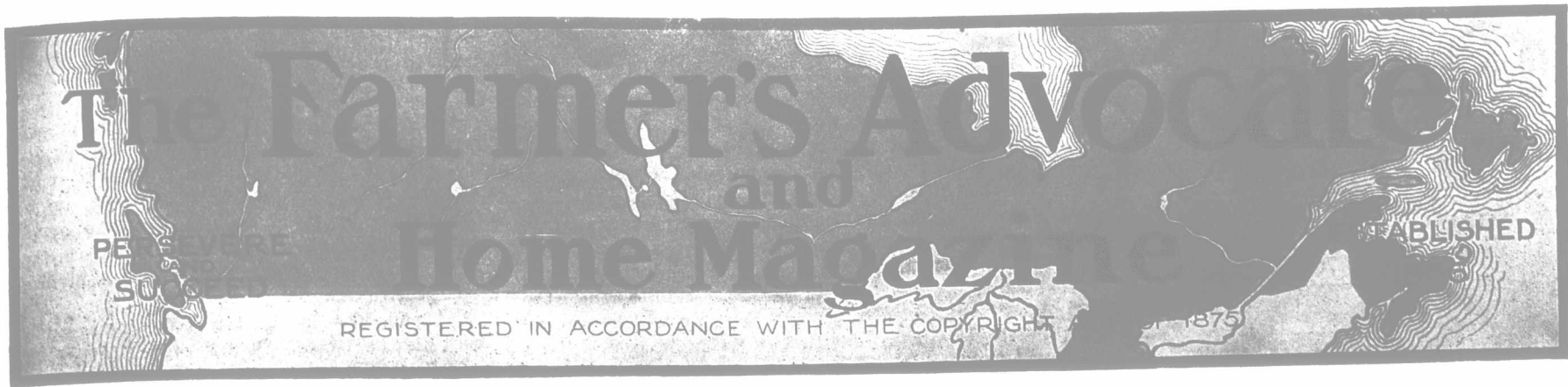




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EDITORIAL.

Have the sweep harrow or the weeder ready to lay low the first battalion of weeds in the corn field.

The "Old Adam" of Theodore Roosevelt reappears in the fling of opposition to President Taft's proposed permanent peace pact between Great Britain, the United States, and France.

No sooner has the peaceful conquest of the air been achieved than Sir Hiram Maxim proposes to devote his few remaining years of life to perfecting an aerial engine for the devastation of men and cities.

Praying for rain on the corn field may be open to question, when, by keeping the cultivator going, the moisture already in the soil may be held for the nourishment of the growing crop.

The country has one trade—farming—and every country boy has some fundamental stock of knowledge. Why not adopt the sensible plan of grafting his education upon it?

How long will the suffering and burdened people be fooled with the hideous game of mutual destruction called war, in order to feed the ambitions of militarists and the greed of contractors?

It has been abundantly proven in England that boys who spend a good share of their time at school-garden work make quite as good or better progress than those tied down to the stereotyped book course of study.

Show us a capable boy, with strong common sense, and we can usually show you one who likes the farm, especially if he has been given a fair chance to develop interest in that direction. Weaklings and degenerates seldom care for the farm work or country life.

Wherein should the 47th proposition of the First Book of Euclid, or a course in the dead languages, quicken a boy's intellect or develop his faculties for the work of life and the joys of living so much better than an understanding of planting a tree or growing a row of corn?

In his regular letter to the Saturday Globe, Peter McArthur quotes with approbation from an editorial entitled, "Under the Crust," appearing in "The Farmer's Advocate" of May 11th. "Farm papers," he says, "are usually so unrelentingly practical that it is good to find one sounding so healthy a note of warning." And then he goes on to relate how he threw himself so strenuously into a recent task of tree-planting that he reduced the most enjoyable time of the year to a complete blank, slaving away, capable of nothing but work and weariness, while a coronation scene more wonderful than the one about to take place in London was in progress. What, he demands, is the use of reducing the cow to a butter-fat machine, the hen to an egg machine, and so on, if the men who look after them are to be reduced to work machines? We need to be taught how to enjoy ourselves. They need a professor of leisure in connection with the Agricultural Department to teach the value of leisure on the farm, how to secure it, and how to enjoy it. We for this professorship would be hard to fill, but have occasion to add that Mr. McArthur's correspondence has already contributed vitally to this end in many a rural home.

Sensible Young Man.

A young man, after giving a town mechanical occupation a fair trial, returned to resume an engagement with a progressive Ontario farmer. As a result of experience and observation, he reached the sensible conclusion that farming and farm life, under such favorable conditions as Ontario presents, were the best and most promising. His hearty, wholesome appearance bespoke the truth of what he said. As Dr. L. H. Bailey, Dean of the New York School of Agriculture, has aptly said in his work, "The Outlook to Nature," it is not necessary to glorify the farm boy or to magnify the advantages of farm life, but to take just a plain look at the training and opportunity it affords to make good. In his chapter on the school of the future, many admirable points are made:

1st. The farm is a school, as well as a place of business. The boy is in direct contact with real things, and learns how to do things for himself and overcome his own difficulties. The city youth is more apt to deal with models and descriptions. If the wheel runs off his wagon or his load of hay upsets, the rural young man does not go round the block to consult an expert or look up references in the public library. He is on his own resources, and gets busy to put things right with improvised appliances and mother wit.

2nd. He learns to be industrious. He does not employ himself killing time. He is not depending on some storekeeper friend or ward politician to float him into a job where he can "soj" for eight hours, like the "laborers" who roost about the employment bureaus waiting for a job with the least work in it. Signs hang about offering attractive employment, at high wages, with free transportation. Funny thing they don't go after them. The farm boy's job is not "easy," but it provides a rigorous, natural discipline. A good deal of farm work is laborious, but it need not be drudgery. It is productive, and, to be done successfully, requires intelligence and study. Breaking a furrow sets the forces of nature at work, with the promise of a crop. The soil and the rain, the free air, and the changing landscape are better than the grease and grime of a noisy factory or the deadly routine of an office.

3rd. The variety of farm work develops a young man all round, and prevents him from becoming a mere cog-in-a-wheel. Every hour in the day, whether in garden, field or stable, something turns up to cultivate his resourcefulness, physical and mental.

4th. Town and city life has too much superfluity and distraction. It dissipates energy, weakens the moral fibre, distracts with too many frivolous side interests, until the youth feels that he must be forever entertained with the "gawes" and "attractions" and "freaks." It's true, as Dr. Bailey remarks, that a host of people make a business of entertaining those who cannot entertain themselves, fleecing those who want to entertain themselves, and selling things that nobody should ever want to buy. The country boy's life is more simple, sincere, self-entertaining and strengthening.

5th. Perseverance and steady effort distinguish farm work, in contrast with the gambling spirit associated with so many other occupations where, by one gets rich at the expense of somebody else. The real farmer follows his business as a life-work, not as a makeshift game.

6th. One of the best things of a boy's life on the farm is that it teaches him to be frugal.

Money is made more slowly there than by some individuals in other lines, but it is more certain. Easy come, easy go, is the way with money, and quick money-making is fatal to real success. As a rule, the country boy will make his dollar go as far as the town boy's two, and have more real satisfaction in the end.

7th. The country boy comes to maturity more slowly and naturally, like a tree, rather than a hothouse plant, and is, therefore, stronger, other things being equal, in his physique and intellectual powers. He is less of a "smart Aleck." He has a more honest appetite, and, as a rule, a better digestion. He can eat ham and eggs without a string-band accompaniment, and, if the home cooking is up to the mark, does not need to go round with a box of "little digesters" in his vest pocket.

8th. Independence is the spirit of farm life, and that is good for a young man. The farmer is a producer. You cannot very well starve him. The sun, the soil and the rain work for him. If he manages things aright, he is largely his own boss. The man on salary is dependent upon and, in measure, subservient to someone else.

9th. Of all boys, the farm boy is the freest from social snobbery. He meets his fellows on terms of equality. He runs his own errands and waits on himself. He belongs to the democracy of the farm.

10th. He is a home boy, rather than a street boy, and is a real part of a family life. He also shares in the community interests of the neighborhood life in which one helps the other, and is yet the gainer.

When the country school and the country home are made what they ought to be, and more complete in themselves, the country boy will come still more fully to his own. As it is, he has the best of it. Who would not be born a country boy, with the chance to grow strong and good for the work of life and the making of a better land in which to live?

The Farm, the Church, and the Preacher.

Wallace's Farmer, of Iowa, which takes a practical and common-sense view of things, does not know of anything of equal value that the farmer can purchase for the price, to the social advantages of the country church, which gives him a good place to go on the Sabbath and get him out of his rut. His family have the benefit of the Sabbath School, and, in short, it makes him a better man and paves the way for regenerating country life. Without referring to any particular church or denomination, it declares with assurance, that it knows of no church that will not gladly welcome anyone living in its neighborhood, and advises its readers to go and take their families with them.

Mr. Wallace then proceeds to say, were he going out to buy a farm, the first thing he would do, after looking over the farm itself, and the neighborhood would be to visit the local church, take stock of the building and sheds, growth of membership, how the minister was paid, and what sort of parsonage he lived in. If these things were as they should be, he would conclude that it was a safe place in which to rear a family and make his home.

Then he pays his respects to the preacher. Does he deal mostly with things of the other world and preparing folks for it, or does he take a lively interest in whatever concerns humanity in his community, making himself generally useful