

mandibles, and as soon as the silly scientist has disappeared a hearty ha! ha! is indulged in by the practical man at the expense of the lad trained at the agricultural college.

"Well what do you fellows do in that office over there in the town, all dressed up in your laundered shirts and good clothes? Who pays you anyway? The people are burdened enough already without paying the salaries and expenses of a lot more worthless and lazy young striplings going about the country endeavoring to teach farmers how to farm. It is just a farce. What do you educated kidlets know about growing crops and feeding stock. No, I refuse to awaken my husband from his usual after-dinner nap."

Just a salute from the wife of a farmer whom the assistant was sent out by the Representative to help. The good woman was as good as her word and did not disturb the man of the house from his peaceful slumber, evidently about the only peace he gets on this earth, but after a little suave persuasion, some small talk, a little blarney and unmerited praise, and after assuring the good woman that what she paid towards his salary and that of the Representative would not buy her a one-cent stamp her manner changed slightly, and the desired information was given and the lad departed for the next farm. It is strange how people think they are going to be robbed by every stranger who enters their gate, but no one can blame them. To-day this woman and her husband are enthusiastic over the work of the Representative. You cannot always tell by the looks of a frog how far he can leap, but you can always bank on it that when a farmer's wife jumps at you that she goes as far as she can in the first breath and lands with all her weight the first time, and if you survive, the rebound is likely to be so great a shock that before long her attitude will have entirely changed. It pays to get on the right side of the women for the severest female critic once convinced is worth a hundred indifferent men or women, and once she sees the value of the work she is just as loud in her praise as she was in her disparagement.

"Good afternoon madam," is Mr. — at home."

"Yes."

"Could I talk with him a few minutes about his orchard?"

"No you can't. We don't want any more apple trees, and besides he's asleep, and I would not call him to talk to a tree agent, so you might as well go and don't forget to shut the gate after you."

Glancing toward a ten-acre orchard neglected from every standpoint Bill decided that the woman was right. It would not be worth while to talk to a man with an orchard which might have been yielding him easily \$1,000 yearly, but who preferred to let blight and brush, insect and disease place it in the entirely unproductive class while he slumbered valuable time away on the dining-room sofa.

"Do not call him under any consideration," said Bill, "let him sleep on; an orchard would be little use to him."

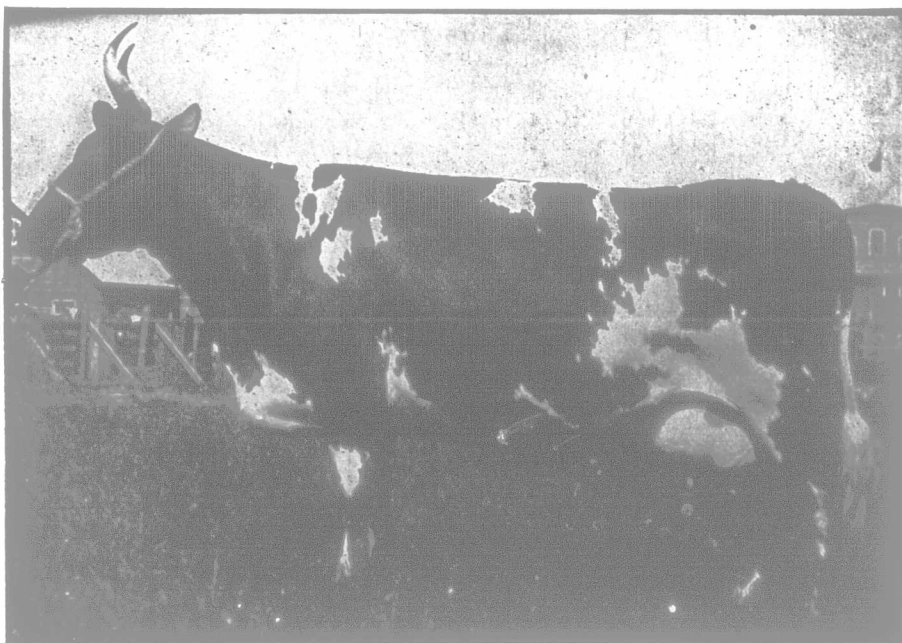
She looked as if she would have liked to have hissed "scat" as Bill backed his rather thin livery horse around and made for the gate which he was not to leave open and he didn't. A livery horse may be slower but takes better with the people, and is not so hard on the traveller as the bumpety bump motor cycle now supplied to many of the offices.

It is great fun to drive two horses on a buggy, especially when one pulls incessantly on the bit while the other tries to get in the buggy to ride, two typical livery horses. Such a team had Bill and the Representative on one occasion to drive over twenty miles on a hot day and through sand. One horse lugged and the other lagged, yet the destination was reached, and after holding a very successful drainage demonstration where the advantages of underdrainage were reiterated and the methods of laying out a survey explained and demonstrated, showing how to determine fall and lay the tile to grade, a further drive of eight miles lay ahead with a big surveying job waiting for Bill. It was a great place. We arrived for dinner. The daughter of the house, about seventeen years of age, barefooted and decidedly untidy, was hustled off upstairs on our arrival and she reappeared at the dinner table dressed, not in the latest from Paris, but in the latest from somewhere. It was decidedly late anyway, but this did not matter. She seemed so prim in contrast with the dinner, and much cleaner than the house and the woman thereof. Bill was single but no particular bit was made, and after one meal he decided to do a day and one-half's work in five hours and search for further fields to conquer. Accordingly at six o'clock, upon the arrival of his chief from a trip seven miles north, they pulled up stakes and started a seven-mile drive for the next job.

Oh what a difference! The binder had broken down, and in repairing it supper had been delayed so we were "just in time." Such hospitality as only good farmers and their wives can show was extended, and after watching the girl milk a few cows and the boys feed as fine a

bunch of pigs as it has even been our privilege to see, we sat down to a meal from which we could scarcely rise, having partaken time and again of ham and eggs, hot cakes, home-made bread, home-canned fruit and deep apple pie with sundry side dishes and all delicious. These people were glad to see us, and we were more than pleased to see them, and it made our eyes fairly water to watch our formerly receding shirt fronts fill out once more as we filled the receiving stations which we carried under them with the best of life's necessities. We did this surveying job; answered numberless questions; our work was appreciated and we learned something as well as did the people whom we went to help. We got a wholesome meal which our stomachs could digest, but at the next place we were expected, and what a feast was there! The neighbor girls were in to entertain and be entertained, and all the best cook books had been exhausted in an effort to feed these poor bachelor boys enough. We were exhausted, or at least all available space was, before we had nearly finished the spread. The kindness of these people was immense. Not only did they feed us but they played and sang to us and asked us so many questions that we were put to it to find answers, and surely for a while the job was a very pleasant one. When everyone is agreeable no one knows how much good may be done.

One old Irishman for whom we surveyed and where we finished at noon proffered a drink of good old hard cider in a mug more like a half-gallon jug. Innocently thinking it to be sweet cider Bill drank a quart or so on an empty stomach without stopping to taste it, and the Irishman's neighbor never had such a half-day's surveying done before or since. Bill handled the instrument and was seeing things all the afternoon, nevertheless the underdrains were put in and the fields dried, so it takes more than cider to upset a student of experience, even though the crosshairs in the instrument looked like a crooked rail fence. Funny thing how hard cider hastened that farm to a drier state.



Auchenbrain Hattie 6th Imp.

Champion Ayrshire cow at the Ormstown Show. Exhibited by McMillan & Leggit, Huntingdon, Que.

These expert agriculturists are the "big" men in the towns in which they live. They are invited to attend all the social functions such as Ladies' Aids, Women's Institutes, Sewing Circles, Church Dinners and Literary Society Entertainments, and are supposed to be able to talk on everything from supplying pure milk to the babies up to the possibilities of church union. It must be great fun also for Representatives who are able to play such strenuous games as tennis, golf and croquet, for their evenings are greatly taken up, and the fair ones seem to be incessantly calling "thirty love" until the poor boy more accustomed to handling a hoe or a fork than a tennis racket believes that there are about thirty of them drawing in around him, and bats the ball over the back fence to end the confusion and escapes to that wonderful pastime golf where he slugs and tramps hours by himself and has a great time. Croquet is all right, but the best game for the Representative if he has time to indulge is bowling.

The work looks vastly different from the inside looking out than from the outside looking in. As a usual thing those who work as assistants have little money when they start, and sometimes less yet when they quit or get moved up to the Representative position in another county. Even there it is no get-rich-quick "job" as some none too sympathetic farmers seem to think. The lad usually leaves college "broke" or worse. He finds himself in a strange town where he must work one month, he believes, before pay day, but this is generally much longer than a calendar month. He is informed that it

will likely be the middle of next month before his check arrives, and lives and hopes, all the time footing travelling expense bills. Then he finds out that the appropriation is exhausted, and he must exist for possibly three months and pay his board and other expenses until more money is at the Department's disposal. This is always very discouraging to Representative and assistant alike, and they hope on that salaries and expense money may come promptly. They know that "pay day" comes like clock work in private enterprise, and cannot understand why it should be delayed. If either were working for anyone else but His Majesty's Government he would demand an explanation, and would insist upon prompt payment for services rendered. His intense loyalty is all that saves trouble, and besides there is the eternal dunning coming from business people who have accounts against the office and who have to wait weeks and months for payment. This becomes annoying.

A new man is green on sending in accounts, and Bill like the rest forgot to fully itemize one or two less than forty-cent purchases for office needs, and for this reason payment was further belated. It is not conducive to extreme happiness to have a land-lady worrying about board bills unpaid and perchance threatening to seize your old trunk and battered suit-case with what few clothes you can scrape up, when you only have a stub of a lead pencil left from examination time, and the first Yankee cent your father gave you in your pocket, and are waiting for that long-delayed pay day. You often wish you were somewhat more agricultural than a Representative.

What does District Representative work consist of? Just everything. You test milk and cream until the cows turn pale in the face at sight of you, start to tremble and leak rich strippings because they wish to demonstrate fully that they are not the "boarder" cows which you, by test, would send to the butcher's block. Some buyers of milk and cream by test get almost as scared as the cows, for they know that every

dairyman for miles around gets the office to keep tab on their tests, for farmers fear factorymen, and the Representative must be careful that he gets fair samples to test else there will surely be trouble. The land is surveyed for miles of underdrains, many of which are put in and the land brought up to a profitable basis, but field after field is gone over and extensive plans made which almost stagger the owner, and in some cases he decides to puddle away rather than pay out good money to get tiles buried on his property. The Representative shows him where and how to drain; if he decides not to do it that does not lighten the work of the Representative. Bad weeds must be recognized at sight, and methods

of eradication explained on a moment's notice. The Representative must know how to kill all diseases and insects of farm and orchard, and by demonstration must show that he can. He must be an expert on soils and crops; must know the right rotation for each farm; must be able to repair spraying outfits and farm machinery and plan stables and house construction, lay out fields and advise on farm power of all kinds; must be able to teach young boys and older practical, experienced farmers; must know how to feed all kinds of animals on all kinds of feed and get results. He must know six chemistries, all the botany of the farm, geology, entomology, bacteriology, agronomy, animal husbandry, dairy husbandry, physics, arithmetic, poultry husbandry, mechanics, English literature, veterinary science and all of these in their many branches, together with anything else which may happen to come up, and with all this he must be on the "job" all the time and must get permission to do many things where his own judgment he considers is just as valuable as that of those who do not understand conditions in his county as well as he does himself. He must not wander far from home. The county map in his office shows him the boundaries of his county, and if he is caught outside without permission something may happen.

Bill did not fit in entirely. He had some sharp edges in his square form which could not be planed off to fit the round hole in which he must bury himself, so he decided not to offer his services for the work any longer, (maybe they would not have been accepted anyway) so he