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M A Y
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My Mother

By Grace Noll Crowell

THERE was a wholesome beauty in her toil.
I well recall the dear old home-sweet ways
When she, an ardent lover of the soil,
Moved with keen delight among the days.
The sun was up no earlier than she.
She loved the dawn, the sparkling morning
air;
She loved white clouds, she loved each blowing
tree,
And all the little things that took her care:

The small and helpless things: the fluffs of gold
That peeped about her feet and begged for
food;

A sickly lamb, a small pig wet and cold,
A turkey hen with its young drabbed brood,
And all her household with its quick demands;
Fruit to be gathered, cream to be skimmed
and churned,

A thousand things awaiting her deft hands,
And yet how swiftly, cheerily she turned
These tasks off one by one, and found the hours
For neighborliness and kindly sympathy;
For books and pictures and her garden's
flowers;

For rest, and gracious hospitality.

I hope somewhere in heaven she has found
A few familiar earthy friends like these:
The wind and sun, a bit of fragrant ground,
Things to be loved, and flowers, perhaps, and
trees.

Look Them Over!

BEFORE you read any farther, please take
a look at the names of the editors printed
at the top of this page.

Many of you know them to be persons of
distinction in their different fields, but others
may not, so let us repeat that they are writers
and specialists of consequence.

They have rare training and experience for
their work. To begin with, each editor has
a background of rural life and each one
understands it thoroughly. Each one has
had special education for her or his kind of
work. Each one has had broad contact with
rural folks over a good many years, some as
extension specialists and some in other work.
Each one is an authority as to subject matter;
each one has a fine sympathy for rural life—
and so it is also true that each one has the
highest respect and esteem of leaders in rural
life activities. These editors travel many
thousands of miles each year to learn what
rural folks are doing, and what is likely to in-
terest them and be useful to them.

Before long we plan to tell the story of
each one of your editors. You'll like them
and have increased confidence in them as
you learn more about them.

"In Fairest Colors Dressed"

*"Among the changing months, May stands confessed
The sweetest and in fairest colors dressed."*

IF PUT to a vote of farm folks, that sentiment of the
poet would be upheld by a large majority. Of course,
every month has its special charm—even the last month
of waiting for winter to go and the promise of spring to
come,—but May marks the time in the year when there
is more than mere promise in garden, field and forest.
In May "the golden line is drawn between winter and
summer."

There is a substance to the hopes that come with May
this particular year that could not always be found in
them in the years just gone by. Generally the farmer's
situation is much better. The best evidence says that it
will continue to grow better still. He can feel solid ground
under his feet again. He is encouraged to plan and to work
because there is increased hope for reward for his effort.

A Needless Calamity

IF WE were to tell you that a great calamity had caused
the death of 5,000 children, and done injury to 60,000
more, you would be shocked.

If we told you further that these deaths and injuries
were needless, you would be horrified.

Exactly those dreadful things did happen in the United
States in 1934—not in one catastrophe, but in the needless
death through the year of 5,000 children and the serious
sickness of more than 60,000 other children, due to the
preventable disease of diphtheria.

A terrible thing is diphtheria, taking a terrible toll,
and yet we need not have it. Medical science has found the
way to prevent it by the easy and harmless method of
immunization. This treatment works. Many cities and
communities which have provided for general immuniza-
tion of children have actually stamped out the disease
and report not a single case of it in 1934.

You can make sure that your own children will not get
diphtheria, by arranging with your doctor to immunize
them. But better still, put it up to your Parent-Teacher
Association, or to your club, to get behind a campaign
to provide for the immunization of all the children in your
community. The month of May is a good time to do it,
because it is Child Health month, and throughout the
United States similar campaigns will be under way.

Will We Stay Out of War?

IF EUROPE goes to war again, will the United States
be able to stay out of the struggle?

For the past dozen years or so that has been a theoretical
question, about which folks in general worried very little.

But it is more than theoretical just now. Recent events
in Europe have given it a fearful reality. Jealousies,
rivalries, ambitions for power, long-time hatreds, sus-
picions, secret schemings, loss of faith, have grown and
have strained relations among the nations of Europe to a
point where some very simple unfriendly act might bring
a break. And standing armies of more than three and a
half million men are waiting to move rapidly if such a
break should come. Seventeen million more men are
ready to be mobilized quickly if need comes. Munitions
plants everywhere are working at feverish speed to equip

such fighting forces. Distinguished men who are competent
observers are saying that war may come now, or in a year
or two, or in five years, but they seem agreed that war
will come out of the present situation unless something
unusual happens to prevent it.

Germany's disclosure that it has been training armies
and equipping them, in spite of the Versailles treaty,
made the situation very serious. Generally, Germany is
blamed for breaking faith. Germany answers, "What did
you expect of us when we were surrounded by armed
millions, pointing their guns our way?"

But of greater concern to us is the question of what we
will be able to do about it. If war comes and we insist on
selling munitions, transporting wheat and other food
stuffs, as well as textiles, and maintaining other commerce
on the seas, even with neutral nations, we may find our
selves again where we were in 1917, and pressure would be
heavy to force us into the war.

If we are to stay out of any war that may come in
Europe, then pressure against having any part in it must
be exerted even now. We do not want war. Let us not
be as Europeans have been—resigned to the theory that
war is inevitable.

Leather Lungs and a Loud Voice

LONG years ago an old neighbor used to say, "There's
several kinds of folks you'd better be a bit s'picious
about. One of 'em is the windy man. He's the feller with
leather lungs and a loud voice who thinks that hollerin'
makes right. Generally, though, he's got more noise than
sense. Sometimes he's downright dangerous."

And that, we contend, is just as good advice today as
it was then.

Sweet Bells Out of Tune

*Mothers and daughters, fathers and sons,
When they get crosswise, then trouble comes!*

THAT jingle popped out after the editor had read a
number of letters from mothers complaining about
daughters, and daughters complaining about mothers.
Occasionally, fathers and sons write in the same way.

Almost always the letters read about like this:

"Daughter Mary grieves me deeply. She won't mind
me; she says horrid things to me; she thinks she's smarter
than I am and says so. She should be spanked, but she's
too old for that. What shall I do? We're drifting apart."

"Mother isn't fair to me. She thinks that girls today
ought to act like they did in her day. She wants to boss
me as to where I go, what I wear, what I do, and so I don't
have a very happy time. I don't enjoy my home much."

Who is wrong, and what's to be done about it?

Both are wrong, no doubt, but who was first in error?
Not unlikely Mother was—way back when daughter was
a wee slip of a girl. Some little thing was said or done
that started them on ways apart.

Mothers can do something about it by an intelligent
study of the problem. They will find it helpful to get the
experience of other mothers—perhaps a meeting or two
of their homemakers' clubs might be devoted to the subject,
under good leadership. Women's clubs have paid atten-
tion to everything else—cooking, sewing, and the like;
why shouldn't they give time to the equally important
questions of family relationships?

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