"The Progressive Farmer is a good paper---far above the average---and possibly the best advertising medium in N. C." Printers' Ink.

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

Has the largest circulation of any family agricultural or political paper published between Richmond and Atlanta

THE INDUSTRIAL AND EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS OF OUR PEOPLE PARAMOUNT TO ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS OF STATE POLICY.

Vol. 13. RALEIGH, N. C., JULY 26, 1898. No. 25

Agriculture.

FLORIDA---BEES AND HONEY.

Correspondence of the Progressive Farmer.

As I wrote you in my article last March, I went to Florida to raise honey, and that is just what I did. I had 549 hives to care for and run for extracted honey. About 30 of these were not strong enough to produce any surplus, so from about 520 hives I produced 120 barrels of Tupelo honey, a grade of honey that my employer brands as "Orange Bloom" and ships as such to the Northern markets. But the bees that gather it never see an orange bloom.

Down there where I was located is a most delightful climate in summer, with the thermometer standing at 96 to 98, as it was for three successive weeks before I left there (June 7th), the breeze from the Gulf 18 miles distant was constantly blowing from about 8 a. m. to 5 p m. each day. The nights were cool and pleasant. The pine land sections of the country were free from malaria, chills and fevers. The natives are very indolent and lazy, little inclined to do any work.

There is more work done there in the honey extracting in spring, than there is in farming all summer. I am writing of Calhoun county, West Florida; I don't know that these conditions are true of any other parts of the State.

I left North Carolina February 26th, under contract with S. S. Alderman, of Wewahitchka, Fla., to care for his bees for "four or five months" at $40 per month and board, but as soon as the honey season closed this Florida "Cracker" settled up with me, at the end of two and half months, without even an hour's notice. I had no alternative but to accept his settlement and leave. I left there June 7th and rode on my bicycle about 270 miles through the country to Valdosta, Ga. There I took the train for Charleston, S. C., and from there I wheeled it about 240 miles to Wade, N. C. While wheeling it, I had ample opportunity to see the country and test the hospitality of the citizens. I am sure that Georgia has more life and activity than any Southern State I visited.

I find the Populist party in Florida almost a thing of the past; they have been fused and confused till they are disgusted. I learned but little of politics in Georgia, but in South Carolina the Tillman crowd is about dead. The present Governor is credited with being a Tillmanite, but he is a tool of the straight Democrats. The Democrats tell me the way the thing is managed is this: The ticket is nominated in the State by a primary ballot at the polls; this allows everybody to vote. So the Democrats go to the primaries and vote for the Populist candidate and nominate him, who will be their tool when elected. See? The job has been easy and the masses are disgusted with Tillmanite Governors.

A. L. SWINSON.

Goldsboro, N C., July 19, 1898

STANDARD SQUARE BALES.

Correspondence of the Progressive Farmer.

AUGUSTA, Ga., July 1, 1898

To the Ginners:—We take the liberty of calling your attention to the importance of exerting all your efforts in favor of the adoption of the standard size cotton bale, which is a bale made in a press box, measuring on the inside, 24 inches wide by 54 inches long, and deep enough to make a bale weighing about 500 pounds.

The complaints made by the transportation companies and the foreign mills, about the difficulties of stowing different size bales and the damaged condition in which the American cotton is received, are so numerous that we are sure a great discrimination will be made against our cotton next season, unless there is a change made and an universal size bale adopted and enforced.

After a number of experiments with bales of all the different sizes it was found that the best results could be had from those made in press boxes 24 inches wide by 54 inches long, and this size has been adopted as the standard by all the cotton growers' associations in the Western and Gulf States; also by the convention in Atlanta, Ga., last May.

This size (24x54) was found to press to a greater density, and when pressed at the compress, the bagging usually placed on a bale of cotton would then cover the bale completely and prevent any damage.

It is well understood that the more cotton that can be stowed in a steamer, the less the freight, and consequently, the more the cotton grower will receive for his crop. It naturally seems that a few inches in the size of bales would make no difference, but a few inches running irregularly through an ocean steamer amounts to a great loss of space, and in stowing bales of irregular sizes, they are so screwed in odd shaped spaces as to often break, and nearly always are torn and twisted out of shape by the time they reach the foreign ports. The lost spaces also form air passages and in case of a fire the damage is much greater, consequently the insurance is higher than it should be. The same complaints are made by the railroads, and by the mills when they put their cotton in warehouses.

We think we have fully explained the reasons for this change, and that it is to your interest to do all that is in your power to have every one make this change by next season. As a general rule, the press boxes will have to be made smaller, either one way or both, This can be done with very little expense by lining the inside with boards, one lining on another where the size is to be reduced several inches. Then the follow block can be sawn off to fit the box. The cost of making this change in most cases will not exceed $5. This amount is too small to spare, and thereby continue to suffer the loss caused by discriminations in the past, as well as additional ones that will surely follow.

The European mills use about three-fourths of our cotton crop, and of course they have a great deal to do with the price of cotton, therefore it is to our interest to see that it is shipped in the condition they want it, and by reducing the damage and the cost of transportation, the grower will get that much more for his cotton.

We have received letters from a majority of the ginners in our territory, and they promise to alter their press-boxes to the standard size. We respectfully solicit the co-operation of all growers and those interested in the cotton crop, to urge upon the ginners the importance of making all bales of the standard size, as the success of this movement and the benefits to be derived from it, depend upon them. We are confident that a large majority of the ginners will make this charge, but it is necessary that the change be as near universal as possible.

We are anxious to hear from those that are interested in this movement, and especially those that have made this change.

Yours very truly,

J. H. SLOAN.

DOES A COLLEGE EDUCATION PAY THE FARMER?

Says Colman's Rural World:

This theme is discussed until the arguments pro and con are familiar to every schoolboy. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Facts are more potential than fancies. So a few illustrations will be more conclusive than theory or argument. A few years since it became the duty of the Governor of Missouri to appoint a new State Board of Agriculture, to comprise fifteen members.

In making the appointments the Governor took particular pains to select persons who were known to have been successful farmers. Some time after the board was made up, biographical sketches of the members were prepared, and it was then found that of the fifteen men twelve of them were college educated men.

An individual case can be cited that is one of unusual interest, T. B. Terry is perhaps one of the most widely known practical farmers in the country, and one of the most successful. He is a college man, educated for the ministry, but shattered health at the time of his graduation compelled him to engage in outdoor work. A son of a minister, raised in town, without capital, and with so little knowledge of practical farming that he was led into buying, on credit, a poor, run down farm. On this he and his young wife began farming under conditions all discouraging, excepting he had a college trained mind. This fact has enabled him to become famous in agricultural circles as a financially successful farmer; to make of his farm which, when he took it, was of such a character that an experienced farmer to whom it was offered as a gift would not accept it, one of the most productive in the country; to acquire for himself and family a comfortable competency; all of which have been obtained from the farm unaided other than by his own physical and mental effort, not forgetting his wife, who has been an equal partner with him in his work.

There have been successful farmers that did not have college educations, but each of these realizes that larger knowledge would have made success easier and perhaps brought success sooner. A well trained mind is of incalculable value, and when farmers secure for themselves end children educations equal to those required for professional careers then "clod-hopper," hayseed and such appelations applied to farmers will become obsolete.

NEED FOR MORE THOUGHT.

Everybody worries too much, but very few do too much thinking of the right sort. In no department of life is careful, constant and intelligent thought more necessary than in farming and in none perhaps is less exercised. Says a writer in the Home and Farm:

"What farmers most need is to learn to think. Think carefully, correctly.

"Think about your business, about your stock, orchard, garden, soil. Talk about them and learn all you can about them. If you know men who understand gardening, ask them questions about gardening. Ask questions about breeding stock for milk, for beef. Ask questions about taking good care of hogs—how to feed them. Ask questions about how to thin corn and cotton. Don't ask only one man, but ask many questions of many men.

"Ask how much more merchants want for goods on credit than for cash. A man chopping wood at fifty cents a cord would have to chop two or three cords more to buy 100 pounds of flour on credit than for cash, You get a great deal less for cotton when you spend before you make it. Think about this Ask questions about it. Think about being industrious Remember what the Bible says about a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the arms in sleep; so shall your farm grow up in briers and your family will be clothed in rags."

RUNNING STORE BILLS.

This is a "bear" that the bravest, most honest and economical farmer dreads to meet. With receipts from sale of farm products in one hand and unpaid store bill in the other, the farmer feels that the income of the farm will profit but little when it is already spent. There is no feature of the farm finance that needs more attention than that of the store bill. In the majority of instances it is always larger than even the highest estimate the farmer and his family had made it. Country merchants are not expert book keepers and errors are liable to occur unintentionally, says an exchange.

The farm home has needs that must be supplied and frequently the finances of the farmer's family are so managed (or rather not managed) that there is not a continual cash income, and time purchases seem unavoidable. A farmer's wife of our acquaintance, who realized the importance of practicing the strictest economy, not having the time for or knowledge of book keeping, insisted on having bills of all purchases made, which were filed away. By referring to these the household expenses were quickly determined. They were also a means of settling differences when the merchant's account failed to tally with these bills. Receipts were taken for all money paid, not because that merchants were regarded as dishonest, but as a safeguard against error. When settlement was made one month the store bill was found to be eight dollars more than the filed bills showed. The fact was soon revealed that eight dollars paid on a previous account was not credited.

Whenever possible all such purchases should be on a cash basis. The farmer and his family are more independent, and cash for goods means cheaper goods.

There is the temptation to lavish expenditure when goods are bought on credit. But pay day will come. And money paid for goods worn out or eaten up seems like money paid for value not received.

Right here is a good opportunity to put in a word in favor of such lines of farming as dairying. One great advantage the dairy farmer has over the steer raiser or grain grower, is in the fact that returns from sales of milk or butter come at least monthly, thus providing him with cash for current expenses. This feature of the dairy business is one of the reasons why it is of so much benefit to a community; it brings money into the community in a constant stream and keeps it in circulation.

SCUDDER'S WASTEFUL HASTE.

A Story With a Moral.

The postmaster at Bunkum was not half a bad sort of a man. He was alert and quick to see a business chance and was at work in his store, in which the postoffice was kept, from early morning until weariness drove the last loafer home in the evening. He might have made a successful business man on a large scale if opportunity had opened the way for him, but because he had not seen a way to engage in large transactions he did not despise the day of small things. Beginning as a huckster who traded various commodities to country housewives in exchange for butter, eggs, old rags and iron, he had built up a trade that proved profitable and in the end enabled him to start a modest store at Bunkum, the stock of which enlarged and included more and more different lines until it became the regulation general store, containing as many different sorts of goods as most of the department stores in the big cities. If a girl wanted a yard of ribbon she found it at "the store;" if a boy wanted a gun or a watch or a fish hook Bob Urner found a supply tucked away about the place; if a spool of thread or a log chain were called for Mr. Urner promptly exhumed the article called for and named the price. Besides selling a varied assortment of goods Mr. Urner bought anything that was offered for sale at his place of business at some price.

It may easily be imagined that the goods in his small store were not given a very good display, but as he was his own buyer, seller, clerk, bookkeeper and janitor he could lay his hand on anything in stock that might be called for, even if the accumulations of months were piled on it, and as to display, that was useless, for the people of Bunkum were so confident that whatever they might want was to be found at the store that they were not afraid to call for it, knowing from long experience that on some shelf, in rome drawer, under some counter or hanging from some hook in the ceiling the article would be found in a short time.

'Squire Bunker dropped into the store one morning to get his mail and to his surprise not one of the usual crowd was there. Even Hank Lister, who, tradition related, only stayed away while eating and sleeping, was absent. Mr. Urner was behind the little row of boxes which marked the postoffice report. He had just got to point where he had discovered that his salary for the quarter had increased from $8 11 to $11 08, a very gratifying showing.

"Good morning," cried the postmaster, cheerily, as he turned to get the 'Squire's mail.

"The same to you," replied the 'Squire, "how's business?"

"Never better," was the reply, 'I've just been makin' up my account with The Department" (it takes double breasted capitals to say this in the way the postmaster did)—"an' I find business is lookin' up. I noticed the other day in the paper that the postoffice receipts are the best guide to judge business by an' my business with The Department is nearly 40 per better'n it was last quarter."

"That's good," said the 'Squire. Then he looked around. "You look lonesome," he said, "has there been an eppydemic in the settlement?"

"No," replied the postmaster, with a liberally wide smile, "but they's a raisin' down to Smiley's an' the boys know they's to be a good deal of eatin' after it an' all o' them wanted a taste o' Mis' Smiley's cookin', so I'm left alone. I ain't none sorry, either, for I wanted to git things in a little better shape. Looks a little cluttered up 'round the edges, don't you think?"

The 'Squire gave a comprehensive glance at the interior of the store.

"I don't know but it does," he said, deliberately. "I don't remember's I ever see a lady's bicycle suit a-hangin' on a plow handle down to them big stores in the city, an' I dont b'lieve they use the stove to show off summer hats on."

The postmaster laughed in a good humored way. "I'd re'ly like to keep things lookin' a little slicker," he said; but I don't have time to 'tend to it an' I guess I sell about as much as I would anyhow. You see 'tain't like as if I was in a big city where"——

"Gimme five cent wuth o' t'backer 'n a clay pipe 'n do up—er do up—blame it all, I come away in such a hurry I forgot to bring the paper where the old woman writ what she wanted. Gimme th' terbacker 'n the pipe or I won't git down to Smiley's afore they've got the raisin' over with. Funny, people allus have to have raisin's when a feller's in a hurry. Pay fer this next time I come in; fergot my pocketbook."

The speaker who had interrupted the postmaster grabbed the pipe and tobacco and was gone, the whole transaction occupying something less than thirty seconds. He was a man of middle age, showing signs of hard work. His only clothing was a hickory shirt, denim overalls, a pair of cowhide boots and a very dilapidated straw hat. His overalls were hung by one suspender, and in lieu of a button at one end of this solitary suspender was a nail.

Neither the 'Squire nor the postmaster had said a word from the time he rushed into the store until he ran out, jumped into a buggy with a broken spring and a slivered thill, and disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust.

"I wonder if Scudder'll ever find time to die?" said the postmaster, reflectively, forgetting the subject that was up before the interruption of that gentleman.

"I s'pose he will," answered the 'Squire; "but unless he mends his ways he'll never find time to do anything else."

"I dunno but you're right, 'Squire," assented the postmaster. "He's been goin' on the jump ever sence I come to this settlement an' still he's never got even with himself yet. He's allus more or less in debt an' never has any money. I'll be lucky if I see what he owes me in six months, an' I give up long ago ever gettin' the account square. I don't mind trustin' people, 'Squire, but between me an' you, I think a cash business is better. When you an' two or three others come in to buy something o' me I know I'm goin' to git the money right on the nail an' I allow you'd be wilin' to say I sell things to you reasonable?"

"I must say you do."

"Well, I try to make it up to them as pays cash, for they hain't got no part nor portion in the credit I give an' I hain't got to worry about bad debts. There's Scudder now; he's allus on the run, but he don't seem to make any headway. He runs here an' runs there an' does a little o' this an' a little o' that an' he don't half do what he does work at. I've 'bout concluded that it's better to do a little well that to give a good many things a lick an' a promise an' let it go at that, an' never git the benefit of anything a feller does."

"That's so," said the 'Squire. "Jake Scudder is in such a hurry that he don't take time to think an' never plans a minit ahead. I don't make no sort of doubt that he's tried to do a day's work to-day afore he started to the raisin' an' probably he done half a dozen different kinds o' work at that. Now he's goin' down to Smiley's jest in time to be too late to help an' he'll rush back an try to make up for the time he lost. He ain't a minit over forty five an' yet he looks as old as me. He's worked harder an' accomplished less than any man in the settlement. His farm looks worse'n Hank Lister's an' I allow that's puttin' it pretty far down. He ain't got no more ready money than Hank has, all because he goes right ahead without stoppin' to make any plans. You wouldn't never a had this store if you hadn't set your stakes an' went right straight for 'em, I allow."

"Nor you wouldn't a had your farm clear of a mortgage an' stocked better'n any other in this diggin's if you hadn't done your work on some sort of a system that give you a chance to make a showin' every day," said the postmaster.

"That's right, that's right," said the 'Squire. "'Tain't them that goes the fastest that allus gits the most done You know the Good Book says: 'The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but to him that endureth to the end,' an' no man can endure long enough to reach the end onless he goes at a gait that he can stand."

"Yes, haste makes waste in more ways than one," said the postmaster, as the 'Squire started home, "an' a man can waste his time easier by workin' without plans than a'most any other way."—Farmers' Voice.

Intensive farming is the thing that wins—less risks, less labor, greater yields.

Cyclones seek the point of least resistance. The country offers least resistance to success.

LIVE STOCK

COB CHARCOAL FOR HOGS.

Fattening hogs eat charcoal greedily, but that made by charring corn on the cob is eaten best, and is all that is needed to keep them in health. But in one of the Minnesota Farmers' Institutes, Theodore Louis tells how he makes cob charcoal on a large scale where hogs are kept by the hundred. He digs a hole five feet square at the top and five feet deep. Into this he throws some cobs, setting fire to them as they are thrown in until the hole is filled. Then the hole is completely covered, banking earth against the edges of the cover. In twelve hours uncover, and the cobs will be found completely charred, so that they will easily crumble. Six bushels of this are them mixed with eight pounds of salt, two quarts of air slaked lime and a bushel of wood ashes. Dissolve one and a quarter pounds of copperas with hot water, and sprinkle over the mass. This mixture aids digestion and destroys the intestinal worms with which fattening hogs are always infested. Hogs, thus fed, have no occasion to root, as they get what they require without this labor.

THE BEST SHEEP FOR THE SOUTH.

Mr. Henry Stewart, the well-known authority on sheep raising, has an article on the above subject in a recent issue of Home and Farm. Mr. Stewart says:

Tastes differ: This applies to all human affairs, and as much to the choice of all farm animals as to anything else. It is well that this is so. If it were otherwise there would be no advance made in the world. We should all be keeping the common stock of animals, and each of us, knowing no better, would be quite satisfied with what we had and would seek for none better. But the restless desire of our race for change and variety which has possessed all men from the beginning has led to a constant advance and improvement, which seems never to be completed, judging of each year's change and advance on all previous conditions. This is to be most noted, perhaps, in regard to sheep. Anyone well informed of what improvements have been made by American breeders of late years can see this advance most conspicuously exhibited doubtless in the Merino breeds and the several varieties of them. This sheep has been the special wool sheep of the world since those days in which the old patriarchs' wives and daughters spun the fleeces and wove the cloths for their households. "She seeketh wool, and her hands work willingly. She layeth her hands to the spindle and she holdeth the distaff. And all her household are clothed with scarlet." This is the description of the virtuous woman, and mistress of a household in ancient times. The custom of spinning wool in those old times—and up to the later Roman Empire, and which was common among high and low conditions—by the maidens, gave to these the name of spinsters, by which we call the unmarried women even now.

There is probably no other part of the world in which this old custom so prevails now than the Southern States, for here our girls learn to spin the wool and the older women weave the jeans and knit the hose. Still it is amazing to one well informed of the history of the sheep and the wool business that in this part of the continent of America the sheep is most strangely neglected, when it might be increased in number ten times without an excess of stock or product. But there is another item of value in regard to the rearing of sheep in the South. No other part of the Union has so rich a soil, all rich alluvium everywhere, and no glacial drift has existed to cover this with vast beds of gravel and barren sand as in the North. Yet no other part of the continent produces such a low average of crops. Nowhere else is there so much land lying idle and neglected in the old fields. And at the same time nowhere else is the "golden footed sheep" so scarce, and rarely to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 8]