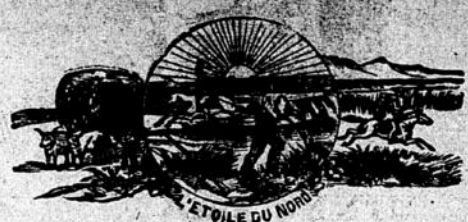


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FARMING IN THIS SECTION.

Prof. Shaw Describes Two Farms in Brown and Nicollet County.

In the Minneapolis Journal of a recent date Prof. Shaw of the State Farm School wrote two articles on the farm of M. Mullen in Stark township, about 3 1/2 miles from Sleepy Eye. The articles are given herewith.

Generally speaking, to be successful those who till the soil must reside on the lands which they farm. We find some exceptions, including the subject of this paper. M. Mullen, of New Ulm, president of the Citizens bank of that place, has for some years past been running a farm in Stark township, about 3 1/2 miles from Sleepy Eye. The soil is a black loam. There are 60 acres of timbered land. Mr. Mullen commenced operations on his farm in 1881. That same fall he stocked it with cattle and also put in some crops. He has grown mixed crops all along since 1882. He commenced growing corn in 1883, and has so increased the growing of that crop that he now cultivates 100 to 130 acres every year. He gets from it in some instances fully 80 bushels of ears per acre.

The cattle he has raised on skim milk. The cream from the milk is made into butter. The beef animals are turned off at the age of 3 to 4 years. They are finished on pasture. Corn is fed to them from February onward until they are sold, which is usually in the month of July. A lot turned off last season averaged about 1,500 pounds. The best paying product raised at the present time is pork. Of this commodity Mr. Mullen has sold during recent years, of his own raising, from two to five cars a year. In 1893 he realized from 4 1/2 to 7 cents per pound live weight at St. Paul, and in January of the present year sold a carload at \$5.30 per hundred pounds live weight.

In 1893 he sowed rye to the extent of 8 1/2 bushels. It was winter rye. Along with the rye he sowed clover. He sowed it in the autumn. It failed to live through the winter. He again sowed clover on the rye in the spring, using heavy seed. He succeeded in getting a splendid catch of clover, and it should be mentioned that the seed was harrowed with a harrow with slanting teeth. From the rye thus sown he reaped 80 bushels machine measure. This experience with rye and clover is certainly valuable. Not much of either of these crops is sown in that section of the country. No doubt but this yield of rye is to be regarded as much beyond the average, but if the return reaped in this instance by Mr. Mullen, and could depend on getting a catch of clover when sown on the rye, the results in the aggregate to that section would soon run up far in the thousands.

If the farmers in those localities where it is taken for granted that clover could not be grown would adopt this system, they could doubtless succeed where in times past they had failed. Where there is a large amount of land to till, it will prove a gain to sow some rye, as this can be reaped before the other crops are ripe. It is favorable to the growth of the clover, since it admits of sowing the latter early in the season, and on a surface firmer than that sown to spring grain. Where clover can be grown, corn can also be grown successfully, and where these two can be grown, there need not be a doubt as to the adaptability of the section for mixed farming.

Mr. Mullen has changed much of the wild prairie, so that it now grows tame grasses. This he has accomplished by sowing these grasses in the early spring and harrowing before the frost has melted further than two or three inches from the surface of the soil. In this way the native pasture has been greatly improved and is also able to sustain more stock than it could otherwise sustain under the former conditions.

Mr. Mullen has found that the greater degree of attention he gives to the growing of live stock and more particularly to growing pork, that the better relative returns are the returns which he reaps. His farm, and more especially during recent years, has paid a good percentage on his investment.

Several of the farmers of Nicollet county have been giving attention to mixed husbandry for many years. Because of this they are now in a prosperous condition during these times of depression. Their lands remain productive, and they are getting revenues from

time to time of a character which the wheat-growing farmers do not receive.

Prominent among these farmers the name of J. H. Doty, of Courtland, may be mentioned. He came from Tompkins county, in the state of New York, and settled in Nicollet county in 1857. He has now 650 acres of farming land in one block. Some of it is light in character, and this should be born in mind when estimating the results reaped by Mr. Doty.

He has been engaged in mixed farming for 15 years. During all this time he has been raising grain and stock, but he has raised the grain chiefly with a view to feeding it to the stock. He has both raised and bought steers for feeding, has found that those which he raises give him far the best results; that is to say, in the best quality of beef. The grain raised for food includes oats and barley, and to some extent rye. The calves have been raised on their dams, while they have more than paid the cost of rearing. Mr. Doty is of the opinion that more money would have been realized had he been in a position to have reared them on skim milk. For several years past from 20 to 60 steers have been fattened on this farm every year. They have been marketed in Chicago and brought from 3 to 4 cents per pound live weight. Mr. Doty has found out that a good sprinkling of pure bloods has added 1 cent per pound live weight on an average to the steers which he has fed.

Mr. Doty has also given much attention during recent years to growing pork. He feeds from 200 to 250 porkers every year. Since the era of high prices he has got more money from growing pork. He considers it safer, notwithstanding, to keep on growing beef along with the pork. He is firm in the conviction that enduring success in farming is obtained by carrying a line of live stock production through the ebbs and flows as well as over the spring tide. The chances are, in his judgment, that pork will come down, while beef is more likely to rise than to fall.

But Mr. Doty's experience in growing tame hay is in a sense unique. He has grown from 1 1/2 to 2 tons of native hay per year on the same land for 12 years in succession. The hay is made up of timothy and clover, and it grows on light bluff land, sandy in texture, and in some places gravelly and even stony. When this land was first seeded it grew a crop of oats. Of timothy seed six quarts of seed were used per acre and four quarts of clover seed. This was a very heavy seeding of timothy, more than would be necessary on good strong land. Mr. Doty has not pastured this land since it was sown to grass. He has 60 acres of it and gets not less than 100 tons of good hay from it every year. The clover has failed a little in some spots only and where the land is gravelly. In the other parts of the field, the clover is as good as the first.

Mr. Doty has undoubtedly hit upon a great lead for Minnesota conditions in his mode of growing tame hay. In doing so he has hit upon an easy mode of sustaining fertility in land. The clover which grows from year to year brings nitrogen from the air to feed the timothy. As the field is pastured after it is mowed sufficient clover grows up and ripens to reseed the field every year.

With the wise management of Mr. Doty it is almost superfluous to add that he has made a good thing financially of his farming. The fertility of the surrounding country is greater than it was long years ago. His returns are constant, and thought they fluctuate with the fluctuations in prices, the balance is invariably on the right side at the end of the year.

The Weather.

Following is the report for the month of March, 1894: Monthly mean temperature, 36.7 degrees; Mean maximum temperature 45.3 degrees; Mean minimum temperature 28. degrees; Highest temperature, 76 degrees, date 17th; Lowest temperature, 0 degrees, date 26th; Monthly range of temperature, 76.3 degrees; Greatest daily range of temperature, 38, date 29; Least daily range of temperature, 2 degrees, date 22; Total precipitation, 0.5, date 20th and 4th; Prevailing direction of wind, Northwest; Number of clear days 5; Number of partly cloudy days, 19; Number of cloudy days, 8; Number of days having .01 of an inch or more of precipitation, 8; Dates frost, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30. Dates thunders, March 4th.

Andrew J. Eckstein, Station, New Ulm. Voluntary Observer

HE WAS A STAR BOARDER.

But He is Now Boarding in the Jail at New Ulm.

This week's Redwood Reveille has the following: A stranger arrived at the Commercial two weeks ago to-day, and registered as J. W. Simons of Minneapolis. He claimed to be a caterer, and looking for a job. After a stay of ten days, Landlord Van Winkle grew somewhat suspicious and on Wednesday endeavored to get a settlement for his board bill. Simons stated that he had no money but said he could send to Matt McCarty, at Granite Falls, who was a friend of his, and would send him the necessary cash. Wednesday evening when Mr. Van Winkle was very busy, Simons went to Barnes Bros. livery and asked the charges for driving him to Morton. He pretended surprise when informed that it would cost him \$1.50, stating that \$3.00 was little enough to pay for the trip. The bargain was made and Fred Barnes drove his passenger to Morton, but upon reaching there said passenger started into the hotel without offering pay for the livery, and when reminded of the fact only stated that he would return to Redwood to-morrow and settle the matter.

Fred at once realized that he was "souped" and also suspected that he had jumped his board bill, so upon his return here notified Mr. Van Winkle of the proceedings. A warrant was at once issued and Deputy Sheriff Barnes again drove to Morton returning Thursday morning with his passenger of the evening before. A hearing before Judge French resulted in a sentence of fifteen days in the Brown County jail, whither the gentleman was taken Friday morning.

This is only another case where the need of a county jail is plainly illustrated. Redwood county must pay for the board and care of the prisoners while in the New Ulm jail as well as the costs of transportation. We must have a jail.

Bill Nye on Hotel Rolls.

Guests at remote American hotels, conducted on the Youre-a-payin' plan, have no doubt noticed, after a few weeks at the house, a heavy feeling in the pit of the stomach. At first this is mistaken for mental gloom, but this is an erroneous diagnosis. It is gastric gloom. It is induced by the great hand-to-hand conflict between the bomb-proof biscuit of the hotel and eternal justice.

Eternal justice comes out on top, perhaps, but she is in poor shape to tackle the next one. These wads of gun-cotton, plaster paris and alum are met with at the hotel where the crape is never taken off the door. Death and baking powder biscuits are synonymous terms. The old-fashioned poet used to picture death in the act of mowing down his millions with a scythe and a wrappy-jawed snath, but now the bard could not be more vigorous in his language than to say:

Death shied a hotel biscuit at him,
And he slept!

These macadamized rolls are made now with a flap on the top, I notice similar to the flap on an old fashioned pocket-book. The hunting-case biscuits found to be superior to the old style, which could be opened with a nail. The present hotel roll—that is, the one we have in our midst—is made of condemned flour that has been refused on the Indian reservations and turned over to the war department. This flour, with amalgam filling and fire-proof works, makes a roll that will resist the action of acids or the grand jury.

One hotel man in a western state showed me three sets of false teeth that he had caught with the same biscuit in six weeks while the legislature was in session. He said that one man came out of the dining room with a case knife in one hand and his mouth in the other. He seemed excited and tried to talk, but could not make himself understood. He paid his bill and went away. Pretty soon a waiter brought in one of those lay figures used on the bill of fare as rolls, and in it they found a set of almost new teeth.

A hotel man's life is not wholly destitute of joy and sunlight, after all. Hotel rolls, when properly fired, make a fine appearance as an ornamental corner on an iron fence. They have wonderful powers of endurance also. People who have died suddenly from eating the hotel roll have, in several instances, been cremated. When the ashes were carefully examined the roll was found to be intact.

I do not say that the right of way through perdition is not paved with good intentions, but I believe that many of our leading citizens will be disappointed when they get there to find the hotel roll on all the principal streets, placidly resisting the wear and tear of centuries, as well as the disastrous effects of the low, hot, malarious climate.

If we could see the sad effects of the roll in its ghastly career along the alimentary canal, evading the cusps, the cusps and molars, insulting the submaxillary, sub-lingual and parotid-salivary glands, wiping its overshoes on the timid little epiglottis, tobogganning down the esophagus and landing with a dull and sickening thud against the walls of the true stomach, we would hesitate about tampering with it.

If we could lay aside our work for an hour or two and pass into the presence of old Mr. Gastric, what would we see? A man about medium height, with a sinister expression, a little soured by overwork and anxiety. He has just reduced to a pulp a small wad of cake made by a bride, and, entirely exhausted, he sinks down near the storm door at the foot of the via esophagus for rest. This is Old Man Gastric, the man who never flinched when pie and pantaloons buttons have been bestowed upon him. But now, why does he quail? Why does he shudder? He is not paid extra for shuddering!

Hist!

It is the stealthy footfall of the baking powder biscuit, with murder and alum in its breast. With a snarl of rage, and a low, malicious gurgle that makes every little gastric follicle curl up and try to sneak away into the duodenum, he slaps old Mr. Gastric across the face and eyes and the tournament begins.

These stars represent the appearance of the firmament as viewed by Mr. Gastric. Two hours have passed. Down in one corner of his laboratory, with the death damp gathering on his brow, lies the old man, who has met everything at picnic or lunch-counters that the broad empire of Hashdom could furnish, and yet never lowered his arms. They are folded calmly now across his breast and the weary hands of the brave digester are forever at rest. All is quiet save the low moan of the liver. Then all is still again.

Near the pyloric orifice stands the pride of the Metropolitan Biscuit Foundry. He smiles ironically as he sits down on a cotton flannel cake to get his breath. This roll is the bane of our modern civilization. It is carrying thousands down to the disagreeable realms of death. It is attractive in appearance and when it beams upon us with its siren smile we are apt to yield. But let up beware. No man should put a hotel biscuit in his mouth to steal away his brain. If I had a son who wanted to become a hotel man and eat these death balls, I would say to him, "Buy a hotel if you wish, Henry (provided his name happened to be Henry) and run it and make money, but have a home that you can go to for your meals. Do not eat your own biscuits."

I saw a negro a week ago, in a Chicago museum, eating lamp chimneys and glass paper weights. His health seemed pretty fair, and I asked him how he preserved his longevity. He said he did it by drawing the line at baking powder rolls.—Bill Nye in Boston Globe.

New Ulm, California.

The above is the heading to an article which the Review received from San Francisco on Sunday. The article is as follows: I dare say that he, who for the first time lets his eye rest on the above significant line, starts with the thought of a writer's carelessness or in wonder at the birth of a town in the far west, whose name is the same as that of the beautiful Minnesota city, the history of which has been so remarkable. But to dispel uncertainty let me explain at the very start that the California settlement or congregation existed, but is no more; that for a few feet hours in the domain of the metropolis of the Pacific, there actually was built and disbanded a colony so characteristic of its western mother, that to name it would at once suggest its parent name; in short, former citizens of New Ulm, all yet remembered by its present inhabitants, assembled together under a friendly roof and celebrated their meeting in a style which only pure and unselfish friendship will allow.

About the middle of March the writer had the pleasure of meeting at his place of business two ladies, who had left New Ulm some years ago and found a new

home here, Mrs. Bardenhagen, nee Theresa Fay, and Miss Emily Fay, her sister. A cordial invitation to meet at their residence a number of old friends was accepted, and on Friday evening the spacious parlor on Dolores Street was crowded with as good-natured a company as it will hardly be my lot to meet again. "Why we used to go to school together," "Do you remember old L. when he was teaching?" "How well Mr. Boesch and his wife look," and how many dozens of different but similar exclamations kept floating about it is impossible to remember. There were first the hostess, Mrs. Bardenhagen, then Miss Emily Fay, who still cherishes her sister's companionship and home, Mr. Geo. Fay, their brother, "the same old George," as the boys say, Mr. and Mrs. Werner Boesch, who, while on their honeymoon, staid here long enough to make us all like them, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Schell and daughters, Mrs. Emily Struckmann of Oakland, Mrs. Criss, nee Struckmann, Miss Mollie Struckmann, Mrs. Kunigunde Peller and daughters, Mrs. Barbara Ohme, Miss Emma and Herman Peller, Miss Eva Manderfeld and Dr. Emil Weschke.

To say that the meeting was as happy as extraordinary is evident and nothing was left undone by the amiable hostess and her sister to secure comfort and joy for all present. And to meet friends not seen for years, to talk of old times, the dear old place "back east," brought a shy tear to more than one eye. Those more advanced in years could note the resemblance the younger members of the party bore to their parents, the companions of their youth, and for a while they were carried back to the old days of the Indian outbreak, to the grasshopper times and to other interesting and eventful periods in the town's history. They recalled the day of the old doctor's marriage, of the time when Mrs. S. left for the sunny west; in short there was no period of their history or the history of New Ulm that was not gone over and dwelt upon.

To crown all, Miss Emily Fay, at a recent visit east, had secured a group of views of New Ulm and you ought to have seen the interest they excited. "Why there's Turner Hall," where the Misses Fay had in jollier days so often and favorably appeared as Thespians, and where in fact, much that was good and beneficial for the town had emanated. "And here is the old New Ulm Post building on Centre Street and there is Broadway," etc. Not once did the conversation lag and before an hour was over, a feeling of kinship was established which will in the future, whenever the participants of that joyous occasion meet again, cause their handshaking to be a most eager one. Matron Peller, in spite of advancing years and health not as robust as it might be, looked at the familiar faces about her and remarked that it was indeed a fortunate thing for herself that she had come over from Oakland on a night ferry, for, homesick as she was after the place where her children were born and where her friends still lived, the feast of that evening brought to her a ray of sunshine that will pervade her life for many days to come.

Not to forget the inner man, the hostess had set a bounteous table for all, and German appetites paid homage to German viands. Do you know what that means? There were no sour, shrunken faces around that board, I assure you, no dyspepsia or colic, and hearty laughter and jest passed with the courses and just as often too. All were young in heart and none laughed heartier and felt better at the mirth around him than Mr. Bardenhagen, who spared enough of his time to look in and greet his wife's friends and guests.

Then at last departure came. The grip given in farewell was an earnest one, and long will that day be remembered. When any community is governed by such laws and costumes as will make its citizens, after years of absence, during which important changes have been wrought in their habits and conditions, greet each other as one of the same family with love for the old home, we have every reason to respect that community as an honorable one, its laws as wholesome, its leaders as men of trust and virtue. So indeed was New Ulm when the participants at that sociable left it, and let us hope that the New Ulm of to-day is the same as regards amity and union.

E. W.

For Croup, Whooping Cough and Cold of children, Cubeb Cough Cure is invaluable. For sale by druggists in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Sold by Andrew J. Eckstein.

The Wail of the Lost.

Carry the news to David B. Hill, Edward Murphy Jr., Calvin S. Brice, John R. McPherson, James Smith, Jr., Arthur P. Gorman, Charles H. Gibsen, Johnson N. Camden, Donelson Caffrey, Edward D. White, John T. Morgan, James L. Pugh, for they are villains and traitors to the Democratic party, in the opinion of Col. Charles M. Foote and Lieut. P. J. Smalley. But break the tidings gently, for they are sensitive creatures and the shock might kill them. In the name of the Democratic Association of Minnesota, Messrs. Foote and Smalley have hurled a column and a half of rebuke at the defenseless heads of the Democratic senators above enumerated, holding them personally responsible for the admitted death and dissolution of the Democratic party. As a jeremiad and a tirade combined, the essay is worth reading, but as an explanation of the disruption, disgust and decay of the Democracy, it is a trifle faulty. And it is clearly unfair in attributing the woes of the party to the senators named, even admitting that said ways are the fruits of the Democracy's failure to carry out its platform promises of free trade. The Wilson bill, as it came from the house, was highly protective. As Col. Foote says:

—Our first disappointment was in the departure from the declared policy of the party in the undue and needless measure of protection granted by the house bill.

Then why not brand a few members of the house as traitors and Benedict Arnolds? Can it be possible that there is a bid for pie in this attack upon Cleveland enemies in the senate? Nay, nay; let us believe that it was an oversight on Col. Foote's part, or that the intelligent compositor accidentally omitted his list of house traitors.

Summed up in a few words, the Foote manifesto charges Democratic defeat and demoralization to the failure of the Democratic congress to pass a free trade or low tariff bill. Unfortunately for Col. Foote's theory, the Republican tidal wave began when there was reason to believe that the Democracy would fulfill its threat. Ohio, after having escaped going Democratic by a bare plurality of 1,000 in the presidential election, and even then giving Cleveland one elector went Republican by over 80,000 last fall and the issue was protection—and McKinleyism at that—versus free trade. Pennsylvania's Republican plurality of 135,000 was rolled up on the same issue and its subsequent majority of 187,000 for Galusha A. Grow, Republican nominee for congress was another emphatic protection utterance—emphatic because of the enormous gain represented by the figures. The same may be said of the state of Massachusetts, which had been electing a Democrat to the gubernatorial chair for a long time. In every election since the people placed the Democracy in power the Republicans have made the square issue of protection, often against the frantic efforts of the Democracy to make local issues predominate, and in every one—state, county, city and village all over the North, the story has been the same—overwhelming Republican victories or enormous Republican gains. Bosh! Col. Foote. The people are not voting protection because they want a tariff for revenue only, or free trade. The blundering stupidity and cowardice of the Democratic congress and the utter helplessness of a platitudinous Democratic president may have caused a great many Democrats to stay at home on election day, but it was a yearning for free trade that caused hundreds of thousands of others to vote squarely for a return to the policy of protection.

For two reasons at least this jeremiad of Col. Foote's will be pleasant reading for Republicans. It is an advance confession of inevitable defeat in the state and congressional elections and it commits the Democratic party of Minnesota—if the Democratic Association can commit the party to anything—to a free trade platform in the coming campaign. The Republicans of Minnesota will welcome the issue for it is the one upon which their magnificent victories of the last five months have all been won. As true next November, and in November, 1896, as it is now, will be Col. Foote's mournful plaint that "after winning the most complete victory any party ever won, while yet in full possession of the powers then given us, we present the appearance of a defeated party, while our opponents, routed in that battle, wear all the airs of victory."—Minneapolis Tribune.