

What is so sweet as the smell of new mown hay to the nostrils of a farmer, the distinct smell of sweet clover being cut for the first time, or the perfume enveloping the old orchard, or the one time smell of corn in the silo, a few years ago.

Gone are the days when the farmer hopped out of bed before the crack of dawn and hurried to the yard to oil the mower, sharpen the curved blade of the cythe on a stumpy piece of whet stone or on a big revolving grindstone, or to replace a triangular section in the binder knife. Gone are the days when the farmer cut a swath of tall grass and burdocks around piles of stone in the grain fields with a cradle and gone are the days when the farmer chewed on a long blade of grass. Gone are the old time barn raisings when two sides were chosen and a race took place to see what side would be first to raise long timbers for the new roof on the barn and gone are the days of the threshing bees and the horse power machine.

Farming has become so mechanized with the most modern gadgets, that in the minds of old timers running a farm is a lost art. What has become of the farmer's wife as she stuck an old straw hat on her head, tied an apron around her waist and sauntered out to hunt for hen's nests in the hay mow or in the driving shed!

Remember the proud old hen as it cackled after leaving a nest of half a dozen eggs in some remote corner. How the big rooster crowed and walked majestically around as a master of all he surveyed? And what has become of the double yolked eggs? And what has become of the lad who stuck a needle in the small end of the egg and then sucked away the contents?

Remember the big orchards and the big crop of yellow transparents, duchess, talman sweets, russets, harvest apples, snows, delicious, spies, pippins, greenings and the crab apples?

How delicious they were — remember?

Remember how the best apples were laid carefully away on the cold earth floor in the cellar and how delicious the deep applie pies and the dumplings were?

And do you remember the dumplings served at the dinner table — never heard of today. What a treat when the farmer's wife cooked new potatoes, smothered in thick gravy and the home made bread fresh out of the oven? Applie pie or perhaps a thick juicy huckleberry pie for dessert! Yum, yum — will you ever forget that second helping?

Remember the first feed of strawberries, raspberries or blueberries and the puffy and steaming tea biscuits?

Scrumptious is the word.

Remember the quick nap of fifteen minutes after a heavy dinner when the farmer and the hired man stretched out on the grass under the shade of the old apple tree?

What a glorious life in the good old days long ago, now superseded by the modern and miraculous methods of today. The farm boys followed in their father's footsteps. How opposite today! The majority of the lads from the farm now seek white collared jobs in towns and cities and the vast majority of them have been successful and after "making their pile" in the business and professional world, these boys

from the farms are now back on the farm as land-owners, and many as "gentleman farmers".

The healthy barefoot boy with cheek of tan has to a large extent disappeared and today instead of walking two or more miles a day to school, he hops into a bus; instead of carrying his lunch he now joins hundreds at the school cafeteria; instead of being helped in a disciplinary way with a piece of horse harness applied to the seat of the learner, he is perhaps politely requested to do some extra homework or he kept out of