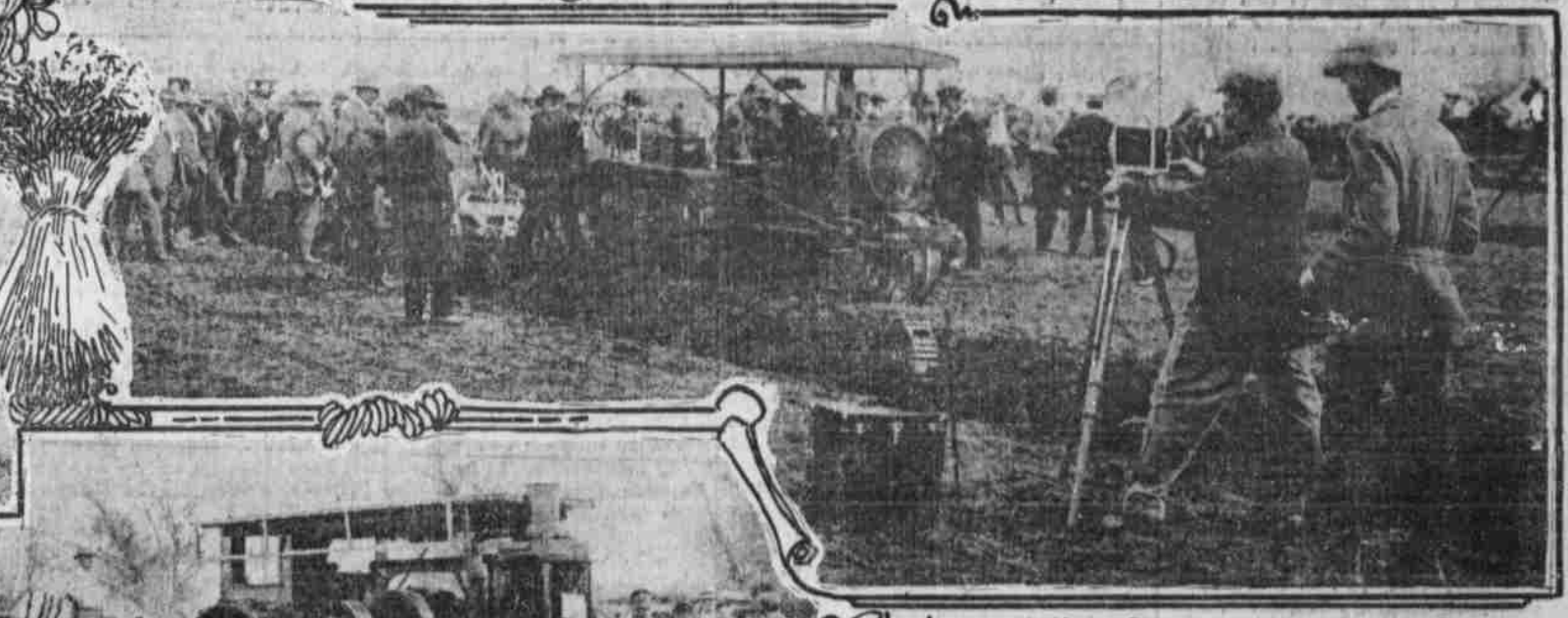
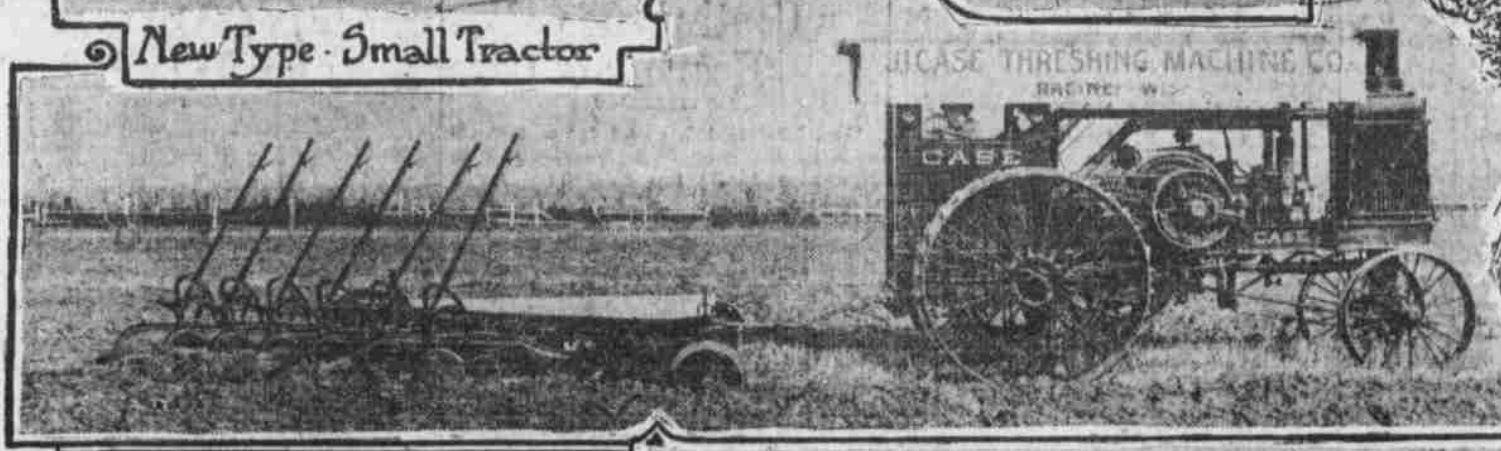
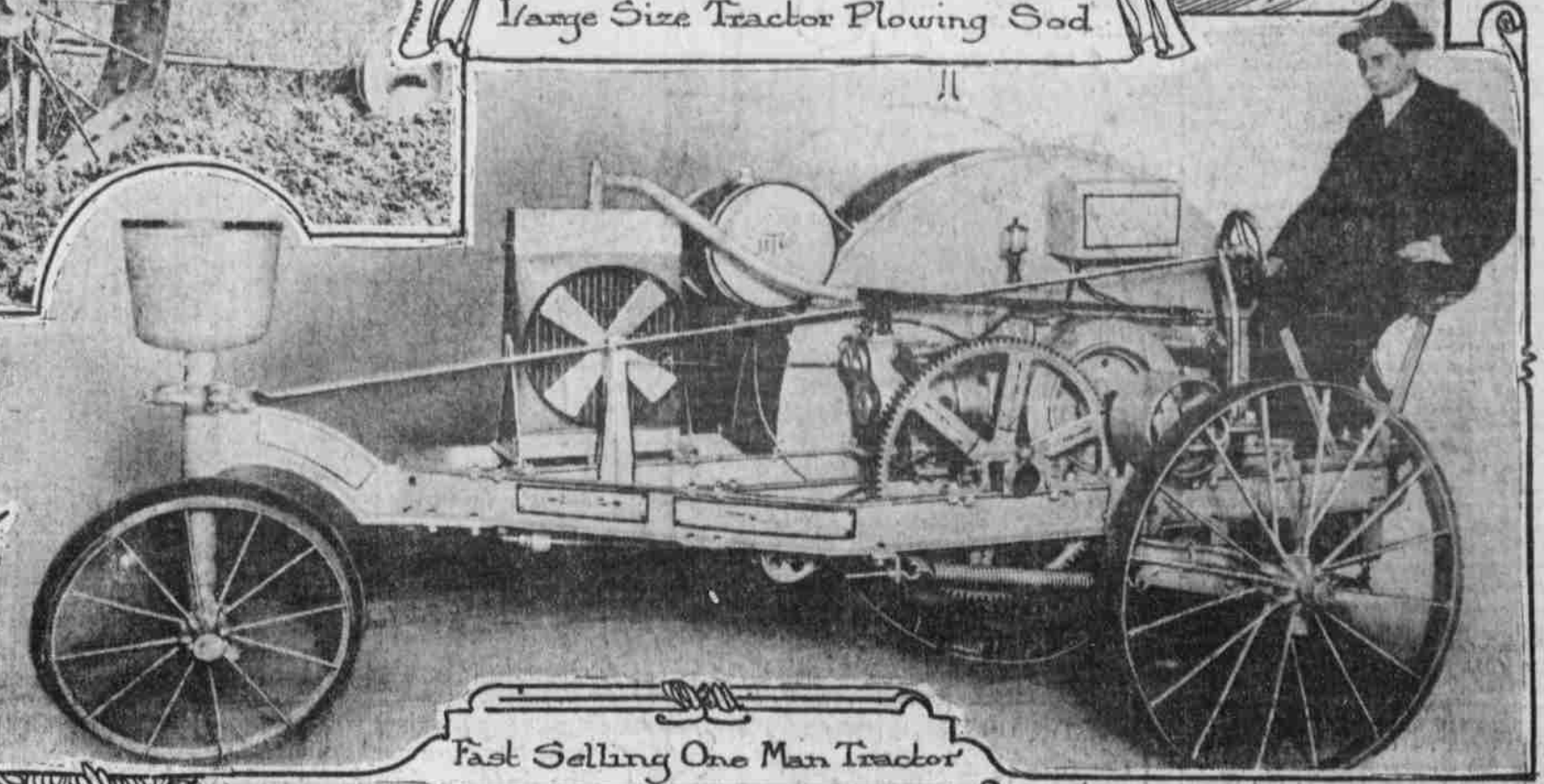
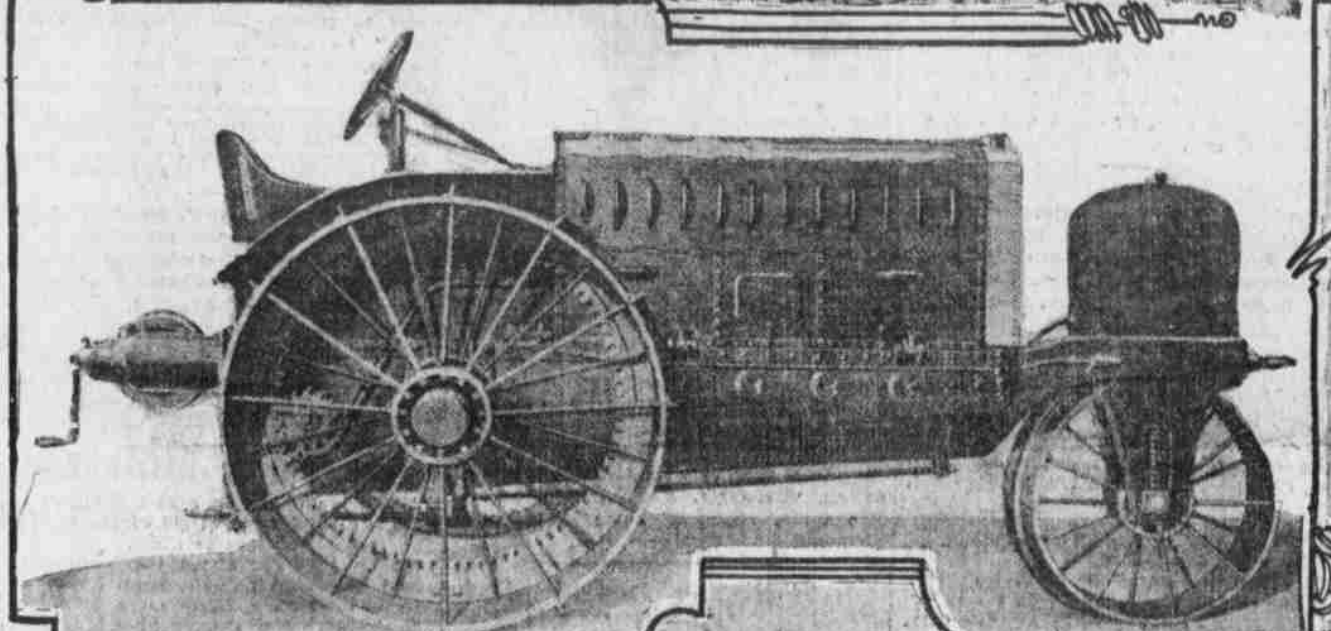
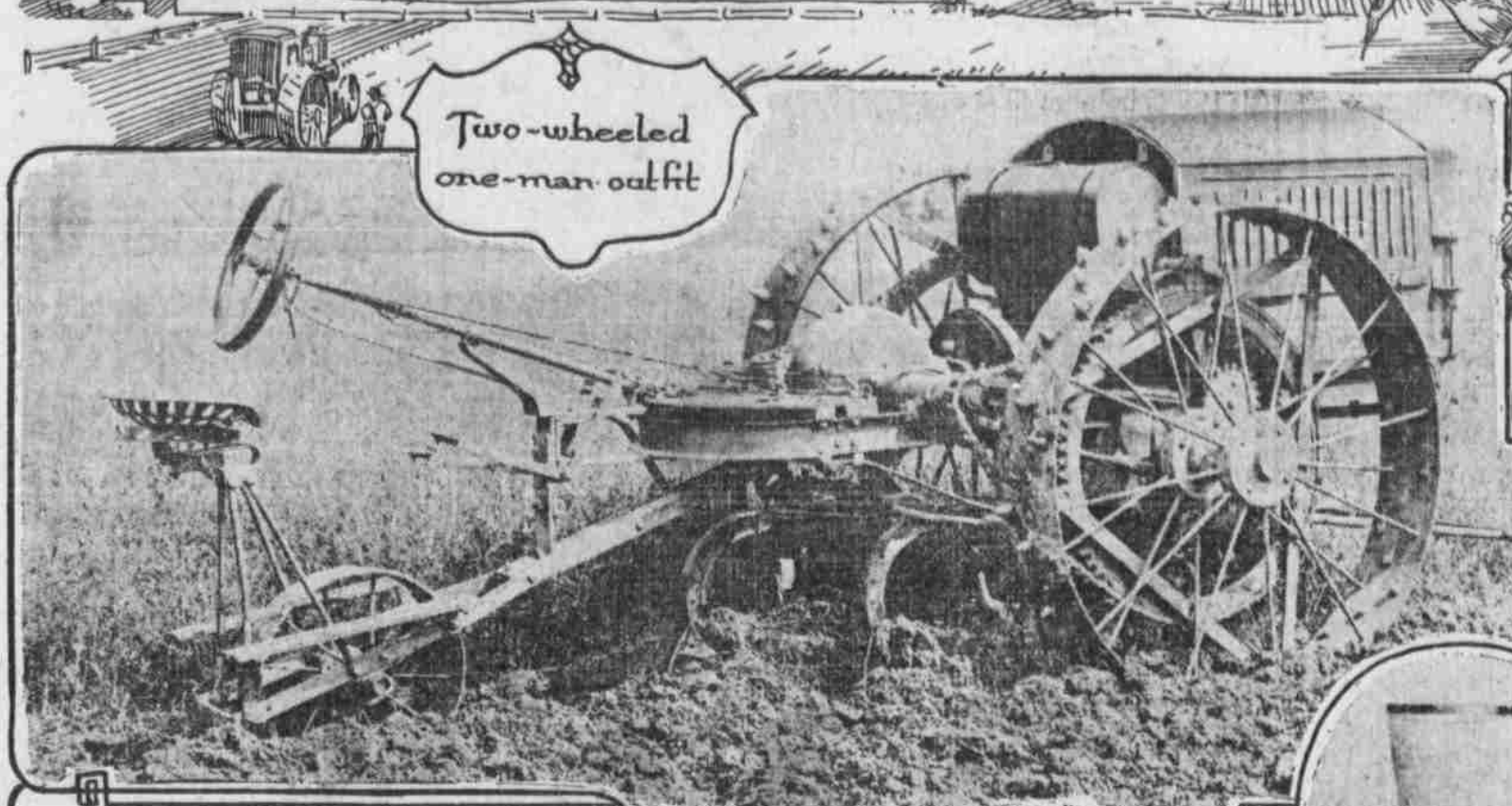


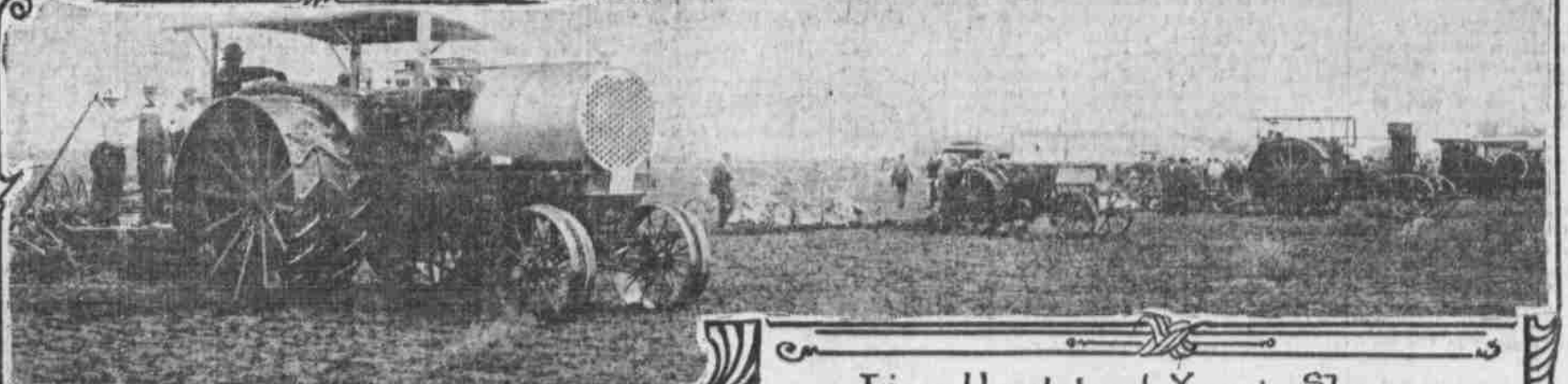
Trying the Tractor Competitive Show of the Great Machines



One of last Year's Popular Tractors



Photographing Tractors for the Movies



THE world's greatest farm tractor demonstration is to be held just outside Fremont, Neb., August 17 to 22 of this year.

It may advisedly be called the "world's greatest," because farm tractor demonstrations are a new thing, and were practically initiated in Nebraska and at Fremont. The first one was held last year, September 8 to 13.

Before that, many wondered whether there could be any interest in seeing a lot of engines plowing up the stubble fields. Many wondered whether anyone would come out to see.

A crowd of 25,000 people came to see.

That was the answer. It proved that the farmers of Nebraska and adjoining states are taking an interest in tractors. It proved that in the march of progress the progressive farmers have already seen that the farm tractor is to take the place of the farm horse in doing the big, heavy field work, and that the up-to-date farmer must supply himself with tractors.

Farm horses die. Tractors do not, if kept in good repair.

Farm horses eat corn and oats that is becoming more and more valuable. Farm tractors eat gasoline, which is comparatively cheap, and which yields far more power per gallon than many bushels of costly corn and oats will when fed to horses.

Horses must be fed through the winter, when there is no field work to do. Tractors are pushed into the shed in the fall, where they cost nothing until time to take them into the fields in the spring.

The horse was completely pushed off the map of agricultural activity at the big demonstration last year. He will be even further relegated to the background at the demonstration this year. Tractors plowed the 500 acres of ground in the demonstration work in the beautiful Platte valley last year. No horses were harnessed to the plows.

Automobiles brought the farmers to the scene, and from the cushioned seats of their automobiles they watched the work of the tractors as they followed them across the fields.

Truly the tractor demonstration spells the doom

of the farm horse, however far or near in the future it may be.

The very first of the tractor demonstrations brought out thirty-nine tractors into the field. They were of all makes and sizes.

The demonstration this year is to bring out some sixty, as that many have already signed the entrance contract. This year 800 acres are to be plowed. The ground has already been leased for the purpose. It lies just outside the city limits of Fremont, so that it is within easy walking distance of the business part of the city.

The coming of the era of power farming was never perhaps better heralded than by the late Prof. E. W. Hunt, associate editor of the Twentieth Century Farmer, when he wrote:

"Man is measured by the power that he uses. The man with the hoe—almost a brother to the insensible clod he stands upon—is a type of the lowest plane of human effort. His body only is

alive. His mind is dormant. Continued exhausting physical exercise deadens mental activity and prevents mental development.

"Grant me but to see, and Ajax asks no more," was the cry of the blinded hero in the thick blackness of the hostile camp. That cry typifies the yearning of every man that struggles toward a higher plane of effort. Brain power indefinitely multiplies muscular power, and finally supplants it. The discovery of the use of the lever and of the inclined plane, which made the powerful screw possible, marks a new level in human achievement. The engine, the product of man's brain, doing man's work for him, touches the highest level of achievement in human labor.

"Brain power emancipates man from brutalizing drudgery of mere physical toil. Brain power makes possible the cultivation of the humanities and the art of living."

And Prof. Hunt penned these lines before even

the first tractor demonstration had been held at Fremont. He penned them before the farmers of Nebraska were fully awake to the possibilities of tractors in farm economics.

A tractor show doesn't sound as interesting as a circus. Engines seem rather dull and stupid things to the uninitiated. But when one goes to a tractor show and sees the big central tent, with blue pennants flying in the Nebraska breezes, crowds of men standing about and excitedly discussing the merits of their favorite machines, the moving picture men running here and there with their cameras, and the powerful tractors, each surrounded by an interested crowd of observers, plowing deep furrows in the rich, black soil, one begins to feel that an engine is an attractive thing after all.

The farm tractor was once considered for the amateur farmer, the rich man who, with the money made in other pursuits, bought a wide stretch of

fertile country and tried out on it the "back-to-the-land" theories evolved in his many years of banishment from the soil. The tractor was a first cousin of the railway locomotive—big, black and puffing out clouds of smoke and steam as it crept along.

The tractor business has undergone a change in the last few years. The small farmer, with from 160 to 500 acres, has cast longing eyes on this savior of time and labor, this dumb hired hand that does not eat in the winter. He wants to spend his time doing other things than slowly following a team of horses or mules back and forth over the fields, and carrying feed and water to these horses and mules after the hard day's work is done. He has demanded a tractor fitted to his conditions, and small and compact enough to pay on his small farm.

Has this demand been met? If you will go to Fremont, Neb., during the week from the 17th to the 22d of August, you will be surprised to see how great the response has been to this call of the farmer for freedom from the drudgery of farm work. The inventors of this country and other countries have turned their attention to the farm tractor, and they have evolved many effective machines.

For the small farm it is uneconomical to use a great, heavy tractor. The buying of such a machine means the tying up of more capital than the small farmer feels he is justified in spending on a piece of machinery that is used but a comparatively small part of the time. The cost of the fuel used in propelling such a heavy engine mounts up too fast. Of course, the big machine will get over more ground in a day, but for the man who does not own a ranch or plantation of many thousand acres, this is not important. What he wants is a happy medium between the slow horse and the big tractor that will pull an almost unlimited number of plow bottoms.

This need is met by the cheap tractor of small proportions, but, compared with the horse, of

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