

factory. Through the slipshod methods of many ranchers, through carelessness and indifference in instructing them, through entire lack of instruction, they benefited little, except in rare instances. What our boys need is intelligent training in the art of agriculture and what the whole State needs is trained and intelligent agricultural workers.

"It was upon this idea we started our farm school here at Rutherford.

"I found that we could get this land here at a very reasonable price. It offered every advantage; the climate is so favorable that almost anything can be grown here; we do not require irrigation; the situation is one of the most beautiful in this beautiful Napa Valley, and the ranch buildings already on the land offered sufficient accommodation until we could establish ourselves. So, three years ago, we made our beginning."

It was a beginning eminently characteristic of Father Crowley.

You've heard of running a shoestring up to a tannery. That superlative sporting feat is mere child's play compared with what Father Crowley has done in establishing his Rutherford Agricultural College.

He started out with the realization of the need for it, and the determination to supply that need.

Then he found this land in the Napa Valley, 102 acres of it rolling back from the very bank of the Napa River to the very feet of the blue-veiled foothills, watered midway by the Conn. Creek, which is itself almost a river. Nearly two miles up and down the valley this thousand-acre tract of fertile field and woodland runs.

It was in the market for the price of the \$85,000 mortgage on it, and Father Crowley bought it forthwith, on credit, with another mortgage, if you please.

Then he proceeded to colonize it with some thirty of the Youths' Directory boys, and to stock it.

Those first days were real pioneering days.

They started out from the Youths' Directory, each boy carrying his kit, and they went up by boat to Vallejo, Father Crowley equipped with a horseless saddle and bridle. At Vallejo some friend of the enterprise had given him a couple of farm horses. Some other friends of the enterprise had given him seven cows, and Father Crowley clapped his saddle and bridle on one of the horses and "buck-

when money, real money, was returned in exchange for it.

This was a community matter, not a cut-and-dried institutional occurrence. Each boy had a personal interest in it. Father Crowley announced that "To-day WE have received OUR first money return for a product," and the boys cheered.

This sort of thing has gone right along during the three years.

The pronoun used in reference to anything and everything—to the 1021 acres, to gates and roads and fields, to the horses and cattle and chickens and pigs, to the cow that has a calf and the cat that has kittens—is always the plural possessive.

It doesn't take much acumen to discover what a difference that makes, to appreciate how much more important and exciting it is when "OUR" cow has a calf than when merely "A" cow has a calf.

As I intimated, the shoestring that is inflated into a tannery is nothing compared with the development of this agricultural college.

A comfortable, substantial, sanitary two-story building for dormitories and schoolroom and sitting-room has been built.

A large new creamery is going up—the boys are taking lessons in masonry now on its foundation walls.

A big galvanized iron building has been put up to keep the farm implements and machinery in, and it is well stocked with up-to-date, labor saving machinery.

Where there were two horses three years ago there are seventeen now, strong and well kept.

The seven cows that comprised the embryonic dairy department have increased to a herd of 250 sleek animals.

In place of the two pigs that found all the holes in the fences three years ago there are over a hundred now to dash out of unsuspected hiding places and trip the feet from under visitors. And there's been an abundance of savory bacon and juicy hams for the boys besides—not counting the pork chops.

There are more than 600 chickens now, instead of the six or seven that were brought in a crate.

There are 350 acres in grain.

There is a vineyard newly planted.

There is an orchard growing bravely.

There is a chapel for religious services.

There is a well equipped steam laun-



How FATHER CROWLEY IS TAKING BOYS "BACK TO THE LAND" BY HELEN DARE

"ONE thing leads to another," you know," said Father Crowley to me.

In this casual way Father Crowley explained to me how Rutherford Agricultural College came to be.

So, easily, off-handedly, he accounted for the realization of the hobby of the kindest heart and wisest head that ever worked for the welfare of the boy walf.

We were rocking on the front porch of the cottage at Rutherford Agricultural College—imposing title that, for all the gentle, soothing charms of nature that rolled away in a panorama, of pastoral beauty to the distant hills, for all the pleasant, homely sights and sounds of farm life that all about us appealed to eye and ear.

The little songbirds twittered and fluttered in shrubs and trees, important with the cares of family life. The liquid note of the lark and the cheery call of the robin alternated.

A fussy mother hen whacked a delicious fat grub on the ground with her bill and gave the dinner call, and her brood of chicks, just sprouting tail and wings, scampered to a meal with their shrill peep! peep! peep!

A balmy spring zephyr, like velvet to the cheek, sent pink rose petals drifting across the grass and wafted to us the scent of blooming honeysuckle that clothed the scarred nakedness of tree stumps.

A staccato announcement from a chicken-run under the walnut trees conveyed the intelligence that one more egg had been added to the week's wealth.

A hound stretched himself lazily across the gravel path and licked the hand of a boy in overalls who stopped to pat him—a freckle-faced boy with one suspender and a hat without a band, grinning widely and happily a natural, buoyant, tumbled boy, not a dreadfully suppressed and shrinking "institution" boy.

Another boy with a sunburned nose dashed around the porch corner in hot pursuit of a trespassing pig.

A sleek cat rubbed against a porch pillar, and then came to me with the confidence of a pet used to gentleness, playfully, with the curious sidling "lope" of the boy when he feels his webbing. They swarmed in the wake of Brother Paul, a cheerful, sun-browned Xaverian brother in khaki, leading them to their work in the hay field. Some of them broke from the straggling rank and made a dive for travels and mortar boards and wheelbarrows to do their afternoon stint at masonry on the new creamery wall.

A lean, woody boy of grave demeanor—or the steady-eyed sort of boy you can trust with anything—came out of the little stone building that holds the incubators, carefully closing the door behind him and carrying in his hand a painful of chicken feed. He was on his way to a chicken run, but he stopped to pick up a young pigeon and cooed it in the hollow of his arm, and again to put his long arm through a gateway around the neck of a tame fawn and press its lovely head against his faded blue shirt front.

Nowhere was there a earmark to suggest the institution, not even in the big two-story frame building with its cupola and cross, which holds the schoolroom, sitting-room and dormitories. In the second story the windows were wide open to let the sweet, hay-scented air blow through across the rows of little white iron beds, and below in sunny schoolroom and sitting-room were vases of roses on the tables and growing roses nodding their heads at them from without.

Across the lawn the calves in the meadow-butted each other with youthful exuberance. In a far field dotted with noble oaks sleek cattle browsed on grass knee high. From the yellowing hay field came the busy click-click of the mowers manned by prideful boys jealous of their privilege.

It was all natural and simple—and close to the beneficent heart of our good Mother Nature.

The whole scene and all the life spoke of kindness and plenty and cheerful industry, and of happy peace. Any or all of the boys going about their simple duties might have been home boys on a home ranch doing the tasks set by paternal order.

Through the open door of the cot-

age sitting-room behind us came the pungent smell of woodsmoke from the smoldering log in the fireplace, a fireplace for the hearth of which Father Crowley brought bits of tiling from the city in his traveling bag and laid them with his own hands.

"The trades are not open to them. The trades unions for their own protection so severely limit the opportunities for apprentices that there is no hope for them there.

"Shall we, after having given them the protection and training of the Directory,

city; he goes back to the same task every day, living a treadmill life year in and year out. He is at the mercy of our unsettled labor conditions. He has little or no hope of becoming his own master or owner of his own home, and less hope of making provision for

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A COVETED TASH—BRINGING UP THE COWS.



A PRACTICAL LESSON IN HAYMAKING

after having begun the work of making them good citizens, let them go out again, exposed to the temptations of the streets and the evils of city life, to become unskilled laborers, or, more likely, vagabonds, or worse?

"The work of the Directory would go for naught if we did that. This is what our work there made us realize—so we looked about for an opening in life for our boys, and we saw that here in California their way—the very best way for them—lay back to the land.

"There is no place where the land offers so much to a man willing to do even a reasonable amount of work as here in California. There is no place where the farmer's life has such compensations, such pleasant conditions, such an adequate return, and therefore it seems to me that here of all places is the place to check the tendency toward dwarfing city life, to lead our boys back to the land, and the more natural and independent life it offers.

"Why, compare the life of the city laborer or average mechanic with the farmer's:

"The laborer or mechanic in the city works for a master, for a 'boss,' with no prospect of becoming independent. He lives in cramped quarters in the poorer, least healthful sections of a

raising. He has always the hope before him, so easily realized, of becoming his own master, of securing some acres of his own, of having his own home where he and his family can live in security and where his children can live after him.

"We sent a hundred or more boys to the country every year to learn the work of the orchards, the vineyards, the grain fields, finding them homes with ranchers; but the result was not sat-

Farming implements and machinery were acquired by gift and on the credit system.

The prospect of wealth opened before them with the acquisition of a cream separator and an incubator.

Each new piece of portable property was regarded by the boys as a personal benefit.

Before long the day came when a case of butter was shipped from the farm, and the still more eventful day

dry where the boys can do their own washing.

There is a line of alluring hills on one side, where the boys can go exploring.

There are abandoned orchards on the other side that the boys can raid on their outings.

There is an industrial school in contemplation, where those who are not fitted or pleased with the more rugged work of farm life may learn broom making, stocking knitting and the making and repairing of farm machinery.

And there is besides all these very admirable improvements the "dandiest swimming hole in Napa Valley" in actual existence and almost continuous use.

Father Crowley's plan is to make this farm college self-supporting, to increase the accommodations until 150 boys can live and learn and work there, and to make the output of the land cover the outlay for their sustenance.

Already the practicability of this has been demonstrated. Butter, poultry, beef, pork, hay and grain have been sold, and in paying quantities.

In the item of butter alone 1000 pounds a month is sent to market and if you get any with the wrapper stamped "Rutherford Creamery" and bearing the picture of a stone doorway with a cow on one side and a boy on the other, you may be sure that it is "college" butter, and very good.

The effort to make the undertaking self-supporting is not carried on at the expense of the strength and spirits of the growing boys.

The heaviest of the farm work, beyond the strength and endurance of the boys, who range from 14 to 13 years in age, is done by men, seven of whom are now employed; yet in spite of this it is surprising how much is accomplished through the boys' own interest and the patient diplomacy of the Xaverian Brothers who are in charge of them.

When the haymaking is on, as it is now, the boys, being after all merely human boys, with an inherent distaste for continuous labor, don't find haymaking particularly interesting after the first fifteen minutes. But it must be done and the boys must do it; so Brother Paul handles the charms of the swimming hole before them. Fifteen minutes in the swimming hole for so many stacks, half an hour for so many more, and the stacks spring up like huge mushrooms under the incentive of the promise, and the joyous shouts of those already splashing.

Interest in the care of the stock is stirred by giving one boy a calf, another a pig or two, another a brood of chickens to tend and sell for himself. One lucky boy made \$40 out of the sale of two pigs this year and is the proud possessor

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