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EDITORIAL.

In the vicinity of London, Ont., winter set in last year about the end of October, and this year in the fore part of November. Wistful reminiscences of "the good old-fashioned winter" have not yet been conspicuously obtrusive.

"Hang on to every good hoof you have feed for," was the advice of the buyer of a leading live-stock commission firm to a Western Ontario man who occasionally visits the Toronto market. "We are looking for higher cattle prices in February than ever before."

To feed, or not to feed, is the question agitating many stockmen's minds. It is a grave temptation to sell hay at eighteen dollars a ton and oats at forty-five cents a bushel, but will it pay in the end? Ten to twenty dollars' worth of manure, and an appreciation of ten to thirty dollars in value between autumn and spring, go towards supplementing the monthly cash return from a good cow.

To undertake cross-breeding as a means of grain improvement, is beyond the scope of the general farm, but not so the plan of careful selection. Given a variety adapted to a certain district, there are marvellous and mayhap unexpected possibilities within the confines of every field. We need not wait for years while experimenters are at work. Nature stands ready to help those who help themselves.

It pays to produce the best article possible. At the recent Flower, Fruit and Honey Show a fruit-grower stated that previous to the time he commenced giving his orchard good care, he had sold his apples for forty cents per barrel, and picked them himself. Apples from the same district were selling at upwards of two dollars per bushel box this year. They were high-class fruit, and, while they were worth the increased price, the grower certainly received a greater net return.

The Premier of Russia recently made a pathetic official announcement to the Duma or Parliament, that the crops had failed in twenty provinces, and 3,000,000 people were facing almost immediate starvation, requiring relief expenditures to the amount of some \$60,000,000. If Russia were to expend less money on militarism for the purpose of encroaching on Persia and other countries, and devote her energies to the enlargement of her people and agricultural advancement, less would be heard of crop failures and starvation.

Reports to the United States Department of Agriculture show that, while, during the year ending June 30th, 1910, the neighboring Republic exported \$801,000,000 worth of farm and forest products, it imported, during the same year, \$688,000,000 worth of the same classes of products, being an increase of \$19,000,000 over the previous year. Thus does trade, even when obstructed by tariff barriers, cross and recross international boundary lines, according to exigencies of harvest and season, transportation factors and individual needs.

Does The War Matter to Us.

If Hank Smith's milking Shorthorn becomes bogged in the swale, our first duty as neighbors is to lend a hand in getting her out; but neither that event nor the rumor that a drover got the best of Elder Jones in a horse deal, deserves as serious a place in our thought and talk as farmers as the proceedings of the new Parliament at Ottawa, or the fact that China is in the throes of a revolution and the sands of Tripoli are being drenched with Turko-Italian blood. In many ways these affairs are of great import to us. China, changing her national clothes, may turn down one dynasty and set up another. Somehow, her revolution excites our sympathy, because it represents aspiration, and protest against oppression. And then, her 400,000,000 will be in the world conflict of production and commerce to be reckoned with, though famine and suffering may accompany the present strife.

But the world does not view the bloody strife south of the Mediterranean Sea with complaisance or favor. There is reactionary fanaticism on one side, and heartless greed on the other. The Great Powers of Europe are ill at ease. There is, or ought to be, some stirring of international conscience. Men as distinguished as the Prime Minister of England once settled their disputes and avenged their honor by fighting duels. Not so in the twentieth century. They might go to jail for such work now, and, if the affair ended fatally, perhaps to the gallows. It is about time the nations were coming to their senses.

Why, then, in this enlightened age, does Italy, without apparent excuse, suddenly pounce upon Tripoli, a portion of North Africa under the dominion of Turkey? Europe is virtually ranged in two rival camps, on one side Great Britain, with her invincible navy, on the other Germany with an all-powerful army. With or around these great powers others ally themselves, forming what is called a "concert," or an "entente," to promote their various interests, and ostensibly the general well-being of all. France and Russia are supposed to concert with Britain, and Austria and Italy with Germany. Europe is a chess-board, and when one Power makes a move it affects all the others. The countries along the north coast of Africa are supposed not to be able to administer their affairs according to the up-to-date ideas of European nations, several of whom have acquired interests there and wish to expand by trade or settlement. France and Germany nearly went to war over their claims in Morocco, but happily settled the dispute by swapping with each other territories that did not belong to either. England backs up France, and this irritates Germany. Italy desires to expand into Tripoli, just across the sea; Germany does not intervene, as she might, because she is in a "concert," and Austria has no serious objection to her neighbor, Turkey, being embroiled, because she in turn has designs in the Balkan territories lying between Austria and Turkey. All are more or less armed to the teeth, and one rash act might throw Europe into a general conflict. Italy takes advantage of the virtual helplessness or unwillingness of the Powers to intervene, and strikes Turkey in Tripoli.

Though war may temporarily enhance prices of foods, there is always a reaction. All history proves that war is a deadly foe of agriculture and a destroyer of industries. As President Taft observed in a speech the other day, it is all very fine for those who wear the feathers, but the common people must suffer and pay the awful bills.

Napoleon's wars set back European farming more than half a century. The theatre of the American Civil War of fifty years ago is only now recovering from that deluge of blood, while the appalling pension bills seem as eternal as the seasons. Even suppose that Italy wins and rules in Tripoli, who will say that it will ever pay her? She has areas in her own peninsula needing development, but now her industries are paralyzed, her best workers slaughtered, and her future mortgaged. Her greed may have overreached itself, and the cost far outweigh all she will get. Christendom will rely upon the hope that the all-wise Providence that shapes the ends of men, rough-hew them how they may, will overrule these barbarous conflicts, to the ultimate well-being of the world. Meanwhile, Hague Tribunals and Carnegie Peace Foundations, and all agencies making for the peace of the world, deserve our commendation and our cordial support.

The Trouble Not in the Other Fellow.

The most animated discussions which take place through "The Farmer's Advocate" are not those touching important practical problems of soil culture and stock husbandry, but the ones aroused by disputatious views on matters of social and business relationships, rural etiquette, and the like.

Of such nature have been the more or less acrimonious controversies provoked by "The Nurse's Letter" and the editorial on "Why the Farmer's Son Doesn't Marry"; the perennial debates as to "Why the Boys Leave the Farm," and the occasional exchanges of opinion regarding the profits of pork production, embellished with fairly unanimous views about the attitude of the pork-packers. Then, last year, quite a fusillade was started by Mrs. Hopkins' homily upon the "Rudity" of farm life, while, lastly and presently, the literary genius of some hundreds of rural moralizers has been stirred by the hired-help problem, with particular reference to the incorrigible—substituting that word for "Blooming"—Englishman. It is noteworthy that these controversies seldom result from the publication of fair-minded, good-tempered views, however radical. It is the mixture of truth and exaggeration which excites retort. The truth bites, and the exaggeration gives opportunity for effective reply.

Now, we do not in the least object to regaling our readers with an occasional sauce, or dessert, as these controversies might be called, but we never like to see them descend to the level of inconsequential drivel. In this last controversy, nine-tenths of the letters received have executed a prompt descent to the waste-paper basket, while some of the rest narrowly escaped. Extreme instances and petty personal details are neither here nor there. Discussion, to be profitable, must be conducted on a broader plane than that.

To our mind, the situation in regard to this delicate help question is summed up in the principle of the Golden Rule. Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you, and, adapting David Harum's maxim, do it first. The great trouble is that everyone forgets his own end while watching the other fellow. Reversing this order would quickly smooth out many a business, home and social wrinkle, making for maximum service, maximum earning and highest welfare all round. It is not easy to practice—far from it—but in proportion as it is practiced will the farm-labor