

man, who is a partner in the company, to look after the engine at times when I was attending to the grain and so forth, and as he was experienced I got one of the pitchers to fire and left for a while.

When I returned he had just climbed up on the boiler to oil up and he looked around when I came and at that instant the set screw in the eccentric disk caught in his overalls at the bottom of the leg. I heard a rip and looked up just as the overalls came off in strips and he fell on his back on the boiler. He dropped on the throttle stem, bending it down and his arm knocked off the drip colts on the side of the throttle valve, from which the steam escaped, which enveloped everything. I sprang up and tried to close the throttle, but it appeared to be jammed. I did not know it was bent until afterwards. Just as he rolled off through the belt his arm caught between the belt and the fly wheel and he was just coming over when I grabbed the reverse and yanked her over. The engine was working hard with a full head of steam and it gave it an awful jerk, but it threw the belt and took him with it 20 feet. He jumped up and looked around more scared than hurt. His cheek was hurt with the edge of the belt and his arm pinched a little where the fly wheel caught him, but that was all, minus the overalls. I ran the rest of the day with the reverse and at night straightened the throttle stem. The fireman come back next day and went on firing, but he said that he would stand in the side step next time he oiled up.

We were pulling to our last job and went down a long hill. It being November and the ground frozen hard, the key worked out of the bolt which coupled separator and tender. We next had a hill to climb and when near the top the bolt came out and away went the separator down the hill. In one side of the road was a cut bank about 5 feet high, on the other a steep hill for several rods. It ran down until the hind wheel was nearly off the grade, then stopped short.

Third Prize Experience.

By Herbert N. Ellis, Edgely, Sask.

It is only recently that the inventor of threshing machines has died. He no doubt was a genius, but the man who can make a threshing machine pay is certainly no slink.

I have only threshed for four seasons, but have gained considerable experience in the matter, owing to having had the misfortune not to be the first couple of years in the same class as the second man I mention.

I do not know if I am correct in doing so, but I intend giving a brief description of my threshing experiences from the beginning. It was in the fall of 1906 that I was wondering what the other fellows in the settlement were going to do with their machines, as I was now in the

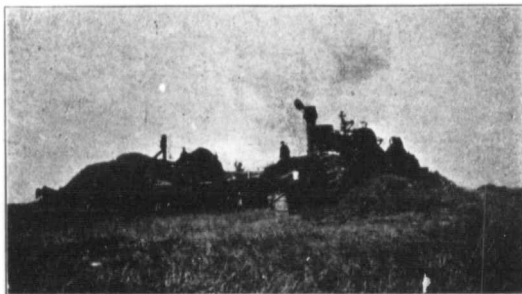
threshing business and was going to take everything in front of me, make all my payments and probably retire on my earnings as well.

My outfit consisted of an 18 h.p. portable gasoline engine and a 28-40 separator. I might add that the engine was second hand, but was guaranteed to do all kinds of stunts by the company, who sent an expert down to fire her up and see me safely started on my road to fortune.

The first trouble I had was want of work for the men. I had only three hired then, paying

for leisure as they had previously been for work.

Having tightened all belts that night I was expecting a record run the next day. We got down for a very early start and the expert who was just giving the engine a run to warm her up, noticed that six of the eight studs holding the engine to the bed were broken. Having set the men to stack, the expert and myself struck for town, only to find that we could not get the tools he required to drill the broken pieces out, so we had to send to Winnipeg for them.

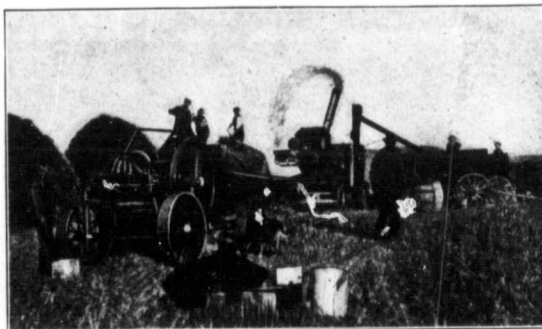


Gaar-Scott Outfit of Otto Stamm, Windthorst, Sask.

them \$2.50 a day, as men were very hard to get and I was early in starting. I had hired them a day too early, as the expert was not ready as soon as he expected, so I had them on my hands for a day. One man was white and the other two Galicians, who could speak practically no English. The white man helped the expert and myself around the machine and the Galicians groused because there was no work yet. I told them that I would pay them for the day anyway to keep them (I was green then) but they were

After two days we got started again, but the engine gave little satisfaction and the expert advised me to get a steam engine, but I was unable to get an engine the size I wanted. So I decided to finish my own threshing with the old engine, which was fixed up enough to stand slow feeding from one side. The job took about two weeks which ended my first very expensive season.

I might add that the company from whom I purchased the engine took it back as it did not come up to the guarantee, but I



A Geiser Outfit at work, consisting of a Geiser Sieveless Separator and Geiser Gasoline Engine.

bound to work. They appeared literally gluttons for work and it kept me hustling all day to find jobs for them to do. Even then I expected them to go every minute. At last we were ready to start and set in the field. The expert gave the fly wheel a flick and away we went. Everything behaved very nicely that day.

The next day was not quite so rosy. The belts had stretched a little and slipped, but as evening drew on they started to grip better, and we ran well, too well indeed to suit the Galicians who appeared to be as big a glutton

still had the separator on my hands.

The next year, finding that my spirit had not been entirely broken, only badly bent, I determined to start out again, this time with steam and in spite of my friends' warnings I purchased a 27 h.p. return flue tractor engine, second hand.

After the usual preliminaries, we got started and the first day ran well. The first day generally seems to be a lucky one with me. The next couple of days were passable, then Fortune frowned on me no more.

I had stopped out at noon to tighten one or two belts and I noticed a nut or two which were loose on the feeder. So I got up to tighten them, and in my hurry to get started, as the teams were already drawn up, left a monkey wrench in the feeder.

We had just got started when there was the sound of fireworks in the cylinder. We stopped and I found that the wrench had gone through the cylinder, but had only knocked out one tooth right in the centre. We decided to run with it out, however, until night. We started again, thinking that we had got all the pieces of the wrench out and ran for a minute when there was a sound like a bomb in the blower. We stopped and the sight of the blower was enough to drive a budding thresherman to suicide. The fans and spider were smashed to atoms and the tin on the blower was nearly all torn off.

What had done the damage was the top jaw of the wrench, which was down to the handle. This had unfortunately been overlooked and at that time I had not learnt to always take my blower belt off and run the machine for a few minutes when there is the slightest chance of anything being left in after a break.

Finally after an extra delay caused by the company only sending the fans without the spider in spite of the most minute instructions. We finally got into running order again and the next day made a splendid run.

The following day we were into trouble again. About the middle of the morning large quantities of lumber were seen issuing from the blower and an investigation showed that one of the decks had broken, which necessitated another stop of half a day.

After that Dame Fortune smiled pretty steadily the rest of the season. That ended my second season in the noble ranks of threshermen, and I came to the conclusion that the actual threshing was a snap to collecting, as it was a bad year. One farmer wanted me to take cows in payment and I had some difficulty in convincing him that I was afraid that my men were not agreeable to drawing their wages in milk.

Season No. 3 was rather more encouraging; no record breaking or anything like that, but good steady running right through, which always counts. One thing I found very much impressed upon me this season was the fact that to get good returns one must have the season's threshing concentrated as much as possible, so as to not get too long moves.

Last fall I purchased a new rig, Sawyer-Massey 30 h.p. a 36-60 Great-West separator, which has given good satisfaction, doing very clean threshing. In fact those that I have threshed for have already made a bargain with me for this year, which is certainly the best recommendation a thresherman can have. We had a good season and our threshing was well concentrated. Like the previous season, we broke no re-