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The Developement of Jack and Tom

G. A. Brethen

I have experienced a wonderful satisfaction in the development of the "Hill-Crest Boys." I have never been criticized for lack of enthusiasm in the breeding of Holstein cattle. But to me the most interesting feature of the game as played on our little farm is the growth of knowledge, of morality and of experience of my two boys, Jack and Tom.



G. A. Brethen.

"Jack" is our English boy, and to "Countess" and her young son, to "Countess" at anyrate, Jack must look about the best that ever crossed the pond. Tom, Irish through and through, although a little short in experience, is monarch of all he surveys when it comes to the calf barn, and prides himself that the Hill-Crest youngsters know him a little better than anyone else. Why not? Doesn't he feed them, give them a comfortable bed as well, scratch their backs and brush them.

"I would rather live with a farmer that doesn't keep many cows; I don't like milking," said Jack before making the acquaintance of Hill-Crest and Countess. "I would rather milk these cows than any other work on the farm," is the way Jack, a year later, expresses himself after having done more milking than probably he had done in his whole life before. "I used to be thinking all the time I was milking about how tiresome it was. Now I am so anxious to see how much milk I will have at the scales that I never think of the work."

RECORDS MAKE PLAY OF WORK

Did you ever hear of a better reason why every dairy farmer should keep a milk record of Spot, and Sue, and Jessie and Lou? Any method that will transform farm work with play for the boy is worthy of the highest commendation. I don't care a snap whether your boy bears your name or not. He is somebody's boy, whether from England, Scotland or the Emerald Isle. If you, by your farm methods, awaken his interest, make him an enthusiast, that boy will be a live wire on your farm. He will play the game, work with play and drudgery eliminated.

I have about arrived at this conclusion,—that efficient help depends more upon the spirit that enthuses the worker than even upon his physical fitness.

Say, did you ever try a 900-pound pony that was willing after an experience with a 1,500-

pound "wont go?" Not how big, but how interested, "I never liked to milk so I never got very good at it." "Do you like milking?" enquired a visitor one evening of Tom. "Oh, I just love it, but I can't do it very well yet." replied Tom after a four months' experience at Hill-



"I always give Piet a pat"

"I just love to milk Countess."

Crest. The one never became proficient as a milker. Why? Because the heart wasn't in it. Things done by halves are never done right.

"Oh, I just love it." It is not necessary to ask, will Tom learn to milk well? Most certainly. A love of the work and happiness from well doing always spells Success.

"But I can't do it very well yet." Note the modesty of the reply. Tom is learning, yet unlike altogether too many of the boys in a similar position, he doesn't know it all. He has got away above that. He knows that he doesn't know yet, the best mental position that anybody can start from in his search for knowledge. Tom will certainly learn.

"Money is not all there is to consider when engaged with a farmer," said Tom to me recently. "I would not care to work on some farms I have seen. There doesn't seem much of a chance to improve oneself. I like to feel that I am doing things, making progress and growing in the knowledge of the business." Almost looks as though the farmer would have to brace up, read more, and embrace every opportunity to know his job, if he can retain the services of boys of this type, the boy that wants to learn.

The fact that Jack and Tom both secured a very high standing and diploma in the recent Correspondence Course in Dairying, conducted by Canadian Farm, under direction of Prof. Dean, shows that they are not only learning, but have

learned some of the essential points of handling dairy cattle.

"I believe Countess can beat any of them," said Jack some time ago, and Jack saw that she did. We generally get just what we go after in this world. Twenty thousand pounds of milk in one year from a heifer in her second milking period, looks like quite a big undertaking for an English boy to go after. But Jack always gave her a pat and Countess responded with 20,686 lbs. in 12 months.

THEIR OWN; MARK YOU

"I don't think anybody can have nicer calves than ours," said Tom one day. Leaving aside the merits of calves, note the claim of ownership of both Jack and Tom. This is vital to enthusiastic work.

"Of Love that says not mine and thine But ours, for ours is Thine and mine."

"I never was contented any place before, but this has been the happiest year of my life," said Jack at close of year. "If you want me I would like to try it some more." I wanted him. "After being three years in an office in London, filling silos, mixing cement, milking cows and feeding calves is a regular holiday to me," exclaimed Tom one day. "This is the best week I have had yet, Sir." Would you, dear reader, like to know why Tom thought this way? Because he had started his first cow in official test and felt he was "doing things."

"I can truthfully say I have never spent a happier or better year on the farm," G. A. Brethen, endorsed by Mrs. Brethen and the kiddies.

One day Jack, Tom and I were building a cement wall for our calf barn. Looking up from the wall where I was engaged putting in fillers for the next batch I saw Tom straighten up his five feet 11 inches and exclaim with all sincerity, "I wouldn't take \$500 and go back to my old job!" "Neither would I," said Jack.

THE JOY OF MIXING CEMENT

Here was food for thought. Was there anything about mixing cement that was so fascinating that it would entice a boy from his home and his friends and a lucrative position that is open to him if he cares to return? I never could see mixing cement just that way. Why did it appeal to Tom? He was looking after the calves. They were his special care and delight. Forgetting or ignoring any present discomforts he was looking forward to the time when he would have a brighter, better place in which to display his pets and this thought made the work go light. Tom has visions.

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