

# Agriculture in Our Schools (Continued from page 16.)

ing the results. These 10 lessons in agriculture would be given to the children in 10 consecutive weeks, each in their proper time. "At the end of the 10 weeks, they

would have an agriculture night in the school: 10 children would take part, The first boy would explain what happened to the cocoon, and would tell about the life history of the plum curculio in a three-minute speech. The first girl would give her experience, and the experience of others, in churn-ing butter. The next boy would ex-plain the different parts of a horse's foot, and the functions of the differparts, etc. Some other child ont would outline the seed contest experinent, and so on, all through: Some of the older on, all through: Some of the older boys and girls who are not attending school would fill in the social part of the evening with songs and music, etc. The teacher herself would explain the absolute necessity of having a good through the there of having a good Agriculture Library in the school to be used by the people in the section. She would then ask for a silver collection and for contributions towards buying these books. and would endeavor to have an agri-

cultural library in the school. ers at the Convention, and it seemed to meet with their hearty approval. I promised to cooperate with them and outline each lesson a week ahead and send it to them."

# The Heart of the Desert (Continued from page 14.)

"All right! All right! just remem-

ber, DeWitt, I warned you!" He mounted, then held in his horse while the worried look gave place to one so sad, yet so manly, that John never forgot it

"I hope you appreciate that girl. De-Witt. She-she's a thoroughbred! My God! When you think of a sweet thing like that dying and these Injun squaws living! I hope you'll watch her, DeWitt. H anything happens to through you not watching her. I'll come back on you for it! I ain't got any rights except the rights that any living man has got to take care of any white thing like her. They get me hard when they're dainty like that. And she's the daintiest I ever seen!

He rode away, shaking his head ominously.

## CHAPTER III.

Indian and Caucasian. DeWitt debated with himself for

some time as to whether or not he ought to speak to Jack of Porter's warning. Finally he decided that Porter's suspicions would only anger Jack, who was intensely loyal to his friends. He determined to keep silence until he had something more tangible on which to found his com-plaint than BiHy's bitter prejudice against all Indians. He had implicit faith in Rhoda's love for himself. If any vague interest in life could come

to her through the young Indian, he felt that he could endure his presence. In the meantime he would Rhoda without ceasation. guard

In the days that followed, Rhoda grew perceptibly weaker, and her friends went about with aching hearts under an assumed cheerfulness manner that deceived Rhoda least of any one. Rhoda herself did not complain and this of itself added a hundredfold to the pathos of the situation. Her unfailing sweetness and patience touched the healthy, hardy young people who were so devoted to her more than the most justifiable impatience on her part

Time and again Katherine saw De-Witt and Jack leave the girl's side with tears in their eyes. But Cartwell

#### WHITS IT OLDER 21 17 1 18 FARM AND DAIRY

### ratched the girl with inscrutable gaze Rhoda still hated the desert. ery

unchanging loveliness of the wearied her. Morning succeeddays wearied her. ed morning and noon followed noon, with always the same soft breeze stir. ing the orchard, always the unvary-ing monotony of bleating sheep and lowing herds and at evening the hoot lowing nergs and as evening the noor of owis. The brooding tenderness of the sky she did not see. The throbbing of the great, quiet southern stars sitred her only with a sense of helpless ioneliness that was all but unendurable. And, still, from who knows what source, she found strength to meet the days and her friends with that unfailing sweetness that was as poignant as the clinging fingers of a sick child

Jack, Katherine, DeWitt, Cartwell, all were unwearying in their effort to amuse her. And yet for some rea Cartwell alone was able to rouse her listless eyes to interest. Even DeWitt found himself eagerly watching the young Indian, less to guard Rhoda than to discover what in the Apache so plqued his curiosity. He had to admit, however reluctantly, that Kut-le, as he and Rhoda now called him with the others, was a charming companion.

Neither DeWitt nor Rhoda ever before had known an Indian. Most of their ideas of the race were founded on childhood reading of Cooper. Kut-le was quite as cultured, quite as well-mannered and quite as intelligent as any of their Eastern friends. But in many other qualities he differed from them. He possessed a frank pride in himself and his blood that might have belonged to some medieval prince who would not take the trouble out wardly th underestimate himself Closely allied to this was his habit of truthfulness. This was not a blatant bluntness that irritated the hearer but a habit of valuing persons and things at their intrinsic worth, a habit of mental honesty as bizarre to Rhoda and John as was the young Indian's frank pride

His attitude toward Rhoda piqued her while it amused her. Since her childhood, men had treated her with deference, had paid almost abject tribute to her lovelinese and hright charm. Cartwell was delightfully concourteous to her. But it was the courteous to her. But it was the trace of deference in it.

trace of deference in it. One aftermoon Kut-le sat alone on the veranda with Rhoda. "Do you know," he said, rumpling his black hair, "that I think DeWith has decided that I will bear watching!" "Well," answered Rhoda idly, "and work" in 2% won't you?'

Kut-le chuckled

"Would you prefer that I show the lurking savage beneath this false shell of good manners?"

Rhoda smiled back at him

"Of course you are an Indian, after all. It's rather too bad of you not to live up to any of our ideals. Your manners are as nice as John DeWitt's I'd be quite frantic about you if you would drop them and go on the warpath

Kut-le threw back his head and laughed.

'Oh, you ignorant young thing! It's lucky for you-and for me-that you have come West to grow up and comyour education! But DeWitt piete your education: But DeWitt needn't worry. I don't need watching yet! First, I'm going to make you well. I know how and he doesn't. After that is done, he'd better watch!"

Rhoda's eyebrows began to go up. Kut-le never look her outburst in the desert the morning of their first ride together, though they had taken several since. Rhoda seldom mentioned her illness now and her friends respected her feeling. But now Kut-le smilled at her disapproving brows.

(Continued next week.)

theman in 1927. December 13, 1917.

