

Priceless Apples

"By the way, did you have any dinner to-day?"

"I struck Camp Seven on the Alamitos at noon."

"Hump-m. Sour bread, sow-belly, frijoles? Or was it canned corn? I say, old man, do you remember some of the places where we used to dine at home—flowers and music, and table linen, and real dishes, and waiters with real food, and women—God bless 'em—real women? What would you give to-night, Holmes, for something to eat that had never been preserved, embalmed, cured, dried, or tinned? It's not a dream of fairyland, my boy; there are such places in the world and there are such things to eat. Come, what do you say? Where shall we dine to-night and what will you have?"

"You fiend!" growled Holmes. "You know I'd sell my soul this minute for one good red apple."

Lowering his feet to the floor and rising, the Manager of the King's Basin Land and Irrigation Company crossed the room stealthily and carefully closed the door. Then taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, with an air of great secrecy he unlocked a drawer in his desk, pulled it open and took out—AN APPLE.

The Company's chief engineer fell on the Manager with an exclamation of amazement and delight.

"Really," said Burk as he watched the fruit disappear, "your child-like pleasure almost justifies my crime. I even feel repaid for my self-denial. There were only three in the basket."

"How did you do it?" asked Holmes between bites, gazing at the apple in his hand as though to devour the treat with his eye also, thereby doubling the pleasure.

"It was one of our dearly beloved prospective settlers," the thoughtful Manager explained with an air of conscious merit. "He came in from somewhere yesterday to spy out the land and, being a prudent and thrifty farmer, he possesses, or is possessed by, a prudent and thrifty wife. Said wife fitted out said farmer for his journey into this far country with a basket of provisions. Home-made provisions, William, my son, home made! A whole basket full! He had one feed left and was finishing it out there on the sidewalk when I returned from what we of this benighted land call dinner. How could I help looking. I watched him eat real bread with jelly on it. Then I caught sight of three apples—three! Holmes, such wealth is criminal. I considered—I became an anarchist. He was a big husky and I dared not assault him, so I talked—Lord forgive me!—how I talked. I offered confidential advice, I conjured up visions of wealth untold. I laid him under a spell and gently led him and his basket into the office even as he finished his pie. I showed him maps; I gave him a cigar; I urged him to leave his basket and satchel here in my private office for safe-keeping while he looked around.

Gladly he accepted my invitation. His confidence was pathetic. How could the poor, trusting farmer know that I was ready, if necessary, to murder him for his fortune? When he had gone I locked the door and I—I—I only took two, Holmes; I dared not take them all, for he was big and rough, as I say. But I could not believe that a man with such wealth could miss a part of it."

"But you said you ate two," said the engineer severely, taking another long, lingering bite.

"I did," returned the Manager, with awful solemnity. "When that trusting but husky farmer returned later for his possessions

he thanked me many times for my kindness while I trembled with the consciousness of my guilt, assuring him that it was no trouble at all—no trouble at all. And then—just as I felt sure that he was going and was beginning to breathe easier—he stopped and fumbled around in his basket. My heart stood still. 'Hannah put some fine apples in my dinner,' he muttered. 'I thought maybe you might like some. Reckon I must a-et 'em after all. I thought there was—no, by jocks! here she is, Holmes, as I live he handed me that other apple. It was positively uncanny. I was speechless. Not until he was gone did I realize that it was prophetic. In like manner shall the settlers, the farmers, save this land and us from destruction.'

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Making "Clodhopper" Title Any Man May Wear With Pride.

"During the long winter I often make up my mind to sell out and move to town," confided the lad from the country, "but along about April I repent again. The farm is sure a pretty spot in the springtime."

"Prettiest in the world," agreed his hostess, seeing in her mind's eye that two hundred acres of rich brown loam spreading out in swells long and low as the ocean shows in its peaceful mood, bounded on the north and east by spicy pines, south by maples, and stretching bare to the west that the sun might come with night and main at the big orchard of apples, pears, peaches, quinces and apricots.

"Farming is all right, but—well," flinging up his head, "it doesn't get a fellow anywhere. He's a clodhopper all his days. He isn't supposed to have big ideas or ideals—he's only a farmer. Folks look down on him. What's a fellow to do?"

"Make them look up," said his hostess with a warm laugh, carried over from a childhood spirit on the homestead.

"Have dreams—and make them come true. How? That is for you to say. If I were a stalwart, true-hearted farm lad I would be proud of my calling, and live up to it. Just let me tell you one farmer's answer to that term clodhopper."

His name was David Lubin (Dave to mother and the girls), and he had a fruit and vegetable ranch in California. As he worked there grew in his mind the vision of a national institution for the exchange of ideas on farming, and the dissemination of knowledge practical and accurate on such things as quality and quantity of crops, agricultural labor, pure seed, best defence against diseases of plant and animal life, etc., etc. "Give us farmers this clearing house and the state will be repaid," he made his plea to the United States department of labor. Do you know that the man in charge of the department—a legal light he was, knowing lots about law, but little about agriculture—settled the matter by remarking: "A crazy clodhopper's idea, nothing more."

Did David fling his dream of co-operation aside? Not a bit of it. "This country's too young," she hasn't found her soul yet," he said, and took himself and his dream to the old world. The usual fate of the reformer was his. He saw agents a-plenty, government employees a-plenty. Nobody

seemed to care. To a wrinkled old scholar he told his story one day. "The land is the wealth of the world, but men want only to ravish it of all it can yield," he ended up, almost in tears.

"Go to Victor Emmanuel of Italy. He isn't much of a monarch, but he is a born farmer," advised the scholar with a cackle of derision.

And David went. This time he took his dream to neither agent or courtier, but straight to the king. Before going he wrote out on paper what he meant to say. He must make himself clear, and only a brief quarter hour to do it in. He was all night condensing his speech, correcting here and there, and at ten in the morning, with the new world hay seed still in his hair, uncouth, unkempt, he went to his appointment.

"The king looked taken-a-back," we are told, and we can well believe it, but David gave him no chance to excuse himself from the interview.

"King," he said, "I've heard you called a second-class ruler, but the man who called you that also called you a first-class farmer, so I knew the first term was a libel. If you're good to the land, you can't help being good to your people. I've a way to make you known and remembered as the great farmer king."

Victor Emmanuel bowed. David drew out his paper and began. In exactly three minutes he had tossed said paper aside, and in his slow but impassioned way was telling his story in his own words. Was he graphic? Was he clear? Was his halting speech eloquent? Afterward he never could remember. The fact that his fifteen minutes' speech stretched to nearly an hour without a single interruption and that at its close he had a royal partner, also a subscription of almost a hundred thousand dollars from said partner's private purse, a site for the new institute, a full store of sympathy and co-operation, these tell a tale.

A world congress was called, to which forty nations responded. The representatives adopted David's plan—dream no longer, but plan. Can't you see the plain farmer in the midst of that group? The International Institute of Agriculture is the name of the white marble building that stands today in the Villa Borghese. With its fifty-three nations in connection, it represents a work of usefulness and knowledge spreading beyond count. It also represents the dream of David, tiller of the soil, David who took the term "clodhopper" and made of it a title any man might be proud to wear.

"Great," cried the lad, his eyes flashing. Then he added with a grin, "maybe the fault is in us fellows, not in the farm, eh? Think I'll stick. The right kind of a clodhopper seems a good enough model for me."—Katherine Kent in Toronto Globe.

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The Carrot Pie.

You have heard of the Carrot Kings? Of course, who hasn't. They live not very far from the Wigwam, and I had my New Year's dinner with these famous people. With some people wheat is king, corn is king, pork is king, butter is king; with these fine folks the carrot is king.

They have converted their carrots into superb horses chiefly, and if you have visited the industrial fair at Toronto or the great fall fairs at Guelph or London, you could not miss seeing some of these magnificent animals.

The family name of the Carrot Kings is Belden, and they run largely to the baptismal name of Matthew—Matt for short, as I think I told you once before. The first Matt Belden was Old Matt

and there has been an Old Matt ever since.

They treked in when the last century was still young from York State and brought out a Pennsylvania Dutch family. There were about ten acres cleared, a log house and a log barn, and they got here when the first snow had fallen. The only woman in the outfit was Mallie Ann, a handsome and rugged pioneeress, one of those who made this country possible as a habitation.

New Year's was approaching, and it was up to Mallie Ann to rustle up a feast in honor of the day, and also in honor of the two old neighbors, Dan Schayler and Mose Losee; who had loaned their ox teams to help tote the Beldens' household goods.

Now, Mallie Ann had been bred and raised in the Great American Pie Belt, and though she had venison and wild turkey and a side of pork, the chances were good that the first New Year's dinner under the British flag would be a pieless meal. There was not an apple, a pumpkin was out of the question, her few jars of precious preserves had been smashed in a grand upset on what is now called the Dundas "mountain," and Mallie Ann was in despair. On the afternoon of the second day Mallie Ann noticed a heap of carrots in a corner of the cellar. Carrots! Only this, and nothing more. But those carrots fascinated Mallie Ann. She could not keep her eyes off them. She squatted on her heels and sorted them—turning them over and over—over and over. Suddenly she chose three of the finest, and with a guilty look over her shoulder, fled up the stair to the big cook shanty. She worked all that afternoon like a body possessed, and when evening fell her look of triumph made her majestic.

The next day was New Year's. The men, five of them, filed in for dinner and took their seats around the rude table. The North American pioneer was like the North American Indian—he was a stoic. He was to proud and dignified to show surprise. Such tremendous things were happening at that time in that tremendous wilderness in those tremendous days that these tremendous men were not even fazed when they saw before them a tremendous pie! After they had all been served, old Dan Schayler, who had been a good miner in his time, sucked his tongue for a second, and then said:

"Boys, this here pie assays 24 carats!"

Mallie Ann blushed rosy red. "Only three carrots," she said. "Carrots!" shouted Old Matt Belden, a light dawning on him. "Carrots! By the livin' sailor, the woman who can make a pie like this out of carrots will make a home out of this forest," and he walked round the table, and placing his great hand under Mallie Ann's chin tilted back her head and kissed her on the mouth!

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Fifteen From No. 1 At last a night, April 30, arrived and bro... the Colony. without a tra... to the flooded in Assiniboia. come again... the town's... to welcome... the new arriv... brothers, Hen... schmidt and... 3rd of May a... It brought th... lers: Bohnen... per, Fleskes... Arnold Ruel... Koelsch, Joh... Since two... been cloudy... warm rain; w... fit to the wh... May 2nd, the... cal came to... for Leofeld t... over night w... in Fish Cree... blessed the fi... ing to the po... new bell ha... blessed as ori... following nev... 20 for the Co... homesteads: Fabeek, P. H... don. About 6 t... Assiniboia... winter such... snow fell tha... which in sum... as much wate... was changed... into a raging... bed being na... tain all the v... prairie for... John Bittn... Moose Lake... fied with th... Settlement S... in T. 39, R... about 12 inc... Bernard E... Benedict tha... last year on... a homestead... During sum... homestead f... went to wor... experimenta... around Chri... ing in the co... nearest nei... Hackl, Mu... Diederichs... Nic. Schu... Anna that h... in the colony... or Minnesot... high and lev... nation town... The black l... in depth. He... and the re... poplar bush... from Dead... soon as a ch... Lenora Le... miles from... A reader... the first iss... intends to k... book form... (Are you s... On the 2... were busy c... grain. Tod... sown in Ap... beautiful g... now sowing... had to prep... sowing of... The buil... Prince Alb... of Captain... sher is pr... It is 183... width. On the... a very hea...