

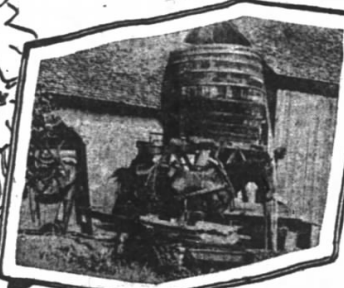
# LAND OF THE WINDMILL, WHERE THREE GOOD CROPS EACH YEAR ARE POSSIBLE



ONE OF THE IRRIGATED FARMS.



A VIEW ACROSS "WINDMILL VALLEY."



A HORSE-DRIVEN PUMP.



THE PUMP THAT FALLS FROM AND WHERE THE FARMER WILLS.

right time, so the farmers of Windmill valley make their own rain, and make it to fall when and where they desire it.

### How Mills Are Operated.

They do not even rely on the winds, for the winds sometimes do not blow, but the crops keep on drinking in water 'all of the time. Near the windmill one generally finds a small steam or gasoline engine, used to keep the pump going when there is a dead calm. On some of the farms the frugal Germans have not yet seen their way clear to put up a windmill, and they have built their own tanks and have rigged up water treadmills for dogs, or a horse-propelled pump of rather, unique design. In the dog treadmills faithful Bruno is put to work on his endless walk, and every time he takes a step he pumps up water. The dog treadmills, however, have practically become obsolete as the prosperity of the valley has advanced.

When these farmers of the intensified agricultural school are not at work over their crops they are hauling in manure and fertilizer. They hoard it up like a miser hoards up gold, and, as in the old countries, make great ricks of the soil-strengthening materials, and leave them to rot and to enrich. The farmers have the art of soil enrichment down to a much finer point than the scientists who write for farm papers have reduced it, even in theory; the farmers of Windmill valley are indeed nature chemists of past degrees. They are a thrifty lot, who are at work before their American neighbors are out of bed, and they are at work usually when night settles down over the valley. Some of them are building good homes, and have them well furnished and heated by hot water systems. They are giving a splendid demonstration of three facts that are becoming very apparent—that the American farmer tries to till too much ground; that he fails to get all out of the ground that he should get, and at the same time impoverishes it, and that it is necessary to irrigate lands by artificial means to get the best results in raising crops.

**D**OWN in Windmill valley, where a three-acre tract is an estate, and where the land is worth \$500, \$1,000 and \$1,200 an acre, wealth flows from the winds. That wealth is water and it and fertilizer enable the Windmill valley farmers to sow and reap three times a year. A German farmer of the valley, who has a five-acre farm, on July 15, of this year, had sold \$4,200 of stuff off it and he has his big celery crop and some corn to harvest. He will realize \$5,000 from the five acres this year.

One should not for a moment, however, think he makes \$5,000 profit from his farm, but this man, who was one of the first to occupy the valley and one of the first to erect his monument to the winds in the section, went on the place a poor renter. He owns the land now and from his earnings on the place has bought a big farm in an outlying county, which he now has in the hands of a tenant—a German like himself.

### Land of Many Windwheels.

Windmill valley—the land of many windwheels and of small farms—lies mostly within Indianapolis; a part of it strays outside the southern boundary of the city. On the city maps it is shown as the valley of Pleasant Run, lying between Garfield Park and Meridian street and Raymond street and Germania Park. It gets its name from the great number of windmills that dot it and that make the valley a scene decidedly different from any other in Indiana. Standing on the Pennsylvania railroad tracks, which run

just to the west of Garfield Park and form the eastern boundary of Windmill valley, one can count eighteen windmills from one point and moving around he can count about fifty in all the section.

The panorama of the valley, and the higher lands to the south, carry one's thoughts back to the French lands and the Deutsch lands, where the fields are mere patches of different shades of green crops, and where no place is left, not even in the fence corners, for weeds to flourish. Some are inclined to call the valley "Dutch Holler" instead of Windmill valley. It is settled almost exclusively by Germans—"low Dutch," they call themselves, though, as a matter of fact, they are not Dutchmen at all, but are Germans or are of German parentage. They have brought their German agricultural customs and thrift and methods into the valley, and are making it more valuable as a truck-producing section than it could be made as residence property. While the land is worth over \$800 an acre, that does not mean that those who have developed gold mines would sell them out at any such a price, or not for several times that amount.

### Get Rich on Poor Land.

It has been said that a German farmer can make a good living and become rich from land on which an American would starve. And that statement seems to be borne out in Windmill valley. Many remember the days, not so very long ago, when all the section was a commons, overgrown with weeds and used as a

dumping ground. If there were any settlers on it, most of them were living from hand to mouth. But the Germans found that the soil was rich, and they began occupying the land.

There are fully fifty truck farms in the valley at this time, and probably there are that many more on the highlands to the south. Most of these truck, or garden, farmers raise three crops a year. They irrigate and manure it and work it over and over and plow it deep. It is wonderful what they are able to bring out of the soil, and at the same time keep on enriching that soil. The picture showing one of these gardeners watering his celery shows a field that is now producing its third crop this season. And the third crop is a splendid one.

The mills in Windmill valley are used for irrigation. They are kept going night and day elevating water into 100 or 200-barrel tanks. Pipes lead from these tanks to all parts of the farms, and there are taps at intervals. The water is used carefully through large garden hose. Instead of the ordinary nozzle at the end of the hose, there is a large "sprinkler," a great deal like—though larger than—the sprinkler at the end of a sprinkling can spout. In such intensified farming the rain can not be relied on to produce satisfactory results, or to come at the