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# FARM AND DAIRY & RURAL HOME



Recognized exponent of Dairying in Canada

Trade increases the wealth and glory of a country; but its real strength and stamina are to be looked for among the cultivators of the land.—Lord Chatham

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## The Old Order Changeth

Uncle Ned Tells What He Saw on His Nephew's Farm—S. R. N. Hodgins

WELL, I was down to Jim's yestiddy," remarked Uncle Ned, as he seated himself on a box near where I was at work, in the mellow October sunshine, making new doors for the drivenhead against the approach of winter. It was the first time Uncle Ned had been down to my cousin Jim's farm for some years, for Jim lived about 10 miles away and Uncle Ned is no great traveller.

"And," he went on, as he pulled out his blackened briar and tapped out the ashes against his boot heel, "Jim cert'ly has figured out some schemes for gettin' out o' work, or as Jim says 'for savin' hired man's wages.'"

"That so?" I queried, as I knocked the shavings from the board I was planing, and squinted along its smooth edge. I had heard some things about Jim's "gas farming," but like Uncle Ned, it was now a couple of years since I had been over to his place. Jim is what his neighbors call a college farmer, and has things fixed right up-to-date. In spite of his high falutin' notions, however, Jim is making money.

There was a silence for a few moments as Uncle Ned cut and rubbed his tobacco, stuffed his pipe and struck a match. I placed a fresh board in the vice and began taking long strokes with the plane, watching the even curve of the shavings as they broke over the bit.

"Farmin' cert'ly isn't what it was when I was a boy." Uncle Ned's pipe was now well alight. "Then, when we'd come in from walkin' after the plow all day our backs might be achin', but there was cows to milk; there was milk to be strained into pans and put by to set; there was stock to be fed and watered, and when a man had finished the chores, he was fit for bed. But do these college farmers tire themselves? No. They pour a pint of gasoline in an injun, and while the chores are doin' themselves the bright young farmers is upholsterin' the seat of the ridin' plow."

This is typical of Uncle Ned. Being an old-timer he feels in duty bound to look with contempt on the ease-loving tendencies of the rising generation. But I knew he was shrewd enough to admire any scheme that might be of real value in farming. I therefore decided to draw him out.

"How did you get down to Jim's place?" I asked.

"Got a chance down with Jerry O'Connor on his motor truck. Jim and some neighbors has formed a club, and this club bought a silo filler. Seems the machine come Grand Trunk instead of C. P. R., so when Jim found it was out here he 'phoned for Jerry to bring it to his place. Jerry asked me if I wanted to go along for a ride, so I went."

"Oh," I said, leaning on my plane, "Jim's got a cooperative club started? What do they use to run the silo filler?"

"Gasoline injun," replied Uncle Ned. "And it 'pears to me the club must have funds for they own not only the silo filler and injun, but a threshin' and clover huller as well. Jim says it pays better than hirin' the threshin' done. They make one injun do for all the machines, and it seems that by gettin' more yearly work out of it, they cut down on somethin' or other, I forget what."

"Depreciation, maybe," I suggested, going on with my work.

"Yes, that's it."

"It was near dinner time when we got there," went on Uncle Ned, "so I left them at the barn, puttin' the machine together and went up to the house to see Jim's missus. I could hear somethin' chug chuggin' away as I come up the walk from the kitchen, darned of there wasn't a little gasoline injun workin' away as happy as you please, turnin' a wheel on the end of the kitchen. 'Funny thing that' I says to myself, 'a darned funny thing,' for I never see a wheel runnin' on the end of a farm kitchen afore. Did you?"

"Can't say as I ever did," said I, as I straightened up and again changed the boards in the vice.

"But that wasn't the strangest thing, either,"



An Engine for Every Farm

EDITOR, Farm and Dairy:—The advertising columns of Farm and Dairy carry one slogan in which I believe.—"Every Farm should have an Ayrshire." It would like to add another on which there is even less grounds for dispute.—"Every Farm should have a Gasoline Engine." We purchased a two horsepower engine a year ago. Our dairy herd has been increasing and turning the cream separator was a lengthy chore. It was for this purpose we got our engine. It paid for itself the first winter in the time saved in this one operation. It was not long before we had our little gasoline pulping roots and pumping water. Then we discovered how easy it was to draw it to the house Monday morning to help with the washing. I almost believe the women folks would have liked to go back home butter-making just for the fun of hitching our engine to the churn.

I have been asked if I would buy the same size again. No, I would get one large enough to run with kerosene as gasoline is so expensive. The power, however, is sufficient. For larger jobs, such as grain grinding, good cutting and silo filling, half a dozen of us are getting a 10 or 12 horsepower engine cooperatively. This is, I consider, the ideal method of supplying power on the farm—a small engine for everyone and the larger power owned cooperatively.—J. McKenzie, Wellington Co., Ont.

went on Uncle Ned, removing his pipe from his lips as he entered into the wonders of his visit. "When I went inside, there was Jim's wife cookin' the dinner, while the family clothes was bein' washed."

"Mary showed me how a shaft run under the kitchen floor. This shaft was run by hitchin' an injun to the wheel on the end of the house. They have trap doors in the floor and on wash days they bring in the washer and wringer and hitch on a couple of belts. Then Jim brings up the little injun from the barn, and away goes Blue Monday as fur as the women folks are concerned."

Here Uncle Ned pressed a horny fore finger into the bowl of his pipe and drew hard to get it well alight before proceeding.

"When dinner time comes, Jim asked us ef we wanted to wash up and took us into a wash room just like in the city. 'Everthin' was complete and both hot and cold soft water was on tap. It come from a rain water tank in the attic and another tank by the kitchen range."

"I asked Jim ef they pumped their drinkin' water, but no—they wasn't much for such work about his farm. Seems they get their hard water for drinkin' and cookin' purposes from a tank on top of the silo. 'Not much like windin' a crank to bring up the old oaken bucket' I thought, but I didn't say nothin'—I didn't know what to say. Things on the farm cert'ly is changed some."

"How does he get the water in his silo tank?" I asked as I mopped my face, for the sun was shining quite friendly now.

"I'm just comin' to that," replied Uncle Ned between puffs, as he re-lighted his pipe which had gone out while he was talking.

"Long about tea time Jim asked me ef I'd like to come out where he was doin' the chores. He pulled the little injun, which was on wheels, from where it was at the end of the kitchen and started for the barn. And say, son, there's where Jim's little injun gets on its job. It hardly seemed right what Jim made that little machine do."

"Jim has a milkroom and ice house at one end of his cow stable. This is where he keeps his injun and cream separator and where his well is. A line shaft runs through here with one end runnin' through the cow stable and the other stickin' out into the machinery shed at the end of the barn. While Jim was attachin' the injun to the line shaft by a belt, I was lookin' at all the machines that it had to run. 'Looks to me like a factory instead of a farm you're runnin'," I says. 'So it is,' says Jim, 'a milk factory.'"

"Jim starts up his injun and it milks the cows, pulps roots, turns the cream separator and pumps water into the silo tank, all at once. Here's how

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