particular species of euphorbia which they use is greatly dreaded by lions and leopards, and in fact they will rarely attempt to break through a hedge made of this material. In passing by one of these villages, it is a common sight to see the women of the community outside repairing the fence and attempting to make it animal proof.

In a general way, one sees much resemblance between the African in his native home and those here in America. They have the same quick excitability, lack of foresight and self-restraint. It seems impossible for them to form permanent organizations, therefore they are not well fitted to enter into any form of native government. They must be governed, even though they are dissatisfied with their masters. The lack of self-restraint among them is pretty well shown by the fact that negroes will desert a caravan the night before it reaches its destination in order to go home, if they happen to be homesick, whereas if they stayed another twenty-four hours they would have received full pay for their services. They desert without receiving a cent of money, in order to make home a day earlier.

One overseer on a rubber plantation near Kisumu told me that he always whipped his natives the last day of the month so they would all desert and he was ahead their wages. Many interesting facts might be related of the natives in this region, but my article has reached the appointed length, and I must cease without entering into a description of the other regions visited on this interesting world trip.

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Agricultural Experiments as Conducted by Progressive Farmers

By J. C. McDowell, Agriculturist, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

One of the chief duties of those engaged in the Division of Farm Management of the United States Department of Agriculture is to note improved methods of farming as practiced by the best and most progressive farmers. The work of the specialists in our various bureaus is of great economic importance to farmers and to all interested in increasing the productiveness of American farms, the State Experiment Stations are also meeting with marked success in their efforts to make two or more blades of grass grow where only one grew before, but we must not forget that the work of intelligent farmers sometimes solves difficult problems and constantly demonstrates the local application of truths already discovered. Believing that some of the work of these farmers, especially their experiments and demonstrations, may be of some interest to readers of The Progressive American, I wish from time to time to relate instances of this character as I meet them in my travels in Michigan, Wisconsin and other states of the Middle West. Nothing, however, is to be submitted for publication without the specific consent of the parties interested, and it might perhaps be well to add that nothing is to be written for the purpose of advertising any farm or any firm, and I have no desire to condemn or boom any section of the country.

While traveling in Lincoln County, Wisconsin, a week or two ago I had the pleasure of visiting the farm of Julius Thielman, about six miles northeast of the City of Merrill. This farm is located in what is known as the cut-over district of Wisconsin, and much of the surrounding country is still wholly undeveloped. The soil of this farm as well as of this region is generally a
clay loam and apparently rich in mineral plant food, though frequently low in humus. The soils turn blue litmus paper red, which indicates that they are acid.

Mr. Thielman is trying to grow alfalfa, and from all appearances he is making a careful study of the subject and is going about the production of this crop in an intelligent manner. After applying what organic matter he had at his disposal to this soil he plowed comparatively deep. After plowing, about four tons of ground limestone was distributed from the wagon by means of shovels as Mr. Thielman had no lime distributer. The soil was then carefully harrowed in order to mix the ground limestone with the surface soil. A good quality of alfalfa seed was secured and carefully inoculated with fluid sent out for this purpose from the United States Department of Agriculture in Washington. In order to get the alfalfa seed dry enough for seeding it was then mixed with a small quantity of ground limestone. The seed was sown with a light nurse crop of barley.

The barley that was sown with the alfalfa was full of weed seed, and while the alfalfa came up and made a good start it has been very weedy throughout the entire season. The weeds have undoubtedly damaged the alfalfa, but as most of these weeds are annuals they will probably do little harm next year. The fact that Northern Wisconsin has been blessed with a heavy rainfall this year has furnished moisture enough for the alfalfa though a great amount of moisture must have been used by the nurse crop and the weeds.

At the time of my visit to Mr. Thielman's place I gave particular attention to the portion of the field on which the limestone had been applied as compared with that on which no limestone had been used. In all other respects the entire field had received the same treatment. Where ground limestone was applied at the rate of four tons per acre the alfalfa was thrifty, dark green in color, thoroughly inoculated and fully four inches taller than on the portion of the field where no limestone had been used. On that part of the field where limestone had been omitted the alfalfa was decidedly yellow, very sickly in appearance, and on this area I found few plants inoculated.

Many tests of the soil in this field were made with litmus paper. In no case did the limed soil turn the blue litmus paper red, but the litmus paper turned red at once when it was brought into close contact with the unlimed soil.

I visited several other farms in this section where attempts were being made to grow alfalfa on similar soil without the application of lime, and in every such instance I noted that the results were far from satisfactory. In many cases the soil had been most carefully prepared with this one exception. On some farms the soils had been well manured, were plowed to a satisfactory depth, had been cultivated until they were practically clean of weeds, alfalfa soil had been used to inoculate the land and good seed had been sown; but even under such circumstances, where lime in some form had not been used, the alfalfa plants had yellow leaves, few nodules on their roots and were not doing well. To me it indicated that on soils that are acid, lime is necessary for this crop. All attempts to grow alfalfa without lime on acid soils remind one of a log chain in which all the links are strong with the exception of one and that one is made of broom wire. It seems a pity after all the labor of careful preparation of the soil our work should go for naught because of inattention to one important detail.

Mr. Thielman is bound to succeed. If what he has done is not enough to give a satisfactory stand, of alfalfa he intends to keep on until he finds out what is wrong. He says that if three or four tons of ground limestone per acre is not enough he will double the amount, that if the cultivation he is giving in the preparation of the soil is not satisfactory he will increase it, that if for some other cause the alfalfa fails to be a success he will find out that cause, and remedy it if it is within his power. With such determination as this success must certainly come.

Before leaving Merrill I told Mr.
Hamlin, who is associated with me in this work, that what Mr. Thielman is doing on that 'one field of alfalfa is worth more to Lincoln County than a dozen lectures on agricultural subjects, though each one were presented by the best speaker in the country. Northern Wisconsin is developing rapidly and is sure to become a great dairy district, but the success of this and other types of farming will depend largely on the efforts put forth by such men as Mr. Thielman. It is a pleasure to us to be able to co-operate in such work and to be able to lend our assistance toward the development of such a country.

THE NIGHT O' THE PUMPKIN MOON.

The crickets are fiddling an overture,
Down by the pasture wall;
And the great drop-scene of starry sheen
Is waiting the prompter's call.
And she who is queen of this mystic fete
Is the Spirit of Harvest Days;
In her robe of dusk and with scent of musk
She is footling the furrow's ways.

Here is a tear and sign sincere for the sun-crowned Maid o' the June!
But here is acclaim for the stately Dame of the Night o' the Pumpkin Moon.

Now flowers and follies are feast enough
When summer is fresh and young;
And a rollicking song when days are long,
Rolls sweet on the eager tongue.
But one must think of the cellar bins
When the pallid sun swings low,
When the rime is crisp and the dread leaves lisp
Their warnings of coming snow.

Here's to the yield of the bursting field in lush, fat Autumn's noon!
And here's to the sprite of the mystic night—the Night o' the Pumpkin Moon!

The curtain of dusk on the eastern hills
Is rolled and pinned with stars;
And the moon hangs low with a yellow glow
That is striped by fleecy bars.
For tonight the moon in a merry mask
In his stately place unbends,
And greets his kin with a gracious grin—
Yes, calls the pumpkin's friends.

And, row on row, they smile below, rejoiced by this brotherly boon—
The emblem brood of the plentitude on the Night o' the Pumpkin Moon.

The swift year wheels to the bitter days,
And the grip of the frost is on;
But the bounteous bin is safe within—
Heigh-ho, for a summer gone!
But the mows are high and the bins are broad
And the odorous cellars are deep;
We have bargained our toil with God's good soil,
And they who have earned may keep.

Fare forth tonight, the stars are bright, and winter is coming soon;
But 'tis draped in the haze of the halcyon days of the Time o' the Pumpkin Moon.

—By Holman Day.