

not farm for himself; and the contribution of service that some people learn to offer the world in exchange for their food and clothing is so hopelessly non-essential and trivial as to make their lack of training along practical and necessary lines well nigh a criminal offense against society. No person, no matter how wealthy, ought ever to be raised with the idea that he is permanently and un-

assailably insured against the necessity of digging, at first hand, his living from the soil.

Who?

Under the last heading we have partially answered the query as to who should seek an agricultural education. To some extent, everybody should. No person is properly fitted to live in this world who is not comfortably possessed of a good speaking acquaintance with much of the common knowledge in the world of agriculture. There is ground for congratulation in the fact that agriculture is on the curriculum of studies for the higher grades of Manitoba public schools—even for the young folks of our cities.

But, of course, there are particular reasons why some should take the courses offered by the agricultural colleges and the short courses put on here and there in the country by the extension departments.

The Manitoba Agricultural College, for instance, is saying in the most practical way possible that many young women and those young men who are not called to serve with the colors—or at any rate a goodly percentage of them—should take at least one winter's course at St. Vital. I am convinced that the contention is strictly sound. Never before was there such cause for fear that we will neglect education. Thousands of our young men in the twenties who naturally would be at college, are away in the trenches. Their school course will never be completed. The home tasks are falling heavily upon the shoulders of the 'teen age boys; and the big wages and dire need for help on our farms are likely unduly to shorten many an education. In some cases this cannot be helped; the need for the boy at home is simply imperative. In other quarters, however, that is not so. It will be a case of balancing an outlay in wages for someone to take the boy's place against the chance for an education. I think that in offering a special course for boys 14 and 15 years of age, the Manitoba Agricultural College has done the eminently sane thing. In almost every rural community it is right at this age that the most conspicuous failure in our educational work is to be seen. The boy may have lost some ground by being out of school; there are thousands of such cases. With a grade five, six or seven standing, but a little over-sized for his classes, the fellow who should have gone on and rounded out a decent every-day education, begins to feel awkward, and quits school altogether. It is right here that special courses make their appeal, and certainly for our future farmers no other course can awaken so much interest and so answer the boy's need as a carefully planned term at a well equipped agricultural college.

But the agricultural college says that more than young people need special agricultural education. And so there are short courses of a particular nature for school teachers, returned soldiers, farm

engineers, and ministers. And the strange thing about it is that the better educated the person is before he commences one of these courses, the more benefit he seems to get from it.

How, When and Where?

Necessarily, the discussion under the preceding headings has anticipated the answer to these queries.

How is an agricultural education to be gained? By all means available. At an agricultural college? Certainly, if at all possible. That is the one agency that is specially equipped for giving such an education. But, whether one ever becomes a student there or not, the other factors must not be overlooked.

There is a direful neglect of the common opportunities open to everyone through wise reading. Young people should get the idea that the time spent on reading is really worth just as much as the time spent in the fields, and should employ it with equal wisdom and care.

The Canadian West has its full share of men who, with very scant schooling to commence with, have risen to strength, eminence and usefulness of a high order. In the very best sense, some of these men are highly educated. Some of them are farmers, and they might fairly claim to have possessed themselves of a reasonably strong agricultural education. But they did not do so by reading trash. They have done it by including solid books and serious, purposeful, informing papers and magazines in their home-reading course. You cannot sharpen an axe by rubbing it with putty; no more can anyone sharpen his intellect into the keenness of an adequate education by the use of only the "funny paper" and the sporting column.

Learn to see! One of the greatest things an agricultural college course can contribute is a keener and closer sense of sight—the habit of peering into and learning the cunning ways of Nature. Don't be afraid of declaring yourself a seven days in the week Nature student. Some of the best things they have to teach at an agricultural college are only Nature study, split up and classified under other names. Learn to read good agricultural and Nature books. Examine. Pull things apart. Once in a while, when you have a spare evening, try a few private exercises in writing down all you can see of some familiar object. Take the worst weed on the farm and write a complete description of it. Put down every last thing there is to say about it, describing it with the live specimens before you. Do the same thing with a flower, a wheat plant, a gopher or a sparrow. You will be surprised at how much new and delightful information you will gather. The late Dr. James Fletcher, then Dominion entomologist and botanist, told me that in writing the book "Farm Weeds," with the specimens before them, Mr. Gibson and he discovered several facts that never seemed to have been previously noted by anyone. The world is full of generally undiscovered wonders.

"Earth is crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with
God;
But only he who sees, takes off his
shoes."

The farmer and the professor examining together the disease attack in the potato patch; the young man reading the latest bulletin or article on some practical farm problem; the youth working in the laboratory at the agricultural college; the father and his ten-year-old boy studying the habits of the birds in the fields—these are all representative activities in the big realm of agricultural education, and they help to suggest answers to the queries: What? Why? Who? How? When? Where?

One Way of Doing It

"It is the duty of every one of you to make at least one person happy during the week," said the Sunday school teacher. "Have you?"

"I did," said Johnny promptly. "That's nice. And what did you do?"

"I went to see my aunt, and she's always happy when I go home again."

Judgment Reserved

An essayist and author of considerable repute whom a summer vacation has just freed from several neighboring students of lusty vocal powers tells the following story that will be appreciated in every lodging-house district:

A middle-aged and nervous tenant in an apartment-house had summoned his next-door neighbor, a young woman student at the conservatory, into court, and charged that the peace and quiet of his lodgings had been disturbed by her singing.

The court was inclined to regard the proceedings as unwarranted.

"How much do you sing?" he asked the defendant.

"Only two hours a day," she answered; "an hour in the morning and one at night."

"Two hours!" said the judge. "It appears unreasonable to complain of that."

"But, your honor," interposed the complainant, starting up excitedly, "I trust you will not decide the matter until you have heard the defendant sing."

The defendant was not at all loath to sing. In fact, her personal assurance and professional pride urged her to make the most of this opportunity in the interests of high art.

She began an aria from Wagner, but she had sung but four or five bars when the court interrupted her.

"That will do—that will do," he said. "No further testimony need be taken. The court's judgment is reserved."

"Deadheads."

A missionary was returning to Basel from Patagonia, bringing with him for the purposes of science a collection of Patagonian skulls. The customhouse officers, says the New York Evening Post, opened the chest, and informed the owner that the consignment must be classed as animal bones, and taxed at so much a pound.

The missionary was indignant. So the officials agreed to reconsider. When the waybill had been revised, it exempted the grim relics from duty in the following words:

"Chest of native skulls. Personal effects, already worn."

A Remarkable Discovery

The efficacy of the old-fashioned household duties as means of physical development is again hinted at by this bit from Success:

"Physical culture, father, is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed an enthusiastic young miss just home from college. "Look! To develop the arms I grasp the rod by one end and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well!" exclaimed her father. "What won't science discover next! If that rod had straw at the other end, you'd be sweeping."

The new minister in a Georgia church was delivering his first sermon. The darky janitor was a critical listener from a back corner of the church. The minister's sermon was eloquent, and his prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants.

After the services one of the deacons asked the old darky what he thought of the new minister. "Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?"

"Ah mos' sultainly does, boss. Why, dat man axed de good Lord fo' things dat de odder preacher didn't even know He had!"

A lady who had arranged an authors' reading at her house succeeded in persuading her reluctant husband to stay home that evening to assist in receiving the guests. He stood the entertainment as long as he could—three authors, to be exact—and then made an excuse that he was going to open the front door to let in some fresh air. In the hall he found one of the servants asleep on a settee.

"Wake up!" he commanded, shaking the fellow roughly. "What does this mean, your being asleep out here? You must have been listening at the keyhole."

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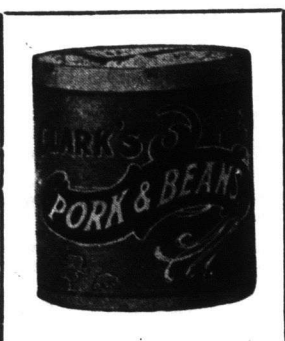
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