

LIVE STOCK AGRICULTURE

DRAFTER ON FARM

Raising Him Fits In Nicely With General Work.

TRAINING TIME IS SHORT.

Colt Easily Handled and Broken and Needs Little Instruction—Mares Useful For Doing Tasks as Well as Replenishing Stock.

Through several years of strictly draft horse breeding the average size of the native stock has been considerably raised. It is now very seldom that a farm team is seen that weighs less than 1,200 pounds each on the average. It is not uncommon to see pairs in the field that will weigh 1,400 or above in working condition. Probably the most highly prized animal on the farm is a big breedy draft mare. There is nothing so popular at farm sales. Nor is there any other animal upon which bidding is so persistent as upon a good draft mare in foal, according to the National Stockman and Farmer.

The raising of draft horses fits nicely in with the work of the general farm. There the draft mare really is a dual purpose animal, doing a double work. She works regularly in the field, and she raises a colt that will become one of the most profitable outputs of the farm. Where care is exercised in handling the mare, giving her the lighter and slower work, apparently just as good colts are raised as where the mare is kept in idleness.

The draft colt is very easily handled and broken. He is quiet and docile about the farm. When the youngster has reached a sufficient age and size to be started to work, he requires only a lesson or two until he is ready to be put to regular use. This is another big

TRIBUTE TO THE FARMER.

The farmer produces wealth; others exchange it. He is like the alfalfa which enriches both soil and owner; others are the fodder of society. Out of the good, common coarseness of the earth he creates; they take nothing at first hand. Close to the soil he attains most nearly to the balance between the material and the spiritual, using his time for the exactions of the one and leisure for the growth of the other.

If his soul be attuned to his condition he gains knowledge at first hand. He grows as none other can, he abounds in the health of the out of doors, and he learns the right use of things. His is the happiness and welfare which rebounds from hard work, and he develops originality.

The city polishes to one mind and one model. Its people think prepared thoughts. Live in reports of life, smell manufactured odors and vegetate in a thin, second hand existence.

Every boy should have his early training in the knockabout university of the farm. There is more discipline for him in the continuous care of a horse or a cow than in many terms of school. Industry, patience and perseverance are inherent in the atmosphere of farm life, and their possession spells success.

All boys cannot and should not remain on the farm. It is not an end, but only a means. He who succeeds must have contentment, and this may be found elsewhere as well. But the boy who is most likely and most able to "come back" is he who has spent his early years on the farm.—Kansas Farmer.

EXPELLED TO SEA BY RIVERS.

Discharge Enormous Load of Sediments and Minerals.

The Colorado river discharges during an average year into the gulf of California 338,000,000 tons of mud and silt as suspended matter. In addition to this, the dissolved substances in the water include 4,550,000 tons of sodium chloride, or common salt; 3,740,000 tons of Glauber salt, 4,000,000 tons of lime, 2,400,000 tons of gypsum and 4,800,000 tons of epsom salts, according to investigations by the United States geological survey. In spite of all this dissolved material the Colorado at its mouth is not considered to be a stream of unusually high mineralization for that region of the country. The reason is that the river also carries so enormous an amount of water that the dissolved salts constitute a comparatively small proportion of the total discharge. Other streams in the country contain dissolved salts in greater concentration. For example, the Elm fork of Red river, in Oklahoma, discharges nearly 1,300,000 tons of common salt annually. Although this amount is not so great as that discharged by the Colorado, it is much greater in proportion to the size of the area drained. The discharge of salt from the Colorado is equal to twenty tons annually to each square mile drained by the river, but the salt in Elm fork of Red river is equal to 1,680 tons per square mile of area drained. The same river discharges annually 177,000 tons of magnesium chloride, 168,000 tons of epsom salts, 690,000 tons of gypsum and 54,000 tons of lime. These quantities, too, are considerably greater than those carried in the Colorado in proportion to the size of the drainage area.

Belle Fourche river, at Belle Fourche, S. D., discharges 191,000 tons of gypsum, 79,000 tons of Glauber salt and 236,000 tons of epsom salts. The mud and silt carried in suspension by this river amount to 1,100,000 tons. Milk river, at Havre, Mont., discharges annually 41,000 tons of soda; Payette river, in Idaho, discharges 45,000 tons; Salt river, at Roosevelt, Ariz., discharges 228,000 tons of salt and 170,000 tons of epsom salts, and the Rio Grande discharges 245,000 tons of lime and 368,000 tons of Glauber salt.

The New Year Rising.

A miracle touched me at twelve, for, behold, I saw The New Year rise as a young god rises in night. No child was he with hesitant, timid feet, But a grown joy, wrapped in the raiment of pure delight.

And his eyes, most gracious and tender, were bent on mine. In his hands he caught my hands, while clarion clear His golden, rapturous, confident tones rang forth: "Comrade, hail, for I am the New Year!"

"Comrade, hail! The pulse of the world's astral Under the snow, and the ancient doubts are dead, Freedom, achievement, wait for us. Come, be glad!" I listened, I looked, and faith to my hope was wed.

His kingly courage told me the beautiful truth— He is mine, and his strength infuses my rescued will. Up, faint heart! We will conquer together, my Year! Life and love shall their old sweet promise fulfill. —Clinton Dangerfield in Century.

What the Jokesmiths Have to Say

Better Wait Until Asked. Anxious Mother—Why don't you marry young Swansen? He has good looks, good family, wealth and everything to be desired. Pretty Daughter—But there is one very important thing lacking, mamma. Anxious Mother—What is that? Pretty Daughter—A proposal.—Chicago News.

From the Other Side. "I am going to start a garden," announced Mr. Subbitts. "A few months from now I won't be kicking about your prices." "No," said the green grocer, "you'll be wondering how I can afford to sell vegetables so cheap."—Rural World.

New Year's Eve. He rose to go. 'Twas New Year's eve. "One kiss," he begged, "my dear." She coyly said, "You cannot have another kiss this year." —Topeka State Journal.

Optimism and Pessimism. Student—What is pessimism? Philosopher—The faith of cowards. "Then what is optimism?" "The faith of fools."—New York Weekly.

Re-enforcing Stable Manure. By keeping the stable manure under cover and re-enforcing it with forty pounds of floats or acid phosphate to each ton of manure the Ohio experiment station has succeeded in increasing the net value of the manure from \$2.60 to \$4.80 per ton. And yet probably 75 per cent of all the manure produced in Ohio is thrown into an open barnyard, where at least 35 per cent of the plant food contained is lost by leaching and fermentation before it reaches the land at all. The careless and indifferent methods practiced in caring for the farm manure alone are responsible for the loss to the agricultural interests of the state that are now in process of investigation.

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SHOOTING THE NEW YEAR IN.

Quaint Custom Still In Practice In the Carolinas.

ORIGINATED IN PENNSYLVANIA

People Gather About 9 o'clock In the Evening, and the March Begins—From One House to the Other They Go, Firing Fierce Salutes and Feasting.

Racing, whirling, nerve wrecking as has become the recognized spirit of our times, yet in the remote districts lingers a serenely unshaken we can but marvel over the dual nature of this thing we call American. Customs of the fatherland have become so grafted upon the newer land that one feels the richness of the past ever mellowing the crudeness of the present.

One of the most lovable of these old customs, redolent of the air of feu-



New Year's Shooters.

dalism, is that of shooting in the new year, says the New York Post. We first hear of it among the early German settlers of Pennsylvania, where it has long since become obsolete, but about 1750 there was a general migration from Pennsylvania down to the hill country of the Carolinas. In rumbly old wagons these pioneers journeyed, laden with feather beds and deltware, sprigs of fruit trees and sturd babies. As the life history is but a repetition of the race history, there came with their first strange new year a burst of solemnity. Getting themselves together, they celebrated as best they could in memory of older days, and not once through all the years that have fol-

lowed have these greetings been omitted. Though North Carolina could never boast as many stately mansions as could some of her sister states, yet for homely comfort and lavish old time hospitality she has never been surpassed. Each of the dear old places has its own name, still lingering there—Swan Ponds, Pleasant Gardens, Mount Welcome, Ingleside. The sentiment of all was voiced on one stone gatepost, which proudly bore the inscription:

Welcome all To Buncombe Hall.

Tradition tells us that the owner of this estate, Colonel Buncombe (of course he was a colonel), lived in the "low" country, and when he was entertaining guests whom he particularly enjoyed he had the bridge, the only means of escape, taken up and hidden in the swamps. Most of these jovial hosts are sleeping now, each in his narrow bed forever laid, but the new year has a way of returning, and the shooters return with it.

Then tenantry and poorer people of the neighborhood gather at some appointed place about 9 o'clock in the evening, and the march begins. From one "big house" to another they tramp, drolorously intoning their doggerel, firing fierce salutes and feasting at the hands of the gentry.

On the last night of the year, as you sit over the hickory fire, there comes a tramping in the front yard, and a deep voice outside begins the so called New Year's sermon with a forcing of the rhyme worthy of Walt Whitman.

A loud report being the thing desired, heavy wads are put on the powder and the gun muzzle held close to the ground. After the shooting comes the hint:

If you are a man of grace Come to the door and show your face.

The door is then thrown wide, and the company enter, awkward, grinning and shivering with cold. Some of them have come from a distance of eight or ten miles, as the country is sparsely settled, and must necessarily be tired, but they consider it more differential to stand, or if one is finally persuaded to take a chair he sits on the edge uneasily.

The ruddy, Santa Claus-like old men exchange laconic remarks on the price of cotton; the youngsters refer to the possum hunt of the previous night. Some one goes to the piano and strums away in a frantic attempt to furnish amusement. They are stolid until she strikes up "Dixie." The effect is magical. The callers mark time with muddy boots and remark slyly:

"That's the stuff!"

Apples and oranges, cakes and coffee, are now brought out. At some places the black bottle is passed around. Then the shooters with a relieved sigh pile out of the door. The society man is a fearful strain.

In Thy New Year.

I. In thy New Year Give us thy strength for burdens we must bear. The thorny crown, if thou so wilt, to wear; Having thy love, which casteth out all fear. In thy New Year.

II.

In thy New Year Send through the sunlight glimmering through the tear. In deserts dim may Love his temples rear And light the fires that burn to heaven there. In thy New Year. —Frank L. Stanton.

THE MIRAGE DUEL

By ARTHUR L. SMITH.

"Speakin' o' mirages," said the old rancher. "we don't 'pear to git no such mirages as we used to git. Dunno whether the elements has changed or my eyesight is breakin' down, but I don't see no more land liftin' with everything drawn as if it war a paintin' under your nose such as I seen often when I fust come to the country."

"What kind of mirages do you have down here," asked the gentleman from Massachusetts, "those that elevate objects or those that show objects having no existence?"

"Waal, I reckon you'd call 'em elevators."

"I've seen mirages on Lake Michigan," said the Chicago man, "but I never knew whether they were the eastern shore elevated or the western shore reflected."

"There ain't no reflection down here," remarked the rancher. "What you see you see. I saw somepin once that changed the hull course of my life. It wan't no reflection, you bet yer life."

"How was that?" asked the Massachusetts man.

"'Twas this a-way: When I war a young man I worked at cow punchin' for a man as lived on a ridge that looked over a like ridge fifteen mile away. The river run between each ridge midway, and the ground on each side the river war as like as two peas. Tanner lived on the east ridge—he war the man I worked for—and fifteen miles away on the other ridge his brother-in-law, Brant, had built a house after the same plans. The same architect had planned 'em both, and lumber had been sawed for the two o' 'em at once. Each stood in the center of a big ranch."

"Tanner had a daughter, Eunice, that tuk a shine to me. I war an innocent young feller in them days and had'n't no notion o' hookin' up with any one and tried to keep her off my scent, but she follered me like a bloodhound, and somehow, though I could git rid o' most things, I couldn't get rid o' her. Whenever I'd try it she'd set down beside me kind o' lovin'-like, and that'd be the end o' my tryin' to shake her."

"Waal, at last she lived me, and the fust thing I knowed I had gone to the ole man and axed for his gal. He war willin', and so we was engaged, as they say in the towns. Eunice oncer havin' lassoed me gimme a good deal o' rope, jist as though we war married and I couldn't git away nobow."

"What made it hard on me was that I wanted another gal. That gal war Sally Brant, Eunice's cousin. Sally war a quib little thing and didn't run after nobody. I couldn't see very much of her 'cause Eunice regarded me as her property and wouldn't let me off evenin's to ride over to the Brant ranch, and daytimes I war lookin' after the cattle."

"One mornin' I found myself lost. There had been a heavy fog all night, and instead of takin' my bearin's before it settled and goin' to sleep whar I war I tried to pull through it. But suddent, about 10 o'clock in the mornin', the fog lifted and I found myself a mile from the Brant ranch house. Thinkin' it would be a good chance to go and tell Sally Brant that I war goin' to be married, I rode over. Sally war on the front veranda knittin' socks. I jined her and as soon as I could git up spunk told her that I war settled to be 'broke' by Eunice Tanner. She didn't say a word. She jist bent down, and I could see that she war cryin'."

"Of course thar war jist one thing to do. I set down on the bench beside her, put my arms around her, and"—

"Kissed her?" asked the Chicago man.

"Kissed her? No; I war hon'able. I war engaged."

"Well, go on."

"We war settin' facin' the valley, and suddent I lifted my eyes, and thar before me and lookin' hardly a stone's throw away war the Tanner ranch house. And thar on the veranda sat a feller and a gal in each other's arms. Of course I don't mean to say that I could recognize people fifteen miles away, but I knowed the couple must 'a' been Eunice and some feller. Although I would like to git rid of Eunice, it made me mad to see her in another feller's arms. I jumps up and, drawin' my shootin' iron, plugs away at the man. What did he do but the same to me."

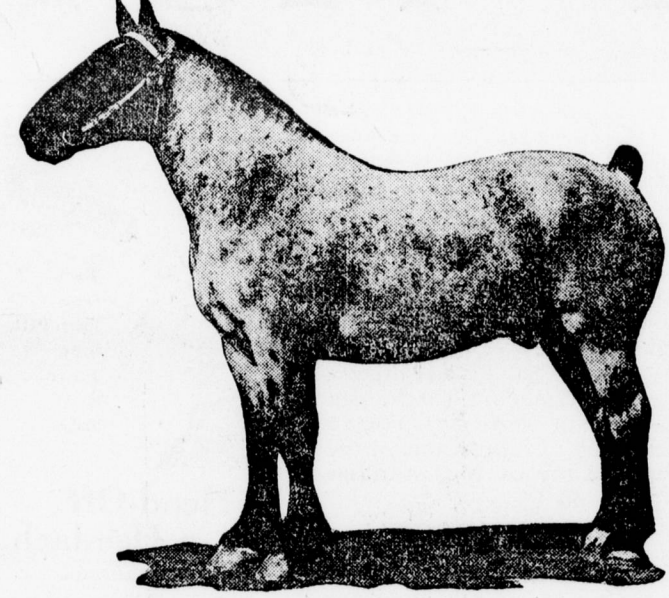
"I felt kind o' foolish as soon as it war over, thinkin' my weppon would carry so far, and I set down ag'in. The feller must 'a' felt as I did, 'cause he set down ag'in, too, by his gal, just as I did by mine. We turned our backs to 'em, but we didn't like their lookin' even at our backs, so we went into the house."

"I tole Sally that I loved her and wanted her to marry me. She reminded me that I was pledged to Eunice, and I reminded her that, thanks to the mirage, I had found Eunice out. Sally then said, that bein' the case, it war right for me to shake Eunice, but if I went back to her she'd lasso me ag'in. Recognizin' this as true, I proposed we be married before goin' back. And so we war."

"When I went back, a married man, Eunice war mad enough to scalp me. I charged her with goin' back on me, and she denied it. But me and Sally both saw her, and that was all thar war about it. Anyway, my wife says a noble, good man war saved from a bad woman by the mirage."

"Did it ever occur to you," asked the Massachusetts man, "that what you saw was the reflection of yourselves?"

"Waal, now, I never thought o' that."



GOOD TYPE OF A DRAFT HORSE.

point in the farmer's mind in favor of draft horses. With drivers it takes months of steady training to fit one of them for market or even for regular use. The farmer has neither time nor desire to fret and fuss with an animal in the way that is necessary in breaking a driver. That is a work for a man of special ability who will make a business of producing and training driving horses. The practical farmer knows that it will be best and more profitable for him to stick to the steady drafter.

Of course men are meeting with varying degrees of success in the raising of draft horses. Some produce horses that are mere nondescripts, while others are producing big, useful ones that would be popular on any market. A study of their methods and practices to determine the reason for the difference is suggestive. In the first place the more successful ones are in nearly all cases the men who have taken up the work as a business, men who have made a study of it in every phase from breeding to marketing. They are men who have made themselves good judges of horses. Then, having an ideal of a good horse in mind, they have bred to produce such an animal. In so doing they have ever stuck to one breed. Not only that, but more, they have always stuck to some certain type within that one breed. They have kept their best mares and sold the inferior ones.

The business of raising pure bred is growing rapidly. Men operating small farms are buying pairs of pure bred mares of some of the popular draft breeds. They are working those mares and are succeeding admirably with them. Men who own and operate large areas are going into the business on an extensive scale, and there is no line of live stock that is more profitable.

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