

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

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know they are safe. We cannot swat them or we immediately jar our instrument out of level. It's a case of "grin and bear it."

The job is finished; we "move on". Our next port of call is a little village some twenty miles away. We get to the station and the local is three-quarters of an hour late. At last she comes wheezing in, reminding us of a horse with the heaves. We climb aboard the passenger coach. Ahead are two cars of hogs and behind our coach is a car which instinct or some other,—smell, tells us is fertilizer. But nothing surprises us any more. We have passed that stage.

Tripod in hand, we seek a seat that somebody has sat in recently,—there's less soot on it. The little girl across the aisle says audibly to her mother, "Oh, look mother! that man's been taking pictures."—sweet innocence.

After an hour of squealing pigs and shunting cars we arrive at our destination. For some unknown reason we have difficulty in stopping and go past the station platform. However, our

obliging engineer backs in and triumphantly manoeuvres to place.

We alight, we see a farmer at the other end of the platform eyeing us furtively,—we know he is guilty of luring us to this spot, and he admits the charge. Introductions follow, we both agree that it is hot, we both need rain (for different reasons). The horse is untied and heads for the open country.

But this time our task proves a little more agreeable.

She is about nineteen and has that look of innocence still found in some country girls. She has been picking berries. Yes, we would like some. We would eat acorns if proffered by those hands.

We did not intend to mention her when we started writing this tale of woe, but the truth is not the truth unless it is the whole truth, so we cannot leave her out. Anyway we do not wish to be too like a pessimist, the fish that sees a hook in every worm, the individual who of two evils chooses both.

We drainage men may have and do have our trials and tribulations but we like fresh berries.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION IN THE U. S.

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the general view very clearly. He said that the fundamental purpose of agricultural education is the development of agriculture as a productive occupation, and of the agricultural people as an important part of the social and political fabric.

"Development is the central thought in educational activity, and the development of American agriculture to its highest possible limit, both as a business and as a mode of life, is the pur-

pose for which the colleges and experiment stations were founded and supported by the public. The development of agriculture until it shall be profitable, productive, permanent, until the rural districts are comfortable, and the rural people are educated—these are the specific aims of American educationists."

When it comes to fussing with the birch rod gang, the Chemistry Department boasts a trio that's hard to beat, namely: Messrs. Curzon, Fraser and Stanley.