

HOW TO PREVENT CO-OPERATION

If the farmers in your neighborhood want to co-operate in the shipping of their produce, never ship with them, but immediately notify the largest speculators what is going on, so that they may buy your produce at a little better price and enough of your neighbor's stock to make co-operative shipping impossible. By doing this you will be doing your community a good turn, because the speculator is usually one of your citizens, and you must assist him in building up his business. Anyway, the extra money that your neighbors would get by co-operative shipping might cause them some embarrassment.

If this plan does not commend itself to you, then agree to ship with your neighbors; but at the last moment sell to the old-time speculator for a little more money than you think you will get co-operatively, and in that way prove to the community that co-operation is all a humbug, and that it pays well to be a traitor.

If the co-operative organization happens to sustain some loss on one of their shipments, due to unusual circumstances or conditions, evenly if absolutely unavoidable, get all the information possible and make it your special business to see everyone you can and tell them all you can about it.

In this connection very telling work can be done by careful exaggeration, double or treble the quantity of goods concerned, paint it very black, make it very much worse than it actually is, because the fact that there may be a little truth in it will enable you to carry that class of campaign a very long way successfully. Pretend to sympathize with the co-operators and pretend that you could have handled the business better; that will make them dissatisfied.

Incidentally you should be careful

not to mention that you have yourself met with much worse luck on various occasions in the past. This method of procedure has much to recommend it. Your neighbors will consider you very much interested in their welfare, and therefore a real good fellow.

—*Canadian Horticulturist.*

TO THE HEN—OH, LOVELY HEN
 Alas, my child, where is the pen
 That can do justice to the hen?
 Like Royalty, she goes her way
 Laying foundations every day
 Though not for Public Buildings, yet
 For Custard, Cake and Omelette.
 Or, if too old for such a use
 They have their fling at some abuse.
 As when to censure plays unfit
 Upon the stage they make a hit,
 Or at elections seal the fate
 Of an obnoxious candidate.
 No wonder, child, we prize the Hen,
 Whose egg is mightier than the Pen.

—*Farm and Ranch Review*

THE HYGIENIC BARDS

(By our own Leigh Hunt)

Jenny kissed me when we met,
 Hygienic counsel scorning.
 Curse the woman! To forget
 All about the doctor's warning!
 I, the healthiest of men
 All the germs of grip had missed me—
 Thought myself immune—and then
 Jenny kissed me!

(By our own Alfred Tennyson)

Kiss me no more; bestow thy labial
 wealth
 On such as may a week or two devote
 To having grip; but I'm a careful pote
 Wherefore I beg thee, as I love my
 health.

Kiss me no more!

—*Canadian Farm.*