



3^F you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.—*Thoreau.*

The "Proof of the Pudding"

By Vera Roberts
(Country Life in Canada)

"FATHER," said Frank, one morning, while the family were at the breakfast table, "I noticed an advertisement of the agricultural college in our farm paper. Could I go this fall for a few months?"

"No," said Mr. Dunn, shortly, "we need a college education to farm with. Here is the land, implements, and horses, just make use of them, and that is all there is to it. Besides," he added, "I haven't the money to spare. The mortgage must be cut down this year, or they will foreclose."

"But, father, I could earn the cash myself. You told me I could have that acre patch this year, and I can plant it in potatoes. If I can earn the money may I go?"

"I thought you intended to buy hogs with the money you earned on the land," said his father.

"I know, but I've changed my mind and with your consent I would like to go to school."

His father finished eating breakfast in silence, giving no further heed to what Frank had said, so Frank wisely left the subject drop. That evening, after the work was finished, he was reading the farm paper, and among the pages soon found the advertisement which had interested him so much.

"Let's have a look at that ad.," said his father, and Frank handed the paper to him, pointing out the college advertisement he had been reading.

Mr. Dunn read it through, and handed it back, saying, "It may be right, but I think you can learn to earn more money out of your land, and let me go this one term, and if you are not satisfied that I have spent my time and money wisely, I will not ask you to go back again."

"If you are bound to go," said his father, rising to get ready for bed, "you may try it one term, providing you earn your own money."

Frank joyfully agreed to this and it was decided that when the fall term opened he should go.

Spring work was in full swing. They were putting in over two hundred acres of crop and it left very little time for Frank to spend on his three acre patch. He cut potatoes, ready for planting, at night. His mother and sister, who had become interested in him, were kind enough to help him, and after a number of evenings' steady work, he had enough cut for the plot of ground his father had given him. Not until after the wheat was all in could the potatoes be planted.

Frank was so impatient to see the

first sprouts coming out of the hills that he could hardly wait for them to put in an appearance. Every new shoot seemed to the ambitious boy a dollar towards the college fund. The work at home was pretty well finished, when one morning one of the neighbors offered Frank a job of hauling coal, at four dollars per day.

He wanted him just a few weeks, and Frank's father gave him the team and wagon to haul with, as they would

were shipped they netted Frank a neat sum.

The opening days of the college found Frank there, shy and embarrassed but very much in earnest. He worked hard from the start and threw his whole heart and mind into his studies, with the result that his standing was far above the average.

The study of agriculture was even more interesting than he had imagined it to be, and each day he learned something more about the homely profession of farming. When the term was nearly over, he received a letter from his mother, which read:

Dear Frank,

You will be sorry to learn that your father has slipped on the icy walk, and broken his leg, and I am afraid you will have to come home, as there is so much stock on the farm to attend to. If your next examinations come soon take them and then come home.—Affectionately,

Mother.

"Well," said Frank to himself, "those last examinations will not be given for nearly three weeks, and I can't afford to lose them. I guess I will go and see the professor, and perhaps he would let me take them the last of the week, and then I could go."

He put on his hat and walked over to the main building where the fac-

train the next morning, there were quite a few of the boys from the college waiting there to shake hands with him, and wave good-byes from the platform. Full of concern for his father and determined to put into practice what he had learned, Frank stepped into a neighbor's car that was waiting for him at the little station, and soon the poplar windbreak of the home place could be seen, way up the main road.

"Glad to have you back, son," was the greeting he received from his father when Frank was seated alongside of the invalid's couch that evening. His mother and sister Jennie were just as glad, for they had each missed him sorely.

"I am sorry to find you in such shape, father, but I can take charge of things now, if you will trust me with them," said Frank.

"I guess I will have to," reluctantly acknowledged his father, "for the doctor said to-day that I would be laid up for some time yet. I would not mind so much if the spring work were not so close at hand."

"Never mind about that," replied Frank, cheerfully, "I will try my hand at this spring farming."

"You will have to lay aside that high collar and then patent leather shoes if you want to make a success of it."

"Now, papa," said Jennie, "don't hang him without juice or jury."

"Of course," rejoined their father, "you would stand by him but they say 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating,' so we will wait and see what Master Frank will do."

The next morning when Frank came down stairs, clad in a pair of bib overalls, blue working shirt and heavy shoes, his father had to admit that he did look something like a farmer after all. Frank laughed, for he knew his father's bark was worse than his bite.

The second week Frank was home his Uncle Robert drove up from his farm and insisted that Mr. Dunn go back with him on a visit, while he was unable to work.

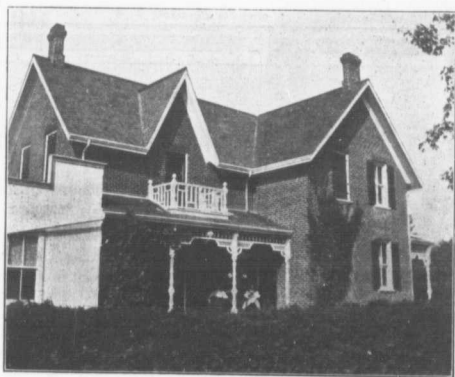
At first the invalid would not consent to go, but they finally persuaded him that the trip would do him good. He gave Frank many instructions for managing while he was away. He told him to hire a man to help him until after the crop was in. With many protests and prophecies that the whole place would go to ruin without him around to look after things, he went home with his brother for a long promised visit.

Frank now turned his attention to the farm. His mother told him the crop had not been nearly as good as it should have been last year, which made Frank decide to change the crops on each piece of ground, telling his mother that the soil got sick, and needed a change. It was so, folks. He explained why this was so, and said if she thought best he would like to try the experiment of changing to see if the crop would not do better. She gave her consent, and when the ground was ready for sowing, went to the field to look it over.

Frank had borrowed some new farming implements from a neighbor, and spent considerable time in preparing the land, which his mother had thought at first was a waste of time, and would make the seeding later. But when she saw the condition of the soil, she admitted it was well spent, for the whole field was as perfect as a garden. The hired man was drilling, and as Frank saw he had some extra time, he put the barn, lots, and yards in condition, and order and neatness soon prevailed. A few weeks later Mr. Dunn arrived home.

He wished to surprise them by coming unexpectedly. He thought he would find things needing his attention pretty badly.

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Who Would Long for a House on a City Square

If they could have an attractive, comfortable home out in the open country, right next the beauties of Nature. The Dundas Homestead, Peterboro Co. Ont. is one of the kind that many a city man would like to have if he could. What a lot we who live in the open country have to be thankful for after all.

not be needed until the crop was ready for harvest, and the potatoes were to be dug.

Working away from home was a new experience for Frank, but he got along very well, and at the end of three weeks returned home with fifty dollars in his pocket to show for his work. He offered his father half of the money, but this he refused to take telling Frank, with a twinkle in his eye, that he supposed he could make use of it.

"Thank you," said Frank, and the next time he went to town he deposited the first instalment of his tuition money in the bank. How those potatoes did grow, and Frank took care of them with such zeal that not a weed was allowed to grow in the patch. He helped his father with his potatoes, as he also had a large patch planted.

Digging time came and it seemed (as Frank expressed it) as if each hill had tried to see how many potatoes it could grow to help his college fund along. And when the potatoes

uly had their offices, and where he was pretty sure of finding the instructor he was looking for. He let Prof. Cole read his mother's letter, then asked if he might take the examinations the last of the week.

"Certainly, my boy," said Prof. Cole, kindly, "but you will have to do some extra studying."

"Yes, sir," replied Frank, "I expected to do that. All I wanted was the chance."

Frank went back to his room and prepared for some hard study, for he did wish so much to pass the last examinations with credit to himself and teachers. After several days and nights of hard grinding, Prof. Cole gave him his examinations. When he received his grades he was delighted to find that in some of his studies he had stood better than ninety-five, and for the rest he had received one hundred. Prof. Cole and the other teachers congratulated him, and said they hoped to see him back the next fall.

When he boarded the home-bound