The FARMER AND MECHANIC

Established 1871. RALEIGH, N. C., TUEDAY, MAY 1, 1900. Vol. XXIII. No. 29.

NOTES OF THE FARM.

By W. F. MASSEY, of A. & M. College.

I am continually getting letters from farmers asking me where they can buy the materials for mixing their own fertilizers. This is hard to answer just now. There have been two trusts formed in the fertilizer trade, one controlling the Northern States and the other the Southern. The farmers everywhere have been getting so much in the habit of mixing their own fertilizers that the fertilizer manufacturers have taken the alarm, and are trying to prevent their getting the materials. The large dealers who buy acid phosphate in lots not less than 2,000 tons, can get it now at lower figures than last year, and they in turn sell to dealers in lots of 1,000 tons or over at $7.75 per ton at the seaboard. But the trusts fix the price to the farmer at from $12 to $17 per ton as to distance from the seaboard.

It is evidently a plan to put the price of acid phosphate to the mixers at a price that will enable them to mix a fertilizer at lower rates than the farmer can mix it for himself. So long as farmers keep the men in power who are controlled by trusts just so long will they have to pay whatever the trust charges. Farmers write that the dealers who last year sold them muriate of potash and other things for mixing, now refuse to sell to them. There is only one way that we can see around this and this is for a number of farmers to club together and give their orders for the cash through a local dealer, allowing him a fair percentage for making the transaction, and in this way they can get very large reductions and get the materials. We know of some who have done this and have gotten their fertilizers at a much lower rate than the dealers are asking for them.

One of the chief reasons for the high price of fertilizers is the long credit system. A man with the cash can buy almost anything he wants at a fair price, but the man who gives a mortgage on the future crop cannot get any but the highest rates. This is another inducement to practice a diversified agriculture so that the farmer may have cash coming in at all seasons of the year. Those who merely crop cotton or tobacco, cannot deal on a cash basis unless they have a large reserved capital on which to do business, a state of affairs not common among Southern farmers. The same conditions prevail in other States. We had today a letter from the Commissioner of Agriculture of Virginia, saying that the dealers in fertilizers there were all of them refusing to sell materials to the farmers to mix their own fertilizers with. The whole of the importation of potash salts in this country is controlled by the German Kali Works, of New York city, and they will tell you who will sell you goods in small quantities. John A. Myers, of New York city, has the control of the Nitrate of soda importations and he can tell you where you can buy this. Cotton seed meal is one of the best sources of nitrogen in fertilizers and any of the oil mills will sell you this. Acid phosphate is the source for phosphoric acid, and this the trust has put up in price, but it is easily gotten.

But after all, what our farmers need to learn mainly is that in any of the upland country of North Carolina it is perfectly feasible to do with far less of commercial fertilizers than they are accustomed to use, if not to dispense with them entirely. With any proper course of farming in a short rotation of crops on any of our upland clay soils or soils with a good red or yellow clay bottom, there need be no need of buying any fertilizer except a moderate quantity of acid phosphate for the pea crop. In fact on any of our red lands I feel sure that a farmer may bring his land up to the highest state of productiveness without buying any fertilizers at all if he uses a business like rotation and applies lime once in six years to all his land in connection with the growing of peas. Our red clay soils are all soil down to the bed rock, and they result from the decomposition of granite rocks that contain an inexhaustible supply of potash in the form of an insoluble silicate, which the lime will help us to get. Then by the growth of peas once or twice in three years we can keep up the supply of nitrogen in the soil and the deep rooting peas if allowed to get down into the subsoil by deep subsoiling will find phosphoric acid and bring it up to the surface for many years to come. Of course we can improve the land faster by the judicious use of acid phosphate, but I believe it is perfectly possible to so farm our red clay soils by the growing of forage and the feeding of cattle that we will be perfectly independent of the fertilizer mixer. If the farmers in general could be induced to adopt this course, the fertilizer trust would soon be on its knees begging for sales at a lower rate than now.

Many of our friends are asking us to tell them all about the culture of broom corn. The broom corn is now abnormally high in price. This state of affairs was brought about by the extremely low prices that have prevailed for years, which drove many growers out of the business. Years ago the fertile lands of the Mohawk Valley in New York State were largely devoted to the culture of broom corn. But the growers on the western prairies produced the crop in such large quantities that the price went down to such low figures that the New York growers dropped the crop and it has for years been grown mainly by farmers in Illinois and Kansas, and even there the culture has been greatly restricted of late years. Now the scarcity of good stock has run the price up to a very high figure. The western men are planting more largely than ever, and we learn from the Northern papers that the old growers in the Mohawk Valley have been tempted by the high price to go into broom corn again.

The result is pretty certain to be a very large crop, and a slump in price next fall that will make the Southern man who goes into broom corn wish that he had 5 cent cotton on his land. We have few lands that can compete with the west in this crop under normal conditions, and the present high price is simply owing to the unprofitable prices that drove growers out of the business. We unicerely advise our friends to let broom corn alone and stick to the crops they know something about. A new hand at a new crop seldom makes anything. While anyone who can grow sorghum can grow broom corn, it requires special skill in the handling and curing of the crop, and that is only acquired by experience. It is very much like a man going into tobacco who has never grown or cured any. Unless he gets an expert to handle his crop he will be pretty sure to make a failure, if not in crop, at least in the curing. The same is true of the broom corn crop. So we advise those who have been writing about going into broom corn to let it alone.

There will doubtless be some who will not heed this advice and who are going to try broom corn. We hope they will not be disappointed, but fear that they will be. It is not new crops that we need, but good farming with the old ones.

We wish to thank the sereval readers of this paper who have written letters of encouragement without asking questions to be answered here. Letters of appreciation that are prompted simply by a desire to thank one who is trying to serve the interests of the farmer, are pleasing, and all the more so when they are not prompted by a desire to ask more. Not that we object to their asking questions, for we consider this one of the ways in which we can do the most good, and we are always ready to answer if we can. But the more one studies the complex question of farm improvement and economy the more he becomes convinced that none of us know all about it yet, and probably never will.

But the Experiment Stations were founded by the general government for the purpose of enabling me to investigate every problem that needs solution in agriculture and chemistry, and then in every practicable way to disseminate among the toilers on the farms the facts obtained in these investigations. We must investigate in order that we may learn. And this is the main reason why an experiment farm can never be a model farm. Farmers often come to the experiment farm evidently expecting to find a model, while the very nature of the work forbids this. Failures are often more instructive than successes, and in questioning the soil there will often be failures to get results that have been figured out beforehand, and these are often the most valuable of the facts that we learn in an experiment. We test a new crop or a new plant, and find that it is a failure in our soil and climate after trying all the means we can devise for its success. This failure teaches us just as much as we would have learned by a success. Not perhaps what we wished to learn, but a valuable fact nevertheless. Certain methods of culture may be theoretically best. We try them and find that the theory will not work out in practice, and have learned another fact by failure.

On the other hand some new plant or crop may be tried that proves a success and introduces a new industry to our people. And so failures and successes are always to be found side by side in an experiment farm, and all together go to make model farming on such a farm impossible. The visitor to such a farm too can always learn more than he could if all was a model. The neatness and care may all be model but the matters transacted there are for study and reflection and not for show. And as the years go by the sum of our knowledge increases though we may never live long enough to learn all there is to learn.

THE JURY GIVES MOORE $800.

He Had Sued the Southern Railroad For $2,000.

(Special to News and Observer.)

Oxford, N. C., April 28.—In court here yesterday there were two cases against The Southern Railway. In the case of Mr. Moore who was injured internally at Stem sometime ago and sued for two thousand dollars a verdict was rendered giving him eight hundred dollars. The Southern Railway was represented by Mr. Busbee, of Raleigh, and Messrs. Hicks and Minor; the plaintiff by Gen. B. S. Royster and Col. F. P. Hobgood.

In the case of Speed-Currin no damages were allowed.

Court adjourned today.

FROM THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

A North Carolina Girl Writes of Life Among the Indians.

To the Editor: Thinking a few lines from a Tar Heel girl, now teaching school in this country, might be of interest to some of your readers, I will, at the risk of its going to the waste basket, attempt writing them, although writing is not my forte. This portion of the country is occupied by the full-bloods, and, until the last few years they had preserved, almost intact, the manners and customs of their ancestors, who formerly roamed amid the mountains of Western North Carolina, but Ichabod! their glory is departing, and they are fast learning to accommodate themselves to the ways of civilization, dished up pale face style. No longer gorgeous in war-paint and feathers does the Cherokee brave with eagle eye guide the feathered shaft in its flight to some unsuspecting quarry, but in its stead guides two steers and a pair of long-eared mules attached to a number nine plow. In place of wielding the tomahawk, he now wields the hoe, and the world is safe for the change.

There is much to enlist our sympathy in the past history of the Indian. In our dealings with him, the Golden Rule was generally ignored, and Rob Roy's simple plan, that "they should take, who have the power, and they should keep who can," adopted in its stead. As a result, poor Lo has a lurking distrust of the paleface, a distrust engendered and fostered by the treatment accorded his ancestors in the past. The Indian possesses many noble characteristics, and it can be said of him as of the ancient Persian, that he can ride, shoot and tell the truth. He lives very close to nature, and many of her pages that puzzle the white man, are to him as an open book. He is versed in weather signs, and wise in woodcraft, and understands the medicinal properties of roots, barks and seeds, better than a whole college of physicians.

His religious beliefs are dim, vague and indefinite, and has only the mildest longing for the gold-paved streets and Jasper walls of the Christian heaven. He believes in a Great Spirit, who has prepared a happy hunting ground for him, where he may wander at will through cool, shady forests and lie down upon the greensward and be lulled to sleep by the musical murmur of some polluted stream.

His religious rites and ceremonies are frequent and remind one strongly of the Jewish ceremonials. I have attended their festivals, such as "The Feast of Green Corn," and purification dances, and been highly impressed by the air of solemn earnestness pervading all. Their Medicine Men are a continual puzzle to me. It is a fact well known and acknowledged here, that in the treatment of many diseases, which try the patients and baffle the skill of the best white physicians, the Medicine Man is almost infallible. I have watched them time and again perform their incantations and administer their portions, and the result frequently appeared to me little less than miraculous. Truth compels me to state however, that when attending white patients, they discard incantations and rely entirely upon potions.

This region, will some day be a garden-spot, as the climate is good, the soil fertile and the water good. At present, however, it offers no inducements to the emigrant desirous of owning a home, as the lands are owned by the tribe in common and can not be purchased by the pale-face. It is a paradise for the settler as the Indian is the easiest and most indulgent of landlords. The only way open to the whites for securing land at present is inter-marriage with citizens and many are so doing. The Indian girl is generally handsome and well educated, and the young men fine looking. Many a white girl might do worse than marry a Cheroke or Choctaw. Tribal organizations are being fast broken up, and in a few years the Indian will become a full-fledged citizen of the United States.

When the present treaty, now before Congress is ratified, there will be fine openings for teachers here. Wages are good and the legal length of the school term nine months.

ELLA LILLARD.

Cookson, Indian Territory.

CONTRACT LABOR LAW DOES NOT APPLY TO MINISTERS.

In the case of "The Church of the Holy Trinity vs. the United States" on Feb. 29, 1892, a unanimous opinion was rendered by Justice Brewer, in which the relation of this government to the Christian religion is reviewed at great length and various decisions and opinions are cited on the subject. This was a somewhat famous case, being an attempt to apply the contract labor law to the Rev. Walpole Warren, an English clergyman, who has accepted the pulpit of the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York, under a "call" which was equivalent to a contract.

The case finally came to the Supreme court, which held that the application of the contract labor law to such cases was in violation of the first amendment to the constitution prohibiting restrictions in the free exercise of religion, and as if anxious to determine the question forever the court demonstrated that every epoch and almost every important event in the history of the United States from the coming of Columbus in some way recognized the Christian religion. The first colonial grants in Virginia were given for the purpose of propagating the Christian faith and the charters of all the original colonies were of similar purport. The constitution of several States forbade unbelievers to hold office, and in the early days of the republic, as now in Delaware, officials had to make oath as to their faith "in God the Father and Jesus Christ, His only Son."

"In the face of all this," the opinion of the Supreme court concludes, "shall it be believed that Congress intended to make it a misdemeanor for a church in this country to call to its pulpit a Christian minister residing in another nation?"

MR. BUSBEE SPEAKS IN ATLANTA.

Interesting Anniversary Exercises Held by the Odd Fellows.

Past Grand Sire Charles M. Busbee, of Raleigh, N. C., addressed the Odd Fellows of Atlanta and hundreds of their friends at the Columbia theatre Thursday night says the Atlanta Journal.

The occasion was the 81st anniversary of the order, and the strength and popularity of the Odd Fellows in Atlanta was atesed by the large audience that filled the theatre.

Grand Representative John B. Goodwin introduced the speaker of the evening in a few appropriate words.

After referring to the birth of the order in England and its subsequent introduction into America the Past Grand Sire Busbee paid the following tribute to Odd Fellowship:

"It is one of the greatest moral, conservative, fraternal and intellectual forces of the ending century. It abides, serene in the consciousness of its acknowledged powers, with fraternity as the central essence of its strength and practical charity the outward and daily manifestation of its mission. The world holds no barriers that can impede its sway or stay its onward march.

"It numbers $60,000 lodge members, and with the members of the Rebekah lodges over 1,000,000; its annual income is about $9,000,000; it expends annually through its regular channels for the relief of its members about $3,500,000."

He spoke of Odd Fellowship as a "broad, tolerant, patriotic, cosmopolitan" order, and declared it to be "the essence of earthly wisdom as a humanitarian agency." In conclusion he said:

"It has given me a pleasure to unite with you this evening in commemorating its anniversary. On this day throughout the world, from its altars ascend the voices of its faithful sons in gratitude for the blessings that environ it and for the peace and prosperity that prevail within its lodge rooms: from the bustling centers of crowded life and from hamlet and plain and mountin side, from sea to sea across the American continent, from the cities of the fatherland, and from the new and vigorous jurisdictions of Denmark and Sweden and Norway.

"I need not ask you brethren to keep the faith. Let us at all times and under all circumstances remember and fulfill the pledges made a common altar of duties to be done to ourselves, our brethren, our country and our God. Let us gather fresh inspiration this evening. Prosperity blesses and strengthens the order everywhere.

"I am glad to note the evidence of its strength in this metropolis of the south—this city that sets the pace for all other progressive and growing southern communities. A city that rests not alone upon its material development and its ever expanding business and commercial enterprise, but also upon the moral and humanitarian endeavors of its people. Long may it stand—

"A light upon a nation's hill
A light that evil cannot still,
A source of blessing to the land,
Its strength not brick, nor stone nor wood,
But justice, love and brotherhood."

FOUR CANDIDATES FOR GOVERNOR.

Dale Leads the List of Those Anxious to Rule in Hawaii.

(By the Associated Press.)

Washington, April 28.—In anticipation of the final enactment of the Hawaiian Government Bill the President is devoting some attention to the selection of the various officials of the new government who are subject to executive appointment. It is the intention to make these appointments very soon in order that there may be no delay in the inauguration of the new government, and to secure speedy relief from the serious embarrassments of the present anomalous condition of affairs.

The Hawaiian contingent in Washington has not been behind hand in suggesting suitable material to the President for his consideration in this connection. Particularly in the case of the Governorship have there been urgent representations. There are no less than four candidates in the field. The name of President Dole leads the list; Harold Sewell, late United States Minister to Honolulu and now United States agent in the islands is making a formidable canvass, backed by the Maine delegation, and there are two persons of Hawaiian birth, prominent in the affairs of the islands, whose names also are under consideration. There is ground for the belief that of all these candidates President Dole is looked upon most favorably, the President inclining to the view that, by making such an appointment he would not only recognize the principle of home rule, but also would make suitable recognition of the long continued and effective efforts of Sanford B. Dole, to secure the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States.

Public Men and Drinking.

(Wm. E. Curtis in Chicago Record.)

Not long ago Don M. Dickinson, of Detroit made a rather startling statement in a public speech concerning wine-drinking among public men. He declared that not 50 out of 10,000 were total abstainers. This is a decided exaggeration, although it would be difficult to give exact information without a personal canvass. It may be said, however, that there are some very conspicuous examples of total abstainers among public men. Both President McKinley and Senator Frye are inveterate smokers, but they never drink wine; Senator Platt, of New York, ex-Senator Gorman, of Maryland, Secretary Long, David B. Hill, Richard Croker and many others that I could mention neither smoke nor drink intoxicating liquors. I suppose that fifty men might be found in the House of Representatives who neither smoke nor drink.

A TRAGEDY IN SOUTH RALEIGH

Mrs. Baker Shot Through the Throat. Was It Attempted Suicide or Was it Attempted Murder?

From Thursday's News and Observer.

Raleigh was shocked yesterday afternoon by an occurrence that has in it both tragedy and mystery.

The tragedy lies in the fact that as the result of a pistol shot, a woman lies desperately and perhaps fatally wounded, at the Rex Hospital.

The mystery of the affair is that it is doubtful whose hand fired the shot by which the woman was injured, and also that the woman herself has told different tales about the occurrence—at one time saying that her husband shot her, then that she shot herself, and finally that she and her husband were scuffling over the pistol when it fired, and that she does not know who fired it.

The unfortunate affair took place at the home of Mr. Sid Workman, of this city. The woman who was shot is Mrs. Dora Baker, and her husband, and the man who many people here believe to be guilty of attempting to murder his wife is one A. B. Baker, of Harnett county.

Down in Southeast Raleigh there is an alley known as "Jones' Alley." It is between Person and Bloodworth streets and branches off from Smithfield street. There are half a dozen three room houses occupied by white people.

It was in one of these three roomed houses that the tragedy occurred. The only eye witnesses to the affair are the woman who was shot and her husband.

There was only a short time after the deed was committed before a physician arrived. The woman was lying on a pile of chips in the yard, in a pool of blood which had poured from a wound in her throat. She was removed from the ground, and carried into the house, and placed on a bed in the front room. Her dress was covered with blood and about her neck were clots of red that told the first part of the story. She was in terrible pain, though she held herself under control to all outward appearances and only once did she break down and cry after the first excitement and that was when she was asked why she would wish to shield a man if he had fired a shot to end her life.

She said that her name was Dora Baker. Before she was married her name was Gilbert and she was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer in Harnett county, near Fayetteville. She lived the early part of her life along the "neck country," between the Cape Fear and Little Rivers. She has long been married to Dick Baker, but they have never been happy together as he has always been cruel to her. She had two children, but both of them died when very young. She is twenty seven years of age and she determined recently that she would no longer stand the torments that she had been receiving from her husband. That is what brought her to Raleigh and it was not long until he followed her to this city.

Her husband came to the house about 11 o'clock and had been there ever since that time until the shooting. Some talk had arisen between them to cause the man to say that he had a pistol and to show it to her. She answered that she had one also and proceed to take it from the bureau drawer. Then, she says, a scuffle ensued and it was during that time that the shot was fired.

"Did you shoot yourself or did your husband shoot you?" was asked.

"I don't know, was the reply.

The same question was asked again and again after others had been put to her and once she said that her husband had the pistol when the shot was fired and once said that she reckoned she must have had it.

Finally she was told that she could have all the protection that could be given anyone and was asked to tell the truth.

"I can't. It seems to me just like a dream. He said he had a pistol. I said I had one too, and then the scuffle and then the shot. I can't tell you now, but wait until I am better and then I can tell."

"Why do you wish to shield him?" had been asked, and with the words came the first tears from the broken hearted suffering woman.

Mrs. Sid Workman, at whose house Mrs. Baker had been boarding for a short while says that Mrs. Baker left her husband, who lives in Harnett county, about four weeks ago, and came to Raleigh and lived at the home of Mr. Zeb Hamilton, who, is her cousin. "She told me she left Mr. Baker because he was so mean to her, and mistreated her. I don't know in what way—he mistreated her. She was at Zeb Hamilton's about a week and then she came over here and wanted us to see about her getting a place for her in the factory. She hadn't got the place yet, and she was not exactly boarding with us, but she was living with us."

"She had told us about her trouble pretty much since she had been here. She said that her life was a torment to her when she was with him and that she couldn't stand the way he treated her. But he had come here to see her twice since she had been at our house, and they talked as nice and loving as any two people you ever saw. She had finally agreed to go back with him and he was to call for her today. She told us that she could but leave him again if he didn't treat her right. She said, too, that she believed he would be as liable to kill her as not if things didn't go right."

"I was coming home from my garden between twelve and one o'clock, and, and I met Dick Baker. He said to me: 'Mrs. Workman, Dora has ruint herself.' I said 'how,' and he said: "She shot herself in the head with a pistol, and I know she is clean gone: she saw me coming and she shot herself."

The only person besides Baker and his wife that heard the pistol fire was Willie Autry, the sixteen year old son of Mrs. Workman. He says he was sawing wood in the yard near the house, and that Baker came to see his wife, and brought her some candy; that they went into the front room of the house, shut both doors, pulled down the blinds. Some time later, he does not know exactly how much, he heard a noise as if something had fallen in the room. He ran in the back way and saw Mrs. Baker, all bleeding, come through the back-door of the front room and she fell to her knees almost in the door. He says that before she could get up her husband passed by her, through the door, into the back room, and went out into the yard.

Then the wounded woman got up, and leaned against the mantelpiece, then she walked across the floor of the back room, leaving a trail of blood as she went, and falling twice before reaching the door. Little pools of blood marks the places where she fell. She went out into the yard and fell down on a chip pile. The people who had gathered were afraid to move her until ordered to do so, and the woman lay upon the ground until the arrival of Dr. J. W. McGee, Jr., who had been immediately summoned. Some kind hearted neighbor covered her with a shawl to keep off the sun.

Dr. McGee says in regard to the matter:

"I went to see the woman as soon as I could after being notified, and found her lying on the ground out in the yard. I had her carried into the house and placed on a bed, and I examined into the nature of the wound. The shot was fired from a 32 calibre pistol. It entered just in front of the left ear, a little low, and came out on the right side just before the angle of the jaw. The throat was powder burnt, showing that the shot was fired at close range."

On being asked if he thought from the nature of the wound that the woman could have inflicted it, he said:

"I do not care to be quoted on what I think."

Baker, on being asked if he had anything to say in regard to the matter, said:

"Well, I'd like to get it straight. George Hunt, of Buie's Creek, took my wife and came to Raleigh with her. I think he went to Dunn and staid one night with her, and then took her off, and I didn't know for a while where they were. I love her and I don't deny it; I can't help it, though she has done me so bad. He said that he was going to take her where she would never be heard of again; that's what I heard he said. That was about a month ago. I was in Raleigh about two weeks ago, and I met Zeb Hamilton, and he told me that she was here, and I went to see her for I do love her. I went to see her twice last week and she seemed as glad to see me as she could be to see anybody. I went to see her this morning about one o'clock, I reckon it was. I went in where she was and we got to talking and she said: "Dick, may I go back home with you?" and I said: 'You know, Dora, that I want you to, but it don't look like its any use for you act so bad, and then she said that if I'd let her go back she would behave all right, and would treat me right. We talked a while, and I got up and went into the back room to yet my hat, and I heard a pistol go off, and I looked back and she had shot herself. I was so scared I didn't know what to do. I went out the back way and went into the street, and saw some negroes there and I told them, "Dora has kined herself." While I was talking to them she came out and fell down in the yard, and I was so scared I didn't know what to do. I went on down town, and met Mrs. Workman, and I told her that Dora had killed herself. And then I went to a bar-room and bought a pint of whiskey to carry to a friend in Harnett county, and while I was waiting for the train, they arrested me and put me in here. God knows I love that woman, and if I had had any idea she had a pistol, this thing never would have happened. She left me about four years ago, and went off with a man named Arch Smith and came to Raleigh and went to what I hear is a bad place, but I loved her so good, I came and brought her back, and until she left this time she had done very well. There had been talk about her, but I don't know of anything wrong. She is about 29 years old and I am 31. We have been married thirteen years."

New Cotton Seed Oil Mill.

(Special to News and Observer.)

Louisburg, N. C., April 28.—There was organized here yesterday a cotton seed oil mill. The capital stock is $20,000. Work on the plant will begin at once.