

# The FARMER'S WIFE Magazine

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M A Y  
1 9 3 5

## 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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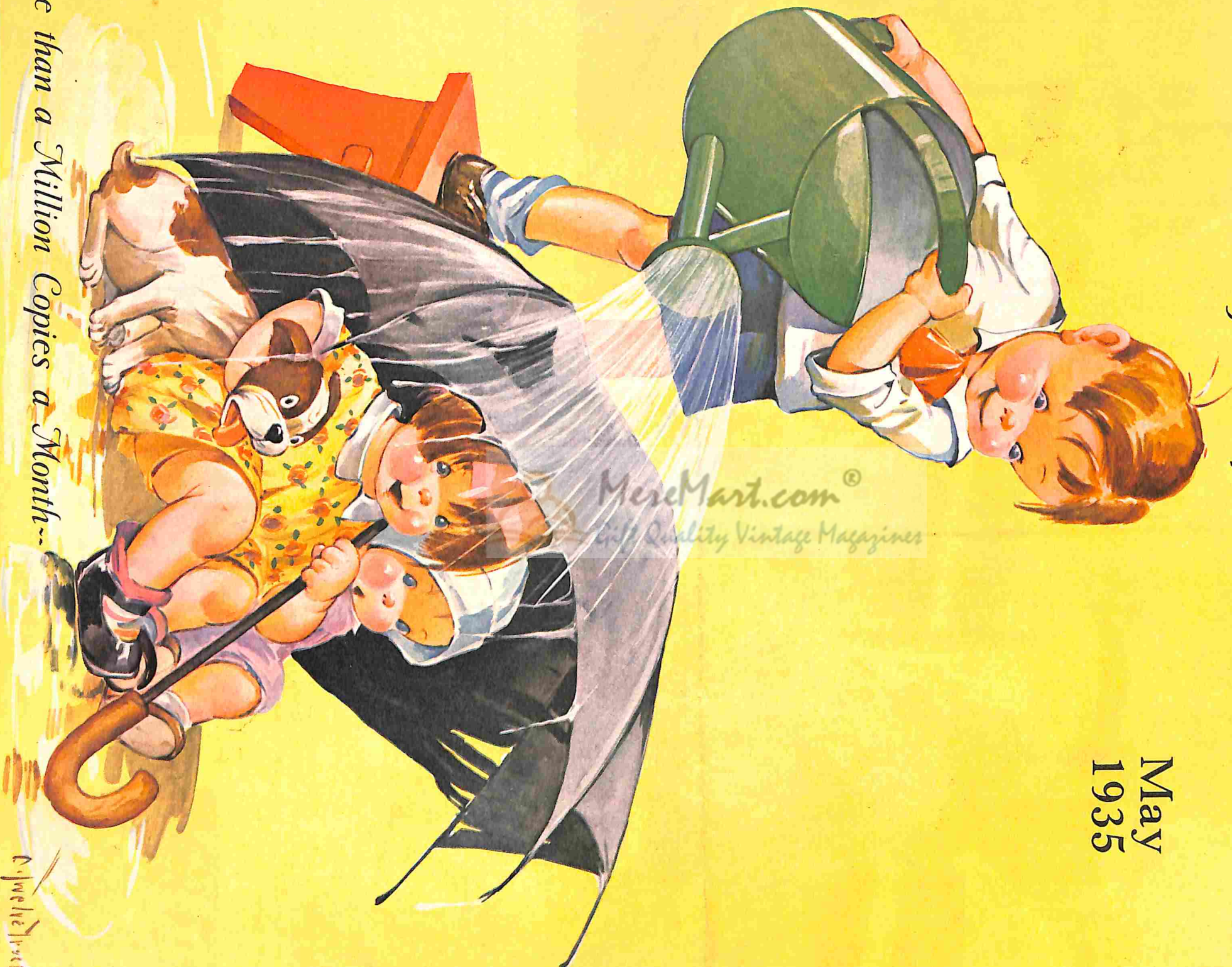


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