

Uncle Ben tells his Experience.

HOW AND WHY SOME BOYS ARE DRIVEN FROM THE FARM.

SUGGESTIONS WORTH NOTING.

THE following contribution has been sent us for publication by an old friend and regular reader of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, who has climbed high on life's ladder of success, and who now stands at the head of one of the great manufacturing institutions of the United States. It cannot fail to interest our subscribers.

In order to make clear what we wish to express, we will not be sparing of words, for we agree with Charles Dickens, who said, "words are plenty, but many people's ideas are scarce." You will therefore allow me to take you back some fifty years, more or less, and note the progressive picture that we will draw, and which will, we have no doubt, be a familiar one to many a grayhaired man and woman of to-day.

The scene is at a farm house in one of our "down Eastern" homes, pleasantly situated on 180 acres of up-land, about 100 acres of which is tillage, and the balance wood and pasture land.

Saturday night at the supper table. Father, mother, two sisters and three boys, the youngest one in his 13th year—time of the year, latter part of July.

"Now, my son," said the father, addressing the youngest boy, "Monday morning we will commence haying," and where there were from 60 to 80 tons of hay to be gathered, this meant business, at least so thought this little boy.

Now you must remember at this time most of our agricultural tools consisted of the old fashioned cast-iron plow with a clumsy wooden beam and two V shaped harrows, and a scythe and sickle for each man—nothing for the boys; therefore all the harvesting was done by hand; wear and tear of bone and muscle. At this home no work was done on Sunday that could be done any other day of the week.

We will not stop to describe what was done

or when it was done by our would-be little farmer, suffice it to say on Monday morning the little boy was the first one up at the old farm house and had all the scythes out under the apple tree where stood the grindstone the year round, with an old paint keg suspended to a limb of the tree, over the stone, filled with water ready for business, when the boy's father made his appearance on the scene ready to grind the scythes, which was entered into with a will by our little ambitious farmer boy.

The three long scythes were soon ground, notwithstanding one of them was a new one; but were these three long scythes all there were there that morning waiting to be ground? No we think not. A short one, or one that had the point broken off the year before, was there and had been re-pointed, after a fashion that would have made the manufacturers envious of the genius that pointed it. And the manner it was hung to the snath, with only one handle, but it was there awaiting its turn to be ground with as much pride as the rest; at least so thought the little boy. When the father had finished grinding the long scythes this little ambitious boy exclaimed with surprise, "Aint you going to grind my scythe, father?" "Oh no, my son, you help your mother, and then you can bring out into the field a jug of sweetest water and the two tined pitch-fork and spread the grass that we have cut." The next morning this boy had to be called; and the third morning he despised the very ground on which that grindstone stood, and why? because he had had no encouragement to become a farmer. He had been made to feel—unconsciously no doubt by his father—that he was a part of that grindstone—a machine. In fact there was quite an analogy existing between the grindstone and the boy, both "gritty," for he had been made to feel that he and the grindstone were simply tools—machines—to be used at the pleasure of his superiors.

The next September there was a scene of home tie breaking at this farm house, and from that time to the present our would-be farmer has had in his employ hundreds of his fellow beings of both sexes, and requiring dozens of grindstones on which to sharpen their cutting

tools, all rotated by the old faithful servant the steam engine or a water-wheel.

Now our ambitious farmer boy has grown to be a gray-haired man, and he looks forward with pleasure to the time when he is to spend a few weeks—the shortest out of the year—at the old farm, and once more participate in the pleasure of harvesting. But where are the scythes that used to lay the tall grass low? Gone never to return, except one; and this one has the place of honor on a limb of the old apple tree over the grindstone, hung to the same old scythe snath with only one neb, both of which are now housed in the winter and are brought out to their accustomed place just before the little boy returns to the old homestead, and again returned to their resting place after his return to other fields of employment where duty calls him.

On the old farm to-day are to be found the latest, best and most improved Massey-Harris machines in such numbers that in one week the farmer now puts into the barns 100 tons of hay that used to require three or four weeks by hand. Two twine binders, three of the celebrated Toronto mowers, three sharp rakes, and two tedders, aside from loaders, un-loaders, steel plows, harrows of various kinds are there—in fact farming has now become a pleasure rather than a humdrum life as it used to be before the Messrs. Massey & Harris took the reins of progress into their hands and have revolutionized the mode and manner of tilling the soil.

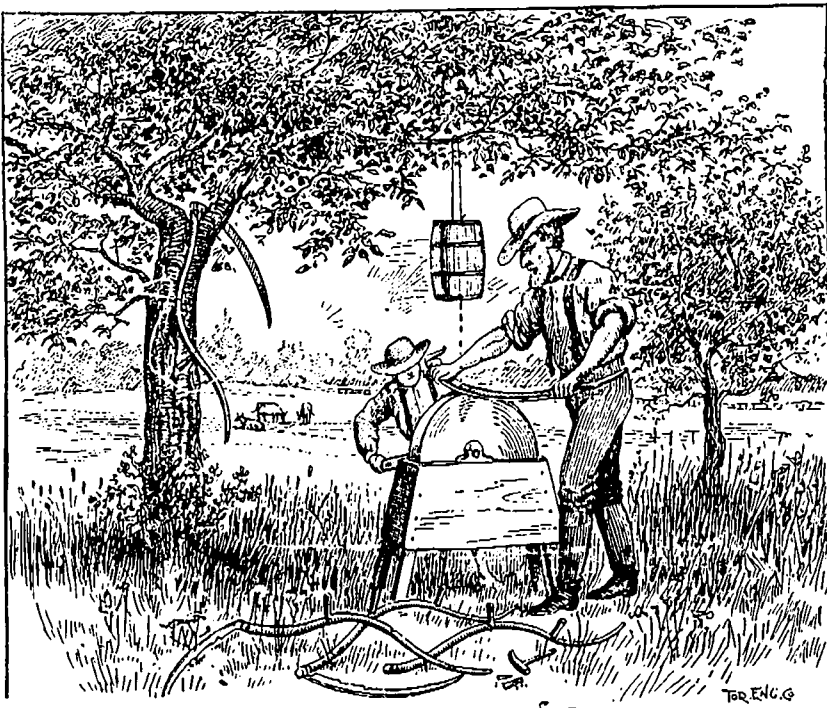
One word more to my brother farmer. We have been engaged for the past fifty years or more other than farming (for this work we do by proxy and machinery) in civil and mechanical pursuits, and we are prepared to make this statement—after looking over the Massey-Harris Company's works at Toronto, Ontario, that there is not manufactured on this globe a piece of machinery of any description that has required so much thought and outlay of capital to perfect, and is to-day sold for so little money, as the Massey-Harris Self Binding Harvester. This has been brought about by the concentration of thought which assists the farmer to gather in his crops while the sun shines, and this, too, for the smallest amount of money expended for any class of machinery manufactured.

A word to the wise brother farmer—keep your powder dry when you can do so by so small an outlay for such valuable labor-saving machines.

Yours truly,

Cleveland, Ohio.

UNCLE BEN.



UNCLE BEN'S EXPERIENCE.

THE report of the Secretary of Agriculture of the United States shows that more than 72 per cent. of all the exports for the fiscal year 1894 were farm products. This is a figure not many think of when they consider the great manufacturing centres of the States, and the vast population which has to be fed by home product. It is also instructive to remember that to some of these industrial centres, mutton is imported from the saleswoman of the world, Great Britain. Wherever there is money, the best quality of farm product will be in demand, and the Secretary's report proves that notwithstanding the large surplus of last year, there is still a market for imports in the United States, which the British or Canadian farmer can and ought to supply.