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KANSAS FARMER

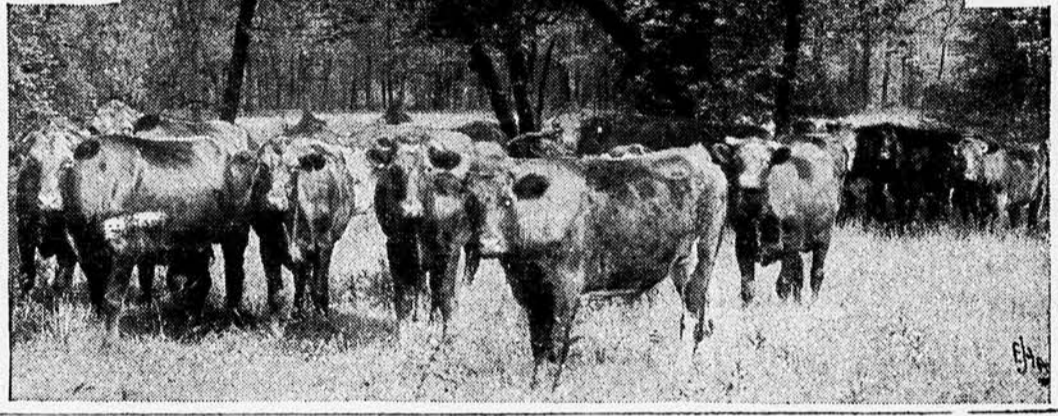
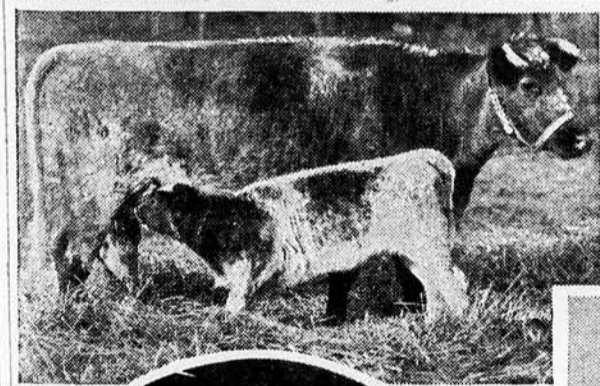
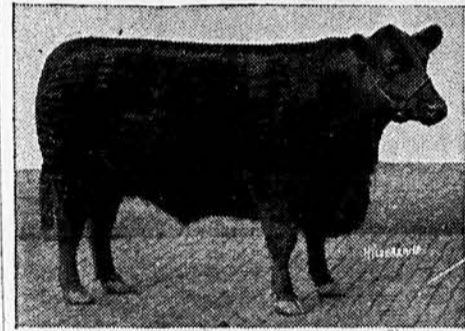
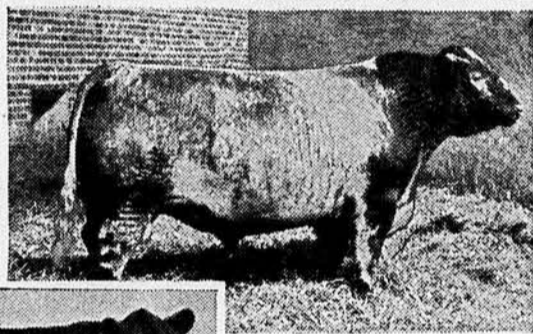
MAIL & BREEZE

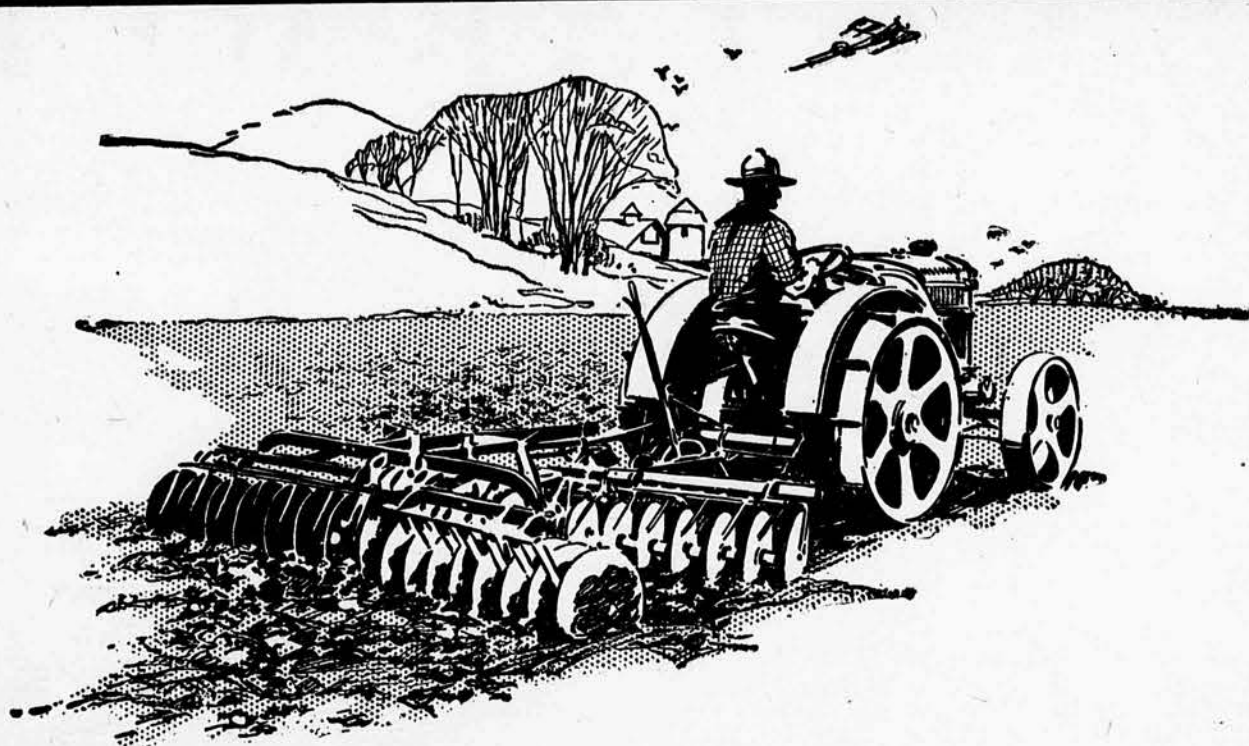
Volume 65

October 29, 1927

Number 44

On the Trail of Kansas Beef





“Good Equipment Makes a Good Farmer Better”

SELDOM do we stop to think of the tremendous amount of work that is accomplished with modern farm machinery, the hours of time and back-breaking labor saved and the many other benefits that come from its use. Your Farm Service Dealer who carries farm equipment is always ready to assist you. In your machinery problem he is always willing to work long hours that you may be satisfied. He is willing to help you make repairs and adjustments on a moment's notice.

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Inman.....Inman Hdw.
Isabel.....Larabee
Isabel.....Isabel Co-op. Equity Ex.
Jewell City.....E. L. Gray Imp. Co.
Junction City.....Waters Hdw. Co.
Junction City.....J. J. & W. F. Muenzenmaier
Kelly.....Leo J. Guth
Kinsdown.....Kingsdown Hdw. Co.
Kismet.....J. C. Benson Mlse. Co.
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KANSAS FARMER

By ARTHUR CAPPER

Volume 65

October 29, 1927

Number 44

Yale Pioneered in Upland Irrigation

His Freezing System Holds Buds Back Until Frost Danger Is Past

WALK thru Yale's alfalfa field in summer and the pleasant gurgle of water is audible as it tumbles along in apparent recklessness, finally to sink with growth-provoking freshness to the mass of roots below. Step smart now or you'll be in one of the man-made rills that guides this man-made rain from flume to destination; they are covered by plant growth that bends to meet that of the opposite side as if to keep secret its source of moisture from feverish winds and scorching sun.

Across a fence a truck patch, encouraged by an adequate supply of moisture, feeds a wide variety of vegetables into readiness for the table; melons beginning to swell on their vines, give promise of delicious refreshments. Well-groomed trees spread their foliage in eager assurance that they will be generous with their fruits. Perhaps their owner will guide you among them, sometime toward fall, and treat you to luscious apples, peaches, pears; there still will be a slice of melon in the house for you. There is water ever handy for the Shorthorns and milkers, the flock of woollies, the Spotted Polands and the Rhode Island Reds at the turn of the faucet. Likewise in the home the job of carrying water has been forgotten.

A. Yale has harnessed the winds that sweep across Gove county and makes them work for him. He utilizes the power of one of nature's elements to help him grow the fruits and vegetables and crops he visioned could be grown, back there one day years ago. He had pulled into Chicago with two loads of cattle from Iowa. Two of his friends wanted him to go to Colorado with them. They even offered to pay his expenses. Mr. Yale became interested in the trip and decided to make it—at his own expense. "Traveling thru Kansas I saw such fine crops that I stopped to look the country over, and soon had purchased a half section near Grainfield," he said. First his son made a start with sheep on the newly

By Raymond H. Gilkeson

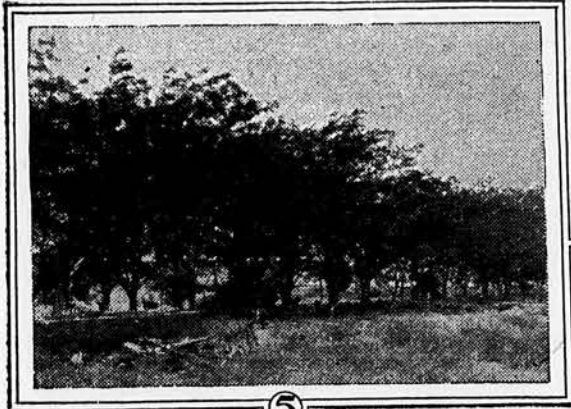
irrigation with super-windmill power, supplying moisture in this manner for garden, orchard and alfalfa. His shelter-belt plantings, fruit trees and garden all are excellent in range of varieties and in results obtained. It is certain that he has rendered a real contribution to Western Kansas because of his pioneer work with windmill irrigation and fruit growing. And here is one thing at least that he emphasizes as being better than conditions in Iowa. "The best feed for my hogs is ground kafir and barley, half and half. This is a much



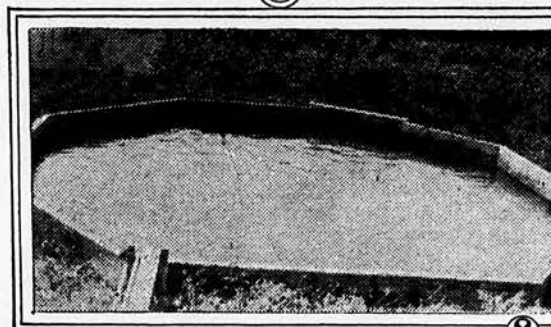
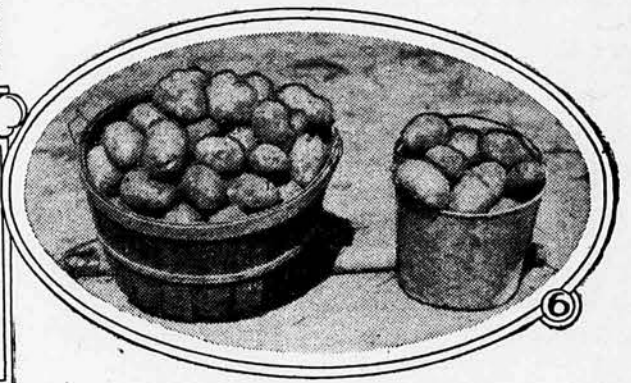
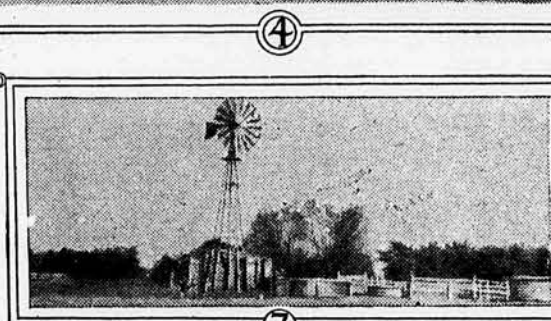
How is This for Fruit? In No. 1, Mr. Yale is Exhibiting a Healthy Crop of Plums. In No. 2, the Home Seems to Nestle Comfortably Among the Sheltering Trees. No. 3, Mr. Yale, Himself. He is a Man of Initiative. No. 4, the Barn and Alfalfa Storage. And Don't Overlook No. 6, for It Shows Western Kansas Potatoes —These Happened to Go to the Fair



ask Mr. Yale as other folks have done. "It is to prevent the sides and corners from cracking out so badly," he will tell you. And if you don't believe it there is a problem for you. The tank holds 1,200 barrels of water, and the dimensions—well, it's large enough for a swimming pool. And what is more it serves that purpose. "Looks like an invitation to take a swim," a recent visitor said, indicating the octagon crystal. "Ever try it?" he queried. "Oh, every day," Mr. Yale smiled, "or as often as I can, at least." In fact it is a drawing card for the neighborhood on sweltering days. Mr. Yale said he has seen as many as 30 folks in it on Sunday or some other day off.



A Glimpse of a Honey Locust and Pine Wind-Break, No. 5. Yale's Shelter Belt Planting, Fruit Trees and Garden Are Excellent in Range of Varieties. No. 7, the Light Plant, Milk House, Water Supply Tank for Home, with Tanks at Right for the Stock. In No. 8, You Are Looking into the Crystal-Clear Octagon That is Swimming Pool and Irrigation Tank Combined



And that's a key to the man's character and personality. He's glad the folks enjoy the "pool" and they are welcome to it and the tennis court. It isn't difficult either to imagine a message of sympathy formed by flowers from the Yale farmstead, going to a neighbor's home; or fresh fruits symbolizing hope for speedy recovery for the sick room. Out on Kansas farms genuine neighborliness must have found its beginning.

Valves control the flow of water from the big tank. One opens into the flume that guides water to the alfalfa, another to the potatoes. And incidentally Mr. Yale grows potatoes equal in quality to those of the famous Kaw Valley. Quality, mind you, and not equal in yield. But that is satisfactory for his section of the country. He has proved that potatoes can be grown under irrigation there, profitably.

The alfalfa field gets water from the octagon tank winter and summer. Mr. Yale will irrigate it about three times in the winter, and in the summer it is almost a continuous process. Almost every day the contents of the tank finds its way to one section or another of the alfalfa field. Mr. Yale doesn't try to flood the entire field at one time, but rather a small section of it. He gets over all of it efficiently that way. And he is particular about the way he handles the alfalfa at cutting

(Continued on Page 9)

acquired farm, as Dad had gone back East. But he wasn't there to stay. The new country called him. It must have seemed as if Western Kansas had made a promise to him out there that trip. He must have visioned the possibilities—do some still fall to see them?—of production under proper cultural methods, with moisture supplied by irrigation when nature fails. His present fruits and garden and alfalfa are the fulfillment of the promise Western Kansas made him in the vision its broad acres inspired.

Mr. Yale farmed in Iowa for 20 years and of course, was and no doubt still is, thoroly familiar with every phase of agriculture in that state. Coming to Kansas he found some things different—and incidentally some things better. Probably if you visited with him and studied his present system of farming, even in a superficial way, you would voice somewhat the opinion that others have formed. It is that Mr. Yale has teamed the Iowa habits of thoroughness with Western Kansas aggressiveness and progressiveness, by developing a typical Iowa homestead on the upland of Gove county. Mr. Yale is well-balanced in his diversification, being a thoro crop, livestock and horticultural farmer. He is a pioneer in the development of upland

better ration for growing hogs than Iowa corn," he said.

This typical Iowa homestead is on the section Mr. Yale owns near Grinnell and not on the first piece of land he purchased on his early trip out here. The irrigation system can be duplicated on a great many Western Kansas farms to good advantage. A windmill pumps water into the big concrete reservoir as frequently or continuously as Western Kansas winds blow. The tank therefore never is empty. It is an eight-sided affair—an octagon, according to arithmetic and geometry. You might wonder why so many sides, and you would

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Passing Comment

By T. A. McNeal

I HAVE just returned from an automobile trip of nearly 3,800 miles, which took me and my associates thru 14 states; including our own state of Kansas, the states of Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Vermont; thru the great cities of St. Louis, Indianapolis, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Buffalo and Cleveland and thru the lesser but still very important cities of Terre Haute, with more than 70,000, Dayton with more than 172,000, Wheeling with more than 52,000, Jersey City with more than 315,000, Elizabeth, N. J., with 104,000, Newark, N. J., with more than 450,000, Providence, R. I., with 268,000, Springfield, Mass., with more than 142,000, Springfield, O., with 60,000, and Springfield, Ill., with 64,000, Rochester, N. Y., with 317,000, Syracuse, N. Y., with 182,000, Kansas City, Mo., with 368,000 and Kansas City, Kan., with 116,000, to say nothing of a multitude of thriving cities with populations ranging from 10,000 to 50,000.

These 14 states have an aggregate population of 58 million, approximately half of the entire population of the United States and territories, more than half in fact and containing considerably more than half the wealth of the entire 48 states in the Union.

I do not want to make this simply an aggregation of statistics, tho to my mind there is nothing so interesting as people and the things they have accomplished. I quote, however, in order to show that this trip gave me a better idea of the tremendous resources of this country than any other journey I ever took.

No man gets anything like a fair impression of the country by riding thru it on a railroad train. Neither does one get any adequate impression of the cities thru which the trains run. The railroads naturally and necessarily seek the easiest grades and avoid scenery as much as possible, because scenery generally means the mountains and hills. You do not get all the scenery riding thru a country in an automobile but you do get as good as there is and you have more time to look at it.

I have talked with a good many motorists who have made long journeys presumably for pleasure, who seem to be proud of the fact that they covered a great many miles in a day. I cannot understand why. If I had the time to spare I would not try to make more than 150 miles a day and never travel at night or in the rain. I would like to loiter at country places, in little but attractive cities. I would like to stay long enough in the places that attract my fancy to get the local color and local history; for there is scarcely a town that has not a lot of interesting color and interesting history and interesting characters who are worth studying, for as I said, to me there is nothing after all so interesting as people, folks, with their local pride, their local traditions.

When I come to think it over I believe that I would cut that average down to a hundred miles a day; some days I wouldn't go at all; just loaf round and talk with the folks. That would be my idea of having a bully time, provided of course that I could get comfortable places to stay and generally that is possible.

WE TALK a great deal about the destructiveness of the automobile and the recklessness of automobile drivers. I have come home with some changed opinions about that. I have come back with a high opinion of the good sense, carefulness and regard for the rights of others of the people who drive automobiles. When I think of the number of people who are driving automobiles and the number of chances they have to kill themselves or kill somebody else I am amazed at the small number of accidents.

Stop and figure for a moment. There are about 25 million motor cars in the United States in all states of fitness. I think we passed several of the first automobiles that were manufactured. They showed every indication of extreme age and general decrepitude. Their bodies were scarred and seamed with the marks of numerous accidents; their ragged covers flapped and waved in the wind. As we went by them or they went by us they rattled like an ancient farm wagon with all the spokes loose in every wheel and the wheels weaving and tottering as they played to and fro on the worn spindles but still going gaily on and unafraid.

But to go on with that calculation. It is certainly conservative to estimate that the average

distance traveled by each automobile is considerably more than a thousand miles a year, but let us call it 1,000 for easy calculation. That means that the automobiles of the United States in the course of a year cover an aggregate distance of 25 billion miles. That is equivalent to circling the globe 1 million times in 12 months. Certainly these cars will carry over every mile they travel an average of two passengers. In other words, they carry 50 million passengers a distance of 25 billion miles in the course of the year.

How many people are killed by motor car accidents in the course of a year in the United States? About 25,000, or one person is killed for each million miles traveled, which is one-twentieth of 1 per cent of those who ride. In other words, if you ride in automobiles you might at the worst stand one chance in 2,000 of getting killed. But that is a wrong calculation, for fully as many people get killed by motor cars who are not riding as of those who ride. Therefore, your chances of being killed while riding in an automobile are less than one in 4,000. In fact, according to statistics, you are safer riding in an automobile than you are if you stay at home.

I will admit in this connection that you can prove almost anything by perfectly reliable statistics, but the fact remains that, considering the number of people who drive cars and the state of repair of many of the machines, the smallness of the number of fatalities is not only surprising, it is astounding. There are some reckless drivers. There are many inexperienced drivers. But the number of reckless drivers is small, very small in proportion to the whole number. I have a high opinion of the average intelligence, the ability of automobile drivers to think quickly and to do the right thing in a case of emergency as I observed it on this long drive thru the most densely populated part of the United States, where the risks naturally would seem to be the greatest.

I WANT to say another thing and that is, the man who says that there is more drinking since prohibition was adopted in the United States than there was before is either a deliberate liar or he simply does not know what he is talking about. If I had any doubt on that subject before I took this trip I have none now. The man whose head is fuddled with whisky cannot drive an automobile with safety; he needs to have a clear head. Among the thousands of men I saw driving cars I do not recall seeing one that was evidently under the influence of liquor. I do not pretend to say that none of them had taken a drink; quite possibly some of them had, but not enough to make it noticeable.

Now I have a very distinct recollection of the days of the saloon. In every town where the saloons were open it was common to see not one but dozens of men reeling on the streets and especially on Saturday nights in the county seat towns where it was the custom for everybody to come to town on Saturday. It was a common sight to witness men trying to drive their teams when they were so drunk they could not guide the horses. If the horses had not had more sense than their owners or drivers there would have been dozens of wrecks. What would those drunken men have done with automobiles?

IN MY native state of Ohio they have adopted the curious custom of marking each place along the highways where anyone was killed, with a wooden cross. Now as practically all the interstate travel goes thru Ohio and as the state has a population of nearly 7 million people, that means that in the course of a year several millions of automobiles pass and repass. I have no means of knowing how many motor cars pass over these Ohio roads in the course of a year, but the number of trips made over these Ohio highways in that length of time must aggregate almost untold millions.

As this erecting of crosses has been going on for several years it is not remarkable that there are a good many of them. In traveling from Newark a short distance east of Columbus, to Wheeling, W. V., we counted more than a hundred of these wooden crosses. The assumed object of putting up these reminders of violent deaths is to warn reckless drivers. At first it occurred to me that perhaps it was a good idea but I changed my mind about that. It conveys an entirely erroneous impression about the dangers of motor car travel.

There is an average on this, perhaps the most

frequented highway in the state, of something less than one cross to the mile, but as these crosses have been accumulating for several years there have been during that time untold millions of automobiles passing and repassing, so that the percentage of fatalities has been after all, exceedingly small. Furthermore I am satisfied that it does not act as a warning at all. The few reckless drivers pay no attention to the crosses and those who are not reckless would take no more chances, in my opinion, if the crosses never had been erected. On the other hand, it has a certain depressing effect, as if you were riding thru a continuous graveyard.

As the human mind is so constituted that it soon becomes accustomed to almost anything, after awhile the sight of these crosses only excites a certain feeling of curiosity. The passengers who are not occupied with either driving at the wheel or from the back seat, sometimes interest themselves in keeping count and after while it comes to the point where they are disappointed if there is a considerable stretch of road without any crosses. They have a feeling that somebody ought to have been killed to mark this vacant stretch. Our sympathies are easily dulled and sometimes perverted.

In going thru a cemetery how much sympathy do you expend on the sorrowing members of the families of the departed whose last resting places are marked by tombstones? You either criticize or admire the style of the monument that marks the grave with no thought whatever of the grief of those who are left behind.

As I said, your sympathy, if you have any, is perverted often. I once heard a story of a mother who was showing her little daughter a painting representing the persecution of the early Christians. They were being eaten by the hungry lions in the Roman amphitheatre. The little girl burst into tears. Her mother supposed that the child's sympathies had been deeply stirred by the suffering of these early martyrs, but was somewhat surprised to learn that the emotions of the child were stirred for a different reason. "Look there, Mamma," cried the little girl as the tears streamed down her cheeks, "there is one poor lion that hasn't any Christian."

I came to the conclusion that the erection of these wooden crosses serves no good purpose. It involves considerable expense, has a depressing effect on very sensitive people, dulls the sympathy of others, gives the state the general appearance of a Catholic burying ground and, taken altogether, is a fool law.

AS THE editor of an agricultural paper I was interested in the agricultural outlook and agricultural variations I witnessed. In fact, I think I saw something of about every phase of agriculture, horticulture and floriculture practiced in the Northern and Central states of the American Union.

I passed thru some of the richest and some of the poorest agricultural country in the United States. I saw farm lands in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois as rich as the famed valley of the Nile. I saw some of the finest dairy herds I have ever looked upon; some of the best beef cattle that graze; many of the fattest sheep, grazing contentedly on the sloping hillsides or lying content with stomachs filled with the lush pastures. I saw some great fat horses, but nothing like the number there used to be.

I saw the truck farms of New England, fields of cabbages with beautiful, round, solid heads. On the summit of the Allegheny Mountains I found an industrious German farmer digging his carrots and turnips, which he assured me were the sweetest turnips that are grown in the United States—but he didn't offer me a single bladed turnip tho my mouth was watering for a taste of sweet turnip.

I saw what I have not seen for many a year, large fields of buckwheat in shock and I could almost taste the crisp buckwheat cakes with the butter melted on them fresh from the soapstone griddle and wallowing in rich maple sirup; none of your base, tasteless imitations of buckwheat such as are sold to the people who never have known the richness and joy of real buckwheat.

We passed acres and acres of flowers, some in hothouses but many acres growing rich with color and perfume in the autumn sun. We passed great fields of celery, fields of tomatoes, the largest and richest I have ever seen. In Connecticut, fields of cabbage and tobacco in juxtaposition,

thus furnishing both the wrapper and filter of such cigars as David Harum smoked and which he called "The Pride of the Valley."

In northern New York the road ran past miles and miles of vineyards, the greatest grape country in the United States, perhaps in the world, and by the way, in the old town of Concord is still carefully preserved and still growing the original vine from which the Concord grape took its start. A predecessor of Burbank developed the Concord from the wild grape that grew in that vicinity. If he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is to be counted as a benefactor of mankind, certainly the man who developed this hardy and well flavored grape deserves a monument to perpetuate his name and work, but after all, this old vine, still apparently healthy and bearing its fruit, is the finest monument he could have. Sometime however, this old vine must die and then I hope will come the monument of granite with a vine laden with rich fat clusters carved on its enduring side by some great sculptor to commemorate his name and memory.

IN NORTHWESTERN Ohio there used to be a great cranberry marsh to which people journeyed for many miles to gather wild cranberries. On the swampy ground for untold centuries the ripened vegetation had fallen from year to year and decayed, building up layer after layer of mold of exceeding richness. There was, however, so much other land, not so rich, but still quite fertile, to be had for an exceedingly small price that no one thought seriously of draining this marsh. In fact, no individual could have afforded the expense necessary to drain it. But finally the state undertook the job. Drainage districts were formed and great ditches constructed. The cranberry marsh became perhaps the richest land in the state of Ohio and continues to be to this day. It is easy to see the evidences of prosperity; fine farm houses, well kept farms and abundant crops of corn and hay, good wheat but not much of it; beef and dairy cattle and fat sheep.

A FEW weeks ago the farmers of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois were worrying about their corn crop. The season had been wet and cold; the corn was late in ripening and it looked as if the frosts would certainly catch it in the milk; but nature has been kind; no killing frosts came and most of the corn is out of danger of the frost. However, in none of these states, even in the richest corn growing sections, did I see better corn than there is in Kansas, in the Kaw bottom and for that matter in other parts of the Sunflower state. Kansas this year can show as good corn as any part of the United States. For once at any rate, Kansas farmers, at least in the eastern half of the state, are sitting on top of the world so far as crops are concerned.

IN THE old town of Concord I saw for the first time in my life a wooden moldboard plow; in fact the entire plow was made of wood. This old relic was kept in the house where Samuel

Adams and John Hancock were sleeping on that memorable night when Paul Revere made his ride to warn the colonists that the British troops were marching toward Concord. The story is that Adams and Hancock were peacefully sleeping, probably snoring, in a residence which belonged to the Hancock family when Paul came riding in.

When he asked for Adams and Hancock he was told that they were asleep and must not be disturbed as they had been at a conference which had lasted until late and they were weary. Paul is said to have remarked that if they didn't wake up then the British would surely waken them in a few minutes as they were marching on the town and part of their object was to capture Adams and Hancock, after which preliminary he was informed that it was their intention to hang these two distinguished gentlemen. That was a very awakening sort of message and Samuel and John dressed and got out of there in quicker time than they had ever made in their lives.

Now this old house is kept as a museum, in a fair state of preservation, and in one of the rooms is this old wooden moldboard plow.

I will say for the man who made it that he was an expert in his business. That old moldboard made out of pieces of wood, is as well shaped as any modern steel moldboard and I have no doubt that in loose, sandy soil that plow would do a very fair job of stirring up and turning over the ground; it would not get very far, however, in a tough, gumbo soil.

That was about the second step is the evolution of agricultural cultivation, or maybe the third or fourth. First, I apprehend the cultivator sharpened a stick as well as he could with such tools as he had and with it punched holes in the ground and there planted his seed. Then it occurred to him to hitch oxen to a crooked stick and pull the point of it thru the ground. It was still a far call from the crooked stick to even the wooden moldboard plow.

It occurred to some progressive farmer that if he could stir the ground and turn it over it would be easier to cultivate it and he began to work on the curved moldboard that would turn the ground over and at the same time tend to pulverize it. He was a genius and like the man who developed the Concord grape he deserves a monument of granite. There is plenty of granite in that locality.

We were shown the bed in which Adams and Hancock were sleeping when Paul Revere suddenly waked them. For a bed that is more than 152 years old it struck me as in very good condition. I forgot to ask whether the bedding had been changed since Sam and John slept in it. I am going to find out about that the next time I am in Concord.

The portraits of John Hancock's father and mother still hang on the wall of this old house. Unless I am no judge of facial expression they were aristocrats of the aristocrats and didn't care much for the "embattled farmers" we have read so much about. At any rate when the farmer was perspiring freely I imagine he was not particularly welcome at the Hancock homestead.

The fact probably is that John Hancock was impelled to take an active part in the Revolution as a matter of business. He was an importer and the tax on tea interfered with his profits. Still it must be said for John that after he got into the scrap he went the whole hog; there was no soft pedaling on his part. Possibly he figured that the only way he could keep from being hanged was for the colonists to win out.

I did not see much improved farm machinery in New England. I will not say there is none but I did not happen to see any. I also saw what I have not seen for many years, a yoke of oxen drawing a load. There used to be a number of yokes of oxen down in the Medicine Lodge country when I first came to Kansas. I also saw, not so very far from Boston, an old overshot water wheel still doing business. I do not know how much business.

ONE thing that surprises the man from the West, the land of wide open spaces, is the number of towns in the East. You scarcely get out of one town until you are entering another. Most of them are big enough to have traffic signals and announce that the speed limit is anywhere from 10 to 25 miles an hour—I wonder if there is any individual who drives a car who obeys the speed laws. There may be such a person but I have yet to make his acquaintance. The ones who are traveling 50 miles an hour may slow down to 40 or maybe 35 and those who are going regularly from 35 to 40 may check up to 30 but none of them obey the law. I did not see anybody arrested. The authorities seem either to have decided it is no use or else they have lost the ability to calculate distance.

I do not know whether this stuff I am writing will interest the readers of this moral guide. I am just depending on their generosity and also I want to get it out of my system. Next week I am going to tell you some other things that interested me and I hope will interest you. I come back with a feeling that I never before have fully appreciated the greatness, the tremendous resources of our country and I also come back with a better opinion of the people who inhabit it. Almost without exception I found them courteous, accommodating and intelligent. Of course they make the tourist pay pretty stiff prices for what he gets but if he isn't willing to be stung he had better stay at home.

Might Place Deeds in Escrow

I have property consisting of real estate and notes. At my death I wish this to be divided equally among my heirs. Is it possible to will it in such a way that an administrator would not be necessary? The heirs are all of age. Should deeds be made to be effective at my death?
M. C.

The division of this property could be made without going thru the regular process of administration. The notes might be assigned in blank, left in escrow to be delivered to the persons to whom they are to be given after your death. In the same way, you might make deeds to your real estate and place these deeds in escrow to be delivered at your death.

Why the Farm Fight Must Go On

NEARLY all Eastern newspapers admit there is a farm problem. There was a time they didn't. Now they do admit it—some of them with reservations. Several of these newspapers will go all around Robin Hood's barn admitting something should be done for agriculture, so long as no effort is made to do it, or help do it, with legislation. They will give you to understand it must not be done that way.

One such newspaper is the Troy, N. Y., Evening Record. In a rather cocksure, dogmatic editorial it says, "Social and industrial rather than political, are the sole methods of securing success" for the farm industry. This paper will not admit any other help is needed or could or should be given.

And this is typical of the East's industrial dog-in-the-mangerism. It was, and is, quite all right for the Government, even many generations back, to poutice the East's industrial problem with a tariff actually and generously protective and to keep that poutice there and make it stronger with the years. It is all right to have a Federal Reserve system to fix the rate of interest and credit. It is all right to have an Interstate Commerce Commission take care of the railroads. And, in the main, this is all right. But notwithstanding, quite a few newspapers like the Record won't admit as yet, that so vital and so widespread an industry as agriculture, needs the same nation-wide treatment.

There are men who speak with authority about the needs and conditions of agriculture, who are not "politicians," nor "statesmen," nor "farmers." For instance, Dr. E. G. Nourse, of the Institute of Economics, Washington, sees nothing but hard times for agriculture for many years to come, unless some "artificial means of readjustment is resorted to."

Prof. B. H. Hibbard, of Wisconsin University, agrees with Nourse that nothing short of legislative action can overcome the price disparity between agriculture which must sell largely on the world market, and other American industries operating in a protected market.

Dr. G. F. Warren, of Cornell University, believes

that agriculture, if left to take its natural course, must go thru another 10 years of hard times.

Can the country stand it? I do not think so.

Secretary Jardine, of the United States Department of Agriculture, altho an opponent of the McNary-Haugen measure, is of the same opinion apparently. He finds legislation will be necessary to help agriculture to its feet.

Because of its nation-wide surveys, the National Industrial Conference Board speaks with much authority on economic conditions. Its president, M. W. Alexander, says the farmer is not receiving his share of the national income. It is his opinion that problem should have first attention at Washington.

For the last five years agriculture's share of the national income has averaged less than half what it was before the war. After six years of farm depression, the farmer's share in 1926 was 9.7 per cent. This is the lowest since records have been kept. At the same time with the rest of the country prospering, the farmer's dollar has had about three-quarters of its former purchasing value. That would have been bad enough even if the goods and the tools he must buy had been selling at the same price they were before the war, but everybody knows they are costing him a good deal more.

Dr. Henry Taylor, economist at Northwestern University, reports no less than 31 million acres went out of cultivation in the United States between 1920 and 1925.

It is significant that of the 2 million actual net loss of farm population to the cities since 1920, the greatest drift was in 1926, when more than 600,000 left the farm.

With our agricultural industry dwindling at the present rate, Dr. Taylor believes we shall soon reach the point in the United States when a poor crop year will mean a substantial shortage of food for the American people.

That would hurt. It does not read like a good recipe for national prosperity. Also it should indicate to us that the basic ills from which the farming industry is suffering have not been

reached by the one or two fortuitous seasons that have brought temporary benefits to agriculture in their train.

We shall gain nothing by dodging facts, or by concluding that all agriculture needs to re-establish itself on the pre-war basis, is to be let alone. For more than 35 years agriculture has gradually been slipping farther and farther out of economic adjustment with the rest of the country. Before it can come back to an equality, it must become able to control the marketing of its products as every other industry and business controls prices and production. That will demand building farmer cooperative organizations from the ground up on virtually a nation-wide scale, so far as control of the market is concerned. And that should bring about economies in distribution, and benefit the consumer, at least cost him no more.

But when it comes to regulating production on thousands and thousands of farms all over the country, this can hardly prove feasible because of the weather hazards every crop must run, hazards which defy the mathematics and the regulation of production practiced by other industries. If farmers did attempt careful regulation, a bad crop year would come along and produce a serious food shortage despite any 11th-hour efforts we might make to avert the shortage.

This is why our farm industry, if it is to live and adequately feed our rapidly expanding population, finds it needs thoro organization and system, backed by legislation, not only to care for and dispose of unavoidable crop surpluses but to maintain itself.

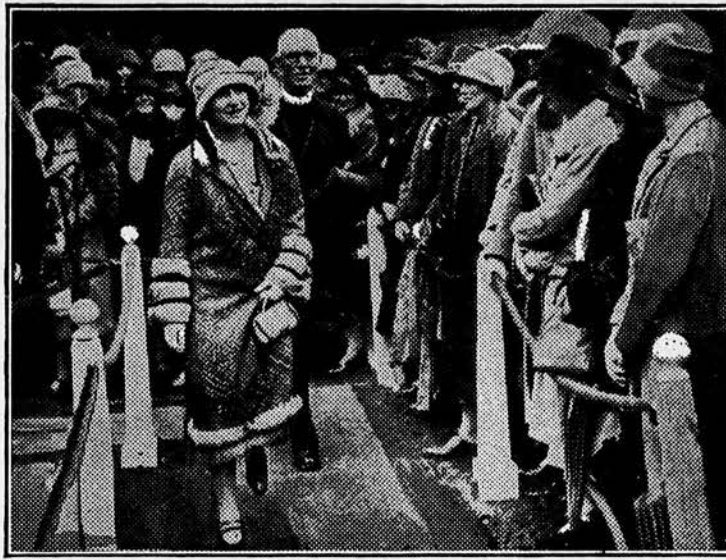
Necessarily the fight for so-called farm-relief legislation must go on until these things are made possible and finally are accomplished. At best this rehabilitation of agriculture will take years to bring about.

Arthur Capper

World Events in Pictures



John D. Rockefeller as He Appears Dressed for a Game of Golf Over His Private Course on His Estate at Pocantico Hills Near New York City



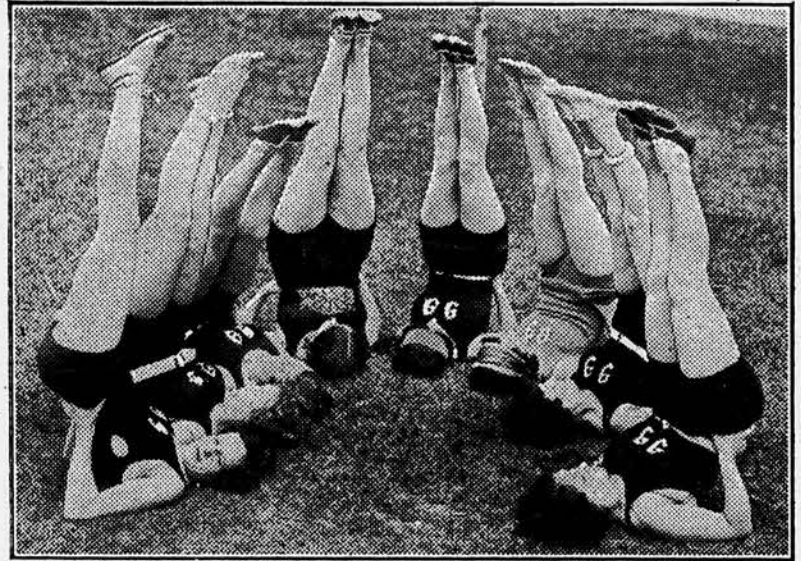
The Duchess of York, Accompanied by the Bishop of St. Andrews, Arriving at St. Leonards, the Girls' "Eton" of Scotland, at St. Andrews to Take Part in the Jubilee Celebrations and Open Queen Mary's House, to Be Used as a Library and Seniors' Common Room



Legion Commander, Spafford, Witnesses Presentation of French and American Flags to Mrs. Alfred Harrington, Methuen, Mass., and Mrs. David Wister, Duluth, Minn.



Ruth Elder and Her Pilot, Captain George Haldeman, Just Before They Left in the Plane "American Girl" on Their Unsuccessful Attempt to Fly From New York to Paris. They Were Rescued From the Atlantic by a Dutch Steamship After a Forced Landing



These Are Not Circus Performers. They Are Wives and Daughters of Los Angeles Elks Doing Their Reducing Exercises on the Beach. Someone Told Them This Stunt, if Done a Few Minutes Every Day for Many Days in Succession, Will Give Them Perfect Thirty-Six Waist Lines.



Sir Rowland Blades, Retiring Lord Mayor of London, With His Successor, Sir Charles Batho, Who Was Recently Elected to the Historic Office With All the Pomp and Ceremony That Befit the Solemn and Traditional Occasion



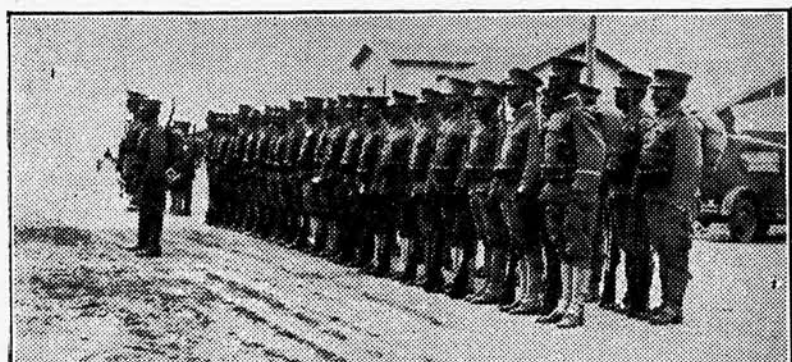
M. S. Winder, Salt Lake City, Utah, New Secretary of American Farm Bureau Federation. He Formerly Was Secretary of the Utah State Farm Bureau



Experts of the American Swimming Team Being Greeted at the Tokio Railway Station as They Arrived in the Japanese City to Take Part in the International Natatorial Contests and Sporting Carnival Being Staged There



The Royal Families of Great Britain and Russia Before the World War. Left to Right: Prince of Wales; Queen Mary; Queen Alexandria; Princess Mary; Czar Nicholas; King Edward, with the Czarovitch at His Knee; the Czarina; King George and Four Daughters of the Czar and Czarina



These Evidently Well Disciplined Mexican Troops Help Keep Many American Sojourners Free From Uneasiness in the Republic South of the Rio Grande. Dressed Trimly in Modern Uniforms and Provided with Up-to-date Equipment, They Compare Favorably in Appearance with the Best Troops of Other Countries



And Then the West Humhaw Sailed

But the Lady Passenger Proved to Be a Missionary Returning to Teneriffe

By Francis A. Flood

JIM and I were to sail next day on the freighter, "West Humhaw," bound for the Azores, Canary Islands, and tropical Africa. We had spent the afternoon in New York City getting advice, and, from the warnings given us by folks who had recently returned from Africa, this is the beginning of the story of my death and probably will be published posthumously.

"Instead of just starting on the first leg of our year's trip around the world we must be on our very last legs right now, from what they've told us today," mourned Jim as we shuddered over the terrors of the tropics that evening in our hotel room. "We'd better write our wills and quit worrying about writing articles. Instead of planning our 'round-the-world' itinerary from Africa on, we'd better figure out how to get our bodies back from there."

Now I had spent two years in Wyoming fighting scorpions, rattlesnakes, nose flies and fellow home-steaders, to say nothing of blizzards, poverty and Mormons, and I lived thru it, but those things apparently are nothing compared to West Africa.

Only one faint ray of hope filtered thru all the stories of instant and lingering death that lurks on every hand in the African jungle, and that was the fact that we saw people, in the flesh, who had returned, living proof that it is possible—even if not probable—that one can visit Equatorial Africa and live to tell the tale. I'm not taking any chances, however. I'm starting the story before I get there. I'm in the middle of the ocean now, on my way.

"You have to wear a cork sun helmet every minute or the deadly rays of the tropical sun will kill you," Jim reminded me. "If you even sit under an awning without your helmet on, the fatal rays will come right thru the canvas and get you. And yet the blacks run around in the sun all day, bareheaded."

"But you are an Occidental, and you've got a different kind of a skull—or at least I have," I told him. "You can't even take off your helmet to scratch your head, or tip your hat to a lady down there without getting sunstroke."

One must take at least 5 grains of quinine every morning in the tropics to ward off the fever which, if not fatal, will sometimes stay in one's system for years. And if one does not have the quinine in his system before taking the fever it will turn into the black water fever—and that's certain death.

Some Mosquito Boots, Too

"We'll have to get some mosquito boots," I said to Jim, referring to the list of absolute necessities our advisers had given us, "not only to protect us from the malaria mosquito, but also from those that carry the fatal yellow fever and the bubonic plague. Boots are some protection also against the many poisonous snakes, but if a snake bites thru the boot, we are supposed to slash the bite with a knife and then pour into the wound some potassium permanganate which we must always carry with us."

"If we do that just right we may live, I understand," Jim rejoined optimistically. "We must remember to take those boots off, in the jungles, once or twice a day and wash our feet and look for that tiny little borer that gets under the toe nails. If he once gets a foothold—"

"You mean a toehold, don't you?" trying to be gay.

"—he slowly eats your toes away, just like leprosy."

"Yes, and clear up to your ears, too."

And, by the way, they told us to be careful about drying between our toes when we wash our feet or we'll get those sand cracks that are not only painful, but sometimes result in fatal infection."

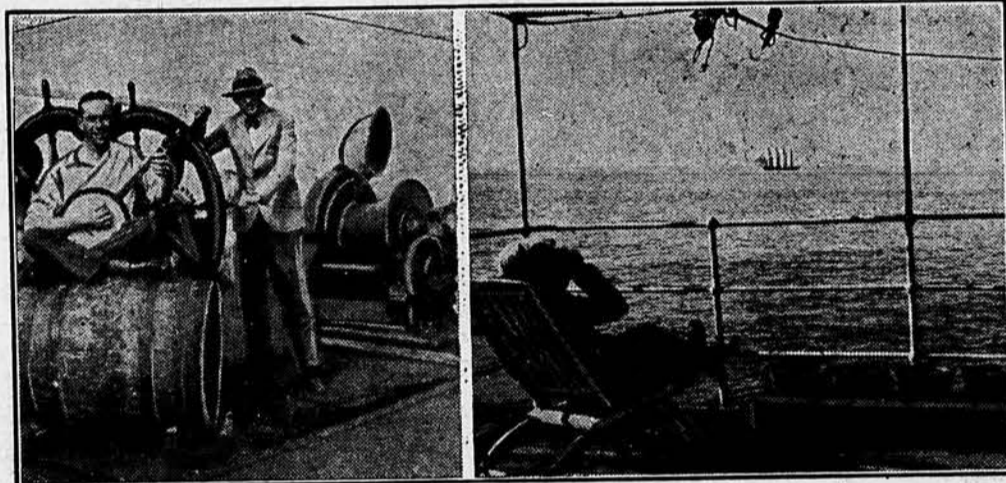
Then Jim recalled that we had been told never to drink water unless it had been boiled and never to eat fresh vegetables or we will get a dysentery which, if we pull thru, will bother us as long as we live—which probably won't be long. We must never stop in the rest houses along the way because they usually are infested with the tsetse fly that causes the fatal sleeping sickness. Our advisers had also described in a quaintly interesting manner a variety of parasite which specializes in white men walking thru the mangrove jungle and eats the meat off their legs. We must get heavy, double-backed shirts as a protection against the sun, a flannel band to wrap about our waist when sleeping to guard against dysentery—and a tuxedo!

All this was vitally interesting to us because for the next three months at least—if we lived—we would be in the tropics, on both sides of the equator, from Cancer to Capricorn, and on both coasts as well as in the interior of Africa, the dark continent.

We had each packed one suitcase at home, shipped it to New York, and considered that ample baggage for our year's trip. But it was very patent now that more equipment was needed, for our information was reliable and we appreciated the seriousness of the undertaking. We would be prepared and take everything that was absolutely necessary. And so we each bought 200 grains of quinine and a pair of two-dollar cotton pants and are ready to face the tropics. We have everything. Not too much, but enough.

That afternoon we rode the subway train under the East River to Brooklyn and then carried our cotton pants, and quinine in our one suitcase apiece, to Pier 37 where lay our home for the next few months, the "West Humhaw."

She was longer than I'd expected, 425 feet as I afterward learned when I lost a bet on the question, but lying so low in the water that only the white superstructure amidships inspired confidence in her as a deep sea sailor. The Philippine crew



At the Left Jim Wilson is Playing the Banjo and Flood is Playing Captain; at the Right Flood Takes a Look "Over the Deep, Blue Sea"

was already battening down the two forward hatches and lashing the booms in place, but astern the winches and stevedores alike were still sputtering and puffing, stowing away the last of the cargo of American-milled flour, American gasoline and American automobiles to be bartered for the raw resources of the dark continent.

A bristling little giant-killer with the down of youth on his lip and a "Steward" sign on his cap smiled at us out of one corner of his mouth and growled curses out of the other, threatening a sailor twice his size with all manner of personal misfortune if he didn't stow our suitcase into stateroom No. 1 at once.

"Has the lady passenger come aboard yet?" Jim asked the steward even before I could ask him when we would eat.

"Yes, sir, she's forward, sir."

"That's the way I like 'em," Jim grinned.

"We had to put her in the third mate's cabin," continued the steward, and then he added as an afterthought, "He'll bunk with the second mate until the lady gets off at the Canary Islands."

"How old is she? What's she like?" The ladies fever Jim.

"I'd judge she's about 45 or 50, sir—a missionary going to Teneriffe."

Poor Jim's sun had set. "A prim old maid of a missionary and the only woman on board," he mourned. "Tropical Africa, where is thy sting?"

A few minutes later the steward announced that supper was served and the boat would sail in about 2 hours. He led us into the trig little dining saloon forward and "sat" me in the big arm chair at the head of the single long table, set for 10 places.

A fleeting odor of baking bread drifted thru a row of brass-bound portholes along one side of the room. On the other side, a clear-toned cabinet phonograph was playing an organ overture so softly that one could hear the ship's clock ticking away in its brass case above the oak buffet.

The four other men passengers and the first mate were seated at the table when Jim and I arrived, but thru the whole salad course the seven of us sat there in stony silence, like so many British gentlemen, no one willing to trade his self-consciousness for an ice-breaking introduction. All were lowering at the vacant chair beside Jim, reserved for the deadly lady missionary. If this stifling, stiff-necked dignity on board ship was the rule, the tropics held no terrors for me.

Then, Presto! Enters the lady missionary. With a sparkling invasion that won her the field she breezed into her chair beside Jim and apologized: "Sorry I'm late, boys, but that last act was too good to miss, especially since I won't have a chance to see another Follies matinee until my next furlough

in 1929." And this female Friar Tuck launched into a fanfare of animated chatter that cleared the saloon at once of all that painful reserve that was as asinine as it was masculine.

Then, "By the way, Mr. Armchair," said this "diplomat" of the supper table to me, "if you want to introduce me to your friends you can tell them I'm Miss Field—and I'm a missionary, going to Teneriffe in the Canary Islands."

I had secretly gloried in my exalted position at the head of a steamship table, and yet had done nothing to justify the steward's choice. The missionary had risen from the ranks and the ice was broken.

"My name is Bradshaw," said the young man on my left, a bouncing boy with a pretty moustache, and a giggle. "Mr. Stump here," jogging his wrist watch toward a silent statue in clothes who sat next to him, "and I are going down for Firestone on his rubber plantation in Liberia. I'm a medical man, and Stump is an accountant."

"My name is Thomas," responded a little gray-haired man next to the sphinx. He claimed to be a machinist enroute to Secondee to operate a fleet of caterpillar tractors for an American mahogany logging company, but we made him a professor because he proved to be a perfect dynamo of information who could discuss almost any subject, with great willingness and sometimes with intelligence.

"Gubernick is my name and I'm going to Nigeria for an American company." The topography of his proboscis betrayed that he was a buyer for an importing company, probably New York.

"That's all of us now, except the captain," said the lady missionary. "Where is he?"

"I've got his chair and he's afraid to come in," I boasted. "I'm at the head of the table and I'll stay here even if he comes."

Jim kicked my shin, in the same old place, too. I looked around and there stood the Captain, blue coat, brass buttons, gold stripes and all.

The captain strode to the other end of the table, seated himself in another arm chair, that was a little bigger than mine, and said, with a twinkle in his voice, "Now you're at the foot of the table!" And I felt like it, too. Then the Captain laughed to reassure the other passengers and scowled to frighten me, and his masterstroke was made. We knew that he "belonged." He and the lady missionary had won us all, and I was steeped in disgrace.

An hour later, the whistle snorted, the "West Humhaw" shuddered down deep inside, the pier began to move away from our bow and we were off—for the tropics of Africa.

Our visit in the Azores Islands will be described next week.

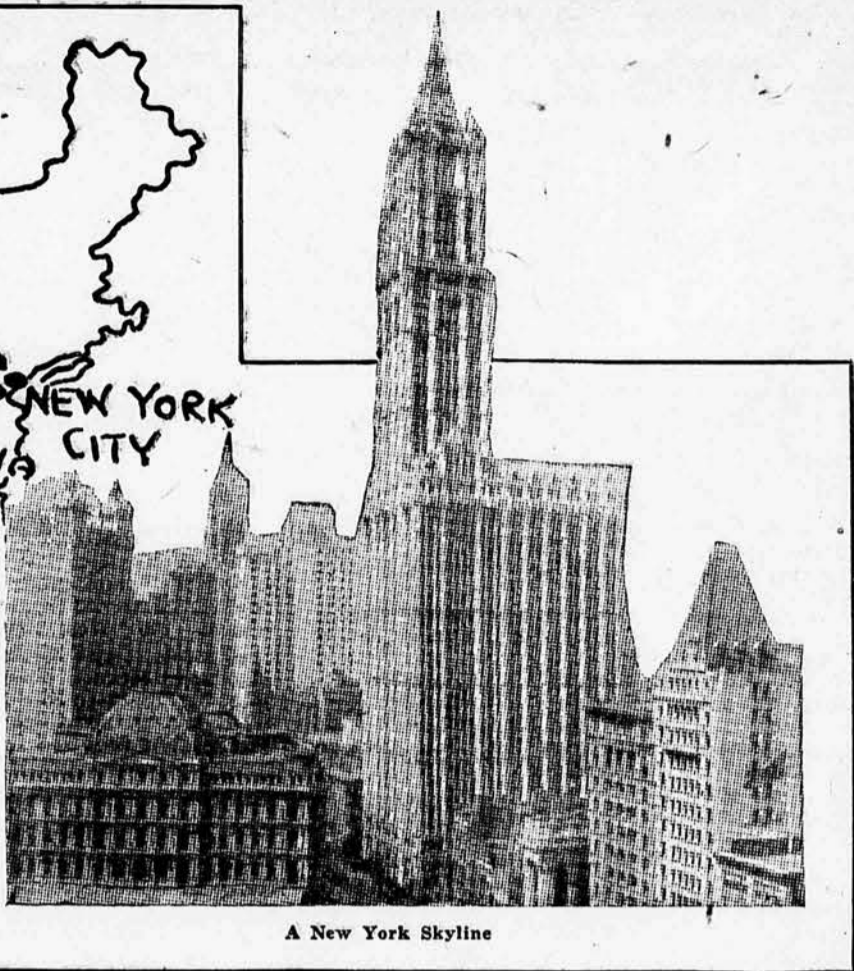
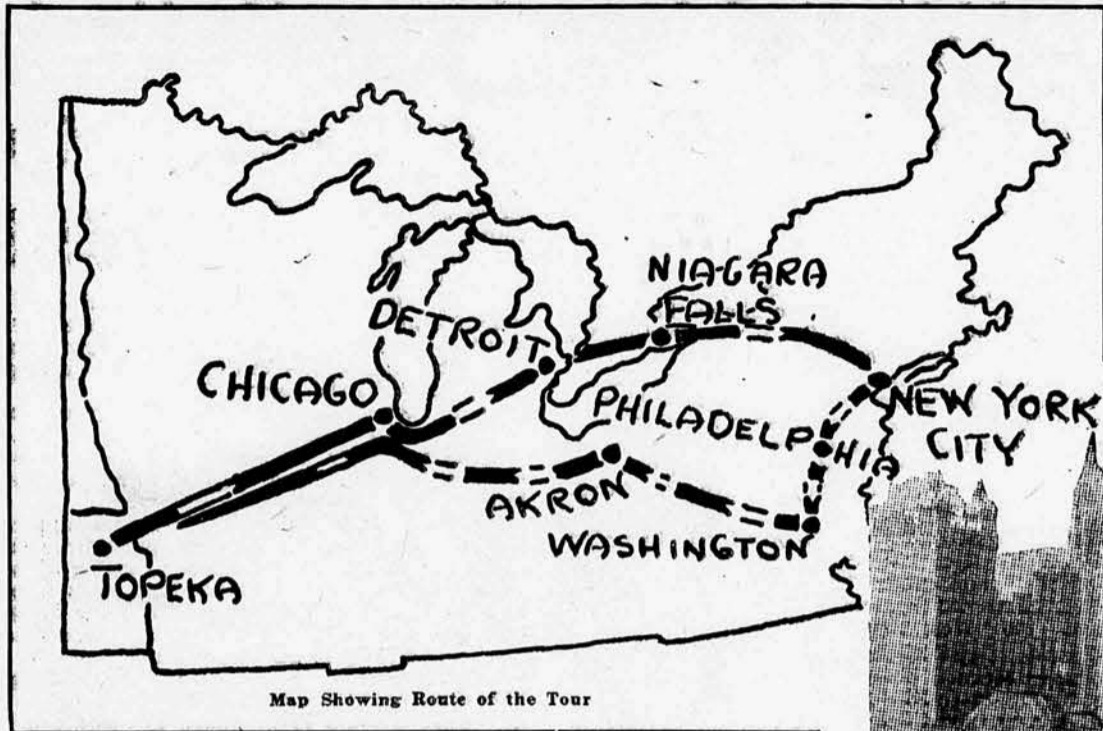
Presidential Years and Business

VICE PRESIDENT R. H. GRANT of the Chevrolet company is out with a prediction that 1928 will be a good year for business, and a Presidential election will not materially handicap it.

There is a tradition that Presidential years are not good business years, but the record does not bear it out. The impression is based not on the whole record in the last generation but on two or three abnormal national election campaigns when issues of the gravest moment were at stake, mainly whether the country would adhere to sound currency or go over to inflation. But probably one of the reasons why Presidential years are associated with poor business is because the year immediately following has frequently been one of great expansion. This was true of 1897, 1901, 1909 and 1925, years immediately succeeding a Presidential election in which either hard times of several years had come to an end or waiting business bounded forward with an extra impulse.

The present situation is free from any attack on important national policies, and there are no critical issues that will be determined by the vote next year. Neither Republicans nor Democrats are split into factions on lines of sharp difference on currency, tariff, foreign policy or any other fundamental question of government. Both parties may be said to be conservative, and this is what business likes to see.

What the issues will be in 1928 is not very clear, but to a far greater degree than usually the contest will be simply between the two parties for supremacy. Most business men probably would like to see President Coolidge renominated, but his withdrawal has not affected business to any appreciable extent because the likely candidates are well known and in no way threaten to break away from the steady course that his name is identified with.



“Steaming Up” for All-Kansas Special

MANY Kansas farmers in writing in about the all-Kansas special tour to the East which was proposed in Kansas Farmer for October 15, have asked for the details as to what they will see.

If you are the normal Kansas farmer you have longed all your life to see the great Eastern United States of which you have read in story, the daily news, seen in the movies and heard in song. You have felt the desire to get away for awhile from your own farm life and see what others are doing in agriculture in the older portions of the nation. It is to satisfy these wants that the all-Kansas special has been planned.

On November 27 the train will leave Topeka. You will travel by night thru the more familiar section of the country and will arrive at 8 o'clock in the morning in Chicago, where the activity of the trip will begin in earnest. You will visit the International Livestock Exposition first. Known as the world's greatest stock show, you will have seen something on the first morning which you probably will be the first man in your community to see. Then you will pay a visit to the McCormick-Deering tractor factory. You will view in the process of manufacture this popular farm tractor of which you may know a great deal from the practical utility side.

Then to Detroit

After two days in Chicago, seeing the livestock show which will take a long time, driving over the beautiful city, visiting its famous parks and traveling on its excellent boulevards, you will entrain for Detroit. All day Wednesday will be spent in this historic old city on the Canadian border. All the automobile plants will be open for your inspection. The mass production in this industry of which you have no doubt read will from that time on be as familiar to you as farm life. It will be a revelation in the mechanical and industrial development that has taken place in the East.

Thursday the United States will be left behind for a time and the party will cross into Canada to the heart of the territory which has been devastated by the corn borer. You will have a first hand knowledge of the extent to which this pest has operated in other sections and you will become a neighborhood authority on methods of fighting this plague.

On Friday you will get a view of Niagara Falls—perhaps your first sight of this natural wonder—and then will proceed to the tour of the great manufacturing plants of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y., where most of the important industrial research of the last few years has been conducted. All this time you will be touring thru one of the most beautiful and historic parts of the country. You will see landmarks in the progress of the nation, spots that have been of interest to patriotic Americans for hundreds of years and scenery that has been the pride of many generations of Easterners.

Met by Senator Capper

Saturday morning you will be met at the Grand Central station in New York by Senator Capper, who will conduct the party on a tour of Wall Street and the New York Stock Exchange, where you will see millions made and lost at the turn of a hand and watch the throbbings of the financial heart of the nation. Sunday will be given over to sightseeing parties, and then the group will assemble again

for the trip to Philadelphia, where Monday will be spent visiting historic landmarks. A tour of the navy yard will be another feature.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday will be spent in Washington sightseeing, and visiting Congress in session. Friday will be taken up with an inspection tour of the rubber manufacturing plants

in Akron, Ohio. Saturday, December 10, will bring the trip to a close in Topeka.

Wellington Man First in Line

H. O. Peck, Wellington, was the first man to send in his \$25 for a reservation. His letter was followed by many others asking for all the particulars in regard to the trip. Some of the questions asked by these interested farmers have prompted another article explaining all the questions that have arisen in the minds of prospective members of our party.

The accommodations will not be crowded. No matter how many Kansas farmers accept our invitation all will be amply provided for on the train, at hotels along the route and for any special sightseeing trips and entertainments provided by outside agencies.

No women will be taken on the tour. The conducting of such a tour is a great task under the easiest of situations, but a mixed tour is the hardest possible to undertake. For these reasons the party will be restricted to men.

Stopovers, other than those already announced, cannot be permitted. We have arranged as pleasant a trip as possible. It would defeat the purpose of the tour—the group idea—if each man were permitted to outline his own route and stops after the train leaves Topeka.

May Leave at Capitol

There have also been many requests for permission to leave the party at Washington. This has been made possible. Such a procedure is not advocated as the remainder of the trip will also be important. But you may leave then if you want to do so. It will not be possible to withdraw sooner than that and in any case refunds are impossible as the low price quoted was made with the idea in mind that all would follow the plan announced at the beginning.

The schedule of the trip is reproduced here once more and is self-explanatory. Hotel rooms and transportation to and from rooms will be a part of the service rendered for the \$177.80. Pullmans will be used thruout the trip.

The \$25 deposit should be mailed at once and the other \$152.80 before November 15. Members of the party will meet at the Capper Building in Topeka, November 27. The train will leave at 5 p. m. All correspondence in regard to the trip should be addressed to F. B. Nichols, Managing Editor, Kansas Farmer, Topeka, Kan.

To Those Who Have Not Heard of the All-Kansas Special to the East

The cost of the whole trip including all transportation and hotel charges will be \$177.80. Meals and side trips are to be arranged by each individual at his own expense.

A \$25 deposit will hold your reservation and the coupon on this page is all you need send in. All expense money must be sent before November 15. It will take quick work and the co-operation of all who intend to make the trip in order to make all the necessary arrangements before the date of the start.

The Schedule

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27

Leave Topeka at 5:05 p. m. on the Santa Fe for Chicago.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28

Arrive at Chicago at 8:10 a. m. Visit the International Live Stock Exposition and the McCormick-Deering tractor factory.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29

Visiting the International Live Stock Exposition; leave at midnight for Detroit.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30

In Detroit seeing the motor car and tractor plants.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1

Across the river in Canada from Detroit in the corn borer territory.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2

View of Niagara Falls; visit the great manufacturing plants of the General Electric Company at Schenectady.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3

Arrive at the Grand Central Station in New York City; Senator Capper joins the party; trip to Wall Street and the New York Stock Exchange.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4

Sightseeing in New York City.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 5

In Philadelphia, at Independence Hall, see the Liberty Bell, visit the navy yards and the Olympia, Admiral Dewey's flagship at the battle of Manila Bay.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6

Arrive Washington, visit Congress, and see the "law factory" in operation.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7

Sightseeing in Washington.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8

Sightseeing in Washington.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9

Visiting the rubber manufacturing plants in Akron, Ohio.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10

Arrive Topeka at 11:55 p. m.

Coupon

F. B. NICHOLS,
Managing Editor, Kansas Farmer, Topeka, Kansas.
(Check correct message)

Enclosed find \$25 deposit. Please make reservation for me on All-Kansas Special. I will send balance by November 15.

Please send me further information in regard to the All-Kansas Special. I have noted special questions I want answered on the attached letter.

Name.....

Town..... State.....

Sunday School Lesson

By the Rev. N.A. McCune

HERE we come again to our old friend prohibition. I am referring to J. Barleycorn as the late J. Barleycorn because I believe this title, if not wholly justified now, will be in time. Old John is still with us, but he will not continue to be forever. Of that I am sure. The federal administrator of prohibition said the other day that if in 50 years we could bring about a really dry America we would be doing good business, and I think he is right. When the profits are as vast as they are in booze, and while the fools are as numerous as they seem to be, the fight will be slow. But if we keep on fighting we must win in time. We have made a magnificent start, failures though there be. We are the only large nation on earth that has had the social vision, the courage and the nerve to step out and try it. When you read about drunkenness and law violation don't forget that. When your neighbor comes home and beats up his wife, take a good look at him next time you see him. You are looking at a species that is becoming extinct, and will be extinct within the life of your children, as extinct as the great auk or the dinosaur.

Think of slavery. The negroes were emancipated in 1863. But as a matter of fact thousands of them are still slaves to ignorance, superstition and indolence. It takes time, time, and still more time to bring about a great reform. The negroes will be indeed emancipated some time. It is easier to take people out of slavery than it is to take slavery out of people. It is easier to legislate liquor out of the law than it is to remove the appetite for it from people's throats.

Any good law has to be continually watched and guarded, else it will be violated or gradually overrun and ignored. Murder seems to be almost an industry in the United States now. But I have heard of no one who is agitating for the repeal of the laws forbidding murder.

Herewith I want to reproduce one or two letters of prominent persons showing the way in which they regard prohibition. The Anti-Saloon League of New York made public the following of E. S. Ryder, president of the Harder Refrigerator Corporation of Cobleskill, N. Y. He has been closely observing the influence of alcohol and its prohibition on business, for many years. This letter is a reply to a representative of the "wets" of New York, who asked him for funds. The date is March 29, 1927. The letter follows:

I have your favor of recent date requesting contributions toward the pay of officers of the Association against the Prohibition Amendment. In answer to your question, yes, I'm satisfied with prohibition, but not with its enforcement. Had as much time, wind and money been spent in enforcing the law as there has been in trying to defeat it, it would by this time have been accepted as one of the most beneficent statutes in any country. I have only to call your attention to the savings deposits in seven years, from 11 to 25 billions. In our own little village of 2,600 persons two banks have nearly 5 million dollars of assets, an enormous gain in seven years. A savings and loan association of which I am president has lent, in six years, to people of moderate means, \$200,000, largely to home builders in this village.

Your idea seems to be to go back to old conditions, have a large part of these savings drawn from these savings accounts and be "spilled" over the bar of the beer and wine stores.

No, thank you! Business is too good to monkey with at this time.

Thus reads Mr. Ryder's letter, and it talks as tho he knew his facts and figures.

Here are extracts from an interview with a New York society woman, Mrs. Gordon Norrie, which was first printed in the Hostess Magazine in February, 1927, and was afterward printed as a leaflet and widely scattered. "I was born and brought up in New York. My people were known as one of New York's old, conservative families. At our home in Washington Square, which my family occupied for 50 years, considerable entertaining was done. At our table cocktails and highballs were served, and during dinner there was wine, two or three kinds, perhaps. In the drawing room afterward a liquor was served, and later brandy and sodas for those who wanted them. I thought nothing about it because I was accustomed to it. Then prohibition became a much mooted question. Finally it was borne in upon my consciousness that the majority of young men I had grown up with were wrecks, or fast becoming

so, from too much drink. It was not a pleasant awakening.

"Since prohibition we hear it frequently said that trying to keep drink from people makes drunkards of them—that if they were allowed to drink if they wanted to they would not care nearly so much about it. My early experience taught me that this is not true." She then speaks of the numbers who became drunkards in the old days, and goes on, "We fought 100 years for prohibition. We obtained it. Now its enforcement is the great problem. Instead of rallying to its support, thousands of people, hitherto law-abiding citizens, are daily breaking a law that made for the good of the people—all of them. I believe that America can be made dry." How do the "wets" like talk of this kind?

Lesson for Oct. 30—Amos Denounces Sin—World's Temperance Sunday. Amos 2:4 to 12.
Golden Text, Amos 5:14.

Yale Pioneered in Irrigation

(Continued from Page 3)

time. Just examine the big barn full of rich-looking hay and you will marvel at the quality. He cuts the alfalfa and allows it to wilt for about two hours. He then rakes it into windrows and bunches it about 4 feet high, leaving it in the piles like this for four or five days. "I really cure it in the piles," he explained, "and because of that fact I save practically all of the leaves. I think it is one good way to cut out waste in putting up the crop, and for this part of the country it results in a satisfactory quality of hay."

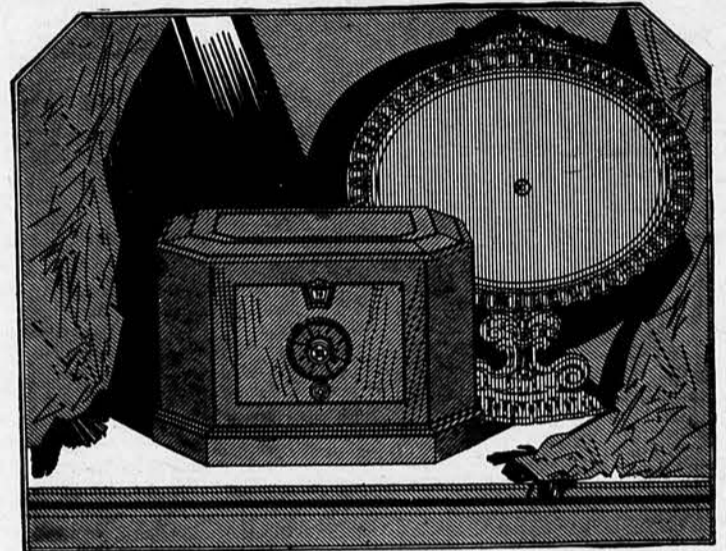
Winter irrigation is practiced in the orchard, too, and for a special purpose. Mr. Yale will turn in the water during December and allow it to run on the orchard patch for about three days. Then along comes cold weather and the orchard ground freezes deeply. After that a mulch of straw, about 3 inches deep is put around each tree to keep the ground from thawing out too early. "And there we have it," Mr. Yale explained. "This freezing holds back the buds until about May 1, and by that time we are almost entirely safe from frost damage. Trees that are not handled this way will start blooming two weeks earlier." He follows a system of open cultivation in the orchard because a cover crop or intercropping would drain out too much of the plant food and moisture. "My advice for success with trees and production," he responded to a query, "is not to fool with seedlings. Get a year-old whip and you'll not be disappointed in yield. Maybe you would be interested in some of the varieties Mr. Yale has. In apples there are the Duchess, Wealthy, Whitney No. 20, Jonathan, Winesap, Stark's Delicious and Black Ben Davis, Champion, Fitzgerald and Elberta make up the peaches, that is, the favorites, and these are not in bearing yet. There are Richmond cherries, Concord and Moore's Early grapes, and some blue plums.

We shouldn't neglect to mention the water system in the home. It is arranged so there is no waste of water. A boxed-in cement tank is kept filled by a force pump for the house. Provision is made so the milk cans in the adjoining shed are kept cool and the stock tanks always are full. Inside the home it isn't necessary even to fill the stove reservoir by the bucket method. Merely lift the lid and turn the faucet that is over it.

In his farming Mr. Yale is practical and careful. He has 650 acres under cultivation that he keeps in condition with manure, rotation and some legumes. You can imagine what help would be forthcoming from 40 to 50 head of Shorthorns, eight dairy cattle, 40 head of Shropshire sheep, 60 to 100 Poland Chinas. The rotation works out something like this: Row crops—corn, kafir and milo—one year, a year of barley and oats, wheat two years. When the wheat fails and weeds take its place, they are plowed under when green and the field is cultivated until fall. You would expect Mr. Yale to use pure seed, and he does. "My best items," he said, "are sheep and cattle raising, and growing kafir and feeding it to the hogs."

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NEWARK



NEW JERSEY

The Untamed

BY MAX BRAND

THEY wasted no moment then. They brought hot and cold water, washed out his wound, cleansed away the blood; and while Mrs. Daniels and her husband fixed the bandage, Buck pounded and rubbed the limp body to restore the circulation. In a few minutes his efforts were rewarded by a great sigh from Dan.

He shouted in triumph, and then: "It's Whistlin' Dan Barry."

"It is!" said Sam. "Buck, they's been devils workin' tonight. It sure took more'n one man to nail him this way."

They fell to work frantically. There was a perceptible pulse, the breathing was faint but steady, and a touch of color came in the face.

"His arm will be all right in a few days," said Mrs. Daniels, "but he may fall into a fever. He's turnin' his head from side to side and talkin'. What's he sayin', Buck?"

"He's sayin': 'Faster, Satan!'"

"That's the hoss," interpreted Sam. "Hold us straight, Bart! That's what he's sayin' now."

"That's the wolf."

"An' it's all for Delliab! Who's Delliab, Dad?"

"Maybe it's some feller Dan knows."

'Twas a Girl

"Some feller?" repeated Mrs. Daniels with scorn. "It's some worthless girl who got Whistlin' Dan into this trouble."

Dan's eyes opened but there was no understanding in them.

"Haines, I hate you worse'n hell!"

"It's Lee Haines who done this!" cried Sam.

"If it is, I'll cut out his heart!"

"It can't be Haines," broke in Mrs. Daniels. "Old man Perkins, didn't he tell us that Haines was the man that Whistlin' Dan Barry had brought down into Elkhead? How could Haines do this shootin' while he was in jail?"

"Ma," said Sam, "you watch Whistlin' Dan. Buck an' me'll take care of the hoss—that black stallion. He's pretty near all gone, but he's worth savin'. What I don't see is how he found his way to us. It's certain Dan didn't guide him all the way."

"How does the wind find its way?" said Buck. "It was the wolf that brought Dan here, but standin' here talkin' won't tell us how. Let's go out an' fix up Satan."

It was by no means an easy task. As they approached the horse he heaved himself up, snorting, and stood with legs braced, and pendant head. Even his eyes were glazed with exhaustion, but behind them it was easy to guess the dauntless anger which raged against these intruders. Yet he would have been helpless against them. It was Black Bart who interfered at this point. He stood before them, his hair bristling and his teeth bared.

Sam suggested: "Leave the door of the house open an' let him hear Whistlin' Dan's voice."

It was done. At once the delirious voice of Dan stole out to them faintly. The wolf turned his head to Satan with a plaintive whine, as if asking why the stallion remained there when that voice was audible. Then he raced for the open door and disappeared into the house.

"Hurry in, Buck!" called Sam. "Maybe the wolf'll scare Ma!"

They ran inside and found Black Bart on the bed straddling the body of Whistling Dan, and growling at poor Mrs. Daniels, who crouched in a corner of the room. It required patient work before he was convinced that they actually meant no harm to his master.

"What's the reason of it?" queried Sam helplessly. "The damn wolf let us take Dan off the hoss without makin' any fuss."

"Sure he did," assented Buck, "but he ain't sure of me yet, an' every time he comes near me he sends the cold chills up my back."

Having decided that he might safely trust them to touch Dan's body, the great wolf went the round and sniffed them carefully, his hair bristling and the forbidding growl lingering in his throat. In the end he apparently decided that they might be tolerated, tho he must keep on eye upon their actions. So he sat down beside the bed and followed with an anxious eye every movement of Mrs. Daniels. The men went

back to the stallion. He still stood with legs braced far apart, and head hanging low. Another mile of that long race and he would have dropped dead beneath his rider.

Nevertheless at the coming of the strangers he reared up his head a little and tried to run away. Buck caught the dangling reins near the bit. Satan attempted to strike out with his forehoof. It was a movement as clumsy and slow as the blow of a child, and Buck easily avoided it. Realizing his helplessness Satan whinnied a heart-breaking appeal for help to his unfailing friend, Black Bart. The wail of the wolf answered dolefully from the house.

"Now we'll have that black devil on our hands again," groaned Buck.

"No, we won't," chuckled Sam, "the wolf won't leave Dan. Come on along, old hoss."

Nevertheless it required hard labor to urge and drag the stallion to the stable. At the end of that time they had the saddle off and a manger full of fodder before him. They went back to the house with the impression of having done a day's work.

"Which it shows the fool nature of a hoss," moralized Sam. "That stallion would be willin' to lay right down and die for the man that's jest rode him up to the front door of death, but he wishes everlastingly that he had the strength to kick the daylight out of you an' me that's been tryin' to take care of him. You jest write this down inside your brain, Buck: a hoss is like a woman. They jest nacherally ain't no reason in 'em!"

They found Dan in a heavy sleep, his breath coming irregularly. Mrs. Daniels stated that it was the fever which she had feared and she offered to sit up with the sick man thru the rest of that night. Buck lifted her from the chair and took her place beside the bed.

"No one but me is goin' to take care of Whistlin' Dan," he stated.

So the vigil began, with Buck watching Dan, and Black Bart alert, suspicious, ready at the first wrong move to leap at the throat of Buck.

Poor Tunes?

That night the power which had sent Dan into Elkhead, Jim Silent, stood his turn at watch in the narrow canyon below the old Salton place. In the house above him sat Terry Jordan, Rhinehart, and Hal Purvis playing poker, while Bill Kilduff drew a drowsy series of airs from his mouth-organ. His music was getting on the nerves of the other three, particularly Jordan and Rhinehart, for Purvis was winning steadily.

"Let up!" broke out Jordan at last, pounding on the table with his fist. "Your damn tunes are gettin' my goat. Nobody can think while you're hittin' it up like that. This ain't no prayer meetin', Bill."

For answer Kilduff removed the mouth-organ to take a deep breath, blinked his small eyes, and began again in a still higher key.

"Go slow, Terry," advised Rhinehart in a soft tone. "Kilduff ain't feelin' none too well tonight."

"What's the matter with him?" growled the scar-faced man, none too anxious to start an open quarrel with the formidable Kilduff.

Rhinehart jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"The gal in there. He don't like the game the chief has been workin' with her."

"Neither do I," said Purvis, "but I'd do worse than the chief done to get Lee Haines back."

"Get Haines back?" said Kilduff, his voice ominously deep. "There ain't no chance of that. If there was I wouldn't have no kick against the chief for what he's done to Kate."

"Maybe there's some chance," suggested Rhinehart.

"Chance, hell!" cried Kilduff. "One man agin a whole town full? I say all that Jim has done is to get Whistlin' Dan plugged full of lead."

"Well," said Purvis, "if that's done, ain't the game worth while?"

The rest of the men chuckled and even Kilduff smiled. "Old Joe Cumberland is sure takin' it hard," said "Calamity" Rhinehart. "All day he's been lightin' into the girl."

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"The funny part," mused Purvis, "is that the old boy really means it. I think he'd of saved off his right hand to keep her from goin' to Whistlin' Dan."

"An' her sittin' white-faced an' starin' at nothin' an' tryin' to comfort him!" rumbled Kilduff, standing up under the stress of his unwonted emotion. "She was apologizin' for what she done, an' tryin' to cheer him up, an' all the time her heart was bustin'."

He pulled out a violently colored bandana and wiped his forehead. "When we all get down to hell," he said, "they'll be quite a little talkin' done about this play of Jim's—you c'n lay to that."

"Who's that singin' down the canyon?" asked Jordan. "It sounds like—"

He would not finish his sentence as if he feared to prove a false prophet. They rose as one man and stared stupidly at one another.

"Haines!" broke out Rhinehart at last.

"It ain't no ways possible!" said Kilduff. "And yet—it is!"

They rushed for the door and made out two figures approaching, one on horseback, and the other on foot.

"Haines!" called Purvis, his shrill voice rising to a squeak with his excitement.

"Here I am!" rang back the mellow tones of the big lone rider, and in a moment he and Jim Silent entered the room.

Glad faces surrounded him. There was infinite wringing of his hand and much pounding on the back. Kilduff and Rhinehart pushed him back into a chair. Jordan ran for a flask of whisky, but Haines pushed the bottle away.

"I don't want anything on my breath," he said, "because I have to talk to a woman. Where's Kate?"

The men glanced at each other uneasily.

"She's here, all right," said Silent hastily. "Now tell us how you got away."

"Afterwards," said Haines. "But first Kate."

"What's your hurry to see her?" said Kilduff.

Haines laughed exultantly. "You're jealous, Bill! Why, man, she sent for me! Sent Whistling Dan himself for me."

"She Hates Me"

"Maybe she did," said Kilduff, "but that ain't no partic'lar sign I'm jealous. Tell us about the row in Elkhead."

"That's it," said Jordan. "We can't wait, Lee."

"Just one word explains it," said Haines. "Barry!"

"What did he do?" This from every throat at once.

Broke into the jail with all Elkhead at his heels flashing their six-guns—knocked down the two guards—unlocked my bracelets (God knows where he got the key!)—shoved me onto the bay—drove away with me—shot down two men while his wolf pulled down a third—made my horse jump a set of bars as high as my head—and here I am!"

There was a general loosening of bandanas. The eyes of Jim Silent gleamed.

"And all Elkhead knows that he's the man who took you out of jail?" he asked eagerly.

"Right. He's put his mark on them," responded Haines, "but the girl, Jim!"

"I've got him!" said Silent. The whole world is agin him—the law an' the outlaws. He's done for!"

He stopped short.

"Unless you're feelin' uncommon grateful to him for what he done for you, Lee?"

"H told me he hated me like hell," said Haines. "I'm grateful to him as I'd be to a mountain lion that happened to do me a good turn. Now for Kate!"

"Let him see her," said Silent.

"That's the quickest way. Call her out, Haines. We'll take a little walk while you're with her."

The moment they were gone Haines rushed to the door and knocked loudly. It was opened at once and Kate stood before him. She winced at sight of him.

"It's I, Kate!" he cried joyously.

"I've come back from the dead."

She stepped from the room and closed the door behind her.

"What of Dan? Tell me! Was he hurt?"

"Dan?" he repeated with an impatient smile. "No, he isn't hurt. He pulled me thru—got me out of jail and

safe into the country. He had to drop two or three of the boys to do it."

Her head fell back a little and in the dim light, for the first time, he saw her face with some degree of clearness, and started at its pallor.

"What's the matter, Kate—dear?" he said anxiously.

"What of Dan?" she asked faintly.

"I don't know. He's outlawed. He's done for. The whole range will be against him. But why are you so worried about him, Kate?—when he told me that you loved me—"

She straightened.

"Love? You?"

His face lengthened almost ludicrously.

"But why—Dan came for me—he said you sent him—he—" he broke down, stammering, utterly confused.

"This is why I sent him!" she answered, and throwing open the door gestured to him to enter.

He followed her and saw the lean figure of old Joe Cumberland lying on a blanket close to the wall.

"That's why!" she whispered.

"How does he come here?"

"Ask the devil in his human form! Ask your friend, Jim Silent!"

He walked into the outer room with his head low. He found the others already returned. Their carefully controlled grins spoke volumes.

"Where's Silent?" he asked heavily.

"He's gone," said Jordan.

Hal Purvis took Haines to one side. "Take a brace," he urged.

"She hates me, Hal," said the big fellow sadly. "Was there no other way of getting me out?"

"Not one! Pull yourself together, Lee. There ain't no one for you to hold a spite agin. Would you rather be back in Elkhead dangling from the end of a rope?"

"It seems to have been a sort of—joke," said Haines.

"Exactly. But at that sort of a joke nobody laughs!"

"And Whistling Dan Barry?"

"He's done for. We're all agin him, an' now even the rangers will help us hunt him down. Think it over careful, Haines. You're agin him because you want the girl. I want that damned wolf of his, Black Bart. Kilduff rather get into the saddle of Satan than ride to heaven. An' Jim Silent won't never rest till he sees Dan lyin' on the ground with a bullet thru his heart. Here's four of us. Each of us want something that belongs to him, from his life to his dog. Haines, I'm askin' you man to man, was there any one ever born who could get away from four men like us?"

Over the Hills

It was an urgent business which sent Silent galloping over the hills before dawn. When the first light came he was close to the place of Gus Morris. He slowed his horse to a trot, but after a careful reconnoitering, seeing no one stirring around the sheriff's house, he drew closer and commenced to whistle a range song, broken here and there with a significant phrase which sounded like a signal. Finally a cloth was waved from a window, and Silent, content, turned his back on the house, and rode away at a walk.

Within half an hour the pounding of a horse approached from behind. The plump sheriff came to a halt beside him, jouncing in the saddle with the suddenness of the stop.

"What's up?" he called eagerly.

"Whistlin' Dan."

"What's new about him? I know they're talkin' about that play he made agin Haines. They's some says he's a faster man than you, Jim!"

"They say too damned much!" snarled Silent. "This is what's new. Whistlin' Dan Barry—no less—has busted open the jail at Elkhead an' set Lee Haines free."

The sheriff could not speak.

"I fixed it, Gus. I staged the whole little game."

"You fixed it with Whistlin' Dan?"

"Don't ask me how I worked it. The pint is that he did the job. He got into the jail while the lynchers was guardin' it, gettin' ready for a rush. They opened fire. It was after dark last night. Haines an' Dan made a rush for it from the stable on their hosses. They was lynchers everywhere. Haines didn't have no gun. Dan wouldn't trust him with one. He did the shootin' himself. He dropped two of them with two shots. His devil of a wolf-dog brung down another."

"Shootin' at night?"

"Shootin' at night," nodded Silent.

(Continued on Page 17)

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No Bolted Food at Pumpkin Hollow

Hot Lunches and 20 Minute Lunch Periods Are Features of the Dinner Hour

By Vera Meacham

EVERYBODY in Pumpkin Hollow thinks alike on the subject of hot lunches for the children because every cold morning 40 little dinner pails start away from home with the makings of a warm dish inside.

"It is very evident that the mothers are better satisfied when their children have something warm to eat at noon," Miss Peterson, primary teacher told me, "because they all include something to be heated up with their children's lunch. The teachers can see the effect in the better work that is done during the afternoon. The smallest ones in particular respond much more briskly after they have had something hot."

I could not find out how long they had been having a warm noonday lunch in this school. No one seemed to remember who started it, or when.

"At first," said one mother, "I used to send raw vegetables to school, with now and then a penny to buy meat for soup. The teachers and some of the older girls got the lunch ready. But every day there was some child who did not like the food and who would not eat it. So we gradually began fixing something at home, soup or vegetables, or creamed meat, anything we could pack easily and that could be heated up at noon. I like that much better, I think most of the mothers did, for in that way we could choose the food for our children and be sure that they would eat it."

Pumpkin Hollow is not really a valley. It stretches out over hills and flats regardless of contours overflowing the edges of the school district into that unbounded area we call a rural community. It has its well organized live community club made up of all the members of all the families in the neighborhood. It also has an active mother's club that considers the school as much in need of careful housekeeping as their homes.

Each of these clubs has monthly meetings at the school—meetings whose programs demand frequent rehearsals, too. The schoolhouse, warm and well lighted, is the logical place for rehearsing. It has two rooms and the children that are too small to leave at home can romp and play in one room while their elders practice in the other.

When the electric power line was built past the schoolgrounds, the school board wired the building for lights. Now a dark day makes no more difference with the regular routine of school than it does with a modern city office.

At the time the wiring was being done, the mother's club and the community club had provision made for cooking. Then the mother's club

IF THE inner man can only express itself thru the outer, of what paramount importance it becomes that the outer power of expression be as beautiful as possible and how great the part this element must play in life.—Holborn.

bought a three burner hot plate to be used for heating the noon day lunches and assumed responsibility for the electric bills.

Of course, the two clubs get considerable satisfaction from these improvements themselves. Since they always have a lunch at these two monthly meetings, they use the stove for making coffee and heating dish water there.

"It is so nice and clean," said Mrs. Messerschmidt. "We aren't going to have the basement smoked up every year with this stove, and it is always ready to use when we get there. We feel safer about it with the children, too. Some of them always help with the lunch, and they can't set anything on fire, or hurt themselves, with this." Last year, the electric bills averaged \$3.35 a month for both lighting and cooking.

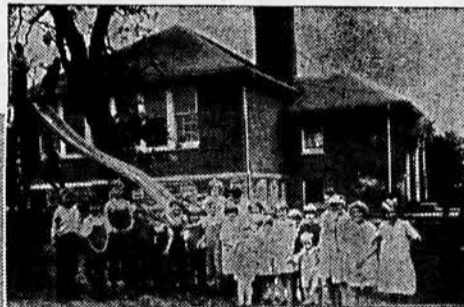
When all of the mothers began sending prepared food from home, the preparation of food at the school stopped. But instead of one big dish, there were 40 different dishes of varying sizes and kinds to be set forth piping hot at 12 o'clock every day. To reduce this to a system, the school board bought a supply of half pint Mason jars that could be packed tightly in any ordinary flat bottomed container. Each child takes a jar home and keeps it thru the year, for his lunch.

In the morning when they come in, the children take the cans down to the basement and set them in one of the enameled kettles on the stove. Then some one puts about 1 inch of water in the bottom of each kettle and covers it tightly. Then the lunches need no more attention until recess time when some one—even the smallest child can be trusted with this job—runs downstairs and turns the heat on.

The hot lunch as it is served in Pumpkin Hollow also gives the lunch hour a little formality that is much better for their table manners than hurried cramming of their sandwiches.

At noon, the principal and her assistant carry the lunches up to the rooms while the children sit quietly at their seats. One child passes the paper napkins which the children spread out over their desks; another goes around with straws for those who drink milk.

Each child waits his turn to march up and claim his dinner. After everyone is at his desk again, they all eat leisurely and quietly. There is no hurried bolting of food for lunch time is a 20 minute period, and no one leaves before it is over. No one is tempted to eat too fast when he knows he can't go out any sooner anyway. At 20 minutes past 12, the children roll up their napkins, crumbs inside, put the jars in their baskets or pails, shut the covers down tightly and march out to play.



Pumpkin Hollow Youngsters Are Not Undernourished



Here is the Lineup of Dinner Buckets and the Cookers in Which They Are Heated

12, the children roll up their napkins, crumbs inside, put the jars in their baskets or pails, shut the covers down tightly and march out to play.

Evolution of a Blue Reed Chair

BY NELLE PORTREY DAVIS

EVER since we have been married," a young housekeeper told me, "I have wanted a blue reed chair for a corner of the living room. I wanted a round-seated one, with a blue covered cushion, but when I priced one that just suited me I was told it would cost \$15, and that was much more money than I could spare."

As is the case with so many young married couples, most of the furniture of this house consisted of parental cast-offs, which were serviceable and much appreciated, but a few carefully selected pieces were needed to "tie" them together and make the house into a home. The blue reed chair was one such piece.

One day at a public farm sale a reed chair was put up that was much the style this young housekeeper wanted, but it was very dirty, unfinished, the reeds in the arms badly broken, and the seat gone. However, Sally saw possibilities in it, so she bid 50 cents and got the chair. She would have gotten it just as readily for a dime.

The first thing she did was to scrub the chair thoroughly, and put in a seat from a scrap of new linoleum. This done, she brought up an old reed magazine rack from the basement, and pulled out as many lengths of reed as she needed to mend the chair arms. These were soaked in warm water for a couple of hours. Then the broken reeds were pulled out and the soaked ones woven in, following the pattern.

Next the chair received a coat from a 35 cent can of blue lacquer, was allowed to dry and given another coat.

From an old comforter the filling for the cushion was cut, making it just the size of the chair seat, and cutting enough thicknesses to make a pad about 4 inches thick. This was then covered with an old blue portiere; it was made in box style, and the edges corded. Cretonne could have been used with very good effect. The result looks like a new chair, adds much to the living room, cost 50 cents, and did not require much work.

To Dry-Clean Lace Curtains

BY ELLEN SAVERLEY PETERS

MANY times curtains become slightly soiled and can be cleaned easily and quickly by the dry-clean method. The one which I have found most satisfactory is as follows:

Place several thicknesses of newspapers on a porch floor or on the floor of a room where there is no heat or fire. On top of these lay a clean sheet which has been folded once. Shake the curtain carefully to remove all dust then spread it on

the sheet. Take cornmeal and slightly moisten it with a good grade of gasoline or benzine—the latter is really to be preferred.

With a soft brush, rub the cornmeal mixture all over the curtain carefully. Roll it up, wrap it in a clean white cloth and lay aside for two hours or longer. At the end of that time, unroll, shake off all of the cornmeal possible then brush it all over again on both sides with a clean dry brush. Shake and hang in the sunshine on the clothesline.

If this process is carefully followed the curtains will be just like new and will look much better than freshly-washed and stretched curtains do.

Short Cuts Around the House

BY OUR READERS

ALL of us are on the lookout for suggestions to make our housekeeping easier or our homes brighter. Perhaps you have discovered some short cut that your neighbor doesn't know about. If so, won't you tell us about it? For all suggestions we can use we will pay \$1. Address the Short Cut Editor, Kansas Farmer, Topeka, Kan. Include postage if you wish your manuscript returned.

Outwitting Fall Winds

WHEN hemming sheets, turn each corner of the hem up, and stitch it in a triangular shape to keep the hems from whipping out in the wind when hung on the line. Mrs. Cecil Teater. Sheridan County.

Muddy Water Easily Cleared

SOME of the housekeepers may like to know how to clear muddy water as quite often farmers' wives find it necessary when they need to wash white clothes.

Fill a barrel the day before needed, put in 2 tablespoons powdered alum and stir well. Alum



HERE'S an example for closets that won't stay tidy. A pole on which to hang clothes hangers, a hat shelf, slipper bag and laundry bag are the equipment and any one could have these. Miss Minnie Zimmerman of Vanderburg Co., Indiana, who possesses the closet, redecorated the whole room for \$28.

will do better if dissolved in warm water. If you cannot wait until the next day put a boiler of water on the stove, put in a teaspoonful. When it becomes cheesy looking, remove from the stove and allow to settle, then pour off, and it will be crystal clear.

You should be able to see the sediment clearly in the bottom of the barrel if sufficient alum has been used. Mrs. Emery E. Mayn. La Plata Co., Colorado.

Another One on Removing Stains

THIS summer I tightened the top off a fruit jar and in so doing spilled a large part of the fruit on the dish towel that I was using. Before the fruit juice could dry, I plunged the towel into the basin of strong soda water in which I always sterilize and temper my fruit jars before filling. Then I spread the dripping towel on the grass in the sunshine to dry. There was not the slightest stain left. Since that time I am not so careful in using my dish towels about canning but simply rinse them in soda water and spread them in the sun to dry. Mrs. Josephine H. Coffeen. Lyon County.

To Use Soap Scraps

A SOAP SHAKER is a handy article to have in the kitchen to use up all the little pieces of soap. It can be bought at the ten-cent-store for 15 cents. Mary Alice Kauffman. Harvey County.

Collars Make Dresses New

Muff Promises to Stage a Return in Combination with the Purse

BY FLORENCE MILLER JOHNSON

IF ONE hadn't read the announcement that styles this season are more feminine than they have been for several years, she would surmise as much were she to linger awhile at the neckwear counter of any dry goods store. Lovely collars and cuffs, jabots and vestees in rich, soft, creamy laces, filets and tinted georgette seem almost too dainty to wear. Many of the collars extend well toward the center of the back, and often are gathered or plaited. They may be square or pointed or round, but all are charming. The vestees are to be worn over dresses as a bib, and those of accordion plaited georgette are especially lovely. It is surprising how much a new set of collars and cuffs, or a vestee or jabot will add to a last season's frock.

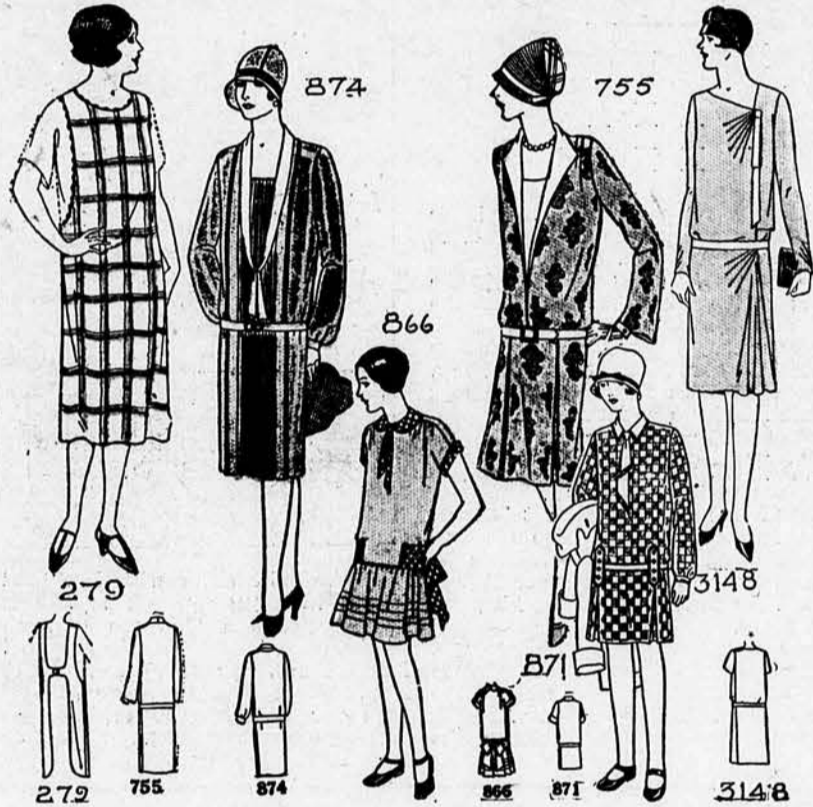
Again we see the veil—but this season it covers only the eyes. It is worn with the small hat and usually is made of tulle.

"Madame is going to 'muff' it this winter," says an announcer of new

fashion. But the new muffs will differ considerably from those we remember of yore. They will be small, perky affairs, and often a combination of muff and purse. Not always will they be of fur, either, but of a material to match the coat, or of velvet trimmed with narrow bands of fur.

The item of jewelry is an important one of the complete costume, they tell us. In some instances, the motif, either as a buckle or brooch, has replaced the flower as a decoration for afternoon and evening dresses. It is generally used to hold a panel or gathered effect. Colored stones have assumed importance, especially the amethyst, topaz, ruby and emerald. These are used in bracelets and necklaces.

A dainty accessory to carry with the afternoon or evening frock is a lace handkerchief with a small georgette center. It may have a small ribbon bow in one corner to match or harmonize with the dress with which it is to be carried.



279—The Favorite for Kitchen Wear. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure.
 874—Becoming to the Stout Figure. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure.
 866—Trimmings of Checked Materials Are Pleasing and Different. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.
 755—For Afternoon Wear. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure.

3148—Lovely Design for the Graceful Figure. Sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.
 871—Peter Pan Collar and Tie are Featured in This Junior Model. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.
 Be sure to mention size and number in ordering the patterns. Price of each pattern is 15 cents. Send your orders to the Pattern Department, Kansas Farmer, Topeka, Kan.

Women's Service Corner

Our Service Corner is conducted for the purpose of helping our readers solve their puzzling problems. The editor is glad to answer your questions concerning house-keeping, home making, entertaining, cooking, sewing, beauty, and so on. Send a self addressed, stamped envelope to the Women's Service Corner, Kansas Farmer and a personal reply will be given.

Spots on a Rug

Will you please tell me how I can remove a grease spot from a Brussels rug? F. H.

Cover the grease spot on your rug with a paste made of Fuller's earth and benzine. When dry brush off the powder. If any of the spot remains repeat the treatment or place a blotter under the spot and press it with a warm iron. The heat from the iron will melt the grease and the blotter will absorb it.

Sandburg Turns to Music

BY CHERYL MARQUARDT

CARL SANDBURG, poet, newspaper man, writer of music, biographer of Lincoln and singer of songs, speaks a language all the South understands in his ballad, "The Boll Weevil." Sandburg plays his own accompaniment and if you have a phonograph, you'll

not be disappointed if you purchase this record. Here are some of the words:

The boll weevil am a little black bug,
 And from Mexico he came,
 Came all the way from Texas
 A-lookin' for a place to stay,
 Just a-lookin' for a home,
 Just a-lookin' for a home,

The first time I seen the boll weevil,
 He was settin' on the square,
 The next time I seen the boll weevil,
 He had all his family there,
 Just a-lookin' for a home,
 Just a-lookin' for a home.

The farmer take the boll weevil
 And put him in the hot sand,
 The boll weevil say, "This am mighty hot,
 But I'll stand it like a man,
 For it is my home, this'll be my home."

The farmer take the boll weevil
 And put him in a lump of ice,
 The weevil say to the farmer,
 "This is mighty cool and nice,
 'It'll be my home... it'll be my home."

I'll be glad to tell anyone where they may secure this record, or I'll be glad to help with other music problems. Address Cheryl Marquardt, Kansas Farmer and Mail and Breeze, Topeka, Kan. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Prizes For Best Letters From Kansas Farm Boys and Girls

The Subject: "Why I Like to Bake With Jenny Wren Flour"

FIRST PRIZE
\$10.00
 SECOND PRIZE
\$7.50
 THIRD PRIZE
\$5.00
 AND TEN
\$1.00
 PRIZES

Boys and girls! Write a letter about Jenny Wren. That's all you have to do to get in line for some extra Christmas money. Contest closes December 1 and the prize money will be paid at once. Write us now.

Contest Rules

1. Entrants must be less than 16 years old.
2. Letters must be between 50 and 200 words long.
3. Letters must be mailed before noon, December 1.
4. Judges will be Miss Florence Wells, Kansas Farmer; Mrs. Harriet Allard, Household, and Miss Wilson of the Jenny Wren company.
5. No letters will be returned.
6. Right is reserved to use any letter submitted in future advertising.
7. Winners will be announced in Kansas Farmer.
8. Mail letters to Jenny Wren Co., Lawrence, Kansas.

Ready-Mixed Chemically treated to restore
 Self-rising mineral content usually lost in
 All-purpose milling.
 Quick Cheaper than ordinary flour plus
 Successful baking powder.

You can get ideas for your contest letter by tuning in on radio station WREN, Lawrence, during the junior cooking school hour at ten o'clock every Saturday morning.

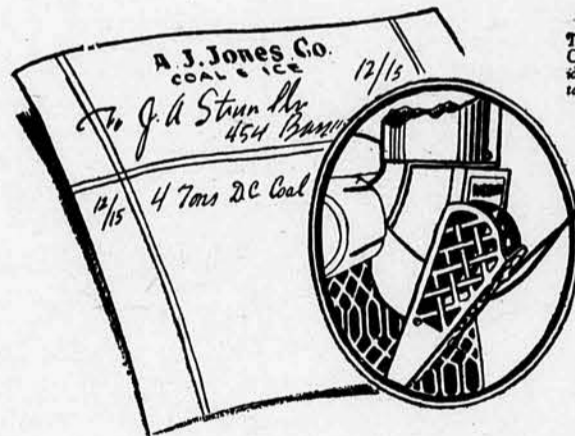


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Lawrence

Jenny Wren Company

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This is the Charter Oak Coal Saver. The red tag identifies it. Look for the tag when you buy.

Save half a ton this year

—and every year with the Charter Oak Coal Saver



Charter Oak Parlor Furnace No. 16. Mahogany, walnut, gray enamel and plain finishes. Also 4 other styles and sizes in all finishes.

HOW much do you pay for coal? How much does half a ton cost you?

Save that much this year and every year by getting a Charter Oak Parlor Furnace with its Charter Oak Coal Saver.

The coal saver, an exclusive feature of Charter Oak Parlor Furnaces, is a patented automatic damper which mechanically regulates the heat in your home by keeping the fire from burning either too fast or too slow. The Charter Oak Coal Saver costs no more. It is a regular part of Charter Oak Parlor Furnaces. Let a Charter Oak dealer explain it to you, and ask him or write us for descriptive booklet.

CHARTER OAK STOVE & RANGE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.



CHARTER OAK

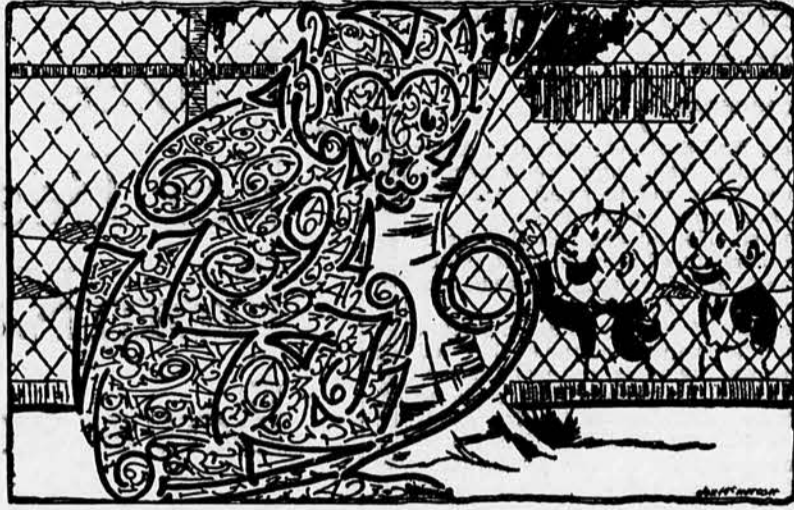
Used by four generations in millions of homes.

Here's Fun for Every Boy and Girl

I AM 10 years old and in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Penner. I walk 1 1/4 mile to school. I have four sisters and one brother. My brother and sisters are all older than I am. For pets I have a dog named Sammy and a dog named Joe, a calf named Johnny cake, four mean geese and a mean Billy goat. I am sure that if the boys write to me they will be interested in hearing about the mean trick.
Emmett Buckman.
Newton, Kan.

My Cat's Name is Tom

I am 13 years old and in the seventh grade. My birthday was October 11. My teacher's name last year was Miss Millner. I have a sister named Mable and a brother named Walter. My sister is 20 years old and my brother is 18 years old. I have a pet cat named Tom.
Grace Gideon.
St. Clere, Kan.



Why don't you see if you can find the correct total of the large black figures? Do not count the little numbers in between. Also tell me what animal these figures make. Send your answers to Leona Stahl, Kansas Farmer, Topeka, Kan. There will be a surprise gift each for the first 10 boys or girls sending correct answers.

made the above conundrum like a harp struck by lightning? Because he is a blasted lyre.

Barnum had in his museum 10 horses that only had 24 feet in all, and yet traveled as well as other horses; how was it possible? Twenty fore feet.

There are 12 birds in a covey; Jones kills a brace, then how many remain? None; for—unless they are idiots—they fly away.

What do lawyers do when they die? Lie still.

"Tommy, stop eating with your fingers!"
"But Mamma, weren't fingers made before?"

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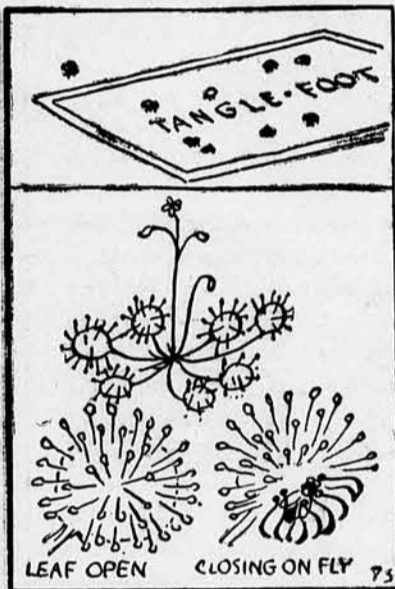
20 10
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18 16 12

"Not yours, Tommy"

Living Inventions

by Gaylord Johnson



The Sundew's "Tanglefoot"

The man who invented "tanglefoot" fly paper probably never saw the plant called "sundew." Yet it, and

many other plants too, long ago perfected a device for capturing insects with a sticky material.

The purpose for which the sundew spreads its viscid snare is, however, different from the object the housewife has in laying out a sheet of "tanglefoot." The plant is bent upon capturing a dinner, while the woman wishes only to rid her rooms of troublesome pests.

The sundew grows in moist, boggy places where small flying insects breed. It has round red-haired leaves. The red hairs look like pins stuck in a cushion, and the head of each pin glistens with a drop that looks like dew. An ant or fly often makes the mistake of thinking the drops are nectar, and climbs or alights upon the leaves to get it.

And what happens? The insect's feet are seized and held by the plant's "tanglefoot," and the red hairs close slowly but surely over the victim. When the prisoner dies, his body is dissolved, sucked in, and digested by the leaves.

Has Fifteen Guineas

I am 12 years old and am in the seventh grade. I live 1/4 mile from school. I have one sister. Her name is Sylvia Veres. For pets I have a dog, a little kitty, three ducks and 15 guineas. My dog's name is Bounce. I

enjoy reading the letters on the boys' and girls' page and I read them every week.
Martha Levens.
Coats, Kan.

Diamond Puzzle

1. — — — —
2. — — — —
3. — — — —
4. — — — —
5. — — — —

1. Stands for railroad; 2. A large body of water; 3. To answer; 4. A beverage; 5. A vowel.

From the definitions given fill in the dashes so that the diamond reads the same across and up and down. Send your answers to Leona Stahl, Kansas Farmer, Topeka, Kan. There will be a surprise gift each for the first 10 boys or girls sending correct answers.

To Keep You Guessing

What letter of the alphabet is most like a Roman emperor? The C's are. When could the British Empire be purchased for the lowest sum? When Richard the Third offered his kingdom for a horse.

What is the difference between a honeycomb and a honeymoon? One is made up of a lot of little cells, the other is one enormous cell only.

Why is the crabbed old bachelor who

If you will begin with No. 1 and follow with your pencil to the last number you will find the answer to this puzzle. Send your answers to Leona Stahl, Kansas Farmer, Topeka, Kan. There will be a surprise gift each for the first 10 boys or girls sending correct answers.



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Rural Health

Dr. C.H. Lerrigo.

Every Year Brings Just About as Many Girls as Boys Into the World

IT'S WHEN I watch the Census reports and see how regular the he's and she's are born jest about right to make pairs that I have to laugh hardest at these high-brow philosophers who try to tell me things jest 'happen-so,'" said Old Doc, when I showed him the annual birth reports. "Here it is in black an' white, see. For every 100 girls born they's 100 boys. It isn't just this year and last year but it happens putty close to the same figures every year and year after year. This is the last report? What's the date?"

"It isn't quite up to date," I admitted. "It is prepared by the United States Bureau of the Census and the folks there have to wait a year or two to get their figures. This covers the eight years from 1917 to 1924 inclusive and includes all the United States Birth Registration Area."

"Well, anyway, it's good enough for me. I was watching birth rates long afore 1917. And here it goes on just as reg'lar as clockwork—so many boys born—so many gels born. Can't tell me that's just haphazard. One thing, tho—why's they always a few more boy babies each year?"

"There are more boy babies born, but before old age is reached that is equalized. Men meet more hazards than women—they have greater exposure in adult life, and even in babyhood the boy does not do quite as well as the girl. The death rate is always heavier in males than in females. This reduces the initial excess of males so that when old age is reached the women have just a little the best of it in numbers."

"And how about other countries than ours?"

"I have no figures for the rates of the sexes at birth, but in the general population figures—taking the full male and full female populations—they run very close excepting in countries where the male population has been greatly reduced by war or by immigration. In Great Britain at this time there are scarcely 94 males to 100 females, but of course Great Britain sends many young men to her colonies. In Germany there are 97, in France 98 and in Italy 99 males to 100 females. The Asiatic countries show a preponderance of men, but in these countries women are considered of slight importance, and not only do they suffer treatment that causes early death but even those living may not be counted."

"I'll bet if they had as good a system as ours you'd find the births coming just about even," said Old Doc. "Jest about one boy for one gel—can't tell me it's 'happen-so.'"

Husband Chews Tobacco

My husband is a dear man with one dirty habit. He chews tobacco to the extent of at least 10 cents' worth a day and perhaps twice as much. Can you name a drug that I can give secretly to turn him against it?
J. M. B.

I do not advise the attempt. There are certain preparations advertised to do the work, but my experience is that they are worthless without the cooperation of the patient, and may be dangerous. Some men can chew a lot of tobacco without much apparent effect on their health. Any man can quit the habit who really tries. Unless he joins in the trying you might as well give it up.

Not Overweight as Yet

What is good for enlarged joints? I used iodine for a week, applying it night and morning and now the skin is so sore I can hardly wear my shoes.
Can you also tell me how I can reduce my weight? I am 5 feet and 7 inches tall. My weight is 120 pounds. I have a double chin, also. How can I get rid of it?
A. E. B.

It all depends on the cause. If the joints are enlarged because of rheumatism have your doctor find and remove the infection that is causing it. Application of iodine or other external agents is more harm than good.
If you are 5 feet 7 and weigh

only 120 pounds you are not overweight, and would be foolish to attempt any reduction.

Label Must Not Mislead

Isn't there a law requiring every patent medicine to have printed on its wrapper a table of contents? A certain medicine company has a route thru this county, and none of its wrappers give any indication of ingredients except the percentage of alcohol.
Mrs. C. D.

The law requires that every medicine shall show on the label the amount of alcohol and also the amount of narcotic drugs such as opium. Aside from this the ingredients need not be shown except in the case of poisons. However, the label must not be misleading. It must not claim to cure certain diseases unless it really does so.

Use an Electric Needle

Please tell me, is there an acid that will remove moles? I wish to remove some moles off my face and arms.
Subscriber.

The removal of moles by application of acid is not safe. Have them removed by the electric needle.

Then the Tractor Pulls

The fuel mixture has a decided effect on the power developed by an engine. An engine will not develop its full power on a lean mixture. There must be enough fuel present to utilize all the oxygen in the air which has been mixed with the fuel, in order to develop full power, and with a lean mixture this does not occur. On the other hand, if there is too much fuel present for the amount of oxygen in the mixture, the pressure generated is also too low to develop maximum power. The ideal mixture is one in which every bit of fuel can be burned and the maximum amount of heat, and therefore pressure, generated from the fuel.

In cold weather, unless provision is made to heat the air before it passes thru the carburetor, the fuel does not vaporize fully but is mixed with the air in the form of tiny drops of liquid, part of which will vaporize when the mixture reaches the hot intake manifold or combustion chamber, but some of which remains in liquid form even during the explosion and passes out thru the exhaust pipes to cause the exhaust explosions. With low grade fuels, it is always advisable to have some arrangement to heat the air before it passes thru the carburetor and to heat the fuel slightly also, especially in cold weather.

The most efficient temperature at which a water-cooled internal combustion engine can be operated is at or just below the boiling temperature of water. Any temperature much below this point means that the fuel is not thoroly vaporized and therefore is not completely burned, for the fuel will only burn as a vapor mixed with air. This point should be kept clearly in mind by every engine operator.

Inasmuch as the cooling systems on tractors, and other engines as well, are designed to keep the engine from overheating in the hottest summer weather, it is obvious that when the temperature gets down around freezing, or below, the temperature of the engine is likely to be well below the boiling temperature of water unless part of the radiating surface is covered. It is for this reason that some engines are provided with a curtain or other means for covering part of the radiator so the operator can easily keep the cooling water at about the boiling temperature and thus get maximum power and fuel economy.

Our Best Three Offers

One old subscriber and one new subscriber, if sent together, can get The Kansas Farmer and Mail and Breeze one year for \$1.50. A club of three yearly subscriptions, if sent together, all for \$2; or one three-year subscription, \$2.—Advertisement.



for easier Kitchen Work

The job of preparing three meals a day is not an easy one, and when you are handicapped for the lack of sufficient room or the right kind of cooking utensils, it is plain drudgery. Why do it? Present-day prices of cooking utensils in aluminum, granite-ware and white enamel, are so low in comparison to the quality that you get that it is needless not to have plenty of things to work with. Spend an hour some afternoon at your nearest "Farm Service" Hardware Store and see what a fine assortment of pans, kettles, broilers and roasters you can secure for a few dollars. They will pay for themselves many times over. You can be absolutely sure of one thing too, and that is that the quality which you buy at these stores will be of the very best and that the prices will be as low as or lower than you can get for the same class of goods anywhere else.

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Cane or Corn for the Cattle?

Crop Value of Fodder May Depend on Wet or Dry Season and Use Made of Manure

BY HARLEY HATCH

AT LAST the ground has dried so that binders can run in all fields and a lot of feed has been put in the shock in the last week. Not so much corn has been cut as usual; while the stalk carries a big ear the fodder is not shocking up as much as it does in some seasons when the yield of grain is not half so much. This makes the fodder carry a very large proportion of grain to the rough feed and for stock cattle the corn ought to be husked out, at least partially. On this farm we cut no corn at all, depending for fodder on 14 acres of cane which is this morning all in the shock. We had a time getting this cane cut; it was very heavy and there were wet places in the field which it seemed would not dry out, the ground was so shaded. The only way we could get traction for the binder was to bolt green hedge sticks about the size of a ball bat and 2 feet long to the drive wheel, thus making a sort of an extension lug. Then by putting on five horses we made it go. This is the second season in succession that we have cut our fodder in the mud.

Cane and Manure Combination

There is always debate as to the feed values of the different forage crops, corn, cane and kafir. If the grain is fed with the fodder it has always seemed to me that corn could not be excelled. But in a year like the present when the corn is so heavily eared it makes a costly feed. I have never thought so highly of kafir especially if the stalk is fully matured at cutting time. Those who have used cane for silage say that it is nearly equal to corn and it has the advantage of making 3 tons where corn makes 1. The seed on the old time varieties of cane did not have a great deal of feeding value, especially the old Black Amber variety. But new varieties have been developed in which the seed has virtually as much feeding value as kafir. The cane which we raised this year and which carries the various names of Red Top, Cattle cane and Sourless cane has a seed which looks almost like the old Red Kafir. The cane this year is heavily seeded and many cattlemen in this section feed it seed and all. Cane has the reputation of being "hard" on the ground; probably it is as it makes so great a tonnage to the acre but if the manure is returned to the soil the fertility can be pretty well maintained.

Good Year for Pasture

We have been building and trying to carry on the farm work at the same time and as a result have fallen behind about two weeks with our work. The building is nearly done and that will take but little more of our time but we have the cattle yards yet to clean out before the stock is brought in from the pastures. There is not as much manure in the yards as usual as we fed more in the fields last winter than we commonly do. The long range weather forecast says that the coming week is to be one of continuous showers; if they have guessed it right we are going to be put still further behind with the work. Our plan is to take the 4-horse Fresno scraper and clean up the yards, putting the manure in big piles. This will not take long and we can then bring the stock in at any time and haul the manure out at our leisure. We have been delayed in this yard cleaning job because we had no place to haul the manure as nearly all our cultivated ground was in row crops this year. There seems no hurry about bringing in the stock from pasture as the grass was never so good before with October more than half gone but at this time of year a change can come in a hurry. We have, however, often left the stock out in the pasture until well up into November by giving them some additional feed.

A Large Investment Needed

I have a letter from a man who says he is a farmer 56 years old and that he can scrape together about \$5,000. He wants to invest this so he can make a

age he cannot stand the hard knocks living as easily as possible as at his he formerly could. He has in mind buying cheap grass land and going into cattle raising. He asks what I think of the idea. There probably has not been a time in the last 15 years in which good bluestem pasture land could be bought so cheaply as today. On the other hand, there has not been a time, excepting two years during the war, when a foundation stock of cattle would cost as much money as it would today. To tell the truth, \$5,000 is not nearly enough capital to set up in the cattle raising business if one must buy the land on which to raise them. That sum alone would be required to buy a small foundation herd and provide yards and shelter for them. This would leave nothing with which to buy land and it would mean a renting proposition.

Poultry May Offer Opportunity

If my entire capital consisted of \$5,000 and I was 56 years old and wished to insure, as nearly as possible, a future living with not too much hard work I would consider the purchase of a small tract of improved land, say 40 acres, in some good location in Eastern Kansas and go into the poultry business, making eggs the main object instead of raising poultry for sale. For that reason I would keep some of the egg laying breeds. On this 40 acres one could raise the bulk of the feed required, could keep a cow or two and raise a few pigs and a good vegetable garden. By strict attention to business I think one could be assured of a good living if the start was made free from debt. Such a business would mean plenty of work but it would not be heavy work; the average man of 56 years should easily be able to handle it. There would be no chance to accumulate much money as the business would not be large enough but there would be little risk and it would not require the investment of a large amount of capital as would the cattle raising business or going into farming on a large scale. Now, please do not write me asking for the address of this man as he does not wish it given.

Good Books for Everyone

From Stafford, Kan., comes the following inquiry: "Where can I get information regarding the Kansas Traveling Library?" Write to "Secretary, the Kansas Traveling Libraries Commission, Topeka, Kan." For the last seven or eight years the Grange which meets at our schoolhouse, Sunnyside, has been ordering these libraries for use during the winter months. Each traveling library is of 50 volumes consisting of fiction, history, biography and travel. In ordering state what proportion of each you prefer and your order will be filled, as nearly as possible. These libraries can be ordered by any society or several in any neighborhood can organize and order. The books can be kept for six months. The cost is \$2.50, which pays transportation both ways. In other words, for \$2.50 your neighborhood can get the use of 50 books for six months. If you have no organization such as the Grange, Farm Bureau or the like, several neighbors can get together, appoint one of their number to act as keeper of the library and to order the books. If 10 members join this would make the cost but 25 cents each.

Swat the Serpent

Grandma—"Oh, Jenny, darling, I am surprised! Aren't you going to give your brother part of your apple?"
Jenny—"No Grannie, Eve did that and she's been criticized ever since."

Brief Vacation

"How long you in jail fo', Mose?"
"Two weeks."
"What am de ch'ge?"
"No ch'ge, everything am free."
"Ah mean, what has you did?"
"Done shot my wife."
"You killed yo' wife and only in jail fo' two weeks?"
"Dats all—den I gits hung."

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The Untamed

(Continued from Page 11)



"An' now, Gus, they's only one thing left to complete my little game—an' that's to get Whistlin' Dan Barry proclaimed an outlaw an' put a price on his head, savvy?"

"Why d'you hate him so?" asked Morris curiously.

"Morris, why d'you hate smallpox?"

"Because a man's got no chance fightin' agin it."

"Gus, that's why I hate Whistlin' Dan, but I ain't here to argue. I want you to get Dan proclaimed an outlaw."

The sheriff scowled and bit his lip.

"I can't do it, Jim."

"Why the hell can't you?"

"Don't go jumpin' down my throat. It ain't human to double cross nobody the way you're double crossin' that kid. He's clean. He fights square. He's jest done you a good turn. I can't do it, Jim."

There was an ominous silence.

"Gus," said the outlaw, "how many thousand have I given you?"

The sheriff winced.

"I dunno," he said, "a good many, Jim."

"An' now you're goin' to lay down on me?"

Another pause.

"People are gettin' pretty excited nowadays," went on Silent carelessly.

"Maybe they'd get a lot more excited if they was to know jest how much I've paid you, Gus."

The sheriff struck his forehead with a pudgy hand.

"When a man's sold his soul to the devil, they ain't no way of buyin' it back."

"When you're all waked up," said Silent soothingly, "they ain't no more reasonable man than you, Gus. But sometimes you get to seein' things cross-eyed. Here's my game. What do you think they'd do in Elkhead if a letter came for Dan Barry along about now?"

"The boys must be pretty hot," said the sheriff. "I suppose the letter'd be opened."

"It would," said the outlaw. "You're sure a clever feller, Gus. You c'n see a white hoss in the sunlight. Now what d'you suppose they'd think if they opened a letter addressed to Dan Barry and read something like this:

"Dear Dan: You made great play for L. H. None of us is going to forget it. Maybe the thing for you to do is to lay low for a while. Then join us any time you want to. We all think nobody could of worked that stunt any smoother than you done. The rest of the boys say that two thousand ain't enough for the work you've done. They vote that you get an extra thousand for it. I'm agreeable about that, and when you get short of cash just drop up and see us—you know where.

"That's a great bluff you've made about being on my trail. Keep it up. It'll fool everybody for a while. They'll think, maybe, that what you did to L. H. was because he was your personal friend. They won't suspect that you're now one of us.

Adios,
"J. S."

Silent waited for the effect of this missive to show in Morris's face.

"Supposin' they was to read a letter like that, Gus. D'you think maybe it'd sort of peeve them?"

"He'd be outlawed inside of two days!"

"Right. Here's the letter. An' you're goin' to see that it's delivered in Elkhead, Morris."

The sheriff looked sombrely on the little square of white.

"I sort of think," he said at last, "that this here's the death warrant for Whistlin' Dan Barry."

"So do I," grinned Silent, considerably thirsty for action. "That's your chance to make one of your rarin', tarin' speeches. Then you hop into the telegraph office an' send a wire to the Governor askin' that a price be put on the head of the blood-thirsty desperado, Dan Barry, commonly known as Whistlin' Dan."

"It's like something out of a book," said the sheriff slowly. "It's like some damned horror story."

"The minute you get the reply to that telegram swear in forty deputies and announce that they's a price on Barry's head. So long, Gus. This little play'll make the boys figger you're the most efficient sheriff that never pulled a gun."

He turned to his horse, laughing

loudly, and the sheriff, with what laughter in his ears, rode back toward his hotel with a downward head.

Dan's Fever Grew

All day at the Daniels house the fever grew perceptibly, and that night the family held a long consultation.

"They's got to be somethin' done," said Buck. "I'm goin to ride into town tomorrow an' get ahold of Doc Geary."

"There ain't no use of gettin' that fraud Geary," said Mrs. Daniels scornfully. "I think that if the boy c'n be saved I c'n do it as well as that doctor. But there ain't no doctor c'n help him. The trouble with Dan ain't his wound—it's his mind that's keepin' him low."

"His mind?" queried old Sam.

"Listen to him now. What's all that talkin' about Deillah?"

"If it ain't Deillah it's Kate," said Buck. "Always one of the two he's talkin' about. An' when he talks of them his fever gets worse. Who's Deillah, an' who's Kate?"

"They's one an' the same person," said Mrs. Daniels. "It do beat all how blind men are!"

"Are we row?" said her husband with some heat. "An' what good would it do even if we knowed that they was the same?"

"Because if we could locate the girl they's a big chance she'd bring him back to reason. She'd make his brain quiet, an' then his body'll take care of itself, savvy?"

"But they's a hundred Kates on the range," said Sam. "Has he said her

last name, Buck, or has he given you any way of findin' out where she lives?"

"There ain't no way," brooded Buck, "except that when he talks about her sometimes he speaks of Lee Haines like he wanted to kill him. Sometimes he's dreamin' of havin' Lee by the throat. D'you honest think that havin' the girl here would do any good, ma?"

"Of course it would," she answered. "He's in love, that poor boy is, an' love is worse than bullets for some men. I don't mean you or Sam. Lord knows you wouldn't bother yourselves none about a woman."

Her eyes challenged them.

"He talks about Lee havin' the girl?" asked Sam.

"He sure does," said Buck, "which shows that he's jest ravin'. How could Lee have the girl, him bein' in jail at Elkhead?"

"But maybe Lee had her before Whistlin' Dan got him out at Morris's place. Maybe she's up to Silent's camp now."

"A girl in Jim Silent's camp?" repeated Buck scornfully. "Jim'd as soon have a ton of lead hangin' on his shoulders."

"Would he tho?" broke in Mrs. Daniels. "You're considerable young, Buck, to be sayin' what men'll do where they's women concerned. Where is this camp?"

"I dunno," said Buck evasively. "Maybe up in the hills. Maybe at the old Salton place. If I thought she was there, I'd risk goin' up and gettin' her—with her leave or without it!"

"Don't be talkin' fool stuff like that," said his mother anxiously. "Yon ain't goin' near Jim Silent agin, Buck!"

He shrugged his shoulders, with a

scowl, and turned away to go back to the bedside of Whistling Dan.

In the morning Buck was hardly less haggard than Dan. His mother, with clasped hands and an anxious face, stood at the foot of the bed, but her trouble was more for her son than for Dan. Old Sam was out saddling Buck's horse, for they had decided that the doctor must be brought from Elkhead-at once.

"I don't like to leave him," growled Buck. "I misdoubt what may be happenin' while I'm gone."

"Don't look at me like that," said his mother. "Why, Buck, a body would think that if he dies while you're gone you'll accuse your father an' mother of murder."

"Don't be no minute away from him," urged Buck, "that's all I ask."

"Cure his brain," said his mother monotonously, "an' his body'll take care of itself. Who's that talkin' with your dad outside?"

Very faintly they caught the sound of voices, and after a moment the departing clatter of a galloping horse. Old Sam ran into the house breathless.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

When Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler said that there were no truly great men today, had he considered the husbands of some of our very prominent women?

Our private opinion is that no one is really as competent as Herbert Hoover is supposed to be.

On the farm the lamb does the frisking. In Wall Street the frisking is done to the lamb.

Every day, in every way, Europe gets nearer and dearer to the United States.

Santa Fe Purchases Promote Prosperity

WHILE the Santa Fe is itself a large employer of labor—its payroll in 1926 totalled \$107,000,000, and its employes number more than 75,000—indirectly as a buyer of materials and supplies it helps to furnish employment to many more. Such purchases last year exceeded \$64,000,000. In addition it bought over \$12,000,000 of new cars and locomotives.

Its largest class of material was fuel, which totalled \$24,360,000. This consisted of about 2,267,000 tons of coal, and 507,800,000 gallons of fuel oil. The use of coal or oil on any division is determined primarily by which is the cheaper fuel in that locality.

The second largest class of purchases was iron and steel products, for which the expenditure was approximately \$19,750,000. This included an expenditure of \$9,500,000 for 152,700 tons of rail, frogs, switches, and fastenings. \$1,500,000 went for wheels, axles, and tires and \$306,000 for flues and tubes for locomotives. Bridges, turntables, structural steel, forgings, and fabricated, unfabricated, and pressed steel took nearly \$3,000,000. Steel and iron are basic necessities in railroading.

Purchases of forest products totalled \$6,412,000, which included over 3,000,000 cross ties, and large quantities of lumber and timbers. The Santa Fe creosotes its ties and much of its timbers, otherwise greater quantities would be needed each year.

Folders, report blanks, notices, tickets, tariffs, and various items in the stationery line required \$1,225,000, electrical materials \$660,000, lubricating oil and grease, illuminating oils, waste, etc., \$1,180,000, and air brake material \$617,600.

These purchases were necessary to maintain the railroad properly and to give satisfactory service to the public. They were covered by 130,000 invoices and were made from 3,347 individuals and firms. Note the wide spread of this buying.

Thus the Santa Fe and all railroads are an important factor in maintaining the prosperity of our country through the employment arising from these large purchases of supplies, as well as the millions directly disbursed among their own employes for services.

When the railroads are doing well, they buy materials and supplies on a larger scale than when net revenues fall off. Money thus spent mainly pays for the labor of many persons, helping merchants, farmers, everybody—your own community included. You therefore are vitally interested.

W. B. STOREY, *President*
The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe
Railway System.

Hog
Down
Corn

Save
Fallen
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Rotate
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Increase
Farm
Value

J. E. Rush, Bonilla, S. D., says: "I have 160 acres cross fenced into 5 fields. Turning stock from field to field, as crops are taken off, saves more feed each year than the original cost of the fence." A. B. Reif, DeQueen, Arkansas, writes: "It was a good fence that sold my eighty in Langdale County, Wisconsin, at a good price in 1922 when it was almost impossible to sell any farm."

RED BRAND FENCE

"Galvannealed"—Copper Bearing

does all these things, and more. Pays for itself in 1 to 3 years from extra profits alone. Can't help but last for many years. Extra heavy "Galvannealed" zinc coating keeps rust out. Copper in the steel keeps long life in. Full length stays, wavy line wires and the Square Deal can't-slip knot help make this trim looking, hog-tight, bull-proof farm fence cost less by lasting longer. Ask your dealer to show you RED BRAND FENCE.


What has been your experience with or without good fence? We will pay \$5 or more for each letter that we use. Write for details, catalog and 3 interesting booklets that tell how others have made more money with hog-tight fence.

KEYSTONE STEEL & WIRE CO., 2115 Industrial St., Peoria, Ill.

Always look
for the
Red Brand
(top wire)

4 TIMES Around the World with ONE OILING

100,000 Miles Without Stopping for Oil



An inventor who could develop an airplane which would perform such a feat would be considered a wonder. But such is the record of regular accomplishment by the Auto-oiled Aermotor in pumping water.

Did you ever stop to think how many revolutions the wheel of a windmill makes? If the wheel of an Aermotor should roll along the surface of the ground at the same speed that it makes when pumping water it would encircle the world in 90 days, or would go four times around in a year. It would travel on an average 275 miles per day or about 30 miles per hour for 9 hours each day. An automobile which keeps up that pace day after day needs a thorough oiling at least once a week. Isn't it marvelous, then, that a windmill has been made which will go 50 times as long as the best automobile with one oiling and keep it up for 25 or 30 years?

The Auto-oiled Aermotor after many years of service in every part of the world has proven its ability to run and give the most reliable service with one oiling a year. The double gears, and all moving parts, are entirely enclosed and flooded with oil. Aermotors and Aermotor Towers withstand the storms.

For full information write **AERMOTOR CO.** Chicago Dallas Des Moines
Kansas City Minneapolis Oakland

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Gentlemen: For the enclosed \$6.25, please send Offer C.

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Be sure to give R. F. D. number if you live on a rural route.



Protective Service



O.C. THOMPSON
MANAGER

We May Feel Better if We Know What's Above Our Name on the Dotted Line

SIGNING on the dotted line is an easy matter, but sometimes we may find it rather costly. The important thing we should bear in mind is that we should always make it a point to know just exactly what we are signing. The fellow who is "From Missouri" as the expression goes, is often better off when it comes to making contracts and signing his name, for he usually insists on knowing just what kind of documents he is signing.

Contracts Are Often Necessary

Within the last few months we have received many letters from members of the Protective Service asking for advice in cases where they have signed their names to innocent looking papers, and later learned they had signed notes. Now I know of people who say they never sign any kind of paper. Farm folks are business people just as much as anyone else and in the ordinary conduct of their affairs they often have occasion to sign contracts and agreements the same as other business people.

They May Prevent Mistakes

It is no disgrace to sign a business paper. In fact, it is always a good thing to have agreements written out and signed so everyone connected with the affair will know just what conditions are to be performed in carrying out the transaction. Furthermore it is no disgrace to take time to carefully read and study a contract before you sign it. In that way many misunderstandings are avoided.

He Took His Time

A few years ago I learned of a very successful business man who spent many days studying over a contract with his associates and members of his legal staff. Before the contract was signed he called in two of the best lawyers he knew and got their opinions. Their time and advice cost him considerable money but he was glad to pay it just to be sure that he was getting a fair deal in the agreement. That man is one of the country's most successful business men. The contract was a complicated affair and he was willing to take much valuable time and pay a large fee to competent attorneys to have a correct understanding of the contract.

Signing Contract Notes

The important thing is that we should carefully read any contracts, orders, or agreements we sign, and be sure we understand them so there will be no chance of a misunderstanding afterward. Many orders are made out in the form of contract notes. In these the person who places the order agrees not only to purchase, but also he agrees to pay certain sums under certain conditions and those conditions of payment usually are made in the form of a note. In such cases when the note falls due it is sent to the purchaser's bank for collection just as any other note.

He Was Much Surprised

When the purchaser learns that the order he signed was a note he usually is quite surprised. One case of this kind came to my attention recently and the man who had signed the contract note-form asked if he would have to pay it. We had to advise him he would have to pay the note in spite of the fact that he did not know he was signing a note at the time. What he thought he was signing was an order. But it also was a contract note and in it he agreed to pay certain sums of money on certain dates. For value received the company shipped him the goods which he had agreed to purchase. A note is nothing more than a contract or agreement to pay the

amount specified with or without interest. Many contract notes do not call for a payment of interest except in case of default of payment on the date the sum mentioned is due.

While we are discussing the subject of contracts and notes and signatures, I am reminded that practically every printed order form and contract specifically states that the company making the agreement will not be responsible for any agreements, either verbal or written, that are not printed in the contract. Often we receive letters from folks who tell us that salesmen promised them certain things that were not a part of the contract. Then when the company fails to carry out the verbal statements of the salesman the purchaser is pretty mad. I do not blame folks for getting mad in such cases, but we should remember that many salesmen in order to put over a sale, will promise most anything and then soon forget it.

Getting What We Want

For our own protection we should read every contract carefully and if the salesman has promised anything that is not in the contract, then we should refuse to sign. Just tell the salesman that you cannot sign the contract until he writes in it the things or conditions he promised you that are not already a part of the contract. Never be afraid to tell the salesman what you think or what you want in the contract. He is out to sell his goods, but it is your money you are spending and you most certainly have every right to say just how your money shall be spent.

Saving Time, Trouble, Money

If we carefully read every contract before signing, and are sure we understand it fully, and see that every promise made by a salesman is made a part of the contract before we sign, I believe all of us will be saved much time, trouble, worry and money. I know a man who is never bothered by unscrupulous salesmen and sharpers. One day he told me why. He said he had learned when he was a young man that it was the best policy to thoroly read and understand any contract before he signed it, and never to take a man's word for the performance of any part of a written agreement. When crooks learned this man studied a contract carefully and knew just exactly what he was signing they passed him up. They knew they were wasting their time on him.

Not a Good Reason

Some folks have told me that they have been forced to sign contracts, or that they signed them simply to get rid of the person who was trying to sell them something. I doubt if either statement is a legitimate reason for signing contracts we do not want to fulfill. The fellow who has not the will power to refuse to sign his name to a paper, when he does not want to sign, is in a pretty bad way. He had better buck up and determine to take his own part or before long he will find he has signed away all his worldly goods and will be having a pretty hard time getting them back. The man who is too busy to read and understand what he is signing is in a similar condition.

David Crockett's Motto

David Crockett, the famous pioneer, said, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." I am wondering if that would not be a good slogan for all of us. We might change it a little upon occasion and tell ourselves, "Be sure you know what you are signing, then go ahead."

O.C. Thompson



“I Know It’s Good Because It’s Advertised in Kansas Farmer”

RESULTS count in radio. When you buy a receiving set you have a right to expect that it will respond quickly and accurately to your touch. No adjusting or tinkering. No shrieks and howls. Just quick and faithful service when you want it, whether you tune for a near-by station or one hundreds of miles away. This holds true whether it is an inexpensive set or a big high-priced one that will bring in stations from coast to coast.

The service you get from the radio depends on the quality that is built into it. Put together the finest materials, utilize designs worked out thru years of careful research, enlist the skill of the most accomplished engineers, and you have a known product that is bound to give results. The manufacturer is not taking any chance at all when he tells you what such a set will do. He knows what’s in it.

There are receiving sets on the market that do not and cannot deliver satisfactory service. Some concerns, taking advantage of great interest in radio, have thrown together outfits which are built only to sell. Like mongrel livestock, no matter how little you pay for them they are not worth having.

You never need doubt the quality of any radio set you see advertised in Kansas Farmer. The rules of this publication are strict. We guarantee every advertisement, and on account of that guarantee every advertiser must pass the closest scrutiny. On a radio set advertised in these columns the trade-mark is the personal signature of a manufacturer worthy of your confidence, who is proud to stand back of his product. When you buy thru Kansas Farmer advertising you have this manufacturer’s guarantee, and also Kansas Farmer’s assurance of good faith.

Kansas Farmer Advertisements Are Guaranteed



3rd Degree treatment amazes hog raisers everywhere with its remarkable results~

Greatest Discovery of Veterinary Science Ends Pig Sickness, Destroys All Worms, and Makes Pigs Grow Fast!

Hog men, everywhere, are talking about 3rd Degree Liquid Hog Concentrate. From all over the nation come reports of the most astounding results with the 3rd Degree treatment. Users by the thousands tell how it has aided them in keeping their hogs in prime condition, free from worms and disease, and physically able to get the maximum benefits from every pound of feed consumed.

Farmers, breeders, veterinarians and publishers, alike, agree that Veterinary Science has never known so genuinely helpful a medicine for hogs of all ages. 3rd Degree has proved, beyond all question of doubt, that it is the most profitable treatment you can give breeding animals, fall pigs, and stock hogs. Absolutely cleans up the worms—KILLS them—easier and better than any other method. Charges the blood with minerals in the most easily digestible form. Serves as a splendid digestive conditioner. Turns poor-doing hogs into money makers. Gives remarkable size and growth. A trial will prove it.

Sensational Results Obtained by Thousands of Hog Raisers

There are hog raisers in nearly every community who can tell you from actual experience that you'll make the most money from your hogs, year after year, by using the 3rd Degree treatment. Time after time, it has saved entire herds of hogs after the owner had given up all hope of saving them. Again and again, it has made 250-pounders of scrawny, runty pigs in six months' time! With 3rd Degree, you need no other wormers, minerals, tonics, etc. Join the army of users. Free book tells all!



Easy to Give for Worming, Mineralizing and Conditioning by Mixing with Regular Feed.

3RD DEGREE Liquid Hog Concentrate

(The exclusive and original 3-purpose liquid hog concentrate. Formula protected by U. S. Patents)

There has never before been a hog remedy which has created such wide-spread favorable comment as 3rd Degree Liquid Hog Concentrate. Hog men, who are most skeptical at first, praise it after a trial. Users say they will never use any other treatment.

SEND FOR FREE 60 PAGE BOOK

Just off the press! Brand new volume of 60 pages. Crammed with Hog Health information of utmost value. Be sure to get your copy at once. Mail the coupon RIGHT NOW!



The book gives full details about 3rd Degree Liquid Hog Concentrate. Explains the 3-fold benefits. Tells how to use it. How much you will need. Quotes the low cost. Has 19 pages of valuable information on symptoms, causes and treatments of the hog diseases you see most frequently. Gives the real facts about hog worms. Learn all about 3rd Degree treatment! See what thousands of hog raisers have to say. Get the 60-page free book.

Write TODAY!

Mail the COUPON!

DROVERS VETERINARY UNION
Dept. E-116, Omaha, Neb.

Please mail me a copy of your free 60-page book entitled "How to Grow 250-Pound Hogs in Six Months" which contains complete information about the 3rd Degree Treatment. I have

.....hogs.of them are now sick.

Name.....

Town.....

State.....

The benefits of 3rd Degree Liquid Hog Concentrate are 3-fold. Wormer, Mineralizer, Conditioner. Does all three better than any other remedy does any single one.

1. Actually Destroys All Worms

It is a "true" wormer that DESTROYS all worms, of which there are 20 kinds, better and easier than any other way. Actually DESTROYS round worms; also lung, thornhead, kidney and gland worms. Far superior to ordinary "mechanical" wormers which expel only the worms in the digestive tract. (Many expelled worms are revived and re-eaten).

The worming medicines in 3rd Degree are carried by the blood to all parts of the hog's body. ALL worms are KILLED. Those outside the digestive tract disintegrate and are carried away by the blood.

2. Charges Blood With Minerals

Supplies essential mineral ingredients in concentrated liquid form. Easily digestible. No wasteful filler as with powdered minerals. Builds strong bone and large frame.

3. Digestive Conditioner

Keeps the digestive organs in perfect condition. Makes gland secretions function properly. Aids in the assimilation of all feed. Keeps the hog healthy and physically able to resist disease.

Builds 250-lb. Hogs in 6 Months From Farrowing

Because 3rd Degree Liquid Hog Concentrate gets the worms, supplies minerals and keeps the hog's digestive apparatus in 100% condition, it makes it easy for you to finish off a 250-pound hog within 6 months from birth. It prevents set-backs. Keeps sickness away. Helps the pig put on maximum growth every day.

Straightens Up Sick Pigs In 7 Days or Less

Remarkably effective where everything else has failed in preventing and treating the common hog ailments. Always gives exceptional results with Necrotic Enteritis, Hog Flu, Mixed Infection, Thumps, Swine Plague, Pig Scours, etc. Hundreds of times the 3rd Degree treatment has saved every animal in big herds of sick hogs. Hundreds of times the treatment has been started with pigs dying daily; losses stopped immediately and the balance of the herd straightened up quickly. If you have sick pigs, by all means try the 3rd Degree treatment right away.

Easy to Use—Pigs Like It

3rd Degree is very easy to give pigs, as they like it and you merely feed it with slop, dry grainfeeds or soaked grain. Get your copy of big, new 60-page book that gives complete details and proofs. Write NOW!

Highest Praise by Farmers, Breeders, Veterinarians and Publishers

"I have tried all kinds of minerals and wormers for pigs, but your 3rd Degree has anything beat I have ever used."
—W. L. DIETZ, Mgr. Taylor Grn. Co., Murphy, Neb.

"I had 70 spring pigs that broke out with Necro. Fed 3rd Degree to half of them. Saved every one of this bunch, but lost 14 of the bunch that had no 3rd Degree. I surely believe in your product."
—ARTHUR BAUMBERGER, Dawson, Neb.

"During the last few years, 3rd Degree has acquired nation-wide recognition as the best and easiest treatment for hogs if you want to make real money. 3rd Degree is the original and exclusive 3-purpose liquid hog concentrate."
—SO. DAKOTA FARMER & BREEDER, Sioux Falls, S. D.

"I have given several herds the 3rd Degree treatment and it gave great results in destroying worms and straightening up sick pigs."
—DR. M. J. HALLIHAN.

"We have made a new discovery. By feeding 3rd Degree, we increase the size of litters. Last spring 12 sows raised 124 pigs and produced 3 ton litters. This fall out of 17 gilts and 5 tried sows we got 204 pigs."
—TREVILLO & TREVILLO, No. Platte, Neb.

"3rd Degree is the only treatment I ever used that showed noticeable effects right after using."
—ROY D. CLARK, Britt, Iowa.

"Last year and the year before I lost all my pigs with Enteritis, Flu and Mixed Infection. This year they began to die again. I tried your 3rd Degree and was sure surprised to see these pigs come out of it. In 6 weeks' time I had the best bunch of pigs in the neighborhood. Didn't lose one after I started the treatment."
—BEN RICHIE.

"To keep his pigs worm-free a farmer should treat sow and pig at 30-day intervals with 3rd Degree Liquid Hog Concentrate."
—THE IOWA FARMER, Des Moines, Iowa.



You may know the genuine 3rd Degree Liquid Hog Concentrate by this registered trade mark which appears on each container.

DROVERS VETERINARY UNION DEPT. E-116 OMAHA, NEB.