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## THE "BANTAMS" OF THE LAND ARMY

By THE EDITOR

**T**HIS is the day of shattered precedents. Within the past four years, more moth-eaten idols and hoary precedents have been buried or cremated than have been disposed of in any century of the world's history prior to August of 1914.

The ancient ultra-conservative mummies of "use and wont" "established precedent" have suffered a rude awakening from the crash of the cannon. By a slight exercise of fancy one can see them sitting up in their stone coffins, these gibbering relics of a dead past, agape in stark amazement at the sights they see around them.

"By what precedent?" is the demand of these soul-less hulks from the graveyard. By no precedent, but by the stern law of necessity are those women you see in millions doing the work of the men folks, and those light-hearted children of the school playground performing miracles in human service. Precedent by the carload gone up in smoke and not a cinder left to embalm its memory!

Few, if any, of those exploded precedents will have such tremendous influence in the future as that which has made completely obsolete the notion that the "common or garden" boy is anything of more serious value than that of the household pup—to be toyed with, tolerated, and "trained" into some sort of usefulness by cuffs or kindness according to the humor of the "trainer."

If the war has done nothing greater than discover, so to speak, the boy, and place him just where he naturally and by right belongs, it has done a very great thing indeed. One might almost say it was worth while holding a war if for no other reason than to bring home to the wisecracks of the world the fact that there was no greater asset, no more po-

tential element in the state than that squirming, slippery, sliding creature of limbs and laughter—**The Boy.**

But the world has not been wholly blind all the time to the value of this asset. Quite a few men and women of the present generation (ourselves among them) have been keenly alive to the importance of the boy, and

the old fellow who provided the pence to pay for his boy's literature did so often with a grudge, for he held the belief that this was the merest piffle coming into the house; that there was nothing "to it!"

We lose all patience in the presence of a man who "owns a boy" and who so far belittles his "property" in the lad with the re-

tre of this page. This is Clarence Yuill, of Portage la Prairie, who in the most natural and easy fashion took third place among all comers at the recent great tractor plowing contest on the Portage Plains. His competitors were all full-grown, husky "men" of considerable weight "on the hoof." Clarence is only 13 years of age, and stands something like four-foot-nothing in his socks.

Reckoned in flesh and bones, he was not worth weighing, but in other and far more important respects he would have turned the scale easily against many of the fat, well-preserved seniors who were there in hundreds, "taking in" this great annual contest for plowing supremacy.

We have said he took third place. This was quite good, and having regard to the actual quality of his plowing it was excellent. But for his score-card record of "finishing" he might easily have taken second, if not first, but the finish of his allotment floored him, and for this his father chivalrously takes (as he deserves) the blame, as the boy depended upon his measurements.

The matter of fact details of the great two-day's match have been dealt with elsewhere. Here it is intended to give something of a living appreciation of what we conceived to be the living sermon of the whole show. Taken as a whole, as good plowing has been seen before on the Portage Plains, but finer work was never seen anywhere the world over than that wonderful picture of perfect plowing which the horsemen finished on the first day of the match.

Briefly, these are the facts of this boy's performance. He was operating a "Heider" tractor, pulling a two-furrow 14-inch "Rock-Island" plow. The men in front of him who took 1st and 2nd respectively were also handling the "Heider" and "Rock-Island"



A "BANTAM" OF THIRTEEN SUMMERS

Clarence Yuill, of Portage la Prairie, who took third place in the Tractor Plowing Contest (two-bottom plow section) held on the Portage Plains on 13th June.

have never been altogether out of sympathetic touch with him. Indeed, for quite a while, the periodical literature of the day has given up much space to the special treatment of his case, and with rare judgment in certain quarters have courted his intimate acquaintance and favor by publishing books and magazine literature wholly devoted to his interest.

There is "The Boy's Own"—this, that, and the other thing, but

responsibility hanging thereto, as to think of him only when he needs his services or wants to punish him. But that type of old pirate is fast dying out, and even before the war is over will be found nowhere, except in the junk heaps and garbage piles far in the rear of its red, tortuous track.

Now we turn the light on one of many pleasant pictures we have lately seen of the boy really "enjoying his own"—that of the keen young face in the cen-