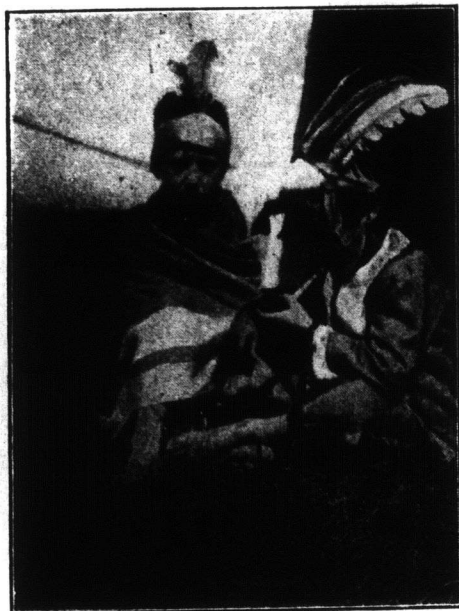


There are certain workers among the ants whose duty it is to care for these babies. They carry them about, wash them, feed them, and care for them in every way until they are well grown and able to care for themselves.

"Sometimes the nurses for these baby ants are slaves. The ants have fierce, bitter, deadly wars with other tribes, and they carry off the young ants that they capture, and bring them up to work for them. The ants that do this are found in South America, and they are called Amazon-ants. Some of the ants in other countries do the same. When it is warm, these nurse ants carry the baby ants up into the sunshine, and when it looks as if it would rain, they hurry them into their homes, just as we would care for a tiny baby."

"Do all ants live in houses like these?" Edna asked, as she watched the little fellows running here and there.

"No," answered mother. "Some of them build little wee mounds of dirt about two inches high. The mounds look like tiny chimneys. Others build bigger mounds than that; sometimes their houses are four feet high. These are made of sticks, straws and bits of dirt. The ants build long tunnels or rooms under the ground. Then there are the carpenter-ants, that find a live tree in which the heart has begun to die. They cut out this heart, and build fine rooms and galleries in the live wood. The rooms are polished as smoothly as possible, and the walls are almost as thin as paper. 'Some South American ants build



The Pipe of Peace

houses from fifteen to twenty feet high. They are very rough-looking outside, but inside they are finely finished. Moreover, there are many rooms in these same tall houses that reach far under the ground, like a kind of basement."

Mother pulled up a blade of grass. On it were a number of little green bugs. "See, children," she said, "these are the ants' cows. They get a kind of sweet stuff from them which we call honeydew. The ants are very fond of this."

"Not very long ago I read about some ants in Mexico that are very fond of honey. In fact, they are called honey-ants. They hunt their food at night, and eat so much that they cannot move. They look like white currants when they are full of honey. The Mexicans like these honey-ants to eat."

"O dear!" said Edna, shivering. "I would rather have my ants in my garden than in my plate," and Teddy agreed with her.

Mr. Rabbit Gets De Bes' of Mr. Lion an' Mr. Tiger

I one day stopped to talk with an old negro woman sitting on the shadowed side of her whitewashed cabin. Her little granddaughter was with her and they were eating bread and milk. Some hens and chickens were picking around and watching the entree, hopeful of getting a share of the feast; and a dog lay on the ground also alert and expectant, and a pig was rooting close by, and he, too, seemed to be watching for the bestowal of a portion of the bread and milk.

Round about were wild, grassy hillsides, and a stream ran through the hollow. While we were talking, the little girl sud-

denly exclaimed: "I done seen a rabbit over dar in de briars!"

"Dat remin' me er de stories dey use to tell 'bout de rabbit an' de yuther creeturs when I was a chile," remarked the woman. "I thought den de tales was all true, and I was sure Mr. Rabbit ketch us if we go down to de branch in de evenin'; an' if we see Mr. Rabbit den, we chiluns would light out skeered to death."

"What were the stories?" I questioned. She responded with a series of several, which she told with great animation, acting out all the parts and changing her voice to suit the words of the different characters, and now and then rising and skirmishing around the yard to illustrate the more dramatic portions.

"Well," said she, replying to my query about the stories, "dey mostly was about how 'mongst all de yuther creeturs Mr. Rabbit was de smartest man in de crowd. He was a sly rascal, he sho' was. One day when Mr. Rabbit an' Mr. Fox talkin' togadder Mr. Lion an' Mr. Tiger drove pas' wid a load er fish. 'Look a' dar!' says Mr. Rabbit, 'I want some er dose fish!'"

"'But yo' cain't git 'em,' says Mr. Fox. 'Yes I kin,' says Mr. Rabbit, and he cry out: 'Hol' on, Mr. Lion; hol' on, Mr. Tiger!' an' when dey stop he run an' jump up on de fish wagon."

"De lion and de tiger, dey order him off. Den he runs way up de road an' hide in de bushes, an' when de fish wagon come along he holler out: 'Whoop, whoop, whoop, diddle-um-ding, varmints of all kinds, lions an' tigers, an' dey cain't keep my th'ot at cl'ar!'"

"'Hyo! Mr. Lion,' says Mr. Tiger, 'what dat? I reckon we better be gettin' along in a hurry.'"

"So dey whip up der hoss. But Mr. Rabbit ran fas' as he kin an' git ahead once mo' in de bushes an' soon as dey come along he holler: 'Whoop, whoop, whoop, diddle-um-ding, varmints of all kinds, lions an' tigers, an' dey cain't keep my th'ot at cl'ar!'"

"Dat skeer Mr. Lion and Mr. Tiger so much dey jump off de wagon an' run like dey sent for. Den Mr. Rabbit he drive off wid de fish, an' de nex' day he 'pint a time fo' a big feast. All Mr. Rabbit's frien's come except Mr. Fox, an' bimeby he come, too; but he was all limpy an' rasslefrassled. 'Boo-hoo-hoo!' he cry, 'I done met up wid Mr. Lion an' Mr. Tiger, an' dey 'cuse me er stealin' der fish; an' dose fellers, dey took me an' dey mos' tor me all to pieces.'"

"Dat de way—de rabbit always doin' de mischief an' someone else gettin' pun- ish fo' it. Yes, de rabbit mighty slick. He de cunningest li'l' ole creetur in de woods. Sometimes when he chased by dogs he find a long holler log lyin' on de groun' wid a hole jus' large enough fo' him to slip through, an' he go in one end and out de yuther. De dog foller his track to de log an' he spen' his time pawin' at de place de rabbit went in, an' de rabbit git safe home. But his bes' trick when he runnin' from de dog is to take a circle around an' come back to his track, an' dar he stop an' lick his paws to take off de scent. Nex' thing he fotch a few jumps out sideways an' sit still an' let de dog run pas'. Den he go off about his business."

This is the story the old negro woman heard in her childhood and told me.

McPhee's Reinvestment

An Irishman named McPhee lived in a shanty that stood in a field near a main highway out of Kansas City. The foundations of the shanty were lower than the road, through which ran a big water main. As the living floor of the place was raised on posts to make it level with the highway, it left a large cellar underneath, where McPhee kept a dozen hens.

One day the water main burst, flooded the cellar and drowned the hens. Thereupon McPhee entered a claim for damages against the city. After much delay, influential friends succeeded in getting thirty dollars in settlement of his claim.

"I've got me money!" shouted the old man to his next-door neighbor.

"Glad to hear that," was the reply.

"and how much was it, McPhee?"

"Thirty dollars."

"And phwat are ye goin' to do with the money?"

"I'm goin' to buy thirty dollars' worth of ducks," said McPhee.

"KEEP THE COLLEGES FULL"

—is the title of a leading article in one of our western agricultural journals recently.

"Where young men are qualified and the army has not called them, send them to college", advised the British war specialists who came to the U.S. and Canada this year.

The British Government has just voted \$25,000,000 to set its colleges in full motion again, and particularly its technical institutions in agriculture.

Says Dean Curtiss, of Iowa Agricultural College, who visited Canada recently, "Canada realizes that it needs leaders in agriculture more than ever now, and will need them in the years to come on farms, in schools and in experiment stations, and that it can train them best in the agricultural colleges. The farmer of the future cannot meet the nation's needs unless he is thoroughly trained to do so. The world is moving swiftly and the farm must keep pace. Reasons for getting an agricultural education were never stronger than they are now. The nation needs well trained farmers; the farm needs them; the young man himself needs the education."

We believe we are right in making a special appeal to you, young man and young woman of the West, to enter the Manitoba Agricultural College this fall.

Young women over sixteen years of age, young men between sixteen and twenty, young men over twenty who have been farming and who have not been called to the colors, should come to the Agricultural College to prepare themselves for greater opportunities and better service.

The estimated value of the crop in the three western provinces this year is the highest yet. Hundreds of you young men and young women can afford a winter at college. The College course will increase your earning power. You can be spared after threshing, when College opens. College closes in time for spring work.

Write for folder describing the first year course in either Agriculture or Home Economics. State which one you want. Write to-day.

J. B. REYNOLDS, M.A., President,
Manitoba Agricultural College,
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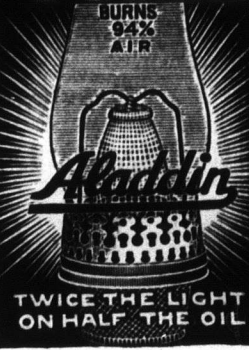
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