

## WAYSIDE NOTES.

Duck-Foot Jealousy—Alfalfa Called "Bum Clover"—Old Brindle's Testimony—The Garden Seen From the Kitchen Window—Mrs. S. B. R. and Her Brood to Have First Consideration—Doctor's Salutes Better Than His Visits—Fresh Fruits and Vegetables Bad Paving for Death to Walk on.

By an Old Sagebrush Rooster.

I was taking in the Sound country the other week and stopped a day in one of the most famous grazing and dairy valleys of that portion of the state. My chance acquaintance, you see I always manage to get a "note" out of about every wayside man I meet, was a great stickler for the clover and timothy of his valley, and he told me of some wonderful yields of meadows and pastures. Four to five tons of hay per acre, and cows standing in the pastures as thick as hay cocks in the meadows; milk flowing like water in our garden laterals, and cream thick, sweet and rich as taffy at a "candy pull." I mildly hinted at our ten-ton alfalfa as being a pretty good thing to have around a dairy farm and suggested that at his valley's best one acre here is as productive as two of his. He was equal to the occasion and came back at me with a Frenchman's expressive shoulder-shrug and the statement that some one had told him that he had heard some one say that alfalfa, though a fair butter producer, makes but a very indifferent article. In fact, that it, alfalfa butter, never grades best in the market; besides, he did not believe the stuff would make much of a flow of milk anyhow. I told him that his informant was "another" of course, and stood up manfully for what he contemptuously called the Yakima "bum clover."

But that rumor about the quality of alfalfa butter stuck in my crop. I was confident that it was a base "campaign lie," "a weak invention of the enemy" and all that, but I was an unsophisticated aborigine in the butter business. I knew that it worked first-class with the sagebrushers, but when it came to the "gilt edged" stuff that I read about, my judgment wasn't in it. I have been biding my time and if I run across that duck-foot again I'll even up things with him, for I've got some testimony on the subject of alfalfa for dairy cows that goes right to the spot.

J. W. Hardison is a not very distant neighbor of mine and he grows alfalfa, keeps cows and makes butter for his family, and to sell to the Yakimarians, as you editors have elected to call them. Today I got a chance to "pump" him a little a la your ready Interviewer style, though I am not up to that useful and attractive sort of writing. The valves worked all right though, until he told me this much: He had promised butter last

week to a family up town, but before the time came for delivering his cows had run as dry as an irrigating ditch with the gates shut. Why? Just because his supply of alfalfa gave out the previous week, and he had been obliged to substitute wheat hay in its place. The drop had been over 50 per cent in quantity of milk, and the butter made from the wheat hay milk was so inferior that had there been enough of it he couldn't have got axle grease price for it in the market. The wheat hay was first-class too, but the old Brindles didn't like it and though they ate it, it didn't seem worth a cent for their internal machinery to make milk out of. Now I'll wager a roll of alfalfa butter that bright, sweet, rich wheat hay will rate up with the best water-logged, rain-washed timothy of the best valley in western Washington for milk or muscle making. Alfalfa's the stuff to bank on in any country where it will thrive, and the country where it will thrive is the country to bank on too.

Mr. Editors, I want to put in a plea for a little planting for the home. The world seems to be going daft about planting stuff to sell to somebody else. I believe in doing something for "me and mine." This planning and working day and night year in and year out solely to make some other fellow's home aglow with the necessities and the luxuries that may be produced in this part of the "vale," is rank treason to home comfort and pleasure. Ten to one that that Sunnyside hustler you tell about in the last RANCH, who is going to put out his red apple orchard and his 20 acres of potatoes is a homeless and forlorn old bachelor, or else he's one of those philanthropists whose charity begins at some one's home besides his own, for he don't say a word about putting out a tree or plant for family use. Now, in my humble way of looking at things, my family is the family of all the earth that I'm going to plant for and harvest for. I'm going to plant an orchard for fruit to sell, but I'm also planning to put out early apples, fall apples and winter apples for home use; and I'm going to plant peaches, plums and cherries, grapes and strawberries, raspberries, dewberries, blackberries, gooseberries and currants; sweet potatoes, asparagus, salsify and all the delicious, good vegetables I can get hold of and I don't care a cent whether a dime's worth is sold from the plat or not. Mrs. S. B. R. and her brood shall have all they want of the fruits of my patch of earth.

According to my way of thinking, there are things in this world that are better than a crock of gold, no matter how great its dimensions. Among those things are health and home happiness—and the two go together. Disease don't lurk around the hearthstone where fresh and luscious fruits and vegetables abound; the doctor

simply nods his head as he passes by, and its a long way to the graveyard from a house surrounded by a fruit orchard and a garden planted for home use.

## SAN JOSE SCALE IN YAKIMA COUNTY.

He Has Them on the List.

Horticultural Commissioner Maxey for the fourth district, embracing the counties of Kittitas, Yakima, Douglas and Okanogan, last week inspected many of the orchards of this immediate region for insect pests. He reports to THE RANCH the names of the following men who have the San Jose scale on their fruit trees in this county:

J. R. Patton.  
S. W. Woolson.  
Josiah Wiley.  
L. D. Morris.  
J. H. Hubbard.  
W. H. Minner.  
A. R. Cook.  
M. Adams.  
Andrew Gervais.  
W. Z. York.  
P. Gervais.  
J. E. Schwartz.  
W. Lance.  
Dr. Hill.  
J. P. McCafferty.

Also Wm. Peterson, a tenant living on Mr. Carpenter's ranch, and Charles Lee.

Mr. Maxey closes his report to THE RANCH by asking us to urge the gentlemen named to take immediate steps to purge their orchards of the pests, and he adds that if this is not done the law must be enforced.

Irwin Hanson thinks the so-called tomato blight is due to a borer, a half inch long, that penetrates the stem near the surface and goes a foot or more along the center of the stem. All the vines that showed the "blight" revealed the borer and these were only on very dry land. The tomatoes on comparatively wet soil were not affected either by the borer or the "blight." THE RANCH invites the testimony of others who have sought for the cause of the peculiar blight that has damaged tomato growers considerably of late in this part of the country.

A clergyman who owns a farm, found his ploughman sitting on his plough resting his horses. "John, wouldn't it be a good plan to have a scythe here and be cutting a few bushes along the fences while the horses are resting?" "Yes sir," said John, "and wadn't it be weel for you tae hae a tub o' taties i' the puolpit, an when folks was singin' to peel them awhile to be ready for the pan?"

Kranich---I vas sufferin' mit insomnia, doctör.

Doctör---Indeed.

Kranish---Yah. When I vas be asleeb I vas snore so loud dat I vas geeb mineself awake der whole nighd.---Life.