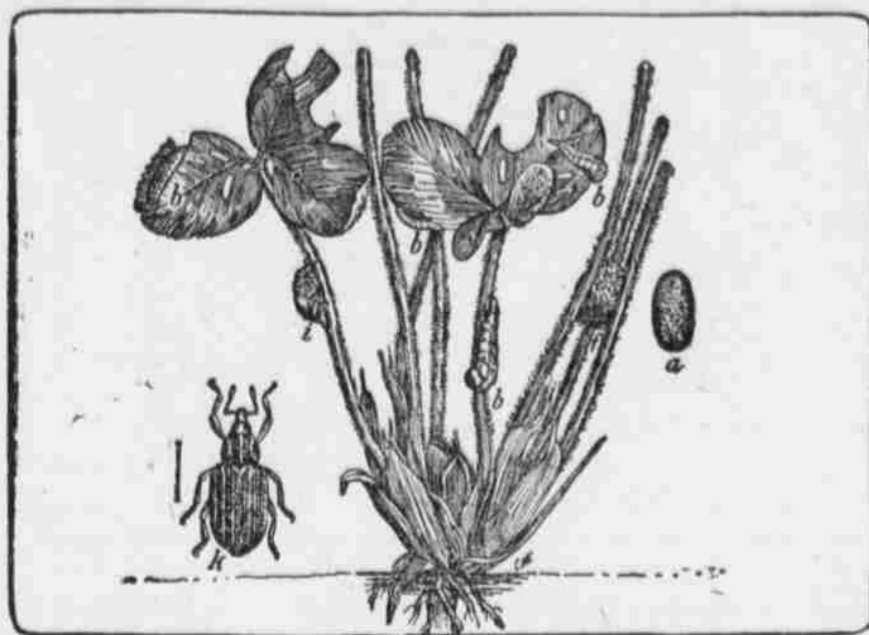


DESTRUCTIVE WORK OF ALFALFA WEEVIL



Clover-Leaf Weevil—A, Egg; B, B, B, Larvae Feeding; F, Cocoon; I, Beetle; Same, Dorsal View—This Beetle Also Infests Alfalfa Fields and May Be Easily Confused With the Alfalfa Weevil by the Farmer.

The alfalfa weevil, introduced into this country at a single spot near Salt Lake City over ten years ago, has slowly spread throughout the northern half of Utah, including three of the most productive counties, and taken a foothold in the adjacent parts of Idaho and Wyoming. It destroys about one-half of the annual yield, unless measures are taken to prevent it.

The weevils, after spending the winter in the fields about the roots of the plants, deposit large numbers of pale yellow eggs in cavities made in the stems with their beaks. The little green "worms," which hatch from these during spring and early summer, cluster upon the fresh shoots of alfalfa plants and feed, becoming most numerous about June 1. They destroy much of the first crop, injure the quality of what remains, and compel early cutting to prevent total loss. The actual damage to the first crop is not far from 50 per cent of its value. Upon the cutting of the first crop the larvae gather upon the bit of food which is afforded by the new shoots and destroy them as fast as they appear. This condition lasts until the normal harvest time of the second crop, so that it is a total loss. The damage to the first two crops usually amounts to about one-half the annual yield.

A valuable method for preventing the injury to the second crop consists in brush dragging the stubble after removal of the first cutting. This was devised by the Utah experiment station in co-operation with farmers. It was improved later, however, in actual practice by the adoption of a weighted spike-tooth harrow with several layers of woven wire stock fencing underneath, instead of the old-fashioned brush drag. This treatment was widely adopted as a means of crushing the insects, and also as a means of exposing them to the rays of the sun and to the choking action of the dust. The bureau of entomology has proved that neither the mechanical crushing nor the direct rays of the sun contribute much to the effectiveness of the dust-mulch treatment, and that most of the insects in all stages die long before they are

condition it must be cultivated before dragging. The great objection to this method of fighting the weevil is that it requires much cultivation of the alfalfa at the busy haying season.

Poison for Alfalfa Weevils.
Several farmers have adopted the method of spraying the alfalfa stubble with arsenate of lead instead of creating a dust mulch. Apply the poison at the rate of 12 pounds in four barrels of water per acre. Where a large area is to be covered a gasoline engine for power is necessary. Two lines of hose are operated by two men and bordeaux nozzles held at a distance of about 1 1/2 feet from the ground. Equally good work could probably be done with a small quantity of arsenate of lead by a better method of distribution. This spray method, however, is better adapted to large fields than the dust-mulch method.



Alfalfa Weevil.

It is also applicable as well to the rocky fields where cultivation is not desirable.

Analyses and feeding tests show that there is not the slightest danger of poisoning animals which eat the hay. If the field needs cultivation, a combination of both spraying and brush dragging from the standpoint of cultivation, however, is lost when followed by irrigation.

Pasture With Hogs in Early Spring.
The only method which can be recommended at the present time for protection of the first alfalfa crop is pasturing with hogs after the eggs of the weevil are laid in April or May. The field to be pastured is divided into two or more equal lots, each provided with water, shelter and facilities for feeding. The hogs should have rings in their noses if the owner wishes to preserve his stand of alfalfa. The hogs are moved from one inclosure to another as fast as they are able to clean up the growth of alfalfa. A small grain ration should supplement the alfalfa for growing and fattening pigs, but is not to be given the brood sows. Under these conditions the first crop of alfalfa is secured with no labor cost, pork economically produced, and the weevil eggs and larvae are destroyed before they can do any harm. Thus the field is left clean for the growth of a second crop which can be cut for hay.

The occurrence of weevils in farm products which are being shipped by freight and express, stored in warehouses and sold in markets has been exhaustively studied with a view to learning how the spread of the insect into new territory may be prevented. Fruit, vegetables, alfalfa seed and nursery stock contain practically no weevils, with the single exception of potatoes which have been in contact with infested green alfalfa. Alfalfa hay sometimes contains adults and some of them may remain alive for six months in the stack. About the only other danger of spreading the weevil is by carrying it in clothing either on the person or in baggage.



Adult Alfalfa Weevils.

smothered by the dust. The essential factor in killing the weevils is the heat absorbed by the soil from the sun's rays.

To kill the weevil the surface of the field to be treated must be dry, free from clods, cracks and vegetation. To get best results, however, the sky must be clear and the weather warm. Under these conditions when the soil reaches the necessary temperature of 120 degrees all stages of the insect are killed in less than two minutes. The second crop of alfalfa is then free to grow. The effectiveness of this treatment, however, is directly proportional to the thoroughness with which the above conditions are complied with. If the soil is not in good

CUTTING HAY AT RIGHT TIME

Task Should Be Performed in Morning After Dew Is Off—Legumes Lose Their Leaves Readily.

(By J. E. LARSON, Oregon Experiment Station.)

Cut hay in the morning after the dew is off and rake into windrows as soon as the leaves are thoroughly wilted. Legumes (clover, alfalfa, etc.) especially lose their leaves readily and should be cured in windrow and cocks and not in swaths. Two or three days in cocks will cure clover hay enough for the mow. Be sure all outside moisture (rain and dew) are off and little danger will be experienced in mow burning, provided the crop was cut at the proper stage. You can't afford to lose the leaves by swath curing. They represent a large per cent of the nutritive value of the hay.

If grains are cut for hay, cut in late milk or early dough stage. Allow to wilt and cure some in windrow, then put into cocks of good size, well built and solid. The same method will apply to grasses except that they are often put in the haymow from the windrow.

Use More Milk.

Farmers should make liberal use of skim milk and buttermilk with their poultry. These feeds are unexcelled and are easily provided on the ordinary farm.

HARDEST FALL COVER CROP

Winter Vetch Is Superior to Crimson Clover—Will Make Vigorous Growth in Early Spring.

The hardest of fall cover crops is winter vetch. It is far superior to crimson clover, as it is sure to live over winter and makes a very vigorous growth in the early spring. Sand vetch belongs to the pea family and is a native of Russia. It is a deep-rooted plant, having an abundance of vine and leaf. The flowers are purple, abundant and sweet. Bees extract much sweetness from the blossoms. The high cost of seed prevents most farmers from sowing it; the better method is to drill six pecks of rye and sow half a bushel of vetch seed to the acre. The ground should be deeply plowed, well-harrowed and rolled. For early green feed, spread a thick dressing of well-rotted manure over the ground after it is first harrowed over, then cross harrow it in, then roll. Drill the rye in. Vetch seed is fine like cabbage seed and should be placed in grass-seed box back of drill hoes; the seed may be covered with the brush harrow. The first heavy shower will cover the seed.

Market Surplus Meats.

It usually pays to market a good share of the surplus male chicks when they reach a weight of a couple of pounds.



Most Valuable Vegetable Patch in All New York

NEW YORK—That there is a farm at Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street—where every inch of ground is, figuratively speaking, covered by gold dollars—will undoubtedly be surprising news to the majority of residents of this city. Yet a flourishing vegetable garden is located there on what is the most highly valued plot of ground in the city. While it does not produce for the general public, it supplies vegetables for a goodly number of persons who enjoy a privilege cherished and desired by nearly everybody—picking vegetables from the garden for immediate consumption.



It will also be surprising to learn that the soil of Manhattan island, taking this plot as a sample, is rich in possibilities for farm land. This is the opinion of the Fifth avenue farmer, who says he has found the soil so good that it can produce bumper crops.

The "farm" is located in the plaza at Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, and is surrounded by a marble fence, which, of course, is to be expected for such a farm in such a neighborhood. It is titled by "Tony" Lusso, and he is proud of it. It is also right in front of the Vanderbilt mansion.

"Tony" is in charge of several Italian workmen, who are engaged in constructing the Pulitzer water fountain. It was he who conceived the idea of utilizing the ground that had been stripped of the concrete and he laid out several garden beds. These beds were planted to onions, radishes, lettuce and spinach on the west side of the fountain, while on the east side he has two thriving tomato beds, also one of beets and another devoted to cabbage.

At noon daily the men employed at the place go to the "farm" and get enough onions, radishes, tomatoes, beets, etc., for their luncheon.

While the horny-handed sons of toil are gathering the succulent vegetables, and while they are seated on the lawn eating them, many a wealthy man and woman from palatial apartment house or hotel, passing along the avenue, looks at the laborers with envy ill concealed, and later sits down to consume with poor appetite vegetables that have been garnered for days, passed through numerous hands and often refrigerated until all the freshness and taste has been taken from them.

Truly, "Tony" and his gang are fortunate mortals these days.

Young Lad Hunts Yaqui Indians in Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA—With a prayerbook hidden in his breast pocket and a loaded revolver concealed in his blouse, between his shoulder blades, Paul Merrill, thirteen years old, came to Philadelphia from Tamaqua, Pa., to spread the fear of God among the Yaqui Indians. Lordly self-restraint alone kept Paul from shooting up the policeman who took him in tow.

Paul was found loitering in the neighborhood of Rittenhouse square early in the evening by a policeman, who took him to the police station. There it was found that he was carrying a razor in one of his pockets.

Paul looked on with a condescending smile as the detectives drew from his pockets four vicious-looking knives, a pocketbook containing \$6, some cards bearing pictures of the holy family and a prayer book.

The detectives thought they had unearthed all the boy's arsenal, and were concluding their search when Detective Rich accidentally felt a curious lump between his shoulder blades. It proved to be a large revolver, fully loaded.

At the discovery, some twenty or thirty detectives who had crowded into the room set up a howl. They refused to believe that Paul had not hidden still more weapons on his person until they had examined the linings of his new suit, peered into his mouth, probed his ears and stood him on his head to see if he were sequestering any submarine torpedoes.

Paul was unflinching. He said that his father was a Hungarian laborer, who lived at Tamaqua, and that he had received the revolver from his father, who told him to go West and shoot the Indians, as they were no good, anyway.

Bank That Got Her Money Must Welcome Her Dog

MAHA—It was evidently a case of "love me love my dog" with a well-dressed young woman who breezed into the postal savings room of the local post office the other day. Her coming was heralded by the rustling of silks and the jingling of a bunch of silver bangles in her hand.

It was further heralded by a Boston bull terrier, which entered the room first, tugging at his chain.

The young woman's dress "beggars description." At least, it was far beyond the knowledge of the masculine scribe. She had on the latest of everything.

"You have no objection to my having Fanchette with me while I deposit some money in the postal savings bank, have you?" she inquired of Miss Louise Grant, the clerk.

"I think not," said Miss Grant. "There, I knew the government wouldn't object," was the triumphant reply. "And those other banks that think they're too fine for my dear little dog to walk on their marble floors will just miss my patronage."

"I'll fasten Fanchette to the leg of this table while I get my money out. Do you know, my dear, I applied at two banks, and in each case some horrid person of a watchman wouldn't let me stay because I had this dear little dog with me. Oh, I was furious. And then I thought of the government bank. And here I am."

Punctilious Los Angeles Burglar Left His Card

LOS ANGELES.—Juan Basquez had observed of late how certain prosperous men went about the city and left their cards. He did not recognize them as politicians seeking the favor of voters, but identified them in his own mind as active business men observing a custom in vogue with all persons doing business. So he decided to do the same.

Unfortunately his business was not of a nature to accept such publicity, for he worked by night and in other person's properties, collecting what was most advantageous to him. He went, according to his confession, to a store at Seventy-third street and Moneta avenue, looked over the stock and selected what he desired. Having a sweet tooth, he first chose chocolates, 30 pounds of it. Then he thought of the early morning drink that was most agreeable, and he picked up a 50-pound bag of coffee. And to top things off he picked up 15 boxes of cigars.

And as he had seen those clever and agreeable men do, he stuck his card in a prominent place. Detectives Oakley and Eaton observed the card, read the address of Basquez, and arrested him with much of the loot in his possession. And he thought it a marvelous thing the way those detectives found him so quickly. He was enlightened in police court.

Urged Drinking of Cider.

The encouragement of cider drinking in the cause of temperance was advocated by John Evelyn, who addressed an appeal to Charles II of England on the subject. Since "chops," as he asserted, had "traumatized our wholesome ale" into a drink repaying what pleasure it afforded with "tormenting diseases and a shorter life," he implored the king and all loyal and prudent owners to "plant elder fruit until the preference of more wholesome and more natural drinks do vanquish hops and banish all other drogues of that nature."



I'll just leave me card.

Pictures in Gardens.

Above most other arts, landscape architecture is based on nature, and the art should be practiced on natural lines. The evolution of growing things, the development of distinct types of effect, although greatly varied, can be, and should be, made to bear the stamp alike of definite, though perhaps instinctive, ideas throughout the various kinds of landscape gardening, whether it be a park, an estate, a village garden or a window box. It should make a fine picture, no matter how small or how large.—N. Y. Telegram.

CONVEY MUCH IN FEW WORDS

Japanese Proverbs Pungent, and Their Repartees Apt to Be Keen and Stinging.

It has been said that the Japanese are as apt and unique in their proverbs as they are in their works of art. What, for example, could be more appropriate to men in certain desperate circumstances than this: "Man may about when he can no longer swim?" "While the tongue works the brain sleeps," is another saying of the Japanese, which expresses their contempt for loquacious persons.

The Japanese are quick at repartee; their wit is keen and tempered, and they can often administer a perfect snub in brief, terse form. In illustration of this there may be cited the following instance:

There was being tried in a court a case involving the possession and ownership of a piece of property. The litigants were brothers. The holder, who was clearly not the rightful owner, had assaulted and ejected his brother and was protesting his right to defend his claim.

The examining magistrate listened very patiently to him until he closed with the words, "Even a cur may bark at his own gate." Then the Judge quaintly voiced the judgment, as if stating an abstract point of law—"A dog that has no gate bites at his own risk."

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Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Good Address.

Joseph E. Widener, the millionaire sportsman, was talking in Newport about homes.

"Philadelphia is the city of homes," he said, "but if your home is north of Market street you are considered, socially speaking, out of it. Your home must be south of Market street—you must live down town—if you would be a social personality in Philadelphia."

"And yet, after all," said an Englishman, "what difference does it make where a man lives?"

"It makes all the difference in the world," said Mr. Widener. "A fact that is well remembered about Diogenes today is that he lived in a tub."

Officer, Where Are You?

"Has the backward season arrested the cotton crop?" we asked the Southern planter.

"It has," he replied, "but we think we will be able to bale it out."

Office Chatter.

"How do you like your job?" asked the inkwell.

"It's dirty work," replied the new blotter. "Still it's rather absorbing."

When a millionaire dies it generally develops that he was worth about \$100,000 and that he had been paying taxes on a valuation of \$20,000.

It is calculated that 19,000,000 tons of carbon, most of it in the form of coal, is the average yearly amount burned in large cities.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

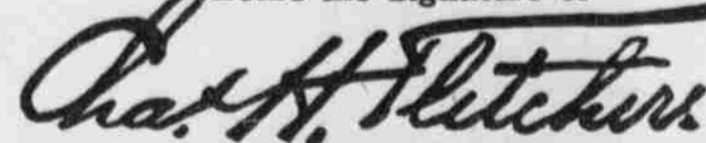
The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Longings.

A well-known essayist and connoisseur of New York attended recently an artistic tea in Washington square.

Sculptors, near-painters and near-novellists—attended the tea. The ladies wore djibbahs of green burlap. The gentlemen wore sandals. The collation was vegetarian, of course.

Looking calmly at that mass of freaks, he said, with a smile: "Artistic longings consist invariably, it seems, of long hair, long teeth and long faces—everything but long purses, in fact."

Fine Scorn.

"Lady," said Plodding Pete, "could you spare a hungry man a meal o' victuals?"

"You go away from here or I'll call my husband."

"Is that there stoop-shouldered man plowin' corn in the next field your husband?"

"Yes, it is."

"I take back what I said. I've got a heart in me, I have. If you've got a meal o' victuals for a poor starvin' man, give it to your husband."

An Honest Confession.

"I suppose you will be out again tonight," remarked Pokerton's wife somewhat sarcastically.

"I am sure," he admitted, "unless I hold better hands than I did last night."

Tired of Him.

He—I always pay as I go. She (yawning)—I don't think you'll ever become bankrupt.—Judge.

Berlin and Vienna have each a population exceeding 2,000,000.

The thread of the silkworm is one thousandth of an inch in diameter.

Drink Denison's Coffee.

For your health's sake.

A man goes to the table to eat. A woman to demonstrate how gracefully she can demean herself.

One of the compensations of life is that a man can't study himself through a microscope.

Easy Money.

"Any fishing up where you spent your vacation?"

"Plenty. In fact, there wasn't anything else. All we got to eat was the fish we caught ourselves, and they charged us \$15 a week for serving it."

The Way of It.

Knowit—They say the water in the Panama canal is gradually becoming salty.

Grouchy—Always some fresh trouble down there.

Quite a Hint.

The Guest—Your wife is such a handsome woman. I should think you'd be jealous of her.

The Host—I am. And for that reason I never invite any man here that any sane woman would take a fancy to.

Both Busy.

"Where is Clarence?"

"He's in the house playing jack-straw."

"And where is Edith?"

"I dunno. She may be out sailing the motor boat, and then again, she may be trying out her new aeroplane."

Cracking Good—
Post Toasties
and cream
A Royal Treat