HAVE GOOD COUNTRY HIGHWAYS.

Improved Roads Increase Farm Values and Make It Possible to Haul Large Loads of Produce—Poor Highways Isolate the Farmer.

Let us consider the points of opposition that some of our rural friends make to the good roads plan, says a writer in the Motor News. They claim that it is money out of their pockets when they are compelled to pay the increased taxes which will be asked. This objection is readily met.

In the first place our friends are called upon to pay but one-fifth of the actual cost, which is in itself a very small sum. If I own a house in the city and a pavement is laid in front of it, my property increases in value. Just so with the farmer. If a good road is laid past his property, he is placed in just the same position that I would be.

The actual increased valuation of his farm more than makes up for the additional tax he was obliged to pay to secure the improvement. Now, as to his profit. He can haul large loads of produce to the city each trip, he can make more trips in a given time and he can travel at any period of the year with equal facility, barring the time when snow blocks his way.

Joining over rough roads, mud covered, rocking horses and broken harnesses and wagons are largely done away with. He no longer arrives home late at night after hours of agony over terrible roads, nervous and exhausted. On the contrary, he suffers no more inconvenience as far as the highway is concerned than if he were riding in an electric car.

I realize that the so-called scorchers has brought much discredit on the law abiding autoist and that many a farmer has been scared nearly to death when some motorist has whizzed past him at forty miles an hour, but this is an exception to the rule and is becoming more and more so as time passes. I dare say that this same farmer has been nearly run down on an equal number of occasions by one of his own ilk trying out the speed of his horse or racing with a friend.

How many of us while traveling through the country in the fall have not seen hundreds of bushels of fine apples rotting in the orchards? Why hasn't this fruit been brought into the city and sold? One reason, I opine, is that the roads are in such condition that it doesn't pay the grower to haul them into the city.

If there was an improved highway the owner would probably figure out that it would pay him to save this product. Another side of the question may be found in the social life of the ruralite. Many a time he would like to drive into the city for a little pleasure. He might want to attend the theater or seek some other equally harmless diversion. If he had a good highway to drive over he would do so, but with mud nearly his feet deep he would prefer to stay by his fireside and find solace in nicotine.

This means much to the young people, and you will find that when we get the state griddled with good roads—and it's coming—there won't be such anxiety to get off the farm and into the city. Human nature demands some pleasure in this world, and it will sometimes go a long way to get it, though it entails much suffering. Give us improved thoroughfares, then the country boy and girl will have greater chances for social intercourse and will become more contented.

Rural Delivery Notes

The operations of the rural free delivery service up to March 1 are shown in a statement recently issued by Fourth Assistant Postmaster General DeGraw, says a Washington dispatch. Up to that time 52,227 petitions had been received and referred. Of these 13,772 were acted upon adversely. The number of routes in operation March 1 was 35,931, leaving 3,424 petitions still pending, of which 294 have been assigned for establishment.

A distinct and important field for the utility motor vehicle that is already being cultivated to some extent is found in the rural free delivery mail service. Probably a score of these carriers are regularly using automobiles to cover their route, and are obtaining excellent service from them. Most of them are in the west, where, in spite of the fact that the roads are bad and streams are frequently required to be forded, they are doing excellent work.

J. O. Matthews of Sabetha, Kan., undoubtedly holds the record in the United States for quick rural mail service, says a Sabetha correspondent of the Kansas City Star. He not only covers his route of twenty-five miles in about four hours every day, but he maintains a regular schedule in the country. Mr. Matthews starts out from the Sabetha postoffice at 6:30 o'clock in the morning. After he leaves the postoffice he is a certain number of minutes from box to box. People know to the minute when their mail is going to arrive. During the winter months his schedule time for covering his route is four hours and ten minutes. In summer his time is three hours and forty-five minutes. Mr. Matthews works the regular old fashioned stagecoach business. He has a relay. He starts with a fresh horse and drives twelve miles. Here another fresh horse is secured. It takes Mr. Matthews five minutes to unhitch his horse, hitch the fresh horse and start off again. The balance of the distance is covered with the second horse. The horse left at the relay station is the relay horse for the next morning.

As the Modern Young Man Would Put It

"I have just joined an antiskissing club," said the beautiful girl.

"Why, do you believe kissing is dangerous?" asked the modern man. "It depends on what you mean by dangerous. If you mean to ask me whether I am afraid of microbes, I can say that I am not. I believe a great deal of this microbe and germ talk is absolutely ridiculous. As far as catching microbes is concerned, I shouldn't hesitate for a moment to—"

"To permit that sweet mouth of yours to be kissed by the right man," he suggested.

"Well, if you want to put it that way you may," she returned.

"But I wouldn't put it just that way. May I show you how I would put it?"

"I am waiting for you to do so." He gently placed one hand against the back of her splendidly poised head, placed the fingers of his other hand very tenderly under her pretty chin, then with a deft movement which, as far as she was concerned, was also utterly painless, tilted her face upward and, bending forward, completed the process with an ease and a naturalness that left her with absolutely no cause for criticism. After it was all over he asked:

"Won't you tell me now why you joined the antiskissing club?"

"Because—because," she sighed, "there's such a thrill, you know, about doing anything that would get you into trouble if it were found out, and then it gave me a chance to introduce the subject too. How was it that you would put it?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Confession. "Would you mind telling the court," asked the examining attorney, "where and when you laid the foundations of this structure of graft that has overshadowed your life?"

The once famous man who had been mercilessly exposed and must now pay the penalty for his misdeeds lifted his haggard face and replied:

"I will tell you, in the hope that it may serve as a warning to the young—to the very young. My first step in graft was when, as a boy of six or seven, I compelled my big sister's admirer to bribe me to leave the parlor by giving me pennies and nickels and dimes. Step by step I can trace my downfall from that evil time."—Judge.

A Bad Case of Sabbath Breaking. On a recent Monday morning the pastor of a church in Virginia was the recipient of a basket of strawberries brought to him by a little girl of the parish.

"Thank you very much, my dear," said the minister. "These berries are as fine as any I've ever seen. I hope, however, that you did not gather them yesterday, the Sabbath." "No, sir," replied the child; "I pulled 'em early this mornin', but they was a-growin' all day yesterday."—Harper's Weekly.

Not Extravagant.



Mr. Meally—It's something dreadful. My wife is always asking me for money. It's money, money, money, all the time.

Mr. Japson—Why, whatever does she do with all this money?

Mr. Meally—Oh, I don't know. I haven't given her any yet.

The Bargain Sale. Mabel—These bargain sales are going to be the death of me yet. I went into a store the other day where they were having a sale on preserves.

Maude—Well, let's know the worst and have it over. Did you preserve your presence of mind?

Mabel—I almost got crushed in the jam.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Common Way. "Professor," asked the young man, "what's the best way to learn book-keeping?"

"Hub," growled the old professor, whose friends were depleting his library, "just acquire the habit of borrowing them."—Houston Post.

Amerede Honorable. "No, sir," declared Bragg, "I owe nothing to any man."

"Oh, yes, you do," retorted Wise. "No, sir?"

"Oh, yes, you owe an apology to every man who has to listen to you blow."—Philadelphia Press.

The World. They tell us in our childhood days The world is round, and we, With youthful heedlessness, accept The doctrine easily.

When we are grown to man's estate We are so overwrought With constant struggling we've no time To give its shape a thought.

At last, when we approach the end And see how small a lot Of stuff we've gathered as compared With what some folks have got, What we were told comes back, and we Are quite prepared to swear Whatever other shape it has, It surely isn't square. —W. J. Lampton in Judge.

EXIT JUNE HOG.

Good Money Usually Made on the October Market.

Ten years ago we fattened and sold the last bunch of June hogs from this farm. To grow a nine-month-old hog with practically five months of winter in the midst of his career and make the transaction profitable every year was what we failed to do, yet we had an abundance of clover.

Later instead of fattening for the June market we fed for the August market. In some respects this was better. About that time I was impressed with the success of a relative who fed a few hogs to be sold to the local butcher about Sept. 25. He had discovered that the demand for hogs was good at that time, and the prices were above what we had received at any time for June or August hogs. Could we cut out some of the difficulties we had encountered, utilize every resource and reach this objective? This problem R. L. Dean worked out as follows, as he tells in Ohio Farmer:

Feeding the October Hog. We decided to take the weights of the hogs as frequently as was necessary to discern the gains they were making for the food consumed. We discovered the hogs were making a return for the grain consumed when fed in connection with clover that was much better than the prices for grain. This sort of feeding was calculated to make the hogs grow, but not to finish them. They needed more corn.

Soaked Corn. What shall we substitute for corn ten months in the crib, hauled to barrels and submerged in water for twenty-four hours? That which is nearest like soaked corn is corn with just enough sap to make it palatable and nutritious. On the farm there was plenty of this by Sept. 5. We could not get it to the hogs in the necessary quantities, for we were too busy. We cut and hauled some green corn in connection with the old for a week or two. When the ears were ripe enough not to spoil when pulled off we turned in the hogs. They had access to running water and plenty of natural shade, for the weather is often hot in September.

Profits Show Up Well. The hogs made us 50 cents per bushel net for the corn they ate, reckoning the yield at sixty bushels per acre. Hogs as we fattened and fed them during the summer could be finished to bring the top price in three or four weeks' time. As a rule, prices are well sustained till Oct. 5, but by the 15th they usually break.

THE POINTER

Lay your plans to purchase a pure bred bull or boar, or both, this fall. There is no quicker way to improve your stock than to put a pure bred male at the head of your herd.

Even Toothless Old Eyes Win Out. If there is one article that is scarcer than another in market circles, according to a Chicago trade authority, it is native mutton, this including both sheep and lambs. But for the delegation from western ranges, either direct or by the feed lot route, during the past year a mutton famine would have existed. And there is no prospect of an increase in the supply of natives during the coming summer. In fact, the trade is expectant of a decrease, as the farm belt is stocking up. Ram and wether lambs will be marketed, but ewe lambs will be held, and present clamor for breeding stock has created sufficient country trade to keep even old toothless ewes away from the shambles.

"Dad's Old Way"—Forget It. I have been raising hogs for several years; for the past year have changed my stock to pure bred Berkshires. I make bigger and more salable pigs at an earlier age. I have done away with my rail fence and built my entire fence out of wire fence. I believe many farmers would like to breed pure bred stock if they thought they would make a success. My advice is to make your leap and try. You never will know what you can do until you try. I have been farming all my life and find that dad's old way will not do. Get right, boys, and help me raise pigs for our brother farmer who hasn't time to raise them.—South Carolinian.

Corn Considers. The man with comparatively small capital may start in the business of raising hogs or sheep. Both are very profitable if properly handled. One good sow or one good ewe may become the head of a herd that will become a money maker.

Mighty Safe Proposition. The New York, Boston, Philadelphia and local buyers are falling over one another to pick up the scant supply of horses in the Chicago market at prices never before heard of in the trade and rather inferior horses at that. No one of the present generation need be alarmed over the horse being put out of business by the automobile.—Breeder's Gazette.

Footnotes. Every time you go to the sheep pasture—please make it a point to go often—count the sheep and take them a bit of salt.

When a man wants to use his horse and has to chase him all over his farm in order to catch him it is evident that either the man or the horse was not brought up right.

The prospect is that pork will be high at least one more year. Let's have some to sell next fall.

For mercy's sake, don't put a poke on that calf! Fix up the fence.

The man who thinks, "Darn a hog, anyway," better let the other fellow raise the pigs.

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