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COL. I.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHAT A FARMER SHOULD RAISE.

The Subject Well Handled By a Valued Contributor.

GRAND CANE, LA., July 7, 1892.

To the Editor of The Progress:

Crops should be raised for three purposes—for the maintenance of the farmer and his family, for the improvement of the soil, and for the market. The first mentioned is of course the most important, as it would be a hard matter to find a farmer in bad circumstances who raised what he actually needed, and so far as substantial sustenance of life was concerned, was absolutely independent of the grocery man.

First of all, you must get your farm on a self-sustaining basis. If a farm is not self-sustaining, the loss has, of course, to be made up in salable crops. Such crops constitute that which is raised to be sold, no matter if it is cotton or tomatoes. If you plant your whole ground in one crop, and buy all the necessities of life, you would find it a very hazardous business. It is not generally supposed that crops planted for the benefit of the soil is of very great importance, but this we make a great mistake, and it is only another example of a nickel now rather than a dollar after a while. The farmer's main object should be to raise a good supply of every product which he knows must be consumed by his family, his hands, his teams, and his cattle; in fact, everything necessary to run the farm.

But you must also raise something for the market, as this age of civilization gives rise to a requirement of much which can be obtained of better quality or at a lower cost by exchange. It may be cotton, it may be wheat or corn, or it may be animals made marketable by these products. But if you can raise a thing without too much cost, there is certainly no profit in buying it.

There is no excuse for any farmer's absolute necessity of buying anything in the way of food in this State, except—well, we will say coffee—and he don't need that.

Then there are certain other expenses which the farmer must meet. His family must be clothed, his children must be schooled, he must have books and newspapers, must buy his agricultural implements and pay his taxes. In order that he may meet these expenses he must raise salable products, and to do it at a profit he must study the demands as well as the capabilities of his soil. If he will produce what people want, he can get rid of food product in large quantities as well as small, as a large proportion of our population are non-producers.

This class of farming combines well with the general purposes of the farm, and will therefore be found very profitable, you will find that everywhere are demanded bread, meat, milk, butter, fowls and eggs, and when produced and marketed in a proper manner can always be sold at figures that will leave the producer at least a small margin of profit. The non-producing classes also demand forage crops, such as corn, hay, oats, etc.

You must raise sparingly such crops as are to be removed entirely from the farm, as they levy a tax on the productive capacity of the soil and just as sure as over taxation will impoverish a people, will this species of taxation impoverish a farm if continued.

No matter what you raise, there is an immense quantity of fertilizing element which can and should be returned to the soil from whence it came.

You should not neglect crops planted especially for soil improvement. "For this purpose," says a writer in Texas Farm and Ranch, "a variety of stock peas which will reproduce from stubble, will produce a fine crop of hay, and the second crop may be plowed under. The crop removed takes very little from the soil, as its nitrogenous elements are derived chiefly from the atmosphere."

To farm successfully, requires the exercise of a sound discretion, and involves a multitude of factors. The crop which sells for the greatest advance over cost of production is not always the most profitable to the farmer, for it may so injure the productive capacity of the soil that the loss thereon the next year may

be greater than the profit. If the farmer produces such crops, and utilizes them in such manner that the close of each season finds his fields in better condition and more productive than before, his labor has been successful, though there be no cash surplus. Unless a farm is so managed, a cash surplus will not save it from annual disaster.

TIMOTHY.

HERE'S A MAN

Who Does Not Mince Matters, and Says What He Thinks.

GREENWOOD, LA., July 6, 1892.

To the Editor of The Progress:

I see that almost all of the papers now days are just ready at any time to give the farmer a rap. They are eternally after him to "bring his smoke-house and corn crib nearer home," and all that sort of thing. Then another paper will say that a farmer is a man with too much land and not enough sense.

Now we may have some of that class of farmers among us who have more land than sense, but I assure you, reader, that a big majority have more sense than land. It is said that the farmer is an unthrifty, lazy, go-as-you-please kind of a fellow, with not even enough energy to own his own farm.

Now that is a fearful falling on the part of the farmer. Why, my dear people, there are a great many more farmers who do not own a foot of land than there are with land. This is where the trouble lies; and some of them have no chance whatever to ever become the owners of their homes. The farmer without land, who continues to farm for a living on some other man's place, seldom ever makes enough to buy a place of his own. There are some exceptions, of course. The greatest benefit a farmer can have, or anyone else, as for that matter, is the privilege of improving his place. Therein is where his main profits lies. He does not feel like improving a rented place. If he should do so, it would continue to increase in value so that he of course could never buy it, unless by some streak of luck. It is not so much the farmer's fault that he is poor. You will find that these people among us who own their farms are as a rule very independent, notwithstanding the fact that they wear brown faces and home-made pants.

One man can't conscientiously blame another for having the same weaknesses which he himself has. For instance, I noticed in a paper the other day where a merchant bought from a farmer a barrel of apples, and when the merchant told that they were raised right here in our own community, the apples lost their ruddy hue, and remained in front of his store several days without a single sale. But a bright idea struck the man of groceries and he placarded the barrel "Bills of St. Louis," and thus speedily got rid of his purchase. Now what do you call this? Is it meanness, little-mindedness, crankiness, or what? If the Southern people will not buy or use what we raise, even though it is fresh and as good as they can get from the North, then what right have they to tell the farmer where his smoke-house and corn-crib shall be?

I was in your city recently, and while making some purchases in a grocery store, an old negro farmer came in with some samples of large onions in his hand, saying that he had several bushels of them. Now these onions, for I looked at them, were just as fine as the Elipse silver skin, the big red skins, or any other kind, but he didn't sell them, not in that store. The merchant had several barrels of onions on hand, most of which were either rotten or sprouting; of course they came from a distance, and the merchant told him that he had more onions now than he could get rid of.

And this is the way you will find it as regards all home productions, without a single exception.

FARMER.

THE THIRD PARTY.

A Freewater Correspondent Desires to Bury the Enemy With Ballots.

FREEWATER, LA., July 8, 1892.

To the Editor of The Progress:

In reference to your remarks on Jewell's Third Party folks, permit me to say that I am for God first, for Dora and the children next, and then my country.

We would say to our comrades, as we

did when we joined the church, "come and go with us, for the Lord has promised good concerning Israel."

We have never asked for donations or gifts; all we ask is to give the toiler a chance. The railroads ask for donations and I get them in lavish magnificence. Banks have asked for special favors and got them almost without limit. Manufacturers have asked protection at the expense of the people for over one hundred years, and they get it constantly in increasing quantities.

The farmers simply ask fairness and justice, and they should have it as they have at every crisis in the life of the republic fought her battles, fed her hungering millions, and borne patiently the ox's share of the taxes, with his heart fixed on God, and moved by his love for the suffering poor and home.

Liberty is our watchword. We know that if The Progress understood our situation it would be with us, and we will never rest until we have buried our enemies with ballots so deep they cannot rise again.

HAYSEED.

The Most Important Issue of the Pending Campaign.

[New York Mercury.]

In the Democratic contest against over-government through "paternalism"—which is really remorseless tyranny under pretense of affectionate care—there is no feature of more vital importance than hostility to the Force bill. The issue is not local, but general. The assumption that it concerns chiefly and almost exclusively the South is unwarranted. The proposition which President Harrison zealously supports, and which has recently been indorsed and pushed by Republicans in Congress, is to abrogate local control of election machinery everywhere and to set aside all State statutes in favor of Federal domination and martial law whenever there is to be voting for any United States officer or any representative of the people in the Federal government.

So far as discrimination is to be made between localities in respect to liability to injury through his policy of force and fraud, the lead is to be taken, not by any Southern States, but by the State of New York. It is the voice of the Empire State that the Force bill aims first of all to stifle. It is at our polling places that United States authorities are likely in the future to perpetrate the greatest outrages, as they have done in the past. It is where the Democratic vote is most predominant that there is most reason to expect the appearance of bayonets at the polls. Were there no other issue in the campaign, were there no Republican policy threatening our commerce, hampering our metropolitan energies, rendering dear the things necessary to life and making the wages inadequate, the people of the State of New York should move together in an overwhelming onslaught against the Force bill policy, which Harrison's candidacy and the Minneapolis platform glorified. Should the Republicans win in November, the result would be taken as an indorsement of the Force bill not for the South alone, but for all sections, and especially for the Northeastern section of the country, which, including the most doubtful States, can be most readily turned from one political party to the other.

Citizens of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware, Rhode Island and Massachusetts must realize that the defeat of Cleveland and Stevenson would carry with it a re-establishment of Republican Congressional control, and would prevent the free expression of their will regarding the affairs of the Union at all succeeding elections. In the fight against "too much government" in which the Democracy embarked at Chicago, there is not anything half so important as the final condemnation of the Force bill policy, which, by striking at the root of our institutions through elections—the source of all power—would subvert free government and transform our republic into a self-perpetuating autocracy.

Some Headache Figures.

[National Economist.]

Mr. Vanderbilt owns over two million acres of land.

The Standard Oil Company holds the title clear to a round million acres of land.

Mr. Disston, of Pennsylvania, is the

possessor of broad acres to the number of about four millions.

The California millionaire, Murphy, owns four million acres of land, which is equal in area to the State of Massachusetts.

The Schenley estate owns two thousand acres within the limits of Pittsburgh and Alleghany cities, from which the heirs draw \$1,000,000 annually.

There are 21,000,000 acres of United States land owned by foreign noblemen, who are not citizens of the United States, owe no allegiance to the government, and spend their money elsewhere.

More land is owned by railroad companies (211,000,000 acres) than would make six States as large as Iowa. Since 1861 no less than 181,000,000 acres of land have been given to railroad companies, of which the Illinois Central got a subsidy of 2,500,000 acres.

"Lord" Scully, of Ireland, owns (according to our laws) 90,000 acres of farm lands in Illinois. These lands he parceled out to small tenants, who turn over the bulk of their earnings to their foreign landlord, his income from that source being \$200,000 per annum.

CIRCUS DAY IN KANSAS.

A Season of Sober and Sedate Dissipation for Country Folk.

[Special Correspondence.]

PARSONS, June 7.—The relative importance of "Circus Day," as it appears to the inhabitants of the eastern and western states, is a matter for consideration. Always a gala day for the children—and to many children of a larger growth—to the settlers around some of our western towns it is the great day of the year. In Kansas, in the neighborhood of the Indian Territory, living ten, fifteen, twenty or more miles from the nearest town, is a class of people the barrenness of whose lives would be pitiful if from their phlegmatic dispositions they did not seem almost incapable of feeling—a primitive sort of people, living upon the products of their hands, obtaining the few other necessities required by exchange and almost moneyless from year's end to year's end.

The day the circus arrives in the nearest town is one of wild dissipation for them. By 5 o'clock in the morning they begin to arrive in heavy farm wagons, some with tops and some without, but each and all drawn by a team of small western horses and well laden with human freight. Life is a serious business with them, and each face, from that of paternal families down to the youngest child, is as solemn and as taciturn as if the occasion was the celebration of a family execution instead of the great annual holiday. Men and women both are smoking clay pipes, and the latter are in calico gowns with heads protected by sunbonnets of the same material, away back in the depths of which can be seen dull eyes set in leather colored faces. The children are dried up little mummies, who, but for their diminutive stature and long pantaloons reaching to the boot tops, might be any age.

Load after load comes jogging into town—a halting place is found in front of the store or in some convenient lumber yard—the horses are unhitched and fastened to the back of the wagon and the family party finds its way to the circus grounds. The hurry and bustle, the cries of the animals and the brilliant canvases are of intense interest to them, and they take it all in with a stoical earnestness. The opening of the show is a matter of indifference to them, for their wildest dreams never pictured to them the extravagance of seeing more than the outside of that fascinating white tent; the inside they have never seen and never think of seeing.

Noontime takes them back to the wagons and seats on the piles of lumber, where the inner man is shortly satisfied and a season of snuff dipping begins. It is probably this and the tobacco habit, together with malaria and quinine, that has given these people skins of the consistency of elephant hides. Snuff dipping is a more sociable dissipation than smoking, for the whole party gathers around one dish containing the snuff. Each is provided with a stick, one end of which is dipped into the receptacle and taken out with as much snuff as will cling to it—the teeth and gums are well rubbed, and what then remains is chewed out—dipping, rubbing and chewing going on indefinitely until the snuff is exhausted.

After the snuff dipping the circus grounds are in order again. To listen outside to the exciting sounds—the crack of the whip, tread of many hoofs plowing through the soft earth, the hoarse voice of the clown as it penetrates the walls of the tent and the roars of laughter that succeed it are enough to satisfy them, and not until the last pole is down and the grounds deserted are father, mother, children, pantaloons, sunbonnets and all solemnly packed into the wagons for the long drive home, there to settle down for another year of drudgery.

A. K. HORNER.

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