



Do not remember to-day's mistakes, except as they help you to commit fewer tomorrow.

## Four Thousand Bushels of Corn

(Continued from last week.)

THE university, with its magnificent equipment for teaching boys how to farm, was a revelation to Jimmie. The one day he could give to inspecting the college grounds and buildings passed all too quickly. The yards and barns full of high-class stock, and the feeding tables and charts, opened up for Jimmie a new vista of possibilities in farming. The soil experiments interested him especially; for there the fields of corn and oats, cultivated by the system that his neighbors at home used, were shown in contrast to the plots where clover was grown in rotation, and in still greater contrast to those that moreover had been treated with rock phosphate or bone meal.

And the enthusiastic farmers who told in simple language their plans and mistakes and their failures and successes interested Jimmie greatly. Best of all was the enthusiasm of those farmers who had learned to make the soil give abundantly of its treasures. One of those men had records showing that the profits from his quarter-section farm would pay interest on land worth \$450 an acre. Another declared that for the past eleven years a certain seven-acre field on his farm had paid six per cent. interest on a valuation of \$1,000 an acre.

The farmers grew eloquent in their discussions of alfalfa and silage—two things that were almost unknown in Jimmie's neighborhood. They said that they had got big profits from hogs in alfalfa, by "hogging down corn," and by using clover in the rotation.

"There is a whole lot more to farming than I ever dreamed of," Jimmie said to Colonel Edwards, when they were on their way home. "Why don't we more farmers take advantage of these things that the agricultural college and the farmers' institute are telling the farmers?"

"They do, lots of them. But it's a slow process. Most farmers want to see a thing, as well as hear about it, before they put their hard-earned money into it. That is why the work that Professor Eckhardt is doing over in DeKalb County ought to accomplish so much. He shows the farmers right on their own farms what can be done with improved methods."

Jimmie had intended to go home by Chicago, and to spend the evening with "Her" at the last moment he decided that he had better go home at once and look after his men. "There's no knowing but that Jake may have gone on a strike," he said to the preacher. "He never could stand being made fun of, and if the boys have found out that he is ploughing corn in the last half of July, they will place the life out of him."

Jimmie's fears were not realized, however, for when he reached home, he found that the men had just finished going over the two prize forties.

Jake was so completely reconciled to the task that Jimmie was emboldened to set both him and Bill at work with hoes to clean out the few remaining weeds. Jake started to carry out this order so cheerfully that Jimmie thought something must be wrong. Bill explained Jake's alacrity while they were milking that night; Mr. Hodgekins, it seemed, had set his



"Mum" Blooms Delightful to the Eye of All Flower Lovers.

This is the season for chrysanthemums and such beautiful blooms as are here shown, they may be seen at the Central Agricultural Farm Greenhouses. A hundred such as these are grown in six-inch pots and command the admiration of all who have the privilege of visiting the greenhouses.

hired men at the same task the day before.

About ten o'clock the next morning, Mary came out to the barn, where Jimmie was working, and handed him a letter.

The letter was addressed in Walter's familiar handwriting. Jimmie opened the envelope. "I have found just the opening for you," Walter wrote; "a better one than that paint company's job last spring. Come in to see me right away. It is the best chance you are likely to get."

When Jimmie came back from Chicago, Mary met him at the station. "It's all right," he exclaimed, jubilantly, as he climbed into the buggy. "It's with an automobile company. I am to be a demonstrator and salesman, with a salary of \$100 a month, and a chance to work up in the company. Think of it, \$100 a month! And Bill Ellis and Jake Bowles have been working all their lives for thirty-five, and they don't even get that all the year round."

"It's fine," Mary answered, "only—"

"Only what? You don't seem to be very much pleased, Sis. Don't you realize what a splendid chance it is for me?"

"Yes, it is a splendid chance. It's mean of me not to rejoice with you, but I can't help thinking how father will feel. He won't say anything, of course; that's not father's way. But it will be a great disappointment to him just the same. He always planned on making a farmer of his youngest boy."

Jimmie's face fell. "I hadn't thought of that," he admitted. "But father will see how it is. He won't want to keep me at home against my best interests."

"Are you sure it is to your best interest to go to the city—have you considered everything?" Mary asked, soberly.

"A hundred dollars a month? And a chance of working ahead? If that isn't to my best interest I don't know what is!"

By this time they had turned in at the gate of the farm. Mary went into the house without saying anything more.

When Jimmie came in to supper, Aunt Jane shook her head dubiously. "You'll get held sure when you get to Chicago, and then where will your \$100 be?" she said.

The hired men laughed heartily at

were little affected, however. As far as could be told by their appearance they were still even in the race. All were caring out well. There would naturally be more or less difference in the filling of the ears, and upon that would depend the result of the contest. That was the point Jimmie was afraid of, for he more than half believed Mr. Hodgekins' remark that the best-and corn would not fill well.

As the weeks went on, however, Jimmie saw that the corn on the peat forty was growing big, sound ears—at least, they compared favorably with those on the preacher's forty. He did not know how they would compare with those on Hodgekins' and Ed Cassidy's and Verne Wilson's fields, for the excitement had reached such a pitch that it was almost as much as a man's life was worth to be caught in another man's cornfield.

For years it had been the custom of Duketon farmers to hold a big picnic and ploughing match during the latter part of September. This year the picnic was to be at the Wilson place. Jimmie did not enter the ploughing match himself, but he encouraged Bill Ellis to enroll in the men's amateur class, which was open to all men who had never won a prize in a ploughing match. Bill had finally consented to enter.

The day before the contest, Jimmie went out and looked over Bill's ploughing. The hired man had been ploughing for Jimmie for two weeks before the contest, and so had been able to get a good deal of practice, both for himself and for his team.

"That's splendid work, Ben," he said. "I don't know of another amateur round here who can beat it."

"I'm going to do my best," Bill answered. "It would mean more to me than you realize to win that cup to-morrow."

The day of the contest was perfect. The slight haze on the horizon mellowed the sunshine, and the faint breeze was laden with the harvest odors of a country autumn; all nature seemed to rest in peaceful lassness.

The contestants were on the ground by nine o'clock, and as soon as places were allotted to them, started to work. Soon afterward the crowd began to arrive—in wagons, buggies, and automobiles. It was a jolly, good-natured country crowd. Every one seemed to know every one else. From all over the countryside people came to the ploughing match.

"I didn't know I had so many friends," Jimmie said to Mary at noon, when he brought the big dinner basket from the buggy to the foot of the tree where their dinner was to be spread. The Walker family were there, too, and several of the other neighbors. Just as they were spreading the tablecloths, Colonel Edwards and his wife came along, and promptly accepted an invitation to join the party.

Then followed one of those rare good times that can be had only once in a lifetime at a country picnic. By the time the dinner was finished, they were all laughing together in genial comradely.

After the dinner was an exhibition of the big traction ploughs that turn a dozen furrows at once, although they do not do it half so well as the expert ploughmen. Then the judges were measuring furrows and comparing sides, the crowd went over to the front pasture for a ball game. By the time that was over, word was passed along that the judges had their decisions ready; and many as could crowd in to the secretary's tent to hear the awards. Jimmie was in the front row, and he slapped Bill Ellis encouragingly on the back, and told him he would surely win the prize.

Jimmie was right when the secretary, who was reading the award of prizes, finally came to the men's amateur class, he announced that Bill Ellis

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