



THE question for each man to settle is not what he would do if he had means, time, influence and educational advantages, but what he will do with the things he has.—H. W. Mabie.

Elam, The Unlucky

By DON CAMERON SHAFER
(Farm, Stock and Home)

ELAM YOUNGS laid the whip on his shaggy grey farm team as was his custom whenever he had occasion to drive by the Brookside Farms. In this way he acknowledged a well nourished contempt for his arch enemy, Jerry Jamison, and all that was his. It also served to kick up a cloud of yellow dust to obscure the well-kept fields, the fine buildings, and the general atmosphere of rural thrift from Elam's envious eyes.

Now, we must take Elam's word for it—he was always unlucky. Nothing the unfortunate man ever did turned out as he had planned in the gaining. No matter what he tried to do, or what pains he took, the evil genius of his unlucky life always managed by some subtle and fiendish ingenuity, to bring about a dismal and complete failure. Did Elam but attempt to raise turkeys, up would come a heavy shower and drown them to the last poult. His fine foals—when he tried to raise any—always managed to break through his fences and get injured; the calves sickened and died; his crops were never up to expectations; the seasons were always wrong; the frosts were unexpected; the summers were ever too dry or too wet, and so on, as long as anyone would listen to Elam's tirade against the tantalizing fates.

Let us follow Elam's envious eyes through the dustcloud behind the galloping greys and inspect the Brookside Farms, presided over by Jerry Jamison. Curses on the luck! Jerry Jamison was always fortunate, that's what he was! Everything the old boy man does seems to please the old boy Luck, and she showers gold into his lap. The two farms were almost exactly alike in location, but you could tell at a glance that one was favored by chance and the other not. Elam's farm was like so many—a, too many!—others. The house was unpainted, chickens flocked in the dooryard, calves were tied to the shade trees. The barn buildings were sagging, weather-beaten, and woe-begone. The fences were unkempt, the brush uncut, the orchards untrimmed. A general atmosphere of loneliness and failure hung like a pall over the place. There was not a single modern convenience in house or barn. Imagine a farm just the opposite of this, a place of cheerfulness and prosperity, and you will know Brookside. The white house, peeping out of a grove of handsome maples, seemed to welcome you within. The purring brood' gurgled additional cheer from beneath the old stone bridge by the red barns. The fields lay in order and neatness. Everything spoke of thrift, of ease and plenty, of success and sweet content.

It rains alike on the just and the

unjust—also it fails to rain on the lucky as well as the unlucky. And now there had been no more than a



Wherein Lies the Attractiveness of this Farm Home?

To look at this illustration one would not believe that this home is located on the prairie. The difference between the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Callender, of Hartner, Man, here illustrated, and the average prairie home is in the planting. The humblest home may be made attractive when vines, shrubs and trees have been used as plentifully as they have in this case. Now is the season to plan the planting around your home.

desultory shower for nearly two months. The hills were parched in the August sun, the valley flats were fighting to maintain their crops.

"Well, Ann, I've sold five of th' cows," growled Elam, as he stomped into the kitchen upon his return from town.

"Oh, Elam!" cried Ann, his wife. "No use sniveling about it; they had to go. Hang such luck, anyway! No rain since last June. Nothing to feed th' stock an' no money to buy feed. All of us have got to cut down our herds."

"Is Jerry Jamison selling off his



An Ideally Located Vegetable and Fruit Garden

This garden is located directly behind the home pictured above. Mrs. Callender does not need to trail out to the field when a few fresh vegetables are needed for dinner. An ample garden such as this is both pleasurable and profitable.

stock, too?" asked Ann, very meekly. "Good Lord, no!" cried Elam, in disgust. "He's got pasture an' fodder a-plenty. Th' luck of that man is past all understanding. I don't see how he does it."

Ordinarily the third person present, feminine gender, would have said nothing at all, for it was not good policy to offer advice to Elam. He did not need it at all—all he needed was a streak of good luck once in his life! But the daughter of the house, our Helen, just coming into womanhood, wanted so very many things, as girls always do, that the words just slipped out.

"Perhaps if you would watch Jerry you would see how he does it," she suggested.

"You don't know what you're talkin' about!" thundered Elam, making up in noise and domineering authority what he lacked in logic. "What do I want to go spavin' on Jerry Jamison for, heh? Don't I know as much about farmin' as he ever did or ever will—heh? It's just his d—luck, that's what it is, to have enough fodder while th' rest of us are short."

tion of farmin'. He's all th' while takin' up new flap-doodles an' rigmaroles, from new-fangled saos to 'moolation of clover fields. He makes his money by flim-flamin' other farmers into buyin' his costly stuff, which ain't no good an' never was. He's a scoundrel, that's what he is, though a mighty lucky one."

"He's making money," answered Ann.

"He's stealin' it, that's what he is! He's—"

"They don't talk that way about him down in the village," continued Helen. "Everyone has a good word for the Jamisons. They are said to be the best farmers in this section."

"Best farmers, indeed!" Elam almost choked over this added affront, which disparaged of his good name as a farmer. "Why—why you been talkin' with that young Jamison, th' scawagaw, that's what you this, young lady, if that's what you're up to when you go down town, you'll stay right here from now on. I won't have you makin' up to that young smart Alek, throwing yourself at his head just because his father's got a lot of money. I won't have any of my family talkin' to those Jamisons. I'll—"

But the rest was lost as Elam stamped his way out into the yard, muttering to himself all the way to the barn, where he cursed his ill luck from start to finish while he did the chores.

Understand me, there was no actual feud between the two families, nor could it be truthfully called antagonistic business rivalry, inasmuch as Jamison did all the business and Youngs all the antagonizing. Yet they did not notice each other beyond a curt nod when they chanced to pass on the highway and never visited back and forth as neighbors should.

Heigho, ancient family feuds are always a bitter inheritance to the younger generation. In spite of herself, Helen found that her mind was frequently—ah, very frequently—busy with many little pleasanties concerning one, John Jamison, the only son of her father's bitter enemy. A day, as she walked along the roadside path on her way home from the village her youthful imagination conjured up many delightful little day dreams wherein John played the hero. And, busy with these pleasant romanticisms, she did not hear the hurrying motor car which came so swiftly from behind until the driver crowded on the brake and brought the car to a standstill beside the road.

It was none other than John Jamison.

"Hello, Helen!" he called cheerily, for all the world as though a family feud did not exist.

"Why, good morning, John." And she was actually smiling, though her startled heart did beat ever and ever so fast!

"Jump in and let me take you home," pleaded her hero.

"No, John," she shook her head sadly.

"Come now, Helen, you aren't going to hate me just because our fathers disagree upon the proper methods of farmin'?"

"It isn't that, John," she answered sadly, and in truth it wasn't. "Only—only—"

To hide her confusion—I am not certain but it was actual shame—Helen hurried on along the pathway, determined to do her duty as she saw it, leaving John standing, nonplussed, beside the purring machine.

In less than a minute the car flashed by, and then, just as she, womanlike, was about to cry after him, it

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