

PAGES

MISSING

THE O. A. C. REVIEW

"THE PROFESSION WHICH I HAVE EMBRACED REQUIRES A KNOWLEDGE OF EVERYTHING."

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Motor Cars on the Farm

By. C. K. SEIBERT, Walkerville, Ont.

ONE of the most interesting aspects of progress is due to the fact that when economic social and commercial conditions reach such a point that more advanced ways and means are needed such ways and means are forthcoming. The development of this country reached the point where rail-

In the same way economic conditions called for and justify the introduction and extended use of the motor car. For purely social and pleasure purposes it has from the first appealed to everyone. The spontaneity of such demand sprang—not from a recognition of economic conditions or the utili-



Car Serving a Very Useful Purpose—Owned by The Potter School.

roads were needed and they were built. A more practical and expeditious method of communication was needed and we were given the telegraph and then the telephone. Electric railway lines have come to give us better metropolitan and interurban passenger service.

tarian value of the automobile, but because of its appeal to the pleasure seeking instinct of the people.

As a result of the pressure of such demand the manufacturers of motor cars have confined themselves largely, until recently, to the manufacture of so-called pleasure cars. The people

have been and are getting what they want. Millions of pleasure automobiles are in use throughout the land. They have been sold in large numbers to farmers to whom they appeal strongly as a source of pleasure, convenience and even profit.

Because of lack of space at our disposal, we cannot undertake to go into an exhaustive analysis of the economic conditions which not only justify, but demand, the extensive adoption of motor cars in place of horse-drawn equipment. The pleasure car has been universally accepted without much regard for economics, but the adoption of the motor truck for transportation of merchandise and general utility depends upon the business man's recognition of its economy and efficiency of operation as compared with horse drawn equipment.

Statistics show that horses consume per head each year the product of five acres of land. The same statistics show that on large farms and small, horse labor costs the farmer twelve and one-half cents per hour; that is, the total working hours of horses per year divided into their total cost of maintenance per year gives a net cost of twelve and one-half cents per working hour. In the cities where truck teams are hauling day after day throughout the year—and therefore represent the lowest possible cost per working hour—the cost of haulage is $17\frac{3}{4}$ cents per ton mile with horses—against $11\frac{1}{4}$ cents with motor trucks. These are striking statements. The sources from which they are taken are government reports, available to anyone, and should receive as a whole the careful study of every businessman whether he lives upon a farm or in the city.

The farmers already appreciate the fact that the pleasure car saves horse-

flesh, that it is also a saving of time to jump into a motor car and go to market instead of hitching up the horses and driving them. While the farmer has with his pleasure car reduced the roadwork of his horses, he has in but few instances reduced the number of horses he has been keeping for farm and road purposes; the use of the pleasure car has not materially reduced this item of expense or in any way offset the investment he has made in an automobile.

If you were fitting yourself out with equipment necessary to go to farming and were obliged, on account of financial circumstances, to limit yourself to the smallest possible investment, you would study very carefully just what you should buy in the way of transportation equipment and of course you would buy a wagon before you would buy a buggy or a carriage. You and your family could, if necessary, go to market in a wagon and take a considerable load at the same time, but with a carriage alone you could not market your crops.

Let us suppose you ARE equipping yourself in such a way. You will buy a pair of horses—or more if necessary—for the work on farm and a heavy wagon for farm and road use. A few years ago you would have bought—as soon as possible—another horse, a buggy or carriage, and probably a spring wagon. Today it will be to your advantage to buy a combination motor car.

This type of car is intended primarily for commercial purposes, that is hauling a load of some merchandise or other, and having a carrying capacity up to 1,500 pounds. They are made with a top over the driver's seat and the entire body, with curtains to be raised or lowered on sides and rear according to weather conditions. They

are built with adjustable seats giving a passenger carrying capacity of ten to a dozen persons. These seats can be raised to a vertical position so they are out of the way and the loading space of the body of the car can be partially or entirely devoted to merchandise of some kind. They are built by some firms along the same lines as pleasure cars, artistic in appearance, their riding qualities fully up to the pleasure car and they will practically serve every purpose of a pleasure car.

This car will do on every occasion for carrying commodities to market and taking the family along. A motor car will readily pull a trailer load, far in excess of its own carrying capacity. So you can load your wagon with a hundred bushels of wheat or some other product, hook it on to this car and pull it to market in far less time than you would do it with a team of horses. Hook on two such wagon loads if distance be considerable and the car will handle them.

In almost every community there are some products which when ready for the market should be marketed with all possible dispatch; fruit of all kinds, melons, green vegetables, etc. How many farmers have gathered such produce during the day and started a wagon-load of it to market, travelling all night in order to be there early the following morning. It is hard on man and beast, and that means it is expensive. With a car such as is suggested such a load can be taken to a market twice as far away and in half the time. This means possibly a better market and far less wear and tear on horse-flesh and man. The car needs attention and involves maintenance only in proportion to the use made of it. It stands under its shelter from one trip to the next without involving any expense. The horse de-

mands daily attention and food whether at work or not.

With a car of this kind a great many farmers will find—during the winter months especially — uses to which it can be put with profit to themselves when otherwise they might be idle. It can be made to furnish power for various operations; for instance, cleaning wheat, clover seed, etc., shelling or grinding corn, chopping fodder, sawing wood, pumping water.

In fact the farmer who owns horses, buggies, carriages, light and heavy wagons for all kinds of road use will find it profitable and expedient to dispose of various items of such equipment and in place of them use a combination car. And when the tractor, which is rapidly being perfected, is added to the car of the combination type the average farmer may eliminate the horse entirely from his stable and in his farming operations and road work make use of the tractor and the commercial car instead, at less expense and with more satisfaction in every way.

Were you to engage in any line of manufacturing or merchandising, you would make a careful study of your production cost and your transportation expense, for by keeping both of these as low as possible you would contribute to the greatest possible profit. Why not consider your production cost and transportation problem on the farm in the same way? Conserve the product of your land, market it to advantage instead of feeding it to a stable full of horses that are unable in return to serve you as economically and efficiently as can a commercial motor car. As a tiller of the soil you have your problems and your difficulties. Whether it be cotton, wheat, corn, fruit, vegetable, or something else you have to be on your guard against some pest, some scourge

or blight. Occasionally you lose to one of these and there is no help for it, but in adhering to the time honored custom of using the horse for farm work in general,—and the road work which the farmer must do,—you are positively overlooking an absolute waste and neglecting an instrument far more efficient for your purposes than what you are using.

The evolution of the pleasure car has necessarily involved much in the way of experimentation as to motor and transmission equipment. Those days of experimentation have passed and the motor and transmission equipment of today are so thoroughly worked out, and in fact, standardized, as to have been applied with success

to the so-called commercial cars or trucks. Consequently the motor truck industry, although comparatively in its infancy, is practically doubling itself in volume each year without the failures and mistakes which were in evidence in the evolution of the pleasure car. You can readily secure data covering the cost of operation and maintenance of such cars, and you can procure the cars which will make good the figures named in such data. In other words, the commercial car in use as suggested in the foregoing paragraphs is not an experiment nor a visionary project. It has proven its efficiency and economy in every instance named. It is ready to do so for you. Why not try it?

The Situation of the Cheese Maker in Ontario

NORMAN JAMES '18.

THE situation of the cheese-maker in Ontario is today rather a peculiar one. Let us consider it from his standpoint and learn what is to be the outcome.

We know that cheese is a highly concentrated, palatable, nourishing and unperishable ready-to-eat food. Figures show that an ounce of cheese is roughly equivalent to 1 egg, to a glass of milk or to 2 ounces of meat. We know also that cheese is one of the staple foods for our soldiers, with the result that our production in 1915 far surpassed that of any previous year and that prices in 1916 have been record prices since August month. This seemingly would bespeak for the producer of the raw material and the manufacturer of the prepared food product equal encouragement, and the accompanying thrift which results therefrom.

However, for the cheese-maker at least, this is not the case; and results are beginning to show themselves which will mean the decrease of our annual output of this desirable product; and our 'produce more' thirst will go unquenched in this particular line. The problem for him is by no means a small one and presents a variety of aspects which may be dealt with briefly under the following headings:

(1). Labor.—Inability to secure sufficient help, due to the strenuous times through which our Empire is passing, is recognized as worthy of serious consideration. Many of our factories were managed with insufficient man power last season; and the work could only have been handled with great difficulty had the make continued as great as the months of May and June seemed to foretell. Luckily for many employers

climatic conditions were unfavorable for a bumper output. The situation appears worse for next season. With prospects of big prices we fancy farmers will demand big profits from a large make; and the maker, conscious of the increasing scarcity of men, must timely ask the question:—From where is my help to come?

(2.) Rennet.—Last season saw Rennet at \$7 per gallon—with a previous high price at \$3— and only a limited supply at that price. Today it is quoted at \$10. The maker finds in this alone a cause for consideration as the amount expended very greatly reduces his income from the business. Substitutes are being experimented with, but little authentic data is before the public as yet; and we cannot blame the 'old timer' for being a little candid about adopting the use of something about which he is uncertain as to its results upon the quantity or quality of cheese made. It is thought however, by those who are studying the question, that a satisfactory solution for the rennet hold-up will result in the use of a suitable substitute when all details regarding its actions are put in the hands of the maker.

(3.) Boxes.—This should not offer a serious trouble. Yet, last summer many of the factories of Western Ontario were forced to hold cheese, at a loss in price and in quality, during the extreme heat of July month. Boxes which ten years ago could be had for 9 to 12c cost the maker 25c. Here again substitutes for the regular wooden box are being tried, and will eventually supersede the dearer one; but the maker again, is suffering as a result of the sudden seemingly un-called-for situation which confronts him.

(4.) Competition from Creameries.—Numerous creameries are springing

up in small towns and with those of large cities are demanding a trade that is seriously interfering with the success of our cheese factories. Many farmers are so much convinced, whether justified or not, that they cannot afford to feed whey instead of skim milk that they are patronizing these creameries. The small factory cannot afford to halve its raw material, since there is a limit to the radius from which milk can profitably be drawn; and we find it weakening as its competitor advances along the road to prosperity. Again, the maker is the sufferer since small make spells small returns.

(5.) Another competitor.—It is an astounding fact, worthy of note by the maker and any one else connected with the output of cheese, that the future of cheese-making, in the model dairy county of Western Ontario, is being threatened by the inraids of a somewhat new branch of the Dairy industry in these parts. I refer to the production of Powdered Milk. Just a short time ago, one of the strongest and most noted co-operative companies in Oxford County was engulfed by the Canadian Products Company—a concern which now operates instead of various factories in that district, made famous years ago by its large output from business concerns owned and operated by the farmers themselves. In this case it was scarcely a matter of choice for the farmers. The Powder Company thrust itself upon the people to do one of two things—either buy the independence of the thrifty dairy farmers of that company or set up an opposition to them in a locality which could not support remuneratively both. Being conscious of the inducements offered through large cash payments payable to the farmers for his raw material, and seeing no chance to hold out against a concern so backed

with capital, the farmers, probably wisely enough, sold their interest to the tyrant, and are now at his mercy. The results are to be observed. A farmer, who prides himself in good crops, good herds, good buildings and prosperity, cannot well afford to sell his raw product for cold cash and have nothing by way of bi-products, to rear his young stock or to feed the hogs that tend to set up the equilibrium in farming operations. Maintenance of soil fertility, steady employment of labor, the social and educational factors in community life and the continued satisfaction of the individual all seem

to be affected when a specialized industry supersedes and monopolizes the business of a number of small but independent, paying and satisfying co-operative concerns similar to the Hickson factory. Incidentally, the maker again finds his position threatened.

The Ontario cheese-maker, therefore, has by no means an enviable position. As a result, we find men so scarce that makers of too little experience and incapable of turning out the best product are given certificates; and we can justly question ourselves as to the probable future of cheese-making in Ontario.

Rural Exodus and One of Its Causes

By A. B. MACDONALD '18.

IN all agricultural countries, at different periods in their history, the problem of rural exodus must be faced. No matter what the experience of other countries have been in this regard; no matter what lessons their records have to teach us along these lines, it seems that this problem will confront the people of any rapidly developing country. And so Canada is no exception to the rule. Scarcely before we realized it our rural districts have shown a decrease in population, with the result that our public men today are endeavoring to find a suitable means to remedy this condition. At the present time this movement from the land to the industrial centers is lessened to a considerable extent by the call to arms of the best of our young men. Nevertheless, the question of rural exodus is present, and WILL be present when the time comes when the coming generation will be in a position to take an active part in the life of our country. It will be present when Britain and her allies will emerge

triumphant and exalted out of this struggle—at which time Canada will become a great producing country, not alone in agriculture, but in the other industries as well.

The problem of rural exodus is not confined to the evolution of modern nations. Far back in history we find instances where statesmen saw the danger of men leaving the growing of crops to take up the life of an ordinary laborer in the cities. Cicero in his writings deplored the depopulation of rural districts.* Emperor Augustus saw the undermining of the nation by the flow of people from the country.** Writers in all periods of history have made reference to the serious results that were sure to arise from such conditions, if ways and means were not taken to correct the evil. Even today the men who have charge of the future interests of Canada are fully awakened to the dangers arising from the decrease of our rural population. So awakened are they that it is gratifying to note that measures have been taken to remove as

far as possible the underlying causes of rural exodus.

The question which naturally presents itself now, is what are the causes of rural exodus? There have been many answers given to this question, among the most important being,—The number of men required on the farm today is less than in former years,—Lack of social opportunities,—Lack of educational opportunities—The popular estimation of the farmer,—The boy on the farm is an "unpaid laborer,"—The decay of village industries,—The increase of tenancy throughout the country,—Poor roads. Among these there is one which is unquestionably too little regarded, and in many cases ignored. I refer to rural education. Considering this factor it must be apparent to the mind of the person who makes a study of rural conditions in Canada that fitting education is of paramount importance to the keeping of our boys on the farm and of creating a rural citizenship which will be a great asset to the life of the country. We depend on education for the rearing of a high type of citizenship in the development of our urban centres. But the threads of our national existence are so interwoven that the idea of development of our urban and industrial centers cannot be separated from the idea of development of our rural life to a high plane. Many countries have realized this important requisite in the forming of a nation and have established a system of rural education which bids fair to alleviate to a great extent present day social and economic problems.

Now let us see along what lines have reformers in rural education carried on their work. It is easily apparent that time and thought have been taken in training the country folk in improved agricultural methods. So much has

been done at the present day in this respect that we are apt to think that agricultural education is an innovation of modern thought. On the contrary ancient educational reformers saw the need, though in a different light, of using agriculture as a basis of education. Aristotle in one of his treatises on education says, "The first attention should be paid to that which is in accordance with nature—for by nature agriculture is first."* Pestalozzi saw the effectiveness of using his estate in conjunction with his nature study. He says in one instance, "I wish to make my estate the central point of my agricultural and educational efforts."** Hence we see that agricultural education has a precedent of long standing.

Reviewing the history of the leading agricultural countries of the old world we see that great work has been done in giving agricultural instructions. So also have we in Canada done considerable along this line. From 1668 when Francois De Laval, first Bishop of Canada, taught farming in the Lesser Seminary down to the present day we have accomplished a great deal in giving our people a good agricultural education. But a question of great importance now enters in, and it should be carefully examined. It is this—Have we so correlated our agricultural instructions with our system of rural education so as to give the best possible results. Let us consider this for a moment.

It has been recognized time and again that the primary education given in our country schools must go hand in hand with agricultural instructions. This is the aim of our leading agriculturists and educators, and so far as we can determine the aim is a good one. It is a regrettable fact though that in very few cases has the idea been worked out in actual practice. It is hard at

times to break away from the stereotypic forms of the past. In this perhaps we see a reason why educators are so conservative in matters of true rural education—the progress of which has been in this way undoubtedly checked. The fact that in the past education was looked upon as the means of attaining culture led to serious errors in the forming of our educational systems. Culture they thought could only be acquired by a study of the classics. This idea showed itself in the curriculum of our Universities, our High Schools, and even in our rural schools, until our whole system was away from the material world altogether. In this connection, Leake, a Canadian educationalist says:

"The conception of education—that culture could be attained only through the gateway of an intimate knowledge of classical knowledge and literature—was long unquestioned."* Fortunately this idea is changing for the better. Culture is looked upon now as more the ability to think in terms of life than in abstract knowledge. This is true culture for thought must be linked with things around us. Applying this to rural education we see how the education given in country schools must be correlated with the things the rural youth comes in daily contact. It is in this way that rural education serves its true purpose. Before it becomes a living force it must cease to be a dead text-book grind, but must become closely knit with the environment, the life, the actions of the rural youth. They must get education out of the things the farmer and farmers' wives are interested in, and without this connection with the life of the community our schools are going to educate the boy away from the farm.

To conclude this point let me quote from McKeever. Speaking of the way

teachers carry on their work in rural schools he notes,—“So long as we send into the district schools young teachers who have been taught merely in the common text book branches, and whose training has been exclusively pedagogical, the practice of educating the boys away from the farm will go on.”**

Let us consider another defect in our rural education. At the present time our rural schools do not fit the child to face life as it should. Grundtvig, a noted Danish educator, says in speaking of our educational system,—“Present day institutions have their faults namely, that they embitter their students against ordinary work-a-day activities so that they lose all desire to handle tongs and plough and can no longer feel happy in the ordinary manual activities.”*

In this then we see a grave fault in our educational system, and consequently if the education of the youth from the farm is going to be checked we must get away from the idea that the aim of education is to fit the child or student for a life of ease. We must bring in more of the vocational element into our education, so that the student is inspired to fit himself for a life of action and so that he will be qualified to take his proper place in the world of men. Secure is the country which realizes that honest toil by her inhabitants spells moral and national strength. Chas. Sangster, a Canadian poet, says:

“In every land, the toiling hand,
Is blest as it deserves;
Not so the race who in disgrace,
From honest labour swerves.”

In conclusion let me state that agricultural and elementary education should be so organized as to cultivate an interest in country life to instil a respect for the occupation of agriculture; to create a due regard for the earth

and its products; to connect the school with real life; to create a regard for industry in general, and finally to cultivate the active and creative rather than the reflexive and receptive. If

we have our rural education producing these effects we can rest assured that our youth will not be educated away from the farm but rather to it.

A Little Talk on Artillery

BY A CORPORAL.

THE wind is cutting a half gale, the rain comes in sweeping patters across the roof of the hut; it is on such a day as that that a fellow lies back on his little straw mattress to think of the past. There comes up in the mind's eye the O.A.C. and MacDonald Hall with their wealth of memories, some bright, some merely kindly, some that leaves a regret behind them. In just such a mood as this the idea occurred to me that possibly the readers of the Review would like to know a little something of that bunch which departed from the halls of the O.A.C. last spring, of that famous O.A.C. Battery, the 56th, consequently, this little talk on Artillery takes its birth.

Gunnery is the science of directing a projectile so that it will strike a given object and it is the ten or eleven months training to make us proficient in this science that constitutes the sum total of our army life. Sounds simple on the face of it doesn't it, but let us take a peep into the training—the training that one gets in the Artillery.

A battery consists approximately of one hundred and thirty-eight men, four guns, one hundred and twenty-five horses, with innumerable equipment and other accoutrements that play their part in directing that projectile so that it will hit a given object. With this in mind it is apparent that our training consists of two major factors, first, the handling and service

of the gun, and second, the riding, care and handling of the horses. Without mobility the effectiveness of our Field Artillery is lessened and as our horses are the chief element in attaining this mobility it is seen that they necessarily play a great part in our training. Following these we must have specially trained men as signallers, range takers, map readers; all men must have an intelligent working knowledge of their equipment, of their guns, wagons, harness, of ammunition and of the innumerable problems of gunnery. This latter is made up almost wholly of a knowledge of physics and geometry and is an interesting study. It must be remembered that we nearly always shoot at a target which we cannot see, and herein lies our problem of throwing a projectile from a gun so that it will hit this target despite the fact that we cannot see it. This is a fruitful source of many of our angles, lines, and other data connected with gunnery. But a battery has something else in store for him who would join it—it has Life in the Army; that mixture of joys and sorrows, of likes and dislikes, of humour and pathos, of tragedy and comedy, known as Army Life. This is what I wish to write about for who cares a fig about how an army works when he is snugly reclining in a straw mattress with the gusts of rain pattering across the roof, and his thoughts turning backward, over his life in the army, to his friends at

home, to the immortal days at the O.A.C.

It is nearly eight months ago since I was a raw recruit. It was a numnah ride and for the sake of the reader who may not know I will say that a numnah ride on a horse is the same as riding bareback, with the single exception that there is a much too thin saddle blanket over the "critter's" backbone. "Ride—Mount,"—roared the Section Commander and placing my left hand on the horses withers and my right on his loin, as was carefully detailed to me, I made a vault upwards. The horse was wise, he swerved a little and the earth came up and met me. I picked myself up, sprang upwards for the horse's back again, gave three sturdy kicks with my hind leg, pivoted around on the middle of my dinner and presto! my legs came down astride the horse's back. I sat up and looked around. A few were more fortunate than I, but the greater number were still in grotesque and varied stages of mounting. After much effort we all got aboard. Did you ever feel the glad thrill of sitting on the back of a charger? The glory of war swelled high in my heart. I was going to fight and as the order "Walk March" was given and we all moved slowly off at a walk, how proud and stern I felt. But suddenly the sky darkened. The rude officer bellowed "Ride Ta—rot-t-t" at the same time shaking his fist up and down as a signal, and the whole broke into a brisk trot. In a twinkling all the glory of war, all the proud feelings of the heart seemed suddenly to sizzle and go out like an ember in a frog-pond. It only takes three minutes on the hurricane deck of a trotting charger to start one thinking of home and mother and the good old days of Veterinary Anatomy. I bounced up and down on the ridge board of that

old horse like a pea on a drum; I wanted to holler but my lungs were empty, I wanted to cry, I wanted to laugh, I wanted to swear, all at the same time, but my tongue refused to budge, I wanted to fall off but every time that horse came up to meet me with a fearful jolt. I snatched a glance about me and a faint recollection crossed my mind that I had seen something like it in Barnum and Bailey's Circus when I was a kid. One fellow had a beautiful arm hold on his horse's neck, another had just landed—on the earth, and a third had dropped his reins and was using his hands to increase the buffer effect of his saddle blanket as does a small boy when dad spansks him. O! Comedy and tragedy, that's putting it mildly but it was no joke to me then. We all survived however, myself to write about it, and now we can all ride anything from an English Barber's razor to an elephant.

"Guard—shun"! shouted the Sergeant Major and we all "shunned." "Guard—Slope Arms" and we all sloped arms with all the grace and all the positions of a system of semaphores on the New York Central Lines. The Sergeant Major took one of Nyal's voice tablets that night.

Thus we all became mariners on this sea of comic tragedy known as Army Life, thus we all do our turn at guard, at fatigue, in the mess, at picquet, gradually becoming efficient in that one end—to direct a projectile so that it will hit a given object, but oh, the volume of kicking, growling, and chewing it begets. We all love this Army Life just like a bull-pup loves a porcupine. I walk into the hut and look down it. There sits Fleming and Fairles and Col. White and Gord Hill at a game of Five Hundred. There sits "Chesty" Davis quizzing the fellow next him, there sits Bill Bissett and French and Jack

Johnston busily writing. Two pads are beside them, one very ordinary and one of the finest linen; letters for the ordinary and letters for the Special. Down in the far corner is Charlie Nixon occupying his spare time cutting Jack Bird's hair and around the stove are two or three of the "Old Guard" telling how, when they were Sophomores, they cleaned out the President's cellar and the Cold Storage and brought in a wagon load of Spies from the orchard and hid them up in the hay in the beef barn and so on and so on. (Just at this point some rude member remarked that it would be a good idea to write President Creelman asking if he would ship on the equivalent of apples which are being saved by our absence. Of course this suggestion is rude and uncalled for and we don't like apples anyway.) We talk about those lonely days at Petawawa, up in that wilderness of river and sandplain and pines, when the days chased each other like sun patches, how night would come down over all and with ourselves rolled in little grey bundles out under the stars the world would cease to be. We stand in line with our granite-ware plate for the proverbial prune and wonder "When in 'ell it's going to be strawberries." We carefully draft our next scheme for "lifting" coal or some other necessity that is refused us, because in the army it is "Get it, honestly if you can, but get it"

and the 56th Battery can be depended upon to get it. Then we think of the days now fast approaching when we will move across and take our place on those four walls of flaming steel at the Somme and just once in a while we wonder if we will all have the chance to come back—to the finest girl (or girls as the case may be) in all the world, to the fairest country under the sun, to once again see those dear old college halls at the O.A.C.—and then "Slim" Mackey will start a song and as we all join in our troubles will dissolve like a grey morning's mist in the sun.

This is Life in the Army. To-morrow morning "Dutch" Middleton will sound "reveille" on his trumpet. When the last weird tones have died away a bunch of sleepy heads will protrude from the blankets, a few woeful groans will rend the air, we will dress by pulling on our breeches and shoes (for we're in the army now) and we will just have the last shoe-string tied when the trumpet sounds "Fall in." We take up the burden of life again, we hate the army, we long for the day when the war is over, but as things stand now we would not trade places with anybody in the world. To-morrow we will walk out to our 18-prs.

"With seventy gunners be'ind 'em and never a beggar forgets,
It's only the pick o' the Army as 'andles them dear little pets—Tss! Tss!"

Judging Competition, Winter Fair 1916

This competition was open to students of the O.A.C. and farmers' sons under twenty-five years of age. Each year from the college was permitted to enter only five men in each and every class. The winners were:

BEEF.

A. Fleming.*
H. Clarke.
L. E. O'Neil.
C. Atkinson*.
O. McConkey.

DAIRY.

F. K. Merkley.
L. W. McKillican.
A. H. White.
C. Evans.
W. J. Austin.

HORSES.

H. Clarke.
C. B. Goudie.
L. H. Hamilton.
H. Earle*.
E. J. Salter.

SWINE.

L. G. Heimpel.
W. Hawley.

SHEEP.

E. V. Lawson.
A. H. Musgrave.
R. Templar*.
J. S. Steckle.

L. H. Hamilton.

POULTRY.

G. R. Wilson.
F. L. Ferguson.

R. C. Elder.

N. James.
W. F. Gardiner.
*Outsider.

H. W. Neff.

R. W. Zavitz.
E. S. Snyder.

YEAR STANDING.

1st. —Third Year (Day Trophy.)

2nd. —Second Year.

3rd. —Fourth Year.

4th. —First Year.



The Forest Dollar

Although the interests of the farm and the forest have been regarded in the past as more or less distinct and hostile, the broader outlook stimulated by the War has brought intelligent Canadians to understand the woodsman and the agriculturist as close partners in the great Canadian estate.

More than sixty per cent. of the whole area of Canada is adapted by Nature for growing timber or held as permanent barrens and will not produce field crops profitably. On this sixty per cent. no farmer desires an acre. At the same time it ought to be producing revenues for the nation. As much of it as possible should be kept under forest growth, producing wood crops regularly. This is the argument

for "forest conservation" in a nutshell. No one asks to be allowed to use agricultural lands for tree growing. And no farmer will object if the country maintains non-agricultural lands in their natural money-making conditions, giving timber harvests year by year.

The Forest Dollar, therefore, is not earned at the expense of agriculture, but is the ally and supporter of agriculture. Canada takes \$200,000,000 a year from the forests and a very great part of this amount goes to purchase farm products. Until every destructive forest fire is stopped and every timber-growing area is restored to its productive condition, Canada's agricultural interests must suffer the chief loss. Of every hundred dollars that

come out of the forest, seventy-five dollars go for wages and supplies. The remaining twenty-five dollars pay interest on the lumbermen's invest-

ment and help make up the \$7,500,000 taken by the provincial and federal governments each year in taxes.

Christmas Examinations 1916

Maximum 1,200.

FIRST YEAR.

Hopper, Murdoch, Lindsay, Thompson, Zavitz, C. H. Watson, Frey, Maynard, Harris, Mead, Currier, King, Taylor, McKay, H. T. Hall, Marritt, Bouis, Clarke, Smallfield, Williamson, Peters, Brickley, Pegg, Quirie, Porter, A. M. Pawley, Johnson, Jamieson, Carnochan, Beatty, Broughton, Arnold, Fraser, Leavens, West, No. 3, Nixon, No. 12, Leitch, Patchett, Scott, Silcox, Caldwell, No. 2, Hamilton, Whillans, No. 12, Porter, H. F. Patterson, Dunn, Nos. 3, 12, Spofford, No. 6, MacLean, No. 12, Brown, Nos. 2, 12, McGuigan, No. 2, Whitehead No. 2, 5, 12, White, Misener, Penhale, MacKay, J. W., Nos. 3, 5, 10, Kernohan Nos. 3, 5, Sheppard, No. 12, Salter, Nos. 3, 4, 5, 12.

LIST OF SUBJECTS.

1. Eng. Literature, 2. Eng. Composition, 3. Arithmetic & Elm. Drainage, 4. Hydrostatics, 5. Chemistry, 6. Botany, 7. Field Husbandry, 8. Animal Husbandry, 9. Dairying, 10. Poultry, 11. Apiculture, 12. Vet. Anatomy.

SECOND YEAR.

Shales, Atkin, E. Musgrave, Campbell, Grant, Odell, Quail, Hunter, Brink, Oliver, Gunn, Gowland, Barber, Matheson, Kezar, Clark, Kimball, Munro, McKay, McKenzie, Steckle, Stewart, Almey, Peters, Way, Goudie, Rutter, Frost, Caldwell, Ziegler, Toole,

Minielly, Jackson, Wadsworth, Aylesworth, Scouten No. 3, Allan, Mason, Crews, Higgins, Sibbick, Jones, Delamore, Cook, Stillwell, Atkin, Ray, McLean, Tice, Lamont, Argue, Stover.

LIST OF SUBJECTS.

1. Eng. Literature, 2. Eng. Composition, 3. Economics, 4. Surveying & Drainage, 5. Manual Training, 6. Chemistry, 7. Entomology, 8. Horticulture, 9. Botany, 10. Field Husbandry, 11. Animal Husbandry, 12. Dairying, 13. Vet. Pathology.

THIRD YEAR.

Geddes, Elder, Robinson, Wilson, Maxwell, O'Neill, Patterson, Arnold, James, McCulloch, Ferguson, Snyder, Sullivan, Hempson, Davis, Heimpel, Cooper, Hamilton, Newton, Timms, Gandier, McBeath, DeLong, Parfitt, Wallace, Michael, Lavis, Richards, Hawley, No. 2, Scales, Mann, No. 3, Munro, No. 3, Edgar, No. 8, Sproule, MacDonald, protanto in French, English & Heat. Flock, protanto in French.

LIST OF SUBJECTS.

1. Eng. Literature, 2. Economics, 3. French, 4. Heat, 5. Inorganic Chemistry, 6. Qual. Chemistry, 7. Geology, 8. Botany, 9. Syst. Entomology, 10. Econ. Entomology, 11. Bacteriology.

Numbers indicate subjects on which supplemental exams. must be written.

Those, whose names do not appear, failed in more than four subjects.

Be A Plant Breeder!

By A. W. GUILD '17.

"NATIONAL Service" are the two words that ring in our ears today. They echo and re-echo from Vancouver to Halifax. The "Granary of the Empire" is appealing to the young men to use their talents in her behalf. "How can I best help Canada?" This is the question that confronts you and I and every conscientious red-blooded man. "What shall I do?" you ask. Undoubtedly the colors must have first thought. If you decide to "join the ranks," all honor to you. My message is not to you. Some, however, for one reason or another, cannot answer this call. Perhaps you are in this class. If so, have you considered Plant Breeding? In a few, simple, plain words, devoid of scientific phraseology, I wish to show you the needs of this work.

When we speak of Plant Breeding we are very apt to have mental pictures of some experimental farm where men attired in spotless linen collars, knife-edge trousers and patent leather shoes, and armed with pencil, note-book and millimeter rule, tread softly among myriad plots of milk-fed cereals. Certainly it is not so many years back that the only plant breeders were to be found on government farms. Even today our College and Experimental Farms are popularly considered to be the only sphere in which a Plant Breeder can work.—Now not for one minute would I discount the work that such men have done and are doing. Agriculture owes a debt of gratitude to these men. What farm crop has not been improved by these untiring workers? In dollars and cents alone, I would ask how many millions have they not added to Ontario's wealth? More-

over the most casual observer must see that such work is even yet only in swaddling clothes. Plant Breeding as a fine science has a great future. There is a demand for cereal breeders even now, and the next few years is going to bring a much greater demand. If you like to grow grain and if you enjoy experimenting, you could not do better than study to qualify for such a position. From my own experience I can say that a student at this College has an unequalled opportunity for acquiring a knowledge of this subject. Nowhere can we find such a thoroughly equipped farm as our own. Nowhere can we find a more spacious and better planned building for this work than the Field Husbandry Building. No other experimental farm has such a record as this farm, due to the efforts of Dr. Zavitz. Above all, you will find Dr. Zavitz and his entire staff ready and willing to assist you in any way.

May I offer a caution just here. If you decide to take a position on the Field Husbandry Department at the College, do not expect that you will be furnished with a limousine and liveried chauffeur. Do not expect that you will receive a salary that will maintain a suite of rooms at the Chateau Laurier. Frankly, have you yet found any line of work where a man could draw a large salary as an apprentice. I've been learning experimental methods in practice for five years in different places and I confess that "I brought nothing into the world" and I've had very little since. We can't expect a large salary at first. I know married students who worked on Dr. Zavitz's Department at a loss. They lost money every day they work-

ed. But you couldn't get those fellows to say that they were sorry they did it. No, not a bit of it: it was worth far more than the cash they received. If you make good, the cash will come when you get a position. Most men that have really counted in the world began on a salary that gave them perchance, a dozen bananas and a toothpick per week with which to keep body and soul together.

I have said more than I started out to say about the professional phase of the work. There is another field that will come closer home and will offer more immediate returns just at this time. You are planning to go home and work on the farm next spring. You want to get the largest and most profitable yield you can. What methods will you use? The same that you used two years, five years, or ten years ago? Can you not find some means of improvement? In other words are you a Plant Breeder? The ultimate goal of agricultural education is "Every farmer a Plant Breeder." This means you, and you first, as you will be in large measure responsible for the uplift of your community.

To be a Plant Breeder you do not have to be a genius. You do not have to be a man like Aladdin of old who could summon various genii to his assistance by rubbing an old lamp. You do not need the careful training and wide experience of Dr. Zavitz or Father Burbank. Plant Breeders use three means of improving seed. First, by selecting the best plants and the best seeds from what they have. Second, by importing the best seed from other parts of the world and sowing it side by side with the best home-grown seed, and selecting that which gives the most promise. Thirdly, by hybridization, i. e., artificial cross fertilization of one good variety with

another good variety. There is much to be known yet of the best way to obtain success by the third method. No farmer should attempt to use this method unless he is thoroughly acquainted with the processes, unless he has much spare time, and unless he is prepared to accept a great many failures. The first and second methods are the ones every farmer should practice. To discover the best variety of each crop, and to select the best each year is the sum and substance of Plant Breeding.

Therefore the first thing to do is to discover if you are growing the best variety for your farm. Have you tried the varieties with the best records at the O.A. College? Have you tried the varieties with the best records from cooperative experiments? If not make it a point to grow the best variety you can. You will find an added pleasure in using the best.

The second thing to do is to have a seed-plot. Set aside one acre, one-half acre or whatever you find you need as a seed-plot. On this sow seed from the best heads selected the preceding year. Use the seed from this plot for next year's crop. Of course you must not allow any impurities to get into your seed-plot, and you must pay extra attention to the seed-plot as regards sowing, weeding, and harvesting.

If you follow these methods faithfully, if you procure the best information from bulletins, or books, or by letter direct from Dr. Zavitz, and apply such to your work you will be surprised and delighted with the results. It takes a greater initial investment than the old method perhaps. Yes, and it may also take a little more time and care. But it requires a greater investment and more time and care to run a steamboat line than it does a canal boat system. One, however will

transport millions of tons of freight while the other will only transport a few hundred tons. The returns will be in proportion. He who runs a steamship line will not revert to a canal boat.

Neither will the man who tries Plant Breeding on his farm ever revert to the old haphazard, hit-and-miss system of farming. Be a Plant Breeder!

The Winter Fair

By W. ROBINSON '18.

AT this late date the Winter Fair 1916 has surely become ancient history, so that figures which would have been interesting while the fair was in progress are dull now, and details desirable then are certainly unpalatable at this time.

Discarding those dull figures and that minute analysis, plainly something still remains. Long after the crowds have gone and the stock removed and the doors closed—and the prize-money spent—something remains to the credit of the Fair.

For nearly thirty years the Winter Fair has been held here annually and possibly it has come to stay. From a small and modest beginning, by degrees it has expanded to its present size. Like a rapidly growing youngster, it required larger fittings and ampler accommodation, which, being supplied, it spread in all directions.

Where the horse-stalls and judging ring now stand, with poultry addition upstairs, not so long ago was an open square and hay market—and a short-cut to town. Later, the tunnel under the Grand Trunk tracks opened up more room to the south. The Fair has been growing vigorously and perhaps development has not ceased.

The Winter Fair repeats itself. This is a compliment. It repeats itself though expanding. To say of last year's show that it was equal to the previous one which in turn was as good as the preceding one, and so on,

is like handing out bouquets. Our Fair has a high reputation; it has acquired an importance and has exerted an influence for improvement of stock, excelled by no other Fair of its kind in the Dominion.

Time has "touched" us to the extent that much of the Winter Fair of last year has passed out of memory. Some things though, come back directly the Fair is mentioned: the rows of cattle upon entering the building; the judging ring to the right, always a centre of interest and surrounded by crowds keenly watching the placings. Beyond this, the horses; down farther, the dairy cattle; to the left, the swine; upstairs, the sheep, the poultry, the seed. Everywhere, crowds, activity, and discussions.

There, Agricultural Ontario, and beyond, each year see Canada's Best in live stock, and the effect of careful breeding and selection upon the individual are demonstrated. The keen competition, moreover, has this result, that still greater improvement is made because of the rivalry, the prize-lists, and the increased value of prize-winning stock.

"Full many a pig is born to 'grunt' unheard" would not, figuratively speaking, be a correct statement to make. An animal leaves its impression behind. Characteristics, good or bad, reappear in future generations; and if the type be low and the quality poor, these will be transmitted as readily

as will the desirable features that win the prize. It pays to keep good stock and to maintain a high standard; and an institution like the Guelph

Winter Fair which has done much to influence stock-breeders in this direction, deserves unstinted praise.

Marketing Potatoes

(Experimental Farms Note.)

From the consumers' side, the question of marketing potatoes is of the greatest importance, especially so in years when the prices for this commodity are advancing daily. The officers of the Experimental Farms recently had an opportunity of inspecting quantities of potatoes in the consumers' own cellars. The potatoes had been purchased in the ordinary way from small dealers. The condition of the potatoes was most unsatisfactory. In three cases the amount of rot came up to 75 per cent. of the total quantity in storage. This rot was the common Late Blight rot, and was certainly present when the potatoes were dug, and before shipping.

The consumer is helpless in such cases, and rarely is there a way open to him for compensation. Nor is the small dealer to blame. The blame rests entirely with the shipper and the grower. In order that such losses may be avoided and the consumer be in a position to secure for his good money, good potatoes that will keep over winter, it is necessary for the growers, on their part, to exercise more care in digging, sorting and handling potatoes. Late Blight is a preventable disease; every farmer should know this fact, since the Experimental Farms system has made every effort to demonstrate on many farms in the country the effect of spraying, with results showing the production of sound crops, and an increase in yield amounting to some

90 to 100 bushels per acre.

The sale of inferior potatoes is dishonest, if not illegal at the present moment. Farmers know from their own experience that storage rots cause great losses in their own cellars. It seems, however, the general practice to dispose of an infected crop immediately and shift the losses from rot from the farmer to the consumer. The latter, however, has to pay the price of good potatoes.

In some instances, no doubt, the consumer is to blame by storing potatoes (or other winter vegetables) in too warm cellars. Potatoes and similar vegetables must be stored in a cool place. They cannot stand frost, which causes a sweetish taste in potatoes; but the temperature should never rise above 40° F. Where such conditions are non-existent it is better not to lay in a winter's supply, as losses are sure to result.

Farmers are cautioned that the attitude of consumers will eventually result in demanding grading of potatoes just like apples; and the farmer who does not control diseases in the field, will have all rotten or diseased potatoes thrown on his hands. Diseased potatoes, when boiled, still make good stock food, it should be remembered. A letter or postal card addressed to the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture will bring by return mail all the required information relating to the growing of crops of potatoes free from disease.

The Wool Exhibit at the Winter Fair

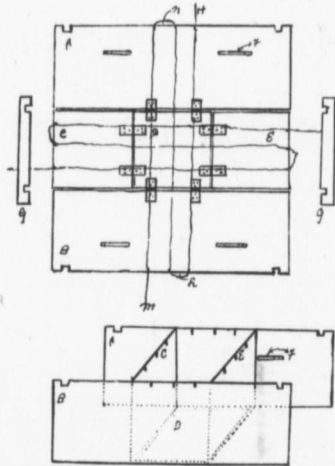
By E. V. LAWSON '17.

THE exhibit of the Live Stock Branch in the interests of sheep husbandry was one of the most interesting features of the Ontario Provincial Winter Fair. Two of the chief objects of the exhibit was to explain fully the various classifications and grades of wool; to show how it may be handled so as to secure the best advantages to both producer and buyer. They had also models of sheep barns, dipping-tanks, yards and feeding-racks.

Actual demonstrations on grading and sorting wool were given by wool experts in attendance. This proved most helpful in enabling the sheep-raiser to recognize the character of the different classes and mode of operation.

The chief means of commanding a high price for wool comprises assurance of its proper preparation for the market. Tying fleeces with binder twine or sisal is a practice to be condemned. These sisal fibres will not take the dyes. The result is white marks in the finished cloth. It is also a decided disadvantage in securing a high price to prepare the fleece after the old fashioned manner of rolling the new shorn fleece from end to end and tying with the neck-piece. The wool in this twisted condition is difficult to unravel and not so acceptable to the manufacturer. He cannot pay such an attractive price as for fleeces prepared by the modern method. By using the wool-tying-box and paper twine the wool reaches the buyer in a much more presentable condition and is more easily handled in the warehouse.

The box is constructed as follows:—Secure a nine foot pine-board twelve inches wide, one inch thick, and 8 butt-hinges. Cut the board in 3 three-



foot lengths; cut one of these again in 3 one-foot squares, make also two cleats or keys, 3 of which hold the sides while the ends C and E are being closed. These so called ends are held in place by springs F; hooks may be used in place of springs. The irregular lines of the cut shows the placing of the twine. Place fleece shorn side down on the board. roll in to the centre neatly, then fold up A and B; secure with cleats G, press C and E in place, pass H through loop L and M through loop N, pull snugly and tie the free ends. Do likewise with the other twine, unfold the box and the result is a neat compact attractive bundle.

This year a new departure was made from former exhibits. Fleeces were sent in for competition. Three classes were represented; "Fine Medium;" "Fine;" and "Coarse." The fleeces

were scored by Mr. F. Jennings and Mr. J. D. Thompson, wool experts. The highest score was over 90 per cent. Presence of sisal fibres, soiled-locks and paint were a complete disqualification. Some otherwise splendid fleeces failed to win placings due to being tied with binder-twine, still others by being tied with the neck piece. Paper twine is so far the only thing to tie with, and it is cheaper than other twines. Wool must also be shown when dry and stored away dry; storing wool in a damp condition causes heating and subsequent discoloration.

In addition to the propaganda efforts for more and better wool, this live department of the Live Stock Branch at Ottawa, has been organizing wool growers' associations. Appeals were

made to sheep-raisers to introduce modern methods of preparing wool for market. Wool prepared by these associations was classified by expert wool graders, supplied free of charge by the Live Stock Branch.

As a result of the work now in progress for only three years this wool is eagerly sought for by dealers and manufacturers and commands a price greatly in advance of what breeders were previously able to obtain by following the old unscientific methods.

T. Reg. Arkell who is at the head of this department, is an O.A.C. '08 man. The excellent work done by this department reflects great credit on M. Arkell and his well chosen staff of competent men in this splendid service to sheep husbandry in Canada.

The Flock in Winter

By R. W. ZAVITZ '17.



Twenty feet square, open front Poultry House. Good ventilation, but no draught.

A lot has been said about winter eggs, and poultrymen have come to see that the profit lies largely in their production. At no time has this been brought out more clearly than this

winter, when feed has been double or more the normal price. Eggs have been abnormally high too, a price of seventy cents per dozen having been maintained for more than two weeks.

It is a peculiar fact that people do not stop eating eggs when they reach such a high price. It is doubtful if the actual food value of a dozen standard eggs exceeds forty cents, yet they are in demand at twice that price. It is the fact that the people have become used to eating eggs, and they are slow to find a substitute. It is a habit with them. With feed so high the flock will hardly pay unless it is producing freely during the entire winter. In order to have it doing so the pullets must have been early hatched, say from March 15th to April 7th. They must have been reared under favorable conditions and brought along quickly and without any setbacks. Such stock gives the feeder a chance to show his ability.

The three great factors controlling winter egg production, given suitable stock, are housing, feeding and the attendant.

The house should be dry, free from draughts and sunny. Warmth is of little consideration, provided there are no draughts or dampness to bother the birds. If the birds have been housed in the same house all fall, and it is of the proper construction, their combs will seldom freeze, no matter how low the mercury falls.

Feeding comes next. The feed should be of such a nature that the birds will have to work to get it. Wheat two-thirds and corn one-third makes a good feed for the litter. Some rolled oats kept in a hopper give good results. Buttermilk has proven to be one of the best forms of meat, and is safe to use in large quantities. It has the advantage of freezing into a flaky ice, which the hens eat readily, and so is easier to look after in cold weather than water.

Then the attendant is the final factor, and the keystone of the archway to success. The closer he watches

his fowls and the more he tries to humour them, the more successful he will be. On a cold day it is a good plan to feed the hens some grain, maybe only a handful, every hour or two; this keeps them busy and warm. Let them have plenty of green feed, but do not feed it when frozen, or serious bowel trouble will result. Alfalfa hay second cutting, is good, and safe, as it does not freeze.

Then the ventilation of the poultry-house needs a great deal of knowledge and attention. It will not do to leave more than one window open at once, as this will cause a draught on the birds, one of the surest causes of colds and roup. On stormy days keep the house as comfortable as possible, and on bright days let some air in.

One of the most important things in the house is the litter. On the farm this usually consists of straw. If possible this should be cut, as the hens find it easier to work it over. It is absolutely essential to have the litter dry at all times. A sudden, abrupt change in the weather will sometimes cause the litter to become damp very quickly. In steady, cold weather litter will often last for a month to six weeks, but a sudden thaw will probably cause the straw to become damp inside of two days. It must then be taken out, no matter if it has just been put in—nothing will cut off the egg supply so quickly as dampness in the house.

These are only a few of the many things the good breeder is constantly on the watch for. He will at once remove a sick or mopy bird and quickly kill or cure it. By keeping the birds healthy the egg yield will be increased and the stock will be in good shape to stand up under the severe strain of the breeding season in April and May. Good chickens cannot be hatched from eggs laid by sickly run-down fowls.

THE OAC REVIEW

REVIEW STAFF

L. E. O'NEILL, '18, *Editor-in-Chief*

E. V. LAWSON, '17, *Agriculture*

B. P. GANDIER, '18, *Athletics*

A. W. GUILD, '17, *Experimental*

G. R. WILSON, '18, *College Life*

H. NEFF, '17, *Horticulture*

J. B. MUNRO, '19, *Locals*

R. J. ZAVITZ, '17, *Poultry*

F. C. ODELL, '19, *Artist*

H. J. SULLIVAN, '18, *Query*

MARY BIRKETT, '17, *Macdonald*

W. F. GEDDES, '18, *Alumni*

EDITORIAL

THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE

Since our last issue our worthy President, Dr. G. C. Creelman, has been appointed Commissioner of Agriculture for the province of Ontario. This is a new office created by Premier Hearst in view of the abnormal conditions which have arisen due to the great conflict now raging in Europe.

Upon the death of the late Hon. J. S. Duff, Minister of Agriculture, Premier Hearst took over the portfolio himself and it became necessary that he should have as a right hand man one who understands the agricultural situation as it stands today and one who enjoys the confidence of the people of this province, hence the appointment of Dr. Creelman.

Our popular president was graduated from this institution at the age of



nineteen. He was the same summer appointed to the staff of the Mississippi State Agricultural College where he remained ten years, rising to the rank of Professor, and having the unique distinction at this early age of being the oldest staff member at the institution. During the next few years he was superintendent of Farmers' Institutes for Ontario. In the fall of 1903 Dr. Mills, the then president of our College, was on a trip to U. S. when he was asked by the Dominion Government to become Agricultural Representative on the Commission of Conservation which he accepted, and hence resigned his position as president of O.A.C. Dr. Creelman was appointed in 1904 to the vacant position because of his marked ability and attainments, he had Agriculture at heart and possessed the confidence of farmers, he understood fully the Agricultural conditions and needs of this province. Since that time the College has continued to develop and prosper, its fame spreading to all quarters of the globe and we feel sure will continue to do so as we are very fortunate in having Dr. Creelman remain president although the duties of his new position will occupy a very great portion of his time. We expect to see great advancement in agriculture through our enthusiastic commissioner with excellent ideas, and last but not least he is a worker.

The Reviews extends to Dr. Creelman heartiest congratulations on his appointment.

A Happy and Prosperous New Year is extended by the Review to all its readers. To the many successful candidates at the Christmas examinations we extend our hearty congratulations for the excellent showing made. To

our boys in khaki we wish a good fight and a safe return. The trenches in France with all the rain and mud, we know is not the best place in the world for having a pleasant time at this season of the year but there is always a joy and happiness in knowing they are fighting for a cause which is just and right, for freedom and liberty which has been handed down by our forefathers and for a flag under whose protection we feel safe, the red of which may be taken to represent the blood of those who have fought and bled, the white for purity and the blue for the sky blue of Heaven. What nobler combination could be found.

THE RETIRING EDITOR.

"Men may come and men may go but I go on forever," so says the Review to itself twice each year. With the publication of an excellent Christmas number Mr. J. C. Neale retired from the office of editor-in-chief. Our magazine therefore loses from its staff an efficient chief and diligent worker. To Mr. Neale great credit is due. Through his enterprise and untiring efforts together with the enthusiasm which he instilled into the other members of the staff the Review has continued to improve although the attendance at the College is only about one-half of former years. During the past year when the word "economize" was ringing in our ears from all sides the Review was having one of its best years, financially and otherwise. To give honour where it is due and put justice where it belongs the present staff wish to extend to Mr. Neale our congratulations for his past efforts and best wishes for his future success in a journalistic or professional career.



CASUALTIES.

ROBERT CHAMBERS '15.

It is with sincere regret, and with great sympathy for the bereaved parents and family that we report the sad news that Private Robert Chambers of Arthur, has been called upon to make the supreme sacrifice for the Empire and the cause of right. Private Chambers enlisted in April, 1916, with the 65th Battalion of Saskatoon, and went overseas in June. On arriving in England he was transferred to another Battalion, being joined to a company commanded by Captain Lee, an old O.A.C. graduate and a friend of his.

LETTERS—

Below is a copy of a very interesting letter written by George Wilson '13 to Dr. Creelman, which he kindly handed to the Review for publication. Dear Dr. Creelman:

At last I am in "The Somewhere in Belgium" theatre of war where this big tragedy is being pulled off. The stage is a fascinating one indeed. To describe the scenery of course is forbidden by the O.C.S., suffice it to say that it is particularly grotesque, and the illumination (from a distance) is beautiful. Extensive changes are

now on hand. A moving stage is being installed, one that will move in a Paris Berlin direction. It has been said that War is Hell. If so, Hell is not such a bad place after all that has been said against it. It is comforting to see so many of the O.A.C. boys here. The orchestral accompaniments add greatly to our interest in and appreciation of the play as pulled off by Tommy and Fritz. The color schemes are great; all the black clouds have a silver lining.

Our unit is quite near the front. We are very comfortably quartered however, with many of the luxuries enjoyed by civilians. We Sergeants are living in the garret of a farm house. Occasionally our Belgian host and hostess becomes a little obstreperous but on the whole we are very fortunate indeed. There is an abundance to eat though occasionally we help out our rations by getting a loaf of rye bread from the good lady. This bread is baked in an old-fashioned brick oven of course, and differs greatly from that to be had in any of the Ontario stores. Just in passing I might add that our rations consist of nice Argentine Beef, Australian Mutton, Canadian Bacon, English Jams and Marmalades, American Tinned Goods, Irish Potatoes, Ceylon Tea, Scotch Biscuits, and Prof. Graham's Army rations. How necessary is the British Navy! The only

shortage, if indeed there is one, is water. The wells are polluted (which is not to be wondered at) when you see how carelessly they are dug in the farmyards) but still there is an abundant supply of tea and the fields are full of hops which augurs well for the stores in the cellar.

The country is in excellent condition considering the scarcity of labour. All crops look very well. Grain crops are about ready for cutting, potatoes are an excellent color there apparently being no troublesome diseases and certainly it is out of bounds for the Colorado Potato Beetle. Broad Beans seem to be a crop that is much in favor in this part of Belgium. The hop fields look very well. Though the crops look well and the country in general is pretty and well adapted for certain branches of agriculture the place doesn't appeal to me. There is a certain maturity to everything; things are finished, but Canada is gloriously incomplete. As you know, whatever way you turn in Canada there is a big opportunity. The country is awaiting development, and success stares one in the face anywhere in Ontario. The people here have never learned how to live. The horses, chickens, cows and women all live in the same house, a building durable but frightfully dark, rough and amongst filthy surroundings. Modern improvements are as yet unknown to people hereabouts. True, I did see a Massey-Harris Binder in a nearby town but nearly all the grain is gathered by hand. Perhaps the Canadian Government intends using a M.H. binder to cut straw for the camel's back—the last straw. The Belgian farmers have no notion of uniformity, I have seen them driving along the road with a big heavy Belgian horse mated with a

mule and hitched to the three-wheeled cart so much in vogue here. The driving is done with one rein and the driver walks along side with one hand guiding the cart. I don't know what they would think of a District Representative running about in a car. But you, from your frequent visits here, have a good grasp of conditions as they exist in this unenterprising land. You can imagine with what interest and amusement I view these people making their daily rounds. Dad always used to impress upon us boys the advisability of listening and learning rather than telling how much or what we know. But in this country his teachings are not applicable. I often listen to the people indigenous to this country but it is precious little that I learn.

Foyston, Magee, Austin, Corbett, Coleman and Davidson are all in this part. We see each other quite frequently. It was with surprise that I saw Davidson ride into camp the other evening. He is with the second heavy Battery and like ourselves is having a lazy time. He looks well and relates with great vividness experiences gained during his several months service in different parts of the battle line. Magee and Austin were up in the gun pits together and returned for a few days' rest as is customary here. I was over to see them last evening only to find them going up with more ammunition. We made arrangements, however, to meet to-night. They both wished me to send regards to you and Mrs. Creelman.

It is very unfortunate that our letters have to be censored, as there are many things that I would like to write about but I must bridle my tongue and picquet my pen.

To yourself and family from Alpha

to Omega distribute my best wishes lavishly.

Sincerely,

Sgt. George Wilson.

The following letter from Sgt. T. H. Lund, 29th Battery, has just been received by Prof. D. H. Jones. Though it is not mentioned in this letter, Sgt. Lund had the honor of being mentioned in dispatches in connection with the fighting of Oct. 21st, when the Regina trench was taken from the enemy.

In hospital at

Newcastle-on-Tyne,
Nov. 20th, 1916.

Dear Dan:

Now I am over my operation and on the way to recovery. I am beginning to take a little interest in life again. While fixing some telephone wires in inky darkness on the night of Oct. 24th I fell into a deep shell hole and, as it turned out, dislocated the cartilage of my right knee. I thought it was just an ordinary sprain at first so for four days I stayed in my dug-out up with the guns, rubbing it with linament in an effort to make it a good and useful leg again. No success, so on the night of Oct. 28, one of our ammunition wagons took me down to a Red Cross dressing station, and that was the end of the fighting for the time being for me. The next morning I was run out in a motor ambulance to a Canadian Rest Camp about 15 miles back from the firing line. The "camp" consisted of a large group of farm buildings and racing stables, whose chief excellence from our point of view was that they were dry. Here I lay on a stretcher for a week, quite unable to walk, our chief occupation being sleeping, eating (food quite limited) hunting lice amongst our blankets and underclothes, and reading

the continental edition of the "Daily Mail."

Surviving this ordeal I was passed on to the Casualty Clearing Station where I got my first wash and shave for 14 days. Here they examined my leg under chloroform and two days later I found myself in a hospital train, and the fighting line was soon left behind. My destination this time was one of the big hospitals on the coast not many miles south of Boulogne. Here we luxuriated in beds and sheets again—a stretcher gets a bit monotonous after nine or ten days—and highly trained nurses to look after one's needs.

In a couple of days my case was diagnosed and I was marked up for Blighty, but owing to delays in the steamship service, due to the channel raids, it was almost a week before I got away. Landed, after an uneventful crossing, at a well known southern port. I was quickly transferred to a train which ten hours later put us down at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here I soon found myself in a hospital bed again, and it is likely I shall be here some little time. An operation on my knee came in due course, and after several very tormenting nights and days I am on my road to recovery again. I shall be in bed for another two or three weeks and then shall probably get moved to some convalescent home. The prospect looks good for eating my Christmas dinner in England, which will be the first time for 15 years.

After being in action in the Ypres salient and around Kemmel during the greater part of August and September, on Oct. 3rd, reveille sounded at 2 a.m., and by 5.30 a.m. we commenced our march by road to the Somme. We made the trip in five days, billeting at farms and villages on the way. At our destination we find the gently rolling hillsides covered, as far as the

eye could see, with the impedimenta of war. Beyond the furthest ridge is the firing line where the intensity of the gun fire varies from time to time. Not many days are we allowed to be spectators before we get orders to take our guns up into the firing line. Never shall we forget the night we went into action on the Somme—darkness, mud, uncertainty of direction, horses down and enemy shells. At one place we had as many as 14 teams hitched on to one of our guns.

Of our little share in this tremendous battle I cannot pretend to tell you now, suffice it to say that we did our best and are well satisfied that we gave the enemy a good deal heavier pounding than we got from him in return. Some of our men have "gone West" doing their duty, others have been wounded but will live to tell the tale. There one sees real war in all its horror and misery, a picture which remains indelibly impressed upon the brain.

Davies, I see, made the supreme sacrifice about the middle of Oct. He was with the 87th in the trenches near Courcellette at the time. I had received a note from him a few days previously, he wanted me to hunt him up for a chat when I had time.

It is a tremendous relief to be out of the hurly-burly for a while; it seems so strange not to have shells whistling around.

With kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Jones, and to our other Guelph friends,

Sincerely yours,

(sgd.) T. H. Lund.

France.

Prof. Caesar,

O.A.C. Guelph.

Dear Mr. Caesar:

Many times I have been going to

let you know by a few lines that I am still well, and going strong, but life in France as I have had it does not give one much time. I came over from England late last summer just in time to get into the "big push," you can guess where I mean, and I have just very recently come away from it. And very thankful I was to be one of the few of us who were lucky enough to come through it all. It is entirely different where I am now, hardly as much in a month as we saw up there in a day. The weather has been very bad lately, hampering operations considerably but we manage to get in a stroke when it permits. To an agriculturist or a lover of nature the fought over area at the Somme presents a very sorry appearance. There is not a building but what is in dust, and the fields are churned by shells, till the surface is worse than that of a lake in a bad wind storm. I am back of the line for a rest now, and the sight of green grass and trees is a great relief to my eyes and my mind too.

I have seen a good many O.A.C. men over here in different places. Mr. Davies, who was in the Bacteriological Dept at O.A.C. was in my brigade, and I suppose you know he was killed. It was a very treacherous thing the way it happened. We had just captured a line of Hun trenches (Regina Trench) and Mr. Davies was rounding up a German officer as a prisoner. He put his hands up, at the same time holding a tiny pistol which they use, and before Mr. Davies could search him, he fired and killed him. Of course a few bayonets fixed the Hun instantly so he paid for it.

Sidney Lord was with my battalion only two weeks when his head stopped a piece of shrapnel and put him in hospital in England.

But I suppose you hear more about

the casualties than I do, so I will not tell you any more.

I am looking forward very much to the time when I can get back again to my work at the O.A.C. and I intend to do so, God Willing. We live a very peculiar existence out here and the future is not often looked into. We just watch our pals melt away around us, and go on trying to do our duty till our turn comes, and then if we are lucky its away to a nice hospital and a rest.

But everybody is cheerful and quite optimistic, because no matter how long it lasts, we have to win it, and no one wants peace better than the infantryman in the trenches. The Huns are our least worry just now, it is the mud which gets into everybody and everything.

I had better close now, as I did not intend bothering you with a long letter I trust your work is going on with its usual success, and that the Department is not being handicapped very much by the war.

Wishing you a rather late but very successful New Year, I remain,

Yours very truly,

T. W. Morse,

Lieutenant.

75th Canadians,
B.E.F., France.

The following letter was recently received from Chal. Ingram '19.

Dear Bill:

I will attempt to tell you in a very poor way of my experiences since I enlisted. As you know I joined the 34th Battery of Toronto in November, 1915, and went into barracks in Kingston. I had not been there more than a week when they asked for all men who had been there since August to fall out for a draft. Next day I volunteered for the

draft and my name was posted with the others. However, I and many others had a large "X" in front of our names. The "X" before my name was rather dim and on the first opportunity I erased it. By doing so my name went through and I secured a ten days' pass to Sydney, Nova Scotia, and rejoined the draft at St. John from whence we sailed to England.

It had been my intention to take out a commission in the R.F.A. but, upon meeting my brother Ralph in England, (who was a second Lieutenant in the R.F.A.), he told me it was costing him about \$2.00 a day above his salary, and hence I quickly changed my mind.

I spent about 3 months in England and, while doing so, took the opportunity of seeing London. I landed in France at La Havre on April 1, 1916, and 3 days later I was in the "war zone." Most of my time here was spent with the Divisional Ammunition Column and it is the worst branch of the service in my opinion. While on this work I had vast experience in the different units as I was attached to the 5th Battalion, the 2nd and 3rd Field Engineers and several Batteries at different times. I was also on a working party for about two months. This was the best of all as we only worked from 9.30 p.m. until 1 a.m., and had the rest of the day to myself.

About two months ago, after numerous applications, I became attached to the 6th Battery and it is still my home. I am a telephonist and thoroughly enjoy the work. The telephonist goes forward and observes with the officers and lays wires under all sorts of difficulties such as darkness, shell-fire, wire entanglements, etc.

I have managed to secure some very good souvenirs. We have a very good opportunity of doing this since we follow the infantry over on an attack

and lay wire forward so as to keep in communication with them.

Yesterday, when exploring around the ruins of —— (which the Canadians took a couple of months ago), we ran across an entrance to one of Fritz dug outs. It was the first I have ever seen. The entrance was two feet square and steps took you down about 40 feet below the surface. It was lined inside with thick boards and all along the sides were hand-made beds. It had accommodation for five hundred persons.

I am at present attempting to get into the Flying Corps unit but do not know how long it will take to work it.

Remember me to all the boys, as well as the staff, and if I know any of the Mac. girls pass the good wishes around. I am anxiously waiting for the 56th Battery to get to France as they will probably make France before I make England unless I get a Blighty.

Sincerely,

Chal.

NUPTIAL KNOTS.—

MEAD—HOLDEN.

A quiet wedding was recently solemnized in Hamilton when Miss O. M. Holden, daughter of J. B. S. Holden, Esq., Leeds, England, was united in marriage to A. W. Mead '20. The happy young couple spent a few days in Rochester, N.Y., and then returned to their home in Guelph.

GILLIES—HUNTER.

The marriage of Elizabeth Marshall Hunter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, Hamilton, to David W. Gillies, took place on Christmas morning. D. W. Gillies is manual training instructor in Stratford Collegiate and is an ex-physical director of the Ontario

Agricultural College. Mr. and Mrs. Gillies will reside in Stratford.

ALLAN—BROWN.

A large wedding took place in Kingsville on Dec. 28th, when Miss Hazel Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brown was united in marriage to L. A. Allan. Mr. and Mrs. Allan spent a few days in Toronto and then returned to the groom's farm at Kingsville where they will reside. L. A. Allan was a member of year '17.

ARCHIBALD—BLENKHORN.

At Truro, N. S., on Dec. 7th, 1916, Cora Estelle, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Blenkhorn, Milton, Mass., was united in marriage by Rev. W. P. Grant M.A., to John Geddie Archibald of the staff of the N. S. Agricultural College, Truro. J. G. Archibald B.S.A. is a graduate of the year '16 class.

NEWS ITEMS—

O.A.C. men in the 64th Battery stationed at Guelph are: J. M. Creelman '15, W. Taws '15, O. C. Hoard '18, Charlie Meek '17 and J. MacDonald '20.

The 56th Battery has been heard from recently. Many O.A.C. boys from other units have been transferred into the battery and other men have been transferred to the Divisional Ammunition Column. Owing to the present conditions of warfare the battery establishment has been altered so that it now has 145 men in all.

Officers of the 56th Battery are now: Major V. J. Kent, Capt. J. H. Atkin, Lieut. Burrows, Lieut. Culham, Lieut. Wilson.

N. C. O's. of the 56th Battery: (a) subsection (chiefly year '16 men),

Sgt. Cotsworth, Corp. Ralph Brown, Bomb. Rogers. (b) subsection (chiefly year '17 men), Sgt. Kay, Corp. Duncan, Bomb. Jones, Bomb. Guardhouse; (c) subsection (chiefly year '18 men), Sgt. Hill, Corp. Carncross, Bomb. Fleming; (d) subsection (chiefly year '19 men), Sgt. Bird, Corp. Cline, Bomb. Richardson.

Signalling and Telephonist N.C.O.'s: Sgt. Rowland, Corp. McArthur, Bomb. Atkinson, Bomb. Winslow and Bomb. McTague.

Honorary N. C. O.'s: Sgt. Long, dubbed sergeant of the ink pen, Sgt. Hammond, Saddler Sgt.; Sgt. Weber, Farrier Sgt.; Sgt. Clark, Blue Cross Sgt.

George Patton '17 has recently left England on his second trip to France. Word from England states that George is just as funny as ever.

Buck Leach, '18, who was wounded some time ago is still in a hospital in London.

R. W. Donaldson '15 has been promoted to Lieutenant on the firing line.

L. Henry '13 is a transport officer in the 36th Battalion which is at present a training Battalion stationed at Sandling Camp.

R. L. Vining '14 is attached to the Machine Gun Depot at Crowborough Camp.

Mel. Jones '16 has been invalidated home from the front. He spent a few days at the College renewing old familiar scenes and acquaintances.

Dug. Weld '19 has now obtained a commission in the air service.

Lieuts. Merrick '18, H. Kent '18 and W. H. Wright are attending the Canadian School of Instruction at Crowborough Camp and expect to be drafted for overseas service very shortly.

W. R. Thompson, B.S.A. M. Sc. '09 is now connected with the Imperial Army Medical Corps as temporary bacteriologist at the Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar, Gasport. A copy of "The New Witness," an English weekly, has been received. It contains an article by W. R. Thompson entitled, "Canada and the Empire." This article is an effort to convey to the English some idea of the fact that the Canadians are something else than unfortunate Englishmen in exile and have a truly National outlook.

A. E. Romyn '16 has been heard of recently. After leaving here Romyn served six months in the ranks of the R.F.A. Upon his recommendation for a commission, Romyn was sent to a Cadet School at Exeter where he completed successfully a four month's course in six weeks. He was gazetted about two months ago, and is now stationed at Paishill, Edinburgh.

G. S. Du Toit '18 served six months in the R.F.A. with Romyn. George, however, asked to be transferred to London to the R.H.A. and his request was granted. George states that the R.H.A. is in many respects the most difficult branch of the service. They always work with the cavalry and hence great speed and accuracy is required. All foot drill is done at the double and all drill on horse back is done at the gallop so that the drill is very strenuous. George says he is learning a great deal of useful agricultural knowledge, especially in regard to horse management.

J. D. Gilmour '08 has been heard from recently. Since 1912 he has been employed by the B. C. Forest Branch, but has now accepted the position of Logging Superintendent for the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Co., Grand Falls, Newfoundland. This is the pulp and paper plant of the Harmsworth Co., in England.

H. C. Hockett '16 is in the Norfolk War Hospital, Norwich. He received a bullet wound through the right hand at the commencement of the third battle of Ypres, which destroyed the nerve connection to the fingers. Hockett states that it is very difficult to keep in communication with the O.A.C. men who joined the P.P.C.L.Q. because of transfers, promotions, etc., only 12 of the original thirty remained in the Universities Company.

Lieut. E. Hessel '16 has been sent to Canada for treatment. Lieut. Hessel lost his right arm in the Somme offensive and is being treated in Toronto where he is securing an artificial arm.

Prof. Reynolds and family visited the College during Xmas vacation.

He is looking hale and hearty, and is very enthusiastic over the opportunities our Canadian West presents.

R. D. Colquette '15 is now Editor-in-Chief of the "Farm and Dairy" paper, published at Peterboro, Ont.

Howard Curran '16 has now obtained a commission as lieutenant in the infantry.

W. H. Hill, B.S.A. '16 has received a position in the Department of Inland Revenue, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, as assistant analyst of foods.

J. Bergie '14 is attached to the Poultry Department of the Manitoba Agricultural College but is now devoting his entire time to extension work.

C. F. Neilons '14 has been appointed warden of the Ontario Reformatory at Guelph.

N. R. Martin '16 is now Superintendent of the Prison Farm at Burwash, Ont.

C. Stokes '17 is Lieut. in 13th Essex Batt. 2nd Div. B.E.F.

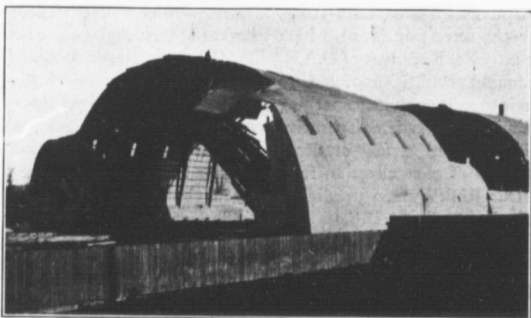
Athletics

"THE RINK." WHAT OF IT'S FUTURE?

As outlined in the Review of September, 1916, the hopes of the student body for skating by the present New Year have been realized. How has this been made possible? Optimism, pessimism, knocking, boosting and a firm belief in our co-operative strength, have all played an important part in building our present rink.

After Christmas of 1915, when the skating arena collapsed for the second time, the optimism of the few "disciples" who really made our rink possible prevailed once more. The negotiations for building our arena yet a third time were only urged on by the pessimism of those not in a position to know how firmly rooted in our student body is the co-operative bacillus.

After "knocking" all notions of

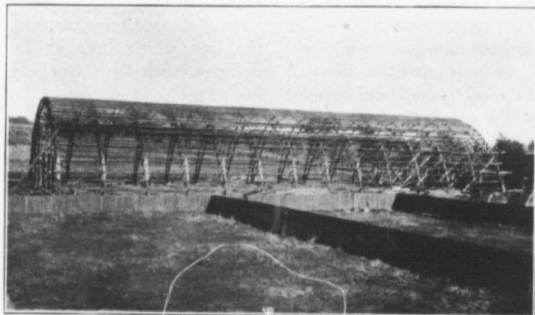


Appearance of Rink after Xmas, 1915.

watered stock, preferred dividends and other doubts from the minds of those students not yet inoculated with "Bacillus Cooperatus," the "disciples" boosted the slogan "Each for all and all for each," and with such good effect that \$6,500.00 was soon raised by the sale of 6 per cent. debentures. By early fall a new steel framework was well on the way to completion on the site of the old rink.

workmen has been our heavy expense in completing this latter work, and the Review has taken the onus of meeting this expense, since the rink in the past has merely paid its operating cost.

Although the rink is about completed we still have a big fight ahead of us. By next spring \$1,500 must be obtained to meet expenses of rebuilding and the debentures amounting to \$6,500 with interest must be paid for five years be-



Steel Frame of our Present Rink.

Almost enough materials were saved from the old structure to enclose and equip our new arena. The time of the

fore our indebtedness is wiped out. In rebuilding the rink again we saw what was to be done. In meeting the

debt ahead of us we are looking into, What? —the uncertain future which lies before us. Each student of O.A.C. and Macdonald Hall is expected to get and put into active service something of the optimism and true co-operative spirit which enabled a few students and ex-students of our college to foresee that "Our Rink" was a possibility and to make it a reality.—D.E.

BASKETBALL.

Directly the rugby season closed, a preliminary schedule of games was arranged and played off by the four years, before leaving for the Christmas holidays.

The main idea of this series is to fill in the few weeks in which no other games could be arranged, also to get in line the various players and then be able to form an idea of the material for the first team. This also gives new players an opportunity to learn the fine points of the game.

This year the Sophomores and Seniors had exceptionally fast teams and the spectators could see that the championship lay between these two classes. The third year had a fair team but lacked a man who could find the basket, unless it was Gandier, but he seemed to be bashful and lost his nerve when the spectators were partly of the fair sex.

The first game played was between the Freshmen and Sophomores which was an easy win for the "Sophs."

The Freshmen seemed to lack speed, at least, Ken Foreman said he timed "Dann" and it took him fifty-six seconds to turn around.

The score ending the game was 31-9.

The next game was between the Seniors and Juniors, this game was much more interesting than the former, the third year being much stronger on the defence, but Neff with the aid of

"Art" White seemed able to find the basket at any angle.

Michael, "Red" Wallace, and O'Neill starred for the third year. O'Neill especially showed the making of a professional, while "Red" Wallace and Michael kept "Art" White in such a temper that he simply had to let Neff do all the shooting.

The game ended in favor of the Seniors with a score of 21-11.

The last game of the series was certainly worth seeing—fast from the start, but the fourth year seemed to have all kinds of tricks saved for this game and had the "Sophs" out-classed especially in shooting.

Neff was the fourth year star getting three-quarters of the points. White also played an exceptional game, possibly because "Red" couldn't get him going this day.

Zeigler and Odell starred for the "Sophs," Odell getting many points while Zeigler did some good passing and guarding. Score 26-12.

"Ken" Forman was referee for all the games and gave satisfaction to all. During half time throughout the games "Ken" showed some clever stunts with the ball which brought forth exclamations, such as: "Oh! My," "Isn't he cute?" from the "Mac" Hall students who were present.

The teams playing championship inter-year games were:

SENIORS.	SOPHOMORES.
White.	Musgrave.
Fancher.	Matheson.
Evans.	Zeigler.
Merkley.	Mason.
Neff.	Odell.
McKillican (spare.)	

Some day Doctor Creelman or one of the professors may ask you, "Why don't you play more?"

It is very easy to write on the fall of Rome and it may some day be easy to

write on the fall of America, simply because we became too soft and craven to defend ourselves, from the lack of sport.

Rome spent millions on play but they were simply watchers letting others do the playing. We spend millions also but are we to be mere spectators or get into the game.

Schools and colleges such as the O.A.C. are the places to get young men interested in sport and train them to be athletes.

Employers want men with more than dogged loyalty. An institution such as this wants students who are more than mere pluggers.

A position in an office or college may be called a monarchy. You may want to quit but can't.

Play is different.

You enter of your own free will and quit when you will. If you stick by the rules of the game it is because of self control; in play of any kind you must be self-controlled.

Many a student has gone through his exams at the O.A.C. because he had nerve and self-control which was first attained on the rugby field or through an hour's hard work in the gym each day.

Of course play can be overdone and of all students these are not wanted at any college. A young man may play a good game but to play too well may mean misspent youth.

But we seldom see students of this kind here. We are more likely to have those who go "plugging" all term and say: "Oh, I'll go out tomorrow." Then some say a fellow-student will write-up in the year-book: Mr. _____, "plugger." He was going to play tomorrow.

Don't wait till tomorrow but get out directly lectures are over and play

till six. Then at seven you'll be at your studies as keen as a fighting cock.

HOCKEY.

Christmas holidays, the thought of getting back to College and work naturally draws our attention to hockey especially when we see a poster on the bulletin board reading: "Skating to-night in the Arena."

The condition throughout the country at present is naturally a draw back to athletics and spoils prospects of outside games, but of late years our inter-year games have been of more interest to the student body and permits men of all years taking an interest in the game.

Again there should be nothing to prevent the O.A.C. entering a team in the City League. We have an average of two hundred students, mostly Canadians, out of which seven fair players ought to be forth coming.

Also now that we have our arena, one of the largest and best in Canada, why shouldn't it be possible to arrange a skating meet, between the various classes, also arrange events for the "Mac" Hall students.

This meet could be run on the same basis as our Annual Field Day. Short dashes, distance races, jumping, etc., could all be included and the winners declared according to points won.

This could be made an annual meet, having our own rink, and should cause as much competition as our other athletic contests.

Play B-a-w-1!!! Our indoor baseball season is here. Success or failure lies, not in the lap of the gods, but in our own hands. Which are you going to choose?

True, we can't have a baseball league; that will only come again when the war is over and the student body

is back to normal; but we can and will have our inter-year games and we all know from experience the excitement they create. No other form of sport at the College has created more interest and friendly rivalry in the past than our inter-year baseball series. Get busy and make this coming series the most exciting of all.

To the first year, I would say this: "Get in the game early. Choose the best man you have for manager and back him up from the beginning, and

by this means alone can you expect to trim your ancient enemies, the Sophomores.

Of course the writer freely admits that none of the year teams have a chance with the Faculty team but fortunately this team is not allowed to compete. However this team is always available for practice games, when much fatherly advice will be offered without even asking for it. Come out fellows and get in the games.

—R.J.S.

College Life

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE VISITS THE COLLEGE.

The Ontario Agricultural College was singularly honored on Nov. 29, by a visit from the new Governor-General of Canada, His Excellency, The Duke of Devonshire. Shortly before eleven o'clock the vice-regal party arrived at the college grounds and immediately set out on a tour of inspection with Professors G. E. Day and C. A. Zavitz in charge. The party paid visits to the Dairy, Poultry, Field Husbandry, Physics and Stock Departments. The Duke showed a very eager interest in the Dairy Short-horns which we have here at the college. This was particularly gratifying when it was known that he, himself, is an extensive breeder of Short-horns.

Arrangements had been made to have the Duke and party take luncheon in the Dining Hall and as the meal hour drew near the interest and curiosity among the students increased. It is very infrequently that we have a Governor-General lunching with us, and only on very rare occasions are

we favored with the presence of the ladies from Macdonald in our dining-hall. On this day we men were honored twice. The centre of the dining-hall was reserved for the visiting party and the senior members of the staff. On the left and on the right, respectively, were placed the ladies and the men of the college. Promptly at 12.45 p.m. the distinguished visitor was received by a standing student body. Mrs. (Dr.) Creelman came in with His Excellency and as the members of the party took their places at the tables many a student's neck grew shorter.

After the luncheon had been served, Prof. G. E. Day, in the absence of Dr. Creelman, who was on a business trip in the United States, proposed the toast to the King, and then put the gathering into the charge of the Hon. Mr. Macdiarmid, the then acting Minister of Agriculture for Ontario. Mr. Macdiarmid briefly proposed the toast to His Excellency. The Duke in reply paid a compliment to our college when he said that, although he had never visited us before, he knew something of the work done here, since

the fame of the college had reached across the ocean.

In referring to the war he pointed out that when the struggle had been brought to a successful conclusion, the Empire should see that it be self-sustaining. No longer should we be dependent upon other countries for any of our necessities. This was a problem which was of the broadest imperial importance. His Excellency then added that he hoped to be able in the future to repeat his pleasant visit and that on the next occasion he would be accompanied by "my wife and daughters."—A.V.M.

MACDONALD HALL VERSUS ALPHA LITERARY MEETING.

If we as students of Macdonald Hall and Agricultural College were to sit down and try to recall some of our pleasant evenings spent, we are sure that one of the first thought of would be that spent at the Union Meeting of the Macdonald Hall and Alpha Literary societies on Saturday evening, Nov. 25th.

It was with copious information, almost to the extent of a volume, that the two young ladies of Macdonald Hall, in the persons of Misses E. Elliott and J. Lawrence, sallied forth to add one more victory to the past record of the Macdonald society. In defiance of all the array of papers, Messrs. A. V. Mitchener and A. H. White, the shrewd and wily veterans of the O.A.C., were not to be dismayed. In the discussion of the question: Resolved—"That the U.S.A. should be taking part in the war on the side of the Allies," the ladies tried to justify the major part of Canadian public opinion while the gentlemen south of the car line argued in the negative. The affirmative speakers rather stuck to the national morality of the subject

and in speeches noted for their language, eloquence and quotations from Sir Robert Borden, "Premier of Ontario(?) stirred the red blood in the veins of their hearers. The negative hinged more about the economy of the question both to the Allies and to the United States herself and in speeches that were convincing and laden with cold facts were able to persuade the judges that they had the best of the argument. Prof. W. R. Graham, Mr. A. W. Baker and Mr. A. H. Tomlinson, acted in capacity of judges but the decision was not unanimous.

The music and other forms of entertainment were well adapted to the occasion. During the course of a reading by Mr. J. Steckle we were all able to find out if we were "dried apples" or "pears" (pairs.) Mr. J. R. Higgins and Mr. P. L. Fancher favored the meeting with vocal solos while Miss A. Gow in a piano solo almost made the instrument appear to have vocal capacity.

Prof. W. R. Graham also acted as critic and after a few remarks which were straight to the point and helpful to the speakers as well as the audience the "National Anthem" was sung right heartily and the meeting thus adjourned.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY CONCERT.

The semi-annual concert given by the Philharmonic Society of the Ontario Agricultural College and Macdonald Hall is again an event of the past. Judging from the expression of appreciation heard on all sides it was a most decided success. The large audience which was present, left a handsome surplus which was donated to the Red Cross.

Of all the college functions of the year, the Philharmonic concerts, given, one during each term, seem to be most

looked forward to with expectation by the student bodies on both sides of the campus, and especially so by music lovers and by "fussers." Judging by the large attendance from down-town the concerts also seem very popular with the people of Guelph. This feeling is due chiefly to the excellent quality of the music and drama which has been presented in the past, and the last concert proved to be no exception to the rule.

The concert this time was mostly musical in nature, the only other feature being a short play entitled "A Pair of Lunatics," which was presented by Mr. G. H. Unwin B.S.A., and Miss Doreen Bright and which was extremely amusing and was very much appreciated by the audience. Its only fault lay in the fact that it was so short. The "choral club," under the able leadership of Mr. Ernest Heatley rendered a number of choruses with good effect, and the "College Orchestra," under the direction of Mr. James Reilly was, if possible, better than ever, and rendered a number of selections in excellent style.

The outstanding feature of the musical part of the programme was the singing by the "College Quartette," which fairly excelled itself, and was encored repeatedly. The members of the quartette seemed aware of the closeness of Christmas, when they featured "Nuts" on their programme, but remembering the intervening examinations suddenly changed their minds and "stung" us all. The great trouble with the quartette is the fact, that we so seldom are privileged to hear them.

The enthusiastic manner in which the various numbers on the programme were received by the audience was conclusive evidence as to the merits of the whole programme. Much credit is due to the members of the retiring

executive, and all others connected with the event, for the able manner in which the various numbers were carried through, with so little confusion and no waits, which results were brought about through the excellent teamwork and hearty co-operation of all those taking part in the programme.—E.S.S.

THE LITERARY RECITAL.

The last meeting of the literary society for the fall term was held on Saturday evening, Dec. 9th, when Donald G. French, president of the Canadian Literature Club of Toronto, gave an excellent recital and criticism of Canadian poetry and fiction.

He dealt with many of the older Canadian poets, such as Campbell, Carman, Lampman, etc., as well as our present day poets, such as Stead, Service, Marjorie Pickthall, etc. Mr. French not only gave many splendid readings from the various authors but also an exhaustive criticism of their works.

The remainder of the programme consisted of the following musical numbers which were greatly appreciated by the audience. Piano solo by Miss E. Aitken. Vocal solo by Miss E. O'Flynn and a vocal duet by Misses A. Jackson and D. Jackson.

After hearing Donald G. French everyone realized more than ever that Canada has a goodly number of great writers with whom every Canadian should be familiar.—O.M.

THE HOLIDAYS

Returning from a walk on the eve of Dec. 19th, taken with the intention of freeing my mind from the dire phantasm of the recently completed exams, I strolled leisurely up to the Post Office entrance with a feeling of peaceful contentment which is so characteristic after weeks of study, study, study. Being in a friendly state of

mind and charitably disposed to everyone, I was prepared to greet the first person I met with a slap on the back, and with a salutation of the strain of "How are you old chappie?" rather than the serene and distant "Good Day" which a person generally says when the midnight oil was burned the previous night and all one's thoughts seem to be centered in one word—"EXAMS." However, on finding the Post Office vacant and silent, I was in a measure disappointed, since no one was present on which I could inflict my pent up joyous feeling. Ah, well,—merely a accident that no students should be here, I mused. Passing down the corridor to Grub St. I expected at any moment to hear the "Barnyard chorus" of Wilson and Maxwell, or the soft melodious strains of Ferguson's violin, or the boisterous clamour of some of the other dwellers of our favourite living quarters.—But not a sound could be heard.—Everything was as still as some high vaulted cathedral at midnight hour.—I stopped.—Could it be possible that "Perfect Silence" should for a moment hold sway on Grub St.?—Whence this change?—Whence this utter stillness?—Yes, it dawned upon me now. Classmates and friends have departed to partake of the Xmas joys at home and in my transports of delight at release from study I had overlooked that fact.—I stood in the hall and pondered. Yes, they are gone.—Not a rustle, not a note emanates from out the long corridor.—Verily I could say with the poet:

I feel like one,
 Who treads alone,
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed.
 But No,—what was that? What pip-

ing sound did I hear. Whence came this flute-like rendering of the "Fisher's Hornpipe." Surely it must be Cap.—"Cap" Gandier, the master artist of the tin whistle and a devoted adorer of Venus. With a bound I reached Room No. 123. Yes, he was there. He had not departed with the rest and once more my jubilant spirits had returned. At least, I thought, there is one more left in the Halls of O.A.C. My first idea was to get him to sympathize with me on the loneliness of the place,—the change from the previous evening,—the two long weeks that must be passed in solitude and inaction. But that thought was soon to be dispelled. No sooner had I entered the door than the tin whistle which he was playing found a resting place in a distant corner of the room side by side with a discarded pair of shoes. The floor felt the shock of two feet landing from a high dive off the bed, and my shoulder met the impact of his hand as he gently but vehemently said,—"Say boy, skating down-town to-night and by "Xmas" I know more then 50 "Janes" who are going. Get your skates and let's go." The realization of a night's sport struck me so suddenly that it took several moments for me to answer. Naturally my reply was in the affirmative,—and I must say that from that time on the lonely feeling that possessed me on entering Grub St. never returned.

Suffice it to say that the evening was passed most enjoyably. At the rink we found ten other students who were to remain at the College during the vacation. Principal among those were MacKenzie and Redmond who were afterwards leading characters in the family life at O.A.C. during the advent of the student body.

I feel that it would be altogether too

arduous a task for me and too trying on your patience to give you a detailed account of how we spent the time during the two weeks of holidays. It will be sufficient to note that the skating was ideal both in the rinks in the city and in our own. The tobogganing for the latter part of the holiday was unquestionably good, and the weather was of a character which tends to make a person enjoy himself whether he wants to or not. From this it may be inferred that everyone thoroughly enjoyed the time intervening between the closing of the College in December and the resuming of classes in January. In conjunction with this outdoor sport I must not fail to relate that the Opera House in the city was not entirely ignored by us. Neither was the Kandy Kitchen and it might be interesting to say that even now one may hear the lamentations of some of us about our impaired financial condition—due to the too frequent visits to those places—not "singly and alone."

Xmas dinner was by no means lacking in every detail. Principal Creelman and family were present with us when we partook of the nicely arranged and very elaborate meal that was pre-

pared. It was deficient in not one respect. Even the home like atmosphere which is always present at Xmas dinners was not wanting. Pleasant conversation flowed freely and everyone felt that the Xmas spirit of Good Will of Gladness and Friendship held sway.

The Cosmopolitan Club was somewhat deserted this year. Only two students remained there during the holiday. Nevertheless it proved to be a favourite afternoon meeting place for all and there we talked, read and smoked at leisure.

Thus the Xmas and New Year holidays ended. Scarcely before we realized it they were passed. Now the students have returned from their respective homes,—now the classes have been resumed,—and now the glare of the electric light falls upon the opened text-book on the table. We try to study but our minds wander and we think of the association of those joy laden days only to make us think and wish that they were yet to be enjoyed and not receding "Into the drear past and dark abysm of time."—A.B.M.



CONTENTMENT.

A full pouch, a pipe and a match or two,
A blazing hearth, an easy chair and you,
A long winter night, the wind blowing cold—
Here's comfort and happiness, peace untold.

Lazily making large blue filmy rings,
Thanking the Lord for the blessings He brings;
Red glows the fine-cut in my seasoned briar—
Now is not this jolly here by the fire?

—S. Rupert Broadfoot.



EXAMINATIONS.

Freshman—

Exams, exams!
Oh, what shall I do?
For I'm positively sure
I shall never get through!

Sophomore—

Examinations, huh!
Should they scare a body?
I'm always successful
And I NEVER study!

Junior—

Exams! Exams!
Oh, what an awful misery;
I wonder if 'twill be my luck
To ever be a senior?

Senior—

Exams! Exams!
The plague of my life;
The joy of professors,
And the end of the strife.

Doctor—"Well, and how did you
find yourself this morning?"

Fancher—"Oh, I just opened my
eyes and there I was."

Dr. Ross (lecturing to Seniors on
Cancers)—"Causes?"

Flynnie—"Causes unknown."

Dr. Ross—"Treatment?"

Flynnie—"Remove the cause."

Was It HUGO? ?

Small Pupil—"An O.A.C. man judg-
ed at our school fair."

Mac Girl—"What did he look like?"

Small Pupil—"He was little and
sort of funny looking?"

Mac Girl—"Did he have a moustache?"
Small Pupil—"No—Oh, but he had
one coming on him."

ALUMNI

A convention of demonstrators was held in Macdonald Institute on the 3rd and 4th of January. Among the old girls who attended the convention were Muriel Foote '15, Bess McDermant '15, Annie Scott '16 and Marjorie Williams '16.

Edith Hopkins of the '16 Housekeeper Class is dietitian in the Guelph Hospital.

Beatrice Watson '16 is principal of the school at Brownlee, Saskatchewan.

Mary Moxon, a graduate of the '16 Normal Class, is teaching Normal work in Domestic Science in the Truro Academy.

Florence Reek, a graduate of the '16 Housekeeper Class, is dietitian in the Victoria Hospital, London, Ontario.

Grace Conover of the '15 Normal Class is taking a two year course in Household Economics at Columbia University.

On the twenty-seventh of December a very pretty wedding took place in Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia, when Miss Mary Lillian Macdonald became the bride of Mr. Malcolm Duncan MacMartin.

Lillian was a member of the '16 Normal Class and intended to enter foreign missionary work. We are glad

to see that she has changed her vocation and has entered home missions.— Good luck, Lillian!

Nettie Henderson, a graduate of the '16 Housekeeper Class is dietitian in the hospital at Flint, Michigan.

Grace Moyer, a graduate of the '16 Normal Class, is teaching Household Economics in Alma College.

Pearl Gray '15 has taken the position of Housekeeper in the City Hospital, Hamilton.

Carrie Martin '15 is Dietitian in the school for deaf and dumb children in Montreal.

card. It is curiosity and monstrosity at the same time. I laughed at first but now I am desperate. For what do you think Gaston? Mama insists that I have Heloise make my uniforms according to those dreadful uniforms on the card! She is sure that it is sensible. She seems to respect the common sense of the Macdonald Institute in not catering to the "foolish and unsightly styles now prevailing." I have argued but to no avail and now I am reduced to tears which NEVER have any effect upon her.

Of course a thing of beauty is a



Laundry Apron



White Apron



Working Dress

UNIFORMS AND UNIFORMITY.

Dear Gaston:

What do you think—my application has been accepted and I am going to be what they call a Homemaker. Of course mama has been a bit desolate over the prospect but I always tell her to look for the best and she has already begun to see the silver lining in the somewhat peculiar guise of a dress rehearsal on the little white card that I received with my acceptance.

Really dear, you should see that

joy forever, so perhaps that is why those cards have come down from the Dark Ages unchanged. Allow me to describe.

The first glance at the card reveals three figures of wasp-like grace. I will take the one at the left first as she is the least startling and then the others may come easier as I warm up to the subject.

Her general appearance is one of undisturbed serenity. The elaborate coiffure and placid expression struck

me from the first however as being rather incompatible with the dress she wore. After a comprehensive look at her gown, I have quite decided that the lady was either unconscious of it or in a state of coma. The waist debouches into the skirt with a marked inclination to give the effect if not the reality of a belt. I am not proficient enough in the terms of sewing to attempt to explain the two straight lines that come down from the shoulders and only stop when they have to—at the bottom of the skirt. The lady's arms are encased above the elbows in what appeared at first to be two round toy balloons. On closer examination however they proved to be only "one of the full sleeves that were so fashionable in the year '01, and now I have finally warmed up to the worst. Gaston, the skirt of this most wonderful creation escapes the floor by what I would call a hairbreadth! And the collar! It is apparently black and certainly girdles the neck right and left, and up and down. In short I may say of this lady that she is "completely" dressed.

Now we pass on to the intermediate one. She too is a tall girl of rather diminutive proportions, but here all resemblance ends. Her attitude and expression seem to reveal a placidly ruminative state of mind. One of her hands has apparently become fastened to the back of her dress giving her arm a rather unnatural appearance. The other hand seems to be engaged in a frantic attempt to hold her apron in contact with her dress and thus maintain the uniformity of the line from waistband to the bottom of the apron. The dress is black and the apron is one of the sort our nurses wear—only an odd yard or two longer. From the bottom of her skirt to the floor is a narrow space through which

peeps a modest pointed toe. It is to be hoped that the lady is not penurious in her leisure hours else she will have a difficulty in obtaining proper fitting foot gear, for her foot is wonderfully petite!

And now, last but not least by any means, comes our lady of the duster. From her topmost coquettish curl to her mildly trailing skirts she is a work apart. Our Physiology instructor claims that every human body must have the same number of organs in order to exist. How this person has contrived to include the necessary number is, for me at least, one of the unsolved mysteries. Physiologically she is a failure but from an artistic standpoint she is unique! The lady's face is determined and she holds her duster in swagger-stick fashion. The skirt is beautifully shaded to give the natural wrinkles which must of needs be present after a few weeks wear but the waist is not ruffled in the least therefore we must conclude that the lady's activities have been confined to the lower extremities; perhaps devotional exercises may have been partly to blame. It is to be anticipated, however, that she will perform wonders with those huge shoulder muscles of hers when wielding the feather duster.

Now that I have given you this full description you will have some conception of the difficulty I am up against. I do hope you will give me some assistance. Otherwise I must share the fate of these paper ladies. In a week Heloise will be at work.—Oh, Gaston, save me ere I perish!

Ever yours, Cecile.

WORK.

What are we set on earth for? Say,
to toil;
Nor seek to leave the tending of the
vines,

For all the heat o' day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from
work assail,

God did annoint thee with His odorous
oil,

To wrestle, not to reign; and He
assigns,

All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow workers of the soil.

To wear for amulets, so others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and
hand,

From thy hand and thy heart and thy
brave cheer,

And God's grace fructify through thee
to all,

The least flower with a brimming cup
may stand,

And share its dew drop with another
near.

—Mrs. Browning.

LAMENT OF A MACDONALD HALL SENIOR
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the stilly night,

The blankets wrapped around me,

Lying there without a light,
My Shakespeare thoughts did drown
me.

The tears, the moans,

The sighs, the groans,

The book of books so bitter,

That horrid book

With ghastly look,

To my poor eyes did glitter.

Thus in the stilly night,

'Ere welcome sleep had found me,

Falstaff, Hamlet, Juliet,

Your thoughts do yet surround me.

When I remember all,

The illustrated deep talks,

Familiar lords and ladies call,

And beckon in my troubled thoughts.

I feel like one

Who'd like to run,

As far as legs could bear him,

Where books are mum,

And never come,

On sleepless nights to scare him.

Then, in the stilly night

How queer t'would seem without them,

But Oh! Methinks in slumber deep,

My dreams would be about them.



Prof. Day (to second year on opening day)—Students, Mr. Graham is unable to take charge of your class as yet, so in this period I will give you a lecture on lightning rods.

Prof. Crow—A pumpkin or melon would be a good example of a fleshy, many-seeded fruit.

Wadsworth—A pumpkin is a peppo, not a fruit, Prof.

Prof. Crow—Perhaps you're right—I won't dispute you.

Mr. Sackville—Will one of you dairymen tell the class what you think of the placing of this Ayrshire cow's udder.

McLean—The cow's udder seems to me to be attached well forward both in front and behind.

Quirie (at dinner)—Every time I misbehaved at meals I was sent away from the table.

Maynard—That accounts for your thinness now, I suppose.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Four hours after the doctor had been summoned to attend Caldwell's case no medical man appeared. Becoming impatient Caldwell dragged himself to the phone and rang up the Doctor's residence. A lady answered.

"Where's the doctor," he inquired.

"He's away attending a funeral," said the lady.

"Well," said Caldwell, "when he returns tell him I'd like if he could get time to attend mine."

Almey, (arriving a day late in the term)—Did you fellows have any lectures yesterday?

Sibbick—We had no regular lectures, but I heard Mrs. Cunningham giving Munro one yesterday morning.

Why did Redmond appear so reluctant to leave Mac. Hall after the last "prom"?

OVERHEARD AT THE PROM.

Freshman—Above all else I love the simple things.

Freshette—Yes, I've noticed how self-satisfied you are.



Second Year Entomology—
"Swat the Fly"—

PROHIBITION.

No more wild rides and tipsy slides,
 Or 'fuddling of the brain,
 Or liquids of seductive hue,
 PROHIBITION is here to reign.

No more of chorus girls in tights,
 No more champagne and wine,
 No more wine suppers Sunday nights,
 On TWO PER CENT we dine.

No more home-coming in the dark,
 When the rooster sings his lay;
 No more wild rides in Riverside Park,
 PROHIBITION is here to stay.

No more sweet sleep 'till close of day,
 No brown taste in the morning;
 Two Per Cent is here to stay,
 So take this as a warning.

And when you go out for a spree
 Fill up on ginger ale.
 And then your Ford won't climp a tree,
 And you won't go to jail! —Ikey.

Tom Cooper affirms that the earth's most charming physical feature is a "Glem." He never tires of gazing at one.

OVERHEARD IN THE DINING HALL.

Shales—Look at that man Scales dragging himself into the Hall. I wonder if he's afflicted with locomotor ataxia.

Himpel—No, I think not, but he does appear to have an attack of acute deliberation.

HIS BOAST.

Lady: "And you say you are an educated man?"

Wearied Will: "Yes, mum, I'm a roads scholar."—University of Michigan Gargoyle.

A LARGE ORDER.

She had been sitting in the furniture shop for nearly two hours inspecting their stock of linoleums.

Roll after roll the perspiring assistant brought out, but still she seemed

dissatisfied. From her dress he judged her to be a person of wealth, and thought it likely she would have a good order to give.

When at last he had shown her the last roll, he paused in despair.

"I'm sorry, madam," he apologized, "but if you could wait I could get some more pieces from the factory. Perhaps you would call in again?"

"Yes, do," she said graciously, "and ask them to send you one or two with very small designs, suitable for putting in the bottom of a canary's cage."—World Wide.

ITEMS FOR THE EDITOR.

Practically anyone can be an editor. All the editor has to do is sit at a desk six days in the week, four weeks in the month and twelve months in the year and "edit" such raw material as this.

"A Sophomore of Mill St. let a can-opener slip last week and cut himself in the restaurant."

"Last Tuesday a mischievous freshman threw a snowball and struck a 'Shorthorn' behind the judging pavilion."

"The janitor climbed up on the residence yesterday to shovel off the snow, and fell, striking himself on the back porch."

"While waiting for the College car on Saturday afternoon a student was attacked by a savage dog who bit him several times on the public square."

"Sam Wong, while harnessing his broncho last Saturday, was kicked in the morning near his laundry."

First Idiot: "Terrible accident in the Victrola factory."

Party of the Second Part: "How's that?"

First Idiot: "This year's sales broke all records."—Ex.

LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.

"A rich retired hatter decided to set up a stable. Accordingly he dropped in on a boyhood friend, a harness dealer.

"'George,' he said, 'I'm going to buy some horses. Now, of course, I don't want to have a lot of old Methuselahs foisted on me. Tell me how I'll know how old the nags are when they're trotted out for my approval.'

"'You tell a horse's age by the teeth, Bob' said the harness man. 'You see—'

"'But the hatter was in a hurry. He understood the dodge now. No use wasting any more time in the smelly harness shop.

"'Thanks, George,' he said, and dashed off.

"The next day a pair of perfect coach horses were submitted to the hatter by a leading horse dealer. As the beautiful animals curvetted before him, he asked their price.

"'About \$2,000,' said the dealer.

"The hatter advanced. He opened the horses' mouths. He studied their strong white teeth carefully. Then he gave a harsh laugh and said, as he wiped his wet hand on his handkerchief:

"'Take 'em away. They're each 32 years of age.'"

DIFFICULT REFORM.

Apropos of President Wilson's desire to simplify laws and legal processes, Senator Henry F. Hollis of New Hampshire said in Concord:

"It is true, as the President points out, that all other countries of first rank have simplified their laws. We, too, will come to it in time. But it is a difficult proposition.

"It's a proposition that gets the kind of reception everywhere that the lawyer's demand got. This lawyer said to a witness:

"'Now, my man, tell us only what

you know. Don't tell us what some other person knows, or what you heard, or what you think, or anything of that kind. Tell us what you know only. Only what you know.'

"The witness gave a solemn nod of assent.

"'I know' he said, with emphasis on every word—'I know, sir, that Bill Sloan said that Jim Alden told him that he heard Joe Schemm's wife tell Joe Adam's daughter that her man said Tom Bailey wasn't fur off when the scrap took place, and he heerd say they fit each other all round that barroom right considerable.'"

TREES THAT BORE APPLES.

A Washington man, while visiting a friend's place in Virginia, became much interested in his experiments in fruit culture.

One day the visitor was making the rounds of the place, being in charge of the friend's young daughter of ten, who acted as guide.

"This tree seems to be loaded with apples," observed the Washingtonian, indicating a particularly fine specimen.

"Yes sir," assented the little girl; "father says this is a good year for apples."

"I am glad to hear that," said the visitor. "Are all your trees as full of apples as this one?"

"No, sir," explained the girl, "only the apple trees."

FLOWERS IN THE HOME.

Flowers and their culture add greatly to the pleasures of any home; and in the country, where there is plenty of room, it is possible to have much more of an ornamental nature than within the confines of a town or city lot.

RHYMES AND REASON.

(From London "Tit-Bits.")

When the English tongue we speak
Why is "break" not rhymed with
"freak?"

Will you tell me why it's true
We say "sew," but likewise "few;"
And the maker of verse

Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse?"
"Beard" sounds not the same as
"heard;"

"Cord" is different from "word;"

"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low!

"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."

Think of "hose" and "dose" and
"lose;"

And of "goose" and of "choose."

Think of "comb" and "tomb" and
"bomb;"

"Doll" and "roll" and "home" and
"some."

And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"

Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?

We have "blood" and "food" and
"good;"

"Mould" is not pronounced like
"could."

Wherefore "done," but "gone" and
"lone?"

Is there any reason known?

And, in short, it seems to me,

Sounds and letters disagree.

TOO DELICATE.

A man travelling in Maine met a middle-aged farmer, who said his father, ninety years old, was still on the farm where he was born.

"Ninety years old, eh?"

"Yes, pop is close to ninety."

"Is his health good?"

"'Tain't much now. He's been complainin' for a few months back."

"What's the matter with him?"

"I dunno; sometimes I think farmin' don't agree with him."—"Western Christian Advocate."

HANK GOT INTERESTED.

Colonel Roosevelt was condemning a nature faker at a luncheon in Oyster Bay.

"Why," said Colonel Roosevelt, his eyes flashing with scorn behind his glasses, "why, this nature faker is as ignorant of animals as Hank Hurlingham was.

"Hank Hurlingham once visited the Natural History Museum. The curator said to him:

"This collection of stuffed animals that you see here is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars."

"'Is that so?' said Hank. 'Why what the dickens are they stuffed with?'"

THE WISE HUSBAND.

Mr. Barton lived in a suburban town.

His wife asked him to purchase a shirt-waist for her while in New York. After telling the salesgirl what he was after, she displayed a number.

'Here are some very pretty ones. What color do you prefer?' she said.

'It doesn't make any difference,' replied Mr. Barton.

'Doesn't make any difference!' exclaimed the salesgirl. 'Why, don't you think your wife would like a certain color?'

'No, it makes no difference what color I get or what size. I shall have to come back to-morrow to have it changed.—New York 'Times.'

A PERFECT SAMPLE.

A farmer who was blessed with a son with an engaging frankness of speech sent him to the local miller's one day. The lad got hold of the miller and submitted for his inspection a handful of wheat. The miller studied the wheat attentively, and then said to the boy, "How much more has your father got of this?" "He ain't got no more like it," the boy answered. "He's been all mornin' pickin' that out."