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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

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HERBERT D. PARK, Agricultural Editor Oxford
Democrat, South Paris, Me.

Ideals in Life.
(Paper read by Gertrude L. Burrows, written
for Pomona Grange at East Hallowell.)

We are always discussing in Grange
meeting our work; the different methods
in farming or the utility of certain prod-
ucts and inventions.

"Work for the light is coming!" seems
to be the keynote of all our talk, and I
have wondered why we did not some-
times change the tune to "Play for the
light is coming!"

When our recreations, our so-called idle
moments—our ideals in life—for we all
have in our dim way, ideas other than
earning our daily bread, or covering our
backs with clothes.

We have all been in the habit of think-
ing such topics as milk cows, sweet
corn, sitting hens, and much besides of so
superficial a nature that one can see on
what very delicate ground he treads,
and as much as hints that these are not
after all the chief things in life.

But these occupy all of our time, you
may say, and why are they not the prin-
ciple things of life? Because we are
selves are of more importance than the
best timber farms, the handiwork of the
loft, or the sunniest investment.

You do not believe this perhaps; if
you never have believed it, I tried, you
probably are not.

It is important that farmers should
meet together and discuss matters and
improvements in agriculture or that
merchants and brokers should discuss
methods of business and outlooks of the
market, but after all these things which
they seek to learn or teach are only
secondary value. They are but means to
an end.

Oh, too many of us do not find the
true value of living. We think it is
something to be gained for, to be pur-
sued, and then, when we have it, we can
save enough ahead.

Work and save make a splendid plan
to drive but when they take the time
of their teeth and run with a man through
life he will reach old age and still never
arrive at the desired happiness.

We should work and save for a pur-
pose, not for a passion and should use
our chosen work. If our work is of
great importance then our recreation
should be equally as important and
needed. If we hope to accomplish any-
thing we must be systematic, we should
also be systematic in our recreations.

How mistaken is the person whose
idea of life is to work and then to rest
think he or she must all of the time be
what they call busy at something like
the old man who sat and twirled his
fingers all day, first one way, then an-
other.

I still remember of being told my
duty by a frank relation of this belief.
But I can see how thousands, how
hundreds of thousands are the lives of
some of these so-called busy ones, and
how little sunshine they have ever let
into their lives or hearts, how little they
have known of rest, and how little they
for the great mother nature so bountiful
of her restfulness, her strength, her
soft lifting power.

A sunny day of the ago I remember
of taking some women, who were past the
prime of life, into the shady woods
where the brook ran among green mossy
stones, and here we ate our lunch and
listened to the soft babble of the little
stream and to the voices of unseen song-
sters or watched the dragon-fly flit here
and there above the water.

These women said: "This brings
me back to when I was a child and used
to play in just such a brook as this."
Why not be brought back here often
to our childhood days, when living was
play, when worries were unknown and
life was always fresh?

Why not make life larger, sweeter and
more elastic and seek other knowledge
than the knowledge of gain?

Perhaps we are dreaming and waiting
for some distant day when we will be
wealthy and then we will be able to
enjoy the things that we have longed
for. I can truly predict that we will never
be younger than now and probably not
more at leisure or richer.

We will never have leisure unless we
make leisure, and we will never go any-
where unless we have it.

Shall we have to have some one from
a distant city come and tell us of the
beauty and rest that can be found on our
hills, by our streams and lakes? Will we
wait for the stranger to come and show
us with his summer cottages? The popular
definition of success in life shifts with
succeeding generations, but never have
the requisites of good health and hap-
piness and the healthy mindlessness enter-
ed into such an extent as today.

Health and happiness are fast becoming
necessary and are no longer considered
merely accidents of life.

Do you want more strength? Then use
the strength you already possess and it
will increase. Do you wish to be talent-
ed? Then use the talent you have and it
will increase. Do you desire riches? Have
contentment and you are richer than
Rockefeller. If you want friends, be
friendly.

The dream of heaven in some remote
day is being abandoned to make a
heaven now. "As thou intendest to
go out, so it is thy power to live now,"
said the Roman Emperor, Antoninus.

Has our dream of heaven been a place
hazy and unattainable? Let us make it
real. Let us plan to be very, very good
and happy when we go to heaven.

How dreadfully green at the business
we shall be when we get to heaven! As
thou intendest to live when thou
are gone out, so it is thy power to live
here!

The greatest wealth is within our very
reach. Our success is already in our
hands. There will never be a better time
to be happy than in this world, nor
greater things for our hands to do
than in this world. Let us make the best
time to be to those around us.

Matching Farm Horses.

Horses on farms are so frequently
mated in pairs that it is very necessary
that they should be well matched. By
this it is not meant that the team should
be closely alike in color, size and general
appearance. It is desirable that they
should be so, but that is only one of
by no means the most important part of
the matching. It requires a good deal
of skill in judgment to bring together
a pair of horses that resemble each other
in all characteristics sufficiently to work
in harmony, and action comes first in
this connection. Style is required in the
action of any class of horse, and a team,
each of which stands up to the bit in
about the same way, is attractive to buy-
ers, and pleasing to the man who drives it.

A team ill-matched in regard to action,
strength and staying powers is a liberal
source of irritation, no matter how
nearly alike in color the horses may be.
Proper action—that is, strong, clean,
vigorous movement of feet and legs—is
highly desirable, and if it can be com-
bined with general conformation and
color, so much the better. Size, to a
certain extent, may be sacrificed for
strength and conformation, but only
within certain limits.—Ex.

FRUIT GROWING IN THE EAST.

At a Boston Chamber of Commerce
banquet, held a few weeks ago, Professor
John Craig of Orono delivered the point
on the subject of the superior advan-
tages New England enjoys in the matter
of soil, climate, weather conditions and
location for the growing of fruit. He
spoke substantially as follows:

Let us look at the conditions which
prevail in the Pacific States and com-
pare them with those prevailing here.
In the Pacific States, the prevailing
climate is not very different from that
of the soil and weather conditions and
location for the growing of fruit. He
spoke substantially as follows:

A friend of mine in the middle west
was once corresponding with me, and
one of the questions which came up be-
ween us related to the fact that they
have had such constant fruit failures in
the west. He admits that the occasional
variations of weather cause these fail-
ures, but he is sure that the prevailing
climate is the cause of the trouble.

The western grower has more sunshine
which gives his fruit a finer finish, but
his methods add much to the natural
conditions. That is exactly where we
fail. We do not put so good finish on
the fruit as is possible by applying
methods which the experiment stations
have shown to be desirable.

Now what are the real possibilities of
fruit growing? We have studied the sci-
entific question in New York and we
find that taking some of the failures and
working from zero there is a graduation
upward to a gross return of five hundred
dollars per acre, with occasional isolated
instances of a much greater profit, the
larger measure coming somewhere mid-
way between these points. This profit
comes from following known methods
of cultivation. The man who has such
a profit has followed the teachings of
experience and adapted them to his own
conditions.

Several important changes in the
premium list for dairy products have
been made this year by the Maine State
Dairy Association and the Central Maine
Association. The important position
Maine holds among other New England
States as a producer of sweet cream is
recognized by the offering of generous
premiums for market milk and sweet
cream. All premiums are to be divided
pro rata among exhibitors scoring 50
points and over. Arrangements have
been made to have a suitable room set
apart for dairy exhibits.

These premiums were secured as a re-
sult of action taken by the Maine Dairy
Association and the Central Maine Dairy
Association. The executive committee
was directed to take up with the several
state fairs the premiums offered for
dairy products and the methods adopted
in handling the exhibits. Some adopted
a year ago a conference was held with the
trustees of these two fairs by the ex-
ecutive committee of the Maine Dairy
Association. This representative will be
present during the entire fair for the
purpose of carrying on demonstrations
and answering questions concerning the
exhibits. Every effort will be made to
make the work educational in all its
features.

It is the interest of the dairymen
of the state that the plan adopted by
these two fairs shall be made successful.
The distribution of the premiums is
made on a pro rata basis so that
every person who exhibits milk of fair
market quality will receive some recom-
pense sufficient in all probability to pay
the transportation and any other charge
due necessary.

The scoring of all dairy products will
be done by competent judges and the
score card will be used as an instance
to record their opinion. It is planned to
have exhibits of such dairy apparatus as
milk bottles, milk cans, sanitary milk
cans, etc. The premiums listed are now
ready for distribution. A letter ad-
dressed to the secretary of either of the
above named fairs, or to Leon S. Mer-
cille, State Dairy Inspector, will bring
exhibitor blanks. All inquiries will
be cheerfully and promptly answered.

LEON S. MERCILLE,
State Dairy Inspector.

Not a Handsome Sheep.

"Spring lamb" at Christmas is one of
the goals toward which the Department
of Agriculture is working. Of course,
if it succeeds measurable well, it will
be a good thing for sheep-raising
farmers and a triumph for the depart-
ment. The sheep are being raised by the
department officials as an epoch-making
experiment. The curious thing about
the work is the material with which it
is carried out. It is a new breed of
sheep at the experiment station at
Bethesda, and they look less like
sheep than like a goat. They came
originally from a goat in Africa.

But this particular flock came from Bar-
badoes, and they are generally referred
to around the station as the Barbadoes
sheep. They are as red as a bright bay
horse, and they have black legs and
feet. They are shaped distinctly
like a goat, and they have no fleece,
being provided with short, red hair.
They are a goat in spite of coming
from such a hot place as Africa, they
stand the winter here very well without
a fleece blanket. Like a goat, they will
eat anything. They are very tame
and they will clear out an underbrush
better than a man with a grubbing hoe,
but they have the disadvantage that
when the underbrush is gone, they will
graze the big trees.

The virtue of the strange sheep is
that they are extremely prolific. They
have three young at a birth, and they
are very easy to breed. The great
trouble is that many of the young die
because it is thought that the mother
does not have milk enough to go around.
Of course a thin-fleeced animal does not
raise satisfactory flocks of mutton, but it
is thought that this can be corrected.

The sheep mature very early, and some
of them are being crossed with a merino
and the result is that it looks like a
fleece-covered sheep. About half the
coat is wool and half is hair.—Washing-
ton letter in Country Gentleman.

A coat that is weaned without a set-
back and is carried through its first
winter with a liberal ration of oats and
bran, is half made.

Among the Apple Trees

By Clifford V. Gregory
A Story of Farm Life
Copyright, 1910, by American
Press Association

CHAPTER X.
MABEL turned and slowly climb-
ed the stairs. The girls were
still sitting up waiting for
her.

Sitting down on the sofa and hold-
ing her hands tightly in hers, she
thought of the story, passing briefly over
the latter parts and dwelling longer upon
Harold's manly resolve to make full
reparation for his sin.

"Different people need to have dif-
ferent things happen to them to bring
out the best there is in them," said
Glady's when the story was finished.
"Maybe this will be the best thing for
Harold. I can't help believe it will all
come out right in the end."

There was a strange hush about the
campus the next day. Students gath-
ered in little groups here and there,
talking in subdued tones. It seemed
as if some one were dead, so strange
was the unnatural quiet. The story of
Harold's disgrace was generally known
now, and boys and girls looked at
each other with a certain uneasiness.

Mabel saw and understood and real-
ized, with a pang, that the mere pay-
ment of the gambling money could
never wipe out Harold's shame. It
wasn't the money that these students
were thinking of—they had seen bet-
ters and lost before—but it was the
disgrace of attempting to win the
game unfairly.

The University of Iowa prided itself on the cleanliness
of its athletics, and Harold's act had
been the unnatural quiet. The story of
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each other with a certain uneasiness.

your fraternity, on the football team
and on the reputation of the school
for being fair in athletics?"

"He winned. 'That's all past now,'
he said lamely. 'Money can't pay
that.'"

"No, that's true," she replied. "And
so you are going to let it go and say
everything is square?"

"What else do you want me to do?"
he said helplessly. "I can't undo the
past. I only wish I could."

"I want you to go back to college,"
said Mabel earnestly. "Clean up the
fraternities and clean up athletics,
especially the gambling part of it. I
know you can do it, and it's the only
way to make things square."

"You don't realize what you're ask-
ing!" he cried. "Go back there after
what I've done? I can't, Mabel."

"It's the only way," she said.
Harold turned his face in his hands.
After a long time he straightened up
and said:

"I used to think all life was for was
to have fun," he said. "And I guess
I had my share. But it seems that
one has to have his share of hard
knocks, too, and it seems to be my
turn now."

He hesitated a moment longer and
then said to the ground. "Goodbye,"
he said. "I'm going back to school."

Almost another year had passed,
and all nature was bursting into bloom
at the magic touch of spring. Gladys
was sitting at the study table in their
little room on the top floor of the girls'
dormitory trying hard not to get the
notes of the robin outside her window
mixed up with her troublesome French
verbs when Mabel brought her a let-
ter.

She gave a little cry of dismay as
she read it. It was from her father.
Her mother was sick, he said. He
disliked to ask them to break in on their
school work, but could one of them
come home for a few days? It
wouldn't be at all necessary for them
both to come.

Gladys threw down the letter and
fished her suit case out of the closet.
"Where are you going?" asked Mabel
in surprise.

"Home," replied Gladys, looking
pointing toward the letter.

"I'm going, too," announced Mabel
after she had read it.

It was only half of much argu-
ment Gladys finally persuaded her to
write to telegraph at once if there was
any danger.

It seemed to Gladys that it was
weeks before the train reached the
little town that she called home. Her
father and mother were waiting for her
on the platform.

"Hush," he said. "She's asleep."

CHAPTER XII.
THE first glance told Gladys of
the suffering that her father
had been through. His face
showed signs of age and wear, and
his shoulders were stooped wearily.

"I didn't want to take you out of
school," he said, "but mother's been
suffering for you and calling for you
until I just had to send."

Gladys tiptoed to the room where
her mother lay sleeping. She was toss-
ing uneasily and muttering incoherently.

"Do you want to ship with us?" he
asked.

Harold looked at his rough ques-
tioner to the dirty little ship and shud-
dered. A winter in the arctic circle
with a crew of quarrelling sailors for
companions was not exactly what he
had had in mind when he started west
to earn \$1000. Then he remembered
that he had no money and that he
couldn't do it. Harold, and the disappointed
look in Gladys's eyes the time she said,
"The kind of boys I like are those who
can do things." He turned and looked
at the shipmaster standing in the eyes.

"I'll go," he said. "How much do
you want?"

"The history of that sailing trip
would make a story in itself. There
were times when Harold almost wish-
ed that he could lose his hold of the
greasy rail and drop into the water,
where he could drown."

Harold had been in the arctic circle
with a crew of quarrelling sailors for
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THE PRINCE AND THE BIG GENIE.

Prince Mohamid was sad. And well
he might be, for the beautiful Princess
Corisande had refused for the eighth
time to marry him.

All at once he heard a rushing of
wind behind him. Turning, he saw a
horrible giant of immense size brand-
ishing a great club.

"Well, who are you?" demanded the
prince when he had recovered some-
what from his astonishment.

"I am a genie

