

Our Stylish Neighbors

(The following poem, clipped from an old newspaper, has been sent to THE FARMING WORLD by one of our subscribers, who says that "it should be put up in gilt letters in all conspicuous places"):

We had some stylish neighbors once
that moved in next to us,
Leastwise, I thought the feller seemed
a kind of stuck-up cuss,
And wife she'd sized his woman up
and scornful said to me,
That she was 'bout the proudest piece
that she did ever see.
She's scrutinized their furniture as
it passed by the road,
And made remarks on this and that
and counted every load;
She said she'd bet they owed for it,
if but the truth was known,
That they were folks who put on airs
with stuff that wasn't their own.

She called it pure extravagance the way
they dressed and such,
Said they were folks who put on all
and didn't care a pinch;
So we agreed together that we'd hold
our heads up high,
Jes' show them that they couldn't
snub us if they were to try;
We'd never speak or nod to them
when passing on the road,
And let on as we 'bout the swell-
est folks they ever known;
But some how I got friendly along
the distant way—
And came to the conclusion that I'd
speak anyway.

One day I chanced to notice him
a-coming 'round his place,
A-looking wondrous happy, with a
smile upon his face,
So I walked over to the fence and
hollered, "Howdy-do!"
He answered back: "The best, my
friend, how's everything with you?"
The answer wasn't cold and formal,
as you've often heard,
And I knew the way he said it that
he meant it, every word.
He asked about my little cares, and
said, "A man should share
his brother's burden, take his part,
though have no cash to spare."

Oh, how often I people fling the sweets
and joys of life aside,
By being cold and distant, by a
broodin' jealous pride;
'Tis solemn to reflect on what we
miss along life's way,
By just not being natural and friend-
ly day by day;
By not a-courting friendship and
good nature as we should,
My brother, and my sister, too, we
miss a lot of good,
Let's ring up friendly's telephone
and holler, "Howdy-do,"
And all the world will answer back,
"How's everything with you!"

The Conference Men

(Continued from Page 206.)

The child struggled with her tears.
"But I tell you what I can do,
honey," the old woman went on, "I'll
jes' send my Mary right down town
after your ma, and she'll be back here
mos' foh you get home yourself."
The sun poured down as only a
September sun can, and Janet no lon-
ger made any effort to conceal her
tears. Mary had spoken hopefully;
but it was a long way to town, and
even when there Mary might have
some difficulty in finding the shopper.
Of course there had been no use in
telling her fears to Mary, so she had
wisely kept them to herself; and now
she tried to put them aside and make
her plans instead.

The FAT of THE LAND

Recently published at
\$1.50, now to be given
away free. Read on.

WHAT THEY SAY.

MR. C. C. JAMES, Deputy Minister
of Agriculture, Ontario, says:

I procured a copy of "The Fat of the Land" last May and have only recently read it. Meanwhile I have been lending it to others to read, and the opinion of all has been that it is a very readable, suggestive and helpful book. It is the story of a man of means, broken down in health through strenuous city practice, who sought the country for health and enjoyment. The book is well written and keeps up the interest to the end. The question will at once arise: "Is there anything in it for the ordinary farmer who has to start with small capital?" There certainly is. Some of the most important principles of the present day agricultural practice are worked out in a most interesting form. I would like to see our hard working, close thinking, uncomplimentary Ontario farmer sit down to read this book. He will enjoy it. He will be able to compare experiences with his own, and he will be able to get much out of it for his own work. I have no fear of the Ontario farmer being misled by any of the methods proposed. He is shrewd enough to take such advice as is applicable to his own conditions. It is a stimulating book, and one need not believe it all, or accept all the statements as to be benefited by it. I believe it will do good to the struggling farmer as well as to the rich city man who longs to change his busy city life for the free air of the country.

DR. JAS. W. ROBERTSON, late
Commissioner of Agriculture, Ot-
tawa, says:

I read "The Fat of the Land" with keen interest. It is a book which re-ords in a very pleasant way many possible, if not actual, achievements by the application of intelligence and good business management to farming problems and affairs. I count it wholesome reading.

MR. F. W. HODSON, Dominion
Live Stock Commissioner, Ottawa,
says:

I received a copy of "The Fat of the Land," and have read it very carefully. It contains a good deal of useful information and should be read by every farmer in Canada.

The publishers of THE FARMING
WORLD have arranged for a new
edition of this book bound in paper,
and in every respect as complete as
the \$1.50 edition.

This new edition is not for sale,
being reserved for use as a FARM-
ING WORLD premium.

A copy will be sent, post free, to
anyone who sends us \$1.20 for two
new subscriptions for one year, or
\$1.00 for one new subscription for
two years, and who asks for "The
Fat of the Land" as a premium.

The book will not be ready for
some weeks, but send in the sub-
scriptions now, and we will send it
as soon as it is ready.

Fill up and cut off the coupon on
page 202.

Ask for "The Fat of the Land,"
as it will only be sent to those who
read this special offer.

She crept quickly in at the back gate
lest the guests should see her and
realize the trouble they had planned.
Kind little soul that she was! How
could she know that the three men
were standing behind the partly closed
shutters watching her, only too ready
to be of service if only she would let
them.

When the busy mother came hurrying
home about 1 o'clock with a bag of
crackers under one arm and a package
of beefsteak under the other, she met
Katharine at the gate. "What have
you done about dinner?" she asked breathlessly.

"Done?" queried the small runaway
in amazement. "Nothing. What
should I have done? I'm just getting
home myself."

The mother groaned. "What will
the church people think? What were
they thinking of anyhow to send the
men six hours early, and with an ex-
tra one at that?"

At the door she was met by Janet's
anxious face. "Have you brought the
crackers, dear? And I hope you've
brought the meat with you, and there's
three of them 'stead of two, and, oh!
mother, don't tell them you weren't
home all the time, 'cause I pretended
you were!"

She didn't wait to hear any more.
As she passed through the dining room
she noted with a sigh of relief that the
table was prettily set. Janet was in
the kitchen before she could get the

"Mother, is it a half cup of butter
you put in the yellow pudding sauce?"
"Don't be silly, child, there's no time
for pudding now."

But Janet gave a tired little motion
of her hand toward the oven door, and
her mother made haste to investigate.
There she found potatoes baked just to
the point of softening, a dish of stuffed
tomatoes that had already gathered a
delicious brown, wrinkly look, and a
large cottage pudding just ready to
be taken out. She turned quickly to
where Janet stood by the fire broiling
the steak.

"Janet, who has been getting din-
ner?"

"Why, I have, mother, just I. You
see the children have been good and
Katharine wasn't here to bother me,
and I told them you were here, so I
had to do something. I guess this
steak's about done, and if you'll take
up the soup we'd better begin. I
think there's enough rice in it."

As the "conference men" rose from
the table the oldest one bowed low and
said, with a twinkle in his eye: "Mrs.
H—, will you permit me to congratu-
late you on your delicious dinner?"

But before he could say any more,
Janet flushed and thought she heard
the baby crying; so she slipped from
the room.—Canadian Good Housekeep-
ing.

Letter Writing

Use only black ink.
Do not write long business letters.
Do not write brief letters of friend-
ship.

Do not offer advice unless you are
asked for it.

Never use words with which you are
not familiar.

Do not fill your letters with lengthy
excuses for your silence.

Always use unruled paper of fine
texture. Avoid a pronounced color.

Never write of another anything
which you would not wish him to see.

Do not send an important message
on a postal card and never use them
for notes of invitation.