

Kenyon 1st. Shown by University of Nebraska, Reserve champion calf of the International Livestock Exposition. Read about Nebraska's livestock feeding demonstrations. The university knows how to get results from feeding. Follow the championship winners.



Where Town and Country Meet



Omaha business men, here is your chance to do some real "boosting." Let's get back of this International Championship team from Lincoln and recognize the honor brought to Nebraska by these "dirt farmer students." Read the proposition in this issue.

EDITED BY C. H. BLAKELY.

Brisbane Erred; Farmers Are Not Flocking to West

Newspaper Columnist Saw Retired Tillers of Soil With Worried Eyes; They Yearned for Home.

Arthur Brisbane, eminent column writer, who is a regular contributor to The Omaha Bee, makes some statements about farmers and California which have evoked the wrath of the agricultural editor.

In talking about his recent trip to California via the "California Limited," Mr. Brisbane says:

"Consider the couple sitting across the aisle in the dining car. They come from a farm, their hands and complexion show it. The light and fire are dim in his pale blue eyes. Many weary miles his feet have walked behind the plow and the harrow; many miles he has driven over bad roads, in a slow, rocking buggy, to and from town. His shoulders are bent by heavy weights, and worry has left deep wrinkles. But that is over; the life of hard work has brought its reward. The children are settled. And they are going to California."

Far be it from this humble, unsophisticated mortal, the farm editor, to criticize Brisbane, but we know he is wrong this time. We know happiness should not be prolonged until some phantom age when the many weary miles of plowing and mud-hopping have caused wrinkles to be implanted upon the "worried brow."

No, Mr. Brisbane, you are wrong. The whole world is wrong when it thinks persons work a lifetime just to be able to enjoy old age and some soft, balmy climate. Happiness is in the heart. It is there every day. All of us cannot see it, but too many of our great men are preaching the doctrine of "waiting." We must sow the seeds of happiness each day if we are to enjoy this life. And remember, too, Mr. Brisbane, that the farmers of today are not looking toward California nor Florida nor any other "heaven on earth." They are not spending their lives riding around over bad roads in old, slow, rocking buggies.

They are not letting the many weary miles, as you call them, plant deep furrows of worry and sorrow upon the honest brow. The farmers of today, those who were worthy of the name, are joining in good road programs, are living and working just for the joy of it. The old ones, those who feel that they can afford to slow up a bit, don't rush off to California for happiness. They know that just passing the hills to the enchanted valleys will not bring them happiness.

Farmers, like business men, are beginning to learn that during a course of life-building the greatest asset they can attach unto themselves is not money, is not lands, is not those things which are the result of hard work, essential though these things must be. No, they are not the things for which we strive. The friends who are true in adversity, as well as prosperity, the pride which comes from having been a factor in building a greater home town, a bigger farming community, these are the things for which our hearts swell in joyous gladness.

If Mr. Brisbane could have talked to those farmers, could have analyzed the true feelings which made them seek so meek and contented, he would have found that they were just homesick and lonesome, their hearts yearning for the prairies; homesick for the grip of neighbor John's old rusty "claws."

Mr. Brisbane, we are surprised that you mistook that docile look for contentment. Two months from now half pair of farmers will be hot-footing for the corn belt, out here where he doing of things is not "weary," but here where the joy of living is in the doing.

ABOUT OUR STEER IN HEADLINER

The cut run this week with our regular "Where Town and Country Meets" is a picture taken at the recent international livestock show at Chicago. This steer was fed and exhibited by the University of Nebraska. He won reserve champion of the show. He is a purebred Angus, Kenyon 1.

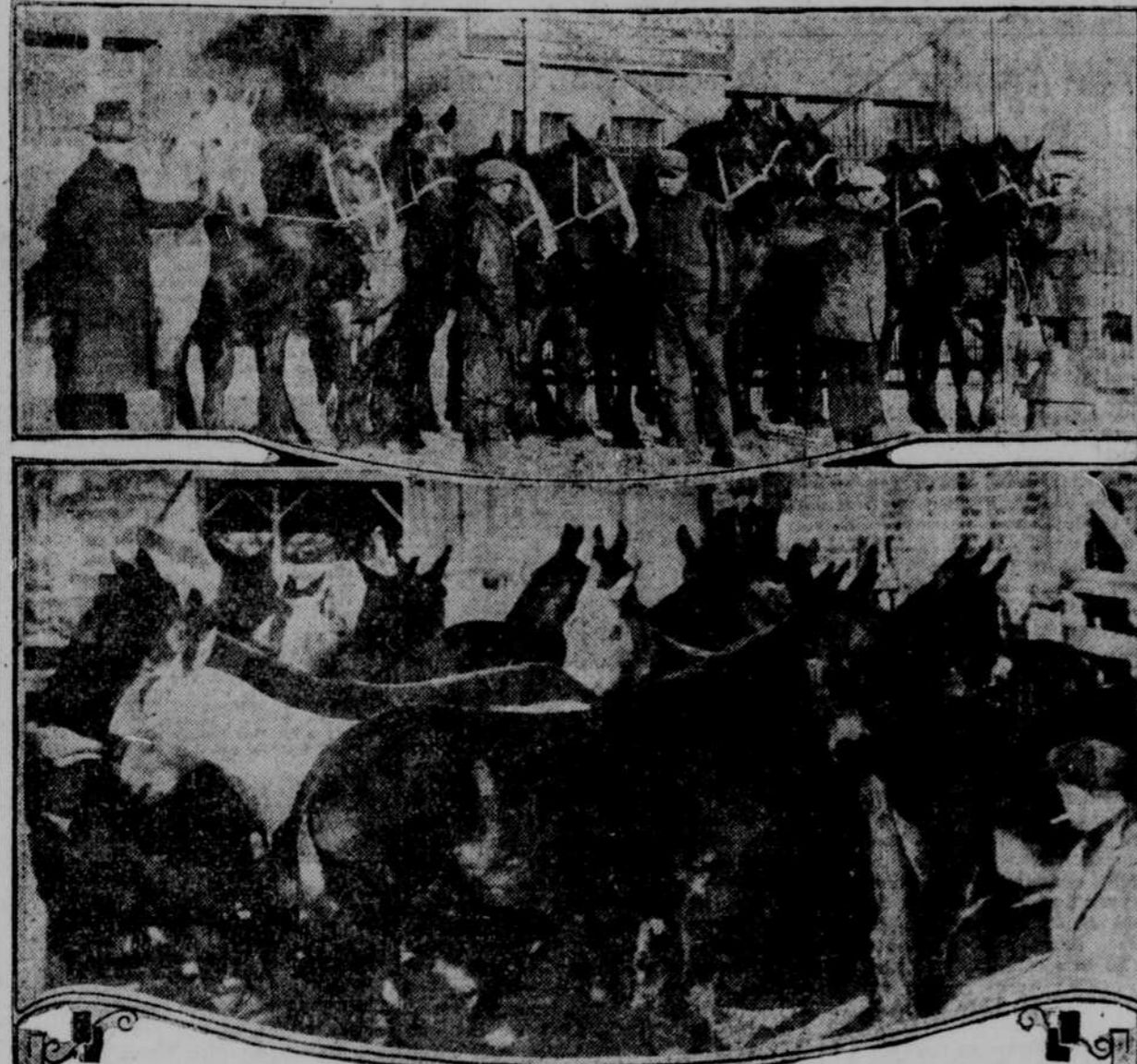
The work being done by our university in fat cattle feeding is demanding the attention of feeders all over America. This work is of especial value to feeders here at home. In order to get the most benefit from it, farmers and feeders should write the agricultural department at Lincoln or bulletins and special information.

MANY HORSES ARE STILL IN SERVICE

Whenever you become pessimistic over the horse and mule industry and a allied group, says Wayne Dinsmore, secretary of the Horse Association of America, just stop and remember that there are:

Over 17,000,000 horses and mules at work on farms; about 2,000,000 more horses and mules in non-agricultural work; fully 500,000 more under saddle, steadily increasing; about 4,500,000 more horses and mules too young to work, foals, yearlings and 2-year-olds, and approximately 2,000,000 more old horses to work, but not in service.

Omaha Horse and Mule Market Is Active Place on Sale Day



These horses show the high class type that is sold each sale day at the Omaha horse and mule market. These few were photographed during the busy sale Tuesday. They were not "dolled up" for the occasion.

The mules in this group are a small but representative bunch from Tuesday's sale, held at the Omaha Horse and Mule barn in South Omaha. The staff photographer of The Omaha Bee and the barn foreman posed them from under the well protected sheds in order to get them in shape. Several carloads like these are sold each sale day.

Come on, Cowboy, Let's Show 'Em

"The biggest thing in Omaha." We meant it, and we're going to keep on showing the world that we mean it. Now for a program to show our visitors what we have over on the South Side.

Of course you all know by this time that Nebraska has the best student judging team in the world. Didn't they whip them all at the international.

Say, cowboys, you long-horned steer-busters down "back of the yards," let's get busy and invite that student judging team from Lincoln to be our guests at an old-time roundup feed, with stockyards trimmings and everything.

Let's get those boys who have done so much for Nebraska here and put on a powwow and scalp dance that will echo around the world. This is a fitting time to start showing the world "The Biggest Thing in Omaha."

The Industry Is the Thing

Standing in the press box at the International Livestock show at Chicago we saw the final grand review of winners as they paraded in parade across the sawdust arena. It was a sight to stir the heart of the most urban trained man.

We wonder as we stand there if many really saw the big story which this parade told. We are thinking not of the individual winners. We see the fine animals which today are showered with glory—truly happy were the thousands who cheered the victors. The gay music of the Scotch bagpipe and drum corp was even more stirring than it had ever been before; the lusty sounds, multiplied by the mingling of human voices and crying animals sent up a bedlam of noise not equalled anywhere in America.

Through all this we looked into the thing back of the great show. It was America's tremendous agricultural industry on celebration. It was the thing which we call progress which accounted for the exhibition. Despite the days and weeks and years of heart breaking depression which we have recently witnessed the industry of agriculture keeps moving ahead. It is better off today than it has ever been in the past, even greater than it was yesterday. We think of agriculture as being depressed. It is not true. Individuals may have been passed by in the march of agricultural progress. In fact the show at Chicago proved this fact, but the industry is moving ahead under the new management.

We looked for the winners of a few years ago, we scanned the entry lists for friends of old familiar names whom we might seek out. We searched in vain for those old friends, who made history but a very few years ago. We compared the present day exhibits with the days of yesterday. Everywhere it was written, the mark of progress.

It is not the individual, but the sum total of all which makes progress.

Joseph Collison of Carroll, Ia., writing in "Farm and Fireside," tells about making money "every" year feeding cattle and hogs. He says, "Because of big production we can afford to feed grain and make money. . . couple this with finishing our stock for what past performances show to be the good market periods of the year, and you have my system." He continues with a Joker in his deck by saying, "It is quite simple, but I nearly went broke before I learned the trick."

Send in Your Dairy Story for Dairy Special

The agricultural page for next week will be devoted to a review of the work done along the lines of dairy improvement in Nebraska for the year 1924. If you have done something worth while send us a short story about your work. We want this page to be a "real knockout." Your co-operation will help us to publish the facts about Nebraska's dairy improvement.

Backyard Poultry Philosophy

The Advantages of Lots of Room.

The first snow of the season is here. It has its advantages; the farmer's poultry flock will now have a chance to quit laying, that is if he lets them roost on the corn cultivator which is settling out under the bare cottonwood tree back of the barn. (Get up in the morning and look out at the window. How many hens can you count on the fence?)

The Flock Leader.

Just look at the average farm rooster, isn't he a "bird"? Now honestly this column is going to be full of backyard sarcasm this week. It is prompted by memories of the first storm storms out on the farm. Of course we just left the farm and we can't forget the way lots of farmers handle the poultry flocks. This week isn't meant for those good women and good men who actually take care of poultry.

Coming Up for Air.

Scene one. Act foolish. A movie sketch out on the farm.

Farmer to wife: "Well Lizzy, it looks like snow tonight. Guess I'd better close the henhouse. Sure is a cold evening."

Scene two (midnight, 10 below same act.

First hen to leading rooster: "Shek, the reset is terrible tonight! I do not remember when it was so sultry and hot, seems to me like we are breathing melting brimstone!"

Leading rooster to audience (other poultry): "So be it dear little chicken! but have courage. Tomorrow morning the doors of the universe will be swung open and the mountain air, ah! yes the breath of the north wind, the icicles from the eaves and the snow from the heavens will swirl into our hot faces. Have courage for tomorrow will be different."

Scene three, same act: (Farmer arises early, rushes to henhouse, throws open door. The cold air bursts into dark, closed house, steaming chickens come flocking out into the cold winter morning.)

Leading rooster to flock, two hours later: "I'm a sick rooster! My voice isn't what it used to be. Cack-a-cough-a-flu-da-doo! I'm going to leave this world, you too!"

Exit rooster; died with quick action flu.

Scene four, same act (that is act foolish).

Farmer to wife: "Well dear I just can't make out what is wrong with our poultry. That rooster we bought from Mr. Good Foultry Raiser isn't feeling well. He is setting out there now drooped over like a Sioux Indian at a powwow. Don't believe he was worth the \$10 we paid for him."

Wife to dear husband: "Now John, I'm getting so discouraged with this poultry business. I just don't believe a word of that magazine stuff. I know there isn't a dime in the business. Seems like we lose half of our hens every winter."

Hired man appears upon scene. "Boss, how about hauling out that chicken manure this morning?"

"Now Pete never mind, we will do that some rainy day next spring, haven't got time now, better go bury that new rooster, I allow he had chicken cholera."

Last scene (same act). Place, grocery store. Farmer to groceryman: "How much is my bill?" Groceryman: "Ten dollars and twenty cents."

Student Judges "Dirt Farmers"

Members of Championship Team Received Traiping in Years of Actual Work.

Members of Nebraska's student judging team, which won the championship at the Chicago International Livestock judging contest are real "dirt farmers."

Dorsey Barnes, who won 909 points, 120 above any other student at the show, has had years of careful training upon one of Nebraska's purebred Hereford cattle farms. He is going back to the farm, when he has been graduated.

Honor Gschner, another member of the team, placing fourth at the show, is also a farm reared boy. His individual honor is enough to turn the head of an older man.

you had 20 cents worth of eggs, that leaves \$10.

Farmer: "Charge it, I'm broke today."

Curtain.

Poultrymen of Nebraska: Prolonged applause.

Dairy Improvement Telling.

The Chicago Mercantile exchange announces that the United States is holding 56,000,000 pounds of butter more than it held during 1923. They account for this increase by the abundant rainfall over the farming belt and the fact that more cows were milked in 1924.

Pool cars furniture will be shipped soon to California, Seattle, New York and Florida.

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Phone JA. 1504 for Rates

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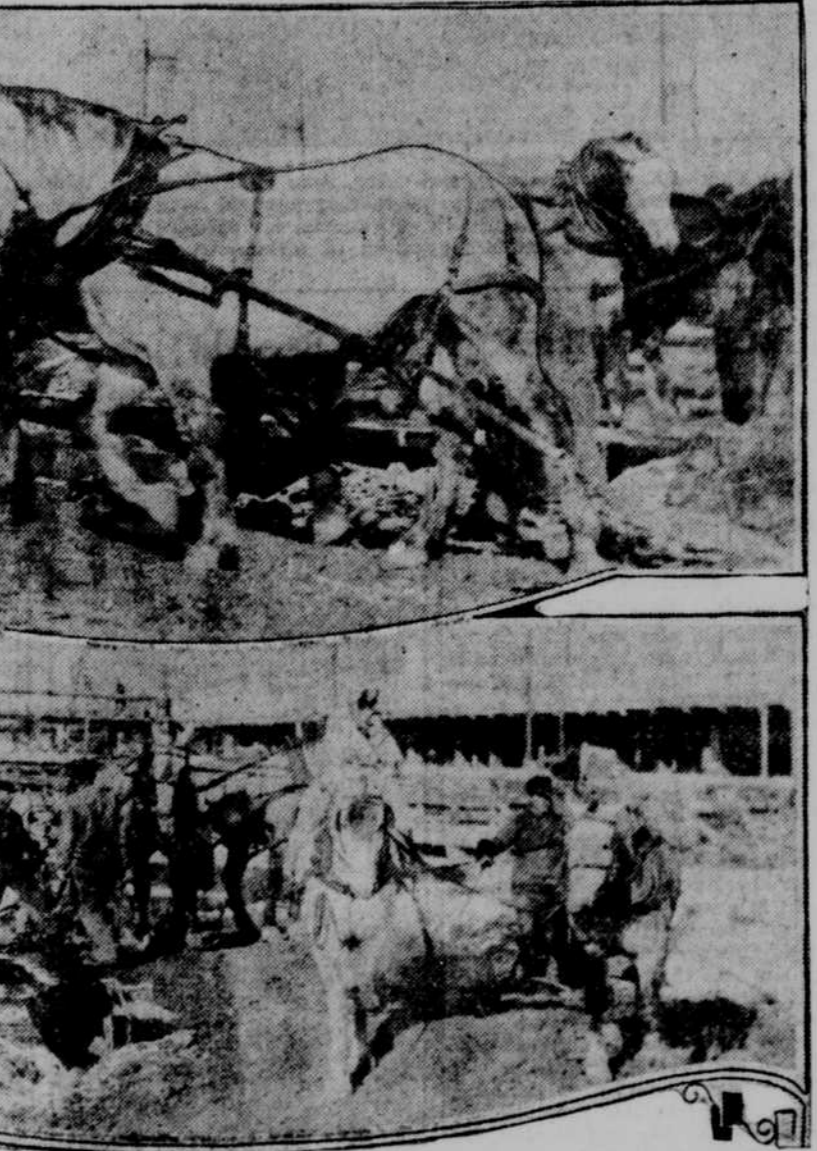
Advice for Mothers

You Cannot Afford to Overlook One Word of This.

Grand Island, Nebr.—"I am glad to endorse Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a splendid tonic for the expectant mother, having used it myself with most satisfactory results."

—Mrs. Thorwald Olsen, 514 West Sixth St.

What "Favorite Prescription" has done for Mrs. Olsen and thousands of others it should do for you. Start at once with this "Prescription" and see how quickly you pick up—feel stronger and better. All druggists sell it in tablet or liquid form. Write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y. for free advice, or send 10c for trial pack. "Prescription" tablets.



Teams like these are the kind in demand by large operators who use horses for draft power. They must be good horses, large and well fed, declares Bud Smith.

The Omaha Stockyards company has many teams at work around the yards. These teams are being used to excavate for the new improvements which are being erected down at the yards.

Action! "You tell 'em!" The Omaha horse and mule market had it at its regular sale Tuesday. There were plenty of horses and mules for all buyers, and the buyers were bidding heavily for them. Buyers from all over America, farmer buyers from adjacent territory, order buyers and private buyers were all present. The horse and mule market on a regular sale day shows more activity than is usually seen at a "grab show."

Despite the steam roller pressure of up-to-date power farming, "old Dobbin" is still one of the great factors in getting the world's work done. Thousands of good horses and mules are being worked every day.

Farmers Must Feed Horses. Mr. Bud Smith believes that the trouble with the horse business today is the backward attitude of owners toward feeding. "If farmers would get in the good ones and feed them they could realize better prices for them and the demand would pick up," he says. "Many good horses are shipped to market too thin to get a job, and these horses in turn are either bought by feeders who speculate upon them or are left unsold. If these same horses would come to market fat they would be snapped up at big figures," says Mr. Smith.

City Uses Many Horses. Besides the regular farm trade, which demands many thousands of horses and mules each year, there are many large companies doing business in the city which require horses for their draft work. The cuts shown with this story represent only one of such companies. The ice business demands a great many heavy draft horses, and the transfer companies of large cities are using thousands of horses because they have found that for the short haul the horse is the cheapest.

The Omaha Stockyards company used many draft teams to do its regular work. Besides the teams used in feeding livestock around the yards, the company maintains teams to do its improvement work. It has found it cheaper to use horses. It also provides much work for men in Omaha who are employed around the yards.

The Omaha Bee's Agricultural Feature Page has been created for the express purpose of bringing to the farmer, the stockman and the dairyman a review of the best in new ideas and development of their industry; it is the "melting pot" where town and country meet.

Farmers, stockmen and dairymen are reading this page with unusual interest, because it brings to them the "news" of their business long before their farm magazine reaches their homes.

If you are selling a product or service to farmers you will realize in this feature page the ideal medium to carry your message. It will link your product inseparably with the progress and development of the farming industry in Nebraska.

A limited number of advertisements will be accepted for our Agricultural Feature Page every Sunday. Phone Atlantic 1000 and our Agricultural Editor will tell what is coming in the big agricultural features for this page.

AT lantic 1000

Agricultural Department

THE OMAHA BEE