

WILLAMETTE FARMER.

VOL. XVI.

SALEM, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1885.

NO. 51

During these hard times the tendency to retrench is very strong and very proper. Let the farmer ask himself, however, if he can afford to dispense with the only journal in the State that belongs to him and represents his interests? Thirteen years ago we purchased the WILLAMETTE FARMER and invested in it all our means and the best years of several lives. Consider, friends, whether it is not more reasonable at this time, (when you know how hard the times must pinch the publisher of your own journal) to go out and collect a small club of new subscribers at the low price offered rather than think of "economizing" by doing without the services of a friend of such long standing.

Correspondence.

Newsy Letter from Umatilla County.

WESTON, Or., Jan. 21, 1885.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

Seeing you have not had any correspondents from this vicinity for some time, will give a few brief items. Although poorly dictated as they may appear, hope they may be of interest to some. A paper so much devoted to the interests of the farmers should be read in every household. There is not a single producer of the soil of Washington Territory and Oregon, if on a limited scale that would not be well rewarded by giving \$2.00 annually to the FARMER. It seems strange that so many will prefer foreign political and other papers to our home agriculture journal. When the mail arrives the FARMER is the first looked after. Children are anxious to read the Home Circle. Mothers are anxious to read Editor Circles, column, and children's letters.

Business has been in a manner suspended since winter set in, which commenced December 13, with snow but not a great amount of very cold weather. Stock in the vicinity of Weston and Centerville is doing well by being fed, the weather has been such that feeding stock has been a pleasure; with the ground covered with snow, stock got the benefit of all the feed given them. There is no great scarcity of feed yet and should winter break by the first of February stock that is cared for will not exceed five per cent loss in this vicinity. That accounts for being prepared for snow.

Money matters very close. I favor the mortgage tax law but favor taxing other property in proportion. Exempt mortgages and it exempts some of the best financiers from defraying the expenses for the laws that protect them. But as more able writers have discussed that matter at length will say no more. Your columns have constantly advocated mixed farming of which the writer highly endorses, having experimented in that kind of farming for the last ten years, find it to be by far the most profitable.

The farmers in this bunch grass land who summer-fallows a portion of their land in corn each year and feed the corn to hogs or cattle will be the men who can whistle there is no mortgage on their farms. A great many have become disgusted at raising corn, for why when the corn is ready to put in shock it is cut, thrown down in bunches for day, or two then hauled on wagon or sleds and piled up in large ricks or piles with the stalks full of sap then what? Let it lay through the fall rains and when it is examined fodder and corn both are rotten. Advise: put fodder up in round shocks in field or in some lot close to the feed yard, tie them with hay rope or stalks and both corn and fodder will retain soundness till spring. Sweet corn makes excellent feed for milch cows, feed corn and fodder. The sweetness in the stalk is relished by cows and greatly increases the quantity of milk.

J. R. KING.

Chufa Nuts.

DAYTON, W. T. Jan. 24, 1885.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

Your issue of the 23d is at hand, and I note that you wish more definite information concerning the chufa. My experience, and experiment with it, are not worthy the name. I only raised a few in Iowa one year, and did not think

then, of its availability as a hog feed. All I know of it can be told in few words.

First, it is easily raised. Second, it is sweet and evidently very nutritious. After the children (the big ones too likely) learn how good it is, the hog won't get all of them. Third, it yields well. Fourth, the hogs will dig it for themselves, you need only harvest what you want for seed and to eat. When thus harvested it will be necessary to throw the soil and nuts together in a hill, into a sieve, and sift out the dirt. They vary from the size of a pea, to the size of the end of your finger, and can easily be bitten through when fresh, but dry quite hard.

I have been told lately, that they will not mature here, but I know they did in Iowa, in the latitude of Dubuqua, and I think them well worth a trial here.

They can be procured from one of your advertising patrons James J. H. Gregory at small cost, five cent per package, fifteen cents per ounce, post paid.

This is about all I can tell about it, and for that reason, I do not wish to answer any inquiries by mail.

My attention was also arrested by Dexter Field's communication in regard to reubarb or pie plant which is to the point. I wish to add to it that the stems are very easily dried by first stripping them lengthwise into thin slices. My wife cured some last summer in that way. She says that it dried sufficiently, in the sun in one day, and I assure you, it is not "bad to take" in the absence of fresh fruit. H. FULLER.

Ohio Correspondence.

LEONARDSBURG, O. Jan. 9, 1885.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

You have winter, and so have we. True it did not come to stay early, but has stayed well since it has come. Once the thermometer dropped double in the twenties for a couple of days, and it seemed to revive old catarrhal affections and made some cases of lung fever. Our deep snow gradually and permanently disappeared and it rained quite too much for comfort. On the night of the 14th those who were late in retiring made the startling discovery that a violent sleet storm was raging with unabated fury. The next day the pride of the forest and all his associates bowed their heads submissively to a weighty providence which on the night of the 16th was repeated with redoubled violence accompanied with some snow, but sleet predominated. And the oldest man saith not that he hath seen a sleet storm of such huge dimensions and so destructive in its effects. Fruit trees were totally demolished if aged, and forest trees look bare and dismantled as the masts at London dock. Take it wind and all it was a fearful wind. But notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather our agricultural people, with heavy furs and wraps on, assembled at the opera house in Delaware and discussed many vital and highly important questions, one of which was the outdoor management of stock, and their sage conclusion was that without shelter of some sort, such as the last storm were hard on late calves and yearlings. Secretary Chamberlain, and other distinguished Agricultural and horticultural orators, wasted eloquence, to earnest listeners, whilst several members from the rural districts read able papers. I should be guilty of discourtesy not to notice your very healthy remarks on Mormonism and the Panama canal. Although I can abbreviate somewhat by saying, that my observation has taught me that your head has generally appeared level on all questions of public interest which you have discussed through the medium of your very excellent journal. And intending to, but not having space to, talk a little on profitable hog breeding, I would say propagate the Berkshire or Yorkshire breeds; they will do as well in a clover field, as other breeds will in a corn crib.

JOHN WATERS.

THE NEW STRAWBERRIES.

I now have time to spare and propose to say something of a few of the latest productions in the strawberry line.

Atlantic.—There has been a great "pow-wow" in many of the papers about this plant and berry. The plant is vigorous, healthy and stands drouth, hot sun and poor treatment. The plant is all one could desire. The berry medium, scarlet, irregular, very fine—fine for market. The quality is only second rate and many of the largest specimens are hollow and ill shaped. One season's trial is, however, not enough to prove a strawberry. I have 200 now in, or will bear the ensuing season. I cannot recommend it till further trial. It is perfect flowered and easy of propagation.

Prince of Berries.—One would naturally think from the name that there was a prince of berries, indeed. I have 50 that will bear this coming season. The plant is only a moderate grower, hardy, sun proof and deep rooted; the foliage keeping very green and healthy. The berry is large, fine color, rich delicious and unusually fine. The plant is not as vigorous as I had expected, the berry is larger and better. I can recommend it. Perfect flowered and a moderate bearer. Requires rich land and high culture; the runners must be kept off or it will not bear well. The fault I have with it is it will not bear neglect. It is not as good a plant nor does it bear as well as the Jersey Queen. I will give it a fair trial this season. It is perfect flowered.

Daniel Boone.—This is truly a splendid plant; far superior to my most sanguine expectations. The fruit very large, very firm, but not first rate in quality. It is a pistillate. This is an objection; though it seems to be productive here. I believe it will become a fine market fruit. It is so large and beautiful it must sell well. One of the most beautiful sights ever beheld is a row of Daniel Boone's in full blooming. The plants are so fine, the fruit so large and literally heaped around the plants.

The Bidwell.—This is of E. P. Roe fame. He sold 100,000 of Bidwell's one season. The plant is all anyone can desire, large, vigorous, healthy, sure proof, deep-rooted, perfect plumed, an enormous bearer, a first-rate home and market plant.

Now, to grow superior Bidwells requires very rich land, highly manured, deeply in the middle of the rows, and often cultivated, grown in hills, three and a half or four feet apart, and cultivated both ways, like corn, all runners kept off and all weeds kept down. I believe the Bidwell one of the most productive strawberries on earth. I have gathered a quart and often a quart and a half of fine berries from a single hill the whole row through. So, too, of the Jersey Queen. My pickers were astonished at the immense size and quantity of the berries. Manure and care are to fruits what plenty of food and care are to stock. There is as much in food and care as in the blood. I have kept still about it, but truly the Sharpless and Bidwell are the best two strawberries I have, out of thirty-six sorts, and although I consider all things viewed, that the Sharpless, Jucunda and Wilson are three best for all purposes, yet, if I had plenty manure and the best of land, which I have, I would only grow, for profit, the Sharpless and the Bidwell. As a rule it is better, safer, to have a variety of strawberries, say ten or fifteen kinds, for if one sort misses another may hit, for locations vary, so of fruits.

The Windsor Chief and Piper are proving, on my place, to be among the best and most profitable sorts that I have. I have others, but a further trial is necessary before saying any more for them at present. The Windsor Chief is a pistillate, yet is easily pistillated, bears well, is healthy everywhere. I have 300 as a trial bed; so far I am pleased with them, so of the Piper. I may, if time permits,

say more ere long, of some other new ones. I will close by saying I think it out of our pockets to try so many newcomers; it costs money, time and much care—is unprofitable. Nevertheless, a sacrifice must be made by some one or valuable kinds would never be known.

There is a pleasure in growing a plant that may become, when properly tried, a very valuable one. The Sharpless had to be extensively tried before it could be widely distributed. Now it is known all over the continent; nay, even in Europe. Hence it is pronounced a grand strawberry, because its valuable qualities had only to be known to be appreciated. I have made sacrifices proving new fruits, and am willing to make more. I have as fine collection of strawberries as there is on the Pacific Coast.

A. F. DAVIDSON.

Yelling Moles.

SALEM, Or., Jan. 25, 1884.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

Can anyone of your readers give me, through the columns of the FARMER, any feasible way of getting rid of a colony of moles which have taken possession of my front door yard. The soil has been made and so is soft and easy digging for them. Being near sighted I can't shoot—besides have not the patience in watch for them, its too much like sitting on the ground fishing for minnows.

H. B. C.

Whether we agree with Mr. Beecher or not, few men can speak or write on any subject of public interest with so great a certainty that everybody will want to know what they say. In discussing the question as to how far ministers may go in politics,—Which he does, in the North American Review for February,—the great preacher shows himself to advantage perhaps all the more because it is a matter that touches him personally as well as professionally. In the same number of the Review, the question, "How shall the President be elected?" is ably treated by five happily chosen writers, viz., two United States Senators, Dawes and Vance; a college president, F. A. P. Barnard, of Columbia; a New York lawyer, Roger A. Pryor; and a well known journalist, William Purcell. The substantial agreement of four of them on the same point is significant. Another notable article in this unusual strong number is a review of "Holme's Life of Emerson," by the veteran historian George Bancroft; and still another is an essay by Prof. C. J. Young on "Theories regarding the Sun's Corona," which he skillfully brings with popular comprehensions. The Rev. Dr. G. W. T. Shedd defends the dogma "Endless Punishment," and Prof. G. Stanley Hill writes on "New Departures in Education."

Pulverize the land whatever you do or fail to do. Go on the principle of the woman making gooseberry pie, who sweetened it all she dared, and then shut her eyes and put in a handful more. Work your land till you think it is fine enough and then go over it again. If you do not think this will pay, try it on a strip through the middle of the field and contrast it with the balance. The implement to do this with is the Acme Pulverizing Harrow, Clod Crusher & Leveler.—See page five of this paper.

It is singular how much mere weight in a horse is looked upon as settling his claims to distinction. It should be remembered that in a horse it is bone and muscle that is required, not beef, and that weight without a corresponding proportion of these essentials is a detriment. It is quite common to hear the owner of a draft horse priding himself on its weight, the result of a lack of exercise and heavy feeding. Such a horse is a delusion, and when put to the test invariably fails. A breeding stallion in a fit condition for a fat stock show may look all right, but he will never be a safe horse to breed to. Weight is only entitled to consideration when it is made up of bone, muscle and size. When furnished in fat the chances are that sluggishness and disease will soon destroy any real merit the horse has. Size for many purposes is essential, and weight corresponding to it, also. Activity and hardiness rarely are found in beefy horses.

Dr. J. P. Newman has resigned his pastorate over which there was so much trouble in New York.

The Dignity of the Farmer's Life.

There is a higher dignity than that of poetry or painting, that attaches to the farmer's profession—a dignity which should make him walk as erect and look the blue heavens as proudly in the face, as any man who treads the earth. No industry to which human hands were set since the first pair were made, is deserving of higher estimation than his; for of all the toilers of the earth he stands in the closest co-partnership with Divine Providence in its realm of Nature. See now the conditions of this co-partnership, the capital which each invests in one summer's crop. Here, for example, is a cultivated farm of 100 acres of land. The Creator might have made that land bear stout crops of wheat and other corn all of itself, without man's help; but He did not, and would not. He condescended to admit man to a partnership with him, in vengating the verdure of those acres, in covering them with waving and yellow harvests. He would not let Nature produce any crops for human sustenance without the co-working of human sinews. The wheel of seasons might turn on forever, scattering rain, dew, light and heat and every germinating influence; but unless it was belted to man's industry it would not turn out a sheaf or a loaf of bread. But see what comes of the connection when a pair or two of hands and hoping hearts join their activities to revolutions of that wheel. Generously Nature divides with man the honor and joy of the crop! How she works with all the sublime and mute economies of the season in this partnership of toil! The very shape of the earth's orbit and all its million-miled many stages around the sun, as the dew distillery of the evening's sky, are brought to bear upon the production of the fields. See how the light and heat are graduated to these acres of Indian corn. See the temperature that nurses it into the blade, then into the stalk, then into the silken setting of the ear. See what purple curtains are hung around the horizon; what drying, jocund, fall winds blow; what a ruddy-faced hue glows upon the ripening ears, reddening them to Indian summer tints as they peer from the white lace drapery that enfolded them! Look at that sight and never let a murmur of discontent stir your lips when you talk of merchants, manufacturers, or joint-stock companies, or any occupation or profession whatever. Joint-stock companies indeed! What companies of that sort ever formed on earth can compare with the joint-stock company that carries on the smallest farm? What a firm of active partners we have here! What a diversity of capital is invested in the enterprise! What sympathy and co-working! Where falls one drop from the moistened brow of the farmer, there fall a thousand of germinating dews from heaven; and the combination touches the life of every plant and blade with a new vitality and verdure.—Elihu Burritt.

"Will you kindly tell me what is going on in that church?" asked a tramp of a gentleman who had just descended the steps.

"They are holding a church fair."

"I am very sorry."

"Why are you sorry, my friend?"

"Well, I was going to ask you to help me but if you have been in there it ain't no use."

CLUBS are coming in and we hear of many more being formed. We wish club raisers would be prompt in sending their names in—as we need every name and the money that can be gotten.

Every true horticulturist takes a just pride in growing large, sound, handsome apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes and small fruits, in watching their growth and process of maturing; and then takes pleasure in carefully gathering, assorting, packing in convenient, attractive packages that will bear examining through and through and then will confidentially send to the best market, expecting good, remunerative returns.

"You don't really love him, my dear." "Well, perhaps not; but it's my first chance, and I may never get another." "Never mind if you don't. Wait until you find a man after your own heart." "That's just what's the matter, mamma. Charley has been after my heart eighteen months, and I guess I had better let him have it."

"To make both ends meet" is why the baby puts its toes into its mouth.