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FARM NOTES.

(W. F. Massey, in Practical Farmer).

The New York Farmer says that there is an article being sent out in barrels from Chicago to dairymen, called "butter help." It is a sort of mucilage that smells like butter and has 40 per cent of water. It is intended to increase the bulk of the butter by glueing the casein, etc., together. It would seem that a dairyman using this would come under the oleomargarine law, and his butter would be simply another form of oleomargarine liable to the same tax as an artificial imitation of butter.

The Michigan folks are well aware of the value of Farmers' Institutes, and in that State are they more thoroughly carried on. We have received from the Michigan Agricultural College a list of 25 2-day institutes and 28 1-day institutes to be held during December and January. We have not room for the whole list, but our Michigan friends can doubtless get it by writing to the Agricultural College. Some day the Legislatures of other States may wake up to the importance of these Institutes and appropriate funds for their maintenance. Quite a list is being planned, we believe, in Pennsylvania, but we have not yet received it.

The St. Paul Globe says that there are indications that the big oleo manufacturers are about to abandon oleo and go into butter manufacture on a large scale with the purpose of controlling the whole butter manufacture. In other words, they want to make a big butter combine and get the entire dairy interest under their thumbs. The idea seems to be for the packers to go into the market and bid up butter prices so high as to popularize the oleo in its uncolored condition, and dairymen are warned against playing into their hands by accepting small advances on what the creameries are paying, since the effort will be to freeze out the creameries and then to have the dairymen where they will be helpless to oppose the packers. Dairymen should keep their eyes on this scheme and not allow themselves to be deceived by temporary advance in price. With the creameries killed off they will be in the hands of the oleo men.

PEACH YELLOW.

Every now and then some one thinks that he has found out that the yellows in the peach comes from poverty of the soil, and that potash or something else is needed to cure it. The whole difficulty is that these people do not know the true yellows. There is a great difference between a tree affected by the disease and one that has yellow leaves simply from starvation. Fertilization will cure the last but will have no effect on the true disease. In fact, the exact nature and cause of the disease is one of the unsolved problems in horticulture.

COLORING BUTTER.

The astonishing statement recently made by Major Alvord at the Butter-makers' Convention in Milwaukee, that the coloring of butter is a fraud, is attracting the condemnation it deserves from the agricultural press. From time immemorial buttermakers have been in the habit of coloring their winter butter so as to keep up a standard color the year through. The coloring has not been done to make the butter look like anything else, as is the case with colored imitations of butter, but merely to keep a uniform standard of color at all seasons of the year. There is no effort to deceive anyone by the coloring, for the yellow is the trade mark of butter, and colored butter is still butter and nothing else. The American Agriculturist says that butter makers "expected treachery in the camp of the enemy, but to find Alvord going back on them is disconcerting. * * * It is up to him to explain or cease * * * as a friend of the dairymen. His influence is forever lost. He will do dairymen more harm than good. They demand that he make a satisfactory explanation or resign, and he do one or the other quickly." And so say we all.

THE FALL PLOWING THAT PAYS.

The subject of fall plowing is now up in the Experience Pool. Our readers are fully aware that the editor has consistently opposed fall plowing and leaving the land bare in winter. It is usually urged that fall plowing saves plowing in the spring. But a soil that does not need re-plowing in the spring is usually one that should not be plowed at all in the fall. The heavy soils that are most benefited by fall plowing, will usually be found bettered by a re-plowing in the spring. We believe that the ordinary fall plowing, and leaving the land bare in winter does more harm in most cases than good. True, in the far North where the soil closes up tight all winter there will be less damage than where there are heavy rains and thawing and freezing all winter, and the damage in the far North will be hardly appreciable as compared with more Southern localities. Still we believe that even there some hardy winter covering crop that necessitates the spring re-plowing, will be of advantage. There is no time during the whole year when the deep plowing and subsiding needed by many soils can be better done than in the late fall, and for this reason we always favor the doing of the work at this time, provided, always, that some crop is sown for the winter. It is true that at this writing it will be too late over a large section

of the country to sow this winter cover, but we have said enough on this point heretofore to show what we favor. In the South there is still time to get the winter cover of rye, and while a legume crop would have been better, rye is still a good thing for this purpose, and the benefit to the soil will fully repay the additional labor of turning it under in the spring. The fall plowing that pays, then, is that which prepares for a winter cover that makes the farmer plow again in the spring.

COLORING OLEOMARGARINE.

The Prairie Farmer comes out as the apologist of coloring oleo with the old stale arguments in favor of the article. It says: "Oleomargarine is a wholesome article of food, and those whose slender purse conditions make it incumbent on them to procure a cheaper article than butter, should not be debarred the privilege of obtaining that article in a presentable condition. Every article should be sold on its merits, and for exactly what it is, but the prevention of coloration is no great aid in enforcing such a policy, and we do not believe the end justifies the means." No one denies the wholesomeness of well made oleo, and no poor man is prevented by the law from getting it if he wants to. But before the passage of the law there were hundreds of places in the city where the Prairie Farmer is published in which all sorts of fancy brands of butter were offered for sale and never a pound of oleo, though there was not an ounce of the pure butter in any of the places. The poor man is the very one who does not want to be deceived in his butter. The very life of oleo depends on its being passed off at hotels and restaurants as butter. If the success of the oleo trade depended on the sales to people of slender purses, knowing what they are buying, there would be little of it sold. Nine men out of ten, if told at a hotel that the butter offered was oleo and not butter, would refuse to use it. The fact is that we have not yet seen a sample of the so-called uncolored oleo that is not yellow enough to pass for butter, and it is still offered as such at hotels, as we know. So far it would seem that all that the law has accomplished is to make it a little paler than colored butter, and is compelling dairymen to use more color than they should. A farm paper that foins the oleo ranks should take down its sign.

HESSIAN FLY.

J. F. Warlick, Crouse, N. C., writes that the fly is playing havoc with the wheat there owing to the late, frostless autumn. He sends samples that certainly contain the pupae of the fly really to transform in the spring into the perfect insect to lay eggs and hatch larvae to eat the wheat. He says that some of his neighbors are plowing the wheat down and re-sowing, hoping in this way to counteract the effects of the fly, and asks if this is wise. We are inclined to believe that his neighbors are doing the best thing that can be done. We believe the burying of the pupae will probably destroy them and that the wheat sown now may escape. Of course this could not be done in a colder climate, but I have known at least one crop of wheat made in Eastern North Carolina that turned out thirty bushels per acre, and it was not sown till the middle of December after the cotton was off the field. If advantage is now taken of the mild weather to get the wheat up the chances are that we will have an unusually mild winter, and we had rather take the chances on plowing the fly infested wheat down and re-sowing at once than to wait for them to get in their work in the spring. A field infested now will certainly be badly damaged in the spring, and the late sown wheat will have at least as good a chance. Of course we would not advise the practice of sowing late as December, as a rule, even in the mild climate of Carolina. But it is a choice of two evils, and the buried wheat will help the crop.

SAVING CABBAGE FOR SEED.

M. W. Eber, Zionville, N. C.—"I wish someone would give me information about keeping cabbages for seed. How do seedsmen keep them from rotting until spring?" I greatly doubt whether the Southern States are the proper place for raising cabbage seed, but it can be done. Our friend would probably have to proceed in the same way that Northern growers raise seed of early varieties, namely, by starting the plants late in the season so that they are not over-ripe by the time that winter sets in. Possibly cabbage seed at the South could be grown in one year, from plants start-

Bill Arp's Letter.

Septimus Winner is dead. I never heard of him until the other day, when a brief notice in a New York paper attracted my attention. For sixty years he was a musical composer and a writer of songs. He was the author of many of the sweetest pieces that ever charmed our households, and yet we never heard of him. Fifty years ago my wife used to play, "Come listen to the mocking-bird," and I accompanied her on the flute, and was proud of my skill. Then there is "What is a Home Without a Mother" and "Whispering Hope" and "How Sweet Are the Roses." He made 2,000 musical compositions and published books of instruction for every kind of musical instrument. After the seven days' fight before Richmond McClellan was removed because of his defeat and Halleck was put in his place. This displeased the soldiers very much, for they were proud of "Little Mac" and loved him, and so Winner took up their grievance, and wrote a song and composed the music, "Give Me Back My Old Commander." The air was simple and the words pathetic, and it soon was caught by the army of 80,000 men, and could be heard for miles along the lines and in the camps. It was inspiring and significant and made Stanton mad. He said it was demoralizing and an insult to General Halleck and must be stopped, and he issued an order to that effect. Of course, the boys stopped singing in the daytime or on the march, but away in the dead of night a whole regiment would break out, "Oh! give us back our old commander." Then Stanton ordered his publication stopped and threatened to arrest Winner. But Winner had sold the copyright and couldn't stop it. A famous singer dared to sing it on the stage in New York city, and she was warned not to do so any more, but she repeated it, and Stanton had to give it up and let it wear itself out. Winner was the winner of that fight, and Stanton made a fool of himself.

Stevens Collins Foster was another composer who was very dear to us in his day, and charmed millions with his exquisite melody. We old-fashioned people still call upon our children to comfort us with "Old Folks at Home," "The Nod," "O, Susannah," "Old Dog Tray," "Nellie Bly" and "My Old Kentucky Home." The royalty on this last "home" made him a good sum of money. What would the traveling minstrels have done without his songs. But in his last years he aspired to a higher plan of composition, and wrote such pieces as "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming." He was a man of fine culture and familiar with many foreign languages. He, too, is dead and there has no one come to take the places of these sweet fireside songs.

Shakespeare says: "The evil that men do lives after them. The good is often interred with their bones." Well, it is often, but not always. Isaac Watts has been dead one hundred and fifty years, but his beautiful hymns and his cradle songs are still familiar to every Christian household. "Hush, my dear, be still and slumber," has soothed to sleep thousands of little children. "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," is the first little speech of childhood, and next comes "How doth the little busy bee."

The hymn books of all Christian churches as "When I Can Read My Titles Clear," "There is a Land of Pure Delight" and "While the lamps hold out to burn the vilest singer may return." These were not interred with his bones and will live through the ages. Sometimes the man or woman who did the good is forgotten, but the good remains. Not one church member in a thousand in this country knows who wrote the Dology that is sung all over the world, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Thomas Ken has been dead two hundred years, but those four lines will live and doubtless he is in heaven and hears more of his own verse and music than any saint around the throne of God. Shakespeare might have said with more truth, "The good that men do lives after them." Our venerable Judge Warner went North in his old age to revisit the home of his youth and found the town adorned and shaded with beautiful elms around the churches and along the sidewalks—trees that he planted half a century before and had never seen since he came to Georgia to teach school. The high tops of those trees seemed to reach the sky and men and women walked and children played under their shade, but not a human being in that town remembered him or knew who planted those trees. He found one old schoolmate, but he was blind and in the poor house. Fifty-five years ago when I first visited the little town of Rome I noticed a good old man by the name of Smith—Johnny Smith he was called—and he, too, was planting little trees around the churches. He was a lover of ornament and he was doing it without pay, but not without reward. They grew apace and gave some shade before he died, and kept on growing until they, too, almost reached the sky and are still there, a living, breathing monument to the good man—who besides myself? And there is my old friend and partner, Judge Braham, who for twenty years has been working on that beautiful cemetery on Myrtle Hill—making new walks and grading them, laying off lots on the new purchase, building walls on the steep slopes, planting trees and flowers and in many ways ornamenting and beautifying the city of the dead. Within a few more years he will be one of its sleeping citizens and later on another generation

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will frequent the romantic place and wonder who shaped it into beauty, and nobody can tell. Dr. Johnston said that every man ought to plant a tree or write a book or do something for the benefit and comfort of those who are to live after he is dead. "Our forefathers did much for us," he said, "and we must pay the debt."

Last week our school girl wanted a speech. Her mother and I ransacked the books for one that was short and sweet, and we selected three or four to choose from. There was Mrs. Homan's beautiful poem on "Death."

"Leaves have their time to fall, And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath."

Then there was part of "The Fisherman's Prayer," by Jean Ingelow, and "The Last Leaf," by Oliver W. Holmes, which was not so solemn and I liked it the best. It just fits a man I know and I never see him but what I think of those sad and humorous verses:

"I saw him once before as he passed by the door— And again, The paving stones resound as he totters o'er the ground With his cane, And now he walks the streets and looks at those he meets, Sad and wan; And he shakes his feeble head and it seems as if he said: 'They are gone!'"

The mossy marbles rest on the lips that he has pressed In their bloom, And the names he loved to hear have been carved for many a year On the tomb."

Our old man is in his ninetieth year and has seen trouble. He is tall and stooping and steps short and sure. His friends are all dead, but he goes about with a long cane and looks hard at you when you stop to greet him and then he tries to smile, if he knows you.

"When he was in his prime—ere the pruning knife of Time Cut him down— Not a better man was found by the crier on his round Through the town; But new his nose is thin and it rests upon his chin Like a staff, And a crook is in his back and a melancholy crack Is in his laugh."

Then the poet repeats and says: "I know it is a sin for me to sit and grin At him here; But his old-fashioned hat and his breeches and all that, Are so queer."

BILL ARP.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

Mr. Thos S. Norfleet Writes on the Value of Raising Sheep in Bertie.

Editor Windsor Ledger: In your issue of Nov. 6, is an article signed E., in regard to sheep husbandry and said to say its necessary collocation the killing of sheep by worthless dogs in Bertie county. I agree with E. in all he says in regard to this being a good sheep country and also the desirability of dog tax. Now as to this being a good sheep country I have been raising sheep about ten years, commenced with a flock of twelve, have bought perhaps as many more, have sold at least two hundred, and now have about 80. These were ordinary native sheep to begin with, but I have used thorough-bred Shropshires for several years. My sheep sheared three pounds of wool each when I commenced keeping them. They now shear five pounds each. The lambs sold for \$1.50 each net; they now net more than \$3.00 each. In short, Mr. Editor, since the Dingley tariff bill went into effect—'tho' mind you, I don't say that is the cause of it—my sheep have paid me \$2.00 per head in cash, besides the steady increase of the flock to its present proportions.

The tax abstract shows about 4,000 sheep in Bertie county. The county can easily support ten times, yea, twenty times as many—and see the money it would bring into the county just at the time it is most needed, that is, during the months of June and July.

Now as to dog question. I have kept from two to twelve hounds for the past thirty years until now, unfortunately, an entirely out of them. But I have never seen the day when I was not in favor of a dog tax, the proceeds of which to be applied to the payment for sheep killed by dogs. Now the question of dog tax is up to our representatives—elect.

Let us hear from others along this line, and any other line that will benefit the county and State.

THOS. S. NORFLEET, Roxobel, N. C., Nov. 13, 1902.

Wait Till You Hear From Chatham.

(Wadesboro Messenger and Intelligencer.) There's all over the State have been bragging on seven and eight pound turkeys this season, but Anson, as usual, will go them one better yet Anson's turkey measures thirty-three inches in circumference and weighed 12 pounds. It weighed 17 pounds top and all. It was raised by Mr. T. J. Beverly, of the Beverly neighborhood.

Hold for Higher Prices.

(By Harvie Jordan.)

I have written a series of articles recently bearing largely upon the strained relations between the members of the New York Cotton Exchange and the United States Department of Agriculture, and upon the value of the department's report to the cotton producers of the South. The recent conservative report of the estimated yield of cotton for the year 1902, issued by the department on December 3rd, voices the general sentiment of the trade, and is fairly satisfactory to dealers, except those of the extreme "bear" element, who continue to maintain that the crop will go to 11,000,000 bales. The small receipts of cotton which are now coming to the ports, counted interior points, are very alarming to the "bears," who are using every means at their command to convince the cotton consuming world that the 11,000,000 and over estimates are correct. They also want to convince the public, and especially those cotton growers who have yet some spot cotton held back for higher prices, that all news of a "bullish" tendency is unreliable and not to be credited by the trade. Every effort will continue to be made by that class of speculators to throw discredit upon the government report by asserting that the bureau report was 1,000,000 bales short last year and will be about the same this year. We have, however, shown in this article on this subject, that from facts and figures resulting from a thoroughly exhaustive investigation of the situation, that the bureau estimate of last year did not really miss the actual crop grown by more than 125,000 bales. In other words the estimate of the government bureau was only 125,000 bales short of the actual crop grown and gathered last year.

A BULLISH REPORT.

While the bureau report of the 3rd instant estimated a yield of 10,400,000 bales for the present crop, and went beyond my maximum estimate 150,000 bales, it is nevertheless a "bullish" report in that the spinners of the world will require much more cotton than that amount to meet the demands of consumption within the next ten months. The dealers in the exchanges realized that the bureau report would be of a "bullish" tendency and therefore discounted it in advance, hence the market was not visibly affected either one way or the other when the report was made known to the public. To show that the movement of the crop is now beginning to slacken up, the following market letter is of interest:

"New Orleans amount brought into sight for week just ended, November 23, is 397,294, against 427,635 last year and 465,893 the year before. The above amount is regarded bullish by the trade. The Liverpool stock of cotton is much smaller than at this time last year. Interior stocks in excess of September 1st, 480,103, against 435,481 last year. The last named items would indicate that the consumers of the world are of the opinion that we will have cotton enough to go round. Brought into sight since September 1st 4,999,507, against 4,701,943 last year. This would indicate that the present crop is somewhat larger than last year."

The movement of the crop since September 1st has been unprecedented, as all farmers know, and could not be rigidly used as a comparative basis of the average movement of crops in past years. It must be potent to all producers that more than half of the crop grown this year has been marketed. Up to December 1st the amount brought into sight and marketed amounted to but little over 5,000,000 bales. Even if only half of the crop had been marketed up to that time it would indicate a crop of but little over 10,000,000 bales.

Farmers generally have not held back their cotton as they did two years ago, hence the proposition now being advanced that cotton is largely being held on plantations is simply a scheme and a device on the part of the speculators to depress prices.

The spinners will soon wake up to the true situation and realize that there is not the amount of cotton in the country to draw on later which they have been lead to believe. What little cotton there is still in the hands of the planters, I would earnestly advise them to hold on to, just as long as possible. Lessen the continued heavy receipts and thereby break the strong weapon in the hands of the speculators to hold down the market. The government report will be generally accepted as correct, and if the planters cannot from now on get cotton at their figures they will not be slow to pay the planters much higher prices than those at present prevailing. For the present I shall close a discussion of this question, trusting that all those who have cotton on hand will be convinced that the best thing to do is to continue to hold for better prices.

HARVIE JORDAN.

Afraid of Too Much Tobacco.

(Wilmington Star.) With other leading North Carolina tobacco growers, Col. John S. Cunningham, of Person county, the largest tobacco grower in North Carolina, is working to organize a tobacco growers' association with a view to acting in concert and thus prevent, if possible, the planting of too much tobacco next spring, which he contends, and with good reason, too, will be disastrous to the planters, and make what ought to be, under judicious man-

agement, a profitable business, a losing one. After consultation with other large tobacco growers, he has issued a circular inviting the planters to meet at Rocky Mount on the 19th of this month to organize an association. In the circular he says:

"I believe this is absolutely necessary now because if we do not form a business association at this time for our mutual interest and protection, we shall see the price of tobacco fall until, with the large crop which it seems now certain will be planted for the year 1903, we shall be selling our products at less than the cost of production."

Colonel Cunningham is no alarmist. He is a level-headed business man, and a practical tobacco grower, who has made money growing the weed in a business like way. He is, therefore, competent to speak and to advise others who are not so well informed, and have not been so long nor largely identified with the industry as he has been. We do not believe, either, in making "much ado about nothing," nor in sounding alarms when there is no danger, but discretion is a good thing, it is said to be sometimes "the better part of valor," but there is danger of the tobacco business being overdone just as cotton growing has been overdone, and when it is overdone it is too late to remedy the mistake. Better fewer acres, less expense and work and fair money than many acres, much expense and work and little money. The tobacco planter should think seriously and look before he leaps.

Notes From a Carolina Garden.

Only three days of November remain and no killing frost yet. Our Irish potatoes are planted, and we are getting afraid they may come up. We had some Black Eye peas planted in rows in the garden for table use. The peas were all gathered and we then ran deep furrows between the rows and dropped the potatoes whole. Then a furrow was lapped over from each side and the middles plowed out clean. The deep spaces between the beds were then filled with leaves to prevent too hard freezing, and we hope they will be all right all spring. Big Boston and Hanson lettuce are headed well and going to market at 75 cents a dozen to the grocers, and there has been no glass used over them at all. If we were growing on a larger scale and had to ship North it is probable that we would not clear this price for the lettuce. But we are only growing for the local market and the dealers send out for it.

Spinach, too, is selling very well. It has always amused me to note in most books on gardening that they advise the sowing of the prickly seed spinach in the fall and the smooth seeded in the spring. All gardeners I know do the very opposite. In fact few market gardeners ever sow any of the prickly seeded spinach at any time. I never do.

Then, too, here in late November we are bunching green onions fully as large as they usually are in March. What the winter may do for them is to be seen. In the flower garden the Amaryllis Johnsons are still throwing up their crimson lily-like flowers. Roses are still with us as a matter of course, and there are still some pretty chrysanthemums, but most of these have withered. Cannas as bright as July still adorn the beds though Christmas is less than a month off.

November 28. First killing frost last night.

Farmers Should Raise More Poultry.

(Sanford Express.) There is one thing the Express believes would pay well in this section, and that is poultry raising even for the local market. Good sized chickens sell here now at from 15 to 25 cents. Eggs sell at 20 cents per dozen, and bring 15 the year round. There is no trouble in getting the cash for them. The demand is increasing all the time for these necessary products of the farm. An exchange says, and truly. The reason for the increased demand, and consequently higher prices, is very evident. So many people have left the farm and moved to cotton mills and the number of people who raise their own chickens in the towns and cities is constantly decreasing because as these places become more populous there is less opportunity for raising chickens. The progressive farmers should take advantage of this situation and prepare a place, fencing it in properly so as not to have their crops injured, and get ready for poultry raising for market on a more extensive scale. It will furnish ready money all the year round. Small patches of grain or clover can be sown for the chickens and thus reduce the expense of keeping them very materially. The advantages of diversified farming are becoming more and more apparent.

Will Take Long Steps.

(N. C. Baptist.) Senator Simmons has published an interview, in which he favors a restriction of the liquor traffic in this State. He advocates substantially the same law as the News and Observer advocates. And the Legislature will act at its coming session and will take long steps toward ridding the State of its greatest curse. The Commissioners of Moore county will build a new modern jail.