

BIG MONEY IN ONION GROWING

Health, Wealth and Happiness In Scott County



Iowa Pride Onions.

Onion King Clears \$5,000 on Sixteen Acres

HEALTH, wealth and happiness have rolled out of big glistening red bulbs at Pleasant Valley, Scott county, Ia., in such large quantities that the state agricultural statistician will be compelled to add another column to his crop report and write "Onions" at the top of it.

Health we say advisedly. Does not the old saw run: Eat onions in the month of May And the rest of the year the doctors may play.

And you can find dozens of hale and hearty German pioneers who have had their Fruehstueck, Mittagessen and Abendessen flavored with onions for the past thirty years and unanimously lay their longevity at the door of the odoriferous tuber.

As to wealth, the onion has drained the swampy black silt lands along the Mississippi's banks, has turned them into beautiful little green fields where any weed is as much anathema as thistle to the ordinary farmer and has put a price of \$1,000 on every acre that can successfully produce the big red globes.

And for happiness, the onion is now the sesame in Pleasant Valley, aptly named, the heart of Scott county's 300 acre onion district. The tears that the zwiibel brings to the eyes of the people of that locality are tears of joy. They have sold onions and built immense big frame houses, large enough for family reunions. They have sold onions and added big barns and automobiles to their establishments. Now they are selling onions and sending their children to the State Agricultural college at Ames, while they go across the sea they traveled in a sailing vessel so many years ago to see the grosswater, nodding away in some sleepy little village of Schleswig-Holstein.

This is not pleasant sounding fiction, but reality, brought about by the fact that the rich river bottom lands of Scott county are adapted to the raising of onions. These fields are tended with all of the German farmer's painstaking care. You can't raise both weeds and onions in the same field. Consequently the onion raiser arms himself with a hoe, arms all of his family with a like utensil and goes forth to seek the impudent cocklebur, button weed, foxtail, smart weed, pig weed and joint grass.

SO THOROUGHLY DOES THE ONION FARMER AND HIS FAMILY DO THIS JOB THAT ONE CAN SEE A FIELD OF TEN ACRES WITHOUT A HALF DOZEN WEEDS VISIBLE IN THE ENTIRE TRACT. THE SOLID DARK GREEN SWEEP OF THE HIGHLY CULTIVATED TRACTS ARE A SIGHT TO DELIGHT THE EYE OF ANY COUNTRYMAN AS THE INTERURBANS AND STEAM TRAINING WHISK HIM THROUGH THE ONION DISTRICT.

Hand in hand with this intensive cultivation goes scientific agriculture and machinery. Science works out in the following way: The great pest of the onion crop is the "thrips," or lice—tiny little pests one-twentieth of an inch in length

with elongated bodies and four slender wings. They are sucking insects. They fasten themselves to the green tops, extract the juice and leave the plant to wither and dry. In the dry weather they hatch by the millions, and in the early evening they swarm to the fields, myriads of them, so thick as to resemble a black cloud and, like the locust plague of Pharaoh's reign, light on the growing crop. Up to the present year the grower did not know how to fight them.

Last year the Scott County Farm Improvement league was formed. This organization employed an agricultural college graduate, G. R. Bliss, and told him to go out and help everybody earning a living from the soil. He suggested that a spray of kerosene emulsion or nicotine-whale oil mixture be used, forced down into the crevices of the leaves. The growers tried out the spray and found that it killed the little pests. It has been estimated that systematic use of this spraying mixture would make a difference of 200 bushels to the acre.

The thrips do not bother in wet weather. The last summer, with its continued hot weather, with no rain all through July, the onion's big maturity month, was ideal for the pests. Not all of the farmers could be persuaded to spray their fields, for converts in agricultural science never come fast, and consequently the yield was not what it will be in future dry seasons.

NOTWITHSTANDING THIS, THE REMEDY FOR THE CROP'S PARTICULAR PLAGUE HAS BEEN DISCOVERED, AND MANY HUNDREDS OF BUSHELS WERE ADDED TO THE TOTAL CROP.

The thirty-one hot days in July cut the crop down fully one-third. It has not been uncommon in former years for the crop to run over 1,000 bushels an acre on the best fields. The average was close to 300 bushels. But last season, the best growing year that the onion men have ever had, the price averaged from 38 to 40 cents. This year the Pleasant Valley people are getting from 85 to 90 cents a bushel and are making as much money as they did on the bumper crop of 1912.

This year's onion king is W. Myers, who has the largest number of acres planted of any of the onion raisers. He has sixteen acres in the tubers, the largest farm at "The Valley," and the crop ran 450 bushels. This would bring him \$6,480 at the present market price, and, deducting \$100 per acre as the cost of raising and marketing, there is left a profit of \$5,280, or \$330 per acre. That shows pretty well that wealth is no little part of the profits to be derived from the onion culture. Many farmers put the cost per acre below \$100, Frank Schutter, another veteran grower, placing his at \$70 an acre.

Last year Mr. Schutter raised 943 bushels to the acre, receiving 38 cents, or \$352.28 an acre, for his crop and \$4,657.66 for the entire crop. Henry Roed, on a one acre tract planted to sets, harvested 500 bushels an acre and Leroy Schutter, on a nine acre field, nearly 500 bushels this year.

Beans Net \$60 Per Acre to Cerro Gordo County Man

A CERRO GORDO county farmer has just harvested 600 bushels of beans worth \$3 a bushel from thirty acres of ordinary Iowa land, a return of \$60 an acre.

THIS SAME FARMER RAISED AND SOLD SEVEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-THREE DOLLARS WORTH OF ONIONS FROM ONE AND ONE-QUARTER ACRES, AND JUST TO SHOW THAT HE IS NOT AN ONION OR BEAN SPECIALIST HE IS DIGGING SEVERAL ACRES OF POTATOES, AVERAGING NINETY BUSHELS TO THE ACRE, AND SELLING THE PRODUCT AT EIGHTY CENTS A BUSHEL, AND THERE ARE A LOT OF PEOPLE IN IOWA WHO THINK THAT A BIG YIELD ON SMALL ACREAGE CAN BE HAD ONLY IN SOME FAROFF BUT WIDELY ADVERTISED LAND.

The Third Offence

Heartick and weary of body, Chesley collapsed on one of the rough stone seats scattered here and there along the Alcada. Two days' unsuccessful search for employment in the hot, reeking streets of San Marcedo had put to rout the long-entertained belief that men for general work were at a premium in the bustling South American city.

Credentials were required—recommendations from men or firms of unquestionable integrity—and these Chesley had not. They were in the pocket of his coat, together with all the money he had possessed, and the coat was somewhere in the mud at the bottom of San Marcedo harbor. Thinking of his loss led to thinking of the girl in whose service he had suffered the financial calamity.

When the steamer was nearing the docks in San Marcelo harbor Miss Dearborn and Chesley were in a group standing near the rail. A misinterpretation of orders had caused confusion among the deck hands, and a massive hawser had come sweeping over the deck toward the group. In the scramble to evade it Miss Dearborn had been forced overboard. Chesley had followed instantly, shedding his coat as he sprang. He reached her easily and swam with her to a rope that hung over the side to await the lowering of a boat. The girl hung, a dead weight, on his arm. Her face was colorless, her eyes closed. A great wave of loving compassion swept over Chesley. The bulging bows hid them from the view of those on deck. He pressed his lips to hers. She opened her eyes and looked at him, wonderingly, reproachfully. Then the boat had appeared and taken them to the ladders. Miss Dearborn had been whisked away by her friends and Chesley had not seen her again. But some time he would meet her, and when he did he must be forgiven.

But what was the matter with his head? He put his hand to it; it was burning hot and seemingly not a part of him at all, but something detached and far away.

A carriage stopped at the curb opposite Chesley's seat, but he did not heed. A young lady leaned forward and spoke his name, but he did not hear. He was far from Alcada now. He was a boy again; about him were green, butter-cupped fields, and he lay face downward and drank from a gurgling crystal spring. And now he was saving Miss Dearborn again from the waters of the harbor. But instead of being placid, as before, they were now tossing frightfully and it was a struggle to reach her. He could see her, as she rose to the crest of a huge sea, smile encouragement to him. Ah! the brave eyes of her. One more great effort, one last mighty stroke and he reached her and clasped her tightly. Then came darkness and a noise as of the ringing of many bells.

It was several days before Chesley was able to be about again. His host, Rodney Dearborn, came to him when his delirium had passed, and thanked him for saving his daughter's life.

"It was a fine thing, my boy, a fine thing," he said in his bluff, genial way, "and don't think for a minute that we're not grateful. I sent my son down to the boat to look you up, but you had gone and the officers could not say where. And—er—I gather from some of your fever talk that you're up against it because of the loss of your money and credentials. If you will tell me the amount you lost, I will reimburse you. As for your credentials—don't worry about them. I'll back you, here, to any extent you ask. I knew your father, my boy, and—softly—"your mother. So don't worry; take it easy for a while. When you're able to get up, Jose will attend to your personal wants."

Chesley was lounging in a shaded corner of the veranda when next he saw Evelyn Dearborn. After a few commonplace remarks she touched upon the subject of her accident, thanking him earnestly for what he had done.

"You made it easy for me," complimented Chesley in reply; "you were very brave."

"But my bravery was short-lived," she laughed. "I think I must have fainted after you reached me and I felt that I was safe. I can't remember what happened after that, until—"

"She stopped, embarrassed and flushing rosily, and Chesley remembered the kiss.

"Oh, I say, Miss Dearborn," he blurted, "I was a cad to do that. I—I—You'll forgive me, Miss Dearborn," he entreated.

"It was an offence not easily condoned," decreed Miss Dearborn, with mock severity. "And besides, you seemed inclined to make the practice habitual."

Chesley looked at her blankly a moment. Then out from the chaos of that afternoon of torture, memory brought him a haunting fragment.

"By Jove! Miss Dearborn," he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say—when you picked me up in the Alcada—I didn't—I didn't—"

"You did! You did!" declared Miss Dearborn, "and everybody was looking, too!"

Chesley took a step toward her. She was crimson to the tips of her ears. But there was no anger in the azure eyes that lowered their gaze as an ardent light gleamed in his own. That "everybody was looking" evidently measured the extent of her resentment. Chesley glanced quickly around; no one was looking now.—ELIZABETH W. GERRITSON.



B. A. Aldrich.

Honey Production Makes Money In Iowa

B. A. ALDRICH of Smithland, Ia., is a young man full of energy and a desire to get ahead. For years he rented a farm and pushed hard to make a profit from a poor farm at high rent. The heavy expense of hired help, high rent, wear and tear of machinery and horses constantly consumed the profits until it became apparent that he was making progress very slowly in this direction. The thing that had done best for Aldrich with less expense than any other line on his general farm was the bees. He accordingly decided to sell his live stock and machinery, surrender his farm lease and try what the bees would do for him on a larger scale.

RIGHT HERE THE BALANCE SHEET BEGAN TO SHOW UP BETTER. THE HEAVY ITEMS OF EXPENSE FOR RENT AND Hired HELP WERE ELIMINATED AND A MUCH GREATER PART OF THE PRODUCTION WAS CLEAR. IT WAS SOON APPARENT THAT NO MISTAKE HAD BEEN MADE AND YEAR BY YEAR BETTER PROFITS HAVE BEEN MADE, AS THE WORK HAS BEEN BETTER SYSTEMATIZED AND MORE THOROUGHLY MASTERED IN DETAIL.

The season of 1912 showed a crop of nearly fourteen tons of honey from his 300 colonies of bees and a better profit for his year's work than the best year of general farming. Nineteen thirteen has been even more generous, and the production has climbed to about eighteen tons of as fine honey as ever went to market. It is doubtful if any neighbor of Aldrich with a quarter section of land and a capital of \$30,000 invested is now making more money than is he with his bees and but a small part of the money invested.

THESE HAS TOO LONG BEEN A GENERAL IDEA THAT TO SUCCEED IN FRUIT GROWING OR HONEY PRODUCTION ONE MUST GO TO SOME OF THE WIDELY ADVERTISED SECTIONS OF THE SOUTH OR WEST. MEN LIKE ALDRICH ARE DEMONSTRATING THAT IOWA CAN BRING RETURNS TO THE SPECIALIST THAT WILL ECLIPSE THOSE OF THE BOOMED SECTIONS. SOME IOWA BEE KEEPERS HAVE BEEN LURED AWAY BY THE STORIES OF THE FARAWAY PLACES ONLY TO LEARN THAT THEY HAVE LEFT BETTER LOCATIONS THAN THEY FOUND.

Alfalfa Pays Well In Mills County

Hay and Feed Give Good Returns

Beats Corn, Is What the Farmers Say

If any one ever had any doubts as to whether alfalfa would pay as a crop in this section or not they should consult some of the growers in this vicinity. According to the story of most of them, there isn't another crop that comes anywhere near it. The first man we talked with was Charley Slater, who lives east of town a mile. He has ten acres of alfalfa, and from it he cut two good crops, all of which he found a ready market for at a good price, \$10 per ton in the stack. Then he took the third crop for seed and thrashed forty bushels of the finest kind of seed from it, or about four bushels per acre. It isn't hard to figure a profitable crop there.

C. M. FOLLETT, NORTHWEST OF TOWN, HAS SIX ACRES IN ALFALFA. FROM IT HE CUT ABOUT FIFTY TONS OF HAY THE FIRST TWO CROPS AND THEN THRASHED THIRTY-ONE AND ONE-HALF BUSHELS OF FINE SEED. AS THE HAY IS WORTH ABOUT TEN DOLLARS PER TON AND THE SEED SIX AND ONE-HALF DOLLARS PER BUSHEL HIS TOTAL CROP ON THE SIX ACRES MADE ABOUT SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS GOOD AND STRONG OR ABOUT ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN DOLLARS PER ACRE. ANY USE IN HUNTING UP AN IRRIGATED SECTION TO RAISE ALFALFA FOR PROFIT? NOT MUCH.

S. R. Stone, who also lives just east of town, was telling us that he had in between nine and ten acres, and the three crops this year had made him about four and a half tons per acre. Figure it up at \$10 per ton in the stack and it will probably sell a lot higher than that before spring. Pretty good money, isn't it? Really makes interest on \$200 acre land.

Clark E. Hilton, who lives just east of Malvern one and one-half miles, had about nine acres that he thrashed. From this he got three bushels per acre of fine seed and has left about nine tons of straw, which he considers better feed than timothy hay for his stock. He cut two crops of hay from the piece before the seed crop, which made him thirty tons of hay. He had a small piece that he sowed late last fall, from which he cut about four tons to the acre, but did not thrash. Mr. Hilton is enthusiastic over his alfalfa crop and thinks it a winner.

H. T. Beattie has about seventy acres in alfalfa and is one of the most enthusiastic growers we have. He has been getting four crops per year from his alfalfa the past two years, and this year he saved the third crop on twenty-five acres for seed and cut the rest of it four times. From the seed crop he thrashed 102 bushels of fine seed and had about twenty-five tons of alfalfa straw, which he says is fine feed. From the twenty-five acres he cut about seventy-five tons of hay from the first two cuttings and from the balance about five and one-half tons per acre from the four cuttings. Mr. Beattie cuts the first crop a little early and so gets his four crops easily, although he says the third and fourth crops are usually not so heavy as the first two. He prefers home grown seed. He is certainly making alfalfa farming pay.

D. E. WHITFIELD HAS FIFTEEN ACRES OF ALFALFA ON HIS FARM SOUTH OF MALVERN. FROM THIS HE CUT SEVENTY TONS OF HAY THE FIRST TWO CROPS AND THEN SAVED IT FOR SEED, BUT OWING TO SOME REASON OR OTHER THE SEED DID NOT PAN OUT VERY WELL, AND HE THRASHED BUT NINE BUSHELS OF SEED, BUT HE HAD ABOUT A TON TO THE ACRE OF MIGHTY NICE THRASHED ALFALFA FOR FEED. EVEN NOT COUNTING THE SEED HE HAD A GOOD PAYING CROP FROM HIS FIFTEEN ACRES AT PRESENT PRICES FOR HAY.

And there are a lot of others who are having great success with their alfalfa whom we have not interviewed. We believe that alfalfa is a mighty good crop for Mills county farmers, and we expect to see a much larger acreage in the future.

U. S. GASOLINE USED ABROAD

Millions of Gallons Are Sent to Europe—Supply of This Country Shown.

Washington, D. C.—The increase in the use of automobiles and gasoline engines of all descriptions undoubtedly is the reason for gasoline being treated separately, for the first time in the statistics for 1913 of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. During 1912 82,000,000 gallons of this mineral oil, valued at about \$11,000,000, were exported. Another new feature in the 1913 figures, which have just been made public, is "gas oil and fuel oil," which amounted to 320,000,000 gallons, valued at more than \$8,000,000.

Mineral oils showed an enormous increase in exports during the decade from 1903 to 1913, according to reports just made public by the bureau. During the fiscal year 1913 the aggregate amount exported from the United States was valued at \$137,000,000, against \$67,000,000 in 1903, having increased 104 per cent. in the value of the exportations during the decade.

The quantity exported was 1,990,000,000 gallons, compared with 964,000,000 a decade ago, having increased 106 per cent. during the period. The quantity exported in the crude state is slightly less in 1913 than in 1912, but shows a gain of 45 per cent over 1903, while illuminating oil and naphthas and other lighter products, including gasoline, show large gains.

Illuminating oil increased from 700,000,000 gallons in 1903 to 1,649,000,000 in 1913; lubricating oil increased from 83,000,000 in 1903 to 214,000,000 in 1913, and naphthas and other lighter products of distillation from 13,000,000 gallons in 1903 to 183,000,000 in 1913. Exportations of crude oil increased 43 per cent. in the decade; that of illuminating oil 50 per cent.; lubricating oil, 130 per cent.; while naphthas and other lighter forms, including gasoline, show as a group an increase of 1,300 per cent. in the decade.

Although the United States is by far the largest world producer and exporter of mineral oils, considerable quantities were imported. The quantity imported in 1913 was 530,000,000 gallons, against 161,000,000 in 1912.

This importation, which has grown so rapidly in recent years, is crude oil, according to the Department of Commerce statement, and comes chiefly from Mexico, with comparatively small quantities from Peru, Trinidad and the Dutch East Indies, the refining facilities being less satisfactory than those of the United States.

HONOR CADETS AT WEST POINT.

Bill Proposes That Candidates Be Selected on Merit.

Washington—Ten special presidential appointments to the West Point Military Academy is one among several important changes in admission methods to that institution proposed in a bill introduced by Chairman Chamberlain of the Senate military committee. It would give the President power to appoint each year to the academy 10 "honors men" from 10 educational institutions having officers of the army detailed for military instruction. The list of "honor schools" would be prepared by the war department.

The Chamberlain bill also proposes that in vacancy-filling from alternate candidates should be selected on the merit principle from the whole list instead of being restricted to the alternate from the district where the principal has failed.

HELD TO CONTRACT.

Millionaire May Have to Fulfill Terms With Art and Book Dealers.

Chicago, Ill.—E. P. Clark, Los Angeles millionaire, may have to fulfill the terms of the contract which he entered into with Tomlinson-Humes, Inc., "de-luxe" art and book dealers, alleged to be bankrupt.

By that contract Mr. Clark purchased 14 Hogarth paintings for \$125,000, agreeing to give the Tomlinson-Humes Company a two-year option on the resale of the paintings. They could not be sold for less than \$480,000 to ex-Senator William A. Clark of New York. In event of their resale the "de-luxe" company was to receive 50 per cent of the difference between \$125,000 and \$480,000. If they were not sold the company was to receive 10 per cent, or \$48,000.

New Australia Recruits Praised.

Sydney, N. S. W.—Maj-Gen. G. M. Kirkpatrick, the inspector general of the commonwealth military forces, in his annual report, while making critical reference to the large deficiency of men in the ranks of the militia and the light horse, speaks in appreciation of the 1894 recruits.

He says that the results of the training are satisfactory and that the standard of efficiency is expected to rise. "The young recruits show great keenness in the camp training and give proofs of excellent discipline and spirit."

New Cable To Be Laid.

Mundesley, England—Stephen, the German cable steamer, arrived recently at Mundesley, on the coast of Norfolk, for the purpose of commencing operations in laying the new submarine cable between England and Germany.