Orchard and Garden

FARM NOTES.

A very practical farmer, who had taken a four years course at an agricultural colege, asserts that what he learned about feeding stock was alone worth the time and money spent upon his agricultural education.

Power enough to do all the farm work is blowing over your heads, rushing between the river banks, and shining down from overhead. When nature has been once broken to harness, the farmer will have little to do but hold the reins.

Prof. Henry of the Wisconsin Experiment Station thinks the quality of milk as to flavor or taste is directly affected by the food, but that food does not influence the richness or poorness of the milk. We think the experience of most dairymen will support the professor's views.

Be easy with the growing colt and the growing boy. They can be made to do a full day's hard, exhausting work for awhile, but it doesn't pay. Overstrained boys make stunted, round shouldered, listless, stupid men. Don't do it, even if the work does crowd a little in the busy season.

Farmers' boys who are smart and have a taste for science will get a better education at the agricultural college than they would anywhere else.

In buying a farm get good land, even if you cannot afford more than ten acres. The soil must be rich to return much profit, and it is cheaper to buy the richness with the land than to buy it afterwards and then spread it on. Some land, too, is too thin and leachy, or so stiff and sour, that no amount of manure will make it really first class.

Largest crops do not always pay best. There is money in quality, and more, comparatively, when the market is overstocked.

While you grade up the herd, grade up the care you give it, too.

A little farm held clear is not so impossible as a big farm half paid for, but it is a great deal safer.

When the farmer loses interest in the farm he is liable to begin paying intrest on a mortgage soon after.

A farmer says he has found a way to prevent horses crib biting while they are in the barn. He takes a smooth wire and stretches it about four inches above the manger, and it does the work all right.

Eggs for hatching should be of natural shape. Misshapen eggs are not good for hatching. They are not of the natural form on account of some derangement of the egg organs, generally the result of the fowl being too fat.

Soft or thin shaped eggs are caused by a lack of shell forming material. To supply this need, for every twenty-five or thirty hens give once or twice a week a tablespoonful of lime mixed with the food.

HOW A KANSAN CURES ALFALFA

An interesting method of curing alfalfa hay is that used by Hon. J. W. Berry of Jewell, Kan. According to Prof. Ten Eyck of the Kansas Agricultural College, Mr. Berry's plan is to cut alfalfa as soon as the dew is off in the morning, rake it green and haul it in the same day that it is cut, the only precaution being that there be no moisture on the hay other than that contained in the green stems and leaves. He stores the hay in large corn cribs, the bottoms of which are elevated several feet above the ground with more or less open spaces, and the sides of the cribs are also open. The cribs are large enough to store a single cutting of alfalfa from eleven acres of ground and only cover the bottom of the cribs to a depth of four or five feet. The hay is spread over the whole crib bottom in an even layer and not tramped but left light and loose as it is thrown in. The second cutting of alfalfa is placed above the first, and the third above the second, until the crib is full to the top. For three seasons now Mr. Berry has put up the hay from this field in the manner described above and each winter he has baled the hay and sold it at an average of $2 per ton above the market price of good alfalfa hay. The hay stored and cured in this way has been greener in color and of better quality than alfalfa put up by the usual methods.

Our experiment stations have not given us as much information on hay curing as they should. There are several methods of hay making and each is adapted to certain conditions. The problem in the humid regions is a knotty one. Alfalfa hays been put up too green in Texas and the reputation of it has suffered accordingly.

COOL THE MILK PROMPTLY.

Milk as it is drawn from the cow contains a large number of substances of a volatile nature, which depend largely upon the variety, of feed she has been eating; for a number of foods give a characteristic, and in some cases disagreeable, odor and taste. In addition to these, there is the characteristic animal odor itself dependent upon the cow, in some cass very strong and objectionable. All these are volatile, and if the surface of the milk can be increased and brought in contact with the air, these substances volatilize or pass off readily, and leave a pure tasting and smelling milk. This condition can be brought about by aerating the milk over a special apparatus with which is conjoined the power of cooling.

This cooling is particularly advantageous, for the temperature of fresh milk is one in which lactic acid bacilli are active, and the milk will thus more quickly turn sour, or at least have a greater acidity than that allowable. By cooling the milk the devolpment of these bacilli is checked, and if the milk can be kept at a low temperature until delivery very little acidity will be present, and practically sweet milk will be delivered. So far, at least, as children are concerned, this is most important.—American Cultivator.

FEEDING CORN FODDER.

Although corn fodder is not considered a complete food, nor equal to hay, yet it can be made to materially assist in carrying the stock over the winter by good management. On some farms the practice is to stack the fodder and straw and give the stock free access to it, but there are better methods for utilizing it. Every ounce of corn fodder or straw that is fed, especially when properly prepared, is a saving in hay.

Some may object to feeding such poor stuff, on the ground that it contains but little nutrition, but if grain or ground food (which is concenrated) be used in connection with it, the bulky food will answer for the purpose of distension and also furnish more or less nutriment. As long as the animals do not dislike the fodder and they gain flesh, one need have no fear in regard to feeding it. The manure, too, will be better than when the material is to be trampled or slowly rotted. By passing such material through the animal the digestive organs assist to reduce it and render it fine and every farmer knows that the finer the condition of the manure the better it is.—Agricultural Epitomist.

PURE-BRED CATTLE.

It is generally asserted that less than two per cent. of the cattle in the Unitd States are the offspring of registered or pure-bred sires, and dams. The statistics on this point seem to indicate about 1 1-2 per cent. As there are about 17,000,000 cows in the country, that percentage would indicate about 255,000 pure-bred cows in the milk line in the country. This is a very small showing, of course, but it means that a start has been made. The indications at present point to a considerable increase in the near future in the number of pure-bred dairy animals. The breeders are doing good work. The farmers are the men responsibl for the 97 1-2 to 98 per cent. of scrub, native common and poor grade average cows in the country. More attention should be given by dairy farmers to the pure breeds of dairy cows, as cows of these breeds produce the best milk at the lowest cost.—New York Farmer.

HOW TO BREED POTATOES.

Stock breeders apply natural laws in reproducing superior stock. To raise superior potatoes the same natural laws must be applied. Begin now and breed up your potato stock.

Select for seed not the largest or the smallest, but those smooth, firm and finely shaped. Cut them from end to end, not across grain, as that cuts the sinew of the seed potato, and smaller potatoes always result when seed potatoes are cut any way, as is usually done.

Then let them lay for a few hours in the sunshine until a thin film forms over the cut surface. Then they are ready to plant. Plant them cut side down, if possible. They will grow if planted the other way, but it takes the sprout longer to come up from the under side of the cut seed potato. Make other conditions right, and keep this work up year after year and a wonderfu crop of superior potatoes will be the reward.—The

DUST BATH FOR POULTRY.

Whatever the material used may be, it should always be dry and fine. Dirt is excellent, but the habit of placing dirt in a box for the hens without sifting it, or removing the small stones and gravel, is not a good one. The dirt should be so fine that it will fly in every direction. When the hen dusts herself it is not for the purpose of wallowing in it, but to throw the dust over her body; hence if the material used is not dry and fine it will be of little service to th hens. Ashes are often used, but there is a difference between those produced from wood and those from coal. They should be sifted fine, and either kind may be used in dry weather. Should a wet spell come on, avoid those from wood, as the contact with water renders them injurious to the skin.—The Epitomist.

PRESERVING EGGS.

Silicate of soda, commonly called "water glass" weighs about ten pounds to the gallon, is a syrupy looking liquid and costs us, in gallon lots, seven cents per pound, at Nashville, although some correspondents state that they buy it for fifty cents a gallon. We use one part of the water, so that one gallon of water glass makes ten gallons of solution ready for use and this quantity is enough to preserve about fifty dozen eggs. Clean stone jars are placed in a cool cellar, are partly filled with the solution and strictly fresh eggs are put in from day to day as they are gathered, adding more of the solution from time to time until the jar is full. We put no doubtful eggs in; they must be absolutely fresh when packed.—E. J. Atkinson, West Nashville, Tenn.

Does Capital Punishment Tend To Diminish Capital Crime?

By Thomas Speed Mosby.

THE death penalty, as a feature of the penal code, is undergoing a process of evolution which, judging from existing tendencies and those which have characterized the world's jurisprudence during the past fifty years, must result in its complete extinction. It now exists in forty States of the American Union.

In the investigation of this subject, the writer caused inquiries to be addressed to the attorney-generals of these forty States, asking their opinion as to whether capital punishment tended to diminish capital crime.

Eighteen of the forty declined to express an opinion. Only sixteen of the attorney-generals of States which inflict the death penalty declared themselves as clearly of the opinion that capital punishment does tend to diminish capital crime. Two of the forty were positive in their conviction that the death penalty does not tend to diminish capital crimes, and stated their opinion that the death penalty should be abolished, while four of the forty gave qualified answers.

In five States of Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Rhode Island and Wisconsin, where capital punishment does not exist, the attorney-generals have noted no increase in capital crime since the abolition of the death penalty, and generally express themselves as satisfied with the conditions existing in their respective States In Michigan, Wisconsin, and Rhode Island capital punishment was abolished over fifty years ago, and has not since been re-enacted. Though nominally prescribed by law in Kansas, the death penalty can be executed in that State only upon the Governor's warrant, and the Kansas Governors have persistently declined to issue a death warrant, the condemned persons, meanwhile, remaining in prison. In five other States where the death penalty exists the trial juries have power to commute it to life imprisonment.

The right of the State to take the life of a citizen has always been and doubtless must remain an academic question, although, conceding the soundness of the doctrine of "consent of the governed" as the ultimate basis of governmental authority, it must be admitted that one cannot be morally held to a contract whereby he consents that another may take his life. In our civil jurisprudence no man can give another the right to do him bodily injury. Such contracts are always void as against public policy. But the case against capital punishment is made when it is shown simply that it is unnecessary. It is coming to be understood that the majority of human beings do not refrain from the commission of capital crimes merely through fear of being hanged. Every jerson who commits a capital crime knows that, in States maintaining capital punishment, the death penalty is affixed to that crime. From a personal study of more than two thousand cases I am convinced that most crimes are committed by persons who either (1) expect to escape all punishment, or (2) who, upon the spur of the moment, are regardless of all punishment, or (3) who are governed by cosmic, social or individual factors which render the prospect of punishment inoperative as a deterrent agency at the time of the commission of the crime.—Harper's Weekly.

Why Socialism Fails.

By Tom Watson.

NO matter how much there may be in the Tomorrow of Socialism, in its Today, when it shall be inaugurated as a system, all things must be owned collectively, and that means that the high and low come to a common level; the good and the bad start even; the idle and the industrious share and share alike; the illiterate and the learned, the capable and the incompetent, the fool and the wise man, the virgin and the troll, the negro and the white, all come to the Universal Brotherhood pot, and ladle out an equal porringerful of pottage.

In the name of Heaven! What a sordid, sickening dead-level! What an enforced equalizing of all men and all women, in a world where God never made two grains of sand, two leaves of the forest, two birds of the air, two fish of the sea, two beasts of the field, exactly equal.

Only in a political sense can any one even dream of two men being equal, for our eyes, our common-sense tell us that such a thing as equality in strength, capacity, character, or in the elements and achievements of manhood has no existence among men.

Socialism proceeds upon the idea that equality is there, or can be put there; and the effort to prove that the idea is correct has been made time and again and again. It was not only among the Ancients, but it has been tried in modern times, and it was tried by the colonists who first settled in North America.

Failure, dismal failure, has been the result of every experiment. Why? Because Human Nature is radically, eternally different from what the Socialist assumes it to be.

If all were equal, and all were good, Socialism would be unnecessary, even from the standpoint of the Socialist.

Give us absolute equality and universal goodness, and we don't need anything but a little time to reach an equal distribution of wealth and an era of Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men.—Watson's Magazine.

Strength in Sorrow.

By Lillie Hamilton French.

WE would not have to strive so for courage if what we vaguely call "things" were more evenly distributed among us, for no one's lot would then seem to him an evil one. If we were all hump-backed, or lame, or blind; if every husband were unfaithful and every child a cross; if we were all poor and no man had more than another; if nobody's son died in his early strength, and nobody was loved while we sat neglected—then who of us would know what sorrows and afflictions were? We would take each of them for granted, as a Chinaman takes his yellow skin and an Indian his red one.

It is because we see our estate differing from that of our fellows that we are tempted to comparisons, and it is in the making of these comparisons that a sense of our sorrows, like the knowledge of our afflictions, is first born. How would we have known that we were poor, unless we had seen some one else who was richer? or that our son was unsuccessful unless the son of somebody else were making a great mark in the world? Would our little children be unhappy with only one dress, had they not seen other children with two?

It comes to this: When we begin to make comparisons we begin to suffer. This may seem to be a hard saying, but it is a true one.—Harper's Bazar.

"Ask the Missus."

John Burns, the English radical and reformer and a prominent member of King Edward's Cabinet, was, during an election meeting, interrogated by a sturdy voter who wanted to know just what John Burns, the Cabinet Minister, at high pay did with the enormous increase of wages over the workman's modest wage. The new Cabinet officer was equal to the occasion.

"How do you spend it, John?" roared the elector.

"Ask the missus," said the honest, self-reliant John, and the crowd roared out its applause. No room there for the microbe of divorce to get foot hold; no focus for the stegmlya of distrust and incompatibility.

"'Ask the missus" is a whole library of martial wisdom. If a man's wife knows where his money goes, it is, in one thousand, minus one case, spent for the best interests of the household. The man that can look his brother squarely in the face and say, "Ask the missus," is no spendrift, no bogus high-roller, no gambler, no cheat. "Ask the missus," and her happy, hopeful, trustful, contented face will be answer enough of the faith she holds in the man who trusts and loves her.

"Ask the missus" would put divorce lawyers out of business. "Ask the missus," would wipe divorce-giving South Dakota off the map. "Ask the missus" would keep the worth less foreign nobleman off the American grass. "Ask the missus" would build homes such only as the founders of the nation knew.

Men of America, take the cue from John Burns. Make it possible to say to every inquirer as to where the money goes, "Ask the missus."—Louisville Herald.

Origin Of "Blackmail."

An authority on the derivation of words says that "blackmail" as used by Coke and Blackstone had an innocent significance meaning simply rent paid in labor or produce instead of in money, rent paid in "white money" (silver) being known as "white mail." The word "mail," meaning rent, comes from the Anglo Saxon "mael," a portion or possibly from the old French "maille," a halfpenny. In the days before England and Scotland were united the freebooters used to make frequent raids on the farmers living along the border and the money paid to secure immunity from these raids came to be known as "blackmail." Once established in that sense it is easy to see how the world came to be used to designate money paid to secure immunity from a raid on one's reputtion.—The Suburbanite.

No Need for Nerve Medicine.

A country doctor, after writing a prescription for a patient told him the druggist would probably charge him sixty cents for filling it. The patient asked the physican to lend him the money. The latter scratched out part of the prescription and handed it back with ten cents, remarking: "You can have that filled for a dime. What I have scratched out was for your nerve."—Washington Star.

Children's Corner

CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

"I don' like grandma at all.", said
Fred,
"I don't like grandma at all,"
Andd he drew his face in a queer
wry
The tears were ready to fall;
And he gave his kitten a loving hug,
And disturbed her nap on the soft,
warm rug.

"Why, what has your grandma done?"
I asked,
"To trouble the little boy?
Oh, what she has done, the cruel one,
To scatter the smiles of joy?"
Through quivering lips the answer
came,
"She—called—my—kitty—a—horrid—
name."

"She did? are you sure," and I kissed
the tears
Away from the eyelids wet.
"I can scarce believe that grandma
would grieve
The feelings of either pet.
What did she say " "Boo-hoo!" cried
Fred.
"She —called— my— kitty— a —quadruped!"

—Our Dumb Animals.

THE POLITE DONKEY.

A little gray Donkey lived in a toy-shop window. He wore a russet leather bridle and a red saddle. He had plenty of bright green hay to be eaten, though, as a matter of fact, he never did eat; for he rather liked having a "gone feeling" in his stomach. You see he always had had a "gone feeling," and he was used to it: if he thought about it at all, he supposed that all donkeys had it.

The other animals who lived in window were made all in one piece, and stood quite still, staring out into the street with their round eyes. But the little gray Donkey had his head hung inside of his neck, on a neat gilt hook; and, as he was a very polite Donkey, he bowed gently, all day, to the passers-by.

But no one ever bowed to him in return, and the little gray Donkey finally became quite sad.

"Why are you so sad, little gray Donkey?" said his friend, the Jack-in-the-Box, one day. "You have a russet bridle, a red saddle, a pile of bright green hay, and your head is hung on a shiny gilt hook. Why are you not happy and gay, as I am? I feel like a Johnny-jump-up in springtime!"

And the Jack-in-the-Box stretched himself up, as far as he could to show how springy he felt.

"Alas!" said the little gray Donkey, "all day long I bow politely to all our window; but no one ever bows to me in return, and this makes me feel lonely and neglected."

And he wagged his head up and down very mournfully.

It was just then that little Edward and his nurse stopped before the toy-shop window.

Little Edward wore a white furry coat and a white furry cap. He had curly yellow hair and pink cheeks and big bright eyes.

"Oh, mammy!" cried little Edward, "see the little gray donkey! See him wag his head! He is bowing to me."

Now Edward was a very polite little boy, and, when he saw that the little gray Donkey was bowing, he bowed his own head in return. The little gray Donkey was delighted. He felt very sure that this was the prettiest and most polite little boy in the world, and so he bowed again.

So they stood bowing to each other for some time, and little Edward bobbed his head up and own till his yellow curls flew up in the air and the fury white cap slipped down over his big bright eyes. And the little gray Donkey wagged his head faster and faster, until at last he wagged it off the gilt hook entirely, and there lay the little gray Donkey's head on the floor, in front of himself, with one ear broken off.

"Mamma," said little Edward to his mother when he went home from his walak, "a little gray Donkey bowed to me, and I bowed to him, and I bowed my cap off; but the little gray Donkey bowed his head off. I think he was too polite, don't you?"

And, whenever little Edward thought of the little gray Donkey after that, he felt that the Donkey had been too polite.

But the little gray Donkey was quite happy on the shelf where they put him away, after they had hung his head again on the neat gilt hook, because he remembered that, when he made his last bows, a little boy with yellow curls and pink cheeks had bowed to him in return; and it never once occurred to him that he had been too polite.

And the Jack-in-the-Box went on feeling gay and springy like a Johnny-jump-up.—Mary Mitchell, in Little Folks.

THE GREEDY CORMORANT.

When I was a keeper in the National Zoological Park in Washington, I observed a remarkable example of the well-known greediness of the cormorant.

Four little cormorants came to the Zoo, and were placed in a cage in which dogs had once been kept. Outside was a pebbly yard in which the dogs had exercised. The cormorants waddled about this yard and seemed to be having a fine time, until one morning I noticed that one of them was sitting on the ground, unable to rise. He did not waddle up to get his meal of whole fish, each usually about half as long as his own body; and as the others came rushing toward me to get their share, I knew that he was ill. I went into the cage and lifted him up. What was my amazement to hear something grating and clanking inside of him! And he seemed surprisingly heavy. I at once called head keeper, who decided to investigate by means of a surgical operation.

He took out two pounds of stones, one of which was four inches long, two and a half inches wide and about half an inch thick! The poor chap seemed to feel relieved. In a few days he became convalescent, ate his food regularly, and seemed to be doing well. Then that hooked bill reached under the feathers and tore out some of the surgeon's stiches, which were undoubtdly irritating, as the wound was beginning to heal. As the result of the interference, the wound opened, and as the weather was hot, the patient died five days after the operation. From Nature and Science in St. Nicholas.

CHARACTER IN BUILDINGS.

Every race and every age unconsciously write their character in the buildings which they erect, in the kind of furniture they put in them and the kind of streets on which they place them. If a great American city were buried 2,000 years under a mass of ashes, as Pompeii was, and was then excavated, it would be plainly seen what manner of people had lived in it. Our "sky scrapers" and tunnel sand mechanical conveniences would show how ingenious we were and how our laws permitted every man to build without regard to shutting off his neighbor's sunshine; they would show how we did business and how we cared chiefly for saving time and making money. Our city would show that we cared less for beauty than men did in former times. It would show that a few people were as rich as kings and lived in palaces, but that there were hundreds of thousands who were living in crowded tenements like ants in an anthill. Our school buildings would show how we cared for education and our churches would indicate our manner of worship. All our good and bad qualities would be revealed by the things we had made, even if all the books about us had perished.—From Lucia Ames Mead's "A Little Talk About Architecture" in St. Nicholas.

A WREN IN AN ORIOLE'S NEST.

"Jenny" wren is famous for the odd places in which she builds her nest—mail boxes, tin cans, old hats, watering pots, a human skull on a battlefield—in each case perhaps the first thing the birds came across with a hole in it and room for enough sticks or stiff feathers.

And so I was not much surprised to find a wren building inside of a new Baltimore oriole's hanging cradle. Was ever wren so particular! was the natural thought. Imagine young wrens being swayed to sleep in a hanging nest on the end of a slender elm bough. It did seem obsurd: and yet the nest contained several eggs, which doubtless hatched. The usual wren house or tree hollow, and so no doubt the young wrens grew to peep fro mtheir swaying nest, and later to leave it, having the strange experience, f wrens, of being born and raised in an oriole's nest. From Nature and Science in St. Nicholas.

FOOD FOR SQUIRRELS.

Most people who feed the gray squirrls in the big parks fail to realize that it is no kindness to give these animals such soft-shell nuts as almonds, peanuts and chestnuts. Human beings who do not have to actually forage for food naturally enough feel that it is thoughtfulness itself to save the squirrels work. The fact is, however, that a squirrel's teeth grow so rapidly that, deprived of their normal use, they might even through their very uselessness become long enough to put this charming rodent of the trees in danger of starvation. Hickory, pecan and hazel nuts are the proper food to throw to the squirrels.—Brooklyn Life.

BEE'S MARKET BASKET.

Every bee carries his market basket around his hind legs. Anyone examining the body of the bee with a microscope will observe that on the hind legs of the creature there is a fringe of stiff hairs, approaching each other at the tip so as to form a sort of cave. This is the bee's basket and into it, after a successful journey he will cram enough pollen to last him for two or three days.—The Epitomist.

One Way to Get a Dog.

"There are ways and ways of getting things," said the old secret service man, "but I wouldn't recommend some of them to a Sunday school class. Now, I knew professionally a reformed confidence man. I won't say how deep the reform went, but officially he was reformed and occupied a pretty respectable position in the community. One day I met this chap on the street, and I had something to say to him. 'See here,' I demanded, 'is this your advertisement in the paper offering a reward of $5 for the return of a lost dog?' 'Sure!' said he. 'But you don't mean I didn't own a dog,' he corrected. 'But I do own one now—the handsomest English bulldog you ever laid your eyes on and the cost just $5.00."