

OUR FARM HOMES

He that planteth a tree is a servant of God, he provideth a kingdom for many generations and faces that he hath not seen shall bless him.—*I an Dyke*

Miss Vance's Arbor Day

Elizabeth Oswald,
(New England Housemaid)

"TEACHER! Teacher! Teacher!" rose the loud and insistent chorus of wails just as Miss Vance turned the band in the road. Teacher! Teacher! Teacher! Something awful happened!

Miss Vance quickened her steps, thinking that one of the children must be injured; as she came in sight of the little school yard she discovered that all the pupils were wailing over something, she could not tell what. When she came near the little building in which she had taught for three successive years, she saw that something awful had really happened.

"How did this happen?" she asked, looking at her precious work, which was ruthlessly destroyed. "John Dean's cattle!" shrieked the childish chorus. "He was getting them out when we came this morning."

It was one of those rare, delusive days in very early spring when Nature would coax the inhabitants of earth into thinking that summer was right at hand, but which experience has taught men and women will be followed by stormy weather. The birds were filling the air with melody, the roadside grass was green, and the sights and sounds were enough to lift the slowest and dullest mind above the common duties of life. Emily Vance had been humming a gay little air on her way to school, but it died out of sight of the ruined school garden, over which she and the children had spent so much care and loving work.

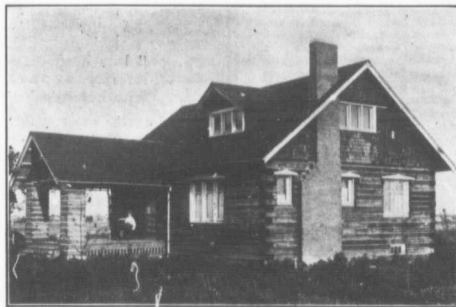
The people of this neighbourhood believed in trees thoroughly for their commercial value, but when Miss Vance, during the first year she had taught there, proposed making the school yard beautiful, they looked coldly upon the project. They had no time to waste on flowers and vines for the school yard. In its present condition it had been good enough for them and it was good enough for their children. However, Emily Vance was young and full of enthusiasm, so she bravely undertook the task with the help of the little children. She could not paint the dilapidated looking building nor repair the sagging fence, but she could, and did, dig out weeds and briars, plant trees and vines, encourage the children to take pride in the beautiful things that came springing from the soil and make the very most of the unpromising acre of land that had been neglected so long.

"What on earth is all this row about?" asked John Gaines, stopping his automobile at sight of the howling children. "Is anyone killed that you kids are making such a racket?"

"Our school garden is all destroy-

ed," explained Miss Emily, rising from trying to comfort the weeping little tots.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said John, much abashed at sight of the teacher. "I thought the kids were here alone and something dreadful had happened. Well, it's too bad. Miss Vance, that your work is all ruined. This was the prettiest school yard in the whole commu-



'If You Must Live in a Cabin Why Not Make it an Attractive One?

This attractive log cabin is the result of the ingenious planning of an Illinois farmer who was an admirer of the bungalow style, but did not have money enough to tear down and build greater. Consequently he remodelled his log home with the satisfactory results seen in the illustration. Truly brains count for more than cash.

ity last summer. I took a snap shot of it to show to our professor at the agricultural college, and he made a slide from it to use in his lecture on school gardens. John Dean ought to be prosecuted for having the rickety old fences that he has.

"No, thank you," said Emily, wiping tears promiscuously with her handkerchief and patting the loud-est howler on the shoulder. "It will be useless to try to do anything unless that fence is repaired. I've been afraid of this for two years. I have spoken to the authorities about the fence several times but nothing has been done."

Wind, rain, snow and mud followed the beautiful period of premature summer and Emily Vance felt in harmony with the weather every time she looked at the forlorn school yard. She had planned a little Arbor day programme for the children with the planting of trees and new shrubs which were already ordered from a reliable nursery and paid for out of her slender salary, and now everything was lost. She had found the school at Brier Hill rough and unfenced, but her gentle influence and the interest she had inspired

in the little garden had worked wonders. She determined to give up at the end of the term and seek more congenial surroundings, for surely it was work wasted to try to do anything when the parents were so unresponsive. Not a soul but the children and John Gaines had said a word about the great loss to the neighborhood when the garden was ruined.

Arbor day dawned clear and warm and sunny and the little programme was to be carried out, but Emily had little heart in the matter. "What is that noise, teacher?" asked a little tot shortly after school had begun that morning. "I hear pounding."

"It isn't anything," said Emily. "Go on with your lesson, Bessie!"

But when the pounding continued Emily looked out and there were two teams unloading wire and fence posts. "We're sorry to disturb you, Miss Teacher," said Joe Forbes, good naturedly, when the young lady answered his knock at the door. "What we're going to put up that fence you've been wanting so long. Maybe you'd better dismiss for a little while to show us about your shrubs if John Dean's cattle left any. We want to put this fence up to suit you."

"And we want to set out those

cedar in front of the little shabby building to listen to the children's songs and recitations.

"Pretty good for boys and girls, wasn't it?" said Joe Forbes, trying to keep the pride out of his eyes and voice.

"I should say it was," said Fred Brooks. "I didn't know my youngsters could do so well. I'll have to begin taking more interest in school from this on."

"I guess we'll all have to do that. We have a good teacher and we ought to do something to help her. I'm going to stir up the authorities to have this schoolhouse painted inside and out right away," said Richard Dooliver. "I'm ashamed of this way."

That evening after the kindly neighbors had all gone home and Miss Vance and the children lingered in rejoice over the transformed school yard, John Gaines drove up with a broad smile on his face.

"Looks quite different, doesn't it?" he said as soberly as he could. "Miss Vance, I'm going to Fairview on an errand and I've seen that you go with me. I'll get back before supper time if you'll go."

So Emily stepped into the little runabout and John laughed as he said, "I've been adding to tell you all about it, but I never could get a chance. I have been telling all around that our agricultural professor is coming up soon to see this modern school yard and to hear how it was all done. I tell you that scared them. They keep their farms in fine order and they would like to have some man from the college to see them, but this yard frightened them. I'm going to ask Professor Hinchins up next month so they'll see it was no idle tale. Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly," said Emily. "And I thank you ever so much for your kindness. I am glad you have so much interest in the school and making its surroundings beautiful. This has been one of the happiest days of my life. I thought my work was all unnoticed and worthless here, but to-day everybody has been kind to me."

"It was a selfish reason that prompted me," said John, bringing the school horse to a halt under a beautiful tree that overspread the country road. "I didn't care much for the school yard. I wanted to make you happy, Emily. I want you to stay in this neighborhood always, and as such a teacher. Please make it the happiest day of my life by saying you will be my wife, dear."

"I'll—I'll think about it," said Emily softly, and John Gaines was satisfied.

Household Hints

When baking lamb or mutton, use very cold instead of hot water. Much of the objectionable grease will then soon come to the top and can be skimmed off with a spoon.

System will simplify a mass of perplexing "little things" and give time and incentive for some of the bigger things.

Peel the potatoes intended for roasting with beef and boil half-cooked, then put them in the roaster and bake often with the beef gravy.

A nice way to thicken gravies (or pot-boats or stews) is to put a piece of brown bread in with the meat, and when you want to make the gravy rub it up for the thickening. To prevent chills, preserve your plate butter, etc., from scorching, put a few small marbles in the kettle. Their continual rolling around answers the purpose of stirring.

The Upward

A Great Work

Inasmuch as you of the least of the ye did it unto me,

For just a little while, accept an invitation to party at a home of one of our large institutions for the welfare of the aged, infirm, or of the institution, anniversary of the institution.

Of course a big celebration regulation number while around the smudged of almost every all ages. Although are slow with joy, there are such sad heredity of sin, sufficient that one's heart aches with pity.

Then we go upstairs the ones take their

QUITE THE NEW

Smile early and

The facial muscles, as possible, it follows the effort to smile produced. Then again, smiling is not only agreeable, but the prettiest of faces.

rows of small white are not enough of tin clothes baskets. We still more needed, the improvised beds of straw mattresses.

We watch the merry games. As I little one slip out of to a sad-looking morning and take lady with a quivering and holds it.

Afterwards the mat the back legs of the little of slanting, from below and down over the are go-arts, carriages, thing that the youth- men invent. We also row of little white with the owner's name.

The matron is asked anything the children. The answer is something I would like a pair of shoes, to see a little ones do not when I get them. She picks up one we need try and hugs it close.

When we leave, the and the little child around in hand as the times.

Thus at a very small- ers who have to cut have no one at home we can leave their children them to the day nursery receive tender care and ing—H. N.

Cloth that wears

Remarkable discovery by

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