

of \$4.00, \$3.00, \$2.00, \$1.00, respectively, will be given for the next best compositions. Now, is all this clear? If you want to enter this competition, please notify "Puck" at once, addressing your letter to The Beaver Circle, "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont. He will then add your name and address to the list already in.

OUR JUNIOR BEAVERS.

[For all pupils from First Book to Junior Third, inclusive.]

Old Rover.

Old Rover is the finest dog
That ever ran a race:
His ear so quick, his foot so fleet,
And such an honest face.

My playmate, he, in ev'ry sport,
The moment I begin,
He's always ready for a race
And always sure to win.

One day he stole my hat
And ran across the plain,
While loudly laughed a man and boy
Who saw me chase in vain.

So tired, at last, I sat me down
Upon a green grass-plat,
When, quick, old Rover turned about
And brought me back my hat.

At home, abroad, where'er I go,
There Rover's sure to be—
There never was a kinder dog
Than he has been to me.

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for fifteen years, and we all like it very much. I like to read the Junior Beavers' letters. I go to school, and have over a mile to walk, but papa drives me in the winter. We had a Christmas tree and concert at our school, and had a very nice time. I like the summer much better than the winter, because I can be outdoors more. I go to Sunday-school, and have my mamma for a teacher. I have a missionary card, and have been collecting for four years. Now, I will bring my letter to a close, lest you should think it too long to print, and consign it to the w.-p. b.

MINA B. BALFOUR
(Age 10, Book II.).

Omeme, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a long time, and thinks it a very valuable paper. I go to school a half mile from my home. I live in the country, eight miles from Stratford. I have one sister and two brothers. I was nine years old on the 12th of February. I wish some of the Beavers would correspond with me. There are about twenty-one scholars going to our school. We have a lady teacher; her name is Miss Toohey. I hope this will escape the waste-paper basket.

IRENE McDERMOTT
(Age 8, Class III.).

St. Paul's, Ont., R. D. No. 3.

Dear Puck,—I have been reading the other letters in "The Farmer's Advocate" for some time, and thought I would like to write one too.

We like "The Farmer's Advocate" very much. I like to look at the pictures in it, and enjoy reading the Beaver Circle. I have a sister thirteen years old, and I am nine. My sister Marion and I have about a mile and a half to go to school, and go nearly every day. We take potatoes and apples and bake them over the furnace at school. Our teacher's name is Miss Mitchell. She sometimes lets us go to the hill near the school in winter and coast down it at noon.

We live on a farm three miles from Camlachie. We have three horses and a two-year-old colt. The driver's name is May, and Marion and I can drive her ourselves. We have eighteen Dorset sheep and some little lambs, and it is fun to watch them play. Last summer one lamb's mother died, and we fed her milk out of a dish. She became so tame that she would follow us. One day she came

over and jumped up into the summer kitchen. Papa thought she was getting too free, so he put her with the other sheep. With best wishes for you and the Beavers.

HELEN E. JARDINE
Camlachie, Ont. (Book Sr. II.).

Dear Puck and Beavers,—My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for nearly four years, and I enjoy reading the Beaver letters very much. I have two and a half miles to go to school, so I cannot attend very regularly in the winter. I have a large Scotch collie dog for a pet. His name is Buster. He gets the cows in the summer, and plays hide-and-go-seek with me. I hope my letter is not too long, so I will close now, wishing the Beaver Circle much success.

BERTHA C. EBERT
(Age 9, Book III.).

Hagersville, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I thought I would tell you about a little bird that came to our window one Saturday night early in December while we were eating our supper, and started to rap and tap. After a little while my brother James went out and caught it. When he came in mother tried to see if it would eat bread or drink milk, but it would do neither. I think I will close for this time.

HELEN MARION STEPHEN (age 7).
Gildale, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I came from the city to live here, and they take "The

Beaver Circle Notes.

Please, Beavers, do not write to our Circle yet a while unless you have something very important to say. There are still fifty or sixty letters held over, and we must give them "their turn," mustn't we?

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

The Point of View.

Dear Ingle Nook Folk,—The other day, in a letter, there came to me a bit of news that tickled my funny-bone a bit,—my small niece had made two pies and a cake, "as well as anyone could make them!" Perhaps this does not seem very funny, but if you knew the fly-away little ten-year-old lady herself, what an inveterate player she is, how much skating and baseball and all venturesome outdoor things are the breath of life to her, you would see the point of the joke. I hope she was judiciously praised over the attempt, and made to feel that she had accomplished something worth while.

Children are so very open to suggestion,—drawing from personal experience, I



Old Rover.

Farmer's Advocate." I like the country best. I go to Audley school. Our teacher's name is Miss Madden. I am in the First Book. I have a cat, a dog, and two calves called Billy and Pete. They know their names, and are beginning to like me. I gather ten or eleven eggs every day. I lead the bay horse to drink. We call her Jess.

KATIE LODGE (age 9, Class I.).
Whitby, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I thought I would write, as I would like to join your Beaver Circle. I wrote once before on a competition, but my letter found its way to the w.-p. b. I like reading the letters in your Beaver Circle. There are thirty going to the school that I go to. Santa Claus was good to me at Christmas, for he brought me a year's subscription for "The Farmer's Advocate," and some other things. I like skating, but did not have much this winter, for the snow came and covered the ice over.

PERCY NEALE
(Age 9, Book Jr. III.).
Pictou, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—May I join your Circle? My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for as long as I can remember, and enjoys it very much. I have one large brother, and "The Farmer's Advocate" is the only paper he reads. I wish I will not make his letter too long, as it is my first. I am writing this in the w.-p. b.

LIZZIE LEWIS (age 8).
Dunkerton, Ont.

know that. Somewhere in the nebulous past, it must have been when I was very little, for the memory seems to have come down from the antediluvian ages, someone remarked before me, in regard to a young lady, who, to my admiring childish eyes, seemed little less than a goddess, "Oh SHE is a lady. SHE wouldn't spoil her hands with work,"—with a suggestive emphasis on the "she."

Now the young woman in question was pretty, and pleasant, and invariably well dressed, and, unquestionably, she had dainty hands, soft and white, with finger-tips like pink rose-leaves. In short, she was then my ideal, and quick as a flash the impression came to me, "A lady does not work with her hands. Such work soils. There is something degrading about having one's hands spoiled in this way." I could not have formulated the impression in these words, but such it was, and it stuck.

As I grew older I heard other people, with not a whit more sense or judgment, say such things as: "HE wouldn't be a farmer," "SHE wouldn't marry a farmer," "HE'll have to make a farmer of HIM. It's all he's good for,"—and a host of likewise foolish speeches,—and the worst of it was that it was farmers or their wives who were passing the comments. You may hear the like any day yet from people who have not thought the matter out.

And so I grew up feeling that farming was but a poor sort of work, and the farmers a rather poor lot, without brains or ambition enough to do anything else. Of course I wondered why my own people and some others whom I

liked could stay on farms, but—they were there anyhow. Perhaps they loved every tree and stone on the old farm as I did, and that was why they stayed there. One couldn't somehow help loving the old farm.

So the foolish ideas clung until, at the age of thirteen or fourteen, I began to study the high-school work in botany. Then at first vaguely, and then clearly and yet more clearly, came the revelation of the wonderful interest and dignity that might cling about life on the farm. I began to watch the birds and insects, I began to read scraps from agricultural papers, and presently was almost astounded to catch a glimpse, dim enough yet positive enough, of the tremendous extent to which scientific principles may be applied to farming.

A dullard's work? A thousand times No! Rather a scientist's work. None more interesting in the world, if one know enough of science to appreciate the fact. To-day if I had my way, I would make every boy who intends to be a farmer a fairly expert scientist first, teaching him by constant practice mixed with constant precept, then turn him loose on his own place to apply his learning to his own work,—to farm in the true sense of farming. One cannot be a doctor without understanding the principles that govern the preservation of health; one cannot be an architect without understanding the principles that govern strength and beauty of structure; one cannot be the farmer that he might be without understanding the principles that govern growth of plants, health of animals and a thousand other things.

Take warning, then, from this bit of personal history. Be careful of the suggestion that you thrust upon the child-mind; it is not strong enough nor experienced enough to reason out the rights and wrongs of things. You are, to the child, a god of omniscience. Your opinions are, to him, infallible. Then be careful. You may do incalculable harm by just one thoughtless statement.

Let the child feel from the beginning the great truth that work of any kind is really worth while; that it is a privilege to work, and that only mollycoddles and useless creatures try to shirk it. Let him understand that people who do nothing are seldom happy, and never should be, because it is the duty of every man, woman and child in the world to be useful.

Do not represent work as drudgery and the child will not think it is drudgery. Do not hold up play-time as a reward; saying "If you do this I'll let you go out to play." Say, "Would you be kind enough to do this before you go out to play?" This does not suggest that work is a hardship.

Of course I do not think that the child should be given too much work to do. He needs spontaneous play. I am only arguing that he be brought up to feel that he should do a certain amount of work, that work is really no hardship, that he can only be fine and manly (or womanly, as the case may be) by doing it,—work of the hands, work of the brain.

There are thousands of people who find work a drudgery, simply because from childhood they have been led (by suggestion) to think that it is. Whether it be drudgery or privilege all depends on the point of view. What a shame—what a bitter shame, then, to be given the wrong one and to be compelled to face life so handicapped. Many, to be sure, fight themselves out from the misconception, but there is always the chance that this child or that may not, or that he may waste valuable years and opportunities before he does so.

Now, what a "preachment!" But I have been treading on known ground here. That is why I gave you the bit of autobiography at the beginning of this screed.

P.S.—Have you ever noticed how persistently, once you have let a certain train of thought run in your mind, references bearing upon the subject in hand keep cropping up? An hour ago I finished writing the screed given above, and since then I have come upon two statements which I should like to quote to you.

The first is from Dean Schneider: "The substance of the law of labor is: Work and you will reach a higher mental development; cease work and you