

A brave little lady, a school teacher from somewhere in Kansas, has homesteaded a large farm in Jackson's Hole. She is fulfilling all the requirements of the law, just as completely as any of the men. She talked of horses and cattle and plowing, and hardy trees, and of the possibility of getting a good course in agriculture in the Agricultural College. It would not be surprising if some of the best farmers of the future should be women. They will probably do the head work, and make the men do the hand work. This young lady, who by the way is handsome and intelligent, spoke of a possible future day when some lucky fellow might be adopted to run her ranch in partnership with her. She was nursing a woman, a neighbor, who had suddenly been taken ill, at the time she was asked questions about her ranch. There was nothing unwomanly about her because she ran a ranch, and personally cared for seven head of horses. Why should there be?

Jackson's Hole is the hunters' paradise. The somewhat primeval condition and the stringent game laws of Wyoming, have preserved large numbers of wild animals. Nearly all the ranchers seemed to spend some of their time acting as guides for hunting parties from every corner of the world, and they declared that it was more profitable than farming. However, there is a good agricultural future for Jackson's Hole. Man was made to conquer, and he will do it.

Meanwhile, if some of the disgruntled, dissatisfied and complaining farmers of Utah will take a trip to Jackson's Hole and some similar district, they will come back happier men.

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FOR THE HORTICULTURIST.
The Boxelder Leaf-Roller.
(A Warning.)
By Dr. E. D. Ball, Director Utah Experiment Station.

In traveling through Box Elder County last week, the writer observed in a number of towns on both sides of the river that the Boxelder trees were being badly injured by a leaf-roller.

This is a small green caterpillar that

folds over the edges of the leaves, and eats off the green covering, leaving only the white skeleton of the leaf. When disturbed these little caterpillars come wriggling down on the ends of silken threads, and are exceedingly disagreeable to pedestrians where the trees are over walks and streets.

When full grown they come down in the same way, burying themselves in the earth to appear again as little brown moths that will later lay eggs for another brood.

This insect has appeared in a number of western communities, and where not attended to has destroyed nearly all of the Boxelder trees. It became so bad in some places, and such a nuisance on streets and sidewalks that the town authorities passed ordinances compelling the removal of all Boxelders from such situations. These insects usually last for several years, growing worse and worse until they completely strip the trees leaving them white and withered as if a fire had swept them. They have already reached this condition in several places in the country and if prompt action is not taken many of the trees will be killed.

Remedies.

This is an easy pest to handle, feeding as it does on the surface of the leaves, and spraying with Paris Green or Lead Arsenate will stop their work within a few days. It would pay some of the towns in Northern Utah, where this insect occurs, to take up this matter at once. A special apparatus should be rigged up with a high platform so that with a long pole and a bend the tops of the highest trees could be reached. One such apparatus would take care of all the trees in any of the smaller towns, and prevent a great deal of annoyance to pedestrians and the probable loss of many valuable shade trees.

A rather laughable circumstance in connection with these outbreaks in other places, was that the toads gathered on the sidewalks and streets in order to catch these worms as they came down. In some places the toads became so numerous that it was almost impossible to walk on the sidewalks and the pedestrians took to the middle of the streets, as much to avoid the toads as the falling worms, and bicycle riding on sidewalks was impossible.

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