

# ORCHARD and GARDEN

**INTENSIVE HORTICULTURE.**  
On a farm of nine acres in eastern New York, E. P. Powell has been trying intensive horticulture with the following results:  
Each year marked some stage of progress, not only in my conception of country life, but on the road toward financial success. To renovate old trees; to make worn out soil grow peas and sweet peas; to set new trees and plants; to work out ideas that were novel took some of orchard and garden fruits that about three will totally fall each year—cut off by frost or by blight. Yet you see there will still be nine sorts left each year. This is where intensive horticulture comes in ahead of extensive farming, which takes account of only two or three crops—all of which may fail in a single year, and leave you short of food and cash.

After ten years the balance sheets would read something like this: Raspberries, net, \$250; currants, \$100; cherries and plums, \$100; apples, \$400; pears, \$100; blackberries, with gooseberries, quinces and grapes, \$100; miscellaneous—including eggs, chickens, honey and surplus trees sold, \$200. Here is a snug little income of \$1,250. Now you may knock out of this estimate any three of the above items that you please, as the contribution to fungoid and insect enemies, droughts and other hindrances to horticulture. Only bear in mind that the raspberry failure will never be complete; and the apple failure, with proper care, will rarely decrease the crop one-half. In other words, we are sure of an annual surplus of from \$900 to \$1,200.

Perhaps best of all from every standpoint has been my experience with plant breeding—that is, creating new things and improving the old. Calling the bees into alliance, to pollenize my flowers and cross varieties in the garden and orchard, I soon found that it was possible not only to be a grower of what others had originated, but to be a plant creator myself. And now it has come about that my nine acres are conspicuous for new fruits, new vegetables and new flowers, originated by hybridizing. Hundreds of new crosses have been thrown away as not eminently ahead of old sorts; but we have one current that stands in the bush a third larger than Fay, while the fruit is of the largest. Of 400 varieties of beans originated, a half dozen crosses are of value to the world. Seeding grapes include some of great promise; and the story is the same with berries of all sorts.

## LIFE OF FRUIT TREES PROLONGED.

American consuls to Germany, in recent reports, advise this Government of some very important discoveries relating to horticulture. Thus far, results have demonstrated their value. They refer to experiments tested for the purpose of prolonging the life of fruit trees. A solution of the sulphate of iron is used, and this was at first injected under the bark of the tree so as to cause it to go into the sap flow or circulation. Subsequently it was found best to inject the fluid through an opening of the bark at the neck of the roots. Analysis of the tree sap has shown that the iron fluid penetrates deep in the ground, flowing through the roots and the new branches or new wood to the very top of the tree, though, singular enough, examination shows that the fluid does not enter the old wood of the tree. The whole process is for the purpose of reinvigorating and thus prolonging the life and increasing fruitage of the trees, and is much the same as that of anemia of the grapevine for the same object.

These scientists are now conducting further experiments looking toward the use of a fluid to be injected into fruit trees for the purpose of destroying the bacteria which causes pear blight and fungus diseases which kill trees, thus with some fluid to circulate in the sap flow to at least neutralize the effect of the bacteria to which these diseases are traced. These tests proceed on the basis of a knowledge of both the causes of decay and death, such as medical science proceed in the matter of human disease, viz: first finding the cause of decay.

In the instances relating to fruit trees, as in human ailment, a certain species of bacteria has been found to be the cause, and to reach it they are injecting into the circulation the kind of fluid that will arrest the ravages of these bacteria.—Indianapolis News.

## A CLIMBING PLANT FOR THE FARM.

The ampelopsis vetchill, or Japan ivy, known in this country as the Boston ivy, is one of the best climbing or creeping vines we have for the farm. It belongs to the same family as the Virginia creeper or American ivy, but is not so gross growing in habit or form. The foliage is not unlike that of the American ivy, but in smaller form and is much lighter in color, even when mature. It grows rapidly, throwing out, at frequent intervals, small feet or tendrils having a sticky substance attached by which it fastens itself to any rough object—wood, stone or brick—and clings tenaciously. It is a beautiful vine to set at the foot of a dead tree from which the branches have been removed, and is equally beautiful grown over the sides of a brick or stone building or a

stone wall. It is practically hard, but not evergreen. In the fall the foliage takes on all the varied autumn hues of the maple leaf. The plants are moderate in price, grow rapidly, and in a few years add much beauty to the farm grounds.—Indianapolis News.

## SAVE THE CLIPPINGS.

An easy method of providing green food for the poultry in winter is to save the lawn clippings. Usually there is a mixture of clover in this grass and it is greatly relished by fowl. If cured in the shade so much the better for the color, but a light wetting when used in winter will give it a fresh, inviting appearance. There are simple inventions for securing the grass, sometimes a bag being trailed along, its opening having been secured with a hoop. A very simple and satisfactory affair may be made from an old blanket or a bit of old carpet about the size of a flattened out bran bag—say two feet long and as many wide. Three feet long is better if the man at the handle is not a long strider and liable to step upon it. Tack one end to a piece of lath and rig wire hooks or rings at the two corners to attach the contrivance to the machine. Drop the rings over the little nub back of the roller and the outfit is complete. This will carry a half bushel of clippings and the manipulator will be surprised to note how rapidly his pile will enlarge.

## THE ADAMS ACT.

Every individual who has a few fruit trees, or raises a little garden stuff owes a debt of gratitude to the agricultural experiment stations of the various States. It would require the space of a large volume merely to specify the little practical points on which information has been furnished regarding the management of all kinds of farm animals, poultry and bees, raising vegetables, fruits and ornamentals, control of insects and diseases, etc. The Adams act, recently passed by Congress, provides for the gradual increase of the appropriation for these institutions, so that ultimately they will each receive \$30,000 instead of \$15,000 per year as at present. The money obtained under the Adams act is to be available for use in special investigations of agricultural problems.

## HOME-MADE KEROSENE EMULSION.

The amateur can make this very easily. Take of hard soap half a pound and dissolve in one gallon of boiling water; then add two gallons of kerosene and churn thoroughly for ten minutes. The efficiency of the preparation depends upon thorough mixing. This stock mixture is diluted four times for scale or up to twenty times for lice. The stronger dilution will have one gallon of kerosene to six and a half of water. Where the water is very hard, use one gallon of sour milk to two gallons of kerosene.

## ROTTEN POTATOES.

The infection of the potatoes with the fungus which produces rot occurs chiefly, if not entirely, in the field before digging; the infection is usually the result of diseased vines and in most cases the disease is not transmitted directly from the vine, but indirectly through the soil; also, potatoes may be infected directly in the field from spores introduced into the soil the preceding year. Experiments with dry Bordeaux mixture and soluble Bordeaux mixture show that both these are less effective as preventives of blight and subsequent rot than the regular Bordeaux mixture.

## CABBAGE WORMS.

These pests are more numerous than usual this season and all sorts of applications are tried to rid the plants of them. A correspondent of Wallace's Farmer recommends concentrated lye for cabbage worms. She fills her sprinker with water from the well and adds about four times as much lye as would be used in a gallon of wash water. Stir well, then sprinkle your cabbages with it. One dose generally does the work for all summer. She has never had to put it on more than twice.

## GOOD SOILING CROP.

"Succolash" is one of the most toothsome products of the garden when properly made. If the soiling crop named after this table luxury is as palatable to stock it is sure to grow in popular favor among farmers. Farming names corn, oats and peas mixed and sown by an ordinary grain drill at the usual depth. With any sort of a chance this combination may be grown large enough to feed in 60 to 70 days, and sown now will come handy when early feed is getting short.

## MARKETING POULTRY.

Dressed poultry should not be packed for transportation until entirely cold. It should then be laid in clean straw, breast down, keeping wings and legs close to the body. See that there is no discoloration of the skin.

## VALUE OF TOADS.

Professor Hodge, of Clark University, has estimated the value of toads to the farmer at \$18 apiece because they destroy cutworms. There is a regular market for toads in England, however, at 25 cents apiece.

Five hundred persons saved from drowning in forty-eight years was the record achievement of Christian Langer, a Danish boatman, who has just died at Harboe, Jutland, aged eighty-three.

The leech has three jaws, each fitted with eighty to ninety teeth.

# Man's Rights.

By Sarah F. Waters.

**I**N all the stress and straining after Woman's Rights—her privileges being already too numerous to mention—those of Man seem at times to be lost sight of, if not completely lost. Every now and then we read in the papers that a young woman has picked her husband's pockets while he slept, that the judge not only acquits but commends her, at the same time administering a scathing rebuke to the husband. Poor man! If he would but understand his position once and for all, how much annoyance he would be spared.

Clearly it is Man's duty to provide Woman with all the luxuries of the day, to give her the entire contents of his purse and the full extent of his credit. These falling, as they sometimes do, it is up to him to provide income from another source. For of what use is Man unless he be a provider? For what other purpose should he have the unquestioned right of leaving the house at eight o'clock in the morning not to return until six in the evening? From Woman's viewpoint, Man's life is a round of pleasure with a little work thrown in. If, by chance, he is a salaried man, then the often unpleasant task of working for others is fully offset by the lack of responsibility; but if, on the other hand, he is at the head of affairs, then are all his cares and anxieties more than balanced by the fact that he is his own master. And there is always the pleasure of the chase.

If Man were not so utterly stupid, if it were possible for him to meet Woman on her own ground, armed with a weapon as potent as her tears, there might seem to be some chance for him. But as it is, why will he continually put himself in the wrong? Why try to evade his duty with that old, old query, "What did you do with the last ten dollars I gave you?" Had he the least reason to suppose that it had been spent wisely and well, there would be no need of question. Since it is a reproach, Woman resents it, as such, promptly weeps, and Man beats a retreat, feeling himself to be all the more of a brute in that she has been cunning enough to refrain from calling him one. And Woman scores again.

O Man! Hasten the day when Woman shall have her Rights, for then possibly, she may be willing to accord you a few of her privileges.—Life.

# The Vice of Generalizing.

By Rupert Hughes.

**G**ENERALIZING from single instances is as foolish as it is universal. The last few months have been devoted to attacks on the rich and the evil influences of riches, until there is danger of our forgetting that poverty has also its faults.

The search-light has recently been thrown on the inner workings of many great corporations, and the whole world is aghast. One would think, from some of the generalizations, that the monopolists of money had also monopolized wickedness. Yet read the criminal reports, or look about you and you will find that few stones will be cast at the magnates if only these who are without sin cast them. The news of the day will tell of preachers caught in plagiarism or adultery, of grocers caught in theft or adulteration, of honest blacksmiths beating their children, of children killing one another, of druggists selling poisoned soda water, of bakers vending unclean bread, of theological students cheating. Each trade has its graft; each mind its twist; each body its tendency to disease.

The fact is that drawing indictments against classes is as insaneful and illogical as drawing indictments against nations. There are burglars who are chaste, and persons who are scots; there are rich women who are nuns of asceticism, and poor women who are so vilely extravagant as to bankrupt their ditch-digging keepers; there are poets who are domestic models, and plumbers who are voluptuaries; there are rich men who overwork, and poor men lazy enough to beg; there are millionaires' sons who are normal and athletic, and self-made men who are degenerates; there are robust athletes who are abstemious, and cigarette fiends who are leaders of progress; there are Sicilians who never saw a dagger, and Puritans who seek vendetta with a knife or with poison; there are policemen who would reject a bribe, and Senators who are devoted to their country; there are chorus girls of unimpeached repute, and Sunday-school teachers who commit infanticide.

The passion for generalizing and for over-indulgence in class distinctions is as cruel as it is morbid, and as criminal as the evils it rebukes. The laws of perspective were discovered in the fifteenth century. Let us not lose them in the twentieth.—Harper's Weekly.

# A Rhapsody: The Cotton Blossom

By John Trotwood Moore.

**T**HE cotton blossom is the only flower that is born in the shuttle of a sunbeam and dies in a loom. It is the most beautiful flower that grows, and needs only to become rare to be priceless—only to die to be idealized.

If in early August, the delicately green leaves of this most aristocratic of all plants, instead of covering acres of southland, shimmering under a throbbing sun, peeped daintily out from among the well-kept beds of some noble garden, men would flock to see that plant, which, of all plants, looks most like a miniature tree. A stout-hearted plant—a tree, dwarfed, but losing not its dignity.

Then, one morning, with the earliest sunrise, and born of it, there emerges from the scalloped seashell of the bough an exquisite, pendulous, cream-white blossom, clasping in its center a yellow golden star, pinked with dawn points of light, and sitting high up under its sky of milk-white petals flanked with yellow stars, it seems to the little nestling field-wrens born beneath it to be the miniature arch of daybreak, ere the great eye of the morning star closes.

Later, when the sun rises and the sky above grows pink and purple, it, too, changes its color from pink to purple, copying the sky from zone to zone, from blue to deeper blue, until at late evening, the young nestlings may look up and say, in the bird language: "It is twilight."

Oh, little loom of the cotton plant, poet that can show us the sky, painter that paints it, artisan that reaches out, and, from the skin of a sunbeam, the loom of the air and the white of its own soul, weaves the cloth that clothes the world.

# The Baby Toilers.

Toddling Infants Forced to Earn Their Daily Bread—When Will it Cease?  
By John Spargo.

**W**HEN women's wrappers are paid for at the rate of 49 cents a dozen and silk waists at 8 cents each, it is easy to understand why even the help of tiny children must be called upon to earn a pittance for the makers. If the children can do no more than thread needles or pull out basting, their assistance is precious. If they are intelligent enough to sew on buttons or make button-holes their help is more precious still. As soon as baby fingers can move intelligently, they play an increasingly important part in the labor of the household.

It seems incredible, I know, to talk of an infant three years old working, and some may regard the statement that such little ones do work as a sensational exaggeration. But it is literally true, as is proved by the testimony of witness of unimpeachable character. A baby three years old can straighten out tobacco leaves or stick the stems of artificial flowers through the petals. A child from four to six years of age can pull out bastings and sew on buttons. A child of eight can make artificial flowers almost as well as an adult and can make paper bags just as well and almost as quickly. Many a girl from eight to twelve years old can finish boys' knee pants as well as her mother. In our greatest and richest city babies who should be in the kindergarten have been compelled to work in such occupations as I have described and others of a like nature.

Clear Enough to Her. Andrew Carnegie once delivered a little homily to the pupils of a public school in Washington, wherein he endeavored to demonstrate that the judgment of men is apt to be warped by sentiment and feeling. "In Scotland," asserted Mr. Carnegie, "the people abominated hymns simply because the Episcopalians used them. The Presbyterians sang only the Psalms of David. The Episcopalians used stained glass in their church windows, and for that reason the Scotch looked upon stained glass as something of unholy origin." Continuing, Mr. Carnegie told a

story of a Presbyterian minister who had been bold enough to introduce this hated innovation. He was showing it in triumph to one of his parishioners, and asked her how she liked it. "Ay, it is handsome," said she, sadly, "but I prefer the glass just as God made it!"—Harper's Weekly.

Beaumont and Fletcher were the first to collaborate plays in English literature.

Germany has 263,517 persons employed in its postal service—a larger number than any other country has.

# INTERESTING TO



## ON TRAINING OUR CHILDREN.

When I was a young mother I believed, too, that I could be a Providence for my children. I believed they had been given me to mould as I would, and the only limit of the influence I would have was the limit of my own strength and love. Then there came a time when I realized that every child on the street my child stopped to talk with had its share in bringing up my sons and daughters. One week in school was enough to upset all the training of years. They learned faster from their friends, and more willingly, than ever they did from me, and it seemed to me then that they learned the things they oughtn't to quickest of all. My well-brought-up boys came from play talking loudly, making faces, playing the fool. The girls would come home from a visit with a trunkful of affections and an assortment of silly ideas—how silly I knew very well, for I had had those same ideas and thrown them aside myself; why I didn't get comfort out of the fact that I had outgrown these very things, and that they too would in time inevitably outgrow them, I don't know. It's a bad moment when one realizes that the most shallow boy and girl can have an influence over your children greater than your own, and that some thoughtless ridicule from any one your sons admire is able to undo all your past work. It was when I saw these things that I began to see that my place in my children's lives must be very much less than I had first supposed, but I only redoubled my efforts. By that time I was past the place when commands and punishments were very much used. I used all my tact and affection and diplomacy to make my children what I wanted them.

As they grew older still I found my ideals of what I wanted them modified and changed by what they were. How much I am responsible for what they are today I am at a loss to decide, but I do know that the boy next door has always had a more direct and apparently a stronger influence than I ever had.—An Elderly Woman, in Harper's Bazar.

## THE BLACK NOTE IN DRESS.

"I have to report," said the girl whose hair looked as if the sunshine had been caught in its meshes, "that my week-end at Southampton has convinced me that we ought to be up and doing in regard to the black note that is creeping into the fashions. At the Casino dance I specially noticed it, and it was used in the smartest of ways. Therefore my frill, which I respectfully submit to the club this morning, is a little ribbon velvet bolero all in the black. I am making one for myself of black ribbon bands, alternating with narrower bands of black lace insertion. It has full elbow sleeves, and I know when I wear it with my light summery clothes it is going to look too smart for anything.

"There is no denying that everything is the little wrap just now. From the very start I have felt as though I were contributing more than my share to the fine box and some weeks ago I just determined that I would not pay for all the lunch in town, and so I wrote a beseeching letter, depicting the way my good money was being wrung from me, and told me a lot of new little things about the fashions. She, too, spoke of the black tendency, and said that big black and white checked silk skirts were being worn by the really, truly Parisienne. She said that all the French women were wearing a natural flower or two somewhere on their costume, and the rarer the flower the better they liked it.

She also added, they often wear natural flowers as a hat trimming, changing them two and three times a day.

"She said she had never dreamed of anything like the hatpins, that it was a toss-up whether they reminded her more of a hen's egg or a stocking darning. The majority of them are made of tortoise shell or amber, and some are studded with little gold hat heads. Others are of big pieces of pink coral, and even when they are of gold and jewels they are bigger than any hatpin had she had ever seen before."—Woman's Home Companion.

## MENDS TORN CLOTHES.

A smart little Frenchwoman sits in a tiny shop in Shaftesbury avenue and pursues a trade of which she is the only representative in England, says the London "Express."

She would be called an "artiste stoppeuse" in Paris, where there are many like her, but in this country there is no name for her employment, which consists of mending torn clothes in such a way that there is no scar, so to speak, to indicate the former existence of a rent or hole. It might be called invisible mending, but that suggests the result rather than the process of her work.

"All the principal tailors in the West End employ me," she said. "See here"—and she showed the coat she was working on—"a little mistake—the pocket in the wrong place. I mend it, and the customer never suspects that anything was wrong in the making." Skirts torn by catching on nails or

any garments damaged by burns from cigars can be so repaired that they look new, and a new-made surface can be put over coffee or other stains. "I can mend any cloth or woollen material so that it will be invisible," said the "artiste stoppeuse," "but not silk or satin. The tear is bound to show on these."

## SAVING MOTHER'S STRENGTH.

There are many ways in which a young mother can save her strength, if she thinks, and give her baby the best of care. And that is the chief health rule for all—save your strength; do not waste strength in caring for your child.

You do not need to lift the child half as much as some people may think. He is the better for a good deal of wholesome letting alone.

Let him play out of doors all the time on fair days. If you have a piazza, well and good. If you have none, lay a square of boarding somewhere in a sheltered place in the open air for a play place. Cover all the splintery boards with building paper or old carpeting. Barricade for safety, and you can be busy inside for long periods or resting or sewing outside.

Plenty of sand, old spoons, blocks and an old egg beater, always a fascination to baby from the time its shiny wires can be looked at until they can be twirled, for baby, and you are free to watch him develop.

A nap in the baby carriage, still out of doors, meals at regular hours, and you have a happy, healthy summer baby.—Indianapolis News.

## REPOSE AND AMIABILITY.

"If a woman would only sit still in a becoming hat under a shady tree," says one who professes to know, "she would have more proposals in a week than she gets now in a year." Whatever a man may say, the qualities he admires most in a woman are repose and amiability, and nothing appeals more to the imagination anyway than a person doing absolutely nothing and doing it with absolute dignity and grace. But the modern woman wants to be forever on the move. She is too fidgety to be either dignified, graceful or amiable, and it appears to be absolutely impossible for her to do nothing even for a moment. She is no sooner seated than she wants to go for a walk. If she is reading a book she thinks she would like to play tennis. If she is on the river she suggests going home by motor. No sooner has she taken off her hat after a long day of boating or motor-riding than she starts playing bridge, and when everybody else is thinking of going to bed she proceeds to get up an impromptu dance.—New York Tribune.

## FROM A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK.

A woman looks into the mirror with her own eyes. It reflects her as she sees herself. But the eyes of men reflect her as she is.

To tell a plain woman that beauty counts for nothing is like explaining to a starving family that the lives of the rich are wretched.

She who is beautiful within, is never altogether ugly without.

It may be easier for a plain woman to be good than for a pretty one, but you will not find the plain woman who will believe it.

If a woman proves that she has brains in her head, people will soon forget to look for a dimple in her cheek.

Some people talk as though brains always were given as compensation for an ugly face.

Wrinkles in the face are not necessarily a sign of deep thoughts in the head. Wrinkles are often only frowns perpetuated, says Woman's Life.

Much beauty is not even skin deep. Cheerfulness, cheerfulness, cheerfulness, is the only true and permanent beautifier in the world.

## REVIVAL OF THE SUNBONNET.

It should be with great rejoicings that a too extravagant world welcomes back the sunbonnet, which is said to be coming in style again. That fetching headgear of a simpler time coming to us now seems to argue the revival of manners and customs that are dear to the older generations and that were a credit to the race. The sunbonnet correlates walks in the sun and neighborly visits through back yards on sultry afternoons. It means less of formality and more friendliness. Also less expense to the heads of houses. The revival of the sunbonnet bespeaks a return on the part of our sisters to proper ideas of headcovering, to the idea that a hat is to be worn rather as a protection against the elements than as something purely decorative.

## GEOGRAPHY IN HEADGEAR.

Some of the hats which are arriving from Paris in the vanguard of fashion are what may be styled three-storied affairs and may be taken for an exhibit in physical science. Miss Katherine Elkins has a hat which seems to typify earth, air and water. The water is the wide high crown, which has glasslike braid as a foundation and is covered with grass and fishy-looking objects and edged with iridescent shells. The air might be the soft waves of white tulle which compose the rim, and the earth is well exemplified in the sodden-looking velvet rosettes on the bandeau, which are fastened to a covering at least four inches tall of dark brown velvet. Yet Miss Elkins looks very well in her scientific hat, and some of her friends are going to copy it in lighter hues.—New York Press.

A statue of General Nicholson, the mutiny hero, was recently unveiled at Delhi by Lord Minto, the viceroy of India.