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Relations of the Cow to the Farm.

Dr. James B. Hunnicutt, in *Southern Cultivator*.

The relation of the cow to the farm is no recently established affair. It has existed since the morning stars sang their song of welcome to the new-born world. When grass first began to grow the mild-eyed queen of the milk-pail was standing ready to feast upon its verdure and turn it into nourishment for Mother Eve's first born scion of humanity.

Neither is it a local affair. In every nation under every clime she attends man in all his peregrinations.

A farm is a piece of land set apart for some particular man. Cultured or in its native state, it is his kingdom. Here he reigns and rules. But the modest cow makes it a better kingdom. On the uncultured range she is often the chief, if not the only source of wealth. The cattle upon a thousand hills is at once the emblem of unbounded wealth and princely power. And the well fed cow contentedly chewing her cud in broad pastures besides the still waters.

"Where peaceful waters soft and slow,

Amid the verdant landscapes flow"

is a vision of beauty not excelled elsewhere in all the realm of poesy.

Thus we see the cow related to the farm in its earliest and crudest state. Tis relationship holds good whether we look at the cow as a milker or as a beef-producer. In either case she is an adjunct to the farm, indispensable to its highest development and greatest prosperity.

But the word farm is generally intended to be applied to a piece of land in a more or less high condition of culture. A place where the family find a resting spot; where love nestles down, takes deep root, and grows to its fullest proportions.

The fruit of the farm is expected to furnish food for the owner. Not only this, but is expected to furnish means to buy all the comforts needed to make the family prosperous. It is the ideal dwelling place of man.

If we were called upon to point out the ideal home, we would not go to the city with all its dirt and smoke, with its narrow streets, its high walls, its crowded thoroughfare, its reeking dens of vice, and its fierce contests for existence.

We would take you to some rural retreat where amid rural shades we would point to a gently rising knoll crowned with a cottage and newly painted. In front we would show you a beautiful grove carpeted with living green, where the numerous chicks heed the busy mothers call, and the proud chanticleer flops his wings and crows his clarion note of welcome. Well laid drives would lead up to the front, lined on either side with shrubbery and flowers of every hue suited to each season as it passes.

Near by, the meadow with its bleating lambs, skipping kids, frolicking colts and grazing dams

would delight your eye. Beyond we would show you fields of the snowy staple that clothes the nations and waving acres of Indian corn that insures the corn-crib at home and the smoke-house at the same place. The golden grain ripening for the harvest and waving before the passing breeze should next delight the eye.

We would look upon these while standing beneath the shade of the trees that line the banks of the purling brooks that cool the leaping trout and furnish nestling homes for the sweet warblers that cheer the air with their mating songs.

Returning we would see the well-set orchard, furnishing its fruit in every season and every fruit in its season. The ample barn well-stocked with the best breeds of horses, the grunting porkers, fat and contented, and the meek-faced Jerseys, and broad-backed shorthorns would complete the picture in this direction. Heaping, steaming piles of manure, and a well-filled, thoroughly tilled kitchen garden would complete this outdoor scene. Then we would take our seat upon the broad veranda with the owner and be joined by the happiest woman in all the land, the prosperous farmer's wife.

Here we think we have the ideal home—the abode of peace and contentment. How much of this is due to the cow we may not be able to appreciate until we have tried to separate her contributions from the rest.

She has been given the milk, butter, cheese, the curds, and various forms of beef. She has given the shoes and much of the clothing. But not the least of her contributions will be found in the enormous quantities of fertilizers which have been the basis of all this prosperity.

All history shows that without the cow the farm soon grows poor. She is the "sine qua non" of fertility for the farm. No country on earth has ever remained fertile for a long series of years without the cow as a guano factory. She has the mysterious and marvelous faculty of extracting nourishment from her food and then giving to the farmer the full equivalent without any appreciable loss.

The vegetable matter after passing through her stomach is worth more as a manure than in its original condition. She adds from her own system the waste which is exceedingly rich in all the available elements of plant food. If her liquid voidings be combined with her solid excrements we have a manure that suits every kind of vegetable life.

But these are not all the points of good we find in this remarkable animal. No estimate of her value would be complete that left out the patient ox, as a burden bearer and toiler in peace and in war he has contributed his share to the movements of humanity. He is often spoken of as a source of wealth in ancient history.

When the Lord needed a man to crown kings and anoint prophets. He found Elisha plowing twelve yoke of oxen and he with the twelfth. Thus it has ever been. Wherever patient endurance, long continued effort and great strength were required the ox has furnished the ideal power. If to this we add great economy in keeping, we find him still further in the lead.

When the prodigal son returned, the father killed the fatted calf. And so, it is to this day; the fatted calf carries with it the highest expression of full and unstinted hospitality. Thus we see that whether we are feasting or toiling, we lean with the same reliance upon the cow.

The suckling babe in the cradle, and the active laborer in the summer's trying heat, the sick man upon his couch of pain, and the hardy soldier upon his trying march through the heat or cold all find milk to meet their cravings as nothing else can do. We think we are entirely safe in saying that pure butter is the most general and at the same time the most appreciated table luxury.

Thus we see that the cow sustains a very intimate and important relation to the farm in every stage of development of the farm. A single cow has been known to add one hundred dollars to the income of a family in a single year, besides milk and butter for the family use. The cost of keeping a cow when the food must be bought is about thirty dollars a year. But when she is fed from food grown upon the farm, this cost is greatly reduced. It is, perhaps, a safe estimate to say that a good cow will add at least fifty dollars to the income per year. Of course this includes manure, milk and butter, and calves. We mean to say this is the value of a cow of good blood, not a razor-back nor a scrub. The cost of keeping a cow is very little to the average farmer. There is much that helps to keep her that would be practically lost without her. A shifty man can look after half a dozen cows at a nominal cost. A dozen cows well looked after will soon pay for a good sized farm.

At least one-third of the average farms would pay much better to grow grass for cattle than cultivation. This third, besides paying a handsome profit, would furnish manure sufficient to make the other two-thirds rich. The cow is emphatically the best and the cheapest guano factory in the world. She makes us independent of the fertilizer bills. She pays the millinery bill, the dry goods bill, the sugar and coffee bill, and various other bills. Indeed she is the bill-payer of the farm.

The cow is a necessary (an integral) part of the farm. There may be so-called farms without her, but she is a part of every well-regulated complete farm.

If every farmer of the South could be persuaded to have as many cows on his farm as he could, then the long-looked for time would be here when prosperity would spread her wings over all this beautiful heaven-blessed land. The fatted calf would no longer be a figure of speech, but a veritable reality on every homestead. Debts would

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