



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF INVERNESS.

INVERNESS.

Inverness is a thriving town of 800 inhabitants. It is located inland, among the hills and near the Tula, Avonlea lake.

It is surrounded by good farming lands, many of the farmers use the best of harvesters and other improved machinery, as do the farmers of the Great West. During the orange period, this part of the country was almost wholly given over to orange culture, but afterwards, growers realized that it is never best to put all your eggs in just the one basket, and they realized also that the lands and the climate was suitable for the growing of other fruits and products besides oranges. Now one can see, growing about Inverness, besides the oranges, peaches, plums, prunes, grapes, plums and other varieties of fruits, to say nothing of the general farm products.

Tula, Avonlea Lake has been built, from that sheet of water, and has on its shores many handsome houses surrounded by beautiful meadows, plants and flowers.

The town of Inverness is one of the most pleasant best laid out towns in Florida, and its sensible and progressive people have a pride in keeping their streets, lawns and parks as neat, clean, and beautiful as the streets of any other town. The people of Inverness are very proud of their town, and they are very proud of their town, and they are very proud of their town.

And Inverness is the county seat of Citrus county, that means a whole lot to a town that it is, no doubt, fitted to have the rural growth which is the natural consequence of owning the people of Inverness. Of course, the main county officials all have their homes at Inverness, and we must say, a more genial, courteous and affable set of men, either as men, merely, or as public servants, can not be found.

David Dickson's Farm and Some of His Farm Maxims.

Solomon said, "There is no new thing under the sun." This is proven to be true, much oftener than people generally believe.

Up to date farmers are advocating deep plowing, shallow cultivation and heavy fertilization. It is usually supposed to be a new idea. This is a mistake as is shown by the Southern cultivator in an article under the above title. The maxims of a man who made such a success of farming as is ascribed to David Dickson, may well be studied with care.

While down in Hancock county, through the courtesy of Mr. John D. Walker, of Sparta, its present owner, we made a pilgrimage to the old homestead of David Dickson, the most successful and noted advocate of progressive methods in Southern agriculture. He practiced deep preparation, shallow cultivation and high fertilization fifty years ago, and reaped such a reward, that he left an estate of five hundred thousand dollars, when he died. He owned over thirty thousand acres of land, and had in his vaults in his own house, over \$200,000 in bonds. He made two bales of cotton per acre over large areas, and from fifty to seventy-five bushels of corn. He practiced the three-year rotation of wheat, corn and cotton, and said, that it paid to sow grain as a means of preserving and improving the land to raise the more profitable crops of corn and cotton. This is a very strong point and one very difficult to get impressed upon the minds of our farmers. Rotations are essential to the raising of cotton profitably. We can not say as much about this magnificent plantation and its management as we would like, but will write about it again. It is being managed by Mr. Heath, a gentleman who used to be one of Mr. Dickson's managers in his lifetime. During the winter we read "Dickson's System of Farming," as published by the cultivator in a book form in 1884, and marked them some of his maxims for republishing in the Cultivator. We give 72 of them below, and all would do well to preserve them, to be read over and over again.



HERD OF FINE JERSEY CATTLE OWNED BY MR. R. J. KNIGHT OF CRYSTAL RIVER.

32. The four great cardinal points in Dickson's system of farming are: Deep preparation, thorough manuring, surface culture and rotation of crops.

Put Your Best Effort in Your Work Without Regard to Pay.

Do not measure the interest you have in your work by the pay you are getting, or complain because you are asked to do some thing for which others are supposed to get better pay. No one has ever yet got better pay by complaining about the character of the work they are asked to do. There is an abundance of people who can fill the minor positions in every branch of trade and commerce, but the world is all the time in search of leaders, of workers who can fill positions of trust and confidence, of those who are loyal to duty, let the duty be what it may. How often we hear it said of men or women who have been brought into sudden prominence by being placed in a position of trust and confidence or one requiring great executive ability: "I never heard of them before, I did not know there was such a person living." Also, many all be true, yet we venture to say that in nine cases out of ten, the history of those people is carelessly looked up, those will be found who are known about them, known of their conserving integrity, of their loyalty to duty, or their faithfulness to the employer under all circumstances and conditions. It is true, there are some who are placed in important positions who are very poorly equipped for the kind of work, but in most cases these are those who have been "faithful in a few things" who are made "masters over many things." Then, every workman, let his position be ever so humble, should take a certain pride in his work which should induce him to put his very best effort in it, and any thought of the remuneration he is to receive for it. No one can become a great artist, no one ever painted a great picture, who was constantly thinking about the pay he was to get for his work, or who graduated his enthusiasm and artistic skill by the dollars that were to come to him as the result of his effort. Great paintings exist because there had been born a great artist, who could not beater wise than paint, an artist who had masterpieces painted on the canvas

The Value of Birds to Fruit Growers.

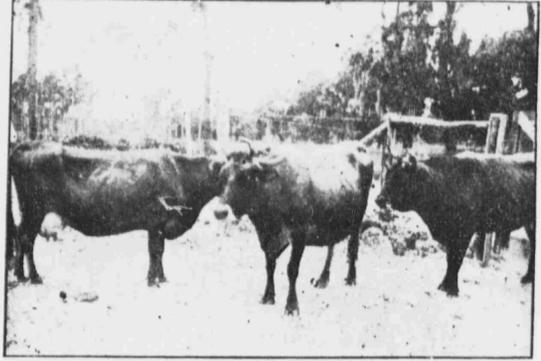
This is one of the subjects that need to be kept constantly before the people.

We think that the heading as given above, should be amended so as to include not fruit growers only, but every one who cultivates the soil in any way.

The article given below we clipped from the Rural Californian:

Birds are nature's check on insect life. By controlling the increase of certain insects they prevent the destruction of plant life, and without them, animal life including that of man, would be impossible. Each species of bird has its special office, one cares for the leaves and twigs of the trees; still another guards the trunk and limbs from attack; still others hunt upon the ground, seeking their prey beneath the fallen leaves and loose soil.

The stomach of one Bob White quail has been found to contain more than 100 potato beetles, another had eaten 500 hinch bugs. Ninety of the destructive cotton boll weevils were found in the stomach of three meadow larks. A single robin had eaten 175 caterpillars; a chickadee has been known to eat 5,000 eggs of the canker worm in one day; a barn swallow will destroy more than a thousand flies and other winged insects every twenty-four hours; a pair of chipping sparrows were observed to carry their young more than 200 insects, mostly caterpillars, in less than one day; a night hawk will consume hundreds of injurious insects, continuing the beneficial work long after the day-dying birds have ceased their work and gone to sleep. A pair of nesting orioles will destroy thousands of the small, green caterpillars that are so destructive to the foliage of deciduous fruit trees some years in California. The farmer who kills one of these birds takes the life of one of his very best friends. Fifty per cent of the food of the red-shafted flicker consists of ants, 3,000 of these having been taken from the crop of a single bird. The black phoebe destroys vast numbers of flies and gnats that annoy horses and cattle. Food is brought to the young of these birds every two or three minutes. In California the black-headed gros-



SOME FINE JERSEY COWS, BELONGING TO MR. C. E. HERRICK, CRYSTAL RIVER.

but we must remember that by our own teaching the dumb brutes and the birds have come to look upon us as their friends and expect food and kind treatment; not kicks and cuffs.

I know an old breeder who has raised and brought out many good birds, and yet the annually spoils about as many as he brings to maturity by his impatience. There is scarcely a bird in his yard that he can pick up without a great effort and much struggling and squawking on the bird's part. They are simply afraid of him. That chickens have a memory, and a good one, too, is plainly shown in this case. He has some birds two or three years old that will shily go frantic when he endeavors to handle them. But he is improving for he has learned many an expensive lesson for some of his birds have lost in the show room because of their wildness.

Although most of us know it is a critical time, how many of us can resist the temptation to meddle with the eggs when its time for hatching is past? On account of too much moisture or some other cause she is delayed a day or two. Then we become impatient and crack an egg or two. Likely as not we find a live chicken but we have simply spoiled its chance of ever hatching. By our haste

times before acting in these cases and spare the birds.

We lose our patience because the rats, cats and dogs create damage in our yards but wouldn't we accomplish much more if we went about effecting a remedy in a cool, systematic way?

That is where the women folks just lay it all over us poor, quick-tempered men. They possess the necessary patience to make poultry raising a success and who ever heard of one of those kind failing?

Kindness wins what force can not gain. Nothing could be truer than that old adage.

When our fowls get lousy, do we all have the patience to take up each bird and carefully dust it with insect powder or louse killer, or do we just scatter a little exterminator around and say "guess that will fix 'em."

Sooner or later we must learn the lesson of patience in the poultry yard and if we do not, we will soon be out of the business from a successful point of view.

What an Acre of Ground Does.

A correspondent of the Progressive Farmer gives an interesting account of what one man has done with one acre of land. We certainly agree with the writer that the man had more to do with the remarkable success recorded than did either seed, fertilizer, or soil.

Visitors to the Charleston Exposition interested in agriculture were attracted by a large picture on exhibition in the North Carolina section. This picture represented an old Confederate soldier with his wife and two daughters in their garden gathering peas. This picture was made from a photograph of Mr. Lewis Grady's "Unlovely Truck Garden" in Kingston, N. C.

A certain seed house has been widely advertising this garden as a specimen of what can be done when their seed are used. A fertilizer company has been announcing that the results attained by Mr. Grady were due to their fertilizers. The Department of Agriculture of North Carolina assures all visitors to the State Museum that the remarkable yield of vegetables from Mr. Grady's garden is clearly due to the soil of Eastern North Carolina. Some of us who have watched the old man's methods of cultivation have gotten hold of the idea that the man has more to do with it than either of the above.

Mr. Grady's garden occupies just an acre within the corporate limits of Kingston. From the windows of the train on the A. and N. C. Railroad his garden may be seen about a hundred yards to the north of the railway track, perhaps four yards east of the depot. There is nothing unusual about the soil. The fertilizer used is a brand commonly used by the truck growers in this section. After preparing the land in early spring, about the only tool used by Mr. Grady are an ordinary hoe and a smaller hoe of his own manufacture made from a buggy spring bent at a right angle and bolted to a hickory hoe helve.

Mr. Grady told me recently that he had something in his garden to sell every day in the year. He believes in intensive cultivation. He rents the acre of ground, paying \$20 per year rent, and nearly every year raises radishes enough in old corners to pay the rent. One year he sold \$23.20 worth of radishes, besides having enough for his family and sending quite a number of bunches to his friends. He has a great diversity of crops. This year he planted his peas January 2nd, and will continue to plant something up to next January. Throughout the season as he removes one vegetable from the garden he immediately plants another in its place. He grows in his garden radishes, turnips, mustard, garden peas, beans, corn, okra, lima beans, kale and collards. He keeps his ground highly fertilized and works it thoroughly.

During the past three years his income from this one acre has been as follows: \$147.70, \$183.50, \$181.05. This strikes me as being fairly good showing for an old crippled Confederate soldier working for a few hours in the morning on one acre of land. He has produced enough vegetables to supply a family of five and then sell in three years \$412.25 worth.

we have caused it to bleed to death. The process inside that shell was not complete, consequently the chick not ready to hatch. Another possible prize winner's chances spoiled. Regrets are useless. We knew we ought not, yet we did.

An ambitious pullet mounts the fence and hies herself to greener fields. Can we blame her? Over in the garden the grass is green, the berries are ripe and bugs are plentiful. Why shouldn't she have a taste of the world's good things?

She knows not why she is a prisoner. Then do we have ample patience and coax her back with bits of choice edibles or do we take a club and chase her, and thereby drive her everywhere but the place we wish her to go? Coaxing will get her back in that yard in just as good condition as she left but chasing out will result only in scaring her out of a month's growth, retard her actions and make her just so much later in arriving at an egg producing stage. Just how much damage it has done we can not tell for we have not given her a chance to show how good a bird she would have become.

It's all because we don't stop to think at the time. Just think three



of his brain, and who must needs perforce of circumstances let them flow off of the points of his fingers onto the real canvas. The great works are done by those who feel that woe is me if I do not this thing and even more, and not by those who are constantly saying, "Well, I earn all I get." It is a question whether any one earns all he gets if his heart is not in his work. It is a question whether it is possible for any one to do any kind of work as it should be done who measures his efforts entirely by the pay he expects to get on Saturday night. The man who grows thoroughbred stock, who plants and cultivates a crop of corn, wheat or potatoes, who does any kind of work on the farm, must have something else in mind, as he pursues his calling, besides the dollars that will finally come to him, if he expects to meet with the highest possible success. We can none of us work very long without some returns for our effort, but if we are true workmen we will not find all of our pleasure in the money we get. There ought to be to every man and woman some compensation in success gained; in seeing the completion of the work; in the experience of victories won; in the triumph over difficulties; in the consciousness of having done the best possible under the circumstances, and this is all any one can do. No one can read the history of a work done, like that of Burbank's, "the plant wizard", in his effort to create new varieties of vegetables and improve on old ones, without feeling proud that he belongs to the same race; yet it is clearly evident that the idea of "personal gain has been a secondary thought in all his work. If it has had anything at all to do with the working out of any of his plans. It all resolves itself down to the simple proposition that the man who sells his effort in any position for purely personal gain, and has no interest in his work except the dollars he can get out of it is sure never to make very much progress in life, or to be very well remunerated for what he does; while the laborer who takes pride in his work, with no special reference to pay is sure ultimately to be well paid for what he does, and he will also find the path to progress clear, and many invitations to step up higher awaiting him along it.

beak, the robin and the orioles search out and feed upon the pupae of the codling moth. The valley partridge, when induced to visit grounds infested by the Fuller's rose beetle, will soon exterminate that destructive intruder. The tiny California bush tit is of untold benefit in destroying eggs, grubs and insects injurious to trees. In the crop of one mourning dove were found more than 700 seeds of harmful weeds. If birds take some of the farmer's fruits and garden crops it is because they have no other vegetable food provided for them. When we have learned to count them into our families, and to provide something for their sustenance in return for the good they do us, as we provide for our domestic fowls, we shall find the birds do little harm to our gardens. No man has the moral right to sweep the land clean of the natural food of birds, and then deny them a bit of his fruit and a few of his scattered grains.

Patience With Poultry.

We read of the patience of Job, but hens are not mentioned in the list of live stock that constituted his riches. The American Poultry Journal gives some of the reasons why patience is necessary for a successful poultryman. Patience is a strong link in the chain of success in poultry raising. A very strong link indeed. Lost patience, lost poultry profits, is about the quickest way to express it.

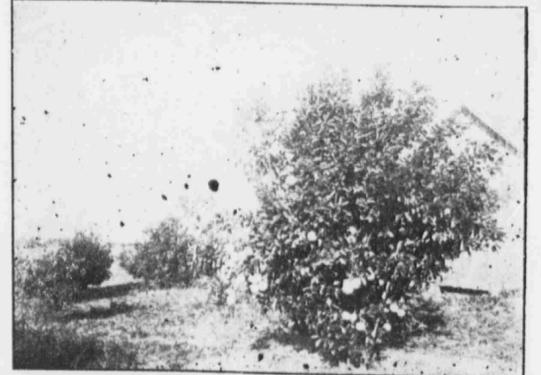
As a rule, successful poultry raisers possess an exceedingly large amount of patience; and if this were not true, few of them would ever rise to that plane called success.

Few of the old breeders require any caution in this direction, and no greater number of young fanciers would if they but stopped to consider that every step must be a forward and not backward.

It is not always lack of ambition over which we lose our patience, but rather over zeal. Because a hatch does not come off on schedule time, up go our bristles and the feathers fly.

Occasionally we meet an old breeder who fails to hold his temper when things go wrong and also we note that venting his spite on the birds but lays another stone well across his path.

If our birds were possessed of human intelligence and speech there might be the smallest atom of excuse



CAPT. R. H. MATSON'S ORANGE GROVE, NEAR INVERNESS.