

FARM, ORCHARD & GARDEN



OUR LIMIT TO FERTILIZERS.

I wish that our scientists could tell us the exact effect upon the soil of the various fertilizers, and some day they may be able to do so; but in the meantime we have found that we may get results on some land from their use, and no results on other land, and that we must test them for ourselves. And we are learning that while an effect may be good on a crop, the land may not be left in desirable condition. An illustration is found in Professor Thorne's tests with acidulated phosphates. He has shown that while the yield of a crop may be increased by the use of acid phosphate, some land so fertilized will become unfertile to clover. Apparently it is brought to an acid condition that will not promote the growth of clover. Such facts have inestimable value in guiding us in our tests in our fields.

Again, we know by experience that an increase of crop due to the use of commercial fertilizers tempts to too much cropping with cash crops, or those removed from the field, and to less dependence upon humus, making plants. When the fertilizer is used heavily, a fair yield of any crop may continue for years, because the stock of available fertility is large; but the reduction of humus, and possibly some unfriendly chemical changes in the soil, led to bad soil conditions that are not easily overcome.

Markets will never be more overloaded with apples than any other fruit or farm products. The consumers are increasing every year. The sentiment favoring fruits for daily use in every family is increasing. There never will come a time when apples cannot be marketed at a good profit to the growers. If the green fruits are low in price they may be evaporated or converted into cider and vinegar or made into butters, jams and jellies. The fruits are not so perishable that they must be marketed at a loss.

THE COW'S OPINION OF THE SILO.

Laying aside, for a time, our own ideas of the economy, money value and convenience of the silo, let us ask the cow for an opinion on the silo and silage feeding, says an exchange. What would she say? It requires no great stretch of the imagination to hear her answer thus: That tall, round building which my master calls silo I consider the most important on the farm. There is more solid food packed inside that round building without windows than it is possible to place in any other structure on the farm. With careful feeding, this food will last me until grass comes next spring. Next to grass, I prefer this silage to any other feed. I am very fond of it. It is as succulent as June pasture. It sharpens my appetite and enables me to enjoy a bite of dry hay and fodder all the more. I am enjoying the best of health, and am sure it is due to my silage ration. It makes my hair soft, glossy and silky. Master has added up my last month's milk yield, and I heard him say that he could not account for the increased amount, unless it was from feeding silage. I am glad that I am doing picking the blades off stock fodder thrown on the ground in all kinds of weather. I can now stand in my stall in the barn and eat my mess of warm silage out of a clean trough.

We do not have plowing matches in this country. We regret that it is so. Some claim that it does not matter in a soil like ours; that the crop will be as good on land indifferently plowed as on land plowed carefully. We cannot agree with this view. We admit, however, that in seasons when growth is uniformly good, the difference may not be very marked, but in seasons of indifferent growth, the crop grown on well plowed land will be very much better than on land plowed carelessly.

OUR ROADSIDES.

The roadsides of this country are the most neglected of any on the face of the globe. They are, as a rule, merely seed beds for all kinds of noxious weeds, and should be kept clean of weeds as a matter of policy. The roads do not belong to the state, as is generally supposed by farmers. The land belongs to the owner of the farm along which the road extends, and is only set apart for road purposes, and when the road is vacated the land belongs, as it always has, to the owner of the adjoining farm. It is never deeded to the state, and the state does not need it back again when not in use. The state does not have to look after it any more than the farmer whose land it joins, and not so much. We have to furnish the land for the roads, keep them in repair, cut the weeds, and if there is any benefit such as trees, wells, fruit or grass growing along the roadsides they are ours rather than our neighbor's. Cut the weeds and make the roadsides look like a lawn, and you will be held in respect by passers-by.

THE SOW AND THE PIGS.

Prof. Ferguson, formerly of the Michigan station, says: About three or four weeks before the sow is due to farrow feed her a greater amount of bran or shorts than formerly; from a week to ten days we do not give her any roots. You can best feed young pigs by feeding the mother, feed good, stimulating rations when the pigs are a week old, but remember that heavy, full feed is apt to throw her out of condition and milk fever is liable to set in. Do not at this time feed barley or corn meal, especially barley. A good many men in the barley districts of Ontario tried feeding the surplus to the pigs when the American market failed them, and in consequence many of their brood sows died. If there is any business that could be run profitably in connection with our swine raising it is dairying. There is no food that will take the place of milk for young pigs for a time after they are separated from their dams. It should be fed to them with a meal ration of two parts shorts, two parts fine oatmeal and one part bran.

Even during very cold weather lice may be found on the bodies of fowls. It is almost impossible to have a large flock of fowls or chicks without finding lice except with the strictest precaution. A few lice will multiply to several thousand in a few days. Then there are the large lice on the heads and necks. Even in the winter the large lice can be found, and sometimes the mites, also. Lice in summer seem to be a portion of the complement of a poultry plant, and in the fall and winter, also, there should be diligent search for the pest. The bodies of fowls provides warmth and comfort, and lice can always find safe places until the conditions are made more favorable for them.

FEBRUARY.

"February, how you vary!
Not alone in length of days,
Warm and sunny, cold and dry—
Strange to us are all our ways."

Just a hint of spring's coming—
Come to us, come, come, come—
How you love to keep us guessing—
Next day sings a different tune:

Winds are waiting, moaning, sighing,
What is snowing all the air,
On yet there is no melting—
You are fickle, we declare.

In certain experiments conducted by the Illinois Experiment Station it has been ascertained that by growing legumes nitrogen can be put in the soil at a cost not exceeding one cent per pound. It purchased from commercial sources it will cost 15 cents per pound. The course for the farmer to adopt in securing nitrogen is very evident. To the greatest extent practical it should be secured through the growing of leguminous crops adapted to the locality. Some localities are better adapted to growing a variety of legumes than others, but there is no place where one or more of these cannot be grown to advantage and clover is the best.

MME. NORBERT LEVASSEUR.

A lady amateur and lover of the rose writes us: "We have just received a catalogue from an eastern company lauding this new rose. Will you please tell me whether it is hardy or not, and is it a desirable variety to plant so far north as Lincoln, Nebraska?"—Miss Fae Smith.

The above variety of the rose is one of the new novelty introduced from France in the last few years. "While its name seems long, it was named by the introducer, Mr. Levasseur in honor of his eldest daughter. This accounts for its long name, but in this country it is called 'The Baby Rambler.' We will say from our own experience that we are much pleased with it. It is a cross between the Crimson Rambler and the Glorie Des Polyanthus. While it takes the color of the Crimson Rambler, and is hardy, yet in form it is quite dwarfish, taking after its parent, the Polyanthus. The foliage is of a very fine polished green, blooms in large clusters, and very continuous. Our plants commenced to bloom in June, and when frost came the past fall, they froze up perfectly laden with flowers. We have never wintered them out doors, but neighbors of ours have let them stay out with slight protection, and they came out in the spring with remarkable vigor. I might say here that they are nothing but a Dwarf Perpetual Crimson Rambler.

Much is said in the press nowadays about the finishing of cattle and sheep on alfalfa hay alone. While it is true that alfalfa will put animals in a condition which would meet the needs of the local dealer, it alone will not put them in that high finish which is necessary to secure the highest prices on the market. Before this can be done it is necessary to feed several pounds of meal along with the alfalfa per day. Probably one-third of the amount, however, that is fed with some carbonaceous kinds of forage would give as good results as a full amount of grain in the absence of alfalfa.

DAIRY NOTES.

Scientific dairying, as to the feeding of the cow and the handling of her products, has been the outgrowth of specialized work of the dairy school.

While the creamery man, with his practice of paying as little as possible for what the cows produce has made the dairyman take out his pencil and figure what the cows earn by calculating, he has brought the keeping of cows to a business basis.

Southern cottonseed meal is shipped to Denmark and fed to cows. The butter made from their milk is shipped to England and sold at a profit. Is it not time for the dairymen of this country to try feeding cottonseed meal and supplying the English market with butter?

Cornmeal is a very good feed for milk cows, but it should be fed in combination with some protein feed like bran or oilmeal. Feeding cornmeal will give a golden color to the butter and will increase the richness of the milk. The butter will be firmer than with any other feed with which we are acquainted.

Many farmers detest the job of milking and cannot hire a hand who will do it. Retail prices for milk make the dairy cow look like a bonanza. But in practice this does not prove to be the case. As high as \$35 and \$40 with board is paid for help on dairy farms near our large cities, and they demand an eight-hour day. For this reason dairymen are selling their cows and fattening cattle.

Are any of your trees on the lawn or in the orchard infested with the oyster shell bark louse? This is an old enemy and you should look out for it. It is shaped like an oyster, and it will soon kill a tree if allowed to have its own way. Make a thin whitewash and cover the tree over with it, or concentrated lye, such as you can buy at the grocery store, is an efficient remedy. Use one pound to ten gallons of water. Do not let the substance touch the hands or clothing.

DO ALL SUCCEED?

Many engage in the poultry business with exalted ideas. These may have been obtained by computing what might occur on paper or by reading what some person is doing somewhere along this line. All who engage in the business of rearing poultry as an occupation do not succeed. Many engage in it as a side issue, very much as scores and hundreds of farmers do. It is all right to have poultry as a side issue so long as they are not sidetracked and left to shift for themselves and thus incur a loss rather than causing a profit.

A few requirements for success lie in a location, good, healthy stock, an early maturing variety, with some experience possessed by the owner.

Lack of experience is most disastrous and is the cause of many failures.

Lack of capital is about as bad, for so many compute that but very little capital will be required to carry on the poultry business.

Many fail in this business because of lack of business ability and not being able to grasp the minor details.

We do not say to keep out of the poultry business if you do not want to fail. Not that. But to engage in the business on a small scale and grow with the business. No one can leap to the top of the ladder at one bound. It requires step by step.

As spring draws near and you sort over the apples, procure a barrel or two of pine planer shavings. They will give them to you free at almost any planing mill. Pick out perfect apples of the best keeping varieties and pack them in layers in the barrels with the shavings so that they do not touch each other. Packed so they will keep until new apples are ripe, if the cellar is cool and dry. Oats are good if the shavings cannot be obtained.

NITRATE OF SODA AND CLOVER.

Would nitrate of soda applied to a new clover field next spring be profitable?—J. F. W.

No, we would not put nitrate of soda on clover. The nitrate contains no fertilizing element but nitrogen, and that is what we want the clover to obtain for us. Clover has the ability to take nitrogen from the air—that is, the little bacteria which live on its roots can obtain it. Suppose you had a cat capable of hunting and willing to catch rats and mice, and a watch dog which you kept tied so that he could not run about. If you had to buy meat to feed one of these animals you would not feed it to the cat, because she can get out and hunt her meat. The dog cannot do this, and so he should have the meat. The clover is like the cat. It can, under proper conditions, get a supply of nitrogen. Grain, grass, potatoes and similar crops cannot do this, therefore it is better practice to put the nitrate of soda on these crops. Put acid phosphate and potash on the clover if need be.

Farmers' Co-Operative Union of America.

THE BOY WHO LIVES NEXT DOOR.

The boy who lives next door
Has freckles on his face,
His ears are red and long
Away out into space.
And when I hear a dog bark
And see it dash about
I can quickly guess the cause—
It's merely that one more
Poor little victim knows
A boy resides next door!
I've nursed with tedious care,
And in the summer-time
Knocks down the covers there!
It seems to give him pure delight
To roll around with all his might
And every week or so
A pebble finds its way
Against a light of glass.
For which I have to beg!
The little child whose love
Is all to me, one day
Was stricken suddenly.
When I was far away—
A boy who lives next door
Brought in his room a goat,
And pockets full of trash.
To please our little one,
He played beside my darling's bed,
Turned outchests and stood on his
Head.
And that was good to me—
Let's wait awhile before
We utterly condemn
"The boy who lives next door!"
—Chicago Times-Herald.

HOW A YANKEE WOMAN LOOKS UPON FARMING IN TEXAS.

Farming here is like a man who is educated to be a mechanic up North. He knows naught else but mechanics. Hence, when he gets out of a job with no money or friends, he turns his back on the locality of his misfortune and starts to the land of Dixie, where the warm hospitable skies will shelter him from the biting frosts and snows. This is not all. The Yankee is a thrifty industrious man, who will not tolerate idleness, and so Mr. Tramp is put out on a rock pile to work for the wherewith to keep soul and body together. As soon as he gets an opportunity he marches on to Dixie. It should be the purpose of every free man to own a house. If he is not able to own a stately mansion he can own at least ten acres of soil and erect thereon an humble cottage and have a morning glory across one corner of it, a few old-fashioned hollyhocks, flags and buttercups and daisies in one corner of the yard. This is a start toward liberty. The reason why farmers fail here in Texas is they live beyond their means. They want to go, as it were, in King's attire in the field, and the consequences are, in debt in the fall, and with no money to pay what obligations they contracted.

I can conceive of no nobler calling than to cultivate the soil, and the sensible farmer will look to his cellar and find first if it is empty. If so, what are the best family staples to put in it? After finding out what the best things are to support one's family, put vim and energy in these things and a rich reward will crown your efforts. It should be the aim of every farmer to have a nice young orchard, for the luscious fruits, sun-kissed with red gold, are not only health-giving, but are certainly gems from the skies to bless and gratify the long-felt wants of mankind. The man who does not love to see the plum tree in full bloom, the odor of the peach bloom; the man who does not like to see the butterfly with burnished wings, the bee sipping the nectar from the orchard, is a man of very coarse nature indeed.

I will start this important subject with a healthy young orchard of peach plum pear grape apple and blackberry. These are luxuries that

CAN YOU GET AROUND THIS?

Diversify your crop. Everything that grows in or out of the ground can be raised profitably in Texas. When a farmer raises poultry, eggs, butter, hogs, fruits, vegetables, corn, wheat, oats, hay, onions, potatoes, cabbage, peanuts and everything that he needs for the sustenance of his family at home, and cotton as a side line, then he is not very much exercised as to the price of cotton. If the price don't suit him he can roll the cotton under the shed and wait till the price does suit. See?—Crescent Courier.

It is by raising the things enumerated above that the farmer has in part been enabled to get a good price for his cotton. All the suggestions made by advisers and by speculators, to the effect that the farmers ought to hold their cotton for a better price, might have amounted to little if the farmer had been forced to sell because he had to have the money to

There is still a row on among some of the Union officials about some mere technicalities that have nothing at all to do with the greatest amount of produce from the smallest amount of land and least expenditure of money and labor, neither is the matter of any benefit in marketing our produce or buying our supplies. Viewed from this standpoint, it makes but little difference what the hair splitters do, so long as they do not use Union money to propagate selfish ends, and do not disparage "education and getting

every family can have for the plant.

Texas has a varied climate—as whistling cold as Kansas, as temperate as balmy Italy and as torrid as Brazil. Fruits from the hardier kind to the big apricot and orange of the South. Her people are in most part broad-gauged and liberty-loving. Her resources are as vast and as rich as the lower valley of the Nile, and the officers of Texas are so vigilant and watchful that crooks and suspects day and night are made so everlastingly hot that they do not shelter themselves very long beneath her hospitable skies.

There is plenty of land lying idle in our State wherein he buried untold treasures. This land lies in smiling peace inviting the husbandman to come and bring ax pick and plow and a multitude of blessings will bless his labors.

We can keep onions, beans, peas, cabbage, collards, turnips, cucumbers, and above all, every farmer should raise corn enough to fatten hogs for his own family use. Sorghum makes a fine syrup, some people think it almost a disgrace to have sorghum molasses, but it is healthy, and the starch that is in the molasses made from sorghum will fatten hogs or children. Watermelons, canteloupes, broom corn and a great many other things can be raised to get a living off of the farm. I do not say for a man not to raise any cotton at all, but say "Diversify your crops so as to get a living off of the farm, then what cotton you raise will be clear money."

Try to get you some Berkshire and Poland China hogs, Jersey cows and Plymouth Rock chickens. Give these careful attention and you can always have something to sell. A man is not a good citizen until he owns a small home anyway.

The best way for the farmer to do, and the only way for him to free himself from the shackles of bondage, is to stay at home. Diversify your crop, work from Monday morning until Saturday night and do not waste your sweetness on the desert air, in envying the man whom nature has endowed with a better power of economy. Learn the wisdom of the ant and the slugard, and clear out the weeds and thistles and plant good seeds, and you will be blessed. Buy a home, raise sorghum, corn, beans, peas, cabbage, potatoes, turnips, and try to always have something to sell; no Kansas corn, Missouri bacon, Louisiana molasses or California fruit for us.—Mrs. K. A. Britt in Home and Farm.

For the season of 1904 there were about thirteen and a half million bales of cotton produced in the United States, and it sold at an average price of about 9 cents. For the season of 1905 there were about ten million bales produced, and it has nearly all been sold at a price but little above that of the preceding season. And why is this thus? Because the farmers sold the big crop of 1904 slowly, the buyers from towns having to go to the farms and hunt up the cotton, while the farmers have nearly broken their necks getting to town and hunting up the buyers to get rid of the little crop of 1905. But each was afraid of the others, and the mission of the Farmers Union is to make farmers believe in one another.—Farmers Journal.

live on and pay his debts. Diversification has enabled the farmer to hold his cotton. If the conditions, that is, if the old policies of farming were in vogue now as when such policies bound the farmer to the single-cotton crop, all the exhortations from all the wise men in the world would not prevent the farmer from selling his cotton. His merchant and his debts would have made him carry it from the field to the gin and from the gin to the market, and there he would have to take whatever was given him for it. The man whose family has no clothes and whose larder is empty is not the man who fixes the price of cotton or anything else.—Dallas News.

Man changes all his opinions save the good one that he has of himself.

It's a mighty good time now to keep busy doing all the things that can be done now to prevent them hindering work during the busy season. But say, everybody and everything in this world has something to do or some connection with the balance of the world and among men the other fellows opinion helps or hinders like thunder. What will be the opinion of the world if the representatives of farmers fight and scratch like killiany cats. It won't do, boys, it won't do at all. Let's get busy doing, and not undoing, some thing.

LOUISIANA NEWS.

NEGRO MURDERS PLANTER.

Officers Rescue Assassin From Ouchita Mob Bent on Lynching.

Monroe, La., Henry DeMoss, a prominent planter of Bristle Bridge, near here, was assassinated from ambush by Will Nettles, a negro laborer, who was later rescued from a mob by officers and taken to Shreveport for safe keeping. The mob had the negro in charge on two occasions, once overpowering Sheriff D. A. Johnston and Deputy O'Kelly and taking the murderer from the officers. After the negro had been bound to a horse's back and started away for the woods, the animal foundered in a quagmire, throwing the negro into a ditch. The mob, disgusted over the failure of the second attempt to lynch the assassin, surrendered their prey to the officers.

Mr. DeMoss was murdered on the King plantation. The trouble originated over a hog belonging to a negro farmer who lives in the Bristle Ridge neighborhood. Nettles had stolen the hog belonging to the other negro some time ago, and that negro happened to see the hog in Nettles' yard and recognized it by his marks. He requested Mr. DeMoss to help him have Nettles return the hog.

LAFITTE HOTEL.

Company Organized to Erect a \$600,000 Structure.

New Orleans, La.: The building of a hotel at once of the gulf coast resorts of Louisiana has been talked of for some years, and there have been various efforts in that direction. Shell Beach, Grand Isle and the Iberia country have all had their advocates, with Grand Isle leading on account of its splendid surf bathing. The main difficulty there has been lack of transportation facilities, but since the plan has been developed of building a railroad there and the charter of a company has already been recorded, that objection may be overcome.

At the present moment there is under charter a company to build a \$600,000 hotel at one of these places, Grand Isle preferred, of course, and it is reported that the plan includes adequate facilities for quick and comfortable passenger service, whatever the locality is—presumably Grand Isle.

Constable Kills Desperado.

Keatchie, La.: After attempting to stab three prominent citizens, one of whom was an officer, Phil Waddle, a negro desperado, was shot to death by Constable Hall. At the coroner's inquest a verdict of justifiable homicide was rendered. Judge Talbot had asked the negro to pay a debt. For reply the desperado drew a knife and attempted to use it. When Constable Hall endeavored to effect an arrest, the negro assaulted the officer and then attacked Dr. Morgan, who had interfered in behalf of the constable. Before the black could reach Dr. Morgan with his knife, Constable Hall emptied his pistol into the oncoming man, every shot taking effect and producing death in a few minutes.

Crescent City Items.

New Orleans: Company organized to erect \$500,000 resort hotel, probably at Grand Isle.

Era Club celebrated birthdays of Mrs. Stanton, Miss Stone and Miss Anthony.

Thieves enter St. Louis Cathedral and bear away sacred relics.

Woman's Club again considers the housing problem in New Orleans.

Orleans Parish Sunday School Association hold annual convention.

Large delegation of Master Painters arrived from Birmingham convention, and will urge New Orleans for next meeting.

Primary election law joint committee receives criticisms and suggestions and adjourns to March 17.

Olsen bested Wassen in wrestling match, getting three falls out of four.

Richard H. Kerr, aged 86 years, died at Ocean Springs.

Algiers Improvement Association considered reduced ferry charges and new factories.

August Craft, according to political report, has consented to become councilman candidate.

Governor Blanchard spent day in the city, returning from health conference.

New Madrid, Mo.: Edward Waters, a prominent business man, was shot and killed on the street here yesterday by a negro youth, who escaped to a swamp, which has been practically surrounded.

His villainous countenance was a regular stamped receipt for cruelty.—"Oliver Twist."

The yellow face, with its grotesque action, and the ferret eyes, with their keen, cold, wintry gaze.—"Dombey and Son."

With a face that might have been carved out of basium vitae for anything that appeared to the contrary.—"Nicholas Nickleby."