

tise business on their farms and know exactly why an acre anywhere in the vicinity between Oakville and Niagara is worth a thousand dollars in production, and why an acre not too far from Weston, Ont., might have been worth \$500 the other day as a speculation. There are general purpose farmers born on the farm who make the farm balance itself in the ledger down to the cost of a wire nail.

But all such businesslike farmers are the notable exception. And it is the whole essence of farming as it has been and still is that they should not become the rule unless there comes a revolution in the business of farming.

Farming, however, is a business. The man who inherited a mortgage is engaged in a business demanding as much financial treatment as a trust company. But he keeps away from that side of it. He goes on rotating crops, raising cattle, improving the varieties of his wheat and the breeds of his hogs, specializing in machinery that saves labor and costs money, and because a good percentage of his living comes directly from the land he keeps no books.

Until farms are operated on a direct profit and loss basis, farming will never be popular. Why is it that nine-tenths of our farmers had to be born on farms? Why should men drift away in thousands from the farm and spend money, educating themselves for business or professional life, or go directly into industrial life, when it's only once in a blue moon that we hear of a man born in town who becomes a farmer? The man I worked for this summer was the only farmer I ever knew at

first hand who was not born on a farm. He was the son of an English Church clergyman. But he always had a desire for the adventure of farming. He is an enthusiast who makes money as a farmer, and as a rule never joins in the chorus of croaking that comes so easily from the average farm community. He operates his hundred acres, one-half of which was originally owned by a man who had 8 sons. All these sons hated the farm on which they were born. They left it. One became a Christian Scientist; one went into chemistry, of which he is now professor in Toronto; the rest drifted into other businesses, some of them into real estate. The youngest, who seemed to be finally entitled to the Ontario farm, wrote to his father from out West.

"Please sell the old farm for whatever you can get. I don't want it."

Here were eight men who broke away from one Ontario hundred acres to go into something else. Where is the town family of eight or even less, of whom even one boy has broken away to become a farmer?

There must be a reason why men who were not born on the farm seldom or never become farmers. There are two. One is the lure of the town, and the crowd. The other is the fact that farming is recognized as having too much hard horse work for all the money there is in it. The lure of the town is an old one. It has come to most countries, England, France, Germany, the United States—and Canada—have all discovered that in order to boost national business the town must be built up. Labor is found to be more productive in places where labor is

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