

18

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MAORI WOMEN OF NEW ZEALAND

Mr. Dog

By Opie Read

It was said, and not without reason, that Grubbs had no friends. He was surely an uninviting old fellow, as those upon whose property he held mortgages were well aware, but persons better acquainted with him, that is to say, those who had glimpses of his inner nature, declared that there was good in him. He used to come down town every morning on the elevated road, and at a station he



began to look for the face of a small boy at a window. It was but a brief satisfaction, for of course the train halted only a moment, but he appeared to look forward to it, and would squeeze himself, though a large man, into a seat between two other large men in order to be on the nearest window in which the boy's face appeared. Once he was late, and the next morning he was at a point to be on time. The face was not there in the afternoon when the old man returned home, at least he had not been able to see it, though he never failed to look at the window. He had been talking to an acquaintance, but broke off short to look. Then he began to grumble.

"What's the trouble?" the acquaintance asked.

"Oh, nothing much." But he shut up and held himself in moody silence. The next morning the face was not there; the curtain was down. And thus it went on for a week, Grubbs fretting all the time. He spoke to someone. "That face was the only bright thing I was permitted to see, and now it is gone." At night he dreamed of the face, so expressive and full of wonder, and he swore that it was a shame thus to be deprived of it; so one morning he got off the train to look for the face. Up a dark stairway he groped, knocked at a door, was scolded when he explained in a stammering manner that he was looking for a face, went to another door and knocked. A tired woman presented herself. She appeared to be of gentle bearing, and Grubbs, usually gruff, spoke to her with unwonted kindness. In a few words he told of the face. "It was a flower to me, madam." The woman opened wide the door and invited him to enter, and there on a bed he saw the face, pale with sickness. He sat down and the little fellow, who had passed the dangerous point and was recovering, was amused to see so big and shaggy a man. In his own



way he remarked that Grubbs reminded him of a great dog, and he asked Grubbs to bark for him, which he did, the woman smiling at him; and after this Grubbs was known as "the dog." One morning he said to the woman:

"You don't seem to have the means to keep yourself properly. How do you support yourself?"

"I work at the theater whenever I can get an engagement."

"What sort of work?"

"Oh, I help fill out the ballet."

The old man frowned, but she did not notice it. "Well," said he, "you must let me do something for you. I am much attached to this little fellow."

He bowed over the boy, and the little fellow, reaching up and patting the grizzled head, remarked that he was a good dog, and then requested the music of a growl. Often he would stay late—did not seem to care for time. Several days passed, and he remembered that the woman had not accepted his offer of help, neither had she encouraged him in the belief that she would accept. He renewed it. "I tell you that this little fellow is about all I care for. Listen. I was coming down town one morning after a wrangle at my house with men who were trying to beat me out of what belonged to me, and suddenly it flashed across me that there was nothing true and beautiful in this miserable old world, and then at that very moment I first caught sight of this little fellow and—"

"And you've been good ever since," the boy broke in.

"Yes, or at least better than I was. Madam, you must let me help you. I believe you said your name is Marley."

She nodded. "But my name ain't that," the boy cried out, and she bade him hush.

"Madam, will you do me a great favor?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir. But you have been kind enough to warrant it."

"Thank you. It has been a good while since anyone called me kind. Now listen to me. This little fellow, is getting along all right, but with better attention, of course, he would improve faster. Suppose you let me move him out to my house. I have an immense place and it will delight him, and when he gets able to roam about he can find no end of amusement in odd corners and strange places, for my house was built to my notion and is not like any other house. What do you say?"

"That I can't let him go."

"Oh, I mean that you must come, too. Perfectly welcome, I assure you." She

shook her head. He argued against her decision, but she would not yield.

"Go to your house!" she exclaimed. "Why, I do not even know your name. I have asked you and you have told me to call you dog, after the manner of the little boy."

And after this she called him Mr. Dog.

Grubbs did not care to be known. In some sort of a deal with an alderman he had afforded a scandal for the newspapers, and he was still the subject of an occasional fling from the men who wrote short paragraphs. His kindness, however, was such as to awaken gratitude in the heart of the mother. He would bring articles of diet and leave them without a word. Once he gave the child a piece of yellow money.

"You must give it back," said the woman.

"Madam," replied Grubbs, "would you deny an old man all pleasure? He must keep the money."

The boy continued to improve, and it was not long before he could run about the house, but Grubbs came every day, waving at him of a morning and holding him upon his knee in the afternoon.

"I dislike so much to call you Mr. Dog," said the woman. "Won't you select some other name?"

"No!" the boy cried. "He is my good dog." And so it went from day to day. One afternoon as Grubbs was about to take his leave he looked at the boy and said:

"Madam, I don't see why I can not adopt him."

"But you could not adopt me, Mr. Dog."

"Why, yes I can. You are young enough to be my daughter, I am sure."

"But my husband might not like it. I have written to him concerning you, but it is not yet time to receive an answer."

"What, is he so far away?"

"Yes. He is serving his country in the Philippines. His father would never consent to see me—I was an actress, and—"

"Madam, you must tell me your husband's name."

"His name is Grubbs."

The old man turned to the little boy. "Come, my son. You and your mother are going home with your grandfather."

"Say, ma, don't pop tell you lots of conundrums?"

"Why do you ask that, Bobby?"

"Well, I heard him tell Mr. Smith last night that he had you guessing."

COW AND COWARD

"Coward—one who is afraid of a cow!" shouted a derisive small brother across a stone wall, moved to a sudden fury of definition unauthorized by Webster or Worcester. His sister, a few years older than he, was clambering wildly over the wall, panic-stricken by the apparition of a mild and mooring procession lumbering barnward from round a corner of the lane.

Why are women, not country-bred, instinctively afraid of cows? What is there terrible in a cow, except that it is big? But then, what is there terrible in a mouse, except that it is small? Both forms of fear are puzzling; both are amusing to the onlooker, but real and painful to the sufferer. Both are a matter of the nerves; and both, fortunately, are disappearing as an athletic outdoor life gives health and nerves and courage to women.

Most women still dislike mice; but a mouse among an assembly of women no longer creates an uproar, and even she who shudders and skips to safety on a sofa neither shrieks nor collapses in a faint upon her perch, as our foremothers were not ashamed to do.

There is a like improvement in the relation of women to cows. Most women yet prefer cows at a distance; but they are learning fast to endure, to confront, to defy, to "shoo," yes, even at need to milk the monster before which they were wont to flee in terror with outcries of dismay, or to appeal abjectly for help to the nearest freckle-faced boy of but a fraction their age and inches.

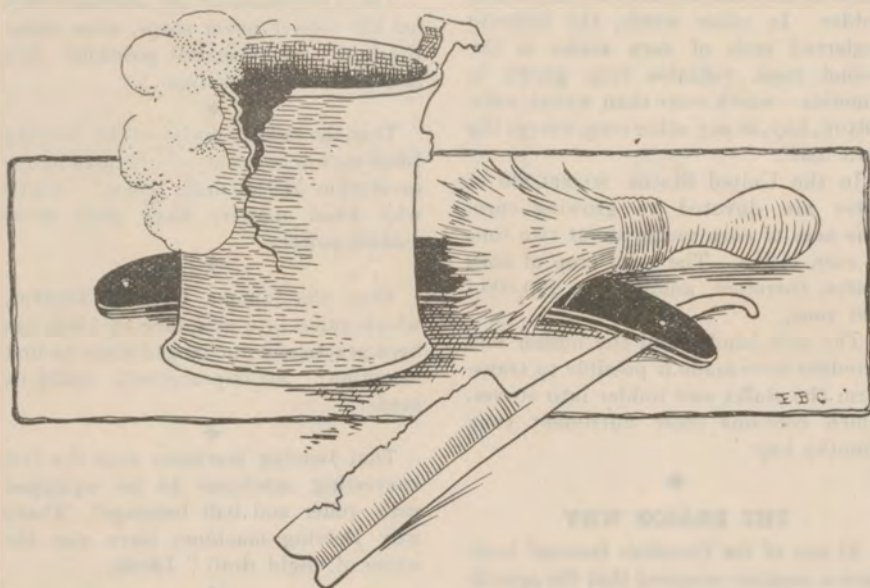
The tramping girl, the camping girl, the camera girl, the golfing girl, the botanizing girl all find it alike inconvenient and humiliating to pamper their fear of cows if fear they have. It has become a thing to conquer. Moreover, one who has conquered it declares there are few prouder moments in the life of woman than that in which she first successfully "shoes" a cow. Parasol, stick, or even stalk of mullein or waving fern-frond in hand—anything to give the sense of being armed—she braces her soul for martyrdom and keeps the middle of the path, heroically indicating to the approaching cattle that it is for them, nevermore for her, to take to the ditch when space is insufficient.

There is a breathless, an awful instant—then a great hoof splays spattering into the mud, the dun bulk of the leader lumbers clumsily aside with cow-bell clashing, the others, turning large eyes inquiringly upon her as they pass, follow suit, and victory is hers!

Henceforth the twilight hour, loveliest of all in country byways, has lost its terrors. Her cowardice overcome, she can even welcome, as an added charm in the tranquil scene, the unperturbed presence of the picturesque, placid, slow, sweet-breathing cow.

See our display
in the Agricultural
Building at the St.
Louis World's Fair

RELICS OF "BARBERISM"



CAUGHT THE TRAIN

In a little village in the Ozarks, says the *Kansas City Star*, a guest at the hotel wished to catch the early morning train. and asked to be called at three-thirty. Having no alarm-clock and no clerk, the landlord sat up all night to make sure of arousing him in time.

The hotel-keeper found it rather hard to keep awake, but at three-thirty promptly he knocked at the guest's door.

"Get up!" he said in a surly tone. "It's three-thirty."

The guest turned over and grunted in sleepy laziness. "Oh, I guess I'll let that train go, and sleep till seven," he said.

"No, ye won't, either!" shouted the landlord, and emphasized his remarks by shooting three or four shots into the floor of the hallway from the revolver with which he had guarded the hotel. "I sat up all night to get you up on time, and you're a-going to get up or I'll know the reason why!"

There was an ample persuasiveness about the way he said it, and the guest got up and caught his train.

ENGINEER'S STORY OF WHY HE CRIED

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the fat engineer. "Queer things happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt, either, would you? Well, I did, and I can almost cry every time I think of it.

"I was running along one afternoon pretty lively when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl not more than three years old toddled onto the track. You can't even imagine my feelings. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even slack much, at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over; and after reversing and applying the brake, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more.

"As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I'd stopped for, when he laughed and

shouted at me: 'Jim, look here!' I looked, and there was a big black Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny, and kept laughing, but I cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I had a little girl of my own at home

A cheap binder besides costing almost as much money as a good binder, costs all of your patience, most of your crop, a good deal of your time, and then more money for repairs; really vastly more expensive than a good binder. Deering binders are the good kind.

THE BUGLES AND THE DRUMS

"Maybe I am easily moved," said an old soldier, "but I don't know when I've been so stirred as I was the other day by something I heard on a phonograph.

"I was wandering through one of those penny-in-the-slot phonograph places and I came to a phonograph that had a sign over it, 'Marching Through Georgia; Song and Duet Chorus, with Drum Corps Effect.' I stopped and dropped a penny in the slot and put the earpieces up to my ears. It made my hair stand right up from the jump.

"First there was a man blew a flourish on a bugle, and he certainly could blow a bugle. I could see him with his head up, standing up straight with that very bugle at his lips. And then the singers, a tenor and a barytone, began, with the bugler accompanying them:

"Bring the good old bugle, boys! We'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia."

"They were both good singers, the tenor in particular, with a fine, strong, stalwart voice, singing with his heart in it and speaking every word distinctly, and the bugler accompanied him stirringly.

"And so they went through that first verse with a thrill creeping through me and getting stronger and stronger all the time as they sang, and gripping me harder and harder when, with the singers' voices

sounding steadier and stronger and truer still, and with that bugler cutting up didoes on the bugle, they all turned loose on the chorus:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee! Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes you free! So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea, While we were marching through Georgia."

"I thought it was grand, but there was a bigger thrill coming yet, for the instant the singers and the bugler stopped the drums came in! A drum corps of drummers with the oldtime touch; drummers who beat the drums as that bugler blew the bugle, and with the drums came a burst of wild cheering! Wild, sustained, swelling, exultant cheering, with the drums all the time beating steadily through it. Drums and wild cheering! a combination absolutely electrifying.

"And as I listened to it I knew that I had not grown old.

"And then that bugler blew his flourish again and the two singers sang, with the bugler accompanying them, another verse, soaring again into the chorus, with the bugler once more cutting up his caperinos as before, and then again the drums and the wild cheering.

"It's forty years now since the end of the war, and we're thinking now about other things, but all comes back to us and as stirringly as ever when we hear the bugles and the drums."—*New York Sun*.

THEY HAD NO SMALLER SIZE

"When I was traveling through Kentucky a short time ago," said the Man About Town, "a very amusing incident occurred one night at the performance of a well-known magician, in one of the small mountain towns where I happened to be.

"The magician had proceeded with many mystifying tricks, when he announced that he would for the next require a pint flask of whiskey.

"Not a man in the audience moved. Thinking that they had misunderstood him, the magician asked in a louder tone:

"Will some gentleman kindly loan me a pint flask of whiskey?"

"This was also followed by a long silence and I was beginning to think that all the stories I had heard about 'Kentucky colonels' were all rot, when a tall, lank

fellow in the back of the hall arose and, holding out a flask, said:

"Mistah, would a quart flask do?"

"Just as well, sir," replied the magician.

"And at that every man in the house arose and extended a flask of that size."—*Philadelphia Press*.

NEXT ROOM TO A NERVOUS MAN

"A traveling man stopped at a hotel at Monticello. The proprietor told him he could not lodge him, not a room in the house," said a commercial traveler. "The traveling man protested. He must have a room. Finally the proprietor told him there was a room, a little room separated by a thin partition from a nervous man, a man who had lived in the house for ten years.

"He is so nervous," said the landlord, 'I don't dare put anyone in that room. The least noise might give him a nervous spell that would endanger his life.'

"Oh, give me a room," said the traveler. 'I'll be so quiet he'll not know I'm there.'

"Well, the room was given the traveler. He slipped noiselessly in and began to disrobe. He took off one article of clothing after another as quietly as a burglar. At last he came to his shoes. He unlaced a shoe and then, man-like, dropped it.

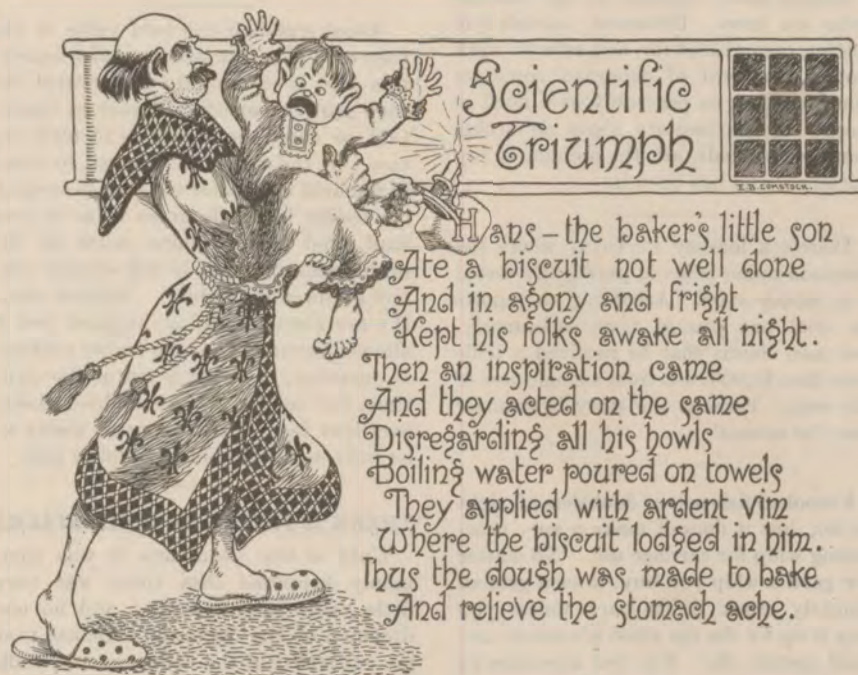
"The shoe fell to the floor with a great noise. The offending traveler, horrified at what he had done, waited to hear from the nervous man. Not a sound. He took off the second shoe and placed it noiselessly upon the floor. Then in absolute silence he finished undressing and crawled between the sheets.

"Half an hour went by. He had dropped into a doze when there came a tremendous knocking on the partition.

"The traveler sat up in bed trembling and dismayed. 'Wh—wha—what's the matter?' he asked. Then came the voice of the nervous man:

"Blame you! Drop that other shoe!"—*Indianapolis News*.

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Deering's Farm Journal

An illustrated journal devoted to the interests of the farmer, and, incidentally, its publishers.

AUGUST, 1904

Advertising Rates for 1904
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December	250,000
February	250,000
April	250,000
June	250,000

The publishers reserve the right to reject any advertisement that is not considered advantageous to their business interests.

PUBLISHED BY
ADVERTISING DIVISION

International Harvester Co. of America

137 Michigan Ave. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Have you whitewashed the interior of hen-houses and stables this year? It's a troublesome job, but it pays to do it. Warm weather breeds disease and insects, and careful farmers have learned the value of whitewash as a disinfectant.

The charm of farm-life lingers long in men's hearts. Gen. Nelson A. Miles has recently purchased the old Massachusetts farmstead where he was born. This seventy-acre farm has been out of the family for nearly half a century.

A number of up-to-date farm homes are now lit with gas. One farmer who has installed a twenty-light acetylene gas generator states that it costs him only about \$2 per month in winter (less in summer) to light the entire house and barn.

A stone-boat is a handy thing to have on any farm. So is a low-down, wide-tire wagon. We notice that such wagons are very popular nowadays among farmers who realize the value of time and muscle saving conveniences. Besides, wide tires are less likely to make ruts in soft fields.

Modern dairy methods do not tolerate horns on cows. Dehorned animals are quieter, easier cared for, and safer to work around. A herd of dehorned cows get along together as peaceably as a flock of sheep. If you hesitate about dehorning your own animals, ask the opinion of any dairyman who has tried it.

There's a locality in Texas where the Bermuda onion is being practically tested as a money crop. According to reports the trial has proved very satisfactory. One man claims that he received a trifle more than \$1,000 cash from a single acre of this crop. Perhaps the story is stronger than the onions!

A crooked fish-pole is doubtless all right for fish, but it doesn't make a very neat-looking whip for carriage use. No matter how good a whip you buy, it soon gets an unsightly crook in its back unless you hang it up by the tip when it's not in use. Small matter, eh? Yes, but attention to "small" matters makes "big" farmers.

The article "An Ideal Farm Power," printed in another column of this paper, is well worth every farmer's time to read. It tells about how to get around the problem of competent and reliable farm help, how to reduce farm labor and at the same time how to increase your yearly profit. If you are thinking of buying a windmill read this first.

The automobile is causing considerable anxiety to the average farm family. The weekly or daily drive to town has become filled with terror and uncertainty, and many farm wives now stay at home rather than risk a meeting with one of the dreaded machines. This is an unfortunate state of affairs, with no immediate relief in sight. Of course, in time, farm horses will become accustomed to autos, but the process is not a pleasant one for the people behind the learning horses. Auto drivers should remember the Golden Rule when meeting farm teams on country roads.

Train the colts to walk "fast." A fast-trotting horse has a certain few uses, but a fast-walking horse has a hundred uses. The market is full of fairly rapid trotters, but if you try to buy an animal that really knows how to walk you'll have to look a long time before you find him! Horse breeders and trainers have paid too much attention to speed alone, and not enough to the production of animals that can quickly "walk a load" of produce to market. We make no charge for this hint although we feel sure it will profit the breeder who acts upon it.

Cut corn stalks about equal green feed if put up in a silo. Two lots of cattle were sold in Chicago, fed on the same farm and owned by the same person, to ascertain which was the better feed, cornstalks shredded or ensilage. The two lots were so near the same in flesh and fat that both brought \$5.70 per hundred gross weight. This statement should have force with farmers in inducing them to cut their corn stalks, stack and shred. The appearance of the cattle in the yards aroused considerable interest, and the best critics were unable to distinguish between them.

About one-half the feed value of the corn crop is in the stalks, and wherever this fact is thoroughly understood the corn grower considers it just as important to shred the fodder as to husk the ears. If the stalks are allowed to stand in the field until after the corn is husked, the fodder has little or no value as feed stuff, and this explains much of the misinformation that is still extant relative to shredded fodder. Neither timothy nor clover would make good feed if allowed to stand too long before cutting. If, however, the corn is cut at the right time, the fodder when shredded makes excellent feed, which analysis shows to be fully as nutritious as timothy hay.

THERE IS MONEY IN CORN STALKS

Until a few years ago it was commonly supposed that there was very little value in corn stalks, and no one dreamed of the neglected fortunes that lay concealed in the snow-covered stalk fields. Chemical analysis, however, has

shown that nearly one-half the feeding value of the corn crop is in the stalks and fodder. In other words, the hitherto neglected crop of corn stalks is the second most valuable crop grown in America—worth more than wheat, oats, cotton, hay, or any other crop, except the corn itself.

In the United States 80,000,000 of acres are devoted to growing corn. One acre of corn yields about two tons of corn stalks. The total crop of corn stalks, therefore, amounts to 160,000,000 tons.

The corn binder and the husker and shredder have made it possible to transform the stalks and fodder into stover, which contains more nutriment than timothy hay.

THE REASON WHY

At one of the Canadian farmers' institutes a member proposed that the agricultural college take a run-down farm, heavily mortgaged, put it in charge of either a graduate or professor and let him demonstrate that his education would enable him not only to make a fair living, but eventually clear the farm of debt and put it on a paying basis. It is reasonable to presume that this man doubted the wisdom of the modern tendency to apply scientific principles to farming. If his farming experience has brought failures he can trace them in most cases to his lack of scientific knowledge. "The reason why" must be known and applied, and then it is safe to say that, mortgage or no mortgage, the farmer will make a success of his undertaking. He must know how to feed cattle and why certain feeds are better than others. He must know how to plant his crops and why some methods are better than others. He must know how to harvest and why some machines do better work than others. He should investigate new methods and machines and should be thoroughly informed as to what is being done to aid him in his enterprise. The practical farmer is now giving time and attention to investigating the value of the gasoline engine, cream separator, and many other machines which increase the margin of profit and decrease the amount of work. By all means investigate and learn "the reason why."

DO YOU KNOW

That the pitman of the Deering vertical lift mower never stops, even when the bar is in a vertical position? It's always ready for action.

That the sickle velocity of the Deering Ideal mower is twenty-six thrusts to one revolution of the main wheel? That's why Ideal mowers have such great cutting power.

That the famous Deering knottor, which came into existence in 1883, has been practically unchanged since its first inception? No improvement could be made.

That Deering machines were the first harvesting machines to be equipped with roller and ball bearings? That's why Deering machines have won the name of "light draft" Ideals.

That the Deering binder transport was first put upon the market in 1881? It has been steadily improved since then until to-day it is a model of simplicity and excellence.

DEERING PARAGRAPHS

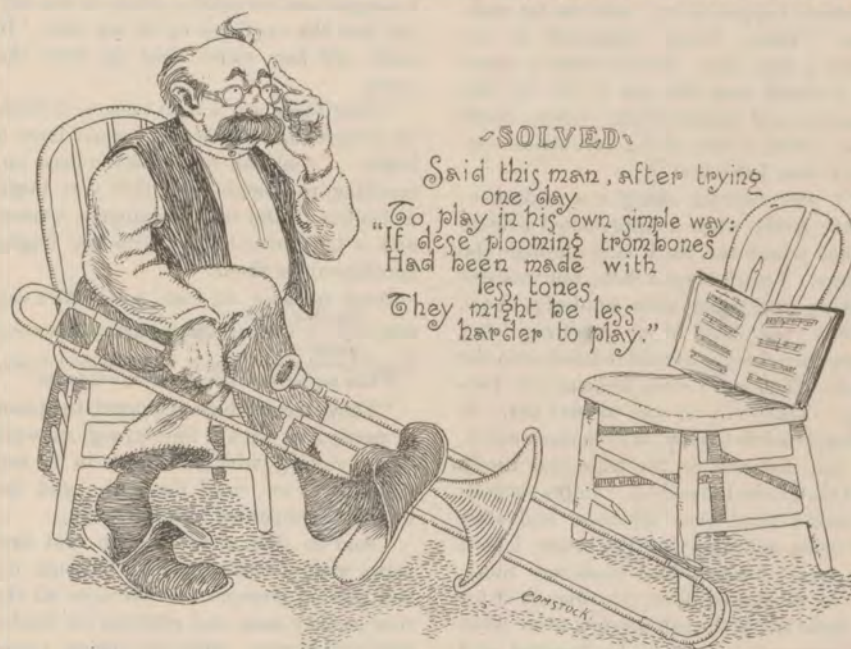
The prosperous condition of many a farmer is the result of using Deering machines.

Deering huskers and shredders can be used with profit by corn growers—large and small—as they save the corn stalks.

The construction of Deering machines produces light draft as inevitably as the sun does light. An examination of a Deering will show why.

Should the pawls on the dump rods of the Deering Ideal horse-dump rake become worn, they may be changed around, thus reversing the pawls and lengthening the life of the rake.

Paint on Deering machines is not a dress of respectability to cover flaws. Deering machines are flawless. It serves a two-fold purpose—gives beauty and protection. It's the best paint for that purpose that can be made.



GALLANTRY



"Your handkerchief, madam?"



"Permit me."

PRAISES THE DEERING

Carrollton, Ga., 7-3-1904.

Deering Harvester Co.

My Dear Sir: I this butyfull day pin a few lines to you to express my self about thoes grand machines you ar making. No, man cant not save grain with his hands like I can with my binder. You must have got on the peeks of the byest mounting in the warld and cried unto the lord for wisdom like Jame says for us to do you must have a head as long as a mule and a peek of branes in it. After a man waire out his longs talking a bout deering binder he has just told half of the story.

My prare is you all live to be 100 years old a peese and inter the perely gats after deth, and have a seat at the right hand of the lord there feast on hevon food for rever and rever.

Why do I say this bee coas cutting wheat is like a pic nick bee side of the old way with our hands.

2 little mule pulls my bind all day long. is not a site to think a bout.

I mule could pull my moar.

I would be glad if I had the language to tell you and express just how I am ples with them.

J. L. Baker.

IN THE RUT

In these days of advancement in the methods of farming, with the many labor-saving machines and implements which tend to increase the maximum productivity of the soil while at the same time greatly reducing the cost of production, many farmers are still in the rut, which must seem strange to the man who stops for a moment to consider the question. That farmers are in the rut is only too apparent, and the question that we should ask ourselves is: How can we get out of it.

Reasons for this condition vary, of course, with different cases, but it is safe to presume that the majority of farmers who to-day find themselves in the rut are in this position because of failure to observe one important truth, namely, "a dollar saved is a dollar earned." Economy is just as essential to prosperity in farming as in any other business.

One of the greatest failures to practice economy is in the disposal of the corn

Do you burn them and lose all the food value that should be utilized, or plow them under with its attendant difficulties? Or do you cut the stalks and feed them whole to the cattle, which means a great loss in waste and feeding value to the cattle? That farmers who pretend to practice economy do not utilize this food value of corn stalks to the best advantage is deplorable.

Corn stalks contain exactly the same kind of food matter as shelled corn, only

The account which has been preserved of the fate of this enormous tree is very odd. It is claimed that the giant buttonwood was kept uninjured as a great curiosity, until the farm on which it stood was used as a stock farm by one Thomas Dugan. This stockbreeder turned several valuable bulls into the fields where the huge tree stood, and two or them fought inside its trunk. In that small space, for a bull ring, the victor was able to prevent the escape of his rival and the weaker was



DEERING IDEAL BINDER IN THE HARVEST FIELD

in not so great a quantity. A hundred pounds of shelled corn contain 78.9 per cent of food matter, while the same amount of corn stalks contain 38.3 per cent of the same kind of food matter—a difference only in quantity, not in quality. Save your corn stalks, shred them, and use as feed, for that, without doubt, is the best and most economical method of disposing of them. A shredder and husker will make rich succulent feed stuff that is as good as hay at but little cost. Just think of it! There are 80,000,000 acres of corn under cultivation, and each acre produces about two tons of shredded fodder at an approximate cost of \$2.00 per ton. In other words, there are 160,000,000 tons of roughage, only a small portion of which is utilized by American farmers to-day! Why not save this 160,000,000 tons of feed by shredding your corn stalks? That is one way out of the rut, and it will surely make farming more profitable.

FATE OF A BIG OHIO TREE

The greatest tree ever seen by white men in Ohio is believed to have been the enormous sycamore, or, more properly, buttonwood, which stood in what is now Valley Township, Scioto County, in the rich bottom lands of the Scioto Valley.

It was so prodigious in bulk that as early as 1810 it was described in the Cincinnati Almanac as one of the natural wonders of Ohio. In June, 1808, according to what seems reliable testimony, a party of thirteen persons, all on horseback, rode into the hollow trunk of this sycamore, and found that room enough remained for two more horses and their riders. The tree forked about eight feet from the ground, and it was hollow when first seen by the white settlers. The circumference of the trunk was about 63 feet at the base, and five feet from the earth it was 42 feet in girth. These figures remind the reader of the famous big trees of California. The opening into the cavity within the trunk was 10 feet wide at the bottom, 9½ feet high, and the hollow was about 14 feet in diameter.

killed. This affair convinced Dugan that the largest tree in Ohio was a menace to his stock, and he cut it down. Later hogs kept in the same field were attacked by cholera, and the owner reasoned that their habit of lying inside the hollow stump was bad for their health, and so he had the stump removed! It may well be doubted whether any other immense tree was ever destroyed because of a fight between two bulls.—Cleveland Leader.

See our display in the Agricultural Building at the St. Louis World's Fair

A REDEEMING TRAIT

He was an ancient cannibal chief,
Who ate everything from man to beef;
And though he was wicked as sin, in brief,
One good trait stood in bold relief—
He was very fond of children!

The people who knew him always had
To admit he couldn't be wholly bad
Though he swore that a man was better than shad
And wouldn't have flinched at eating his dad—
He was very fond of children!

A traveler 'twas who told me the tale—
(He corresponded with him by mail!)
And he swore that the chief did seldom fail
On urehan broiled himself to regale—
He was very fond of children!

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A PLAUSIBLE THEORY



She—"Why do you think the Venus of Milo was never married?"

He—"Well, if she had no arms, how could any man ask her for her hand?"



THE WORK OF THE IDEAL BINDER

North, south, east, and west—yesterday, to-day, to-morrow—everywhere and all the time is heard the praise for Deering.

crop. Do you gather the ears and let the stalks stand, to be confronted at next plowing time with the old, old problem of what to do with the corn stalks?

Food Value of Fodder

By H. J. Waters, Dean of Missouri State Agricultural Experiment Station

In a former article I pointed out the enormous waste going on every year because of the failure of farmers to preserve their corn fodder. I also gave the results of two experiments in feeding two-year-old steers in which corn fodder and clover hay were put against timothy hay as roughness. These experiments showed that a bushel of corn made more pounds of gain in flesh when fed with corn fodder and clover hay than when fed with timothy hay.

It will be noticed that in every case the amount of roughness consumed by

the proposition laid down in a former article that the addition of a food rich in protein was accompanied by a larger total food consumption. This has been true with animals on full feed when the protein was supplied in the grain as well as when supplied in the roughage, and seems to hold true with cattle on half feed and with those on roughage alone.

That the better balanced rations were more efficient is clearly shown by the gains. That the larger gains obtained from the better balanced rations—when clover, cowpeas, or alfalfa supplied the

bran added to the corn may be relied upon to serve the same purpose and accomplish the same result, viz., of enabling the feeder to use his fodder to the best advantage, and as a complete substitute for timothy, when such hays as we have used for this purpose are not available, will be covered in a subsequent article.

It is needless to say that these experiments point out the way for a large saving and for a large increase in the net returns from the corn crop. The annual fodder crop of the United States would on this basis represent to the farmer a valuation of something like three-quarters of a billion dollars. Missouri's fodder crop would under the circumstances bring the feeder over \$40,000,000 a year.



THE DEERING CORN BINDER

the cattle getting a combination of fodder and clover was larger than by the lot getting timothy, thus supporting

WELL INFORMED



Miss Antique—"Humph! What do old bachelors know about women?"
Mr. Krusty—"They know a lot; otherwise they wouldn't be old bachelors."

protein—were much more economical and profitable is self-evident, since these roughnesses may usually be bought at less per ton than timothy, and are produced at decidedly less per ton when the effect upon fertility of the farm is considered.

Making full allowance for the increased amount of roughness eaten when clover was added to the ration, allowing for the fodder uneaten, i. e., the coarse stalks, the inevitable conclusion from these four years' work is that a combination of corn fodder and clover hay is fully equal to timothy hay, whether fed without grain, with a small allowance of grain, whether on half feed or full feed, and whether with yearlings or aged cattle. In other words, the farmer can by this means make the whole, coarse fodder produced in the Middle West serve every purpose, in cattle feeding at least, for which timothy, sorghum, and millet are now used.

ARE OF EQUAL FEEDING VALUE

Under these circumstances, it is fair to say that timothy and corn fodder have essentially the same feeding value.

Whether a small quantity of cottonseed meal, linseed meal, gluten meal, or

All of this without materially changing our system of farming, except to grow more clover, cowpeas, or alfalfa to combine with our stover and reduce the area now devoted to timothy.

There are other ways in which the value of the fodder crop may be still further increased, which will require special consideration later.

BOER PATRIOT TO BECOME KANSAS FARMER

Gen. William Fouche, Boer patriot, is now a Kansas farmer. He has purchased a quarter section of land near Geneseo, in Ellsworth County, and recently took possession of the property. The purchase by General Fouche is said to mean that a Boer colony will be located there. General Fouche is in correspondence with former companions in arms who are still in South Africa, and who have been waiting for General Fouche to find suitable location before they came to America with their families.—*Topeka Capital*.

See our display in the Agricultural Building at the St. Louis World's Fair.

"ALL IN"



"Tom, where have you been till this hour? Don't you know it's almost day-break?"

"Well, my dearsh, dash nothin'; I'm completely broksh."

IN A FRIENDLY SORT O' WAY

When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind o' blue,
And the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let she sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O, my brethren, fer a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!
It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear drops start,
An' you feel a sort o' flutter in the region of the heart;
You can't look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!
Oh, the world's curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its care an' bitter crosses; but a good world, after all,
An' a good God must have made it—leastways, that's what I say,
When a hand rests on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

James Whitcomb Riley.

CANDID



"Am I the first girl you ever wanted to marry?"

"I'll be frank with you. You are not—but you're the first girl I ever asked. Am I the first man you ever accepted?"

"I'll be equally frank with you. You are—but you are not the first man I would have accepted if any of the others had asked me."

THE STORY OF CORN

Scriptural scenes of husbandmen in far-off Orient lands, plowing the fields and gathering the harvest; pictures of Boaz and the gleaning maidens; the Master walking amid the ripe corn and plucking the ears for his own food; the three women grinding at the mill—all these come to mind at sight of the corn-planting. And then we think of how great nations rise

triumph over me and gain your wish. As soon as you have thrown me down, strip off my clothes, and bury me on the spot, beneath the soft, fresh earth. When you have done this leave me, but come often to visit the place, and keep the weeds from growing too rank. Once or twice, cover me over again with clean, fresh earth." The Spirit then departed, but returned next day, and, as he predicted, was thrown

people together, and prepared a feast of rejoicing to welcome this gift of the gods, and ever since then it has been the food of the red man, and his source of strength both for young and old. And all over the world it is now found, cultivated more widely than any other grain save rice. In it are all the elements of perfect food, and wherever it is freely eaten you find a hardy, handsome race. In early days it was hard



HARVESTING CORN IS MADE EASY WITH THE DEERING CORN BINDER

and fall, flourish and decay, depending on the harvest, and the corn crop; of commerce and manufacture, the sciences and arts, the glories of civilization, the fate of the Race, and, back of all this, the corn crop and the farmer who pays the price for all.

When the white man came to America he found this most beautiful of all food plants. It had long been raised by the Indians and cultivated in their own rude manner. Many were the traditions among the simple children of the forest, as to the origin of the plant. The following is perhaps the most beautiful:

A young brave went out into the woods to fast at that period of life when youth is exchanged for manhood. He built a lodge of boughs in a secluded place, and painted his face a sombre hue. By day he amused himself in walking about looking at the various shrubs and wild plants, and at night lay down in his bower. He besought a gift from the Master of Life, and asked for something to benefit his race.

On the third day, as he lay there, looking up into the sky, he became too weak to leave his lodge. Soon he saw a Spirit, in the form of a beautiful youth, come down and stand beside him. Dressed in green and with green plumes upon his head, the Spirit looked too noble for mortal sight, but he called to the youth, and bade him arise, and wrestle with the Heavenly One, as thus alone could he obtain his wish. He obeyed the vision, contended, and found his strength renewed. The visit and trial of wrestling were repeated for four days, the youth feeling at each conflict that, although his bodily strength declined, a moral and supernatural energy was given him, that promised the final victory. On the third day his celestial visitor spoke to him.

"Tomorrow," said he, "will be the seventh day of your fast, and the last time I shall wrestle with you. You will then

down. The young brave obeyed his instructions in every particular, and soon felt his heart swell with joy at sight of the green plumes of his visitor, as they shot up from the ground. He carefully weeded the spot, kept the earth soft and moist! and in due time beheld a miracle. Lo, there stood the first maize plant, gracefully waving its long, green leaves and

to cultivate, and the planting was slow and tedious. But now, with the modern plow, and corn-planter, together with cultivator, corn binder and husker and shredder, there is no work more delightful in all the farmer's realm. From the first planting until the last ear is gathered, there is continual and increasing interest. On the bright spring day the farmer marked straight furrows, and with exact measure dropped fresh grains of corn into the well-plowed soil.



THE DEERING HUSKER AND SHREDDER

yellow tassels in the summer wind, and bending low with heavy golden ears.

He quickly called his father to see the beautiful plant. "It was Mondamin," said the wise man, "and this is the grain of Heaven." At once they called the

Then he covered them up, and left them to the gentle ministry of nature.

When did the all-mother betray the child who trusted her? With soft winds and warm sunshine and tender rains she will take good care of the buried treasure.



Son—"Where were you going now? on some fool errand, I suppose."

Father—"Yes; your mother sent me to look for you."

Very soon will spring up the long, graceful leaves, the stalk, the pale yellow flower-tassel, and nestling in the sheaths of many folds the ripening ears will find a home.

Days of spring and weeks of summer will pass lightly over the corn field, until three or four months come to an end. Then comes the harvest, and as we walk by the field we hear a gentle rustle, the corn plants singing their own requiem. Who can forget his first sight of a corn field, ripe and golden, ready for the harvest? I know not which comes closer to the heart, the fair spring day of planting, with its delightful promise, its breath of hope, or the full fruition of autumn, with its message of "Well done" to the faithful husbandman.

Literature has immortalized the Indian corn and art has done it honor in both painting and sculpture. In Longfellow's *Hiawatha* the tale of its heavenly origin is beautifully told, and James Whitcomb Riley brings it into many of his homely folk songs.

Barlow has made it a classic in his ballad of *Hasty Pudding*, and other writers have embalmed it in glowing prose.

Glorious plant of our own western world, beautiful to the sight, wholesome food for the uprearing of the coming man!

DEERING TWINE AT ST. LOUIS

The International binder twine exhibit at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., is located in block 7, Palace of Agriculture. The machines shown are one two-spindle spinning jenny and one three-flyer balling machine. These machines

are operated to show only the processes of spinning and balling twine, the fiber used having been previously prepared for the purpose on other machines. There is also a house built of balls of twine and a full-sized figure of a man in a glass case, clothed in a suit made entirely of manila fiber.

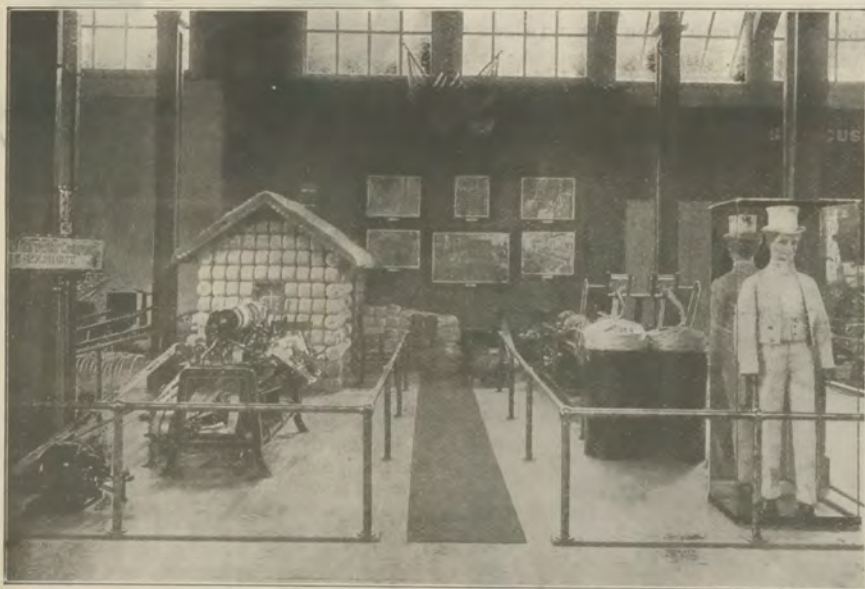


EXHIBIT WHERE DEERING TWINE IS SHOWN

GUESS AGAIN

An old lawyer tells, in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, this story of one of his experiences, two years ago, in cross-examination. The witness seemed to be disposed to dodge his questions.

"Sir," said the lawyer, sternly, "you need not state your impressions. We want the facts. We are competent to form our own impressions. Now, sir, answer me categorically."

From that time on he could get little more than "yes" and "no" out of the witness. Presently the lawyer said:

"You say you live next door to the defendant?"

"Yes."

"To the north of him?"

"No."

"To the south?"

"No."

"Well, to the west, then?"

NOT LIKELY.



"Hurry, dear—when you get to grand-ma's house, you can have all the cookies you want."

"D' you s'pose she's got that many, ma?"

"No."

"Ah," said the lawyer, sarcastically, "we are likely at last to get down to the one real fact. You live to the east of him, do you?"

"No."

"How is that, sir?" the astonished attorney asked. "You say you live next door to him. Yet he lives neither to the north, south, east, nor west of you. What do you mean by that, sir?"

AN IDEAL FARM POWER

A few years ago the gasoline engine was seldom spoken or heard of, especially in connection with farm work, while to-day it is a common topic of conversation among machinists, farmers, blacksmiths, and elevator men.

This new interest has been brought about by the manufacturers who have given the trade practical engines in which the working parts have been simplified and perfected so that scarcely any knowledge of the principle of gasoline engines is needed in order to operate one like an expert. In fact, a bright boy may be taught in the course of a half hour how to start, stop, and care for an engine.

The fact that the farmers of the United States are among the largest buyers of these engines proves that the oft-spoken phrase, "The farmers of the United States are the most enterprising in the world," has not been said in vain. It shows that they are wide awake, have confidence in the word of the manufacturers, and are willing to accept any new method whereby they can reduce the amount of daily work and increase the yearly profit.

While there are thousands of farmers using these engines, there are many more thousands who do not. This brings up the question: "Why don't they?" It is not because the engines are expensive, where the first cost is the only real item which can be called expense, and that has been brought down so that a gasoline engine may be owned by the average farmer, and the expense of operating is almost nothing compared with steam, horse, or man power.

It is impossible to suppose that a farmer would not consider buying an engine be-

Many men would say that they are too complicated and would always give them trouble, when such is not the case at all; in fact, they are wonderfully simple and will never give trouble when good reasoning judgment is used in their care. If a person who never saw a gasoline engine before would operate one for a few days, he would understand every detail of the engine and would know the principle of its operation thoroughly. As far as practicability is concerned, dispute of that is out of the question. It is an ideal power for the farm and the most important step forward since the coming of the reaper. Its ever readiness, economy, and dependability have settled this question long ago.

It is a mistake to suppose that there is no room on a farm for a machine of this description, for there are many nooks and corners about the farm which are not used that would make a good place for an engine. It is only necessary that this place be dry, and located so that it will be convenient to drive his wood-saw, churn, cream separator, pump, corn sheller, and whatever else he wishes that is within the capacity of the engine.

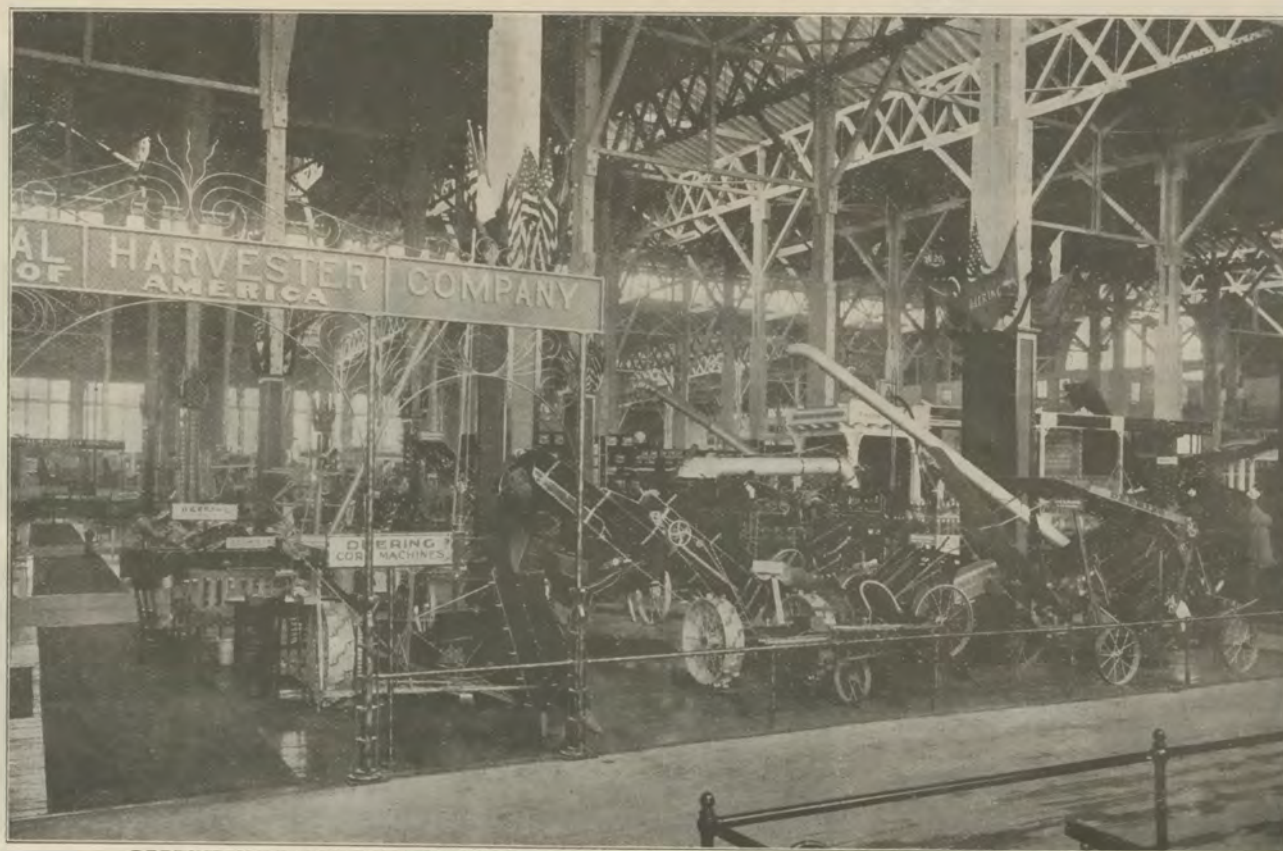
POSITIVE PROOF

"A woman can't keep a secret," declares the mere man.

"O I don't know," retorts the fluttery lady. "I've kept my age a secret since I was twenty-four."

"Yes, but one of these days you will give it away. In time you will simply have to tell it."

"Well, I think that when a woman has kept a secret for twenty years she comes pretty near knowing how to keep it."—*Judge*.



DEERING MACHINES ON EXHIBITION AT THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION, ST. LOUIS

"I thought perhaps you were competent to form the impression that we live in a flat," said the witness, calmly; "but I see I must inform you that he lives next door above me."

cause they are too large and powerful for the amount of work that he has to have done, for they are now manufactured small enough for the small farmer to use to his advantage.

"You don't mean to say you girls have started a secret society?"

"Yes; it's a society whose members pledge themselves to tell all the secrets they know."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

GOING TO TAKE A CHANCE



May—"You have never taken part in any games of chance, have you?"

Ethel—"No, but I'm going to be married next week."

DEERING EXHIBIT AT THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION

The Deering machines exhibited at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., by the International Harvester Company of America are on block 32 (south half), Palace of Agriculture, except the Deering corn machines, which are on block 34 of that building. The following Deering machines are exhibited: Deering Ideal binder, eight-foot, with tongue truck; Deering Ideal binder, with transport truck and flax attachment; Deering combined header and binder, with carrier; Deering Ideal reaper; Deering Ideal rice harvester; Deering Ideal Giant mower; Deering Ideal mower, with reaping attachment; Deering vertical lift mower; Deering Ideal mower, with pea vine attachment; Deering Ideal one-horse mower; Deering Automobile mower; Deering Ideal horse dump hay-rake; Deering Ideal hand-dump hay-rake; International fourteen-horse power portable gasoline engine; International eight-horse power stationary gasoline engine; Deering four-roll husker and shredder; Deering Ideal corn binder; Deering field corn picker, and Deering corn shaker.

SEEDLESS APPLE

The seedless apple is the invention of John F. Spencer, of Grand Junction, Col., says the Philadelphia North American. When the navel orange was first perfected and placed on the market Mr. Spencer reasoned that if it were possible to drive the seeds out of the orange it would be possible to accomplish the same with the apple. He experimented for seven years before attaining the desired result.

He was, however, not satisfied with the mere development of the apple. It was necessary to determine whether by budding or grafting it was possible to make seedless apple trees reproduce themselves. Several additional years passed before the budded trees grew to sufficient size to bear fruit. When the fruit did appear it was as innocent of seeds as were the apples from which it was budded.

Several peculiar features other than the

fact that it lacks seed are to be found in the new apple. The only semblance to a blossom found upon the new tree is three small green leaves that look much like petals. These leaves cover the beginnings of the little green apple and drop off one by one as the apple grows larger and becomes strong enough to grow without protection.

As a direct result of the absence of blossoms, too, the seedless apples are free from worms. The blossoms provide nests for the codling moths, whose eggs hatch into the apple worm. There being no blossom there is no nest for the moth. Apple worms, too, live by eating the seeds, and so there is nothing for the worms to feed upon, and even though hatched from the eggs of the moth, they would starve to death. So in addition to being seedless, the new apple is blossomless and wormless.

The new apple produced by Mr. Spencer is a dark red, with small yellow spots

RICE THAT GROWS IN BRACKISH WATER

The hunters of this section will hail the news that at last wild rice has been found which will grow and prosper in brackish water, and this announcement means that the hunting prospects of the feeding grounds near this city will be improved just as soon as this species of wild rice is planted in the preserves of the several clubs.

F. R. Courts furnished a sample of the rice which was sent to him by a hunter who is engaged in constructing locks and dams in the Mermentau River.

In a letter to Mr. Courts, H. L. Risher says that the rice has been growing in that section in brackish water for a long time. The market hunters had evidently been aware of this fact, because the grounds were filled with hunters very often. The natives apparently knew little of the great benefit this grade of rice would be to the

IN THE BEGINNING

Whatever trials Adam had
No one could make him sore
By shouting when he told a joke,
"We've heard that gag before."

And no doubt Eve was glad because
Her hubby could not say
Her bread was not like mother made,
Back in his youthful day.

And Cain and Abel, there's no doubt,
Were always wild with joy
Because their daddy could not tell
What he did when a boy.
—T. Wesley Wright in Sunset Magazine.

A LITTLE INCLINED TO IT HIMSELF

Towne—"There's nothing I hate so much as a lazy man."

Browne—"Well, I wish there were more of them."

Towne—"You do?"

Browne—"Sure. The more lazy men there are the less competition we'd have in business."

Make corn growing worth while by using Deering corn machines.



DEERING MACHINES ON EXHIBITION AT THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION, ST. LOUIS

through it, and has a yellow ring at the navel end. The skin is smooth and will keep longer than any other apple, unless it is bruised in the handling.

A PERSIAN PESSIMIST

Dr. Richard T. Gottheil, of Columbia University, has a broad knowledge of oriental tales and proverbs.

Dr. Gottheil was condemning pessimism one day at Columbia.

"Pessimism," he said, "is as old as the hills. Mankind has always recognized it and has derided it."

"There is a Persian story about a pessimist. This story is so old that no date can be assigned to it. It concerns a pessimistic farmer."

Manufactured, used, and praised for over thirty years—that's the record of the Deering Ideal binder.

hunters along the Gulf coast and other points, who have tried often to get rice to grow in the feeding grounds, but never succeeded.

It is understood that just as soon as the clubs can get the rice they will plant many acres of it on their preserves, for it means a wonderful increase in the ducks. Ducks pass along where the rice is, gently knock the seed down, and then feed to their content.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Among other things," remarked the temperance man, "I consider water a good sleep producer." "And so do I," rejoined the suburbanite. "I empty a pitcher each evening before retiring and then I can sleep like a top." "And you really drink a pitcher of water?" "No; I empty it on the dog that howls under my window."—Chicago News.

WILL RETURN TO THE FARM



Farmer Jones—"Has your son given up farmin'?"

Farmer Smith—"Wal, I reckon he has; he's attendin' one of them agricultural schools in the city."

CONVINCING PROOF



She—"I had no idea before last night that Mr. Watson was a man of such lofty ambitions and exalted ideals."

He—"How did you come to find it out?"

She—"He proposed to me."

THE TIGER WAS DISGUSTED

Two years ago Losen and Carl Nobel, divers, were engaged to rescue a scow-load of valuable ore which had been sunk in the east channel of the Indus Delta.

According to the *Youth's Companion* it proved necessary to haul up the ore in buckets—a tedious task, which occupied them three weeks. On the thirteenth day Losen Nobel, who had been down at work for an hour or two in the wreck, came up and climbed out upon a float moored close to the jungle bank. He did not take off his diver's suit of thick rubber, nor the big head-piece, but sat down in them.

His "tender" unscrewed the pipe, through which air is pumped into the helmet to make some trifling repairs, and found it necessary to cross over for a wrench to the scow, anchored a little way out in the stream.

Losen Nobel sat breathing through the pipe hole. He heard no sound from the bank behind. In fact, he could not have heard well with his head inside the helmet. The first intimation he had of danger was a violent shock and feeling himself hurled forward into the water.

With the air-pipe detached, that meant death by drowning—no man can swim in a diver's suit. Water gushed into the head-piece; the clumsy rubber suit was filling. But immediately Nobel felt that something was gripping him savagely through the rubber, bearing him through the water by spasmodic jerks. An instant later he was lifted bodily out of the river and dragged up the bank below the float. The water which had come into the helmet now ran away, and through the bull's-eyes he caught an indistinct glimpse of his surroundings. He was in high grass, and some large, shadowy object stood over him.

Suddenly he was gripped again and again, by what he felt sure were teeth, and he heard an ugly growl. He knew then what had happened. A tiger had sprung upon him from the bank. It was the tiger, too, that had dragged him out of the river, after knocking him in.

The tiger had dropped him in the high grass. It was clearly puzzled by the looks and smell of its strange prey. The brute drew back and eyed the diver with disfavor. Perhaps the taste of rubber had got in its mouth.

But the big, striped beast was plainly hungry. Suddenly it flew at its quarry again. Nobel felt and heard its teeth grate horribly on the metal of the helmet. It mauled him about with its paws, grappled him again, carried him on a few yards, then turned him over and over with a constant suppressed growling.

Still unable to make him out, the beast sat down and looked at him as if to say, "Well, you are a disappointment!"

Nobel lay quiet. Although confused by the rough usage, he was not seriously injured. The tiger's teeth had not penetrated his armor.

Out at the scow he now heard shouts—his brother and their assistants—then a shot. Thereupon the tiger laid hold of

A SERIOUS QUESTION

What makes people laugh? 'Tis a mystery great;
To solve it we struggle in vain.
We tell of the apples that small Johnny ate
And sing of his subsequent pain.
They describe his demise in a jocular way.
With phrases both flippant and pat;
And yet, think it over and tell me, I pray,
Is there anything funny in that?

When Bridget, a lass who is honest and kind,
And willing and anxious to learn,
Endeavors to kindle the fire, but to find
That the fuel refuses to burn;
We laugh with a merriment softly serene
When the house in a ruin lies flat,
And she's blown to the clouds 'cause she tried
Kerosene.
Is there anything funny in that?
—*Washington Star.*

The Deering reel is almost human in the way it reaches down and out and picks up short, tangled, or down grain.

IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS



Coconut Trees in Honolulu

him again, and this time carried him for as much as fifty yards at a great pace. It also treated him to another shaking-up, but evidently could obtain no satisfaction, and with a final petulant sigh of its breath bounded away.

A few moments later Nobel's friends appeared on the scene, and called out to him in great alarm. He was able to reply jocosely, and in fact was not badly hurt. On his arms and legs there were many blue marks, where the tiger's teeth had pinched him through the rubber. Otherwise his diver's suit had served him as well in the jungle as on the river-bottom.

"Papa," said the fair girl, with a touch of sadness in her tones, "I have received a note from William saying you kicked him as he left the house last night."

"Yes," replied papa, "I have always paid your expenses, and I footed this Bill merely to be consistent."

Deering machines will not be exhibited in the "Pike" at St. Louis along with the freaks and curiosities, but they will have a prominent place in the Agricultural Building among the exhibits showing the scientific development of American agriculture.

FACTS ABOUT PRESIDENTS

It is rather curious that no presidential candidate and no President ever split his name in the middle, says the *New York Sun*. One vice-presidential candidate did so. And he was named B. Gratz Brown.

This reminded another that in the long list of Presidents there were only two instances in which names had been duplicated—John Adams and John Quincy Adams, and William Henry Harrison and Benjamin Harrison.

"And in both instances they were of kin," said another.

"But there were two Presidents," chimed in a veteran, "who had the same Christian name, and whose family names began with the same letter, Andrew Jackson and Andrew Johnson."

The man who started the talk recalled that there had been three Johns in the White House. He mentioned the two Adamases and Tyler.

"But James was the favorite Christian name for Presidents," was the reply. "You may recall that we have had five—Madison, Monroe, Polk, Buchanan, and Garfield."

"But there was only one George. Let us drink to his memory. He was the first and last."

"As there was but one George, there has been but one Thomas, and as I am a sort of democrat at times I propose a cup to Jefferson," said the ex-judge in the group.

"Have you overlooked the fact that we had two Williams for Presidents?" asked the man who had recalled the five Jameses. "There were William Henry Harrison and William McKinley."

"That reminds me," quoth another "that we had but two Presidents who signed both Christian names, John Quincy Adams and William Henry Harrison."

"Eighteen of our Presidents had no middle Christian names, or if they had they never signed them. Mr. Cleveland has a middle name, but he eliminated it early in life," said the starter of the gabfest.

"And as we look at them," said another, "all of our Presidents, save McKinley and Roosevelt, had English names."

"You have forgotten that there was one with a Holland name—Van Buren. I suppose some of you Dutchmen would claim him," remarked a member of the Holland Society.

"How does the entire list stand, alphabetically?" asked the curious man.

"I looked that up the other day," replied the ready man. "Twelve letters of the alphabet have not figured in the Presidency. They are D, E, I, K, N, O, Q, S, U, X, Y, and Z."

"Maybe you can tell us right away which letter has figured, as you term it, oftenest?" asked the man who had started this branch of the talk.

"Sure," was the prompt reply. "There have been three A's, two G's, three H's, three J's, three M's, two P's, and two T's, B, C, F, L, R, V, and W have been represented once."

"How many of our Presidents have had nicknames?" asked a man who had come in at that moment.

This required a little exercise of the gray matter, but the man who had made the alphabet a study was to the fore after a brief lull.

"I count ten," he said. "We had Old

Abe, Andy Jackson, Andy Johnson, Ben Harrison, Zach Taylor, Old Buck, Chet Arthur, and Teddy Roosevelt. Some of these had other nicknames. Jackson was known as Old Hickory, the first Harrison was Tippecanoe, Lincoln was the Rail Splitter, Taylor was Old Rough and Ready, and Roosevelt is frequently called the Cowboy and the Rough Rider."

"How many members of the Cabinet ever became Presidents?" asked the man who ordered the last round.

"Six," was the prompt answer of the man who had worked the alphabet. "Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Van Buren, and Buchanan. Each had been Secretary of State. Monroe was Secretary of State and afterwards Secretary of War, both in the administration of Madison."

"There was another Cabinet officer who became President," said the veteran. "You forgot Jeff Davis. He was Secretary of War in Pierce's Administration. We all know of what he was President."

But nobody said anything. After they had shaken up the bag once more an old Hunker said that Tyler's administration took the cake for shake-ups in the Cabinet. He ran off the names of four Secretaries of State, four of the Treasury, five of War, five of the Navy, and three Attorney-Generals.

The symposium might have been extended had not a fire engine dashed by the clubhouse just then, and the round table went out to see where the fire was.

FAILED TO SURPRISE HIM

Last year the fruit-raisers held a convention in a western city. It was devoted largely to a discussion, pro and con—mainly "con"—as to the "Ben Davis" apple. Now the Ben Davis, by reason of its being large, red, fine-looking, a prolific grower and an excellent keeper, is a favorite apple among Westerners who raise fruit for the markets; but the coarseness of its flesh and its lack of flavor and sweetness make it strongly disliked by those who judge an apple by its quality.

Among the apple-growers in attendance at the convention was an eastern horticulturist who had been especially severe in his denunciation of the Ben Davis. He presented figures showing that the exportation of American apples to Europe had fallen off lamentably of late years on account of the fact that the most of them were of this particular variety, and that the people over there could not be brought to regard them with favor; and he urged that the convention set the seal of its condemnation on the Ben Davis and discourage its further growth and exploitation.

A fruit-grower who had an orchard of several thousand apple-trees, all of them of this particular kind, one morning handed him a magnificent-looking specimen, bright red and of the largest size.

"You think you know a good deal about apples," he said, with a sly wink at the others who were standing about. "Taste that and see if you can tell what variety it belongs to."

The Eastern man bit—or tried to bite—into it. He found that its exterior was a thin shell of *papier-mache*, while its interior consisted entirely of cork.

"Yes," he said, with a countenance

wholly unmoved. "I know what it is. It's a Ben Davis, but it's the best one I ever tasted."

It is not always getting up early and working late that brings success. It is the amount of labor performed and the manner in which it is done. The man who works and thinks is the one who makes progress. The mule works, but never thinks.

IN NEW ZEALAND



Natives of New Zealand have used the bark of this tree to make shiffs

NEEDED ROOM



"I'm not a bad fellow, but you want to give me a wide berth."

SHE FOUGHT FOR A LIFE

Nurses are among the heroic fighters of the world. The Contagious Hospital at North Brother Island, New York, has recently been the scene of a brave sacrifice on the part of a young nurse who displayed that love than which no man hath greater. She gave up her life to save that of a child. The *New York Sun* tells the story:

At the Polyclinic Hospital a little girl developed an alarming form of scarlet

IT WAS RETURNED



Friend—"What's the matter, old man? Doesn't she return your love?"

Jilted One—"That's just the trouble. She returned it and told me to give it to some other girl."

WAS SMOKING THE CAUSE OF GRANT'S LAST ILLNESS?

"The general impression that excessive smoking brought on the disease of the throat that caused the death of General Ulysses S. Grant is erroneous," said Dr. George F. Shrady, who attended the great soldier in his last illness. "His use of tobacco aggravated his ailment, but had nothing to do with its origin," says *Success*.

"Sometime after it reached a fatal termination, I was in the smoking car of a railroad train, and became engaged in conversation with the man sitting beside me. In a little while he drew from his pocket a cigar, and then a holder, which he carefully wiped with his handkerchief.

"I am very particular about my cigar-holder," he remarked. 'I try not to let any nicotine come in contact with my mouth. That is what killed General Grant, you know.'

"Why, no, I wasn't aware of that," I answered, in a tone of surprise.

"I thought everybody knew that," he exclaimed 'you can't be much of a reader of the newspapers.' Then he began to give me a detailed and earnest explanation of the general's illness, as one desiring to enlighten a fellow being walking in the darkness of ignorance. The humor of the situation impressed me, and I let him talk on for a moment or so. Then I interrupted him.

"Sir," I said, 'I should feel guilty if I should draw you out any further on this particular subject. It wouldn't be right. You see, I attended General Grant in his last illness. My name is Shrady.'

"What," he exclaimed, drawing back and staring at me for an instant. Then he said, laughingly:—

"Well, doctor, I guess I have nothing more to tell you on this matter."

"General Grant once informed me that he was greatly aided and abetted in his smoking habit by the press of the country. He said that when, on horseback, he rode onto a steamboat at Vicksburg, he happened to have a cigar in his mouth, and in the large number of pictures of this incident that were circulated throughout the country this cigar was conspicuous. Immediately afterwards he began to receive presents of cigars, even from Cuba. He smoked and enjoyed them, and thus the habit grew."

THE FIREMEN'S PARADE

Uncle Henry Wilkins was going on a vacation with his two young nephews. The day was hot; Uncle Henry stood wiping his brow and watching the driver strap the trunks to the back of the cab. Finally the door of the vehicle closed with a crash, Aunt Minerva had waved the last good-by, Uncle Henry had looked at his watch and said, "Plenty of time to catch our train," and the boys were squirming about luxuriously and delightedly on the green cushions when the sound of a brass band assailed their ears.

As they drove on, says the *Youth's Companion*, the sound seemed to come nearer and nearer, and at last they were brought to a stop in a side street by a great crowd of people held back by two policemen. Uncle Henry thrust his head out of the window. "Why, it's a parade, boys," said he, "and we've plenty of time to see it."

"It's a parade of all the old firemen, sir," explained the driver, as they got out. Already the lines of red coats had come into view.

A look of solemnity came into Uncle Henry's face. "Boys," he said, "step up where you can see all these gallant old fire-fighters. See that man on the end of the line! Perhaps he once rescued a human life from the cruel flames! Perhaps—"

"Did you see him do it?" asked Ned, eagerly.

"No," explained Mr. Wilkins, somewhat irritated at the interruption. "I did not see him. But look, boys, at those grizzled old veterans. Their vocation is a noble one!"

"What's a vocation?" cried Billy. "Is that one of those hats they wear?"

"No, it's their calling."

"With speaking-trumpets?" Billy asked.

Uncle Henry frowned, thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and assumed an air of indifference to those about him.

"To be a fireman, a protector of property from the flames, to have the privilege of saving life—that indeed is no mean record," he went on. "We should applaud these men who have risen so many times on cold nights to go out and fight back the

HIS CHOICE



Plodding Pete—"Lew, ef youse wus a machine, wot kind would youse ruther be?"

Lazy Lew—"One uv dem perpetual motion machines."

Plodding Pete—"Coz why?"

Lazy Lew—"Coz dey never work."

enemy. It is the kind of heroism we should appreciate."

Billy and Ned looked at their uncle, awed and uncomfortable. The band that had passed now had for them a sad and far-away sound.

"Well, boys," said Uncle Henry, finally. "it is time we start again toward the station. We have only ten minutes left. We'll drive right on."

"You can't cross here, sir," said a policeman, with a tone of finality.

"Then we'll wait a minute," said Uncle Henry, sliding his watch back into his pocket.

"I guess you'll wait about fifteen," said the policeman. "This parade is a mile long."

"What's that?" cried Uncle Henry. Both the boys jumped at the sound of his voice. "This is an outrage! We shall miss our train! Have we got to wait here



THE DEERING REAPER IN EUROPE

till all these doddering old dolts get past, all on account of a conceited sentimental belief in their own importance? The law ought to forbid the blocking of the public streets this way. The whole thing is against the rights of the public. Firemen! Why don't they have a parade of chimney-sweeps or a procession of janitors?"

"But, Uncle Henry," protested Ned, "you said they got out of bed on cold nights—"

"Yes, and got well paid for it, too. Driver, take us back home!"

"You aren't angry with us?" asked Billy, anxiously. But Uncle Henry did not answer.

WHAT THE JAPANESE EAT

One of the greatest of the masters of war asserted as a basic principle of military science that "an army moves on its stomach," says the *Baltimore Sun*. "That is to say, an army can march no faster than its commissary department. Soldiers of the English-speaking nations require—or at least think they require—rations of the most substantial kind—an abundance of meat above all things. German and Russian soldiers also need strong food to do a soldier's work in the field. The case is different with the fighting men of Japan. They carry no flocks and herds with them—no long wagon trains. Rice, dried fish,

and pellets of compressed meat for soup-making are packed in their knap sacks. Even when provided with rations for several days the Japanese are not overweighed with the burdens they carry.

The fact is, the Jap at home in time of peace, or the Jap in the field in time of war, would scarcely be accounted an epicure from the Western point of view. His diet is simple in the extreme. Fish is the staple article of food in Japan. Raw fish is a luxury. When the Jap stays away from his native islands for a few years, however, he usually acquires a taste for cooked foods. A writer in the *Sunday Magazine*, recalls the case of a Japanese friend who returned home after a long absence abroad. He tried several times to regale himself on uncooked fish. Each time he was made sick. Civilization had cured him of the habit. At the date of the revolution in 1868-69

there was not a pound of meat or flesh-food of any kind in Japan, no milk, butter, or cheese. Potatoes, cabbages, and tomatoes were unknown; there were only a few flavorless and acrid fruits and a few common vegetables. There was a time, before Buddhism was introduced into Japan, when, according to the *Sunday Magazine*, the Japanese were both hunters and fishermen; when they lived to a large extent on the products of the chase—wild boers, deer, monkeys, hares, and pheasants. But Buddhism interdicted killing, and the Jap gave up the chase and also the rearing of domestic animals for food. He learned, however, from the Buddhist missionaries how to grow rice, wheat, and other cereals and certain vegetables—radishes, turnips, onions, and cucumbers.

The Japanese fish markets are among the finest in the world, but the dietary of raw fish which the Japanese find so alluring has, in the opinion of scientists, produced leprosy to an alarming extent. Many of the oldest and wealthiest families, it is said, bear the taint of this disease. Their social and political influence is so great that legislators have been unable to segregate lepers. "They swarm along the highways and drag their crippled carcasses through the streets of the cities," says the *Sunday Magazine*. There is little leprosy in those parts of

the island in which salt fish is the staple diet. With fish the Japanese eat a huge species of radish and collards, pickled in salt and vinegar of their own fermented juices. Their dietary includes many kinds of roots not known to Western nations. Seaweed of several species is also used for food. Since the revolution of 1868-69 the Japanese have introduced many varieties of small fruit.

NUGGETS FROM GEORGIA

A front seat in Life's circus sometimes means dry bread at home.

Ain't it funny dat w'en a man strikes prosperity he fergits all erbout how po' he wuz fo' he got dar?

De trouble 'bout some mens in dis worl' is—dey too much lak balloons; dey knows how ter fly, but dey dunno how ter light in de right place.

Riches takes wings sometimes but Poverty is wid us always—kaze it can't git ter whar de wings is, 'en is mos' inginrully laid up wid rheumatism.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

MERELY WAITING

A Northern man who was traveling through the South, says the *New York Times*, saw a darky under a tree by the roadside on the edge of a field of corn. The negro was gazing lazily up through the branches, unmindful of a hoe which lay by his side, and of the weeds which grew luxuriantly in the corn field.

"What are you doing?" asked the Northern man.

"Ah'm out heah to hoe dat cohn," replied the darky.

"Then what are you doing under the tree?" persisted the traveler. "Resting?"

"No, sah, Ah'm not resting," was the drawled-out answer. "Ah'm not tiahed. Ah'm waitin' faw the sun to go down so Ah kin quit wuk."

GOT THE WORST OF IT

Householder—"Did the master plumber make the corrections in that bill I returned to him?"

Collector—"Yes, sir, and he found an overcharge of \$2."

Householder—"Aha! Just as I said."

Collector—"Yes, sir; but it took him about an hour to look up the items, and he charges \$5 an hour for time. Three dollars more, please."—*New York Weekly*.

THE FAMILY HORSE

He's such a nice and gentle horse—
No cut-up—tell you that!
This summer I'm determined he
Shall wear a quaker hat.
I only wish he didn't have
Enlargement of the feet,
When gentle Dobbin's in the shafts,
The family on the seat.

A yard a minute he can go,
Or faster, if he'd try!
It's great to see the fields of wheat
And fences whirling by!
I'll back a turtle any day
To beat him in a heat,
When gentle Dobbin's in the shafts,
The family on the seat.

O'er country roads we journey when
The sun begins to drop,
I say "Git ap!" to make him go,
And "Whoa!" to make him stop;
And there are twinkles in the eyes
Of everyone we meet,
When gentle Dobbin's in the shafts,
The family on the seat.

The hair upon his legs is long
And dallies with the breeze,
The stiffness of his upper lip
Has settled in his knees.
It's certainly a lovely sight
When we go down the street,
When gentle Dobbin's in the shafts,
The family on the seat.

—*Indianapolis Sun*.

A GOOD GUESS



"Why is it that you are in 'B' Class this year, Johnnie?" "Becus, I got de hives, I guess."

HARD TO SHOOT WILD GEESE

Young geese near the remote breeding grounds and before they have been educated by the long, perilous flight from north to south and back not seldom behave in a fashion calculated to cast a doubt upon their intelligence, but that is a common fault of youth and inexperience. The two-year-old goose is a very different fowl, and if there be anything in feathers better able to extract chunks of solid wisdom from an experience with a trace of lead in it, I have not yet met that bird.

Nor is it at all strange that the "honker" should be tireless in vigilance and exceedingly loath to trust his big, shapely body too near any form of growth or shelter which possibly might conceal a man. Roughly speaking, the initial southern trip, from the fowl's birthplace to the winter rendezvous, is an airy jaunt of about 3,000 miles, more or less, at least one-third of which is punctuated with peril.

In all probability, the true story of a goose's migration experiences would be something startling, especially in regard to the quantity of lead of various sizes vainly hurled after the adventurous flyer. Would it be pounds or tons? At first glance, the latter quantity might appear absurd, but it must be remembered that a goose is long-lived, while nine-tenths of his would-be destroyers use more lead than science in their abortive methods. In any event if I had the choice of contract for carrying in a canoe the goose or the stuff that had missed him, there wouldn't be any hesitancy over the selection of the freight.

The fact is that the honker is the most shot at and the least killed of all our fowl, the reason for which is simple enough. Not a few old sportsmen and all new hands at the game underestimate by about one-half the distance at which a flying goose is passing. The bulky body and great wings make a noble spread, even when a couple of hundred yards off, and only long schooling can teach the utter uselessness of trying at half that range with any standard gun. To a novice, a goose actually within sure distance will appear almost on top of him, and it is only after a few fowl have been killed, gathered, and the distance at which they fell noted that the eye acquires the knack of measuring with anything like correctness the deceptive mark.—Illustrated Sporting News.

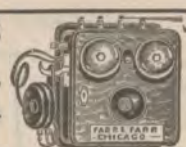
INSURES THROATS AND FINGERS

Some peculiar insurance risks have become so common that they cease to be curious. All celebrated artists now avail themselves of a special form of underwriting, which is carried on in their interests, either by themselves or their agents, and the figures concerned are usually large ones. This is not so strange, for if, for instance, Paderewski lost one of his fingers, or a great inimitable singer's voice were to fail her, the financial loss would be enormous and would not be covered by any ordinary form or provision of insurance.

None of these performers are more largely underwritten in this respect than Kubelik, who pays \$1,500 annually as insurance on his bow hand alone, so that if he were at any time injured so as to prevent him from fulfilling an engagement he would receive \$10,000 as compensation. If his hand were totally disabled, so that he could never play again, he would get \$50,000, which would enable him to live in



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more than the artist through any unfortunate happening of this kind, likewise take the precaution to cover all such risks, and according to one such agent the amount they insure for is usually about \$5,000 to \$7,500.

Mme. Patti has always been heavily insured when singing. The usual amount which she has had underwritten for her has been \$5,000, for which \$125 a night had to be paid, and her voice has also been permanently insured for \$40,000 against total loss. The condition made by the insurers is that the loss must be due to accident, cold, or disease, and must not be the result of reckless or wilful conduct.

When on a tour Mme. Patti has sometimes as many as three doctors in constant attendance upon her, who understand to a nicety all the peculiarities of her delicate vocal cords and can detect the slightest symptoms of anything going wrong with them and treat them accordingly.

See our display in the
Agricultural Building at
the St. Louis World's
Fair



THE DEERING HAY RAKE IN ACTION

comfort apart from all the money he has already saved.

Paderewski, the famous pianist, says that his fingers are as precious to him as his life, for he could never play if he lost any of them. He makes insurances from time to time to cover special risks, as when he is going on a long journey by land or sea, but apart from this, his two hands are regularly underwritten from year to year. He pays the huge sum of \$4,000 annually in this way with the result that if anything went wrong with one of his precious hands at any time so that he could no longer earn an income by his playing he would be paid \$50,000 cash down by the underwriters.

Besides this, he is insured against temporary disablement of the fingers either by disease or accident, and in case of anything happening to prevent his playing for a single week he draws as a rule a sum of \$2,500 as compensation. He has done so on more than one occasion. The organizers of his concerts who often stand to lose

In the same way as Paderewski, Josef Hoffman is heavily insured, according to the special arrangements made by some underwriters for pianists. Not only is each hand separately insured in his case, but every individual finger has a special policy made out for it. Not long ago he fell from his bicycle and hurt his hand so badly that he could not play for several days. The underwriters had as a consequence to send him a check which ran into four figures.

Under the circumstances, and with the risks so considerable, it is not surprising that the underwriters are very careful to see that their interests are safeguarded in every possible way, and one of the things that they most insist on is that the strictest medical precautions against loss or injury shall always be taken by the performers. This, however, is naturally done by the latter for their own sakes, apart from any consideration of insurance.

HE GOT THE "RAISE"

Frank Leslie's tells a story of how industry was rewarded. A year ago a manufacturer hired a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy except that he never took his eyes off the machine he was running. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up from his work to see the boy standing beside his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Want me pay raised."

"What are you getting?"

"T'ree dollars a week."

"Well, how much do you think you are worth?"

"Four dollars."

"You think so, do you?"

"Yessir, an' I've been thinkin' so fer t'ree weeks, but I've been so blame busy I haven't had time to speak to you about it."

The boy got the "raise."

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IN BALING EASY
HAY & PROFITABLE
BALING Try The Admiral

VENTURED IN TOO DEEP



"Why isn't Jones in the swim any longer?"

"Oh, he caught a cramp in his bank-account."

A LATTER-DAY LULLABY

Hushaby, lullaby, go to sleep now!
There is your patent self-rocking crib,
dear!

You've had your milk from a sterilized
cow,
From microbes and germs you have
nothing to fear.

Hushaby, lullaby,
Shut your blue eyes,
A baby of to-day
Never whimpers or cries!

Hushaby, lullaby, th' food that you had
Came straight from the chemist—pre-
pared just for you,
Fed by machinery, are you not glad
That science has taught all these methods
so new?

Hushaby, lullaby,
Baby so sweet,
(Crying is out of date,
I must repeat!)

Hushaby, lullaby! If you are good
Mother will call on you once every day,
So you may recognize her, as you should—
Ah, she is rearing you in the right way!

Hushaby, lullaby,
Dear little man,
I hope you will appreciate
This splendid plan!
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

First Omahan—"The doctor says my
Jersey cow has the ague. Did you ever
hear of such a thing?"

Second Omahan—"No; but the idea is
a good one. You can have a milk-shake
whenever you wish."

RECIPES

EGG SAUCE FOR FISH

Cook together a tablespoonful each
of butter and flour until they bubble,
pour upon them a cup of milk and stir
until thick and smooth. Season with
salt and white pepper, add one hard-
boiled egg chopped fine and one raw
egg beaten light. Stir just long enough
for the sauce to return to the boil and
serve in a sauceboat.

HOT CAKE

Rub a tablespoonful of butter into a
cup of powdered sugar, add two beaten
eggs, a teaspoonful of vanilla and a
cup of prepared flour. Last of all beat
in a cup of scalding milk. If the batter
is too thin, add a little flour. Turn into
a greased tin and bake in a steady
oven. Sprinkle with powdered sugar
and send to the table while hot.

TURQUOISE SALAD

One pint pared and diced apples, one
pint diced celery, one-half pint chopped
English walnuts, one candied red pep-
per cut in one-eighth inch squares (with
scissors). Mix apples, celery and nuts
with one-half of the amount of salad
dressing given, and garnish with a
dozen of the unbroken halves of the
walnut kernels and a few sprigs of
celery.

ITALIAN CREAM

Soak half a box of gelatin in a cup
of cold water for an hour. Heat four
cups of milk in a double boiler and
when hot stir into them the yolks of
four eggs beaten light with half a cup
of sugar. Stir over the fire for two
minutes, add the gelatin and keep stir-
ring until dissolved. Take from the
fire, flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla
and set aside to cool. Beat the whites
of the eggs stiff and add them to the
cream when it is cold, but before it
has begun to form. Turn into a mold
wet with cold water and set aside to
become firm.

REAL NEW ENGLAND BROWN BREAD

The real New England brown bread
is thus made: To a pint and a half of
rye-meal add a pint and a half of corn-
meal and a teaspoonful of salt; mix
thoroughly dry; then add a cup of
molasses and a heaping teaspoonful of
baking soda, wet in a little warm water.
Add enough sour milk to make soft
batter. Put the mixture into a but-
tered mold, with tight cover, and steam
four hours. When done take out, cut
into medium thick slices and serve on
a platter. It can be eaten with butter
alone, or for a company dish at tea
serve it with thick cream poured over
each slice, in which setting it is a most
toothsome compound.



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If you are a farmer and grow corn I
would be pleased to have you advise me
whether or not you shred your corn stalks
and bale your stover. If so, how many
bales can you offer for sale for the season of
1904-5 (between November, 1904, and
March, 1905), and at what price can the
stover be furnished f. o. b. your shipping
point, which please mention in your
answer to this advertisement. J. Woltz,
524 Rand-McNally Bldg., Chicago, U. S. A.

Mention Deering's Farm Journal.

THE PROPER TIME

"To everything there is a season, and a time
to every purpose under the heaven."

This was first spoken three thousand
years ago, but it seems that it has never
been learned, for there are multitudes of
people to-day whose lives are quite to the
contrary; they evidently have never
learned this important truth—at least,
they fail to practice it. However, there
is one class of people who have learned
faster than others, but are still deficient
in some respects, and these are the farm-
ers. Every farmer knows the importance
of time and season in planting and raising
crops, their success at all times depending
upon doing things at the proper time. As
everything on the farm comes in rotation,
it might be well to suggest that this is the
proper time to prepare for the coming corn
harvest by looking into the merits of the
Deering corn binder. Undoubtedly you
will need one, and it will be wise for you
to devote this time to investigation and
preparation. To be forehanded is to be
master of the situation later on.

Penny wise and pound foolish is the
farmer who cultivates well to get a heavy
crop and then harvests with a binder that
is too flimsy to do the work. Be wise all
the time and harvest with a Deering
Binder.

Putting round pegs into square holes is
a policy many farmers adopt; consequently
there are many leaks for the profit. A
round peg won't fit in a square hole, and
a poor binder won't do the work of a good
binder. Better buy a Deering.

The three essential features of a good
binder are strength, capacity, and light
draft. The Deering Ideal binder pos-
sesses these features to an unexcelled
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throw half the gold away? Properly
managed dairies are surer than
gold mines, yet many farmers throw
half the gold away every day. The
butter fat is the gold—worth twenty
to thirty cents a pound. Gravity
process skimmers—pans and cans—
lose half the cream. Your dairy
can't pay that way.

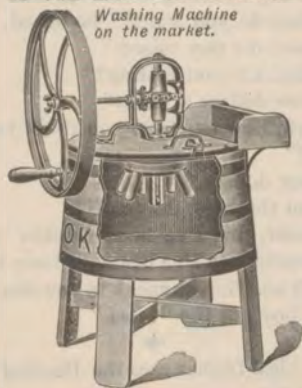
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Mistress—"Jane, where is the salad oil I told you to put on the table?"

Jane—"Please, m'm, I did put it on the table when I polished it up this morning!"—*Punch.*

Meyer—"I wonder why cats that disturb our midnight slumbers always have such high voices?"

Gyer—"Probably because they are frequently pitched on a roof."—*Chicago News.*

"You have been fighting again, Tommy!" "I couldn't help it, mamma. That Stapleford boy sassed me." "That was no reason for fighting. You should have remembered that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath,' and given him a soft answer." "I did; I hit him with a chunk o' mud."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Is your husband enjoying good health?" asked the caller. "Well," answered the tired-looking woman, "he's feeling first rate at present. But after knowing him all these years I don't see how he can be getting much enjoyment when he hasn't anything to complain about."—*Washington Star.*

"Take back your ring," said the fair but fickle maid; "I can not marry you."

"You love another?" queried the young man in the case, who happened to be a street car conductor.

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"What are you feeding to those hogs, my friend?" the professor asked. "Corn, professor," the grizzled old farmer, who knew the learned gentleman by sight, replied. "Are you feeding it wet or dry?" "Dry." "Don't you know if you feed it wet the hogs can digest it in one-half the time?" The farmer gave him a quizical look. "Now, see here, professor," he said, "how much do you calculate a hog's time is worth?"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

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