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*The Deering
Corn Binders
at work in
Kaffir Corn*



HARIOTEER LYNCH

By Solon L. Goode.



In a rude hospital, with the sun's rays beating down upon a humid atmosphere which was almost enough to stifle a well man, lay Tom Lynch, a United States soldier in the Philippines. Delirious with fever, he was calling for "mother," a name above every earthly name which embodies the characteristics of gentleness and love. In his lucid moments the soldier, who was merely a youth of nineteen, had time for thoughts of his home in "God's country," as he termed the United States.

Thomas Lynch, or as everybody called him, plain Tom Lynch, was a farmer's son. He recalled the parting conversation between himself and his mother which gave the reason for his leaving the old farm in Indiana. The purport of his last interview with his mother will enable the reader to obtain some idea of Tom's home life. On the day of his enlistment in the navy, his mother had given him her blessing, although reluctant to see him go, but watering his pathway with her tears. On that eventful day he had said to her:

"Mother, I have made up my mind to go, and while I do not wish to do anything to wound you, I believe this will be for my good. The weary drudgery here on the farm has been very distasteful to me. I have received nothing but my clothes and what I have put into my stomach. Father thinks that because in the pioneer days he was brought up barren of education and with his nose hard upon the grindstone all his life, that his children should be reared in like manner. But the times have changed. Yes, you say I have been given a common-school education. But look at what neighbor Goodrich has done for his children. He has educated them in city high schools and at college. I have just had a letter from his son John, who is now a mechanical engineering draughtsman, and is making over \$100 a month in Chicago, while father has kept me here until I am nineteen without ever giving me more than a horse and buggy and my clothes, and they are of the cheapest grade of 'hand-me-downs.' Yes, mother, I must get away from this detestable place. I intend to see something of this old round world of ours, and when I come back it will be to better your condition and to take you away from the drudgery which has worn your life out and made you old before your time. The old farm may be all right for father, but I am tired of it; so good-by, mother dear, and remember that every day I am absent I shall think of you and will always love you and respect you as the noblest and most sacrificing of mothers."

"Good-by, dear Tom," said his mother. "In some respects I cannot blame you for your action, for I know that there has been very little to make life attractive for you here. But with all of its drawbacks, I am afraid that when the novelty of a seafaring life shall have worn away that you will find your sojourn in the navy more monotonous, more severe, and far less attractive than your humdrum life on the old farm."

And then Mrs. Lynch threw her arms tenderly about her boy and kissed his health-tinted cheek with all the intensity of her mother love, while the scalding tears seemed to furrow a roadway down her own sad face. And so they parted. She realized that her son had some excuse for leaving his country home, for she knew that her husband was of the slow-going, plodding kind of men who had not gotten out of the rut into which he had been environed for nearly half a century. True, the past few years had brought to Joshua Lynch wonderful prosperity. Every year he was laying up something in the county bank. But he was not progressive, else he would have sent his son away and given him an education which would have made him better able to cope with the world when he should take up the battle of life for himself. Mr. Lynch had been thinking of doing some of these things. He could not help thinking seriously along these lines when from day to day he met his neighbors and came into contact with the outside world which was forging ahead with such gigantic strides. But he did not seem quite ready yet, and with rather a formal "good-by" as Tom went to the field to bid him farewell, the two separated. When, however, Joshua Lynch saw his son trudge down through the lane, satchel in hand, to take the electric car for the city, there was an indication of moisture in his eyes and in his heart a sincere sigh of regret. Mr. Lynch was not a bad father. He had been kind to his children in his characteristic manner, but it seemed almost as hard for him to alter his ways as for the leopard to change his spots, or the Ethiopian his skin.

Tom, on reaching the city, went direct to the recruiting station and was, in company with other young men, sent to New York and on board a cruiser bound for the Philippines, the new possession of the United States. While the discipline on shipboard, as Tom expressed it, was "something fierce," the young man had been a mere tool on the farm, and so it was not difficult for him to adjust himself to his surroundings and settle down to content. Besides, there was something grand, Tom thought, in riding upon the mighty billows of the restless ocean. In watching the waves of golden grain or the verdant timothy as it swayed under the winds of summer on the old farm, he had been led to dream of the sea. And as the ship rode majestically upon the glassy bosom of the undulating deep, Tom felt

that for once his youthful dream was realized.

As predicted by his mother, the novelty of the seafaring life kept her boy's mind interested. The desire to see a foreign shore buoyed Tom up, and while every day he thought of his home and his mother, it was always with the ambition that when he did return, it would be with honor and with an experience and knowledge which would fit him for occupying a place along with, or possibly above, his neighbors. And so the days went on. Only when Tom was dreadfully seasick during a two-days' storm, did he long for his mother. Her sweet presence in his suffering would have been a benediction. But no mother's hand was near to be laid upon his aching head, and he missed her gentle ministrations, suffering in silence. One morning when he came on deck for the first time after his illness, weak and unsteady, he had almost expected to see the old-time surroundings—the meadow dotted with daisies, the stream that wound through it, the fir trees that stood near the house, and through which the wind sighed gently. But, instead of the ripple of the silver brook, in which played the speckled trout, the unfathomed waves of the ocean reared their seething heads to greet him. Instead of the gentle sighing of the winds through the fir trees, there was the piercing, shrieking gale sweeping over the bosom of the unprotected waters.

By and by Manila was reached, and when Tom received an occasional leave

of absence from the battleship for a portion of the day, he studied with a deep interest the habits and customs of this strange people. Ignorance and the superstition of ages had placed the average Filipino very low in the scale of human intelligence. He was particularly interested in their crude way of farming, which was greatly in contrast with the up-to-date methods of his own beloved land. He wondered how long it would require for these benighted people to reach the plane occupied by civilized America. He thought of the prejudices to be overcome before they would be lifted to a higher and more enlightened position. Then he reverted in memory to his father. He knew by hearsay and by reading of the primitive ways of the pioneers of America, and he had just a little grain of charity for his father who had been brought up under old-time environments with their superstitions and ignorance. He was old enough to remember when the scythe was used to mow the grass in his father's meadow, and when the hand cradle was the implement used for cutting wheat and rye and oats. He remembered his early boyhood days when hog and hominy was the almost daily ration on the farm in Indiana. He contrasted the old days with the new—the necessities with the luxuries—and then he weighed the condition of the Filipinos with the pioneer days in Indiana, and he saw how very much below the primitive ways of his father were the ways of these dark-skinned natives; and, always in his contrast, would he come back again with a touch of charity for his aged father.

He had not been in the Philippines many months until the dread fever epidemic had attacked him, while with a party of marines he was guarding a point on the coast where an outbreak had occurred among the natives. The thought

(Continued on page 15.)



"His powerful team lunged ahead at the start."

Future Cotton Supply

Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, who is deeply interested in the cotton industry of the South and its relation to the commerce of the world, has just had printed, in the form of a Senate document, an interesting contribution to the subject by J. Arthur Hutton, vice-chairman of the British Cotton Growing Association, relating to the work that has been accomplished by that organization. Discussing the international outlook from a British viewpoint, Mr. Hutton in this document says:

"The one solid fact which stares us in the face is that the present supply of cotton is insufficient to keep the spindles of the world fully employed, and the cotton trade has developed into a scramble for the available supplies. Such a position is the opportunity of the speculator, and so long as there is no material increase in the growth of cotton, so long will the user be at the mercy of the gambler. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary now to draw the attention of mill owners or of the operatives to the danger of the position. They recognized this fully last year if they had not done so before, but I think it is only within the last few months that the merchants and distributees have begun to realize that they, too, are to suffer. Nor do I suppose that even to-day it is fully realized by those who are engaged in the many subsidiary industries connected with the cotton trade that they as well are dependent on King Cotton, still less by others who will only feel the full effects of the disaster.

"What is the outlook for the future? That the present supply is insufficient we all must now admit, and where are we to look for an increase of supply? I am afraid not to the United States. The population of that great country is to-day about 80,000,000, and is increasing rapidly, and their own requirements of cotton goods, and consequently of cotton, are increasing in proportion. Although in North America there is land enough to produce far more cotton than is grown today, there is not sufficient labor to effectively cultivate the 28,000,000 acres now supposed to be under cotton. Five years ago 23,000,000 acres provided 11,250,000 bales of cotton; to-day it is doubtful whether we shall have 10,500,000 bales from a largely increased acreage. I have been informed that many of the laborers have drifted to the towns, and however good the weather may be on many farms cotton has to remain on the trees until it is spoiled by the weather for want of labor to gather it.

"The consumption of cotton in the United States ten years ago was about 2,500,000 bales. In the following five years it increased to 3,000,000 bales, but in the last five years it has increased to 4,000,000 bales. The consumption in the North has been practically stationary, and the whole of the increase has been in the Southern States. I do not think this increase will continue quite so rapidly in the next few years, partly because much of the surplus cheap labor has been absorbed and partly because the present high price of cotton can not fail seriously

to check consumption; but I think that we can make up our minds that the United States will use more and more of their own cotton every year, with the natural consequence that if other supplies are not forthcoming Europe and the rest of the world will have to go short.

"The problem to-day before the world is where those supplies are to come from, and the solution of this problem is the



Cotton Scenes in Oklahoma

raison d'être of the British Cotton Growing Association; and it can be said, without fear of contradiction, that the movement now started is one of the most important in the world's history. Similar associations are at work in Germany, France, and Italy, while Russia is also endeavoring to supplement her supplies by cotton cultivation in her Asiatic possessions. The British movement, however, is much more important, for the field to be covered is so much larger. Let us fully realize that on the success or failure of this movement the future of our great cotton trade depends."

DEERING BUNDLE CARRIER

The Deering bundle carrier is of remarkable efficiency, and discharges the sheaves on their butts without bringing the heads in contact with the stubble and threshing out grain. The fingers, being curved, can not enter the ground and break when the machine is backed.

The bundle carrier can be dropped out of the way when it is desired to thread the knottor or oil the machine.

The six fingers of the Deering bundle carrier are parallel with the machine and hold the grain, should a bundle become broken. The fingers readily adapt themselves to every condition of ground, yield

vented, as the machine can be mounted upon the transport without removing a single part except the tongue. The tongue connection is very simple and can be made in a few seconds.

FLOWER

"He is the flower of the family."

"Possibly. He seems to be a blooming idiot."

THE WAY THEY WENT

There was no doubt of it; Mr. Hunter had lost the "field." He had searched for his companion fox-hunters long but vainly, and now, says London *Answers*, he was reduced to asking the aid of a chubby little lad of three, whom he met in a lane. "Hallo, Johnny! Which way did the hounds go?" he queried.

"Johnny" sucked a finger, and dropped his gaze. "Come," coaxed Mr. Hunter, "don't be afraid; here's a penny for you. Now, tell me, what way did the hounds go?"

The youngster took the coin, and then fell upon all fours and "bow-wowed."

"Dat way," he said, shyly.

ALWAYS LEAP YEAR

In one part of "all the Russias," the province of Ukraine, it is always leap year as far as the female privilege of proposing is concerned. It is said to be customary there, when a young woman falls in love with a man, for her to go to his father's house, and in tender and pathetic manner plead with the young

man to take her as his wife. She promises the most submissive obedience to his will if he will but accept her. If the young man says: "I beg that you will excuse me from this," she tells him that she is resolved not to depart until he shall promise to take her for better or worse. She accordingly takes up her abode there and remains until he is wooed and won or until he ends the siege by fleeing to parts unknown.

Now is the time when grandmothers
Must all expect to die,
For office boys need their excuse—
The baseball season's nigh.
—St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

Deering's Farm Journal

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

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ADVERTISING DIVISION

International Harvester Co. of America

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

Keep in touch with your State experiment station. See that your name is on the mailing list for all bulletins as issued—and then study the bulletins. It pays!

A Maine experiment has recently shown that enough corn and fodder can be raised on three acres of land to feed six cows for twelve months, without pasturing. That's "intensive farming," with a capital "I"!

Luther Burbank has probably evolved more new plants and varieties than any other living man. Indeed, he is often referred to as the "Wizard of Horticulture." His newest creations are a potato which is blood-red in color, and a "perpetual" variety of pieplant with a superior flavor.

Tar may be good for colds, but it isn't relished by crows. So the smart farmer has learned the trick of tarring his seed corn. Thus: Place the corn in a grain sack, add four tablespoonfuls of tar, close the sack and work it back and forth on the floor until the seed pieces are sufficiently tarred. Then plant.

The value of a land roller is not sufficiently appreciated by the average agriculturist. A plank "drag" is better than nothing, but every up-to-date farm should be equipped with a modern roller. Compacting the soil after seed is sown insures a more profitable harvest—except in very wet seasons.

Sometimes it is cheaper to borrow money than it is to keep out of debt. For instance, a grain farmer who annually pays 50 or 75 cents an acre for machine hire will save money by owning his own outfit. And he'll save time (that's money, too!), because then he won't have to "wait his turn" during the harvest season.

The "egg crop," like other crops, can be made more profitable by attention to "little" details, and by business methods in marketing. In Michigan there is a man who is getting rich on this hen product. How? He offers, in magazine advertisements, to furnish clean, strictly fresh eggs, "direct from the farm to the consumer."

The coming fence-post will be made of cement, or a combination of iron and cement. Both styles are now on the market, and in price and durability they are already tempting buyers. We see no reason, however, why farmers can not make their own cement posts "on the premises." Mold, sand, and Portland cement will do it.

The twentieth-century farmer does not "hoe his potatoes." No. Life is too short, and he has learned a better way. After the seed is planted he runs a wide peg-tooth harrow over the field—regardless of rows—every week until the vines are nicely up, thus killing all early weeds. Then with the cultivator he "does the rest." No hoe is needed.

For some time Canadian horticulturists have been trying to find a desirable apple sufficiently hardy to withstand the rigors of Northwest winters. Dr. Saunders, report says, has at last solved the problem by crossing the Duchess variety with the crabapple, the result being a rather small but fair quality of fruit which can be profitably grown in cold localities.

Aggie Cornucopia Pauline is to-day perhaps the most valuable cow in the world. The Holstein-Friesian Breeders' Association say she is worth at least \$10,000. During the recent trial test in New Jersey, conducted under the supervision of Prof. Voorhees, this wonderful cow broke the record. In seven days she produced 620 pounds of milk, the cream from which produced a fraction more than thirty-four pounds of butter. How's that?

The "cement age" is close at hand. Barns, houses, and other farm buildings are now being built of molded, hollow, cement blocks that look like pieces of cut stone. A farmer can, at the present time, be his own building-material manufacturer. All he needs is a mold, a few loads of fine sandy gravel, a few bags of Portland cement—and an everlasting dwelling or barn is "made on the premises," at a cost no greater than the expense of a perishable wooden structure.

FARMING VIA TROLLEY

Modern conditions demand modern methods, and the agriculturists who now make the most money are they who keep nearest the front of the march of progress.

The following statement which recently appeared in print is significant of another change:

"Recently a carload of live cattle was shipped from Victor, N. Y., to Rochester, over the new trolley road."

There is more in this than appears on the surface. Much! For many years steam roads and long-haul rates have fostered immense packing plants at a few central points. Of course, small or local plants and butchers have suffered accordingly, and the market price of cattle and beef has long been controlled by a handful of rich city men.

Now comes the trolley road with its short-haul local inducements; and soon, probably, a large number of small packing plants will spring into being

throughout the country, and the iron grasp of a few men will be broken. Then stock-breeding will suddenly become a desirable branch of farming in localities where it is not now in favor. With the trolley road comes new conditions that the up-to-date farmer will need to meet.

DEERING PARAGRAPHS

Use a Deering mower and become popular in your community.

About 600 mowers a day are manufactured at the Deering works. You see they are in demand.

Not a "get rich quick" scheme, but a slower, more certain way of making money—using a Deering corn shredder.

"A dollar saved is a dollar earned." Save dollars during harvest time by using the economical Deering Ideal Binder.

Nothing escapes the gathering equipment of the Deering corn binders, be it long, short, down, or tangled corn.

The Deering header-binder has twice the capacity of an ordinary binder, and delivers a bound bundle every four feet.

Judge the value of a machine by the work it does, and the way it does it. We solicit this judgment for the Deering hay-rake.

Any fish can go down stream, but it takes a live one to go up; any binder can appear good—it takes a Deering to work good.

Don't fail to read the article in this issue on "Care of Machines," for you may be one of the farmers for whom it was written.

The height of the teeth on the Deering rake may be instantly changed by means of the hand latch within easy reach of the operator.

In this column last month, you read: "Deering grain binders are binders that stay sold." The same is true of Deering mowers, hay rakes, and corn binders.

Folly is that wisdom which is wise only behind time. Do not be wise behind time. Get a Deering now and rest assured that you are ready to handle this season's harvest problems.

Make up your mind to buy a Deering binder and mower this year, and to use Deering twine and a Deering knife grinder in connection with them. You will not make a mistake.

The loss of a minute spoils an hour; the loss of an hour spoils a day—you can't afford to spoil a day by having to repair your binder at a critical moment. Deering binders are the "no repair kind."

You are just as likely to be judged by the appearance of your farm, as you are liable to judge others by the appearance of theirs. Use the Deering Ideal line in your fields and the judgment will be favorable.

THE ARMY OF THE CORN

All summer long the army stands
In ranks erect and clean,
The garrison of level lands
And of the hills between.
The Armies of the Wind and Rain
C me shouting to the fight:
Alert upon the spreading plain
The corn waits in its might.

It flaunts its tasseled banners high,
And beats each swaying shield,
Until the summer's battle cry
Is chorused from the field.
Victorious and sturdy still
It rises from the fray,
And rustling chants of gladness fill
The long hours of the day.

The dawn's first tender, rosy blush—
The hailing of the morn—
Finds, shrouded in a peaceful hush,
The Army of the Corn.
But friendly breezes come and go
Till dying afternoon
Hears, faintly sighing, soft and low,
The echo of a croon.

And so, serene and bold and brave,
All through the summer long
The gleaming banners proudly wave
In cadence with the song,
Until the golden autumn morn
When there will come to spoil
The standing Army of the Corn,
The hopeful Troop of Toil.

"What I wants now," says Brother Dickey, "is weather so hot dat a nigger kin sleep all day en' not wake up twell de cool er de evenin'!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

REMINISCENT



"You should have seen the good old-fashioned dances we used to have in father's barn."



This is the sort of dancing that really took place in father's barn.

Developing the Range Country of the Southwest

For every long-horn Texas steer that goes to the slaughter pen these days the southwest frontier is losing twice its value. To fatten that steer required the use of thirty acres of land for one entire season. That same land, if properly cultivated, would have yielded a net profit to the grower of corn, cotton, wheat, or truck garden produce, of surely not less than \$15 an acre. The steer, perhaps, brought \$45. The profit was about \$15 to the cattleman, and the other \$30 was the profit of the breeder that four years previous had come into possession of the animal.

The southwest cattle country to-day produces millions of steers for the market. The value of the cattle in Texas, Colorado, Oklahoma, Arizona, and New Mexico reaches the astounding total of \$200,000,000. The herds number 15,000,000 head. The range cattle alone reach the total of 7,000,000 head, while there are as many, if not more, feeding in pens and barnyards. For many years the cattle business has been the foremost industry of the Southwest, but now it is beginning to decline.

The Southwest is a country gone to farming. Six million acres or more of fresh sod was broken out in the cattle country last fall and this spring. One million acres of land in the Texas Panhandle—the center of the great cattle industry—was turned into farms and truck gardens. Where only two years ago roamed herds of long-horn cattle, to-day the cotton is blooming and the corn is in the tassel, so to speak. The reign of the cowboy has given way to that of the man with the hoe. Every train that runs across the level plains stops at the side stations where formerly the cowboys used to gather and shoot at the smokestack on the engine. There usually climbs from the coaches a new settler and his family. They are met at the station by some friend who has drawn them thither by tales of undeveloped soil. A few years later this man—if he is industrious—is commanding wealth and position. He entered the cattle region a poor man.

On the other hand there is another picture. Homeseekers' excursions are familiar to the reading public. If you were never on one of these unique trips, you have no conception of the cheerful feeling that permeates the atmosphere. The newcomers—for that is what they are called—go in a colony and settle upon a choice bit of pasture land. This land they acquire at prices ranging from \$5 to \$10 per acre. In a year or so they have created a fine farming community. The farmers that are driving out the cattlemen are in nowise ruining the great cattle industry, but they are getting some of the range into more compact use and increasing the wealth of the Southwest tenfold.

With the present rapid settlement of the southwest frontier, the cattle business loses its free and wild reign of the soil. Ranchmen are compelled to curtail their pasture land and figure rather closely upon the sustenance necessary for the fattening

of each steer. When the farmer and small stock-raisers commenced to invade the cattle country, fences were erected around the big pastures at a great cost, and when the herds run short of grass on some of these big tracts they were put "on feed," inasmuch as there was no other vacant land in that section where the cowboys might drive them. All of this has been very disgusting to the cow man of the

is under constant strain. The onward march of civilization is in a measure due to this strain, for it has congested the cattle business and given the cow man something to think about. The farmer is slowly but surely crowding him out of business on a large scale.

The largest ranches in Texas are not half as big as they were five years ago. The X. I. T. ranch owned by the Capitol Syndicate, the company that built the State House at Austin for the 3,000,000-acre tract in the Panhandle region, is to-day just one-half its former size. This ranch has been sold to small stock-raisers and farmers at reasonable prices. They

by legal process those who wish to settle upon and cultivate this land. The X. I. T. is selling its lands to farmers now at reasonable rates.

SOAP FROM TREES

A tree known to botanists as *Sapindus utilis* is noteworthy in that its fruit possesses saponaceous properties, and from it a natural soap can be obtained. This tree flourishes in Japan, China, and India, and also in Algeria, where the fruit is now to be produced for commercial purposes



In the Great Southwest

early frontier day, and with the change of methods he has gradually passed out of business.

Consequently the economics of cattle ranching to-day need the strictest business judgment. The business of cattle raising, since the invasion of the farmer and small stock-raiser on the plains of the Southwest, is no more the mere turning loose of vast herds to graze at will. From the time the small yearlings are placed in the barnyard of the modern cattle ranch of to-day until they are driven out of the stock car at the market place, the owner

have also changed their plan of raising cattle, and the X. I. T. steers are considered as good as any breed that goes to the Chicago or other markets. This ranch is still managed on a stupendous scale, there being seven sections to it, each under a foreman. The whole ranch is connected by telephone. The property was originally Government land and several attempts have been made by "nesters" or "land grabbers" to take this property away from the syndicate. One firm of attorneys at Amarillo, Tex., are kept busy all the while driving away

and the cultivation of the trees is to be undertaken. The tree reaches maturity about its sixth year, and in the autumn from fifty to over two hundred pounds of fruit are available for picking. The fruit is yellowish-green to brown in color, and has an oily kernel. It is treated in several ways to obtain the saponaceous materials, but water or alcohol is usually employed, and the expense involved is said not to be large. There is an absence of alkali, and the soap produced is in many respects superior to the ordinary commercial product.

CARE OF MACHINES

When a farmer buys a harvesting machine he takes great care to select the one which he feels certain he can trust—a machine that will do his work properly and in an economical way. In the manu-

shaft, which drives the knife at such high speed. Allow these parts to become dry from lack of oil, and what is the result? Every farmer knows. The result is the same on a grain binder, corn binder, and, in fact, on all classes of machines.

EVENTFUL



Jones was an indifferent marksman, and as the rabbit—

facture of Deering machines careful attention is given to the selection of the material, all of which is of the highest grade. In converting the raw material into the finished product, mathematical exactitude and care are scrupulously observed in all the processes of manufacture.

Now, why is it that, when some farmers come into possession of one of these valuable machines, the care which has marked its progress from the beginning should be forgotten by them; that they should allow the finely polished knotted parts to corrode and the finger-bar to become clogged with rust? The only apparent reason is that they do not realize the necessity of care, and forget that iron and steel are not impervious to the weather, and that wood will warp.

How often one sees the most useful agricultural machines left exposed to the weather, to dust, dirt, and soiling by fowls and birds, so that in one or two seasons the machines become either injured or so impaired that they will not do efficient work. Such machines as binders, mowers, and reapers are often stored away in an open shed, without protection or covering, and not infrequently one will see them standing in the field where they were last used. In the early part of March the writer, during a recent ride, counted nine different agricultural implements which had evidently been "housed" in the open field all winter.

Mowers, reapers, and binders, as well as the various important farm implements, are apt to be neglected in this way, and be damaged more from this cause than from the wear and tear of the few weeks in the year during which the machines are actually in use. When a binder or mower has performed the work of the season, it should be thoroughly overhauled, all exposed parts which are liable to be injured by rust should be given a coating of heavy grease, all bearings thoroughly oiled, and the entire machine protected from dirt and moisture. It is advisable to renew any worn part at the close of each season, and paint should be frequently used where parts have become unprotected.

During the harvest season when these machines are in actual use, the bearings and running parts are frequently neglected and allowed to run dry from lack of oil. The work performed by them is of necessity severe. Take, for instance, the mower, with its rapidly revolving crank-

Don't be afraid to spend a few cents for a good grade of machine oil, which should be used frequently every day while these machines are in operation. A little time and money spent in this way will mean much in the life of a machine. Oil to a machine is like food to a man. It is the substance upon which they are dependent—it gives life and supplies energy to every working part. Men require a pure grade of food, and it is



—ran behind the water-tank, he fired, and secured for his dog a pleasant—

absolutely essential that it be unadulterated. A poor, cheap, or an adulterated grade of oil used on a machine is as harmful to a machine as adulterated food is to the human being, and in about the same proportion. Too much food is almost as harmful to man as not enough. It incapacitates him, and weakens his energy. Not so with a machine, its quantity of food is not limited. Too much is better than none. That which it refuses, runs out upon the structure and forms a cloak—a protection from the weather.

If all of the above suggestions on the care of harvesting machines were strictly adhered to, there would be no considerable difference in the profit and loss columns of farm accounts, and the number of prosperous farmers would be greatly increased.

TEN LIVES AND A GOLD MEDAL

The kind of work that earns gold medals for heroes of the life-saving service, says *Pearson's Magazine*, is pictured in a recent description of a hurricane that swept Cape Hatteras. After the men of the Gulf Shoal Station had already rescued the sailors from one shipwrecked craft, Erasmus Midgett started out at 3 o'clock in the morning to make his regular patrol.

Three miles from the station he found

floating wreckage, and a few minutes later he heard faint calls for help. He got down from his horse and went to the water's edge. About a hundred yards away he made out part of a vessel with human beings clinging to it.

It had taken Midgett an hour and a half to make the patrol, and to return to the station and fetch the crew would take three hours more—and the wreck would not hold together that long. On the other hand, if he tried to do anything unaided he might lose his life, and before another patrol came along the men would be swept away. Nevertheless he thought it the wiser course to do what he could alone.

Midgett's idea was to run down after each big wave and get as close to the wreck as he dared. Then one of the men was to jump, and the life-saver was to catch him and drag him back before the wave could overwhelm him. When he was ready, he ran swiftly down and yelled:

"Jump!"

A man who had been crouching on the edge of the wreck leaped toward him. Midgett seized the sailor, who seemed not to have strength enough to stand, and half dragged, half carried him up the beach. In this way he rescued seven of the ten men on board.

By this time his tremendous efforts were beginning to tell on him, and the heaviest part of the work lay before him. There were three men on the wreck so disabled that they could not jump, and to save them it would be necessary for him to go right down to the wreck, lift them off and carry them up before the waves came back.

There is always one biggest wave in a series. It comes farther up the beach than its fellows, and when it goes out it

his feet and started back, and then with a shout he was after it, running down the sandy slope like a deer, and reaching the wreck when the water, still going out, was yet at his knees.

The nearest man on the gunwale stretched a hand to him. The life-saver clutched it, and the man slid off on to his back, almost knocking him down. He staggered up-hill with his burden, with the water in full cry. It caught him and surged round him, but he kept on, knowing it was not the mother wave and must soon stop. It had him by the waist when it turned to go back, but he had not lost his footing, and with a great effort he rushed on, getting out above his knees before it unfooted him.

Two mother waves went by before he tried again; and then, being experienced, he got away quicker, and the wave hardly wetted him. The third man came hard, like the first, but he landed him safe at last with the others.

Then Midgett lent his coat to one of the shipwrecked sailors, rode back to the station, and worked to arrange for their reception until after they were all safe and comfortable in bed.

BROTHER DICKEY ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE

"I sees by de papers dat de women-folks is got up another Sufferin' Convention," said Brother Dickey.

"You mean 'Suffrage?'"

"Mebee I does, suh; but dey's so long-sufferin', dat I spee' I ain't fur off de track in usin' de word what I fust lit in wid. Ef I makes no mistakes, dey wants ter git holt er de reins er govermint, en take de country in dey own han's; en I makes no doubt but what de country would be all de better fer it—though many a po', strugglin' citizen what makes a hones' livin' votin' aroun' on 'leeshun day, would be out er a job fer good en all; en you never could tell who was runnin' fer office, en what platform dey wuz standin' on, sence dey'd ever' one be talkin' at one en de same time! But what's de sense in dey wantin' any mo' power dan what dey got now, w'en nine mens out er ten in dis country votes des how de womens tells 'em ter—or feels lak dis worl' is no fr'en' ter grace ten minutes attar dey gits home! But—le'em go ahead: Dey knows des what dey drivin' at; en dey ain't a man on de top side er creation what got de courage ter tell 'em dat dey don't!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.



—and refreshing bath.

prevents the next wave from reaching far. It has a more or less regular period, and Midgett knew it when it was yet far out. He waved his hand warningly to the men on the wreck, watching the mother wave as it swept in. It climbed the beach to

Mrs. La Salle—And Philadelphia—are things really slow there?

Mr. La Salle (who has just returned from the East)—Slow? Why a Chicago man could dodge lightning in Philadelphia.—*Brooklyn Life*.

DEERING IDEAL BINDER

AN IDEAL PITMAN.

The crank wheel for driving the Ideal binder sickle is counterbalanced, and insures uniform motion of the sickle pitman at all times. This prevents stoppage and serves to carry the pitman over the "dead center." The Deering Ideal pitman is long, strong, and effective. So strong and unerring is its stroke that the

The choicest pieces of seasoned hickory wood are used in the construction of the Deering reel, which is bolted to the tubular shaft in a most substantial manner. When gathering short or tangled grain it is sometimes necessary to have the reel sweep down close to the knives. Owing to its construction, this can be done without the slightest danger of the reel arms becoming caught by the fingers.

country child which is almost unknown to his city brother—that of garret and cellar. Half a century ago indeed, when cities were still half country, garrets and cellars found their way into town with other country fashions; but to-day who ever hears of them? If one escapes the seductions of the all-conquering flats, and owns in full his own ceiling and floor, yet space is much too valuable to waste any

ENLIGHTENED



Sambo—"Yuse not enlightened."

Jasper—"Indeed I is—I've got one dose electric lights so'se I kin see de hens on de roost."



DEERING IDEAL BINDERS IN THE FIELD

heaviest grain falls easily before the sickle. It is rightly located and connected with the crank wheel on a line with the sickle so that there is no power wasted on the down stroke.

GEARS IN PERFECT MESH.

A ball bearing is located at the end of the gear shaft. This is an exclusive and excellent Deering feature and one not used upon other binders. It will be readily understood that the tendency of a beveled gear shaft upon any machine is to move away from contact, and the old method of using a friction washer in prevention was not a success and was the cause of excessive and heavy draft. In the Deering gear shaft, by simply turning the ball bearing nut and replacing the key, the gear can always be kept in perfect mesh and light draft is thus insured at all times.

DEERING CANVAS TIGHTENER.

A simple canvas tightener is controlled by a spring, and is so arranged that it enables the operator to easily loosen or tighten the platform canvas at any time. The life of a canvas is greatly increased if it is loosened at the close of a day's work or when the binder is not being used, and this should always be done.

THE EFFICIENT DEERING REEL.

The Deering reel is a marvel of efficiency and is in a class by itself, as its ingenious construction gives it a practically unlimited scope of action. It is controlled by one lever only, which is located convenient to the hand of the driver, who can, easily and without leaving his seat, instantly place the reel in every conceivable position necessary to harvest long, short, down, or tangled grain.

It is well built, strong, and of very simple construction, and the assistance of a counterbalance spring gives it a perfect balance at all times and greatly facilitates its operation. Any sagging of the reel can be remedied in a moment by means of an adjustable stay bolt provided for that purpose.

DEERING ELEVATORS.

Any kind of grain that grows can be handled without difficulty by the Deering elevators. The canvases are wide apart and the elevation is only thirty-three inches, thereby saving a large amount of power. There is a width of sixty-seven inches from the elevator frame to the rear yoke, which gives the advantage of large and roomy elevator space. The front elevator side of the Ideal binder projects seven inches ahead of the knife, so that all kinds of grain enter the elevator square with the canvas. A simple and ingenious adjustment is provided for securing and holding the elevator canvases in proper position so that they will run true and not get out of square.

in a garret; as for a cellar, the real old-fashioned cellar that is devoted not to furnace and gas meter, but to bins overflowing with the fruits of orchard and field—what would be the use of that with a market just round the corner?

But who that has known in his childhood the joy of a real garret and cellar would ever part with the memory? The garret may not indeed have been the marvelous one of story-books, with chests full of old-time satins and laces; the rubbish under its eaves perhaps held nothing more romantic than winter flannels or bundles of "pieces," yet none the less the old garret had rare lessons for the child.

Seeking his adventures there or dream-



DEERING IDEAL MOWERS AT WORK NEAR PALMYRA, WIS.

GARRET AND CELLAR

Whatever the relative advantages of life in city and country, says *The Youths' Companion*, the child who grows up without knowing anything of green fields and running brooks has lost part of his birth-right. City life is full grown; it is only in the country, in the midst of birds and blossoms and animal life, that one gets close to the joy in mere existence, which is the spirit of youth.

But aside from the world of nature, there is another common heritage of the

ing his dreams, his thoughts were insensibly drawn to the worlds that lay beyond the tiny one of his experience; the way-worn trunks, the broken chairs, the dust-stopped flute or stringless guitar had all been touched by other hands, and ministered to other lives in the shadowy long ago. So to the garret-taught child his life never stood a sharp and isolated fact; it related itself to other lives past and to come, and he knew himself a unit in the great procession.

That was the garret. The cellar was

THEIR VISIONS

THE POET
What do you see in yonder tree?
Although its limbs are bare,
I have the precious gift to see
A wee nest swaying there;
I see the fragrant blossoms which
Shall scent the breeze in May;
I see the ripe fruit, rare and rich,
That shall be there some day.

THE CHILD
I don't see any nest up there;
The limbs look bare and brown;
They ain't a blossom anywhere
That I see floatin' down;
They ain't no fruit that's rare and rich
As fur as I can see,
But every branch looks like a switch
Fer pa to wallop me.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Two Burglars and a Baby

Adventures on a rainy night of Messrs. Williams and Hendricks, housebreakers

"Mrs. George B. Kinney has left the city for a six weeks' visit in Elmira."

These words caught the eye of a man in a cheap eating house of a large city one morning, says the New York Sun. They were printed on a torn bit of newspaper with a date left on the top line.

He folded the paper carefully, placed it in his coat pocket, and in a drizzling rain took his way leisurely through the streets to Elmwood Avenue, until he reached the house.

With a ready excuse for the call prepared if occasion demanded, he knocked at the door, tried the bell, and finally, unable to gain admission, went away. But at half past 10 that night he and his mate went over a back fence, climbed the trellis to the second story, and looked in.

It was still raining and the place was

"It's asleep, Jack; only a child asleep in a cradle," he said.

"That thing don't count," returned the other savagely, as he felt his mate backing down upon him.

"But there's sure to be someone else in the house, you idiot!" returned the first man with an oath, as he clung to the vines. "Get off the trellis under me, Pete, or I'll kick you down!" he added, angrily.

There was nothing to do but to back out, and down they went in the darkness like a pair of gigantic lizards crawling over a wall.

"You are a fool, Jack, to give it up in this way!" growled the disappointed nighthawk, as they reached the ground. "We could have taken care of the child easily enough! There's no dog on the

with a gesture of welcome to the man bending over it!

"Take it away, Jack," cried Pete, "for the love of Heaven, take it away. Get out of the window and see it is not hurt! And, mind you, don't handle it roughly on the way! If you do I'll settle with you when I come back!"

There was already smoke in the hall as the one left in the house opened a door and looked up the stairway. With a bound he was at the head of the flight yelling "Fire!" "Come out! come out!" he cried to the horror-struck domestic peering at him from a half-open door.

She only went back into the room screaming. He was quite used to having women afraid of him, and this was not the first who had turned and ran at his appearing; but now he swore softly under his breath as he went to the door.

"Don't be afraid of me, lady," he began through the keyhole.

Jack had once been a half-breed gentleman and well up in his variety of social life, and now his training rose to the needs

suspicion and terror, "if you are really a good man, I'll trust you!"

With that spinster voice and affectation she had certainly nothing to fear, for Jack had carried far handsomer but much younger women in his arms before. She rushed into the hall while this thought was passing through his mind, only half dressed, and still looked him over doubtfully.

"It is not me you should fear, my lady," went on the gallant burglar. "My clothes are rough, but I have to work at night for a living."

Thank heaven she did not know how precisely true this was, else she might have gone back into the room and waited cheerfully for the flames.

Noting that he actually seemed more than half afraid of her, her spirits rose to the occasion.

"You can come with me then and help me save the valuables in the house, my good man," she said. "Be sharp, now, for we'll have to work spry!"

"Yes, ma'am, I'm used to spry work,"

and draperies, and all the time a great roaring and thundering of the flames, the engines and human voices around him.

By this time his face was so black his mate would not have known him. At that very moment he was crooning to the baby on the lawn several hundred feet from the house, while the maid pinched and pushed, slammed and almost browbeat the child, apparently with the idea that if it was not yet injured, it by rights ought to be, and all the time telling him what a brave, good, honest man he was, but failing to note that his smoke-colored face in segments showed even redder than the devouring flames through the smoke rings.

Suddenly the woman grasped him by the arm with a cry. There were Mrs. Kinney's watches, gold and silver, lying on the table in her room in a pearl-covered box; and before the words were out of her mouth the baby was thrust into her arms, and the man had disappeared in the chaos of fiery rain.

He heard a babel of voices calling upon

"They caught us both, Jack," he heard him say. "It's a case of sure evidence, old man, but they won't sentence you till you are able to walk. Infernal shame, old fellow, but I did the best for you I could after the fire!"

Jack pressed his hand gratefully, even while he groaned at the news.

"Did—did—the blamed cops get onto yer, Jack?" was his first question.

"It wasn't the cops, not the cops that gave the thing away, Pete. 'Twas the woman, the maid, you see."

"The old leather face!" muttered the other under his breath. "Don't ye suppose, Pete, that the—Judge will—"

Then with a groan he relapsed into unconsciousness. He felt some pungent odor at his nostrils. He became dimly aware that the room was filling again; in the shame and horror of his situation, he raised with a desperate effort one maimed and blackened hand to draw the covers still more closely around him.

"See here, Mr. Williams," he heard someone saying to his pal, "you shall not

when he recovered, declaring that he had proposed to her when he broke open her door! The doctor stood at his side.

"Mr. Hendricks," he said, "put your well hand out of the bed!"

He did so, trembling.

"Mr. Kinney, you may take the two fingers you can see, and by that sign manual I want to introduce you to one of the best men in the city. There's not one man in a thousand, sir, a stranger, a hard working man on his way home after a long day's work, that would have risked his life as this man did for you and the sake of your child. And I hope that you will find some way of making it right for him when we let him go."

"I have been wanting a good man for a gardener for sometime," returned the other, "and Mr. Williams informs me that this man has had some experience in this line, and speaks so highly of him that I shall be only too glad to engage him as soon as he is able to get out."

The fingers on the spread twitched so violently that the men started.

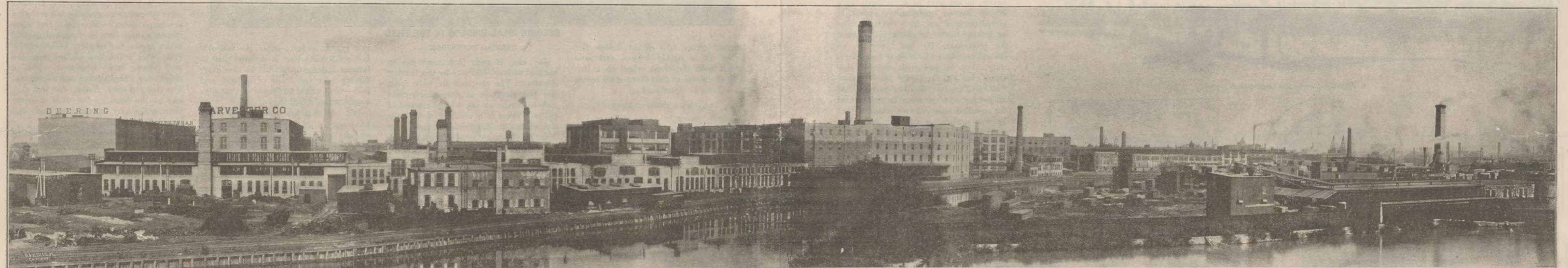
OUR ARTLESS AGE

The sacred scarabæi, little Egyptian charms, says the New York Tribune, are manufactured by a Connecticut firm. They are carved and chipped by machinery, colored in bulk made to stimulate age, and shipped in casks to the Moslem dealers at Cairo. The Arabian guides are the chief buyers, many of them being adepts at "salting" the sands at the base of the pyramids, or about the sacred temples, where they artfully discover these scarabæi before the very eyes of the Yankee tourist and sell him for an American dollar an article manufactured at a cost of less than a cent, perhaps within a stone's throw of his own home.

He boiled the water that he drank,
By rule he slept and ate;
He wore hygienic underclothes
To get the bulge on fate.

Thus science served him faithfully
And made him microbe proof.
But yesterday he met defeat
By falling from a roof.

—Chicago Record-Herald.



VIEW OF THE GREAT DEERING WORKS, FROM THE RIVER SIDE, WHERE THE IDEAL LINE OF HARVESTING MACHINES IS MADE

intensely dark, save for a dimly burning gas jet. As the foremost man raised himself over the window sill and glanced into the room he uttered a cry of astonishment, which made the man below pull viciously at his coat and caution him to keep still.

ODE TO HEROISM



Here we have a fire cracker,
Oh what glee,
See the children fleeing from it,
So will we.

place, and I'll be hanged if I'll allow a maid and a baby to scare me out of a good night's work!"

By way of answer the other grasped his wrist.

"Look up there, Pete, on the edge of the roof!" he said.

A luminous streak ran across the eaves like a faint flash of lightning. A storm was coming on surely enough, but it was not lightning which brought out the ridge in a red silhouette against the darkness of the sky.

Suddenly a tiny spiral of flame twisted around a base of the chimney, throwing off little sparks as it mounted higher and higher.

"Great God, Jack, the house is on fire!" cried Pete. "There's a light in the garret! The—the—maid has gone to sleep reading a novel and left the child alone—curse her!"

And with one consent they again turned their faces to the window and in less than half a minute were in the room.

Everything was quiet, and the solitary occupant of the chamber, suddenly waking from sleep, stretched out its tiny hands

of the hour, as he went on. "I am only a hard working man, lady, and passing the house I saw the flames from the street, and tried to raise the family. For God's sake hurry up and let me take you down to the street!"

"Oh, if you are an honest man," began the voice inside in a strange mixture of



Oscar is a little hero,
Knows no fear,
He will stand and face the danger,
Let us cheer.

he replied, as he followed her meekly from room to room like a camel loaded for a desert journey.

"Here, take this and this and that!" she went on like a hurricane, as he staggered after her through the hallways; "take them down and come back for more! Understand?"

"Yes, yes, ma'am," he replied, as he went down the stairs, feeling his way with his feet. The fire chief was bursting in the door before he reached it.

"Here, take this and I'll go back for more!" he yelled through the fire rings and the smoke rifts.

His air of authority was unquestionable. "Doubtless one of the family," muttered the fireman as he rushed into the night air with the silver and bric-a-brac, "and a game one at that."

The flames were already raging through the upper rooms as Jack plunged again into the house and blindly groped his way along the floor, snatching at any and every thing which he could remove from the house.

Great books from the library, a broken clock, a mat, a handful of lace curtains

him to come back, but on he went. He burst into the room and groped about in the stifling atmosphere until his hand came in contact with the box, and then step by step he fought his way back to the door in the face of streams of water and fire combined.

Somehow he missed the door and stumbled against a window, his hands so blistered that he could not raise it, and, plunging against the glass like a drunken man, he jumped into the night, covered with blood and smoke. It was a descent of more than fifteen feet, and when he became conscious again he was lying in a cot at the Southwich Hospital, bandaged like a mummy.

"He is stirring now," someone called out in a loud whisper at the bedside.

Under his mummy folds, he saw part of a man and about two-thirds of the nurse and smaller sections of other people in the room, but it was like looking through a glass darkly. There were two whole fingers on his right hand and Pete's hand and voice reached him at the same time.

He felt him wave the others aside, as he bent lower.

come in here again if you are going to handle the patient in this way. What was it you were whispering to him alone just now, you rascal?"

With incredible amazement he heard Pete's voice explaining that the maid whom he rescued from the burning house was going to sue him for breach of promise



Now the crash, the roar, the turmoil,
It has broke.
We can see strange objects flying,
Through the smoke.

"In pain, sir?" they asked.

"It ain't that, sir," groaned the man under the clothes; "we went into the house to—"

"Never mind about that, Mr. Hendricks," interrupted the merchant, bending over him tenderly. "Never mind about that, sir. It's not what you might have been, but what you are going to be, that I shall engage you for, and Jack," he added, placing his hand impressively on the man's arm when they were alone together, "no one knows anything! I do not, the nurse does not, nor does the world! To me you two men were laborers returning home late at night after a hard day's work, and risked your lives for me and mine, and that is all the world ever will need to know."

Then the man fell asleep under the mesmerism of the wonderful words and slept like a child.

When a sleeping volcano contracts a case of insomnia it is high time for the community in which it is located to send in a call for a moving van.—Washington Post.

There's money in most anything, especially corn stalks, if you can get it out. The trouble is that in trying to get it out too many farmers put more in. They haven't used the Deering husker and shredder—the greatest machine on earth to get money out of corn stalks.



This is where they bury people,
When they die.
Here they planted all the pieces,
One July.

CHARIOTEER LYNCH

(Continued from page 2.)

that he was so many thousands of miles away from the dear old Hoosier State, which he might never see again, and the knowledge that his illness would worry his mother, if she were made aware of it, naturally rendered him very homesick. During his delirium his appeals for his mother were pathetic in the extreme, and many of the boys turned away with moistened eyes as they were reminded by his plaintive calls of their own home, of their mothers and their sweethearts.

Tom had never had a sweetheart. He could face a cannon; he was not afraid of any living man; but when he stood before a girl, he was exceptionally diffident. His mother was the only woman he had ever loved—until he came to the Philippines.

Here he had suddenly made a conquest without knowing it, when one day in a hand to hand conflict with three bolo men he had rescued Bessie Mitchell from the bandit gang who were making a desperate attempt to carry her into the mountains with the hope of a ransom. Miss Mitchell was the daughter of a widow in Detroit, Mich., and the niece of an army officer stationed at Manila. In the desperate and thrilling encounter Tom was wounded in the arm by a blow from one of the bolos. It was Miss Mitchell's prerogative, under the circumstances, to call at the hospital daily to inquire after her rescuer's welfare. To her he was chivalrous as a knight of old. And it was not altogether gratitude upon her part which drew her toward him with more than a sisterly sentiment, for Tom was handsome, athletic, and manly—



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Mention Deering's Farm Journal.

attractive to any sensible woman. There were only a few calls made by Bessie until Tom's heart was all a-flutter whenever he thought of the dark-eyed Miss Mitchell. But why waste words? It would only be a repetition of that old story which has thrilled human hearts since the day that Adam and Eve entered the Garden of Eden as the world's first lovers.

The fever, which had attacked Tom just after he recovered from the slight

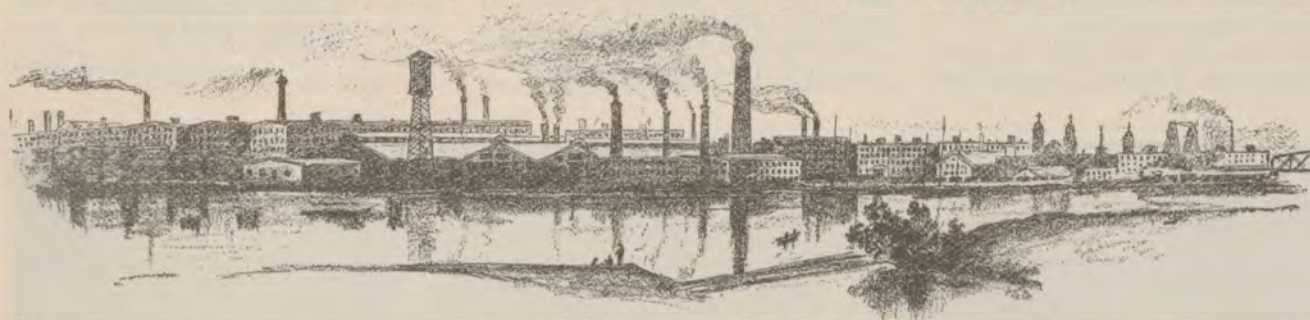
wound in his arm, having spent its force, left him in a weakened condition. But the careful nursing of Miss Mitchell, who insisted on doing what she could for him, together with the tender letters from his mother which he received, were better life-giving tonics than any herb or drug or apothecary's compound which could be produced. The light in his eye soon shone again as the reflection from his ambitious and hopeful heart. In a few weeks he was back on the cruiser, sound and well, and settled down to the monotony of his chosen occupation—but with a brimming over desire to do something for his country which would give him a name of which his mother and his dark-eyed sweetheart would be proud. Unfortunately, in the navy as in the army, there is but limited opportunity, except in actual times of war, for a common sailor or private soldier to distinguish himself for promotion. He had, however, on several occasions volunteered for perilous duty. But he had such supreme contempt for the cowardly dark-skinned "rabbits," as he called the natives, that he did not consider when he volunteered for so-called hazardous undertakings that he was performing anything worthy of more than mere passing mention. Some of the officers, however, thought differently, and Tom soon discovered that he was a marked favorite among officers and men. His mother had often told him that every individual would find his level in life, and in his ambition Tom was determined that the level to which he would attain would be above the common.

The term of Tom's enlistment was drawing to a close, and yet he had advanced only in a slight step above the common marine. He was growing weary of waiting for his day of release. If only he could have seen some fighting, or had an opportunity only presented itself for varying the monotony of sea life, it would have helped to make his days on shipboard more endurable. He reverted to his mother's advice and was convinced that there was more variety on the old home farm than in the everyday humdrum of the navy. Finally there came an order from President Roosevelt which sent the warships to Syria, where trouble with Turkey was anticipated. But when Tom's ship arrived at Beirut, there was no indication of war and the sailors again settled down with apparent patient resignation.

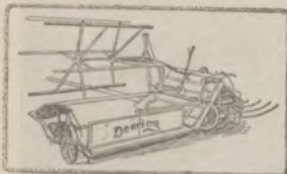
On one occasion Tom, who, as has been said, was a great favorite with the officers, had leave of absence for the afternoon as an attendant upon several of the officers who were to visit a carnival, something after the fashion of the old Roman arena days. There were foot races and wrestling matches and all sorts of athletic contests for which prizes were given. A great throng had gathered from near and far. The central figure of the occasion was to be a chariot race

(Continued on page 12.)

THE WORKS THAT DEERING BUILT



1. This is the works that Deering built.



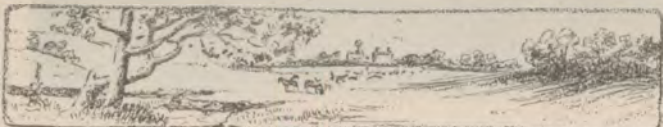
2. This is the binder that was made in the works that Deering built.



3. This is the farmer that bought the binder that was made in the works that Deering built.



4. This is the ranch that the farmer owned who bought the binder that was made in the works that Deering built.



5. This is the meadow all covered with green which was part of the ranch that the farmer owned who bought the binder that was made in the works that Deering built.



6. These are the horses that ate in the meadow all covered with green which was part of the ranch that the farmer owned who bought the binder that was made in the works that Deering built.



7. This is the binder hitched up to the horses that ate in the meadow all covered with green which was part of the ranch that the farmer owned who bought the binder that was made in the works that Deering built.



8. This is the field through which the binder was pulled that was hitched to the horses that ate in the meadow all covered with green which was part of the ranch that the farmer owned who bought the binder that was made in the works that Deering built.



9. This is the wheat all ready to sell that was cut from the field through which the binder was pulled that was hitched to the horses that ate in the meadow all covered with green which was part of the ranch that the farmer owned who bought the binder that was made in the works that Deering built.



10. This is the money in great big bills which was made from the wheat all ready to sell that was cut from the field through which the binder was pulled that was hitched to the horses that ate in the meadow all covered with green which was part of the ranch that the farmer owned who bought the binder that was made in the works that Deering built.



The watch on the rind

A MULE'S AGE AND WISDOM

"They tell many astonishing things about mine mules in the coal regions," said Major J. Ridgway Wright of Wilkesbarre in the *New York Sun*, "about the great age to which they have been known to live, their remarkable memory, and the like.

"Some of these might be to the stranger so astonishing as to be of doubtful authenticity, but we who live in the mining country and have long known the mine mule intimately, so to speak, and all his genius and capacity, know that there is nothing can be told about him too strange to be true.

"For instance, there was the mine mule of fond recollection known as Beasely's Ben.

"He was a genuine Beasely mule—one of the Gordon Beaselys. There are several branches of the Beaselys in our bailiwick, and a good many varieties, but the Gordon Beasely branch is the only one that has any valid pretension to having been responsible for this mule.

"The best evidence is that the mule came to the region and to the mining business from the Gordon Beasely branch of the family. He was one of the first mules to engage in mining, and it happened not long after the first mining began in the valley.

"The company owning an early mine found that it would have to have mules to draw the coal cars in the mines, and it sent an agent around through the country to buy some.

"The first one he ran across was 'way back in the hills, and the man who had him was using him hooked in with a steer, snaking logs out of the woods. The agent didn't ask the man his name, but he priced the mule, bargained for it, and bought it.

"The name of the mule, though, he found, was Ben. When the agent got to Wilkesbarre with the mule, old Squire Bassett, one of the oldest residents, said:

"'Why, ain't that the Gordon Beasely mule? Ain't that Beasely's Ben?'

"The agent said it might have been; he didn't know; but he knew it wasn't Beasely's Ben any more, because the mine company had bought it.

"'Yes, it's Ben,' said the Squire. 'And Shellback Beasely has sold him! I knowed when Gordon Beasely married in with the Shellbacks for his second wife somethin' would happen that hadn't ought to, and here it is! His son, Shellback Beasely, has sold Beasely's Ben!'

"I don't know how old that mule was when Gordon Beasely come along down

the river on an ark, in the spring of 1803, but he dropped off here with him, and for twenty-five years that mule helped Gordon Beasely dig out that place of his back in the hills.

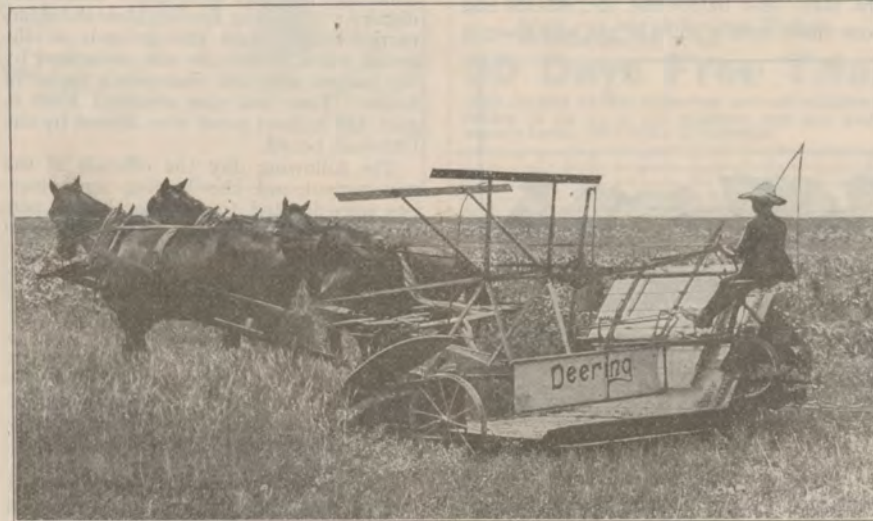
"Then Gordon Beasely died, a year after marryin' a Shellback for his second wife, leaving a widder, the mule, and a young Shellback Beasely; and now that Shellback Beasely has gone and sold Beasely's Ben, and I'll bet a farm that old Gordon Beasely is turnin' over and rattlin' in his grave!'

"But they put Beasely's Ben to work in the mine. This was in 1828. Beasely's Ben worked steadily in the mine for thirty-six years.

"Then some trouble came up between the miners and the company, and the men struck. The company wouldn't give in, and the men held out, so the mine was shut down, and they brought Beasely's Ben to the top and turned him out to pasture.

"But what do you think? Although the grass was knee deep in the pasture, Ben wouldn't touch a mouthful of it. He, plain enough, would starve first.

"Why? Well, he sided with the miners, and he knew that mules were scarce and high, because it was in war times, and the Government was buying up all it could



THE DEERING 8-FOOT BINDER

get, and that the company wouldn't care to lose him.

"At last the company—not wanting to lose Ben, and as coal was 'way up, and a bigger demand for it than the supply—granted the demands of the men. The news wasn't five minutes old before Ben turned in and went to cropping grass, with triumph, they said, sticking out all over him, as plain as his bones.

"Of course the word that Beasely's Ben was deliberately starving himself to death rather than seem to approve of the company's attitude toward the men had gone quickly through the neighborhood, and people came in crowds and stood about the lot, gazing in amazement at a mule that was willing to die for a principle. But not once had Ben uttered a sound until one day an old white-haired man, evidently a hill farmer, was one of the crowd that had come to gaze at the sacrificing mule.

"As that old farmer stood looking over into the field, Ben happened to raise his head and turn it in that direction. He saw the old man, and instantly lifted his long ears as high as they would go, and with a hee-haw that sounded like a glad

cry, started on a run toward the farmer, who, at first, was for taking to his heels with the other startled spectators, but another glance at the approaching mule changed his mind, and instead of running he clapped his hands and shouted:

"'By hokey, if it ain't my old Beasely's Ben, I hope to holler!'

"And sure enough it was. The old farmer was Shellback Beasely, and although the mule hadn't seen his former owner for more than thirty years, he had

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HABIT

Habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change 'abit. If you take off another you still have a 'bit left. If you take off still another the whole of 'it remains. If you take off another, it is not wholly used up, all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether.—*Exchange*.

Customer—"I want fifteen yards of netting."

Clerk—"For mosquitoes?"

Customer—"Naw, y' idiot! F'r myself. Th' mosquitoes have got enough comforts already."—*Baltimore News*.

LOGICAL



Bandit—"If you move you're a dead man."

Philosopher—"Now, see here, my friend, if I move that will prove that I'm alive."

recognized him among all the people in that crowd, and just as good as told him so!

"Beasely's Ben went back to the mines after he had settled the strike.

"Some years after the mine became exhausted, and the company abandoned it, removing Beasely's Ben and all the mules, and, thinking that Ben had worked long enough in the mines, turning him out to do as he pleased.

"He hung around the mine a few days, and seeing no prospect of a job, disappeared. Come to find out after a week or two, he had gone back to the Gordon Beasely farm and turned in to working on it again, just as natural as if he hadn't left it more than forty years before to follow mining.

"Whether he is still working on the farm I don't know. I mustn't forget to inquire about that when I go back home. I'd like to know."

Willie—"Pop, what is the difference between firmness and obstinacy?"

Father—"Merely a matter of sex, my son."—*Chicago News*.

CHARIOTEER LYNCH

(Concluded from page 10.)

which was to be participated in by two Turkish and one American charioteers. The American was an employe of a large manufacturer of the United States. There was, as is known, just at this time such a prejudice against the Americans that it was doubtful if the latter would have a fair show. The American agent, however, was very anxious to win, as it would enable him to introduce his machines into that particular country, where the people still adhered to the sickle for cutting their wheat, and where the old biblical plan was in vogue of leaving a quantity of loose grain for the gleaners—the poor—as in the days of Ruth.

A machine for cutting grain was declared by these superstitious people to be an emanation from the devil, and this prejudice was so strong that attacks had been threatened by the populace, and fear was entertained for the lives of those who sought to introduce the machines. On the night before the carnival it was discovered that the chariot which was to be driven by the American had been secretly put out of running order. The American machine man consequently withdrew from the event, and this feature was about to be withdrawn, much to the disappointment of the projectors of the

chariot. Of course, all he could expect was to obtain third place in the race, as it seemed utterly impossible to beat either of the Ottoman drivers. It was, however, considered such a huge joke that the officers, carrying it still farther, backed Tom with their money, just to add zest to the affair. If ever there was a chariot race second to Ben Hur's famous contest, this was the one.

As luck would have it, Tom won the pole and took his place on the inside. The Ottoman drivers with their gaily caparisoned steeds had malice written all over their countenances and were evidently determined upon mischief. What it was of course Tom could not surmise. But he was undaunted, and as he did not expect to win he proposed to keep a weather eye out for trouble. Although the knife of the cutter bar was removed, the bar itself was not folded and stuck out so far that it was all the three chariots could do to get within the space allotted them without danger of running into each other. As Tom had the inside—if he could only get a quick start—he intended to pull out a little from the rail, for a time at least, and thus block the progress of his rivals. As good fortune would have it, his powerful team lunged ahead at the start, and before the contestants had gone more than a third of the way around

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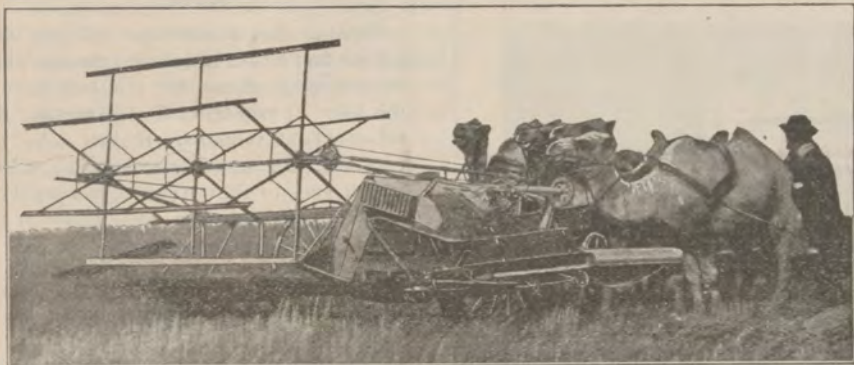
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705-708 Manhattan Bldg., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mention Deering's Farm Journal.

the mower resulted in a dismal failure and threw the horses of the first Ottoman driver to the ground. With a crash the second Turkish chariot bumped into the first one and all went down in a struggling mass, while Tom, unscathed, came in under the wire an easy victor. For the moment there was a painful silence, and then in that spirit of fairness for which the Turks are noted there was a wild storm of applause which made the farmer's boy feel that for once he was a hero indeed. The Orientals crowded around Tom in their curiosity to see this wonderful chariot which could not in the least be injured by a collision with their heavy and powerful vehicles. The American officers, forgetful of everything else than that an American boy had won, threw aside their dignity and placing Tom on their shoulders carried him through the grounds to the grand stand, where he was decorated by the judges with the champion's badge of honor. Tom was also awarded \$500 in gold, the highest purse ever offered by the Ottoman board.

The following day the officials of the government and the leading agriculturists were invited to see the chariot perform in the field of grass. Tom was given permission by the commander of the ship to drive the mower in the field. His triumph there was quite as complete as in the chariot race. The light-running Deering had won its way into the good graces of the Turks, and the bitter prejudice against the "machine which had the demon in it" was so largely removed that the American agent is now graciously received everywhere throughout the Turkish empire.

Two weeks after this interesting event Tom Lynch was honorably discharged from the navy by reason of the expiration of his service. A few days after his arrival at home Tom went to Detroit and Bessie Mitchell that was is now Mrs. Thomas Lynch. During his absence from America Tom was agreeably pleased to find that his father had built a new home and furnished it anew. New barns and sheds had been erected in which all the latest up-to-date machines were stored. He had employed help for his wife and relieved her of the slavish burdens which she had so long borne. His children were in college. A new piano graced the parlor and the girls were taking music lessons. He was endeavoring to make reparation for all his past shortcomings. On the day of Tom's and Bessie's marriage Joshua Lynch had presented them with a \$5,000 farm on the White River near Broad Ripple, and had equipped it with all the latest agricultural machines, the most conspicuous of which were a Deering binder and a Deering light-running mower. People of the neighborhood who know of Tom's experience in Syria have nicknamed him "Charioteer Lynch," and Tom is rather pleased with the appellation. He declared he shall name the twins which arrived last week "Charioteer Thomas Lynch" and "Bessie Deering Lynch."



DEERING HEADER IN ASIA MINOR

carnival. Adjoining the arena grounds the American agent had unloaded a mower for the purpose of testing it in a field of grass. The officers of the American navy recognized the agent of the mower, who explained to them the situation. Young Lynch was delighted at seeing a mowing machine from America. He longed to mount the seat, and when he was told the situation concerning the damaged chariot, a happy thought struck him, and in a bit of pleasantry Tom suggested that they use the mower in lieu of the damaged chariot and lead the heathen to believe that that machine was a new style of vehicle. This idea was at once acquiesced in by the agent and the naval officers, and they concluded to try the scheme as a joke. Tom volunteered to drive the so-called chariot. It was highly amusing to watch the interest and curiosity displayed by the gaudily dressed crowd as they examined the odd chariot. The hour arrived for the big event to be pulled off, and Tom, with a handkerchief tied about his head and driving a splendid span of horses, mounted his improvised

the track, one of the opposing drivers attempted to put Tom's chariot out of business by running into it and smashing it with all the force possible; but the mower was impregnable to damage from the charioteer's savage attack, and the result was that the Ottoman's rear horse, as Tom expressed it, was knocked "horse" de combat. Tom, still in the lead, with his splendid team dashed on and on amid the angry outcries of the great mass of spectators. At the last turn the second charioteer determined to try the same game of running into the mower. By this time the people were on their feet yelling in their wildest way, "Kill the American!" "Kill the foreign devil!"

It was well that Tom did not understand what they were saying, for it might have temporarily unnerved him. As it was, he took it for encouragement and this spurred him on to greater exertions. The foam was flying from the flanks of his black steeds, and the fire in the eyes of the horses was only surpassed by the gleam in the glances of the infuriated Ottoman drivers. The attempt to break

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And asks if I will share with him his hun-
dred plunks per yearly."



"Oh, sweet, mine own," the farmer said,
"Speak not of love and riches.



How dare you tell me of his suit? He's
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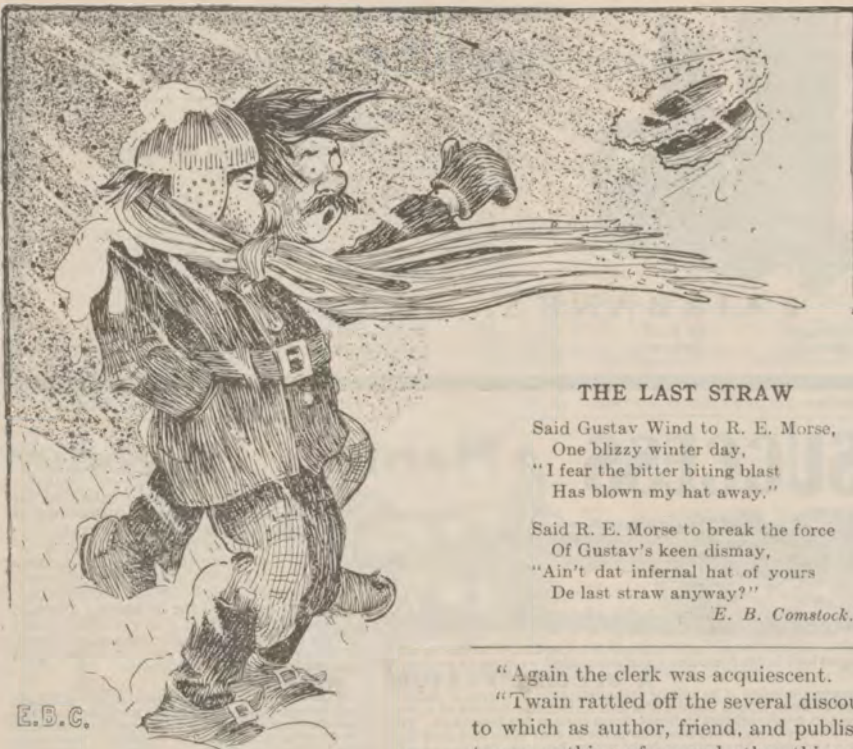
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It is better for a city to be governed
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Aristotle.



THE LAST STRAW

Said Gustav Wind to R. E. Morse,
One blizzy winter day,
"I fear the bitter biting blast
Has blown my hat away."

Said R. E. Morse to break the force
Of Gustav's keen dismay,
"Ain't dat infernal hat of yours
De last straw anyway?"

E. B. Comstock.

TWAIN'S DISCOUNT

Mark Twain was the man being spoken about.

"Ever hear of his trick with a book clerk, when he was a publisher?" asked one. "You know, the trade gives a discount on purchases to publishers, authors, friends of the proprietor, and all that. One day Twain saw a book in a store window and wanted it. He entered.

"How much is that book?" he asked the clerk.

"Well," said he, when he received an answer, 'as I'm a friend of your proprietor, I expect the usual discount.'

"The clerk told him he could have it.

"Also," said Twain, 'I expect the publisher's discount.'

"The clerk said this also would be granted.

"And the author's discount," went on the humorist.

"Again the clerk was acquiescent.

"Twain rattled off the several discounts to which as author, friend, and publisher, he was entitled, and finished by saying:

"And now, what is the price I am to pay for the book?"

"The clerk figured. 'Nothing, sir,' he said, finally. 'I find our firm owes you 18 cents.'"

SPRING CAMPAIGN

"My dear," said Mr. Suburba, "when you see Mrs. Naybor again I wish you would ask her if they expect to keep chickens this summer."

"Why," replied Mrs. Suburba, "you aren't thinking of buying from them this year, are you?"

Mr. Suburba turned the leaves of the gayly colored catalogue he held in his hands.

"No," he answered, "I'm just thinking whether or not to invest in flower seeds this spring."—Cincinnati Times Star.

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