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WHILE the gas tractor builders are enjoying their breathing spell, it may interest them to know that there is no letting up in these days on the part of the farmers of Western Canada who are owners of this type of machinery and are able to run it.

"Able to run it" means that they have the necessary mechanical skill to run the machine or are in a position to employ a trained engineer. Weather conditions have been ideal for plowing since the crop was cut and there probably never was such a plowing season in Western Canada.

We have gone afield somewhat and wherever we have gone the hum of the gas tractor has been the one familiar note on the prairie, and no less welcome was the oft recurring sight of the billowing smoke of the steamer puffing away against the skyline.

Recent comments upon the subject of gas traction as a whole have been most entertaining not to say refreshing and we give one or two of these substantially as they have "come off the reel."

The Gas Engine Knocker

Number one (a stock-breeder exclusively) declared with some warmth that "Winnipeg Motor Contests and some of the slick salesmen of the gas tractor companies had put more men on the bum than any calamity that had ever overtaken the country!" That is rather hard on the salesmen and the public spirited men who promulgated these contests, but what else could be expected?

There never was a new departure from the jog trot in human progress that did not have its

camp followers of calamity howlers. No forward step was ever taken in designing and fashioning things that men use in the serious business of their lives that did not record many failures and

had the brains to run them. This largely, because it had become "the thing" to own an engine and because some of their neighbors were making a big splurge as power farmers.

The Fuel Factor in Power Farming



Power in Plenty and Perfect Alignment.

tragedies in its experimental period—always an exciting stage.

The hysterical era of the gas tractor has passed. No doubt it has been an expensive time for many, but even our hard hitting "Shorthorn" friend admitted that the victims themselves were largely to blame. He paid this magazine the compliment of having "touched the spot" in that editorial of last April entitled "The Lure of Fashion."

In that particular article we affirmed that a large number of tractor owners had possessed themselves of engines before they had the money in sight to pay for them and still more before they

accident some years ago else he had been in the battle-front in Europe at this moment. But his maimed condition is no impediment to his farming operations.

He owns a 25 h.p. gasoline-kerosene tractor, paid for within a week of delivery on the farm. We saw it start its second season's work last spring and we saw it again a few days ago scurrying over the plowed field with a load of discs and harrows behind at a pace that looked like a battery of field artillery galloping into action.

Number three said he knew about as much of the outs and ins of a gas engine as a certain Irishman knew of anatomy. "But then you see the boys wanted one, so I humored them and by gum she's paid me right enough." Now "the boys" in this case also "loved" the engine. One of them "did time" at Manitoba Agricultural College and the other attended a complete course at one of the schools held the winter before last. Good boys, they would not let the old dad

be saddled with anything of the kind till they or someone else "knew how."

From personal intercourse we could go on extending these testimonies at some length and we have still over a hundred unpublished letters on "Gas Traction by men who have done it"—all to the same effect. We have a few from failures as well and a spicy selection from men who consider that legislation should be formulated to "stop the sale and therefore the manufacture of gas engines!"

The Coming Power

The future is not an open book to anyone but if one might be

As we said then, we say now: a gas engine is a fine thing, one of the greatest things in the history of agriculture, but it cannot be everybody's plaything. It is pleasant to turn from these regrettable experiences, to forget them except as monitors for all future experiments, and to contemplate the fine record of success that is spread all around us.

Where Common Sense Wins

Number two is a young Frenchman, who, with his brothers, sisters and venerable mother are farming a section of land not ten miles from Winnipeg. He lost his left hand in a machinery