



"Everything Begins and Ends with the Soil"

JUNE, 1913

The CANADIAN THRESHERMAN & FARMER

CANADA'S LEADING AGRICULTURAL MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

E. H. HEATH COMPANY, Limited, WINNIPEG, CANADA

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J. D. DUTHIE, EDITOR

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(MEMBERS WESTERN CANADA PRESS ASSOCIATION)

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TIME IN THE BILL OF COSTS

THERE IS ONE ITEM in the price of all success, of every development that is not always taken into account—Time. If it is not actually forgotten, it is astonishing how universally it is grudged when one comes to "foot the bill." And yet it is the tool of all others that Nature positively refuses to work without. "All men in their haste" would seek to rob her of it, but in every case the end is disaster, the experiment is the worst of all abortions and the impatient mortal who tries it has to begin all over again.

TIME FLIES: "it's a way time has," said Artemus Ward, but the implied idea of rapid flight has no part in Nature's working plan. Time "flies" only to the man who can't or wont keep step with Time's unhesitating yet unresting progress, and the meaning of this need never be explained to the man who knows the sin of procrastinating. With a congenial disposition to "put off," he knows, in a

way which no language can accentuate the tragic side of this experience—the commonest, perhaps, of all human experience.

A CHINESE AMBASSADOR was sent by his Emperor to every point of the civilized globe he could reach. The stolid celestial was after information, but he found that the "heathen Chink" could give pointers to many nations in which his country and its traditions was a by-word; to men who were bursting with self-complacency in their superior intelligence, having nothing to gain of educational value from the benighted oriental. When he returned to Peking, the English attache asked him whether there was any trait he had observed in his travels which was peculiar to all men in every country he had visited. "Yes," he replied, "me tink all men love lazy."

ONE EMINENT JURIST has said that downright laziness on the part of men and the desire to possess and to get off without paying the price is the tap-root of all the crime that had ever come before him. It seems to be in the blood of all men, and it certainly has become thoroughly inoculated into Canadian life. Not that the hustling Western people are kleptomaniacs suffering from that itching to appropriate something to which they have no right, but they are awful sinners when it comes to meeting an obligation in which time is an item which cannot be set aside without prejudice.

IN THINGS WHICH THEY HAVE GOT TO KNOW about, like the germination and growth of wheat, they are all right. They have been taught by years of the invariable operations of Nature that they cannot force wheat to grow and ripen within any other point of time than Nature has prescribed for it. Of course they can "force" rhubarb and produce hot-house strawberries in a week or two ahead of their natural out-door date, but when ever did "forced rhubarb" or the results of any other hurried experiment compare with

the natural product. Men can assist Nature and men have produced wonderful variations in the prehistoric fruits—working all the time, however, in unison with Nature, but with all her kindly co-operative spirit, *she will not be rushed.*

"THE GAS ENGINE IS A FIZ-ZLE," said a good friend the other day. He had tried it on his farm, and the result had been anything but satisfactory. "You can't make poultry pay in Manitoba" was the solemn affirmation of two others who had been in the hen game but who ought to have been the last men in the province to make the statement. In all of these cases wherein "it can't be done" there were two elements that scored against success: first, the business of handling the engine and farming the poultry had been delegated to another; and second, the time allowance was something like that of the boy who planted an acorn on his birthday and a week later worked his way down to the seed to find how it was getting on.

HOW LONG AGO IS IT since the internal combustion engine was as crude and incomprehensible to even a trained mechanic of the day as are the principles of wireless telegraphy to an ordinary school child of today? We know quite a number of men who have had the same disappointing experience with their gas machinery but they all frankly admit that the engine may be and probably is all right, but they had been unfortunate with their men. Or if they had handled it themselves, they are free to admit that their knowledge was at the most fragmentary—acquired, perhaps, from a couple of demonstrations at the factory or the trial ground of the branch house where the engine was purchased.

NOW A MACHINE THAT COSTS in the neighborhood of \$2500 is worth the expenditure of some time in acquiring a familiarity with its parts and with its habits before taking it out to the serious business of breaking or plowing. At all events it is as unreasonable to "pass up" the experiment as it is to condemn a 15-jewelled modern watch because some ignoramus had taken it to pieces and found it impossible to replace its parts. Knowledge and time are as necessary an accompaniment to any bargain in farm machinery as sunshine and rain are to the growing of the crops. If you haven't got it, you've got to buy the experience. The cheapest purchase in experience is to pay the market value for it.

THE LIE IS GIVEN to the complaint of these men by an overwhelming mass of evidence. In Manitoba we have many scores of men who have scarcely wasted a dollar on their gas engine experiments and who have had a record of unbroken, paying success since they bought their equipment. And we know nearly as many men and at least one celebrated woman in Manitoba who are making poultry not only "pay," but by intelligent treatment of the birds and shrewd marketing practice are making a big income from this one source. If in doubt—please communicate.

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