

### Craven, The Mule Breeder

#### Missouri Man Transplants an Idea to Pastures of Idaho.

#### ONLY THE BEST GOES FOR HIM

#### Pure Strain and Tested Animals the Only Kind Allowed to Crop the Rich Alfalfa on His Range.

BY LEONARD FOWLER, SPECIAL COMMISSIONER OF THE BEE.

TWIN FALLS, Idaho, APRIL 15.—They know him in Omaha. His name is J. W. Craven, flockmaster, and only a few years ago he was one of those carload shippers into the stock yards. A carload shipper was "some shipper." He says himself that the Idaho climate is high, lacks humidity, and that the sheep raising is dry work; "damned dry work, sun." He says it that way because he is transplanted from Missouri, "a dry part of Missouri, sun."

"Sandy, when he told me that he was with the sheep, I was guilty of a delicious little shiver. He didn't look it, for a fact, but he had to pause to count up the number of his farms, didn't know exactly how many acres there are in them, and thought 'maybe he could score up a quarter million. If it was necessary, sun.' He is a really, really character from the old west. His boots come to his knees, his wide-brimmed hat, in his ears. A cigar in his mouth, Jo-Cannon-wise, and a singular little trick of pointing himself on his toes. Light, gray clothing, a string necktie and a shining affection for 'my wife and children, sun.' Before and place him as an old-fashioned man, one of those we used to like to think we would grow up to be, when we were young.

#### Raises Pure-Bred Jacks.

"I know more about jackasses than anything else, I guess," he said. And, sure enough, I found out that he runs an eighty-acre farm just to raise thoroughbred jackasses.

"I raise nothing but the purest strain of black mammoth jacks. In my experience I think I have discovered that the best is none too good; in the long run they are less trouble, pay a greater profit, are easier to take care of and never fall for a market. I feel that I would like to tell farmers who experiment with low-grade stock that they are dissipating their resources. There is nothing to this second-class proposition any time anywhere. From a second-class man to a sheep, they are all the same—lots of trouble to raise and not worth much when you do get them full grown. I'm from Missouri, and I am used to mules. My idea of going into the jack breeding business is that I could promote the mule industry in these western states. The horse business is being looked after by men just as good as I am. And I find that the class of mules out here in the west is about the equal of those in the central States. There was no one looking after the mules, and I thought of the mule sphere. Besides that, a mule is really more serviceable than a horse. When the joke writers, who ought to be in the same corral with the things they make fun of, get through poking fun at the mule, we will wake up to find that we have been abusing one of the best animals we have in America today. Uncle Sam has found that in the Philippines, Cuba, throughout the south, in the army—in fact, anywhere you put him, the mule gives greater service than a horse, lasts longer and in the end is more economical. A mule, too, is more intelligent than a horse. Out here in the west a mule is used on all the combined harvesters; on the railroad construction work, and wherever there is a great deal of work to be done with less show and more get there to it. A horse prances around, looks pretty, is petted, while a mule gets down to his work and does it. There is no question that a good mule of good strain, is worth any two horses that ever came on a farm.

#### Money in Mules.

"Sometimes I have more than 100 mules. But just as soon as I get accustomed to a bunch of them along comes somebody and wants a half dozen or so. I hate to let 'em go after I get used to them. Most always it's a contractor who wants a real good animal to do some real hard work and hasn't time to fool with horses. Then again it's the government. I sell him a right smart, too, that way. I raise and sell almost every year from seventy-five to 100 mules and it counts up. You see my mules are all first class strain, and for young, unbroken stock I get as high as \$200 a head. This is about the same price as we get in Missouri. But it is pleasant living out here. I've got a prettier home for the same money than I could get in Missouri and the side chances for money making are better here than back east. I like the mountains, the river, the clear, blue sky, and the mild summers and winters. I get along first rate. And I am making some money every day, too.

"My jacks I sell to farmers. A lot of them will go in together and buy a jack for breeding purposes. For those I get as high as \$2,500 a head for the jacks. Some years I sell as many as forty of them to different farmer-companies around the country. That way I am really doing some good, the way I like to do it. You see there is a whole lot in doing what you like to do. I'd rather take less money to do a job I want to do anyway than more to do something I don't want to do. And I do like to raise mules and jacks. I won't let a poor strained animal live on the place, from a sheep to a mule; from a mule to a man, but no use for them. I get along with the thoroughbreds, all right, and they don't sting me.

"This climate out here is fine for mules and stock farms. There's no animal tuberculosis. The animals thrive, do well, and I don't have many losses. It's a nice, clean business and I like it.

"Of course there's a lot of people who make fun of my 'mule love,' as they call it. But anything out of the ordinary will attract attention. And, just the same, it pays different with sheep.

He, and I reckon I can stand it. It's different with the sheep business. Lots of people make money in the sheep business. And I thought I could. But I'm for leaving each man to his own trade now. I never had so much grief in all my life. Why, sun, when I got through with them cursed sheep, I was ten years older, and \$2,500 in the hole. You see, it was like this. I says to myself, 'there's lots of people in Idaho, too.' So I says to myself, 'I can make it, too.' Well, I bought about a thousand head. They stood me three and a half a head, and I pastured them on a eighty-acre alfalfa field. I noticed they didn't eat right good. Come to find out they were old ewes, with old bags, and no teeth. After wintering them I begun to pasture. And just after the lambing season I could go out in the morning and see 'em rear up on their hind legs and drop dead. Every time one dropped I had a heartache. It was worse than going to Omaha with a carload and getting coked up with some friends. Those sheep cost me three and a half a head. I had kept 'em all winter, and every time one of 'em died over it was costing me three and a half real money. Come to find out they were starving to death out there in alfalfa. I see deep. I lost the whole business. I

sure got out of my line when I went into the sheep business. "No sir, I stick to mules. Mules are all right. And for about six months it took all of them to pull me out whole on that sheep business." And he smiled.

#### Busy in Many Lines.

Mr. Craven is a busy man. First of all he has his mules. Then he is a banker, being a stockholder in the Bank of Hollister, Hollister, Idaho. Then he is a big stockholder in the Twin Falls Bank and Trust company, a bank that is erecting a steel frame and granite bank building here in Twin Falls, a town which six years ago was a sagebrush plain without a single stick of wood, without a single brick on

#### TWIN FALLS BANKING & TRUST CO'S BUILDING

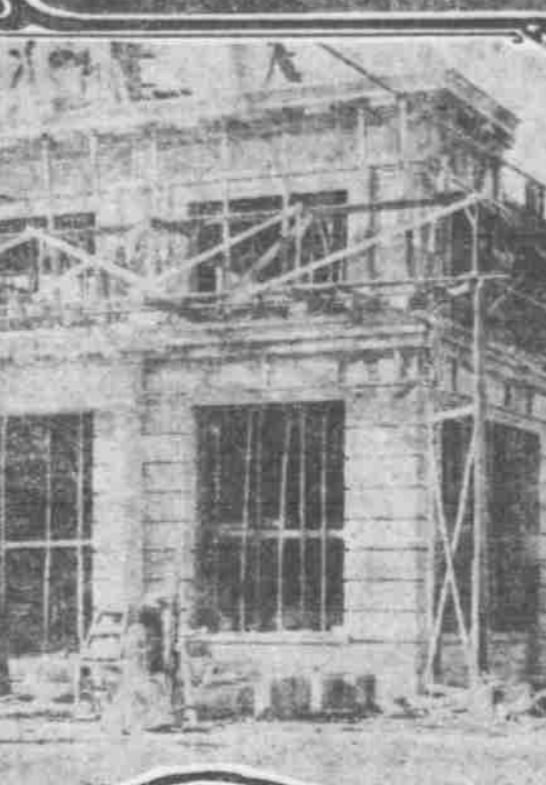
its present site, nor within twenty-five miles of it. Then he is president of the Idaho Department store, one of the richest, most beautiful general merchandise stores in the entire state of Idaho. Then he is vice president of the Twin Falls Land and Orchard company, which is planting hundreds of acres to commercial orchard. To sum it all up he is a director in seven more of the largest corporations in Twin Falls, Idaho, and one of the most substantial citizens of the state. On top of it all, he is a city councilman, and has been ever since the city was incorporated, being regularly returned to his job because he does it well.

"To tell the plain truth, I never saw a man more simply honest than this sturdy modern pioneer, with the air of that other west all about him. He is so old-fashioned that he thinks that a 'public office is a public trust' He believes that a man

ought to keep his word" and that a fellow who don't keep faith with his friends is and the sparkling brooks, with the fervor "Look here. Why don't your Omaha business men send their drummers out any more. Here's Salt Lake City and Ogden and San Francisco, all of them getting



SHEEP RANGE ON ONE OF CRAVEN RANCHES



THE MODERN, SANITARY BARN ON ORCHALARA RANCH J.W. CRAVEN BREEDER



J.W. CRAVEN TWIN FALLS, IDAHO



MR. CRAVEN'S TOWN HOME AT TWIN FALLS, IDAHO



THOROUGH-BRED MULES OF ORCHALARA RANCH — BREED BY J.W. CRAVEN



THE TRADE THAT'S WORTH MILLIONS TODAY AND WILL BE WORTH TWICE AS MUCH MORE PRETTY SOON.

Why, man, when I first came out here it was all Omaha. Everything I wore, or anybody else wore, came from Omaha. Nowadays, we rarely hear of Omaha. What's the matter? Are all your people asleep? Certainly, it looks to me that you are overlooking a great big bet when you don't come after the trade that is plainly in the Omaha territory. Why, over at our bank we send lots of drafts to Kansas City, and I declare that I do believe that there's hundreds of thousands of dollars right here in Idaho that your Omaha business men could get if they'd go after it.

By the way, there is a big question in what he says. He knows. And I, myself, have stopped to think and ask the question: "What's the matter with Omaha?" Since coming out here for The Bee I have met commercial men from all of the cities Mr. Craven mentions, and I have found dozens of men from Chicago. Some day I shall take a day off and discover why Omaha has surrendered all this valuable and profitable trade to competitors who certainly have no natural advantage over the old town. Salt Lake City wasn't born when Omaha was a big town. Think of that for a minute. And you will do as more. Here's Salt Lake City and Ogden I did, re-echo Mr. Craven's question: "What's the matter with Omaha?"

"A manly American's favorite brew"

A manly American—that means you"

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# You Need to Know About Twin Falls

## Get This Handsome Book

This book was printed TO GIVE FREE to any one who asked. WE DID GIVE AWAY MANY THOUSANDS OF THEM. We found that it cost too much money. It is so VERY HANDSOME, 64 pages; 72 pictures; the pictures are so very beautiful, and the reproduction OF THE ART PHOTOGRAPHS are so very well done, that we found many inquirers wanted the book alone. They were not interested in Idaho; but THEY

**YOU** have got to know about Idaho some time or another; WHY NOT NOW? Idaho is the opportunity land. YOU CAN DOUBLE YOUR MONEY AT TWIN TWIN FALLS, in Southern Idaho. This book tells how. You can see some of the most wonderful scenery around Twin Falls; this book shows much of it. The Falls of the Snake river, near the city of Twin Falls, are the second greatest on this continent and the third greatest in the world. They are surpassed only by Niagara and the Victoria Cataract in Africa. There's a picture of them in this book. There are the Thousand Springs and the Blue Lakes. You never saw them. But this book brings them to you. You can travel in your own home with this book of Southern Idaho and the beauties of the wonderful Twin Falls country. There is a picture of the wondrously beautiful Twin Falls in this book. No natural wonder like them on this continent. Then, in this book, there are facts about the grains and grasses of the Twin Falls country, with tables of comparative yields. This is information, which you need every day. There are opportunities for you in the Twin Falls country; business opportunities, which YOU MUST KNOW ABOUT SOME TIME OR ANOTHER. Why Not Now? The cover is printed in sixteen colors; showing the wonderful Twin Falls of the Snake river in all their creamy, purple, red and emerald glory. It's a small picture, but a gem. TEAR IT OFF THE BOOK; PUT A SMALL FRAME AROUND IT AND YOU HAVE A GEM FOR THE PARLOR WALL. Send for this book today. There is a picture of Shoshone Falls on the back page; just as handsome. Here is shown the Snake river pouring EVERY DROP OF ITS VAST FLOOD OVER THIS WALL OF ROCK TWO HUNDRED AND TEN FEET HIGH. You can almost HEAR ITS DULL REVERBERATIONS beating on the walls of the canyon miles away; you can FEEL THE EARTH TREMBLING beneath its tremendous impact. YOU WANT THIS BOOK. Send for it today! The postage, cost of handling, and mailing IS TEN CENTS. Send NOW.

**The Flock** is the title of a picture in many colors; showing a western band of sheep grazing along the banks of the Snake river. Green grass, blue river and purple hills, shown in all the beauty of their natural colors. No art store would sell this picture for less than a half a dollar. Yet you get it, AND MANY OTHERS, for TEN CENTS.

**Harvesting** is the title of another scene, in natural colors, which takes up one half of the inside of the back cover. The white clouds of the Twin Falls country; the blue sky and the golden grain make an exquisite bit of landscape. In the middle distance the four horse reaper cutting and bundling the grain, seems ready to walk out of the picture. Surely for this and many others you will pay the cost of mailing. Ten cents? Send it today.

**The Niagara of the West** is the title of the frontispiece, in sepia tones. The most beautiful of all the cataracts on the continent. A dainty tracery of line engraving sets it off and makes IT READY TO FRAME. The book cost three times its expense of mailing. BUT THAT'S ALL WE ASK YOU TO PAY. 10 cents. SEND.

**Balance Rock** is another of the wonders of this country; of the Twin Falls country. It is A STUDY IN SEPIA and you want it so that you; the children; the whole family and the neighbors may enjoy this TRIP BY PROXY TO THE WONDERS OF THE TWIN FALLS COUNTRY. We send it to you for the cost of mailing. Ten cents. Send NOW.

**The Season's Yield** is another study in sepia. It shows a wheat field yielding SIXTY BUSHELS TO THE ACRE here in the Twin Falls country. The farmer, a contented smile on his face, is half hidden by the upstanding grain. Farmers like this. Send 10 cents.

And we want you to have it. It's too expensive to send FREE, but if you send ten cents and then come to Twin Falls we'll give you your money back. Give it back and be glad to. Come to the Club and get your TEN CENTS.

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