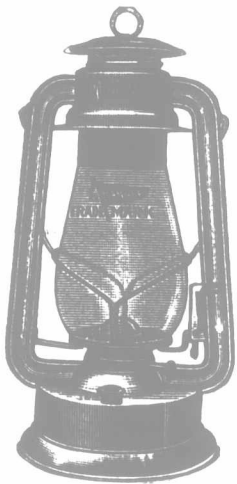


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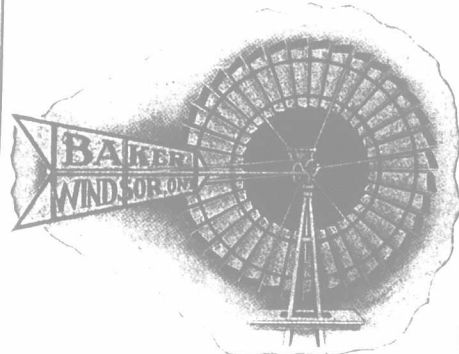


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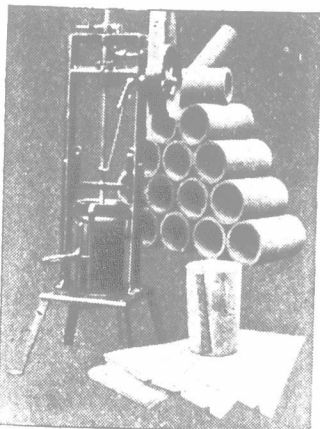
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**TRADE TOPICS.**

**REAPING-HOOK TO BINDER.**  
By Edwin L. Barker, of International Harvester Co. Service Bureau.

A great day was Saturday, July 8th, at De Kalb, Ill., where was held a harvest carnival, by which we of the present are given a bitter-sweet taste of the past and are set to counting our many blessings. It was fitting that such a carnival should have been held at De Kalb, for it was here that C. W. Marsh wrought the Marsh harvester, the link between the self-rake reaper and the modern binder. Mr. Marsh was present, hale and hearty, at the age of seventy-seven. The manufacture of the Marsh harvester caught the interest of William Deering, whose capital and energy later were to assist in the evolution of the Deering machines and a perfect binder twine.

The idea of the carnival belongs to Henry O. Whitmore and T. L. Oakland, two pioneer Illinois farmers who live midway between De Kalb and Sycamore.

The event smacked somewhat of an old settlers' meeting. All visitors under sixty were regarded as children. What does a man of fifty know of the world's progress in the methods of harvesting? Nothing. He is a child—an infant. When one of these youngsters would try his hand at swinging a cradle, the crowd would yell: "Look out! Don't cut your leg off!" And occasionally the warning came just in time.

The oldest, and one of the best cradlers has just slipped over into his ninety-second year. If some of his friends had not stopped him, this cradle expert—"Uncle Billy" Allen, they called him—would have cradled the entire acre of wheat that he might put on record every one of his ninety-odd years as a year of youth, and, also, that though long idle, he had not lost the art of cradling.

Believe me or not, cradling is an art—soon to be numbered among the lost arts. We are not sorry to lose this art, since we have a better way—even "Uncle Billy" said so—but it is good to resurrect it now and then, if for no other reason than to remind us of the words that were truer then than now, "Man shall earn his bread in the sweat of his face."

Many varieties of cradles were brought from their hiding-places to be used at the Whitmore and Oakland farms, and their names came with them—"Morgan," "Grapevine," and "Turkeywing."

First came the reaping hook. After watching it cut a few sheaves of wheat, one ceased to wonder that the cradle was once hailed as a great invention. One of McCormick's first reapers, which required a man to walk alongside of it and rake off the grain, could not be obtained. Had one of these reapers been there, it is doubtful if anyone present would have understood the trick of raking. The next reaper, with a seat for the raker, also was absent.

The first machine to enter the field was an old Champion self-rake reaper. Then followed the Marsh harvester, which carried the grain up to a table, where two men stood and did the binding with wisps of straw caught from the bundles. These men were targets for many comments. Their hands did not work as swiftly as in days ago, and frequently the driver had to pull the horses to a halt to give the binders a chance to catch up.

Finally a modern McCormick binder took up the work. As it quickly cut, bound, and tossed the sheaves to the shockers, a cheer went up from the crowd, and Old Glory, hanging near, caught the spirit and the sudden stiff breeze, and waved in triumph.

The flail was an interesting implement, and what, perhaps, was more interesting, was the different ways different farmers used it. Many who tried and failed, complained that something was wrong with the flail. It was too long, or too short, or this, or that, or the other. There was nothing the matter with the men. Oh, no. The singer is never off key or out of time. No, no—it's always the piano or accompanist. To understand just how far progress has travelled on the farm, see a flail and a threshing machine standing side by side.

Farmers from different parts of the State had sent in a lot of old, odd relics of the agricultural past. The collection included rakes made of wood, a pitchfork so small that it might have been a

giant's table-fork, candle molds, lanterns, a footwarmer such as our forebears carried to church on cold days, and an ancient spinning-wheel, with which an old lady spun wool.

Oh, but wait. I had almost forgotten the old dinner horn. Small as it is, it emphasized the fact that each generation is an adept in the arts and practices peculiar to that generation. No more, no less. Not one of the youngish, husky, big-lunged men could get more than a joke of a sound out of the dinner horn. It was not until an old man raised his head and placed the horn to his lips that a great blast went echoing across the distant fields. And then he laughed: "Why, it's easy. The women blew these horns when I was young." Then, with a note of reminiscence in his voice: "We used to think it was the sweetest music we ever heard."

All the old things we like to remember as belonging to the harvest-time were there—all save the little brown jug, and the "Swizzle." Don't you know what "Swizzle" is? Then you're not as old as I thought you were. Why, man, "Swizzle" was the stuff that was in the jug. Now, if you don't know what "Swizzle" is, go ask your grandfather.

It was suggested—and we pass the suggestion along—that other farmers in other sections pull off similar carnivals. They recall pleasant memories to the older folks, and whet the appreciation of the younger.

An opportunity is offered this month to get Wilson's Scales at wholesale prices. Write for price list to C. Wilson & Son, 79 Esplanade street east, Toronto, Canada.

**GOSSIP.**

Now that pigs are getting their noses up in the world again, it is a good time to read about those fine Chester Whites that are being offered from the Glen Athol Fruit Ranch, St. Catharines, by David Smith.

The enterprise of Percheron breeders in developing the Canadian field is instanced by the action of the Percheron Society of America in granting special prizes for stallions and mares of the breed at no less than thirteen Canadian Exhibitions, of which the majority are in the Western Provinces.

**SELLING RIBBONS.**

A young man who has rented some 20 acres of good land, wrote Wallace's Farmer whether he should stick to it or try a job in town. Mr. Wallace intimates in reply that if the young man has not the taste or ability for farming, "he might get into a department store, sell ribbons and laces to young ladies, and learn to smile and look sweet and dress well; but the chances are that he will only make a living and not much more. Young men have come to town with only their bare hands, and have succeeded beyond their expectations; but the majority of them, like the majority of people reared in the city, live from hand to mouth, and thousands of them regret that they did not stay on the farm."

**HOW TO LOOK TALL.**

Here are hints for the woman who would be a little taller:

Never under any circumstances wear a belt of contrasting color. You may think it gives a smart color note, but you are wrong.

Let all your lines run up and down. Do not wear a yoke of the square variety.

Have your gown all of one material, preferably a light tone.

Wear long gloves and carry a tall umbrella.

Hold your chin up to lengthen your throat line.

Carry your head straight, never tilted to one side. The tilted head is for the tall woman who wants to look short.

"Last night my wife and myself had the most foolish squabble of our married life."

"What was the subject of your dispute?"

"How we would invest our money if we had any."



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