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EDITORIAL.

Plow early, plow late; plow fast, but plow well.

Is the plowing all done? Only a few days remain.

The Allies are now on a fair way to Turkey for Christmas.

The more fall work that is completed the less spring work necessary.

Feed carefully, but well. Live stock should not be placed on war rations.

Try ridging up some of the heaviest of your land, and gain time in the spring.

If good pastures would be had in 1915, the heart should not be eaten out of them this autumn.

The farmer is growing the wheat, and his wife is knitting the socks. War has revived at least two industries.

Some old stables could be made less drafty by a few hours "patching up" before the extreme weather sets in.

It is time the feeding steers for early sale were on full rations. It seldom proves profitable to prolong fattening.

We are told that the war has developed into "butchery." What more or less is any war in which human lives go down in thousands.

Almost invariably the best results from feeding operations are had from a mixture of grains, rather than from heavy feeding on a single concentrate.

One essential to successful campaigning is that the soldier "keep cool." If the war is carried through the winter in Russian Poland, most of them will be cool all right.

If in need of a sire to head the herd, why not purchase an aged bull that has been tried and proven by a good breeder? There is less "chance" in his purchase than in buying a youngster.

The organized apple growers have had less trouble in disposing of their fruit than have individual growers. Organization on the proper basis wins, and the coming winter should see it make advancement.

It is time to organize the literary and debating societies, and to commence the activities of the farmer's club. Get started early in the season and make the best of the long winter evenings, and above all things discuss some subjects other than war.

Complaints are heard that young men from rural Canada are slow to enlist in Canada's fighting force, but it must not be overlooked that a large percentage of those enlisting from towns and cities were country bred and born, and leave parents still on the farm.

Selects and Rejects.

Up from the fields they came, from the highways and the byways, from the shop and from the factory, from the office and from the seats of learning; all were eager and resolute, all were anxious and willing. The bugle had sounded, the bulletin announced heavy casualties at the front; comrades had fallen, fellow countrymen had gone down fighting for their country's cause. More men were needed; the call had been sent out and driven home by the casualty list. Thousands were aroused and ready. They swarmed into the recruiting offices; all classes of men, all bent on doing what the country had for them to do. Most of them were accepted, for those who offered were strong and sturdy men. Some were rejected as physically unfit to withstand the rigors of a strenuous campaign against a strong enemy entrenched in a foreign country. The chosen are sent to the centers of mobilization, thoroughly drilled and instructed in the arts of war, and then when the great man's plans are ripe, slip quietly away to the front without noise or blare, and soon we read of great battles and long lists of killed and wounded. The flower of our manhood is being slain. The rejected return to their every day pursuits; not all are weaklings; many are fairly strong men with only minor defects, and men which, if a more urgent call were necessary, might be readily recruited. These men live and remain in productive enterprise because they are deemed unfit to fight a relentless foe. These men will be the progenitors of the coming race. While their big, strong, robust brothers in perfect health, have fallen on the battle-scarred fields of Northern Europe. The biggest, the strongest, and the stoutest, sound from their teeth to their toes, go to the battle and die, or are maimed for the rest of their days on the firing line. Those not strong enough for this—the small in stature, the near sighted, the man with carious teeth, the narrow chested, the weak hearted, the rheumatic, the dyspeptic, the man physically unfit is turned back to be the father of the future generation, and yet many, among them preachers and professors and other learned men, make bold to state that a great war causes the survival of the fittest, and is a biological necessity. How so?

The Mark and the Question Mark.

There seems to be suspicion in the minds of most stock breeders when an aged sire is offered for sale, either privately or in a sale ring. We have often seen sires proven good breeders and away beyond the average in type and conformation sacrificed at little more than beef prices, when youngsters only a few months old, in the bloom of calfhood, would sell for several times the price of the old standby. True, there is some danger that an older sire may be past his usefulness, but this is small compared with the risk in buying calves and young, untried and undeveloped bulls. Only a few days ago we saw a big, massive, thick-fleshed, four-year-old Short-horn bull, which as a youngster sold for \$900, fall to a bid of about one-quarter this amount. He is still active, and looks good for at least six years to come. His calves are among the best in the country. He had proven his worth, but the breeder had finished with him, owing to his heifers coming to breeding age. He went at a bargain, and scores of men needing a good bull sat by and watched him go. This is not the exception, it is the rule. It happens almost daily.

When a bull gets on the shady side of three years of age his forced-sale price drops suddenly, when in reality if he is active, sure, and has proven himself capable of getting the right kind of stock, he is worth more in a herd—far more than a calf. The old bull has made his mark; the calf is a question mark. Breeders agree that they prefer stock from a mature bull over that from an immature youngster, then why is it, we wonder, that more mature sires do not sell up to their real value? There is too much fear of the old bull, and the old sire in other classes of stock, and stockmen would do well to take more good chances on mature sires and fewer greater chances on unknown youngsters.

The Strongest Trenches.

As time draws on and the horrors of the great war are more and more impressed upon the people, it becomes evident that it is not men to go to the front that will be most in demand before the end is accomplished, but men to produce supplies for those on the firing line. There is no better slogan than "Business as usual"; there is no better policy than buying Canadian-made goods, but there is a better and a saner policy than without discrimination, exhorting and fairly driving the young men of Canada's rural population into the khaki-clad line by the hint that those who do not offer themselves are cowards, and not doing their duty to their country. There is no cowardice evidenced in the fact that Canadian farmers and farmer's sons are sticking to the land in this crisis. Far from it. How can the exhortation, to induce these men to go to France to fight, be reconciled with that so strongly pushed by the same platform orators and writers that the output of Canadian farms should be doubled in 1915? If all go to fight who will feed the fighters, and the women and children left behind them? Large numbers are needed on the firing line, but greater numbers by far are required to keep up industries and maintain and increase agricultural production. England expects every man will do his duty. The duty of most is to put forth their greatest effort in whatever line of endeavor engaged. If he is a farmer he should be a better and more progressive farmer than ever before. If he is a business man he should be more alert and keener for business than in past years. If he is a manufacturer he should push his business as never before. And above all each and every class should be optimistic. All this will help, but we wish to impress upon all our readers that the man who puts forth his best effort on his farm in this time is fighting a just, noble and heroic fight, and besides this his fight is necessary to the success of our arms. Investigation shows that on Ontario farms at the present time there is on an average only a little better than one man for every hundred acres of land, and our immigration authorities promise a shortage of farm labor again next spring. How can our farms send more men to the front and increase production? Their owners are now overworked. We must bear in mind that if Canada sends 100,000 men to the firing line this is only about seven per cent. of her male population between the age of 21 and 39. It is doubtful whether more than this number will be needed, but even if it were doubled it would only be a little over fourteen per cent. of the fittest of our men. It is readily seen that it is food, raiment, the necessaries of life, and accoutrements of war that are most needed. Chief of these is food.