

### Dey Don' Know.

(A Negro Lullaby by Leigh R. Miner, in The Outlook.)

Dat ol' Possum in de tree, he is waitin' jes' to see  
Which way dis little lamb gwine to go,  
To sleep or awake, which road he gwine take  
Ol' Possum he don' know, he don' know.  
Ol' Possum he don' know.

Daih's Brer Rabbit in de patch, knowin' w'en he lif' de latch  
Which way dis little lamb gwine to go,  
To sleep or awake, which road he gwine take  
Brer Rabbit he don' know, he don' know.  
Brer Rabbit he don' know.

Jay-Bird settin' daih in blue, he's un cungerin' 'bout it, too,  
Which way dis little lamb gwine to go,  
To sleep or awake, which road he gwine take  
Ol' Jay-Bird he don' know, he don' know.  
Ol' Jay-Bird he don' know.

Sly ol' Red-Fox slippin' by, he'll cal'late wid ha'f an eye  
Which way dis little lamb gwine to go,  
To sleep or awake, which road he gwine take  
Brer Red-Fox he don' know, he don' know.  
Brer Red-Fox he don' know.

Mr. Gray-Owl say'n' "Who wh-o-o" reek'n he know fuh sho'  
Jes' w'at dis little lamb gwine to do,  
To sleep or awake, which road he gwine take  
Ol' Gray-Owl sez "Who wh-o-o?" sez "Who wh-o-o?"  
Ol' Gray-owl sez "Who wh-o-o?"

Yo' ol' Mammy, by de baid, is un study'n' in huh haid  
Which way dis little lamb gwine to go,  
To sleep or awake, which road he gwine take  
Ol' Mammy she don' know, she don' know.  
Ol' Mammy she don' know.

### What My Neighborhood Needs For Its Improvement.

BY "LADY OF C."

(A Competition Essay that is as much to the point now as when it was written some time ago.—ED.)

DEAR Farmer's Advocate.—Advocate of the happiest and most sane mode of livelihood. Well, when I saw your competition, I just had an itch to write—prize or no prize. To make any neighborhood, home or person better give them more music, books and pictures. Let us here on the farm have eyes to see and ears to hear the beauties and harmonious working of nature.

The day before I saw your competition, September 26th, we had a hailstorm about four p.m., and then the sun came out brightly. I took a snap of a row of cosmos gaily nodding in their wintry surroundings. It is awaiting development. If it is good I'll send it on to you but if otherwise it is not wasted for to me it means as much as Wordsworth's daffodils.

"For oft when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills  
And dances with the (cosmos) daffodils."

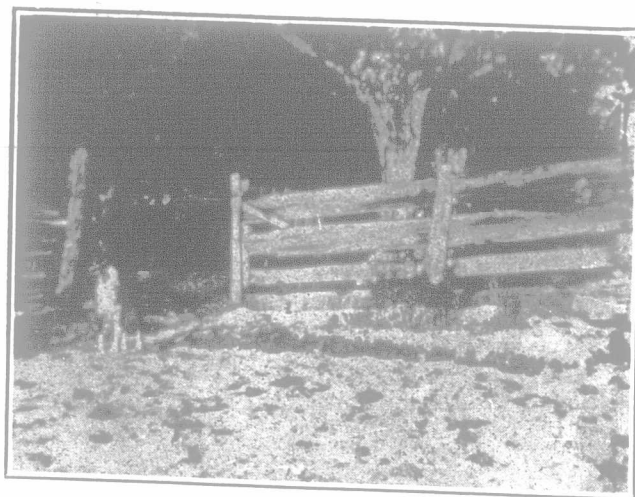
Fill your window boards with plants

and there won't be a chance for a pile of paper, gloves, nails, etc., to grow. That's what I mean about pictures. Have lots of them. Teach your children to see them everywhere. Don't let one of these golden autumn days pass altogether unnoticed. Besides this, good copies of pictures by the world's masters may be had at the Perry Picture Co., Boston & Malden, Mass., or George P. Brown & Co., 38 Lovett St., Beverly, Mass., for a few cents. Small ones at one half cent, a piece. These make ideal picture books for the kiddies. Oh there's hosts of them—animals, birds, Bible pictures, history—send for a catalogue. They open up a new world. And what boy would go astray who knew and valued to the full Sir Galahad, by G. F. Watts? Let your little girl have that beautiful picture of Ruth hung in her room and she will grow up with a beautiful ideal.

Good books are as cheap as worse ones. Have lots of them. Mother taught us to love books and take care of them. We first learned not to tear catalogues. Then she always read aloud to us even if only for a few minutes and as the boys grew older she read the books they did and we all discussed them. Even though the price of paper

mother helped us light them and the boys didn't go off to smoke tobacco unknown to her. She was too much their chum. More sympathy that's what we all need—more kindly sympathy. Then we found old candle moulds. We melted wax and made candles with string for wicking and we each had our own and mother didn't break our backs nor threaten to, because wax will drip sometimes. We are all together yet—one made the supreme sacrifice in 1916—on the farm.

My dad let the boys use his rifle too—taught them how to use it, and they could go fishing as well sometimes, when there was a good run. One of the saddest sights I saw last spring was a little lad on a city street, standing on a lump of belated ice, with an old stick and piece of string pretending to fish. The reason so many people are crazy for the movies is because they have never really lived them. What the country wants is more young people. What did the war do for us? Ah many, many things.—Years ago folk had a better time and larger families were raised too. Farms that are now worked by two men, or a man and a boy, then had probably five sons, three daughters and hired help when needed. There was better health also along with the



This is the snap, taken 4 p. m. Sept. 26th, after a hailstorm. The pale pink and mauve tints of the cosmos do not show. All summer they bloomed, there by the orchard fence. The motorist didn't see them, it is true, but those passing to and from their work could enjoy them. The orchard isn't really a dark dungeon, with a fierce dog guarding it, but the trees are big and old, with the branches interlacing.

"Lady of C."

has gone up we do not yet feel that we should cut down too much on the papers and magazines. It would be pretty flat without the other fellow's opinion or argument.

There is always music. If that boy, we all know, had loved the Robin's voice would that voice now be silent and four little birds "still" in their nest? Don't fret if your young son blows away on a mouthorgan. Give him a little encouragement; maybe he'll make a tune. Anyway he's developing his stick-to-it-iveness. Yes and do let your girl whistle. That whistling girl and crowing hen is all balderdash. My neighbors were scandalized to think I whistled, but my dad wasn't.

We all smoked old umbrella cane in the kitchen until our eyes smarted and

hard work and more happiness. Most folk loved their neighbors or tried hard. I wish you could read my dad's diary written in 1867.

March 2nd "have been to a social party got up to pay for church organ." March 6th "commenced our drill to-day at Richmond Hill, all in uniform." March 9th "Went to a party 2nd con. Vaughan." March 13th "Drill at Hill, stood for my picture." March 17th, Sunday, "Some excitement amongst the Fenians, expecting a frakus to-morrow in honor of St. Patrick." March 26th "Went to a 'frakus' last night, let horse run away but caught him again after pulling cutter ½ mile. Had a very good time." March 30th "went to a 'Frakus' last night, played violin most time, had two or three dances." April

5th "our troop inspected to-day." April 10th "at a social for Sunday School library—made \$15.50." April 21st "went to a raffle, came out lucky." May 6th "at a raising on B.'s old place." May 24th "Was at Richmond Hill, fireworks very good. Grand balloon ascended at the last." Monday, July 1st, "Con-federation spent in Toronto, shut up shop, took two days." September 11th, "Picnic and dance." September 20th, "Exciting time electioneering." October 1st, "Farmer's picnic—finished off bully." October 12th, "Old Cook's apple-cut last night, fiddled near all time." Nov. 14th, "house warming, helped Philip to play." Nov. 20th, "at a shooting match; won two geese." Nov. 28th, "found cow in the bush with a fine calf." Dec. 1st, "skating on duck pond." Dec. 8th, "drove with cutter first sleighing, snowed all day." Dec. 26 "went to concert in drill shed, very good." Dec. 31st, "skating." Didn't the war renew that old spirit of get-togetherness, love your fellowman? I heard one woman say of her near neighbor, "I never knew her until the Red Cross started,"—and she'd lived near her for years. A friend once said, "we all want to be kind but we don't always have the opportunity." If we don't know our neighbors how can we be kind, and get perhaps what most of us need is a new conscience but like the darkie declared, "Dey'd be a heap mo' folks willin' t' let dey conscious be dey guide if dey fool conscious wouldn't use sech po' judgment wen dey's easy pickin's in sight."

Be a good neighbor. As Abou Ben Adhem cheerily answered the angel.

"I pray thee, then, write me as one that loves his fellowmen." The angel wrote and vanished. The next night it came again with a great wakening light, and showed the names whom love of God had blest, and lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

"LEIGH HUNT."

Another thing vow each one on the sacred altar of your conscience to be a good borrower. That may sound like Pat, but be not so good at borrowing as returning. We have a neighbor, who has borrowed everything from a needle to the washtub and when this summer that said tub was the only available bathtub and she didn't return it because as she said, "I was too busy. I was picking all the black currants." Now that didn't put me in a very kindly mood towards her. Another man has a cow die and he takes her away from his barns and leaves her for the odor to blow over his neighbor's pasture. We do indeed need new consciences.

Don't barter your health, happiness and education for the mere acquisition of land plus money. Let your children have their pets, encourage their little hobbies and above all sympathize with their ambitions. Don't let your girls feel that the boys are the masters to be waited upon and pleased at every turn and oh don't let those girls dress for company and shut the boys out in the kitchen. I know that happens. Why oh why can there not be equality between man and woman?

May I say a few more words (how does written work compare with a printed column?) about the houses we live in. Let them be as comfortable, artistic and convenient as your purse will allow. Don't have all the conveniences and implements for your work and your wife using the most primitive articles, making her work harder and longer. Get electric power if possible to run the churn, the washing machine, the bread m' er, for lighting and cooking. You farmers wouldn't think of cutting down all your corn by hand even if a corn-binder now does cost two hundred and fifty dollars,