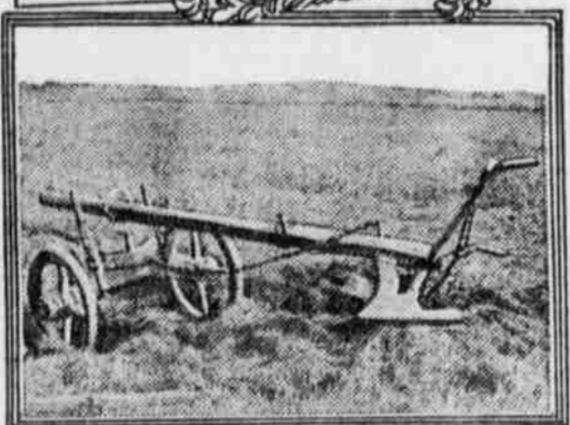
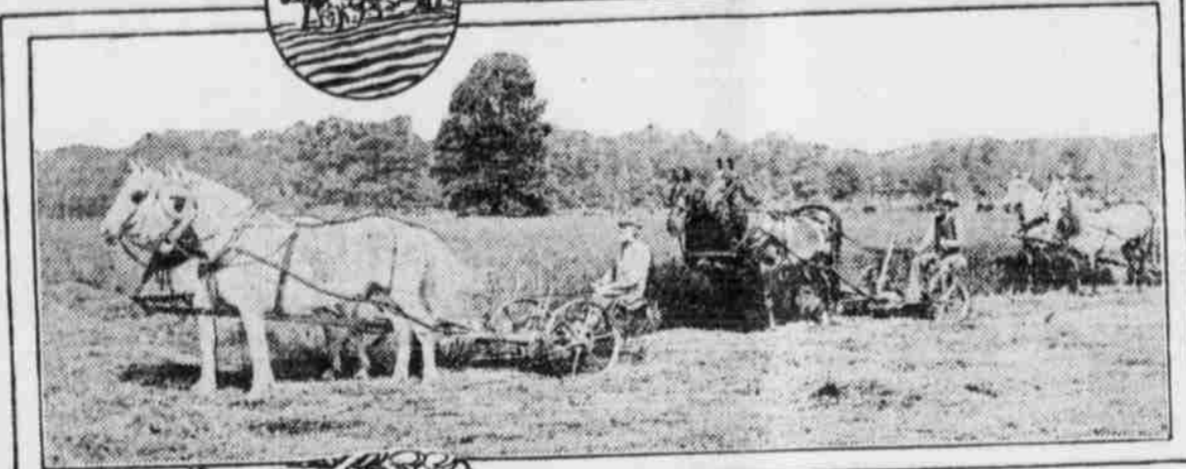


TOOLS, THE TEAM, AND THE MAN DETERMINE GOOD OR BAD PLOWING

By S. M. CLINTON



and the patience of the plowman. The more abrupt the curvature of the mold board the more pulverizing the action upon the furrow slice. The use of a colter reduces the draft materially, particularly on tough soils, clover sod and the like.

Some farmers claim that the only first-class plowing that can be done is with the walking plow, but I have seen some of the best plowing done with a sulky plow. There is not much difference in the draft. A sulky plow carrying a man will be about as easy on a team as walking, because the friction of the mold board of the walking plow is eliminated to some extent.

The draft of the walking plow depends largely upon the way in which it is set. If properly adjusted with a steady pull so that the heel or wing does not press too heavily against the soil, the plow will run easily, smoothly, and with very little attention from the plowman. I have seen the men follow the plow round after round without even touching the handle, except at the turning point.

Another important thing in plowing is to have the width of the furrow just right. If the plow is set to take a larger land than it can turn over properly, it will leave much vegetation uncovered, and the field will be ridgy. The plow should be set to exactly cut and cover all that it enters, and no more. When a plow runs properly it should set exactly level.

No man is a good farmer unless he is first of all a good plowman. Upon the skill with which he plows his fields depends to a considerable extent the facility with which he can cultivate his crop, and, in fact, his yield.

The question of deep or shallow plowing is one which must be studied by every man, and adapted to the needs of his soil and his crop.

Deeply plowed soil contains moisture longer, affords better home for fertilizer and all kinds of plant food, is more easily cultivated, and is all ways to be desired.

ALTHOUGH the plow is the first implement used by man in field farming, real progress in its development has come only within the last fifty years. First mention of the plow in the Old Testament is by Job where he says: "The oxen plowing and the asses feeding beside them." In Job's time the plow was probably a crooked stick drawn by oxen, with a straight stick bound to their horns to which a grass rope was attached.

This kind of implement was in use for thousands of years afterward, and even now in Old Mexico, within a hundred miles of the borderland of America, the crooked stick is still used.

About a hundred and fifty years ago a plow with a wooden mold board was devised, and this held sway for fifty years, when some genius of a blacksmith put an iron edge on it, and it was then thought that the perfection of plow making had been reached. Then came the plow with the iron mold board and wooden frame. This was followed by the all-steel plow, which now reigns supreme.

The aristocratic offspring of the all-steel plow is the disk, and this implement, in connection with the plow itself, is doing such good work that it does not seem possible that we shall see any decided improvement in this instrument for some time.

Good plowing depends as much upon the kind of plow used as upon the man who directs it. A great many farmers have yet to learn that one plow will not do satisfactory work in all kinds of soil and under all conditions.

Perhaps the best plow to use is the one with the chilled share and point. I think it is a mistake to use a plow point that has to be constantly renewed; for every time a blacksmith tinkers with it he turns out a different kind of plow, and this is one reason why there is so much poor plowing done in this country. When a man gets a plow which does the work to his entire satisfaction he should stick to it, and never permit its shape to be changed, if possible. With a soft point that has to be constantly renewed this is not possible, and that is why I prefer the chilled point.

Daniel Webster once essayed to be a plow-maker. After years of deep thinking and experimenting, he turned out a most wonderful implement. It was over twelve feet long, built of wood, with an iron point, and required four yokes of oxen to pull it. It turned a furrow eighteen inches wide, twelve inches deep, which resembled the irrigation ditches of today. This did not last long, however, and was never used outside of Massachusetts.

To do good work the plow must scour well;

that is, the soil must slip from the mold board evenly, leaving the surface bright and clean. Poor scouring is due to many causes. The mold board may be too soft to take a good polish, or it may be imperfectly ground, or slight imperfections may have been left in the surface.

To test a good mold board is an easy matter. By running the fingers over the surface from the bottom to the top one can easily tell whether the plow has the right shape, and whether its surface is perfect. A plow should have a hardened edge and point—the harder the better—because upon the wearing qualities of the plow depend success or failure to a very large degree.

For breaking new sod, a plow with a long, sloping share and mold board should be used, but for stubble or well-tilled ground the plow with short, steep mold board is better. The breaking plow turns the sod over evenly, and covers all growth so that it rots and forms humus in the soil.

Upon the shape of the plow also depends the draft. A plow unsuited to the soil on which it is used will cause a much greater draft than is necessary, wearing out the strength of the team

while to develop her mental faculties or to take advantage of opportunities within reach to fit herself for a superior position. Thousands of girls unexpectedly thrown on their own resources have been held down all their lives because of neglected tasks in youth, which at the time were dismissed with a careless "I don't think it worth while." They did not think it would pay to go to the bottom of any study at school, to learn to keep accounts accurately, or fit themselves to do anything in such a way as to be able to make a living by it. They expected to marry, and never prepared for being dependent on themselves—a contingency against which marriage, in many instances, is no safeguard.

The number of perpetual clerks is constantly being recruited by those who did not think it worth while as boys to learn to write a good hand or to master the fundamental branches of knowledge requisite in a business career. The ignorance common among young men and young women in factories, stores and offices, everywhere, in fact, in this land of opportunity where youth should be

well educated, is a pitiable thing. How often stenographers are mortified by the use of some unfamiliar word or term, or quotation, because of the shallowness of their preparation! It is not enough to be able to take dictation when ordinary letters are given, not enough to do the ordinary routine of office work. The ambitious stenographer must be prepared for the unusual word or expression, must have good reserves of knowledge to draw from in case of emergency. If she is constantly slipping up on her grammar, or is all at sea the moment she steps out of her ordinary routine, her employer knows that her preparation is shallow, that her education is limited, and her prospects will be limited, also.

Everywhere we go we see men and women, especially from twenty-five to forty years of age, who are cramped and seriously handicapped by the lack of early training. I often receive letters from such people, asking if it is possible for them to educate themselves so late in life. Of course it is. There are so many good correspondence schools today, and institutions like Chautauqua, so many evening

schools, lectures, books, libraries and periodicals, that men and women who are determined to improve themselves have abundant opportunities to do so. One trouble with people who are smarting under the consciousness of deficient education is that they do not realize the immense value of utilizing spare minutes. Like many boys who will not save their pennies and small change because they cannot see how a fortune could ever grow by the saving, they cannot see how a little studying here and there each day will ever amount to a good substitute for a college education.

People who feel their lack of education, and who can afford the outlay, can make wonderful strides in a year by putting themselves under good tutors, who will direct their reading and study along different lines.

There is one special advantage in self-education—you can adapt the studies to your own particular needs better than you could in school or college. Everyone who reaches middle life without an education should first read and study along the line of his own vocation, and then broaden himself as much as possible by reading on other lines.

Every well-ordered household ought to protect the time of those who desire to study at home. At a fixed hour every evening during the long winter there should be by common consent a quiet period for mental concentration, for what is worth while in mental discipline, a quiet hour uninterrupted by the thief callers. There is a divine hunger in every normal being for self-expansion, a yearning for growth or enlargement. Beware of selling this craving of nature for self-unfoldment. There is untold wealth locked up in the long winter evenings and odd moments ahead of you. A great opportunity confronts you. What will you do with it? (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

No Longer Room at the Top. Prof. Scott Nearing says the motto, "there is plenty of room at the top" is no longer true in this country on account of the fact that in every great industry only three of every one thousand employees have a chance to rise to the top. The professor's statement is no doubt literally correct, but he will probably not deny that the motto still applies to those spheres of activity which cannot be considered under the head of industry.—Washington Herald.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

MRS. NICOLL A REAL WAR NURSE



Mrs. De Lancey Nicoll, the beautiful darling of New York society and the most famous woman genealogical expert in the United States, was as serious when she took that swift course in hospital nursing last winter as she has been with everything else she has ever undertaken.

She is now in the French war zone, dressed in her blue and white, and seriously giving her services wherever they are needed. She is only one of that bevy of society women who took up rapid-fire courses in nursing when it became the fashion to carry through her announced plans.

She not only knows fundamentals of nursing, but is a fine cook as well. And as convalescent soldiers can thoroughly enjoy appetizing food, she is bound to be popular among the patients in the army hospitals.

Beyond this, she is so exceptionally good looking when in street or evening garb that she must seem like a ministering angel in a nurse's uniform. Mrs. Nicoll was temporarily marooned in Germany during the early part of the war. She was taken for a spy before she got out of that country, and only her ability to speak the German tongue fluently kept her out of prison. In more than one way she is a capable and remarkable woman.

ANSBERRY WAS SILENCED

Representative Timothy Ansberry of Ohio is a talker whose voice penetrates to the deepest recesses of the capitol, and when he speaks the roof reverberates with his booming. A whisper from Ansberry is equivalent to an ordinary man's talking, so the feat of telling a joke in an undertone is one which he will be obliged in future to deny himself.

One day Ansberry was telling a good story to a fellow-member in what he imagined was, like the voice of Annie Laurie, "low and sweet." But it resembled the echoing of distant cannon from the field at Manassas.

The gentleman who was speaking showed his annoyance at the sound, and Speaker Clark thumped his gavel. Clark, who was once a school-teacher in his days of callow youth, knew just what to do, so he called Ansberry up to the desk.

"Tim," he said in a low tone as he rose to reach that gentleman's ear, "Tim, if you don't stop talking when I am having a recitation I will keep you in during recess."

That was an awful threat. Visions of sitting on a hard bench and writing out 300 sentences in parliamentary law while the other fellows were smoking and joking in the cloakroom rose before Ansberry, who for a while kept so quiet that the silence in his vicinity was audible.



MEXICO'S DARK HORSE



Manuel Vasquez Tagle seems to be the "dark horse" in the contest of the presidency of Mexico, and there are many who believe he is one of the few men who can save that distracted country.

The name of Tagle disappeared from publications on current Mexican affairs when Victoriano Huerta leaped over the back of Pedro Lascurain into the presidency or the dictatorship. Tagle had been minister of justice under Francisco Madero and he not only refused to accept office under Huerta, but he declined to take the man by the hand. Yet the man lived thereafter in Mexico City, walked the streets, went to the theater, entertained his friends at his home and was not harmed.

He has lived in Mexico City ever since and no one else has harmed him or tried to harm him, whether he be Zapata, Villa, Carranza or what not. The mobs have never looted his home,

never stopped his automobile in the street and, indeed, it is said, Tagle has gone on attending to his business affairs throughout calmly and without compromise. That argues him a unique individual in the blood-drenched republic—decidedly a man out of the ordinary.

Tagle was born in Mexico City in 1854 and educated in preparatory and law schools of the capital. He had no sooner been admitted to the bar than Diaz made him official defender, but his zeal in defending the young newspaper men who had dared to suggest another candidate for the presidency soon led to his resignation. He at once went into private law practice and did not again accept public office until Madero became president.

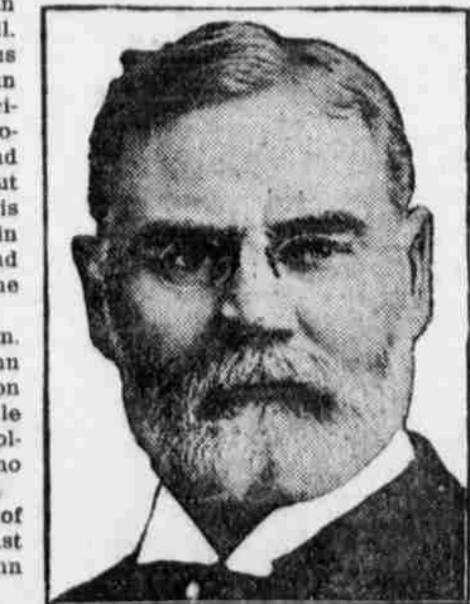
JIM MANN, KING OF DETAIL

James R. Mann, the Republican floor leader, is the King of Detail. Nothing is too small or too numerous for him to know all about. Ask Mann what were the amounts of the principal items in the agricultural appropriation bill seventeen years ago and no doubt he could tell you without pausing to move an eye-winker. It is almost safe to say that he can skin a gnat and that he can tell offhand the day of the week when each of the house page boys was born.

No minute detail escapes him. He knows everything. Also Mann never lacks for a word. The person who willfully engages Mann in a battle of repartee has much the same foolhardy point of view as the lad who monkeys with a buzz saw.

Representative Johnny Garner of Texas was the only person at the last session of congress who asked Mann anything that he didn't answer.

Mann got up one day to criticize the Mexican policy of the present administration. Then Garner asked Mann: "Just without going into details, how would you dispose of the Mexican situation?"



CHATS WITH THE AMBITIOUS FOLK

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

NEVER TOO LATE FOR SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

A New York millionaire—a prince among merchants—took me over his palatial residence on Fifth avenue, every room of which was a triumph of the architect's, of the decorator's, and of the upholsterer's art. I was told that the decorations of a single sleeping room had cost \$10,000. On the walls were paintings which cost fabulous prices, and about the rooms were pieces of massive and costly furniture and draperies representing a small fortune, and covering the floors were carpets on which it seemed almost sacrilege to tread. He had expended a fortune for physical pleasure, comfort, luxury and display, but there was scarcely a book in the house.

It was pitiful to think of the physical surfeit and mental starvation of the children of such a home as that. He told me that he came to the city a poor boy, with all his worldly possessions done up in a little red bandana. "I am a millionaire," he said, "but I want to tell you that I would give half I have today for a decent education."

One of the sad things about the neglected opportunities for self-improvement is that they put people of great natural ability at a disadvantage among those who are their mental inferiors.

I know a pitiable case of a born naturalist whose education was so neglected in youth that later, when he came to know more about natural history than almost any man of his day, he could not write a grammatical sentence, and could never make his ideas live in words, perpetuate them in books, because of his ignorance of even the rudiments of an education.

Think of the suffering of this splendid man, who was conscious of possessing colossal scientific knowledge, and yet was absolutely unable to express himself grammatically! It is difficult to conceive of a greater misfortune than always to be embarrassed and handicapped just because of the neglect of early years.

Many a girl of good natural ability spends her most productive years as a cheap clerk or in a mediocre position because she never thought it worth

U. S. BATTLESHIP READY FOR SEA

