

WORK WITHOUT LIVING TO LIVE WITHOUT WORKING

Full half his life he worked like a man. Gathering silver shekels in. And then he tried to loaf, but heck! He couldn't rest, to save his neck.

My very active friend, Ed Brinton, accumulated three sections of fine land and \$100,000 in money. He dug it out of the soil, every nickel of it, and at the age of 40 decided to leave the farm and spend the rest of his life spending the interest. He bought the finest house in town, bought new cars as fast as improved models came out, and appeared to be having a wonderful time, but he was miserable.

Ed had every playing he wanted, but his nature demanded something more than play. He was elected vice-president of a bank and worked as hard as that distasteful job would permit, but without relief. He grew nervous and irritable. Thinking he needed a change of climate, the whole family toured the country from end to end, but each week and each town seemed to make Ed more disagreeable than the last. They returned with Ed nearly in a frenzy, everything wrong.

The ranch, which was running along smoothly under an excellent tenant, seemed to Ed in an awful mess. He kicked the tenant off almost bodily and went to work himself. "Savagely" he started building up the place saying, "I might as well bury myself on this old ranch as anywhere." And then quite naturally he discovered that the "burying place" was a good place to live; after ten years of futile search he found contentment right where he had left it.

A WRONG VIEWPOINT.

Why, then, do so many well-to-do farmers retire in town? Simply because their farm homes are unattractive. They are unattractive because the farmers have held the wrong attitude toward their homes. They have been so all-fired busy trying to make both ends meet and overlap a little that they neglected to make the farms good places on which to live. The owners worked, saved and scrimped so long on their farms that they seem

only proper places on which to work, save and scrimp forever.

Is it, then, any wonder the owner becomes disgusted with the farm, and that the owner and his family will long for escape to the city or town where folks appear to enjoy a pleasant and easy time?

In town the retired farmer is almost sure to be disappointed and unhappy; town life seems so futile and empty it just doesn't fit. His farm memories are all of labor and saving, so he dreads to return; indeed, his physical condition would not permit him, after a while, to do the tasks he once did.

A tragic situation—now what is the matter? Well, the idea of farm life has been wrong. Farm folks (others, too) seem to think that they must work without living until they can live without working.

Shucks! A fellow might just as well try to eat without drinking the first half of his life and drink without eating the last half; he might as well plan to be ignorant for 50 years and a scholar from then on; it is all the same kind of figuring.

TAKING A VACATION.

Work and recreation must combine to keep us farmers balanced, and the farm home must be a place in which to really live if our families are to be contented. Home doesn't have to be a mansion, either, but it should be a convenient place to work, and a comfortable place to rest in.

"Work is all right," says some one, "but this recreation—how do you do it and get your work done?" One of the best ways to start is to take next Sunday off; take every Sunday off; make it a rule. Don't save up a lot of odd jobs for Sunday. Better go to church in the morning, and read some. Pitch horseshoes with the youngsters, go swimming, visit the neighbors, or anything else you like, but get your mind off farm tasks all day long. You will feel better and work better all through the week. Another mighty fine thing is a little vacation trip every year. It broadens a fellow's viewpoint and makes him appreciate his home more.—Ray Tuttle.



THE SILHOUETTE OF MODERATE LINE.

Floral patterns are especially modish in the new printed materials, and the simplicity of this attractive design lends itself to the development of this graceful afternoon frock of interesting cut. The back is straight and slender, while the front displays the jumper effect. There are two rows of fine shirtings at each shoulder, and the right front is cut with a jabot and fastens over the left with large buttons. A group of shirtings at each side of the skirt front contribute extra fullness, and the long full sleeves are shirred to fit the wrists and finished with a narrow cuff. No. 1282 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 bust requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch, or 3 yards 54-inch material. Price 20 cents.

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GARDEN TIME.

Now's the time to make a garden, when the snow is drifting deep; Long before the early wild flowers Through the leaves begin to peep. Get your seed-book and a pencil, And a piece of paper, too— Make your garden by the fireplace, When there's nothing else to do. G. McK.

HOW EFFIE HELPED

One day, when she came home from school, Effie found the sitting-room and kitchen occupied by cousins and friends, all very busy and very lively—for they were making preparations for a wedding. One of Effie's sisters was soon to be married, and, of course, there was a great deal to be done. Effie thought how nice it would be if she could help make the cakes and spread on the icing; for it was a country wedding and much of the "refreshment" part would have to be done at home. It seemed such easy work mixing things together, beating eggs, etc.

So Effie went first to one and then to another, begging that she might be allowed to help. "No, child, no; what do you know about such things?" a rather impatient old lady said to her. Another said: "Oh, my! now school's out, we shall have no more peace. Children are always in the way!"

After Effie had been rebuffed in all her attempts at being useful in the pleasant way she wanted to be, she happened to cast her eyes upon a large work basket in a corner of the sitting-room, and she saw that it was filled with stockings and socks, waiting to be looked over and repaired.

"Now, if I really want to be useful," thought the little girl, "I might get these stockings out of the way for this busy week. They have been forgotten, I suppose—but I would rather make cakes."

Effie was but eleven years old, but she knew how to darn very nicely, for her mother had taught her, and she had been willing to learn.

Down she sat, therefore, close to the table in the corner, so as to be out of the way, and began her self-denying work.

The merry laughter among the young cousins, as they went in and out to the oven—with their delicate cakes and other things, sounded pleasantly to Effie, and she longed to be among them; but she reflected.

"Mother will be so tired by this evening that she will not want to do her darning, and it will be a nice surprise to her when she finds all these

A Problem of Hatching.

Complaint having been made by poultry breeders using incubators that it was difficult to get good hatches in March and April, investigation, followed by tests to ascertain the cause, was undertaken at the Lethbridge, Alta., Dominion Experiment Station. It was found in tests made in 1923 and 1924 that none of the incubators employed gave satisfactory hatches at the low humidity usually obtained, but that when the moisture was added up to a humidity of 55 to 60 per cent. there was an increase in both the number of eggs hatched and the vitality of the chicks produced. Of several methods tried the most successful was to use a pad of paper and burlap made by wrapping alternate layers of the two around a piece of cardboard until a pad about an inch thick, three inches wide and five inches long was formed. This was saturated with water and hung in the top of the incubator about three inches from the radiator pipes. In a 200-egg machine the use of one pad, says the Superintendent in his report for 1924, moistened whenever the eggs were turned, if the pad were dry, was sufficient to maintain the required humidity. On the twelfth day the pad was removed and the machine run dry until the last turning of the eggs, when the saturated pads were again hung in the incubator and left until the chicks were hatched. By this method, other conditions being favorable, there appears to be no reason, states the report, why satisfactory hatches should not be obtained at any time with good eggs.

Mice-Proof Seed.

When a garden is liable to be infested with moles or mice certain seeds should be treated previous to planting. Moles have a great liking for newly planted peas. If the peas are stirred with a stick dipped in kerosene just before they are planted the moles will not bother them.

Mice are very fond of muskmelon seeds. A few drops of turpentine sprinkled over the seeds will keep the mice away. It is contended that moles are not vegetarians and that they never eat seeds; but it is always difficult to make a practical gardener believe this. Particularly when he has succeeded in killing the pests by the use of rolled oats which have been poisoned by the addition of a little strychnine.

Salt added to the last rinse water keeps clothes from sticking to the line on a very cold day.

Heating the clothes pins helps prevent the hands from becoming quite so cold when hanging out the washing. A clean, dry sheet laid over the clothes basket keeps the clothes from getting cold and stiff before they are on the line.

As severe freezing often injures very fine fabrics, any delicate garments should be partially dried, by wringing them inside a clean dry cloth, before putting them on the line, and they will not freeze so hard.

BRINGING UP BOBBY

BY ROWEN A. SCHMIDT.

If Bobby doesn't like milk, how can his mother get milk on the inside of Bobby, or get Bobby on the outside of the milk? She may be sure it is good for him; she may know about its growth-promoting properties. She may even be convinced that certain evidences of malnourishment may be traced directly to Bobby's refusal to drink milk and to his "choosiness" in other food matters. But to get Bobby to drink the milk peaceably may require added knowledge.

It is much to the credit of a certain Bobby's mother that she recognized quickly her first serious mistake in bringing up Bobby—that of becoming involved in an uproarious scene with him the first time he refused to drink his milk. There had been no question about Bobby's drinking it until one day, for some unexplained reason, he flatly refused it. Mother insisted without effect; then she offered bribes, and finally resorted to threats. Bobby's stubborn rejecting of the offered milk turned into vehement refusal. Mother's overurgency brought on a scene which was so upsetting that the sight of milk thereafter was sure to bring on a most unpleasant response in both of them.

The result of the scene had even deeper significance. As soon as Bobby got his way in the milk row, he began to exercise his right to decide for himself how he would behave away from the table.

Mother knew it was high time for her to take Bobby in hand in order to straighten out his food habits for the sake of his health and to improve his behavior habits for the sake of his character. She felt that she must begin with milk, not so much because it was there that she first went wrong as because of the importance of milk in the growing child's diet.

MOTHER'S CLEVER STRATEGY. She knew that as a source of protein to build muscles, calcium to build bones and teeth, and vitamins to promote growth and to protect against deficiency diseases, milk had no equal. But she would have to begin carefully and perhaps resort to strategy because of the emotional upset which she had allowed to become associated with milk in Bobby's experience.

Thinking of deficiency diseases reminded Bobby's mother of those white rats whose pictures she had seen when the home-economics teacher lectured. If Bobby could only see the poorly developed, scrawny little rats that were not given milk, and their plump, healthy brothers and sisters who had had milk since they were born, he might learn a good lesson.

The differences between these two groups of rats must have been the result of their diet, because they had the same parents and the same chances in every way other than food. The teacher who lectured said that a person could learn even more about the value of milk by noting the condition of the rats' hair, eyes and ears. The underdeveloped group had straggly hair, weak eyes and infected ears, because they had not had milk or enough of fresh fruits and vegetables to furnish a certain vitamin.

Mother decided to tell Bobby about the rats. She was careful to mention milk only along with a number of other foods so it would not be the outstanding point in her story. She was also too smart to put the moral-of-this-story idea in the forefront to spoil Bobby's interest in the plight of the poorly nourished rats. Bobby's interest was keen; boys are always keen for a story about live things. His mother promised to send to the state university for some pictures like those she had seen. She hoped that the family could drive over to the university sometime later so that she and Bobby could see the real rats.

MILK IN TOOTHsome DISGUISES. In the meantime there had been no discussion of milk or of the other food antipathies Bobby had developed. Mother had changed her tactics completely. It was impossible now for Bobby to pick a fuss with her because of his food habits. She was biding her time. One day without any talk about it at the table or beforehand Bobby found at his place a raisin pudding—really a cornstarch pudding most all milk! Perhaps Bobby was smart enough to detect the milk and to be glad of an opportunity to begin to save himself from the plight of the poor little rats. Perhaps he did not realize that the once-hated milk was in the pudding. No one will ever know what went on in Bobby's mind because no one began any discussion about milk or about the pudding.

For lunch next day there were escalloped potatoes, cooked in milk; and for supper, baked custard. Mother got a little bolder as time went on. Soon Bobby was eating milk soups thick with strained peas, potatoes, spinach and other vegetables so good for him. His cereal was cooked in milk, though perhaps no one but mother knew that. One chilly morning he found some nice warm cocoa awaiting him. Of course, it was very weak of cocoa and sugar and very strong of milk, but it was a fine treat.

The weather grew a little warmer. In the middle of one bright spring morning, Bobby and his little playmate, Betty Ann, scampered into the kitchen demanding something to eat. Bobby said: "Mumsie, we're hungry!" Mother was glad. If Bobby was really hungry between meals after eating the wholesome food he had been

taking at the table, most of her battle was won. Under such circumstances a between-meal demand for food was a good sign.

But mother was too smart to give Bobby and Betty Ann cookies or "jelly bread." She knew that hungry children would enjoy bread and butter. She was clever enough also to make the most of her opportunity before her. She told the children to move the little play table out on the porch in the warm sunshine and set it for a tea party.

While they trudged in and out fixing the table as much like their mothers' and daddies' big tables as they could, Bobby's mother sliced some graham bread, the nice dark kind with the nutty flavor, the kind she knew was full of minerals and vitamins and "bulk." She buttered one side of this and made the tiniest little square sandwiches with chopped lettuce inside. They were tiny so that they would not spoil the appetites of her young guests for the next meal still two hours off.

Then for the final stroke. Mother took some cool and refreshing milk from the ice box and poured it into glasses shaped like ice cream soda glasses. Into these glasses she stuck some soda-fountain straws. Onto the tea-party table went the big surprise, and into the house went the wise mother.

Bobby and Betty Ann had a great time. Nothing had ever been quite like this. Perhaps Bobby was glad to get sure enough milk so he'd grow as well as the round silky rats in the pictures had grown. Perhaps he had really liked milk all the time, only the satisfaction of a row and the joy of claiming the full attention of mother at each meal were greater than his liking for milk.

Of course, Bobby was only four and he did not understand in the language of grown-ups all about his satisfaction in winning out over his mother in the battle scenes he had staged at every meal. But whether Bobby understood his behavior or not, the results of applying poor psychology in his training had been at work just the same. A new and better kind of psychology was now having its influence.

A WELL-EARNED VICTORY. The psychological "accident" from which Bobby had learned how nice it was to get his own way had come as unannounced as any accident. It was as sudden as the automobile collision mother had had when she was learning to drive. But her response was as quick and as well measured in handling Bobby as it had been in handling her car. She went into "reverse" soon as her will and Bobby's clashed, because she knew it was to be difficult to get around the obstruction of Bobby's temperamental. She backed off a forward again in "low," feeling her way and watching her progress through several of the methods recommended as useful in overcoming bad food habits.

Her wisdom in "second" and her ingenuity in "high" enabled her to carry her son smoothly and surely over what might have been a rough and difficult road.

Development of the Sheep Industry.

The pure-bred ram policy inaugurated and conducted by the Dominion Live Stock Branch is evidently having a most satisfactory effect in the improvement of the sheep industry of the country. Primarily it is greatly advancing the use of pure-bred rams and conforming to the demands of the markets both at home and abroad. In his report for 1924-25 the Minister of Agriculture states that the demand for pure-bred rams is increasing year by year. The large number of farmers who have qualified for second premiums under the policy indicates that it has had a marked effect in inducing farmers to dock and castrate their lambs. Ewe flocks in ram clubs organized two years ago contain a large percentage of ewes from pure-bred rams and show a marked improvement through grading up. Farmers are showing a decided preference for better quality rams and breeders who have been able to qualify the highest number of XXX rams are usually the first to be sold out in the fall. The number of ram clubs has also greatly increased. The Minister further states that the demand for breeding ewes in 1924-25 was greater than in the previous year and that prices for ewes with good mouths advanced considerably in price. The commercial lamb market was firm throughout the marketing season and promises continuation.

It might be added that the Minister's report is thoroughly confirmed by the increased registration of pure-bred sheep with the National Live Stock Records, the record in 1925 being 14,093 registrations and 9,121 transfers against 10,449 registrations and 6,951 transfers in 1924. In five years the increase of registrations has been close upon 75 per cent, while the transfers have more than doubled.

Old English Remedies. In the first English Pharmacopoeia, published in 1541, the preparations included crab's eyes, pearls, snails, vipers, the thigh bone of a hanged man, and many equally surprising remedies.

HER ID WAS

Weak and by Dr.

"Two years ago I was very weak and much run-down from indigestion and sleepless nights. I often could not lie down at night and away I would go. I could not get any rest without feeling that I was not getting any rest. I consulted a doctor and he gave me some medicine, but it did not do any good. I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and in a few days I felt better. I continued to take them and in a few weeks I was able to get on my feet. I am now strong and healthy and I credit my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I have recommended them to all my friends and I hope they will do good for many others."—All week should follow Wright, Sec. 2, 1212 Ave. N. W., Wash., D. C.

The Down build

Where the child will not eat and scarcely breaks and grows thin. I felt the same. Was but a

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