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SUMMER SCHOOL
 JUNE AND AUGUST

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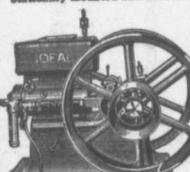
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and this is the fun. For the apple paring, the one making the longest paring wins the contest.

The singing school is to be conducted by a leader, in old-fashioned clothes, if possible. This promises a good time, for it gives every one a chance to take a part. Hunt for an old tune for the song. The following are always old favorites: "Auld Lang Syne," "Old Black Joe," "Silver Chimes Among the Gables," "Swickham Ferry," "My Kentucky Home" as a solo, and all to hum the chorus.

Here is another way of having all take some part. Let the committee write out little verses on a card beforehand, and as each one enters the hall, give them the verse prepared for them, and every one is supposed to do what is on their card. For instance, one might read like this:

We'd like to hear you tell to-night
 Some funny things that children say.

Everyone must read their card aloud before complying with the request. Here are one or two suggestions for cards, but if possible make your own:

Describe some woman in our town,
 Her nose, her hair, her dress and gown;

But do not give us her address,
 Nor tell her name—we will guess.

Tell us some joke on yourself or friend,
 Misery likes company, they say; so begin

And tell us of the worst scrape you have ever been in.
 Give us a tale of old times, when settlers were few,
 Of what they had then, what did they do?

Describe some trip you have taken afar.

Ban Bag Game
 Take barrel hoops and wind them with bright paper or ribbon. Suspend a bell in the centre. Hang the hoop up and give each child a small bean bag. The aim is to ring the bell when thrown through the hoop. Five trials are allowed, the one who rings the most wins the game. Then take a board and cut three holes in it of different sizes; stand the board slanting or end, so the bags may be thrown into the holes, each hole counting so much. Even grown people sometimes enjoy this game.

The Flower and the Wind
 Each child may represent a flower. The leader is the wind and must chase them. When the wind catches one he must guess by the actions of the child what flower he or she represents. If right, then the child becomes a breeze and helps to catch others; if wrong the child escapes to run before the wind again.

Walking the Tight Rope
 Lay a piece of white twine along the floor or grass. Give each person a pair of opera glasses. Let them focus the glasses on the string, then reverse the glasses, looking through the large end of the glass, then try to "walk the rope." The attempts to do this are very funny, and not as easy as it looks.

Cobweb Party
 This would be lots of fun for the kiddies. If there are any trees, have the strings all going from one place and winding in and around the trees. Let the children unwind the strings. As they cross and recross, there is great excitement. If possible, have some little favor at the end of each string for the children.

A Favorite Flower Social
 To bring to the activities of the season to a successful close, the Young People, a society of our church, gave a Favorite Flower Social. It was a most pleasant event, and might be a suggestion for other societies. This was their invitation:
 A social we have planned,
 And we hope you will be on hand;

For you're very cordially invited.
 Don't forget the date and hour.

.....
 Come and wear your favorite flower,
 And when we see you, we'll be delighted.

There was a committee to see that as each one arrived they were put into groups, according to their flowers. Then each group had to do something suggestive of their flower. In some of the groups, all sang. In other cases they gave a solo or a reading. For example, the violet group all sang the old song, "Violets." The rose group had the advantage, for there were so many songs in their list. For instance, "Garden of Roses," "The Last Rose of Summer," "My Wild Irish Rose," and "In the Time of Roses." The committee had looked up all these songs and arranged a list of the programme. For the lily, one of the group gave an Easter reading about the lily. For those who could neither sing

To make a fair profit I cannot commence.

When men will not use ordinary "horse sense"

"Holidays, break age and the farmer's love and the man is the boss.

I'm sick and discouraged with trying to farm.

A live city business would offer more charm.

Where men are all models and wages are low—

I'll trade this old ranch for a ticket and a more for more.

The hired man is waiting, I'm weary and sore,
 With jobs never-ending, and looking for more.

I'm weary of rising as soon as the sun,
 And toiling and sweating till night has begun.

With cows by the dozen and hogs by the score,

The Eventide

IT MAY be a streak of the sentimental in us that makes the eventide so dear to us, but be that as it may there is no part of the day that means so much. The morning is filled with promise of activity, the noonday is like an oasis in the desert, but the eventide, that blessed time of home-coming, the returning of the ships to the haven of rest—how we love it! Not that we are too lazy to work, nor that we are unable to cope with the duties of life, but because there comes with it that feeling of peace and rest.

To some the eventide is but the annex of the day in which to do more work for the almighty dollar, to gather up the fragments of the day and make them into hash for the over-greedy. To most of us it means much to draw our chairs together at the close of a busy day and discuss the hopes and plans of the future with our running mate, our forgetting there is a future with its debts, its cares, its responsibilities, that or idly dream. The strength of the nation depends on the home life. The sacredness of the home depends upon how we spend the eventide.—Western Farmer.

nor recite, they had prepared a flower contest. If any readers care to have a copy, write care of Farm and Dairy, and they will receive a copy.

When serving their refreshments, they used paper napkins with different kinds of flowers, and groups were arranged according to the flowers on the napkins.

OUR HOME CLUB
 An Original Version of the Problem

THE discussion of the "hired man problem" has by no means died out in our Home Club. This week we have one of the most interesting contributions yet received. Our new member, who signs himself "Malt Lawrence," is of a poetic temperament, and displays his talents in an interesting manner. In sending in his contribution, he writes: "I have noticed recently considerable discussion by 'Perplexed Sister' and others on the hired help problem. I am enclosing my version of the trouble. Here it is:

There's a problem confronting the man on the farm,
 Though it hinders production, it raises alarm;
 The farmer is growling, high wages and hard
 Will eat up my crops ere I get them all stored.
 A capable man is a jewel every day,
 But incompetent greenhorns demand the same pay;

They ask, though provided with food for short hours of labor and long hours of rest;
 My horses are sighted, the cows are abused,
 The implements broken whenever they're used.

When the day should be ended, we start in to "chore."
 There's no time for pleasure, a visit or read,
 It takes all my leisure to sleep and to feed.

I'm weary of eating molasses and bread,
 I want macaroni and sirloin instead,
 I'm crippled with chasins old "Boney" and "Mike,"

While the boss with his auto is high,
 There's a place in the city, that's easy, they say,

Where pay cheques are bigger and work is like play
 Some day it will vanish from this "blasted" place

For a job that is better be chasing my face,
 (The winks city dwellers, grown old in employ,
 Fondly dream of the country when work is a joy.)

There's a cure for the trouble, if each would stop petty grumbling and "right about face."

Try putting himself in the place of the employer,
 And arming in sunshine of love for a brother.

A few grains of kindness, with plain commonsense,
 Would banish this worrisome ill of the fence.

Just take time in the morning, at noon, or at night,
 Or any old time that you're not fed

And when it's effected a cure, as it will,
 Remember the "quack" who compounded the pill.

.....
 * * * * *

His Watch Below

SHIP'S Officer: Oh, there are bells; excuse me, it's watch below.

Old Lady: Gracious! Fancy me watching striking as loud as that.

Sailor's Magazine.

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