Horticultural News

USE OIL SPRAYS IN BATTLE ON INSECTS

In some sections, fruit growers find that the San Jose scale has been increasing in abundance, during the past few years, in spite of regular applications of the standard lime-sulphur spray. Many of these growers have resorted to the use of oil sprays to secure a thorough cleanup of San Jose scale, points out Dr. F. H. Lathrop, chief entomologist at Clemson college, in discussing the control of this scale disease.

Oil sprays are more effective for the destruction of scale insects than is lime-sulphur, but unfortunately, there is greater danger of injury to the trees when an oil spray is used, and the oil seems to have less fungicidal value.

Oil sprays for the control of San Jose scale should be applied during the dormant season. Extended periods of low temperature should be avoided in making the application. Probably the most satisfactory time for the applications of oil emulsions is in the early spring just before the buds show green.

There are a number of commercial miscible oil sprays on the market. Most of them are reliable, and are effective when used according to the directions printed on the containers. During the past few years homemade red engine oil emulsion has come into use in many fruit-growing districts. This material is quite effective, and can be prepared at home much cheaper than the commercial oil sprays can be purchased. If this material is made at home, says Doctor Lathrop, great care must be taken to secure a perfect emulsion, otherwise serious injury will result to the trees. It is not advisable for a grower to attempt to make this material unless he has proper equipment, and has had some experience in the use of oil sprays.

Beautiful Tribute Paid to King Apple

By R. J. Barnett, Professor of Horticulture, Kansas State Agricultural College.

Children instinctively crave apples.

They require no teaching of the fact that here is one food which not only gives pleasure through their sense of taste but also satisfies a dietary necessity. Its blend of vitamines, acids, sugars, and solids approaches perfection.

Who has not noted and marveled at the way of a boy with an apple? His hand clutches it, his teeth tear it, his molars crush it, and then an expression betokening the acme of earthly enjoyment spreads over his sunburned face as the full realization of the good which is being done him pervades his consciousness.

To satisfy his craving for an apple he will do violence to almost all his usual rules of conduct. He will beg and whine for it if in the pantry. He will forget his manners and grab for it if on the table. He will fight for it if in hands of another boy, not too large. He will risk life and limb for it if in the top of a tall tree. And he has even been known to steal it if in the garden of a neighbor.

He needs apples every day and he knows by instinct that he needs them. The heart feels with pity for the thousands of American boys and girls who never have this natural craving satisfied. Never can the claim that there is an overproduction of apples be proved until every American child has all he wants of them from August to April. The lesser fruits can well fill out the remainder of the year.

Truly King Apple, beyond any other fruit, looks good, tastes good, and is good as a food for mankind.

Horticulture Notes

Pruning will clear the orchard and the conscience of undesirable burden.

* * *

The best way to knock the bottom out of the market is to throw bad produce on it.

* * *

Where disease or insects are present it will be found better to spray or paint the trunks of the trees with lime-sulphur wash. If insects, such as borers, are present, they should be dug out.

* * *

The farmer who does not have fruit and vegetables near at hand in his own gardens and orchards does not get those things when they are needed. The distance to them is too far, the price too high, or something else is wrong.

* * *

One of the best plans for protecting young trees from mice or rabbit injury is to trim the trees during the winter and leave the trimmings on the ground. The animals will usually make use of this prepared lunch and let the trees alone.

BARGAINS—USED CAR SALE

1922 Chandler Touring	1917 Buick Touring
1920 Hupmobile Sedan	1919 Buick Touring
1923 Hudson Coach	1919 Paige Touring
1919 Essex Touring	1917 Paige Roadster
1921 Essex Touring	1918 Oakland Touring
1922 Dodge Touring	1917 Overland Touring
1920 Lexington Sedan	1915 Hudson Touring 7 pas.

1917 Chevrolet Touring

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The kid who makes a tremendous noise when coaching the ball team, may be hardly able to speak above a whisper in the class room.

American people said to need more capacity for self expression, but they show plenty of ability that way when yelling at the umpire.

When Names Don't Matter

By BAYARD D. YORK

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

"LIFE," said Russell Dunmore, "is a stupid, dull, wearisome—"

"It's your liver again," his Aunt Olivia interrupted. "The bottle of black pills is—no, on second thought, I believe this would be better. After you've dropped me at Mrs. Montgomery's drive out to the cottage and back. The drive will do you good."

Russell had come. And now, with the cottages inspected and locked up again and the October twilight approaching, he paused beside his car at the sound of running footsteps.

Suddenly some one screamed.

It was a shrill little sound, promptly stifled—and followed by a few gruff words. Then the scream was repeated, this time with a wild, beseeching, half-crazed note in it.

As Russell leaped around the corner of the cottage he caught the words: "There's nobody there, and if there was—" and then he cut in sharply.

"What's going on here?" he demanded.

The blood was racing in his veins. The young man before him was unquestionably one of the natives of the lake region, uncouth, burly, sullen—but upon the girl's face was the evidence of intelligence and good-breeding.

"None of your business," the big fellow said, in a surly tone.

Russell stepped forward. The other fellow gave no second warning. The quickly swung fist reached the spot which the point of Russell's chin had just occupied, but the chin was no longer there.

"So!" he muttered grimly.

As the momentum of the unsuccessful blow carried his antagonist somewhat off his balance Russell doubled his own fist and swung. The big fellow went down.

He was up with a yell of rage. He seemed like some huge flying animal as he rushed toward Russell.

Again the latter's fist shot out—and again it reached its mark.

And now the thick-chested chap advanced slowly, with an eye of caution, and Russell knew that he faced the final test. His opponent's blows registered.

With one last desperate effort Russell tried to drag his brain from the daze which held it, tried to force his muscles into action—and failed.

Then something which seemed like a white cloud rushed between him and the speeding blow; he heard a little choking sob and knew that in some way, which at the moment he did not understand, he had been saved from the knockout.

Then he heard the girl's warning shriek and, glancing behind him, saw his new peril. A tall, long-armed man was running toward him.

In that instant Russell became a madman. With a fury such as he never imagined himself capable of feeling, he struck out with all his might. His fist reached its mark.

The broad-shouldered fellow went down—and lay still.

Russell whirled to meet his new foe. In the gloom he saw two other men approaching.

He felt the girl's hand on his arm.

"Better run for it," she suggested.

Together they leaped up the path. He pushed her into the car and jumped in. As the engine whirred he heard a shout behind him. The car gathered speed.

"Think you can carry off my daughter—"

The voice was at Russell's ear. He turned. The tall man had gained a position on the running board.

Russell swung his whole body around. The next instant the man was sprawling by the roadside.

"I think I can!" Russell muttered grimly.

Some eight miles down the road the girl spoke.

"Six o'clock!" she murmured. "I was to have married him at six o'clock!"

"With your father's consent?" Russell asked.

"That man isn't my father," she answered. "While I was at college mother married him; and then—then she died—and he—he—oh, it's all a horrible dream!"

A sudden wild spirit of romance seized Russell.

"Will you marry me—at seven o'clock?" he demanded.

The moon was rising above the tree tops. When she did not answer he turned and looked into her eyes. She met his gaze steadily, perhaps a bit proudly.

Suddenly he understood. She challenged him to win her, not by caveman methods, but as a man should win the girl he loves.

"I'll take you to Aunt Olivia's," he said.

For a time they rode on in silence. Then Russell spoke.

"I don't even know your name—or you mine," he said. "But names don't always matter, do they? Do you know," he concluded with a sudden smile, "life is a mighty wonderful thing!"

Real Humility

A man in a train was accosted by a clergyman, who shook hands with him, saying: "Hello, Mr. Binks."

"That's not my name," said the man. The clergyman apologized and the man replied: "Never mind, I have shaken hands with a good man."

"Not at all," returned the clergyman.

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