



# CYRUS H. McCORMICK PROPHET OF THE PRAIRIES

C. H. McCormick

**C**YRUS HALL McCORMICK, son of Robert McCormick and Mary Anna Hall, was born at Walnut Grove, Rock Ridge County, Va., one hundred years ago. His father, farmer and inventor, was of revolutionary stock. His great-grandfather was an Indian fighter in Pennsylvania. On his father's farm of 1,800 acres young McCormick was equipped for the struggle which was finally to make him the foremost manufacturer of the world. He learned the rudiments in a little field schoolhouse. With his father and brother he worked with his hands in the farm carpenter shop and smithy. He hammered iron and shaped wood. He held the plow in the furrow. He cared for horses and cattle.

Robert McCormick, the father, had fashioned a hemp brake, a clover huller, a belows, a threshing machine and had essayed a reaping machine, which, however, proved impracticable. His ambition to perfect a reaper and his disappointment in not achieving was an incentive to the boy who early displayed an inventive ability which, in his case, may be attributed to both heredity and environment. At the age of 15 young McCormick invented a grain cradle. At 21 he patented a hillside plow. Two years later he built a self-sharpening plow and during the same twelvemonth was working on the details of his masterpiece.

The need of a machine to replace the sickle and the scythe had been recognized by other than the McCormicks. The Royal Agricultural Society of Great Britain had offered a prize for the invention of such a device. In this country Obed Hussey, a seaman of Nantucket, was in 1833 granted the first patent for a practical reaper. Two years before, in 1831, Cyrus Hall McCormick had with his own hands fashioned every part of a reaping machine, which he exhibited to neighbors in Virginia. His patent was not taken out until 1834.

At the age of 36 McCormick started on horseback for the West, in whose development he was to play so great a part. From the hills of Virginia he rode to the prairies of Illinois. His prophetic vision saw the sun-burned grass blossom into fields of golden grain. His imagination was fired by the thought of the time to come when the trails would be main traveled roads, when the isolated clearings of the pioneers would become great cities, when the hum of water wheels would be heard along the banks of the streams. He anticipated the time when the wheat fields of the State of his choice should be known throughout the world. He forecast the day when the pitiful cry for bread by the starving hordes of the Old World would be heard in the land of plenty and the answer returned in ship loads of wheat and flour. He had faith to believe that great industrial communities would be born and men and women and children come to people the wonderful land. In all this was the bright particular star of his hope and faith and being—the reaper he had invented, in which he believed and which he determined to force into universal use. And his dream came true.

Mr. McCormick located in Chicago a full-grown man, says the Record-Herald, and within ten years the McCormick reaper was known in every part of the country. At the world's fair in London in 1851 the "Grand Council Medal" was awarded to McCormick, and, although the London Times had at first ridiculed his invention as a "cross between an Astley chariot, a wheelbarrow and a flying machine," it later conceded that "the McCormick reaper is worth the whole cost of the exposition."

Ten years that brought prosperity and fame were not without strife. A consistent individualist, Mr. McCormick would never brook competition. As other men came forward with similar inventions, the agricultural machinery world became a scene of battle. For years scores of lawyers were engaged in court by the warring harvester kings. Bitter rivalry developed. The economic advantages of combination, the wastefulness of competition, however, brought together warring interests of the past and welded them into a great harvester company, with an output of 700,000 harvesting machines a year, a revenue of \$73,000,000, a capital of \$120,000,000, an army of 70,000 employes, a square mile of factories, trackage of 12,000 cars at its 100 warehouses and six busy railroads of its own.

## BEAUTY OF NEW SOCIAL CABINET



MRS. ALBERT AKIN

The beauty of the Mrs. Taft's social cabinet will be Mrs. Albert Akin, daughter of Attorney General Wickersham. Mrs. Akin, whose home is in New York City, is noted as one of the most beautiful women of the younger set. Her mother, the wife of the new Attorney General, is expected to be one of the new social leaders of the capital and Mrs. Akin will assist the Wickersham household in the receptions and entertainments. Mrs. Taft, it is said, also will enlist the services of Mrs. Akin in social activities.

We often hear this statement made: "There ought to be something done!" Well, we should say so!

Don't stay up all night because you can't learn it all in one day.

## PLANT GUARDIANS.

### Ants Which Savagely Defend a Tree in South America.

Ant defenders of plants and trees are some of nature's pretty marvels. The cecropia adenopus is a remarkable tree of south Brazil widely distributed through the tropics. Its slender trunk is crowned with long leaves at the ends of the branches.

A few active ants run continually along the branches and the leaves, but if the tree is shaken slightly an army of ants rush out by small apertures ready for a savage assault on the intruder. The ant is the terrible guardian that the tree has retained to protect it from its most formidable enemy, the leaf cutter ant.

The defenders rarely leave their retreat, where they live on small whitish egg shaped bodies about one-twelfth of an inch long, known as Mueller's corpuscles. These are formed of delicate tissue, rich in protoids and oil, as rations for the garrison of defender ants to feed upon. The curious arrangement by which entrance is made to the hollow stem has been studied by W. Schimper.

Just above the point of insertion of each leaf extends nearly to the superior node a superficial groove, at whose end is a rounded depression. There the tissue is thin, like a diaphragm in a tube, and it also is soft. The hole by which the ant enters is always pierced at this spot. The ants seem to have made their entrance through the groove originally because it was at the top. In the course of this plant's further development natural selection augmented these natural advantages so that finally the thin, frail diaphragm as it exists to-day was developed.

### What She Wanted to See.

English Clergyman—And when you arrive in London, my dear lady, don't fail to see St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

Fair American—You bet, I'll rattle those off sure; but what I've been hankering to see, ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, is the Church of England.

## DON'TS BY THE BABY.

### These Rules Should Be Strictly Followed by All Concerned.

All newly born babies who desire to have a copy of the following on a card to hang around their necks can obtain one free by applying to this office:

Don't handle me more than is necessary.

Don't put into my mouth, to stop me from crying, an old piece of rubber to suck. It is about the worst habit I can get into.

Don't let any relatives see me.

Don't take me up, strain me to your breast, walk the floor with me, dance before me like a wild Indian shaking a horrible rattle, or talk glibberish to me when I have a crying spell. There may be something serious the matter with me, but this isn't going to help.

When I push away my bottle, don't force me to feed. I know when it is necessary for me to eat anything.

Don't take me to the circus, prayer meeting, or to spend the day at the seashore. I'm not so old or so fool-proof as you are.

Don't kiss me. Take some one of your own size.

Don't show your anxiety about me when in my presence. I haven't any too much confidence in myself.

Don't be too proud of my unnatural brightness. It may be a form of degeneracy.

Don't tell anybody that I am only a little animal. Let them guess it for themselves.

Don't take my temperature or send for the doctor on the slightest provocation.

Don't let the light strike into my eyes.

Don't rock me to sleep. Remember that the hand that rocks the cradle is ruled by the baby.—Lippincott's Magazine.



"Is she making him a good wife?"  
"Well, not exactly; but she's making him a good husband."

Johnny—The camel can go eight days without water—Freddy—So could I, if ma would let me.

Dyer—Did his widow succeed in breaking his will? Duell—Yes; long before he died.—Pick-Me-Up.

"She said she'd marry me if I felt the same way a year from then." "Did you?" "Yes; but toward another girl."

Belle—I wish the Lord had made me a man. Nellie—Perhaps he has, only you haven't found him yet.—Cleveland Leader.

Hotel Clerk—Do you want a room with a bath? Uncle Hiram—Wa-al no; I don't calculate I'll be here Saturday night.—Princeton Tiger.

"Did the wedding go off smoothly?" "About as smoothly as such affairs always go off. The only hitch that occurred was when the pair stood up to be united."

"How do you ever get on so well with your wife? Don't you ever have any differences of opinion?" "Of course we do. But I don't let her know it."—Cleveland Leader.

Captain—Do you see that captain on the bridge five miles away? Tar—Ay, ay, sir. Captain—Let him have one of those 12 inch shells in the eye. Tar—Which eye, sir?—Ally Sloper.

Little Mary sat seriously thinking out some hard problem, when she remarked, "Grandma, I don't know yet which I'll be, a nurse, or a storekeeper, or get married, and be nothing."

Johnny—They're makin' shingles out o' cement now'days. Dickey—I don't mind that so much, but if maw ever gets a pair o' cement slippers I'm going to run away!—Chicago Tribune.

"I'm getting out a line of common-sense footwear for women." "Do women want common-sense footwear?" "They'll want mine. I've added an extra inch to the heels."—Washington Herald.

"I see the wireless 'phone is a failure," he said. "I'm glad of it," replied his wife. "Just think of the remarks you make when Central irritates you, and those floating around in space for any amateur to pick up."

Mr. Simple—I see that this here piano-playin' Paderewski has got the rheumatism in his hand so he can't play. Mrs. Simple—Then why don't he use one of these mechanical pianos?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Is June the favorite month for marriages out here, too," asked the New York lady. "I don't think so," replied the Chicago woman; "I've been married six times in other months, and only twice in June."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Now," said the magistrate, "you must testify only to what you know, no hearsay evidence. Understand?" "Yes, sir," replied the female witness. "Your name is Mary Bright, I believe. Now, what's your age?" "I won't tell you. I have only hearsay evidence on that point."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## Marvelous, Quaint and Curious.

### Matthew Buckinger.

Of all the imperfect beings brought into the world, few can challenge, for mental and acquired endowments, anything like a comparison to vie with this truly extraordinary little man. Matthew Buckinger was a native of Nuremberg, in Germany, where he was born June 2, 1874, without hands, feet, legs or thighs; in short, he was little more than the trunk of a man, saving two excrescences growing from the shoulder blades, more resembling fins of a fish than arms of a man. He was the last of nine children, by one father and mother, viz., eight sons and one daughter; after arriving at the age of maturity, from the singularity of his case and the extraordinary abilities he possessed, he attracted the notice and attention of all persons, of whatever rank in life, to whom he was occasionally introduced.

It does not appear, by any account extant, that his parents exhibited him at any time for purposes of emolument, but that the whole of his time must have been employed in study and practice, to attain the wonderful perfection he arrived at in drawing, and his performance on various musical instruments; he played the flute, bag-



MATTHEW BUCKINGER.

pipe, dulcimer and trumpet, not in the manner of general amateurs, but in the style of a finished master. He likewise possessed great mechanical powers, and conceived the design of constructing machines to play on all sorts of musical instruments.

If Nature played the niggard in one respect with him she amply repaid the deficiency by endowments that those blessed with perfect limbs could seldom achieve. He greatly distinguished himself by beautiful writing, drawing coats of arms, sketches of portraits, history, landscapes, etc., most of which were executed in Indian ink, with a pen, emulating in perfection the finest and most finished engraving. He was well skilled in most games of chance, nor could the most experienced gambler or juggler obtain the least advantage at any tricks or game with cards or dice. He used to perform before company, to whom he was exhibited, various tricks with cups and balls, corn, and living birds; and could play at skittles and ninepins with great dexterity; shave himself with perfect ease, and do many other things equally surprising in a person so deficient and mutilated by Nature. His writings and sketches of figures, landscapes, etc., were by no means uncommon, though curious; it being customary with most persons who went to see him to purchase something or other of his performance; and as he was always employed in writing or drawing, he carried with the money he obtained by exhibiting himself, enabled him to support himself and family in a very genteel manner. Buckinger was married four times and had eleven children, viz., one by his first wife, three by his second, six by his third and one by his last. He died in 1922.

### Blacking Heels.

"The ordinary bootblack," said the woman who has had much experience, "does not know how to polish a woman's shoes. He thinks if he puts a brilliant shine on the toes and slaps a thin coat of dull blacking over all the other parts of the shoes he has done a perfect job, because that is the way he blackens men's shoes; but that will not suffice at all for women's shoes. They should be evenly polished all over."

"The front part of a man's shoes is all that ever shows, but when a woman crosses the street or goes up or down stairs or steps on or off a car or into an auto or a carriage her whole shoe is likely to show, and nothing looks worse than soiled heels or dingy strips up the back of a woman's boots. A woman who cares to be well groomed is extremely particular about the trimness of her heels and ankles, but it almost is impossible to get a bootblack to give that part of her shoes sufficient attention, although she pays him extra."

## SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The Korean tailor pastes his seams together.

One Amsterdam factory alone cuts 4,000,000 diamonds every year.

In China an overtalkative wife may be divorced on that charge alone.

The boilers of the turbiner Mauretania, placed end to end, would measure 547 feet in length.

A meteorite that weighs 682 pounds has just been brought from Cripple Creek, Colo., and placed in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

Last year more wheat went to Europe from the port of Montreal than from New York and all other Atlantic seaports combined. Yet Montreal is a comparatively long distance from the ocean proper and 250 miles from the nearest salt water.

The little King of Uganda is an intelligent boy, 11 years old, now being educated by an English tutor. The fact that he is a keen football player is itself a good sign that he has been trained on right lines.—My visit to Uganda, by Bishop J. E. Hine.

There are three cathedrals at Mengo, Uganda, all on neighboring hills. The Mengo cathedral of St. Paul, Church of England, has a congregation of 3,000. The other cathedrals are Roman Catholic, one English, the other German, both large buildings.

In Constantinople a few better class women are "feeling their way" in regard to dress, but like all pioneers they suffer for their cause. If the customary heavy black veil is thinner, if the hair has an appearance of being puffed out beneath its covering, if the rich silk mantle is cut to show the slender form or more mature curves of its wearer, she is immediately an object of much attention and remark from Turk and Christian.

No city has a happier name than Ispahan—the "rendezvous." When visited by the traveler Chardin, in the early part of the eighteenth century, it contained 173 mosques, forty-eight colleges, 1,800 caravansaries and 273 public baths. But the Afghans, the local vandals, who did not care for bathing, destroyed the aqueducts and slaughtered the bathers. In the matter of great public squares Ispahan can easily outrival any European city. The Meydan, or great square, is a third of a mile in length and about half that breadth. It was once encircled by a canal bordered by fine trees, but these have long since vanished along with the canal.

The proceedings in a libel action now being heard in the Berlin courts are causing a sensation in medical circles. The plaintiff, a well-known Berlin doctor, alleges that the defendant accused him and others of paying commissions to agents in order to secure patients. The evidence has shown that many prominent doctors, and even professors whose reputation extends beyond their own country, employ paid agents in society to enlarge their clientele. Well-known women are said to have made it their business to sell their sick friends to the highest bidder. The Berlin Medical Society will demand an explanation from several members.

Remarkable has been the career of F. C. Selous, the famous hunter and explorer, who accompanies Mr. Roosevelt on his African big game expedition. He was only 20 years of age when he went to Matabeleland, in days when railways were unknown there and when the interior of the country was a sealed book to the European. For years he was in unknown countries hunting elephants, lions and other animals and at one period he was nearly three years without seeing a newspaper, a telegram or any kind of money and he was perfectly happy. He spent nearly a quarter of a century of his life penetrating the interior of South Africa. Then he went to Alaska on a 15,000-mile tour in search of moose and caribou.

When the free trade bill for the Philippines passes Congress and comes up to President Taft for signature, says the Manila Times, he will have a gold pen with a pearl handle made wholly of gold and pearl from the Philippines with which to affix his signature to that important document. Some time ago Manager Schwings of La Concha button factory conceived the idea of making a pearl handled gold pen and pearl inkstand, to be sent to President-elect Taft as a memento of the Philippines that might be kept on his desk as a constant reminder of the islands across the sea. The stand is made of a large pearl shell, with small knobs of solid silver for feet, and the bottle itself is made from narrow pieces of mother-of-pearl running lengthwise and completely covering the ink receptacle of glass on the inside. The pen itself is a work of art, with a long shaft of pearl, at the tip of which is the American eagle, beautifully carved, with outstretched wings.