

The Queen of the Farm and Her Work

By H. Winslow Fegley

AT a recent convention held in Philadelphia, Pa., noted educators from all parts of the United States and England, gathered to study the condition of rural life. A noted educator and one who knows the practical conditions of farm life, said the slogan, "Back to Farm," had to be changed to "Stay on the Farm."

During the last decade or two, thousands upon thousands of young men left the farm for what they deemed easy jobs in the city. Lots of farmers' daughters also left the farmhouse kitchen. So that to find a way to enforce the latter slogan, is certainly a modern idea, and one which must be enforced not by arbitrary methods, but by ways and means that will lessen the drudgery of farm work, for either husband and wife, son or daughter.

On many farms it is still customary for the housewife to split the wood she needs in her kitchen stove. In such homes nobody needs to ask the question why the daughter left for the city, to work at a loom in a silk mill for \$7 or \$8 per week. Her mother's wrinkles and her growly expression can answer this question.

On the other hand, the farmer who sees that his coal bins are full, his woodpile always replenished, the wood chest filled every night for the next day's necessities, and who provides a gas stove to iron the clothes in summer days, when the ordinary wood fire would make a furnace out of the farmhouse kitchen, is the identical farmer who can enforce the



No. 1, Sisters Cultivating the Cornfield—No. 2, A Farmer's Daughter in Charge of the Horse-power—No. 3, Women Husking the Corn—No. 4, Rolling the Sod—No. 5, Woman Plowing.

With all this open air work on the farm, woman is becoming the real Queen of the Farm. The public schools begin to teach agriculture, state experiment stations send out bulletins giving to them easy methods of study, how to train to become real handy on the farm, either as wife, daughter or helper, so that we have in Pennsylvania, as well as other eastern states, modern women gardeners, managers of dairy farms, owners of poultry farms and apiaries, besides showing an equal interest in the method of marketing farm products, sowing good seed and applying the proper fertilizer, according to modern soil surveys, which tell the farmers just what is lacking on his own farm.

The modern farmer's wife does not think her household duties a drudgery any more. Her better half has seen that the day is at hand for better conditions, so he has installed a modern heating system in the farmhouse, bath rooms and first-class laundries. The kitchen is remodeled and equipped in the best sanitary way and instead of standing at the old colonial table working butter into the old-fashioned forms, she has the cream separator or the community creamer, either to make the work easier, or eliminate it altogether.

Modern methods and better schools in rural districts have given us the "Farmerettes." They are not only queens of their husband's farms, but they are sole ruler over their own farms. Pennsylvania has a large number of women farmers, who not only do real farm work, but who manage hundreds of acres of land that the same are scientifically tilled and managed on a business-like system.

One Pennsylvania woman, with the aid of a sister, both being single, conducted a seventy-acre farm for years, did many of the outdoor tasks, except the heavy work, and conducted a dairy of thirty cows, even attending to the details of selling every quart of milk in a retail way to the customers in three neighboring towns.

Another Pennsylvania woman conducted a 150-acre farm, which was in a run-down condition when she acquired it, but in a few years her bank accounts grew so much that a large real estate owner appointed her manager of a series of farms. Another woman farmer in this state has so elevated the dairy end of her farm work that she is now doing a flourishing business selling milk, nicely put up in bottles and stamped "certified milk," which physicians recommend especially for the babies.

Then, there are half a dozen women farmers in one Pennsylvania county who have made a remarkable success with growing small fruit; another has managed a peach farm, and still another uses all the milk of ten cows to make a certain kind of cheese, which is sold in eastern cities under the name of "cup cheese," and the demand has been so enormous that she paved the way to success for half a dozen other worthy competitors who are all making money.

The Queen of the Farm today is a

far more independent person than her city sister, because she can save fifty per cent. on most everything her city sister has to buy to keep her healthy in this world, and most of it she has to buy from some sister farmer, or somebody else's sister's brother. Day after day the words "Queen of the Farm" becomes more of a reality, because rural life is rapidly changing for the better. The school are better, the churches have become a greater factor in most rural communities and social questions are discussed at social gatherings at the farm-houses; paving the way, so that there is a better understanding of the rural problem by every woman of every farming community. Even at those social gatherings some time is devoted to the study of scientific subjects that have to do for the betterment of intensive and extensive farming in all its details.

If rural women will keep their position of "Queen," there will be no use for the words, "Back to farm," among them; but the daughters will be glad to advance the new slogan: "Stay on the farm;" thus keeping their own sex in the rural communities. This will prove to their own advantage and to the advantage of every young male farmer who cannot help but get a better and more up-to-date practical helpmate to conduct the various agricultural pursuits of the next generation. (Copyright, 1913, Shultz Syndicate Press.)

Posterity to Obtain Records. We are told that the Modern Historic Records association has formed a novel plan of delivering messages for its members to their descendants 100 years from now. Two envelopes of durable Japanese vellum have been sent to each member, with the request that genealogical memoranda, messages and photographs be inclosed. The sealed envelopes will be deposited in leadlined steel chests. One will be stored with the association's collections in the New York public library. A copperplate inscription will direct that the chest be opened in the year 2013.

The second chest will be put in a vault near the Cheops pyramid in Egypt. In this way the insurance is taken against possible destruction by war or natural causes. The chests also will contain documents, tablets, and photographs relating to affairs of the present year.

Singing of Wires Laid to Tremors. A new theory of the singing of telegraph wires has been offered by Professor Field. No explanation yet given seems to have been perfectly satisfactory, and the suggestion is now made that the sounds represent minute earth vibrations, which are transmitted to the wires through the poles. These vibrations depend largely on varying air pressure. The song of the wires, therefore, may give good barometric signals, a sharp sound indicating that a change is close at hand, while a low humming shows that present conditions may continue a day, or perhaps two.

WAR REMINISCENCES

SOLDIER ADMITS WAS SCARED
No Possible Escape From Death at Kennesaw Mountain by Order, Afterwards Rescinded.

By way of making him talk, for he was afraid of the reminiscing habit of soldiers, and it was nearly impossible to get him to speak of his experience in the Civil war, the woman asked him, "Were you never afraid?"

"Of course, I was afraid."

"That sounds human. When were you the worst scared—if you don't resent the word?"

"Not a bit. It is a good word to express one kind of a state of mind. Why, it was at the battle of Kennesaw Mountain. We had been fighting all day and driving the other side before us. Just about dusk we came to the foot of the mountain and found the Confederates had strong fortifications well up toward the top of it. Word was sent along our lines that at dawn the next day we were to scale the mountain and take those fortifications. As the word was passed from man to man every face turned white. I never have seen so sick a looking lot of men. At dawn we were to march straight up to certain death, and we had all night to think about it. There would be no possible escape for any one of us. I knew my comrades. There would be no deserters. There would be only corpses, and I would be one of them. I don't know if I was the whitest man in the lot, but I know he would have been hard to pick out. I never have been ashamed that I was scared that night."

"But you are here. How did you escape?"

"Well, 'some one had blundered.' The order had been given, but it was a fool one, and fortunately its folly was seen before we had an American Balaklava. The order was recalled, and in its place we received the same order to move under cover of darkness to a position where our work would have some value. A man doesn't mind fighting. All he wants is to know that he has a worthy cause and is not acting the fool."

PETERSBURG FORT BLOWN UP
Instance Related of the Efficiency of the Engineering Service in the Northern Army.

Blowing up of the Petersburg fort was a desperate attempt to end the siege that had been going on for several weeks and was destined to continue for many months longer. In advancing on Lee's army Grant had been badly defeated at Cold Harbor June 2, 1864, and had also been unsuccessful in cutting off communication between Richmond and the south. A force was left to lay siege to the fortified city of Petersburg while Grant continued operations in other parts of Virginia. The fort destroyed by the explosion was one of many in the line of earthworks, that, with the Appomattox river, surrounded Petersburg. To break through the defenses in one place and establish a strong position would have brought about a quick end of the siege and perhaps have hastened by a little while the surrender of Lee's army. The success of the explosion, though not taken advantage of, was an instance of the efficiency of the engineering service of the northern army.

Equal for Him.
An American naval officer brought a Chinese servant named Quong home with him from the far east. One day the Oriental asked permission to attend a funeral.

"Go ahead, Quong," consented the officer. Then he supplemented: "I suppose you will place different kinds of food on your dead friend's grave, as they do in your native country?"

"Same as in China," said Quong. "Now, Quong," continued the officer, good-naturedly, "when do you think your friend will come up to eat what you have placed on his grave?"

"Allee samee time that 'Melican man comes up to smell flowers you put on his," retorted Quong in the same spirit.

Her Only Imperfection.
At one time a certain Major Hill charged Lincoln with making defamatory remarks regarding Mrs. Hill.

Hill was insulting in his language to Lincoln, who never lost his temper. When he saw his chance to edge a word in Lincoln denied emphatically using the language or anything like that attributed to him.

He entertained, he insisted, a high regard for Mrs. Hill, and the only thing he knew to her discredit was the fact that she was Major Hill's wife.

How He Was Done.
An Irishman went to the sutler, an old skinflint, and asked the price of a quart of cider.

"Twenty cents," replied the sutler. "Then give me a quart in pints," said Pat.

Pat, upon drinking one pint, asked: "How do we stand?"

"I owe you a pint," answered the sutler.

"And I owe you one, so we are straight."

And Pat walked off with a diabolical grin on his physiognomy.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

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MIGHT HAVE MADE A MISTAKE
Cindy Claimed Caller Was Her Brother, But She Was Willing to Take Another Look.

The woman left the girl arranging the dinner table and went to the kitchen for something. A great, hulking negro was sitting in the kitchen rocker. Indignant, the woman hurried back.

"Cindy," she demanded, "what have I told you about having your beau in the kitchen?"

"Laws, miss, he ain't no beau! Why, he's nuffin but my brudder."

Somewhat mollified, the woman went back to the kitchen.

"So you are Cindy's brother?" she said kindly.

"Law bless yo' no, miss," he answered. "I ain't no 'lation 'tall to her. I'se jes' keepin' compny wif her."

The woman sought Cindy again. "Cindy," she asked sternly, "why did you tell me that the man was your brother? He says he's no relation."

Cindy looked aghast. "Fo' de Lawd's sake, miss, did he say dat? Jes' yo' stay here a minit an' lemme go look ag'in."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Valuable Beetle Now.
Not long ago a Washington scientist, an enthusiastic student of natural history, captured a fine specimen of beetle. On reaching home he, in a moment of haste, pinned the beetle to a library table with his diamond scarfpin.

When he returned to the library from his dinner, he found the captive had got loose and was flying about with the diamond pin glistening from his back.

Man and bug made a rush for the window at the same instant, says Harper's Weekly. The beetle got there first and triumphantly sailed away, barely eluding the scientist's hand. Neither bug nor pin has since been seen.

City Grass Is Different.
A remarkably interesting fact was brought to light by Lord Redesdale before the advisory committee of the King Edward memorial fund for London, which was discussing the laying out of Shadwell market site as a pleasure garden. It was curious, he said, that grass brought from the country withered-away in London, on the other hand, grass from London grown seeds flourished. That is a striking example of what scientists call adaptation to environment.—London Globe.

We learn to do by doing. We also learn not to do by doing.

"LIKE MAGIC"
New Food Makes Wonderful Changes.

When a man has suffered from dyspepsia so many years that he can't remember when he had a natural appetite, and then hits on a way out of trouble he may be excused for saying "it acts like magic."

When it is a simple, wholesome food instead of any one of a large number of so called remedies in the form of drugs, he is more than ever likely to feel as though a sort of miracle has been performed.

A Chicago man, in the delight of restored digestion, puts it in this way: "Like magic, fittingly describes the manner in which Grape-Nuts relieved me of poor digestion, coated tongue and loss of appetite, of many years standing."

"I tried about every medicine that was recommended to me, without relief. Then I tried Grape-Nuts on the suggestion of a friend. By the time I had finished the fourth package, my stomach was all right, and for the past two months I have been eating with a relish anything set before me. That is something I had been unable to do previously for years."

"I am stronger than ever and I consider the effects of Grape-Nuts on a weak stomach as something really wonderful. It builds up the entire body as well as the brain and nerves." Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.