Mrs. Treleven—Anybody have the Hersey?
Mr. Kellogg—I have that variety on exhibition.
Mrs. Treleven—Anybody have the Hersey?
be able to report in another year.
Mr. Kellogg—It is about a mid-season. I have a plate on
exhibition, and will answer any questions later.
Mrs. Johnson—Has anyone fruited the William Belt?
Mr. Herbst—We have.
Mrs. Johnson—What is your experience?
Mr. Herbst—Not very good.
President—Is there anything further before we pass this
topic?
Mr. Reed—I would like to ask Mr. Kellogg if he does not
mean in the summing up of what he has said, would you
speak of a variety if it has not done well?
Mr. Kellogg—Go back on a variety if it goes back on you.
Your ground may be peculiar, but if it doesn’t agree with you,
do not keep the berry. Try some good kinds. Everybody
likes the Warfield. Do not plant Warfields alone, you will
get nothing if you do.
President—The next topic on our program, “What We Can
Do for Our Homes,” by Mrs. Daniel Huntley of Appleton.

OUR HOMES AND WHAT WE CAN DO FOR THEM.

By Mrs. D. Huntley, Appleton.

There is no calling which men and women pursue that is
so directly devoted to making a home as that of the horti-
culturist. While the effort of every good government is to
make better homes for its people, and every scientific inven-
tor and instructor is searching to add some luxury or com-
fort to the home, it is the special work of the horticulturist
“to dress and to keep the earth,” and to bring from its bosom
things pleasant to the sight and good for food for the mil-
ions who dwell therein, and while doing this there should
be a continual effort to select from the excellent things
which have grown under his hand, the finest trees, the choicest fruits, and fairest flowers to adorn his dwelling-place.

Few things are more attractive to the traveler in any country than the homes of the people that are scattered over the hillsides and valleys, surrounded by growing crops, and fruitful orchards, and embowered with vines and brightened with sweet flowers. Often when riding over our country roads, we see a home that is a vision of beauty, we know at a glance that there is a home of culture and refinement where one would delight to dwell. Again we pass a dwelling where nothing has been done to add beauty to the landscape, where no tree lends its grateful shade or no sweet flower its fragrance, and though it be the home of wealth, it sends a chill through every nerve to think of spending a life time in such a desolate place.

We have in mind the home of an eastern farmer, said to be worth forty thousand dollars, who built a handsome brick house in a meadow, fifty or sixty rods from the road, without one living, growing thing around it, except the green grass and a small vegetable garden and there he lived and died, never missing the beautiful things and the excellent things that might have grown around his costly dwelling. With all his wealth he did nothing to adorn his home with tree or flower; did nothing to cultivate in his children a love for the beautiful in nature. Who would not prefer a smaller fortune and a smaller house surrounded by trees and adorned with flowers of the garden and fruits of the orchard, to such a barren home.

We know of two Wisconsin farms which present the most marked contrast of any adjoining homes we have ever seen. On one of these, the owner has lived thirty years. The house is very small, without porch or shed. It stands in a field, ten or fifteen rods from the road without one tree or shrub around it. The out-buildings are small and poor and indicate plainly the character of the owner.

The other home where the owner has lived but fifteen years, is a model of neatness and thrift. The house, though
small, is neatly painted, and has a commodious kitchen attached. The windows are filled with blooming plants, the lawn is dotted with flower beds, shade trees and fruit trees are all planted in appropriate places, and many of them are now in full bearing; and an excellent garden of vegetables and berries supply the table.

The farm buildings are large and filled with abundant crops, the latest farm machinery is used and everything about the place is attractive and pleasant.

The difference in these homes is not caused by climate, by soil, or rainfall, or distance from market, but it exists in the owners themselves. Both of these men have good health; both have the same number of acres and both have had precisely the same number in the family.

The one has done excellent work, the other has done comparatively nothing. As life is what we make it, so our homes are what we make them.

When we think of this fact and look over the homes where we have lived fifteen, twenty and thirty years, we realize one of two things: either that long ago we made some effort, perhaps, what then seemed some great sacrifice, to make our homes attractive, or else we constantly regret that we did not commence this good work in earlier years.

It is said that the Swiss people have a law which requires every newly married couple to plant trees around their dwelling. If this was done in our state, new homes would spring into existence with trees as fair and flowers as sweet as life in love’s young morning.

One great mistake which people make who begin their home making on a new farm, or on an old one, is in delaying tree-planting and flower-growing till the new house is finished; they are not quite certain about the building spot; they do not know where they would like this or that tree, or the shrubbery, or the rose bushes, or flower border, so they wait and the years slip away; little or nothing has been done to adorn the home and by-and-by the new house will stand bleak and bare with none of the beauties of nature around it. I know of farmers who have done this very thing—it is
a loss which time cannot soon repair. The new house on
the old farm should be shaded by magnificent trees, grand
old shrubbery, and sweet roses; and beautiful flowers should
surround it and climbing vines caress it. These are the
things which wealth cannot purchase and transplant in a
day or a year. Another mistake is in thinking we are too
old to plant fruit trees. I have a venerable neighbor over
eighty years old, who retired from his farm to a new place
of five acres nearer the city. As soon as his house was built,
he began to plant trees and shrubbery, and every year since
he has added some new or choice variety of fruit or flowers
and now he has apples, grapes and berries in abundance for
a small family. He has also many flowers, a large plot of
roses which are admiration of all who pass his door; and the
present spring he has added seven new varieties to his col-
lection. Not long since, while talking of fruit with the
writer, he said, "When I came into this world I found apples
growing here, and when I leave it I am going to leave apple
trees of my own planting."

Another mistake is neglecting to plant trees because the
home is a transient one. Where ever we live, if only for a
single year, we should plant some fruitful or ornamental
trees, and some sweet flowers to brighten other lives and make
the home more beautiful for others than when we found it.
"We shall pass through this world but once, if there is any
good thing we can do for a fellow being, let us do it now, for
we shall not pass this way again."

Another mistake is in allowing children to grow up in
homes where no fruit is seen or flower is grown. Children
love beautiful things; they are fond of flowers, they are de-
lighted with fruits; they like to play in sunny fields and
shady nooks, and have a tree or garden all their own. Cher-
ish this love of the beautiful in their growing years—it will
be a safeguard from evil even down to old age.

But whatever we have or have not done for our
homes in the past, we know this fact—it is
never too late to begin a good work; the pre-
sent thought is what we can do now? If we have only
a few trees and a few flowers about our homes, let us begin
at once to add something that is new or something that is old that we have long desired, or something of the kinds we already have. Fill up the waste places and the corners of the back yard with some hardy annual plant. A few trees each year and soon there will be a beautiful park in which to dwell.

There is no small investment that gives such large returns as when we purchase some of nature's living, growing things. We buy a tree for ten or fifteen cents, it grows well with little care and soon we can sit under its branches, we can eat of its fruit, it waves its lovely green banners in the breezes, we see it from afar as we hasten homeward, the children are playing in its shade, it is the tree that we planted. We have helped to make the earth beautiful. We buy a slender vine for a few cents and soon it wreaths the porch with its green leaves and we sit at evening within the bower it has made. We purchase a packet of seeds for a dime and, lo! they expand into a carpet of purple and gold, and this is but a tithe of what can be done with the treasures of the floral world. Little by little others can be added without neglecting any necessary work, in fact, more will be done because the pleasure they bring will be an incentive to greater exertion.

If we have no money for large investments, we can make our home attractive with the labor of our hands. The forest abounds with trees most excellent for planting, the graceful elms, the maples, the white pine and the hickory, some of which nearly equal the famous magnolia of the south.

The best of vines can also be found in our fields and woods. The clematis, the ivy, the bittersweet and the honeysuckle can not be excelled; if you have them not, find where they grow this summer and another spring go to the woods and transplant them to your lawn and your porch. You can not make your home attractive without the green and growing things of nature. The time has come when people will not be satisfied without green leaves and trees and flowers, flowers for the garden, flowers for decoration, flowers for every party and every feast. Again if we have not all the fruits in our garden that will ripen in our climate let us hasten to plant
them now, the small fruit grows so quickly and brings both health and happiness to the household. Surely every farmer should have strawberries, raspberries and grapes in abundance for his family. But says one: "It will not pay, trees will die, fruit will blight or freeze, we can buy berries cheaper than we can raise them." These good people know nothing of the joy of sitting under one's own vine and fruit tree; they know nothing of the delight of watching the growing plants, and budding flowers and ripening fruits. They have never felt the pleasure of one horticulturist who said "to watch the growth of my garden is worth to me about ten dollars a day." It is love for this work that makes it delightful. There is nothing truer than that of which we all have read, that "Love is the greatest thing in the world." Nothing succeeds without it, flowers do not flourish without love; children do not prosper without love, homes are desolate without it. We ourselves cannot be happy without love; "if we have all else and have not love 'tis naught, for love is all we want." In every calling the essential element of success is love for the work, the lack of this is the main cause of the slow growth of our horticultural societies, both local and state.

Those who have inherited a love for the beautiful in nature will overcome all difficulties to make their homes attractive with the fruits and flowers of the garden. They have sacred memories of the home of childhood, of some sweet flowers the mother grew by the door, or the trees the father planted; of the first apples they gathered, of the earliest berries that grew on the hillside, and wherever they dwell these precious memories will give direction to their life work.

There is no class of workers who have more aid from the press and the people than the horticulturists of today. The pioneers of our state have labored unceasingly for more than two score years to make permanent and beautiful homes and to gather from afar the choicest of that best of fruits, the apple, and have grown it in such abundance that all who wish may purchase for a few cents the finest variety for the garden and orchard. I sometimes fear that we do not appreciate the efforts of the nurserymen and gardeners of our state; no
one knows except by experience the difficulties, the disappointments, the failures they have overcome to win the success they have attained.

Many of these veterans of horticulture have finished their life work and left fruitful orchards and excellent gardens as object lessons for the coming generations. We have delightful memories of the late President Smith, of the instruction of Peffer, of the experiments of Freeborn, and the example of Wilcox. If we profit by their teaching and gather around our dwelling places the best of earth's fruits and flowers, we shall add beauty to the landscape, joy to the household and blessings to our children; then to our guests from other lands, we can say, with delight, this is our country, these are our people, and here are their homes.

Sec'y Philips—There is one thought that Mrs. Huntley brought out that impressed me with its importance. I think of it very often, and that is "Do we as horticulturists, feeling the importance of horticulture, in our state, do we think of the men who began this work, do we respect them as we ought to?" I think of that many times. Here was Uncle Springer, a man who would not sell a flower or an apple tree, but gave them away and if any one wanted to see his fruits, he would leave his work and show them. There was Uncle Peffer who had a national reputation. My old friend Wilcox, a better man never lived. When I purchased my first trees of him he wanted me to take some top worked trees. I thought I knew it all then. He said I will convince you that I am right. I believe in top working trees. I am going to sell you these trees on their own roots, and make you a present of the top worked trees. I took them home. I think of him every day when I go into my orchard. The trees that I gave him 20c for on their own roots are all gone, and the top worked trees he gave me are bearing good fruit. I wish the old man could come back and see them. I would apologize to him. Think of what President Smith did for us. He left his work to work for the horticulturists. I was glad Mrs. Huntley spoke of these men. Then there is that old man Gideon. He has done more for northwestern horticulture than any other man
in Minnesota. The old man is living there all alone now and planting seeds every day. Here is uncle Zettle up in Sturgeon Bay. He has one of the finest orchards in the state. When I called on him some time ago, he said "I am glad you came to see me. You are the first officer of the state society that ever did come. My health is poor, and I do not think I will live much longer." He gave me an apple to eat and then planted the seeds afterwards. Then there is Mr. Tuttle, a man 82 years old, who is as earnest as a man of 20. There is one thing we must do for these old men, we must invite them. Mr. Tuttle exhibited 50 varieties of apples at the last state fair. I am very glad to see Mrs. Smith with us. I would like to see Mrs. Peffer with us too.

President—The next topic on our program is "The Wisconsin Horticultural Magazine." What can the horticulturists do to make it a success? Wm. Toole of Baraboo.

Mrs. Johnson reads paper for Mr. Toole.

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THE WISCONSIN HORTICULTURIST. WHAT CAN THE HORTICULTURISTS DO TO MAKE IT A SUCCESS?

By William Toole, Baraboo.

The subject for consideration is presented on the program as a question, and it will be the aim of this paper to offer thoughts for discussion, which may lead to definite conclusions in regard to the way in which we may best promote the success of our magazine, rather than to give a direct answer to the inquiry.

With so much horticultural literature in the country, we may well ask ourselves if there is any need for an additional horticultural magazine, and if it is a necessity in what respect shall it differ from others, that it may supply our needs; also how shall we as members of the horticultural fraternity of Wisconsin help each, as best we can, to make our magazine