Farm and Garden

ROMANCE OF THE FARM.

Three Institutions Have Made the Tiller Wealthy, Wise and Comfortable.

The story of agricultural education in America, like that of all science, can be traced page after page in the great book of evolution, and the amazing developmentof the industry in the United States has been due to three factors—first, the state agricultural colleges; second, the national department of agriculture; third, the farmers' institutes.

The American agricultural colleges had their beginning in a revolt against the so called classical education, but it was never intended, as their eminent founder pointed out, that they should be dissociated from a broad and liberal university training. Mr. Justin S. Morrill, the author of the "Magna Charta of Higher Agricultural Education," more than once stated the real purpose of his bill. "It is perhaps needless to say that these colleges were not established or endowed for the sole purpose of teaching agriculture. It was a liberal education that was proposed. Classical studies were not to be excluded and therefore must be included."

The number of agricultural colleges now established is sixty-five; the present value of their permanent funds and equipment is $100,000,000. A recent census showed 73,813 students, with 6,997 teachers.

The rise of the United States department of agriculture is a romance of the last century. As far back as the year 1822 a strong effort was made to transform the mall—some 200 acres of land which surrounded the capitol buildings—then practically a barren waste, into an experiment farm in which to propagate new and rare plants. But it was not until forty years later that the United States department of agriculture was erected on the selfsame spot which had previously been sought as an experiment farm.

The alpha and omega of this great organization is the practical application of modern science to the service of the farmer. It can perhaps best be summed up in a homely remark of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, who on assigning new duties to an expert said: "Don't tell me now about your laboratories. Tell me what you are doing for the man at the plow, out in the fields, with his coat off."

Then come the farmers' institutes. These wonderful societies are scattered all over America and boast a members' roll of more than a million mature men and women. These institutes may be defined as "societies established for the promotion of agriculture among the farming population," and they came into being in order to make the college teaching more practical and more in sympathy with the needs of the farming community. They have proved a great success and have done much to speed forward the agricultural industry. Lectures are given by agricultural experts and practical farmers, and the meetings last only a day or two at most. In this work the farmers' wives and daughters take a prominent part, and women's institutes are now established all over the United States and Canada for the study of household science.

A Seeder For a Few Cents.

One can make a cheap seeder to drop seed behind the plow in the following manner: Take a tin pan that holds at least a quart. Cut a board round and a little larger than the pan and screw pan A to the round wood wheel B. Near the rim of pan punch in some holes as far apart as you want the seed. Have a stoppered hole in the board wheel through which to put in seed. In center of wheel and pan make a hole to put through a bolt for the axle. Make handles and put axle bolt through at the end and fasten other end to plow. Let seeder run back of plow. The whole affair costs less than 25 cents. It will drop all small seeds—cane, milo, Kaffir corn, broom corn and all the like—and will do as good work as any single row planter except that it will not cover the seed. The next round, however, will cover it with the plow.—Farm and Fireside.

A generous farmer wants others to have the benefit of his experience and is always anxious to assist his neighbor in every way possible. We need more generous farmers and fewer selfish men who care nothing for society further than to get its protection for themselves.

Time to Spread Gypsum.

Gypsum, or "land plaster," ought to be spread on meadows early in the season, when there is plenty of moisture present, as it requires fully 400 pounds of water to make available 100 pounds of gypsum. It assists materially in releasing the potash and making it available; therefore on lands that are supplied with an abundance of potash which is not very available plaster may be extremely valuable.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR IS A GOOD ROADS ENTHUSIAST.

Goes to France to Learn Construction and Maintenance of Highways.

Colonel John Jacob Astor, the millionaire, has joined the ranks of good roads enthusiasts, and sooner or later he will be heard from as exerting himself for the betterment of the public highways.

Colonel Astor has gone to Paris. On leaving New York he said: "One of

COLONEL JOHN J. ASTOR.

the chief purposes of my trip is to obtain copies from the French government of specifications for the construction and maintenance of highways. French methods of road building are excellent, as I have found by personal study."

PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY

"The good roads movement is not confined to any one state," says Clarence H. Bissell, president of the New Jersey Automobile and Motor club, "and it is to the credit of the people that they are awaking to the absolute necessity of good roads in order to assure progress and prosperity."

FOR THE GOOD ROADS CAUSE

Present Day Difficulties of Travelers Shown In Pictures.

One of the most interesting methods for advancing the cause of good roads throughout the south is being undertaken by the Southern Railway company, working in conjunction with the United States office of public roads.

The company has started a special "road improvement train," provided with lantern slides and stereopticon and screen. This train is touring the south, stopping at all the large cities and most of the small ones.

The stereopticon equipment is for the purpose of showing all the advantages of good roads and the disadvantages of bad ones. Pictures showing doctors caught in the ruts of bad roads while on their way to patients, undertakers' wagons delayed on the way to the cemeteries, automobilists thrown on the road by a bowlder in a bad road and two loads of cotton, one from a bad road territory and the other from a good road territory, the difference in weight showing the profits and losses that come from good and bad roads, are being shown.

It is hoped by the backers of the present movement that the road improvement train will stimulate the interest of the south, bring about the enactment of uniform laws and uniform methods in the handling of the improvement and maintenance of roads and give the whole south an opportunity to realize the full economic value of a complete system of improved highways.

WHY?

It is nothing short of remarkable how a long suffering and tax paying people put up with the incompetency and negligence of their public servants. The little brood of politicians who pretend to manage such grave interests as road improvement should be utterly discarded, and men of engineering skill, sound wisdom and approved merit should be speedily substituted.

A Bank Indorses Good Roads.

The First National bank of Moultrie, Ga., opens up a new field for helpfulness and usefulness on the part of banks. The following resolutions were adopted by the directors of this progressive bank recently:

"We, the officers of the First National bank, do hereby heartily indorse the movement made by the chamber of commerce to improve the roads in this county.

"The First National is always eager to push any movement that will help and gratefully benefit the working people and the deserving farmers of Colquitt.

"During this good road movement, if at any time the deserving farmer sees that it will be necessary to put up a new wire fence, build a new house or improve his farm in any way, we stand ready to loan you the necessary money to make these improvements."

A LITTLE REBEL

By ALBERT TUCKER KENYON

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In the spring of 1863, when the Federal General Rosecrans was confronting the Confederate General Bragg at Murfreesboro, Tenn., I was a captain in the —th Ohio regiment of that army. One morning while I was officer of the picket post deployed on either side of the turnpike leading directly south a young girl of fifteen or sixteen came to me and asked me to let her go through the lines to her home, which she said was about a mile down the pike. I told her that I had no authority to do so, but if she would go to headquarters very likely she would get a pass.

She said that she had been to headquarters, but the general was busy and she was pressed for time. She had come up to town to get some medicine a doctor had prescribed for her mother, who was at the point of death. She looked so distressed, turning a pair of heavenly blue eyes upon me beseechingly, that I was sorely tempted to disobey orders and let her go through. War is very hard on the people of the country where the armies are contending, and I confess I had no stomach for that part of it. The girl saw I was weakening and exercised all her persuasive faculties upon me.

"While I am waiting here," she wailed, wringing her hands, "mother may be dying."

The brutality of keeping her under the circumstances was a little more than I could bear. It was several miles back to the town where were the army headquarters, the girl looked tired, and two or three hours would necessarily be consumed if I forced her to go there to make another application for a pass.

"Can you see your house from here?" I asked.

"You can just see the chimney over the hill. There it is, on the right side of the turnpike."

"I'll go with you."

I expected an outburst of gratitude. Instead she threw up her hands in protest.

"Not for the world would I get you into trouble. A Confederate vedette is stationed on the road right in front of our house. You would be captured."

Her unwillingness to implicate me enhanced my desire to serve her, but it also tended to add to my uncertainty as to what to do. My orders were to let no one go beyond our line who did not have a pass. To disobey such an order would render me liable to a very severe punishment. But I was young and full of chivalry. Would it not be better for me to take the risk upon myself than keep this poor girl from carrying medicine to her dying mother? My offer to accompany her was that I might be able to state that I had not let her out of my keeping while beyond our lines. Since it was evident from what she told me as to the proximity of the vedette that this plan would not serve I was at a loss to decide what other course to pursue.

The girl kept wringing her hands and moaning till she almost set me wild with indecision between the dictates of my heart and my duty.

"If I let you go," I said to her, "and it is known by my superiors I shall be court martialed and doubtless suffer some severe penalty."

She stood for a moment thinking, then said: "Suppose I start to run. You follow me and at last give up the chase."

"No," I said. "I will either let you go through openly, disobeying orders, or not at all."

"Oh, do let me go!" she pleaded. "While you are detaining me you are withholding from my mother what may save her."

"Well," I said at last, "I'll risk it. Go ahead."

She gave me a grateful look, and I saw in it at the same time something of pain or regret. I was looking her straight in the face, on each side of which were two puffs such as were in vogue in women's hairdressing at the time. These puffs were, I believe, usually rolled over something to give them their shape. There was a break in the puff on one side of the girl's head, and a thin line of something white, over which it had been rolled, was visible.

A suspicion struck me.

"One moment," I said.

I reached for the puff and held on to it till I had taken out some crumpled white paper. Smoothing it out, I saw on it writing and figures. A brief examination showed me that it embraced estimates of each division of our Army of the Cumberland, giving its exact position.

"This is the medicine," I said to the girl, "that you are carrying to your sick mother."

There was no reply, only a look of disappointment and vexation that her scheme had failed.

"Corporal," I cried, "take this girl in to general headquarters and this paper also. Say that the girl was trying to get through the lines with it." Then to the girl, "You must have a seared conscience to practice such deception."

"Not at all," she replied. "I was trying to help our cause and thousands of our people and our brave boys. I am sorry I failed."

"And I rejoice that you did. Next time I shall not be so chicken hearted."

I never heard if she were punished; probably not. The next day we moved out on the Tullahoma campaign.

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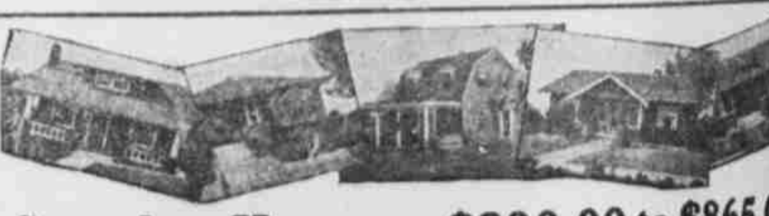

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