

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., October 10, 1919.

## EASY ENOUGH TO BE PLEASANT

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.  
It is easy enough to be pleasant  
While life flows by like a song,  
But the man worth while is the one who  
Will smile  
When everything goes dead wrong,  
For the test of the heart is trouble,  
And it always comes with the years,  
And the smile that is worth the praises  
Of earth  
Is the smile that shines through tears.  
It is easy enough to be prudent  
When nothing tempts you to stray;  
When without or within no voice of sin  
Is luring your soul away.  
But it is only a negative virtue  
Until it is tried by fire,  
And the life that is worth the honor  
Of earth  
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,  
Who hath no strength for the strife,  
The world's highway is the narrow way;  
They make up the items of life.  
But the virtue that conquers passion  
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,  
It is these that are worth the homage  
Of earth,  
For we find them but once in awhile.

## W. C. T. U. JUBILEE CONVENTION.

The W. C. T. U. of Centre county held its thirty-fourth annual convention in Bellefonte September 25th and 26th. The morning and afternoon sessions were held in Petrikin hall, those of the evening, in the court house. All meetings were well attended. Thursday afternoon there was such an overflow of the audience had to adjourn into the scenic theatre, which through the kindness of Manager Brown had been placed at the disposal of the W. C. T. U.

One jubilant feature of this convention was the reunion of the W. C. T. U. women and their beloved president, Miss Rebecca N. Rhoads, who has been overseas the past year engaged in war work, and who presided at the meetings. Evidence that the hearts of the women were filled with thanksgiving for her safe return was shown from time to time throughout the convention.

The devotional service of Thursday morning was conducted by Rev. Ambrose M. Schmidt, D. D. Greetings of the Bellefonte W. C. T. U. were tendered the convention by Mrs. James Potter. Mrs. A. L. Wright, of State College, responded after the roll call and report of the Executive committee, there followed a most interesting discussion in regard to the most urgent work of the W. C. T. U. for the ensuing year. One-minute speeches were given by many of the women. After the noon-tide prayer, the delegates went to the church of the United Brethren, where a splendid dinner was served by the ladies of that body.

At the afternoon sessions Rev. Wilson P. Ard conducted the devotional exercises. The corresponding secretary, Mrs. Arthur H. Sloop, of Bellefonte, gave a most encouraging report of the work of the various unions of the county during the past year. She stated that five unions had doubled their membership and one had tripled. Much splendid work had been accomplished along every line of service through the many branches or departments. Mrs. Sloop stated, among other impressive words, a line from General Pershing to the American women—"welcome our boys but do not give them drink."

During this session a tribute was paid to Centre county's Representative at Harrisburg, the Hon. Ives L. Harvey, who has stood firm for every good bill proposed in the Legislature and has voted against every non-Christian measure. It was mentioned that this is the best Legislature that has sat in Harrisburg for forty years, owing to the presence of many moral men who left business and industry in order to help Pennsylvania vote out the liquor traffic and pass bills for the good of her people.

An able address on the subject, "Americanization," was delivered by superintendent Arthur H. Sloop, of the Bellefonte schools. He said, "The general idea of making citizens is the making of voters." He went on to show that the making of American citizens should mean more than this—that the foreigner should be led to love his country and everything truly American. He, therefore, must know his country, mingle with the people on its streets and thus he can better imbibe their ideals. We must teach him English. He must read it, think in it. In order to know his country he must know her physical features, reach to higher thoughts inspired by her beauty; hence we must teach him geography. Her stories, poetry, drama and song have given to our people a priceless heritage, therefore, to be a real American citizen, the foreign-born must be taught literature. He must know something of her birth, her struggles, defeats and triumphs. He must feel the spirit of liberty, also the spirit of chivalry. He must be familiar with America's battle fields and those of France. Hence, we must teach him history. He should know that he and his children are bound up with the public good—having some conception of civic righteousness, therefore, he must be taught civics. Mr. Sloop said that 1,200,000 aliens landed on our shore in one year alone, that thirty-four per cent. of our whole population are very recent dwellers among us, and that they compose one-fourth of our fighting strength. He then pointed out that as there are many foreign-born in Centre county a great work lies at our door, and made a plea to the W. C. T. U. women for volunteer work along this line. He told of the efforts that had been put forth through the night-school of Bellefonte. So many teachers have volunteered that the men who attend get much individual instruction. This work reaches the men, but not the women, hence a work lies before the W. C. T. U. to help to educate the foreign women.

The county treasurer, Mrs. I. L. Foster, of State College, read an interesting report for the year, showing that the unions had raised suffi-

cient money to do creditable work in various lines, besides a goodly sum toward the Jubilee fund. Over a hundred and fifty new members were added to the county W. C. T. U. during the year.

Mrs. Ella M. George, State president, an honored guest and speaker of the convention, gave a short address. She said in substance the following: The work of the W. C. T. U. is only just begun. As long as there is an evil in the United States there is work for an organization like this. It is the women, largely, who have made public sentiment which has made it possible to have war prohibition. It was a hard pull, for not so many years ago it was quite the proper thing for good people to serve wine. A man with this thought in mind said recently: "My mother made wine—good wine—it had a kick in it. When the minister called mother would serve this wine with the doughnuts." Now sentiment is against this thing. Senator Jones, of Washington, a year before war prohibition came, said, "We are going to have it because public sentiment is against it."

We rejoice in what has come to pass in our own nation, but other nations have to get rid of it yet. The world is now our field. We have much work, too, along the lines of purity. When our young manhood went to the army, examination proved to us that immorality has existed in our country to a much greater extent than we had ever dreamed. Another work which calls us is Americanization work. The liquor interests have opened up resorts for foreigners—it has gathered them in and extended what seemed like a friendly hand. This friendliness pleases the foreigner—he wants to make friends. The liquor people did this to secure votes—votes for rum. These alien peoples need our instruction. The foreign women are craving friendship. The children get English in the public schools; the men at their work learn English, but the women in their homes have no one to teach them English and so they cannot mingle with our people. In some places sewing classes have been opened for these foreign women.

Another work before us is the protection of the Sabbath. The last Legislature presented nine bills which tend to break up our Sabbath day. The W. C. T. U. has gone out to help humanity. It is composed of women who have given their very best for a good cause. Their work is only well begun.

Miss Rhoads, the president, spoke a few minutes, telling of how she disposed of the fifty dollars sent her last winter by the county W. C. T. U., to be used to meet some need in France. She got in touch with a large family of motherless children and placed this money, with a donation from the late Mrs. Harris, in charge of the Friends' Relief organization for the care and support of one of these poor orphans—a little girl of seven years, who will be well cared for this year.

The afternoon session closed with a memorial service. The names of the W. C. T. U. women who had passed away since the last convention were mentioned with loving words of esteem. A beautiful tribute to Mrs. John P. Harris was given by Mrs. Gainsford, an old friend. Mrs. Harris worked untiringly for the W. C. T. U., being president of the Bellefonte union for thirty-five years, and county president for many years, endearing herself to the hearts of all who knew her.

At five o'clock Miss Rhoads entertained the delegates and their friends at her home. A delightful social hour was enjoyed, and a large collection of war relics and souvenirs was seen and refreshments served.

Rev. Alexander Scott presided at the Thursday evening session. At eight o'clock the court house was crowded to overflowing by people eager to hear the Hon. Clinton M. Howard, rightly termed the "Little Giant," who was to be the orator of the evening. Mr. Howard was the speaker for the War Work Council, Red Cross, and for military camps during the war period. For twenty-five years he has promised to preach the funeral sermon for John Barleycorn when the liquor traffic legally died. Billy Sunday said, "Howard is the one man I could listen to by the hour and never grow tired." The National Red Cross says, "Howard is positively one of the greatest speakers we have ever heard. He will do more good than any other man in America." His audience was not disappointed Thursday night and listened most attentively for over two hours to his wit and wisdom. He mentioned the fact that he was somewhat at home in Centre county. He had at one time been a member of the Sunday school class conducted by the late General Beaver. He found his wife in Lock Haven.

His subject was, "A Joy Ride to the Grave of John Barleycorn." Said he, "I never looked into the face of one more incredulous set of mourners! You've never before had a joy ride to a grave. You can have a joy ride to a cemetery if you have the right corpse in the box." He said, "The dawn of time, aside from the advent of our Lord, are: First, signing of the Declaration of Independence, and second, signing the Magna Charta."

"The greatest moral event took place June 28th, 1919, when so many nations signed for peace—marking the end of Prussianism. A greater and grander moral event—the next one to come three days after that date—was National prohibition, as a war measure. It permanently sealed the door of the saloon. J. B. died one hundred and sixteen years after Neal Dow. After one hundred years of fighting we come jubilantly to his funeral. This is not your funeral so you need not weep."

For a scripture lesson, the speaker took Psalm 126. Said he, "We've sown in tears for a generation, now we'll reap in joy." Repeating the 150th Psalm he said, "This scripture is appropriate for the funeral of J. B. He is going like Judas to his own place. Prohibition is coming as Pentecost—like a rushing wind. "Why do the heathen rage, and distillers imagine vain things?" Mr. Howard gave us the latest version of the verse.  
He spoke of the wonderful measures the war Congress had put

through—more than all Congressional bodies before. Mentioning the prohibiting of liquor in army and navy, the bone-dry zone about the training camp he said: "Ours was the first army ever trained in a dry camp. Our nation is the only nation that ever did such a thing in the history of the world. Our army the first one to go up to battle without grog to help it fight. We love England, France, and Italy and we don't wish it to appear that we don't, but when the French line, which had been wine-soaked went up against the Hun, it fell back. The English and the Italians with their liquor, also fell back. When our bone-dry American army hit the Hindenberg line, it broke! They rolled it up, marched on until they had unfurled Old Glory. The sale of liquor has been prohibited in the dining-car, thank God. I used to sit down to enjoy my dinner when some men would open a saloon right under my nose. I always moved to a clean table I've said, 'I won't eat in a saloon.'"

"There has been much talk of President Wilson's fourteen points. We have eighteen greater points in the prohibition record of war Legislature. These were enumerated. Some of us have somehow always felt that all religion, all reform, all temperance was in the Republican party, but God has used a Democratic Congress to pull through these good measures. The party which freed slavery was the party of McKinley and Roosevelt, but God used a Democratic House to bring about the death of J. B."

Mr. Howard told of how he stood up in a prayer meeting one time when he was twenty years old saying "I hate the saloon and am going to give my life up to fighting it until it is overthrown." A deacon rebuked him, saying, "I am sorry to see you waste your young life—it never can be done." This deacon apologized thirty years afterwards, for he lived to see the turn in the tide. "You'll find J. B. a year from now only in No. 96 cemetery. We must hire the right man to dig the grave. We show poor judgment in selecting our men for office."

"When asked why slavery wasn't done away with sooner, Lincoln replied, 'We've employed small plasters to heal great sores.' We had a National-wide issue to cure with a Local Option plaster. If the church of God had had the courage to stand by only dry men, voting no, a good law, a prohibition might have come twenty-five years ago. Jesus said 'If thine eye offend thee pluck it out!' We have done differently, we've trimmed around. Who is the grave digger now? For the first time in the fight, Uncle Sam is on the job."

"What has so changed the attitude of Uncle Sam? What has so changed the attitude of the Nation? J. B. has been at the gates of death for some time. What pulled him through? The war. The people then realized that there was a traitor in the camp. We said 'Food will win the war.' We looked to our granary and found a rat hole, 110,000,000 bushels a year into booze."

"It is customary at a funeral to say something good about the deceased. J. B. was a good man, a good liar, a good deceiver, and a good murderer. The old devil is dead. There is still work to be done, we must bury the corpse, and not until this is done will prohibition be made effective in the United States. I opposed sending money to make England dry—she must catch the bone-dry contagion and she is—Lord George says 'Competition with America is impossible as long as England remains drunk.'"

"Some people doubt that J. B. is really dead. You know an eel cut up and skinned will flop when he feels the fire. J. B. will do likewise until he is shoveled under. Pestilence breaks out if war victims are not buried. It is the only hope of the living but bury the dang Anarchy, pestilence and Bolshevism will follow if we do not bury J. B."

"Men did not get the vision of National prohibition until a few years ago, but the W. C. T. U. women stuck for it fifty years ago and have wracked the white ribbon around the world. They have always paid their own bills, and J. B. died have they asked the public to help them raise a Jubilee fund for world-wide work."

Mr. Howard lost a brother and a son in the service when the squadron of fliers went out over Boston Harbor to drop flowers upon the heads of returned soldiers. Young Howard was one of these brave volunteers, for when he was high that day. He never returned—this lad who has been honored for valiant service in France. A note from him brought back, by his carrier-pigeon, saying, "Good-bye, father, I am going home to God and mother." Mr. Howard said that while he was receiving hundreds of letters and telegrams of condolence from friends, the liquor people sent him many letters, stating that they rejoiced in his sorrow. He wished him all kinds of misfortune.

Friday forenoon was devoted largely to reports of the superintendents, representing various branches of work and business and discussion. Mrs. Nannie Williams conducted the devotional exercises.

Friday afternoon was a most interesting session. After special music, Mrs. Frank Gardner, of State College, spoke briefly of the Italian as one foreigner who, like others, is not appreciated as he should be. She then recited four sketches, written by Thomas A. Daly. These readings were very impressive, making the heart warm toward these neglected brothers.

After the election of officers for the coming year, the president addressed the convention expressing her deep appreciation of the good work done in her absence and suggesting various things which the W. C. T. U. might well do this new year. She called attention to the fact that liquor interests are using every method to put men into political power who will work against prohibition. Quoting ex-Governor Hanley, she said, "The rum power has already begun a campaign to reclaim this prohibition move." She urged the women to work as a unit and continue this work which is not yet done.  
After the reading of reports of committees and resolutions, the meeting adjourned.

At the Friday evening session Dr. W. K. McKinney presided and made

the opening prayer. Miss Eleanor Weston and Miss Mary Kline gave a dialogue which brought out very clearly just how the Jubilee money is to be used. Following this the Hon. Ives L. Harvey made some interesting remarks. He spoke of his high regard for Mrs. George, the W. C. T. U. State president, who had worked so untiringly in this drive for the ratification of the Prohibition Amendment. He attributed his election to the Legislature largely to the work of the W. C. T. U. Mr. Harvey introduced the speaker of the evening, Mrs. Ella M. George, president of the Pennsylvania W. C. T. U. Mrs. George, in her gracious and pleasing manner, quite captivated her audience, which listened with rapt attention to her very able address. She gave a resume of the growth and work of the W. C. T. U. from its birth, dwelling at some length upon two of its great branches—Education and Legislation. She urged the necessity of educating the young and interested her hearers along the line of legislation. No offering was taken at this meeting, owing to the hearty response of the night before, when a collection of over three hundred and seventy-five dollars, in pledges and cash was lifted.

## DUCKS THAT FLY 120 MILES AN HOUR.

If a bluebill duck is traveling at its best, it can, good hunters declare, wing off its mile and a half a minute with ease. That seems incredible, but a canvasback duck would leave the bluebill away behind.  
Hunters have held their watches on about every kind of wild fowl that exists, and as many of them can calculate from the record a race between a canvasback, a blue or a green-winged teal and a broadbill duck would very nearly approximate a dead heat, the chance being a trifle, perhaps, against the broadbill, which would make, say, its 110 miles an hour to the canvasback's 120 and the teal's 115.

Some who have timed wild fowl hold that either of the teals can lead the canvasback in speed, but most tests go to show that as a rule the canvasback can distance the whole wild fowl family if it lays itself out to do it. When the canvasback is taking things easy it jogs along at the proper quantity of powder travels there in a hurry it can put its two miles behind every minute and do this easily all day long if necessary.

If one has any doubt as to the swiftness of the canvasback on the wing when business calls all he has to do is to fire at the leader in a string some time when he has the chance. Duck shot when propelled by the proper quantity of powder travels pretty fast itself, but if one's charge brings down any member of that string of ducks it will be the fifth or sixth bird back of the leader.

If one would have a chance of dropping the leader he will have to aim not less than ten feet ahead of him. Then he will more than likely run thumb against the shot. When he drops it will be a quarter of a mile or so farther on for the duck cannot stop short of that distance.

On the other hand, it has been found that the mallard duck is lazy, as wild duck activity on the wing goes. He seldom cares to cover more than a mile a minute, but he can if he wants to, for he has been timed when he was "hitting the wind" at a good seventy-five mile clip. The mallard's everyday style of traveling is about fifty miles an hour. The black duck can show about the same speed as the mallard.

The wild goose's performances on the wing are astonishing. It has a big, heavy body to carry, and to see one of these fowls waddling on the ground one would never suppose that it could get away very fast on the wing. But the way it manages to glide from one feeding place to another on occasion has a suddenness that is aggravating to the best of wing shots.

To see a flock of honkers moving along so high that they seem to be sweeping the cobwebs off the sky, one would not be inclined to assert that they were proceeding at the rate of from 90 to 100 miles an hour, but that is just what they are doing, since the wild goose never fools away any time. He has always a business gait.

But consider the flight of the squawker duck! One will not be apt to see a squawker duck unless he goes down into the oak and pecan dead-end in Arkansas, for this duck does not seem to flock where other wild fowl are found in large numbers. In fact, most hunters say, it is not known whether it flocks or not, for one never sees more than two or three of them together. It goes a mile and a half a minute.

## Ground for Confidence.

We sometimes want to know how well a man has done when we are asked for an opinion as to how well he will do.

We almost instinctively judge the future by the past; this is reasoning by induction, a process that generally leads to right conclusions.

Certainly, it is reasonable to believe that what Hood's Sarsaparilla has accomplished for others it can and will accomplish for you, provided of course you are afflicted in like manner.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has made thousands healthy and strong, by purifying and enriching the blood, curing diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys, restoring appetite, relieving that tired feeling—in a word, by building up the whole system. Its record of cures of blood diseases, scrofula, salt rheum or eczema, psoriasis, pimples, boils and other eruptions, catarrh, dyspepsia and rheumatism, in thousands of letters voluntarily and gratefully written and forming a colossal volume of testimony. Surely anybody suffering from any of these diseases is fully justified in giving this medicine a trial. 64-40-11

## Not Her Hour.

New Cook—Phwat time do yez have breakfast?  
Mistress—At 7:30.  
Cook—Well, oim sorry Oi can't be wia yez.

## Analogous.

Spending a dollar before it is earned is like eating today the egg that is to be laid tomorrow.

## LET'S ALL STRIKE.

If it is going to remain the fashion among workers on trolley lines, steam railways and other transportation institutions to exist in a chronic state of idleness, owing to protracted and continuously intermittent strikes, we fail to see why that class of the people should have a monopoly of this kind of stuff.

Let's all go on strike!  
Who is a trolley man, anyway, or a brakeman or a fireman on an engine that he should tie things up, any more than the rest of us?  
No, sir; it's against the Constitution for any class of the people to be favored over another class.

Why should we stand for it? Let's all strike!  
Clear down the line, from presidents of corporations to the janitors of the dog pounds, let's all strike—strike for our altars and our fires, strike for the green graves of our sires; strike to beat the band, and let the band strike, too.

Ha-tenn-shun! Everybody strike!  
If the trolley lines are to be tied let's tie up the soda-water fountains, the dairies, the blind pigs, the sauerkraut orchards, the banks, the restaurants, the lawn-tennis courts, the skin games and everything else from soup to walnuts.

For, by the great horn spoon, one man is as good as another in this country; and a blamed sight better, if it comes to that.

If one class of people won't let the public ride, then let another class of people shut off drinks and another shut up the laundries.

Let everybody shut up.  
But maybe that's too much to hope for. Everybody shut up? Oh, boy, if only that could be done for just one hour every million years, what a wonderful world this would be.

Imagine 10,000 walking delegates of 10,000 unions, including the Actors' Union, shutting up for just one hour. But why think of it? Earth would be too much like heaven then.  
So what can't be can't be, and the next best thing is for everybody to strike.

Let the iceman strike, the sausage grinders, the potato peelers, editors and newspaper reporters, preachers, window washers, moulders and puddlers, tailors and bushelmen, chauffeurs, hair dressers, bakers, butchers, poets, street sweepers, barbers, cigarette makers, bankers, chambermaids, drummers and jazz orchestras.

Let's all strike while the striking is good.  
And then let mother strike. What, mother? Yes, mother. Pull down your sleeves, mother, put on your bonnet and walk out and strike. And strike good.

That would be a strike worth talking about. Then that fellow who was one of Emma Goldman's husbands for awhile could write another book about "To Hell and Back"—if mother strikes.

These trolley fellows say that the reason they are on strike is that they have grievances. If that be true, then mother should have been on strike ever since Tubal Cain was an apprentice in a blacksmith shop. She has had grievances ever since Noah stepped out of the ark and got drunk.

And she has grievances now worse than ever.  
Go on, mother. Strike. Strike for fair and tie up the whole works from Dan to Beersheba and from Hell to Omaha. Let us see a strike that is a strike.

But, as far as that's concerned, we would like to ask who it is that hasn't got grievances? Why, man, life in all its walks and rides, life in all its angles and circumstances and conditions, is one vast grievance.

There are as many grievances in this world as there are grounds for divorce. And that's more than many can count.

Everybody has grievances. The producer has a grievance against the jobber, the jobber has a grievance against the wholesaler, the wholesaler has a grievance against the retailer and the retailer has a grievance against the consumer. And the consumer has a grievance against the whole world.

In the labor unions the walking delegates have a grievance against pay envelopes. So we see that grievances are common. They are universal, immemorial and perpetual. Grievances contracts run to the end of time.

And it is well. We couldn't get along without grievances. They are the spices of life. They are our safety valves, our exhaust pipes without which we would blow up and bust.

When Gladstone put Disestablishment through and Presbyterians and Catholics in Ireland didn't have to pay tithes to the Church of England any longer or didn't have to go to church at all if they didn't want to, which some of them naturally didn't, there was an orator at a big meeting who praised Gladstone eloquently for his great act.

But a man arose in the meeting and said: "Gladstone be damned; he took away from us the grandest grievance we ever had." He was a man from Tipperary, and he spoke the truth.

Wherefore, since a grievance is a ground for strikes, and since we all have grievances, let's all go on strike.

Let's sprag not only trolley wheels, but, while we're at it, let's sprag everything from a wheel in the watch to the wheels in the heads of the parlor Socialists.

You see, there would be some way to get along, just the same. If nobody worked, not excepting father, and nobody baked bread and nobody washed clothes or made them and nobody had any money we would all be on an equal footing and the dream of socialism would then come true.

Then would dawn that delightful Utopian age when one man could starve to death as easily as another and as quickly.

Each would then return into the possession of jackrabbits, gophers, and wild cats, horned toads and Indians. Which would be all right. It was their first.  
The thing will probably have to be tried out sooner or later, else we shall have no peace. So why not try it out now? Perhaps it is cowardly of us to slough the experiment off on another generation. Let's all strike and be done with it.

We should not let the walking delegates bluff us. If they are game let us be game, too. He is indeed a poor sport who is not willing to try anything once.

Let's everyone strike. Last of all, the undertaker.—Los Angeles, California Times.

## A CORN CULTIVATOR RUN BY MOTOR.

With all that the science of chemistry has done for agriculture there is no doubt that without the application of mechanics the industry would still be far from its present point of development. Yet the use of machinery on the farm to any considerable extent has been a modern and even a comparatively recent contribution to the problems of large and rapid production. In the case of corn, for instance, the Indians, who are the first known cultivators of it, found it necessary to live in communities for the purpose and large fields of corn were really made up of hundreds of individual fields. Families held each other at planting time and harvest in many instances. As late as 30 years ago, a tribe of Indians on the upper Missouri river valley cultivated a tract of 1200 acres. Here swarthy squaws toiled long hours in the hot sun, working with primitive tools, the small fields being separated from each other in the same way that children's school gardens are today. At the outskirts of the fields Indian sentinels kept guard against the attacks of hostile tribes, and later in the fall, a procession of toilers wended their way from the fields with loads of corn, carrying them to the village for storage.

The most primitive tool was the sharpened hardwood stick. Later, the shoulder blades of the buffalo and deer, antlers, and clam and tortoise shells were used. After planting, most of the members of the tribes left on long hunting trips, leaving only a few women to keep out the weeds. The time to return for the harvest was usually gauged by the appearance of certain field flowers which the Indians observed bloomed about the time corn was ready for roasting. At roasting ear time men and women joined in the harvest, gathering the corn and parching much of it for future use.

In the development of our agricultural methods corn has not only lost its place as one of the important food crops of this country, but it is destined to fill soon a much larger field. The primitive methods of raising corn have been replaced by the scientific and efficient use of modern tractors, seed drills, cultivators, the corn and paring much of it for future use.

The Indian used only the kernels of the corn he raised, while the Iowa farmer of today uses kernel, cob and stalk. The kernel is ground into meal or used for stock feed; the cob is sold to manufacturers for the making of pipes, or is used for fuel, while the stalks are kept for fodder.

No single agricultural step in marking the advance of methods of utilizing corn has been so important in the preservation of the crop in the green state as the silo. Between 1867 and 1870 the first silos for corn were used in Europe. The first record of silo construction in this country was in 1875, when two were built and used in Michigan. Because it is an economical means of utilizing green feeds, especially corn, silo construction and the use of silage has grown tremendously, until today there are over half a million silos on the farms of this country. The effect of the silo is especially shown on our dairy industry, for the average number of milk cows in the United States increased over 20 per cent. during the decade when silcs were in use compared to the former decade. With a silo, the green stalks of the corn can be stored in the summer and kept in a fresh and succulent state for feeding during the winter months. Corn fodder, when mixed with other grain crops, makes an ideal stock food, and the great corn belt is also the greatest producer of pork in the world.

The development in methods and practices of all the great agricultural crops of this country has been as marked as in the case of corn. Better quality of grain is secured by rigid seed selection and improvement in cultural methods; larger crops are obtained through the use of power machines to supplement the work of horses and cut down the time required for any given operation; soils are analyzed and treated to remedies, such as sweetening sour land with lime, or installing tile drainage for water-logged areas. Improved methods of threshing reduce the labor of harvesting, save a great proportion of the grain, and cut down the time required for this work. Machines for shredding, grinding or otherwise preparing feed for stock are operated by electricity or the gas engine, and the necessity for much hand labor is reduced to the minimum. The farmer is no longer isolated by bad roads and slow transportation, for his high-powered car will whisk him over the smooth highways in short order. In these days of increasing costs of living, many a trained professional eye of the city is turned with longing toward the green fields and bulging barns of the farmer.

And, as machinery is more and more applied to the farming industry it becomes less and less of a haphazard and unremunerative industry and more and more of an organized business in which profits and losses, costs and net gains may be closely calculated and forecast. While many a small farmer has "gone broke" in recent years through installing expensive machinery out of all proportion to the work to be done, it is a fact that the newest mechanical devices are helping, when properly used, to make the small farm remunerative, just as they have greatly developed the output of dairy products and of the packing, canning and preserving industries.

Both Bear Watching.  
Music Teacher—That new pupil is improving, but when she runs the scales I have to watch her pretty closely.

His Wife—Just as I have to watch her father, the butcher, when he's running the scales.