

# INDEPENDENCE ON THE FARM

**SPLENDID RESULTS FOLLOW FARMING IN THE CANADIAN WEST.**

**Americans in Canada Not Asked to Forget That They Were Born Americans.**

Farm produce today is remunerative, and this helps to make farm life agreeable. Those who are studying the economics of the day tell us that the strength of the nation lies in the cultivation of the soil. Farming is no longer a hand-to-mouth existence. It means independence, often affluence, but certainly independence.

Calling at a farm house, near one of the numerous thriving towns of Alberta, in Western Canada, the writer was given a definition of "independence" that was accepted as quite original. The broad acres of the farmer's land had a crop—and a splendid one, too, by the way—ripening for the reapers' work. The evenness of the crop, covering field after field, attracted attention, as did also the neatness of the surroundings, the well-built substantial story-and-a-half log house, and the well-tended sides of the cattle.

His broken English—he was a French Canadian—was easily understandable and pleasant to listen to. He had come there from Montreal a year ago. Had paid \$20 an acre for the 20-acre farm, with the little improvement it had. He had never farmed before, yet his crop was excellent, giving evidence as to the quality of the soil, and the good judgment that had been used. In its preparation. And brains count in farming as well as "brawn." Asked how he liked it there, he straightened his broad shoulders, and with hand outstretched towards the waving fields of grain, this young French Canadian, model of symmetrical build, replied:

"Be gosh, yes, we like him—the farm—well, don't we, Jeannette?" as he smilingly turned to the young wife standing near. She had accompanied him from Montreal to his far-west home, to assist him by her wifely help and companionship, in making a new home in this new land. "Yes, we come here was year ago, and we never farm before. Near Montreal, no father, he keep de girls' mill, an' de vardin' mill, an' be gosh! he run de cheese factor' too. He work, an' me work, an' us work turn har, be gosh! I work for de farmer; well, 'em, sometin' go do always w'at you call

been re-sown to feed. There are in dividual crops which will run as high as 45 bushels on acres of 500 and 1,000 acres, but there are others which will crop as low as 15. A safe average for winter wheat will be 19 bushels. The sample is exceptionally fine, excepting in a few cases where it has been withered by extreme heat.

The northern section of Alberta was been naturally anxious to impress the world with the fact that it has not suffered from drought, and this is quite true. Wheat crops run from 20 to 30 bushels to an acre, but in a report such as this it is really only possible to deal with the province as a whole and while the estimate may seem very low to the people of Alberta, it is fair to the province throughout.

When the very light rainfall and other eccentricities of the past season are taken into account, it seems nothing short of a miracle that the Canadian West should have produced 102 million bushels of wheat, which is less than 18 million bushels short of the crop of 1909. It is for the West generally a paying crop and perhaps the best advertisement the country has ever had, as it shows that no matter how dry the year, with thorough tillage, good seed and proper methods of conserving the moisture, a crop can always be produced.

As some evidence of the feeling of the farmers, are submitted letters written by farmers but a few days ago, and they offer the best proof that can be given.

Maldstone, Sask., Aug. 4, '10. I come to Maldstone from Menominee Wis., four years ago, with my parents and two brothers. We all to doer homesteads at that time and now have our patents. The soil is a rich black loam as good as I have ever seen. We have had good crops each year and in 1909 they were exceeding good. The wheat yielding from 22 to 40 bushels per acre and oats from 40 to 50. We are well pleased with the country and do not care to return to our native state. I certainly believe that Saskatchewan is just the place for a hustler to get a start and make himself a home. Wages here for farm labor range from \$35 to \$45 per month. Lee Dow.

Tofield, Alberta, July 10, 1910. I am a native of Texas, the largest and one of the very best states of the Union. I have been here three years and have not one desire to return to the States to live. There is no place I know of that offers such splendid inducements for capital, brain and dravven. I would like to say to all who are not satisfied where you are, make a trip to Western Canada; if you do not like it you will feel well repaid for your trip. Take this from one who's on the ground. We enjoy splendid government, laws, school, railway facilities, health, and last, but not least, an ideal climate, and this from a Texan. O. L. Pugh.

James Normur of Porter, Wisconsin, after visiting Dauphin, Manitoba, says: "I have been in Wisconsin 23 years, coming out from Norway. Never have I seen better land and the crops in East Dauphin are better than I have ever seen, especially the oats. There is more straw and it has heavier heads than ours in Wisconsin. "This is just the kind of land we are looking for. We are all used to mixed farming and the land we have seen is finely adapted to that sort of work. Cattle, hogs, horses and grain will be my products, and for the live stock, prospects could not be better. I have never seen such cattle as are raised here on the wild prairie grasses and the wheat that stands three or four feet high in the groves and on the open prairie.

Sir Wilfred Laurier Talks to Americans. Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada, is now making a tour of Western Canada and in the course of his tour he has visited many of the districts in which Americans have settled. He expresses himself as highly pleased with them. At Craig, Saskatchewan, the American settlers joined with the others in an address of welcome. In replying Sir Wilfred said in part:

"I understand that many of you have come from the great Republic to the south of us—a land which is akin to us by blood and tradition. I hope that in coming from a free country you realize that you come also to another free country, and that although you came from a republic you have come to what is a crowned democracy. The King, our sovereign, has perhaps not so many powers as the President of the United States, but whether we are on the one side of the line or the other, we are all brothers by blood, by kinship, by ties of relationship. In coming here as you have come and becoming naturalized citizens of this country, no one desires you to forget the land of your ancestors. It would be a poor man who would not always have in his heart a fond affection for the land which he came from. The two greatest countries today are certainly the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Republic of the United States. Let them be united together and the peace of the world will be forever assured.

"I hope that in coming here as you have, you have found liberty, justice and equality of rights. In this country, as in your own, you know nothing of separation of creed and race, for you are all Canadians here. And if you may express a wish it is that you would become as good Canadians as you have been good Americans and that you may yet remain good Americans. We do not want you to forget what you have been; but we want you to look more to the future than to the past. Let me, before we part, tender you the sincere expression of my warmest gratitude for your reception."

The Right Way. William Muldoon, the noted trainer, was talking, apropos of the Jeffries-Johnson fight, of training. "In training," he said, "the strictest obedience is required. Whenever I think of the theory of training I think of Leah, who, after 18 years of married life, is one of the most obedient and happy husbands in the world. "Dash! I once said to him, 'well, Dash, old man, how do you take married life?' "According to directions," he replied.

# CATCHING the OULACHAN

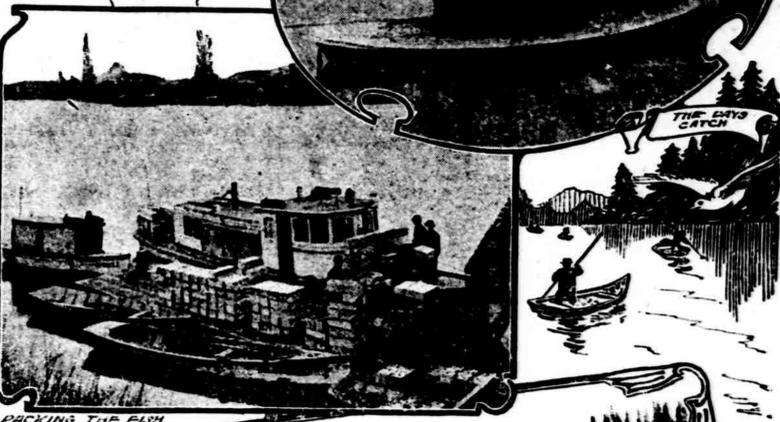
By JOHN BRAND



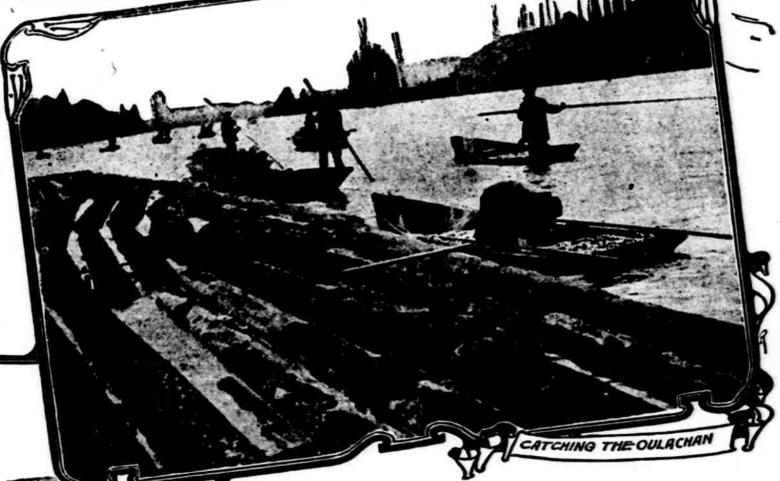
**OULACHAN**  
The old Indian turned his face from the camp fire and fixed his bead-black eyes on mine. "Oulachan," I repeated. "Why do men call you Oulachan?" He turned his wrinkled face to the fire again and we sat a while in silence.

Then, in the deep gutturals and short, broken words of his native tongue, he told me.

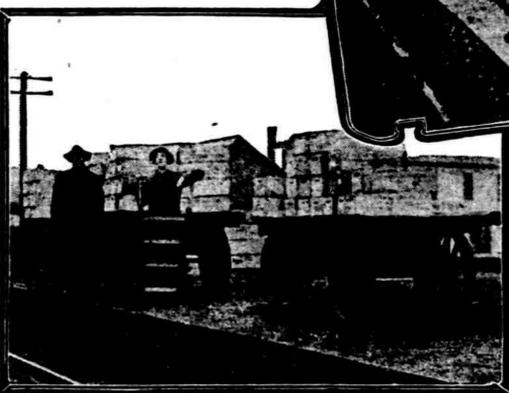
"Many summers ago," he said, "the tepees of my father's tribe stood where we sit tonight. The white man was not here then"—he pointed up the river toward Kelso—"the woods and the open were the Indian's. The Indian hunted and fished and was happy. But white men came up the big river in canoes and they brought with them the black death. Warriors, klootchmen, panpooses, all alike sickened. Many died. When the rain and the winter came, no deer meat, no fish hung beside the tepees. For when the frost drove the black death away, the hunters were weak. They could not go to the woods for deer, and the salmon had passed on up the little river. The Indian was very hungry. The klootchmen and the panpooses tried for meat. And when the Indian was ready to fold his blanket around him and lie down to the long sleep, the Great Spirit saw and sent food. From the north it came, from under the frozen water. Swimming together. A long rope—big—many suns long. Many little fish swimming at the bottom of the big water—the Pacific—along the bottom of the big river—the Columbia. They came here to the mouth of the little river"—he pointed to the Cowitz flowing past us in the darkness to the Columbia—"and here they came to the top of the water. My father saw



PACKING THE FISH



CATCHING THE OULACHAN



HEADS FOR SHIPMENT

them and shouted, 'Oulachan.' Hunters and klootchmen went into the water and caught the oulachan with their hands. 'Oulachan,' they shouted. They made potlach and were filled. In that hour was I born. My name is Oulachan."

The oulachan still runs in the Cowitz and every year there is a feast, but it is a feast for white men; the Indian tribes have vanished from the river. During the early months of winter Portland and all the cities and towns within reach of the fishing grounds look forward to the feast. In the old days when Portland was the only market fishermen scrambled for the first of the run. A wild race of the deep-laden boats up the Columbia followed, and the first boatload to reach the market sold, smelt for silver, weight for weight. But since railroads and refrigerator cars have put smelt fishing on the basis of a practical industry, the first run of the oulachan does not bring more than 20 cents the pound in the northwestern retail markets, though the very first to arrive are eagerly sought at prices somewhat higher.

Known commercially as the Columbia river smelt, the king of pan fish has several names. Ichthyologists classify it as *thricichthys pacificus*, of the smelt family. The Indians of the Columbia river region knew it as oulachan and the pioneer fishermen called it the Eskimo candle fish. In shape it resembles the smelt of the eastern states and Europe, but its rich yet delicate and sweet flavor places it far above them in the estimation of the epicures. Indeed, enthusiasts insist that as a pan fish it is superior to trout of any kind.

For unnumbered years the oulachan has made the Cowitz river its spawning ground and of course the Columbia river Indians were the first to use it for food. During the runs they caught the fish in vast quantities drying and smoking them, and dried, actually used them for light in their tepees. For so much is the oulachan in oil that, with a strip of bark run through it, the dried fish will burn with a clear flame from nose to tail.

In the early months of the northwestern winter the oulachan gather in uncountable millions at some unknown spot in Bering sea and begin their southward swim. Always close to the ocean bed, traveling in the form of a monster rope miles in length, they pass all the river and find openings along the coast until the mouth of the Columbia is reached. Then, so closely hugging the river bottom that kill nets are all but useless, to reach them, they make for the Cowitz. A few miles up from the mouth of that river they strike the shallower water, and come within easy reach of the waiting fishermen.

From Indian times until the great catch of last season the method of fishing has been the same. A boat or a canoe to fish from, and a dip net with a long handle for fishing tackle, are all

that is necessary. One does not even need the dip net to catch a "mess," for the river is literally alive with oulachan and children often ball them out of the water with tin cans, getting half fish and half water. Where the water is shallow enough they can even be caught with the bare hands, as their skin is not slimy when in the water.

The run is always heralded far down the Columbia by flocks of eagles, gulls and hawks, following in the wake of the living rope of fish and picking up the dead as they come to the surface. Then the fishermen gather by hundreds in their boats along the fishing grounds and feel along the bottom with the pole ends of their dip nets. When the pole strikes the small, wriggling bodies swimming along the river bottom in solid planks, it is simply dip and fill, empty the net into the boat, dip and fill again, until the boat can hold no more. There is not much sport about it. It is just about as exciting as clam digging and requires no more skill. Quantity caught, and quickness in dipping one's boat full to the gunwales of flapping little fish are the smelt fisherman's ideals of sport. And during the runs fishermen, fish eaters and even the eternally gobbling seagulls alike become sated. When the gulls are at all hungry the fishermen amuse themselves by tossing up smelt for the gulls to catch in the air. A seagull on the wing will grab a fish by the middle or tail, toss and reverse it in air, and gulp it down head first in the wink of an eye.

Most of the fishing is done at night. Daylight seems to scatter the fish, but even in daytime during the height of the season the fishermen keep at their work with good results. As a rule, there are two men to each boat and the craft are filled in an incredibly short time. One night last season two Kelso men filled a power launch to its capacity of 2,250 pounds in 45 minutes, or at the rate of 50 pounds a minute, and catches of 10,000 pounds in one day and night were frequent.

While the Cowitz river is the only constant spawning ground, the oulachan has been known to run up the Lewis and the Sandy. At the time of the run up the Lewis, 14 years ago, there was only a small run of male fish in the Cowitz, and the fishermen made their season's catch in the Lewis. About once in eight years there is a run up the Sandy, apparently independent of the Cowitz run, as the number in that river is not lessened. At the time of the last run in the Sandy a party of Portland men went out with dip nets. One man lost his dip net but found an old, rusty, discarded bird cage. He tied it to the end of a pole and scored an equal catch with the others. During the same run farmers drove their wagons into the stream, dipped them full of fish and hauled load after load to their orchards to use as fertilizer. Pork sold in the Portland market some months later had a distinctly fishy flavor and revealed the fact that some of the thrifty agriculturists had fed smelt to their hogs.

Last season the Cowitz river was the spawning ground of the greatest run of smelt ever known by fishermen who have been in the business over twenty years. At the season's close the river had yielded over 10,000,000 pounds, or

5,000 tons of oulachan, and as the fish average about eight to the pound 80,000,000 of them went the way of the market and the frying pan.

The fishing grounds of the Cowitz are practically the only ones where the oulachan can be caught in paying quantities. On the Columbia some few are caught by gill netters. But the river is deep and for the most part the fish swim beyond the reach of the widest net. Even when caught they have to be picked one by one out of the meshes, so putting the gill netter out of competition with the Cowitz man and his greedy, long-handled dipper. The grounds extend but eight or ten miles in the Cowitz. Before Kelso was on the map the best location is said to have been directly opposite where the Northern Pacific depot now stands, but the growth of the town has driven the fish farther up and the best catches are now made two miles above this point. Between the small floating docks of the town and the fishing grounds boats ply day and night during the runs, going upstream empty and returning laden with fish. Over 500 boats are employed in the industry, about 75 of them power boats.

It seems strange that the oulachan, so far superior to the eastern smelt, has never reached the eastern markets. The fish are packed in 50-pound boxes for shipment and the earlier catches sell in the wholesale market at from \$2.50 to \$5.00 the box; but in the height of the season the ordinary fisherman gets only about \$50 for 200 boxes—10,000 pounds. On the river are several men who buy at these prices from other fishermen, maintain boats of their own and ship direct to retail markets. Portland has wholesale buyers on the ground, and probably the greater part of the retail trade is supplied through them. At Kelso smelt have been shipped as far east as Wisconsin. The fishermen say that with cold storage facilities the output could be greatly increased. Canning in the form of sardines has never been tried, though in the opinion of experts the fish so treated would discount the imported sardine. The market is usually demoralized early in the five-month season by schoolboys, who go out, load up a few boats with fish and become an easy mark for buyers. Often, too, Greeks and Italians come up the river in boats, stay a day or two and sell their fish for whatever they can get, and the men regularly engaged in the trade want to make it a licensed one, on this account.

The growing output of the oulachan would seem, on the face of it, to demand a Gifford Pinchot on the fish commission. But the supply increases year after year with the demand and apparently knows no limit. Last year's run broke all records and the Cowitz smelt fisher is looking forward in happy confidence to the coming winter, when the deeps and shallows of the streams will again be filled with oulachan.

**Sad Blow.**  
"Was she overcome by her husband's sudden death?"  
"Oh, yes. She had just bought half a dozen new ball gowns."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Scaring.**  
"She married an old man who is very rich."  
"I went one better on that. I married a young aviator who is a millionaire."—Pele Mele.

**Hard to Convince.**  
Little Tommy (eldest of the family, at dinner)—Mamma, why don't you help me before Ethel? Mamma—Ladies must always come first. Tommy (triumphantly)—Then why was I born before Ethel?—Tit-Bits.

## DUTIES OF JUST ONE DAY

Some of the Numerous Burdens Which the President is Called Upon to Bear.

The private burdens that are unloaded on the president's broad shoulders are enormous, writes William Bayard Hale. An army lieutenant who has had a fall from his horse and who contracted fever in the Philippines

has come to a moment when he must be examined for promotion. He could never pass an examination. Personal friends of every friend of President Taft bring in the officer's mother and make a plea for action in his behalf. A youth prospering at West Point has developed suspicious heart symptoms. His father, son of a former president of the United States, speeds to the

White House and lays the case before the commander-in-chief. A letter is written directing the army department to take no action until a Johns Hopkins specialist has reported. A modest colonel, ranking first in seniority and third in rank in his grade with recommendations from every brigadier under whom he has served, has not been recommended for promotion. The son of an old cronny of Mr Taft turns up with a p. e. "he widow of a civil servant who committed suicide, leaving his family in poverty, must be

looked after. But there is not a single vacancy outside of the classified service. Of course these things ought never to come to the president at all. But what is to be done when a senator or a near friend brings them up? A president's day is thus loaded with a multitude of private sorrows and needs.

**Perversity of Finny Things.**  
"Rivers, did you find the fish biting well?"  
"Not well, Brooks, but too wetly."

**Munyon's Soap**  
"In more soothing than Cold Cream; more soothing than any lotion, liniment or salve; more beautifying than any cosmetic. Cures dandruff and stops hair from falling out."

**LIKE CURES LIKE.**  
Smudge—He calls his new invention a "noiseless automobile."  
Grudge—Noiseless? It makes an infernal clatter.  
Smudge—He claims that the loudness of the small drums out the loudness of the noise, and vice versa.

**Opportunity of Suffragist.**  
Baroness Aletta Korff tells in one of the magazines how the women of Finland came to vote. The fact is that women had to show that they could meet an emergency before the vote came to them. They have not had many opportunities to take the initiative in the world's history and they have not always responded when the opportunity came, but when a crisis, such as that in 1904, when the strike and the revolutionary outbreak in Russia took place at the same time, occurred, they proved they could make peace by doing it. Not until England and the United States find the women helping them to bear some great trouble will they give them the right to vote.

**Globular Lightning.**  
Yesterday the inhabitants of Lewisham were provided with a specimen of that curious phenomenon known as "globular lightning." It is what is commonly called the "fire ball," and as it persists for several seconds it is obviously of a totally different character from any other form of lightning. It is much less brilliant than ordinary lightning, and its brightness appears to be that of iron at the "red hot" stage. It is not, as some accounts might lead one to infer, a solid missile, but it is always spherical and appears to fall from a thunder cloud by its own gravity, sometimes rebounding after striking the ground.—London Globe.

**Try to Come Back.**  
Not long ago Lord Kinnaird, who is always actively interested in religious work, paid a surprise visit to a mission school in the east end of London and told a class of boys the story of Samson. Introducing his narrative, his lordship added:  
"He was strong, became weak, and then regained his strength, enabling him to destroy his enemies. Now, boys, if I had an enemy, what would you advise me to do?"  
A little boy, after meditating on the secret of that great giant's strength, shot up his hand and exclaimed: "Get a bottle of 'air restorer'."

**Scandal.**  
Mrs. Simmonds glanced at the scare headline: "Bank Robbed! Police at Sea!" and laid down the sheet.  
"Now, look at that, Es!" she ejaculated, repeating the headline aloud. "Here's a big city bank broke into by burglars, and the city police force all off 'fishin' somewhere! What a scandal!"—Judge.

**More Men.**  
He—I dreamt last night that your mother was ill.  
She—Brute! I heard you laugh in your sleep.—Life.

**"NO FRILLS"**  
Just Sensible Food Cured Him.  
Sometimes a good, healthy commercial traveler suffers from poorly selected food and is lucky if he learns that Grape-Nuts food will put him right.

A Cincinnati traveler says: "About a year ago my stomach got in a bad way. I had a headache most of the time and I suffered misery. For several months I ran down until I lost about 40 pounds in weight and finally had to give up a good position and go home. Any food that I might use seemed to nauseate me.  
"My wife, hardly knowing what to do, one day brought home a package of Grape-Nuts food and coaxed me to try it. I told her it was no use but finally to humor her I tried a little, and they just struck my taste. It was the first food I had eaten in nearly a year that did not cause any suffering."

"Well, to make a long story short, I began to improve and stuck to Grape-Nuts. I went up from 125 pounds in December to 194 pounds the following October.

"My brain is clear, blood all right and appetite too much for any man's pocketbook. In fact, I am thoroughly made over, and owe it all to Grape-Nuts. I talk so much about what Grape-Nuts will do that some of the men on the road have nicknamed me 'Grape-Nuts,' but I stand today a healthy, rosy-cheeked man—a pretty good example of what the right kind of food will do.

"You can publish this if you want to. It is a true statement without any trills."  
Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

**Serving Two Masters.**  
"Can a man serve two masters?" exclaimed John M. Callahan, candidate for the Democratic nomination for secretary of state, at a meeting in Eagles' hall the other night. "I say he cannot, and that reminds me of the answer I got from an Irish friend of mine when I asked him the same question.  
"Kin a man serve two masters, is ut," says my Irish friend. "O! only knowed was man that could do ut, and in the end they sent him to jail for beggary!"—Milwaukee Wisconsin.