THE CANADIAN THRESHERMAN AND FARMER

in such as poppies, sweet peas and some mixed fk are seeds, and vegetables. I put in such as carrots, lettuce, celery and turnips, so I had quite a little garden for myself when they all grew up. They were just as nice as they could be. I stored all of this away for winter use and gave it to my mother. The worms did not get much except turnips. My father has a horse which I like to ride very much. I trapped many gophers and goi five cents each, and that way I earned quite a bit of money. We have several chickens, and have got 40 to 50 eggs. I go to school every day and I an ing rande five. I like my teacher very much, her name is Miss Francis Ellingson. 1 will have exams. in June, and if Lget 50 per cent. I will get in grade Ellingson. I will have exams. In state, and if I get 50 per cent. I will get in grade 6. Well, I will close, hoping I have

Yours truly, Ada Lundahl, Box 13, Bawlf, Alta.

Boy's Prize Letter

Boy's Prize Letter Mitchellton, Sakk, April 2, 1918 Dear Cousin Doris:— 1 like to read the "Cousin Doris' letters in the Thresherman and Farmer. I am nine years old and live on a farm with my mother. I went to school only a few months last summer. Two years ago I hauled grain from the thresher to the elevator between two and three rules every. but between two lost

thresher to the elevator between two and three miles away, but last year we lost our crop by hail and didn't do much threshing. I run the engine. I can't turn the big wheel to start it but I can run it after it is started and stop it. I stayed on the engine and we had three men hauling sheaves and one looked after the separator. Our experies is, Cane 1925, and it is a

sheaves and one looked after the separator. Our engine is a Case 12-25, and it is a dandy. Mother can run it fine. She disked and plowed with it last spring. I have to keep the stable clean and I feed the horses. We have twelve of them. I like to each gophers and have got 19 now. I didn't have much luck with my garden last year but I am going to try again. I help mama to look after the ducks. We have a lot of them as well as geese and turkeys and chickens. I can drive four horses. Papa is dead and mama does her own

drive lour horses. Papa is dead and mama does her own farming. She can run any kind of machinery and we broke two colts to drive last year. I take mama a lunch

machinery and we broke two coits to drive last year. I take mama a lunch on cold days when she is in the field. We get up at 4 o'clock in the spring. I like the farm. I would like to write a letter for the prize but I can't write good as I always have to help and can't go to school till middle of the summer. I can milk one of our cows but the others kick me. I have a horse of my own but he is out on the prairie yet, he was out all winter. I like to drive him but sometimes he is baulky. I took the eggs and butter to the store with him last summer. Well, I will close now but I wish I could be lucky and get a prize. I am sending a snapshot of mama in the field. I took it myself and mama finished it. Your loving friend, Cecil F. London.

No Need to Employ an Architect No Need to Employ an Architect "Nope!" replied Gloom; "I shall not be obliged to employ an architect to plan and oversee the building of my new house. The loafers hanging around will tell me how everything should be done."

Fighters Who See No Battle During a sea fight the engine room men tend the great engines of a battleship with all the care that they would bestow upon the same delicate yet mighty mechanism in time of peace, roaming listlessly, yet with a definite purpose, around the en-gine room with oil cans in hand, bestowing drops of lubricant here and there as re-quired. Theirs and the stokers' is almost —not quite—the hardest part of the whole grim drama of a naval battle, for they are absolutely cut off from the fight, and are only cognizant of it by the quivering of their ship as the great turrets over their heads fire or as the enemy's shells thud gainst the armor or when some stray Fighters Who See No Battle heads fire or as the enemy's shells thud against the armor or when some stray shot finds its way through the steel wall and the bunkers to the boilers. Such an event blends a whole stokehold in one frenzied orgy of death—death by explod-ing shell and scattering fragments of steel; death by awful wounds from flying, burning coals, or death by scalding, hissing, blinding steam as the water tubes burst all around them.—Tit-Bitš.

A Misunderstanding

A munderstanding A certain English foreman in one of the Kensington textile factories is in the habit of having an apprentice heat his luncheon for him. The other dav he called a new apprentice. "Go downstairs and 'eat up my lunch for me," ordered the foreman.

"Go downstairs and 'eat up my unen-for me," ordered the foreman. The boy--a typical young American, with no knowledge of cockney English --obeyed with alacrity. He was hungry. Ten minutes later the foreman came down. He also was hungry. "Where's my lunch?" he demanded. The boy gazed at him in amazement. "You told me to eat it up--and I ate it "he stand

it," he stated

"I didn't tell you to heat it up!" roared the irate foreman. "I told you to

'eat it up." "Well, I didn't heat it up," maintained the youngster stoutly. "I eat it cold."

Her Interpretation

Her Interpretation A young wife, wishing to announce the birth of her first child to a friend in a distant city, sent the telegram "Isaiah 9:6." which begins, "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given." Her friend, more literal and less fa-miliar with the Scriptures, read the message and said to her husband: "Margaret evidently has a boy, but why on earth did they ever name him Isaiah? He must be healthy, though, for he weighs nine pounds and six ounces."

Lifelike Art

"Smell anything, grandmother?" asked the youngster who was lying on the floor drawing. Grandmother assured him she did not. The young artist gave a few finishing touches and repeated his ques-tion. Grandmother sniffed the air and again declared she smelled nothing. "Well," said the boy, "you ought to. I bave just decayed a slow." "Well," said the boy, "you ought to. I have just drawed a skunk."

Little Johnny.—Dad, there's a girl at our school whom we call Postscript. Dad.—Postscript for? Little Johnny.—'Cos her name is Adeline More.

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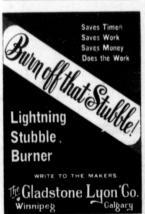
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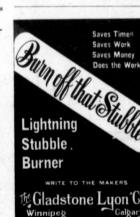




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