

former are united; the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches admit that only one of them ought to be there; but they meet the issue by working together, in a spirit which not all congregations have. The ministers, Cameron and Conkle, are young men who seem to care less for denomination than for Christianity. What one has, the other shares. Once each week both congregations worship together. Out-stations are served in turn by the two men. Their people are trained in a Christian, rather than a denominational spirit. I doubt if this could be better done by one congregation. Yet, it is a matter of the spirit, not a matter of organization. It has its advantages, as well as weaknesses.

The public schools in Brush have some of the advantages which all schools on the irrigated lands of Colorado share. They have many pupils, because the people live closely, in intensive settlements, and the town is not far from the country. The gem of the Brush schools which, above all, I admired, was the teaching of agriculture by Mr. Powell. He is not a teacher provided by the State law. He, like the instructor in athletics, is a local improvement on State law, and an enthusiast. Monday morning found him busy on his land space, showing a class of boys how to turn a stump into charcoal. In the afternoon came a new rural sensation. A consignment of opossums, for which he had sent to Missouri, arrived, and he thrilled the minds of all the children of Brush with the story of performances of a mother 'possum and her young. Such a man makes his pupils love the country. He teaches not mere agriculture for profit, but farming as a living. He wins the youth to love the land.

The best part of Brush is its naturalness. No outsider has taught this to the community; but out of the progressive spirit of a live people, under the obvious leadership of a shrewd preacher and a long-headed principal of the schools, with the support of the hardest-headed farmers I have ever met, it has been done. One can see the story of it in the face of "Jim" Bollinger, or of one of the deep-chested Danes. It is a story of successful farming, by men who see this meaning of the irrigation ditch, namely, that the common interest is the source of private wealth. Organized and unorganized, it is the co-operative spirit which has placed Brush as high above other country communities as Long's Peak—which looks along its westward streets—is above the plains of Colorado.

A Wet Day.

Ever since the wet weather began I have been looking for a helpful book or magazine article, and, of course, I couldn't find either. The books and articles that one really wants never seem to be written. These authors and writers never seem to have the same experiences as the rest of us, or, if they do, they keep quiet about them and make up the things they write. I wish they would get down to the earth and do something useful once in a while.

What I have been looking for is a book on "Polite Conversations for Wet Weather," or an article on "How to Live Together on a Rainy Day Without Coming to Blows." I don't believe anything has been written on this subject, so I suppose I must get to work and do it myself. That's always the way. If a fellow wants a thing done, he has got to do it himself. Other people never seem—but, hold on! I am not going to let myself grumble. That is what everybody else does on a wet day, and it is what I want to get away from. It is pouring cats and dogs outside, cold, driving rain, and the world is one welter of discomfort. On such a day, "Mine enemy's dog, even had he bit me, had stood beside my fire." It was too wet for the children to go to school, and too wet for anyone to work outside, so the house is overcrowded with people who would like to be alone. All the games that are started are too noisy to be endured. Why is it that the children will insist on playing horse when they have to stay in the house, and always play school and keep as still as mice when it is sunny and all nature invites them to be out of doors? But here I am grumbling again. Let us change the subject.

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I don't believe that in all literature there is a really good description of a rainy day. Of course, there is the storm scene in "Lear," and I think Maupassant has a story about a group of people who were storm-bound at an inn, but both descriptions are infected with madness. What we need is a book of "Table Talk from Noah's Ark." Say, but they must have been sick of the rain and of one another before their cruise was ended. After about the twentieth day they must have just done the chores, fed the animals and such things, and then sat around and hated one another. It has been said that it is not good for man to be alone, but I am sure it is not good for people to be too much together, especially in wet

weather. I seldom call at a farm house during a wet spell without feeling that I am interrupting a family row. Altogether too often this is about the way things go on a wet day. The head of the house comes clumping in with muddy feet, throws his wet hat and coat on the sofa, and begins:

"That tile drain out of Bill Hyse's field is clogged up, and over an acre of the wheat is flooded. Unless this rain stops so that I can fix it, that patch will be scalded out, for, of course, it will freeze solid before I can get at it. And there is a leak on the stable roof. I don't see why on earth we can't get decent shingles any more, when we have to pay such prices for them; and the leather in these new boots is just like a sponge. They just soak up water. I think a heavy fog would go through them. And say, why can't you keep a fire going on a day like this? I have to go out in the rain to do the chores, and when I come in the fire is out, and everyone is standing around so that I can't get near the wood-box. I should think we might at least be comfortable when the weather is so bad that we can't get out to work, and everything on the place is going to rack and ruin. STOP THAT NOISE! I believe you would let the children tear the house down if I didn't speak to them once in a while. Where's this week's paper? I suppose you have used it to kindle the fire or to wipe out the lamp chimneys? Oh, that's it? Well, let me have it, why don't you? And now, don't bother me. I have enough to worry me with the interest on the mortgage coming due, without having to listen to a lot of grumbling."

That's just the way he talks, Isn't it? Grumbles about everything, and makes himself just as disagreeable as he can. But, alas, sometimes this is the way the conversation goes:

"How on earth do you think I can ever get through my work with you sitting on top of the stove? The house is all tracked up like a pig-pen. I think you might have taken off your boots before going into the parlor to get the book off the center table. It's only a week since I house-cleaned, and now I'll have to do it all over again. Nothing I want done ever seems to get done. I have been wanting a load of manure put around my rose-bushes all fall, and it isn't done yet. I know you can't do it to-day, but there were plenty of odd-times when you might have done it if you wanted to. And there is that washing machine that you have promised to fix a hundred times. You use your self-binder only a few days each year, and you would never think of taking it into the field without having everything just right, but I use the washing machine every week, and I can't get it fixed, though it almost breaks my back. And the eave-trough on the south side of the house leaks so that not over half the water gets into the cistern. I know you can't fix it now, but there were plenty of times when you could have fixed it. And I think you might put a stick of wood in the stove once in a while, instead of sitting there reading some trashy book. Where are you going now? Oh, yes, you are going out to the stable to mend the harness. You never neglect what makes things easier for yourself, though I can talk till I am tired about the things I want done. I never try to tell you the truth about anything but you get mad and stamp out of the house and slam the door. Oh, very well, but you'll be sorry some day when you haven't got me here to wait on you hand and foot."

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Of course, you will understand that the above are not offered as model conversations for a rainy day. Quite the contrary. Some sunny day, when I am feeling in good humor myself, I might try to write some. How on earth could one do anything cheerful with this rumpus going on? There now! I wonder who that was that fell down stairs. It's a wonder the children don't kill themselves, the way they tumble around. But here I am grumbling again. Let us change the subject once more.

Speaking of descriptions of rainy days in literature, it occurs to me that there are very few complete descriptions of pleasant days. The poets only give us flashes. At the present moment I recall only one, and that is Milton's "L'Allegro." I am tempted to contrast a day in England in the time of the Puritan poet with a day in Canada. He begins with the first sign of morning:

"To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise."

Instead of the lark, we have the robin. I have heard both, and must confess that there is a homely cheeriness about the morning song of the robin that is just about as good to start the day on as the "linked sweetness" of the lark. What follows is more familiar:

"While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hound and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn."

Of course, a lot of people would be more interested in this if Milton had mentioned the price of eggs in his day, and, as for the hound and horns, we have no time for such foolishness in this strenuous age. Let us proceed:

"While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

I cannot recall that I ever came across a singing milk-maid outside of a comic opera; the scythe has given place to the mowing machine, and the shepherd has lost his occupation on account of the wire fences. The world has moved since Milton's day. But listen to this, O, ye serious-minded Canadians:

"Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checkered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale."

That sort of thing might have been all very well in the time of Milton, but it would never do in industrious Canada. Now let us complete the day by seeing what he has to say about the evening:

"Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumph hold."

That should be quite familiar to the people of Montreal or Toronto, where they have throngs of railroad knights and financial barons.

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild."

Instead of the learned sock of Jonson, we have the brisk tights of George M. Cohan, and instead of Shakespeare, the moving-pictures. Surely the world does move.

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Hello. Everything seems to be comfortable, even though the rain is pelting down heavier than ever. Somebody is singing, and I believe the children are cracking hickory nuts around the fire. I think I'll go down stairs and join them. But wait a minute. It has just occurred to me that perhaps the prevailing peace and contentment may be due to the fact that I went away by myself with my bad humor. Possible, if we all kept our tantrums to ourselves on rainy days, things might be easier. It might be a good idea to try it. Or to turn in and tidy up the cellar and fix up the shelving in the back kitchen that she has been wanting done for six months.

Canada Wheat and Potatoes Win.

At the "Land Show," held last week in Madison Square Garden, New York, the \$1,000 in gold prize offered by Sir Thos. Shaughnessy, of the C. P. R., for the best exhibit of spring or winter wheat, was won by Seager Wheeler, of Rosthern, Sask., W. I. Glass, of McLeod, Alta., being alternate. The \$1,000 silver cup given by James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway for the best 100 pounds of wheat grown in the United States in 1911, was won by James Todd, of Geyser, Mont. William H. Dorin, of Glover, Va., won a \$1,000 silver cup for 30 ears of Indian corn. The \$1,000 silver cup for oats was awarded to Patton & Hartmann, of Roseman, Mont. R. Ersinger, of Manhattan, Mont., won the \$1,500 silver cup for the best bushel of barley. In the short staple cotton contest, the \$1,000 silver-prize cup went to the American Nile Co. of El Centro, California. W. X. Sudduth, of Montana, and Asabel Smith, of British Columbia, respectively, won the \$1,000 silver cup and the \$1,000 silver trophy for the best alfalfa and potatoes.

The judges were C. G. William, Agronomist, Ohio Experimental Station; Prof. Alfred Atkinson, Montana Agricultural College; and Prof. W. J. Jardine, Kansas Agricultural College.