



Vol. XXIV

WINNIPEG, CANADA, FEBRUARY, 1919

No. 2

IN this new year of the world's life, the case for the farm tractor will be heard again in the court of public opinion, backed by a cloud of witnesses, who will bring an experience and facts that had never been available in previous days.

These witnesses will present testimony of a character and weight which is not likely to suffer from any "rebutting evidence" that may be brought in. Crowded into the short period of four years, they have seen things that at any former period of their life they would have considered unbelievable because impossible.

They have passed through hundreds of square miles of what was once splendidly cultivated agricultural lands, shorn in a night's time, not only of everything that lived and grew upon it, but deprived of all powers of reproduction—it is said—for the next decade.

Many thousands of these men represent the best agricultural blood-stock of Western Canada. They had come into the world with the farming instinct born in them, into a birthright of freedom that knew no limits short of license. They were bathed in this atmosphere of liberty from the day they first saw the light, right up to manhood, and when the time came when it had to be fought for, they gave an account of themselves that has made all the world ring with their praises.

In speaking as we have done to a few score of these indomitable boys on their homeward trek, there are several striking experiences they have met with which appear to have been common to the lot and which have everything to do with their future in the part they will take in the work of the farm.

One of these is explained by the oft-repeated saying: "This war has been largely won on gasoline."

Men with the kindest of hearts, their feelings have been bled white again and again (particularly those of the cavalry units or in the horse transport service) as they have seen the suffering and

indescribable sacrifice of horse flesh.

Not to resurrect any of the horrors of those four years, let it be said that had the forces of freedom been at all dependent for transport on the horse, humanly

From beginning to end, it was mechanical power—gas power—that performed the work and won the day. Motor busses from the streets of London, trucks, lorries, taxicabs and automobiles from everywhere, gas and steam tract-

Handy Young People with Handy Young Tractors

percentage of the work depended on the horse.

In the end, very many thousands of men who previously had not so much as steered a jitney on the open prairie developed quickly into first class gas engineers. The nature of the case "dragged them into fame"; not only could they operate any engine that came in their way, but they could doctor it, if human skill could do it, when any calamity overtook the show.

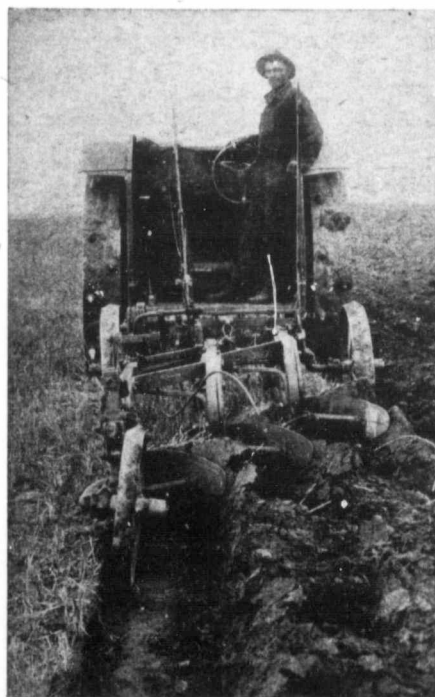
One can visualize an incident of the kind at some shell-torn roadside on a dark night. No convenient "garage" in sight with a capable and obliging jack-of-all-jobs ready to fix up any mess. It was a case for "initiative" and gumption if ever there was one, and we have it on unimpeachable authority from many sources that the Canadian boys rose to the occasion every time in a way that first astounded, then amused, and finally ceased to interest the spectators. It came off as a matter of course. It was in the blood of those bright fellows who had potted around their father's anvil, or took a short course at the college engineering class, or one or other of the tractor schools.

Now it's all over and here they come marching home in their thousands. How are these men going to influence things out West?

First of all, they have had it driven into their souls in a way they never realized before that it doesn't "pay" to use horse flesh in performing certain duties, and in the way they had been accustomed to handle them on the old farm.

Far from having become case-hardened by the cold blooded butcheries of war, their tenderness for their dumb companions has taken on a new refinement as the direct result of witnessing their mutilation and sufferings.

They have acquired a new standard of value as to horse power. They see something in a fine specimen of horse flesh that they never saw before, and just as we adjust ourselves to suddenly discovered new values in any-



Need never look behind except to have "his picture took."

speaking the enemy had won the war hands down within a few days of hostilities breaking out.

In any event, even when horses were available in sufficient numbers, the strain was terrific; the attrition from sheer exhaustion made terrible inroads, and the loss from shell fire was appalling.

ors of all sort: of design were pressed into service and worked wonders.

The horse did his part nobly, but the task, alike in its conditions and magnitude would have used up the last four-footed animal in the first weeks of the war had even a comparatively small