TRAINING TOM

By Claude Callan

Several weeks before Tom and May married something happened that removed her last doubt. She was convinced that he really loved her and that he was at last a grown man, qualified to take upon himself the responsibilities of married life.

This occurred one evening when he dropped over to see her just as her brothers and a number of other boys in the neighborhood were preparing to go on a hunt. The air was frosty and the dogs were anxious to go to the creek bottom. Tom was invited to join in the hunt, and for a few minutes he appeared to be undecided, but finally he made up his mind to remain at the house with May, and his determination to do this was unshaken even when he heard the hounds filling the air with a rich-toned announcement of an early conquest.

May was happy. She knew that everything Tom had told her was true and she was ready to go with him to the little home his father had given him on the small farm he was to cultivate.

In less than two months Tom and May were in their home, far away in the hills and out of sight of other homes, but this just suited them. They felt that they would be willing to live right there forever and not see a relative or friend. The cold rain was pouring down on their little home, which was leaking in several places, a fault which did not disturb them in the least. May had arranged bright new pans to catch the water and she was watching Tom build shelves in the kitchen.

It is true that the shelves might have been considered a pretty rough job by some people, but they were the only kind that Tom could afford, and a good woman is usually satisfied with almost nothing if she knows that her husband is doing his best and really trying to make things comfortable for her.

"That top shelf slants backward a little," Tom said in an effort to disparage his own work.

"I like that," May said, "because it will hold things better."

"Well, if I haven't got the other shelf slanting toward the front!" Tom announced.

"That won't hurt a bit," May told him. "It makes it easier to clean, and besides when I get the papers on the shelves nobody will be able to notice that they are not even."

The rain was so heavy that some people might have thought that the house was in danger of being washed away, but May wasn't uneasy. She had Tom there to protect her and she felt that there was no need of her being afraid of the elements.

Not satisfied with the shelves he had built, Tom was anxious to do still more to make May happy, and every time they went to town together he wanted to buy something nice for her or for the house, but she knew that he couldn't afford to spend so much and she told him that they must be satisfied with what they had until he made a good start in the world, a thing that she was sure a man of Tom's ability could not fail to do.

When young Robert arrived in the home the house was filled with relatives for several days, but finally Tom and May had the little fellow to themselves, and they were prouder of him than they had been of the kitchen shelves.

Tom suddenly became a grave old man, and, although he thought he remembered everything the grandmother had told him, he kept one of his work horses at the gate so he could ride to May's mother's in case the baby should cry in some peculiar manner that he couldn't understand. Two or three times during the night he was on the point of going for the grandmother, but each time May managed to get the baby to sleep, and the next morning Tom was proud of himself for having taken such good care of the little fellow. As a matter of fact, he had done nothing except fill the lamp, but May, had bragged on him and he felt that he was almost the equal of the best old women in the neighborhood.

For almost a year after this time Tom continued referring to everything on the place as "ours." He not only felt that May was his partner, but he took the baby into the firm. So long as he owned nothing he appeared to be perfectly willing for May to enjoy the pride and share the responsibility of being a partner, but after the first unusually good crop year Tom began to feel that everything was his.

He still loved May, but he realized that, after all, she was only a woman and that she wasn't to be considered when he was weighing the more important matters that a husband and father must decide.

It was at this point that May's people began talking. They said that Tom was just like the rest of his people, and it was a notorious fact that Tom's older brothers were mean to their wives.

"Poor May!" said the grandmother.

"She had plenty of warning," said a sister who was not inclined to be very sympathetic.

"It all comes from her being too good to her husband," was the opinion of Aunt Julia, whose husband served through two wars and who wasn't afraid of anything in the world except her.

"Now the proper thing for you to do," May's mother said to her, "is to have a talk with him and come to an understanding."

This appeared to be sensible advice, but May didn't even consider trying it. She remembered that her mamma used to have a serious talk with her papa every few weeks in an effort to come to an understanding, but the talks never amounted to anything. Really it seemed to May that the result of the talks was that her parents came to a misunderstanding, and she was determined not to try the same thing on Tom.

"All right," the mother said. "Do as you please, but don't blame me for the consequences. If you want to be a slave to a man all your life I haven't another word to say, but if I were in your place I would have my rights or I would bundle up these three children and move to myself."

May's mother frequently announced that she hadn't another word to say, but after making this announcement she always thought of something else and said she couldn't keep from saying it.

"The trouble with you," she continued, "is that you are afraid of Tom. You ought to tell him that you are young and that you are not going to lock yourself up in this house and never see anybody. Just tell him that he is very good company, but that you want to see someone else occasionally."

May made no response to this, although she felt that Tom really had come to the conclusion that no woman should ask for anything better than to be around him all the time. He didn't even feel that it was necessary for him to look his best. He thought that his wife ought to be proud of him at his worst and he went around looking his worst most of the time.

After all the relatives and friends had finished giving advice May went about training Tom in her own way.

First of all, she told him that they both should have nicer clothes, and when he said that they never saw anybody much and that nobody ever saw them she replied warmly:

"Well, we see each other."

If this made any impression on him she failed to detect it. He seemed to figure that, since they were married, it made no diffreence how each one appeared to the other, but she had an entirely different view. She not only wanted him to think that she was young and pretty, but she wanted him to dress up occasionally so she could feel proud of him.

It really looked as if Tom was to have his way and that he and May would settle down with the one object of accumulating money and getting the children raised, so the children in turn could marry, settle down and devote their lives to raising their children, but May didn't give up. She decided to begin her campaign by improving herself, and knowing that Tom would be mad if she spent a lot of money for a fine dress to wear in public, she spent all her savings for one nice house dress.

One afternoon when Tom came from work he found his wife wearing this bright dress instead of the dingy one he had expected to see. When she asked him how she looked he had to confess that she looked nice, but he said he couldn't see but what she looked just as well in the old one. It wasn't entirely worn out.

In a few weeks May had another nice house dress. It looked as if she was thinking more of herself than she was of the children, but Tom didn't complain. He said very little, but he wished that some of the neighbors would happen over and see May in her new dress. In spite of all he had said to the contrary, he felt proud of his wife in her finery, and after a few weeks he suggested that she ought to get a nice dress to wear to church.

May remembered that every time her papa had told her mamma to buy a new dress her mamma had been satisfied with learning that he was willing for her to look nice. Instead of buying the dress, her mamma would begin to talk economy, but May took Tom at his word and in a short time she had the dress made, but she refused to wear it unless Tom would buy a new suit for himself.

"You look so nice when you are dressed up," she said to her husband, and, though Tom was not more vain than the ordinary man, he decided that she was right. Although he said nothing, he agreed with her that he did look nice when he was dressed up.

"I just thought this morning," she continued, "when I saw those men at the lot that you were the nicest-looking one in the crowd and I wished then that you had a new suit.

Tom pretended that he didn't think he was the nicest-looking man in the crowd, but he felt that his wife had remarkably good judgment about such things and he decided to let her "drive" him to town to buy a new suit of clothes for himself.

The entire family went along, and, while Tom allowed his wife to select the pattern, he wouldn't listen to her about the size. He had always bought clothes too large and he wasn't going to make himself look ridiculous by buying a suit that would fit, but May didn't expect to accomplish everything at once, so she finally agreed that the suit was small enough.

The following Sunday Tom and May were as nicely dressed as any couple at church and most of the people were greatly surprised.

"Tom must think he is going to lose her," one sister-in-law said.

"She is going to ruin that boy, certain," was the remark made by Tom's aunt, who had given him two chairs from her attic when he married.

"Well, I don't think it is good taste," Aunt Lucy Hines said, "to put so much on your back when you are in debt."

Really Tom and May were not in debt, but Aunt Lucy's theory was that nice clothes and debts always went hand in hand.

May's mother was the happiest woman at church. While she said nothing about the new clothes, there was a smile on her face which made it evident that she felt sure May had followed her advice and come to an understanding.

But the best part of the whole thing was that Tom realized that his chances of accomplishing something in the future hadn't been destroyed by the expense. He felt that he could pull through in spite of the money he had spent for his wife's clothes and his own, and he found that he had a little more respect for May's opinions.

May knew that he was thinking this, but she said nothing about her victory. She simply made up her mind that she would not lose any of the ground she had gained, and every afternoon for a week when Tom came home he found her wearing one of her pretty house dresses.

The next step was easy. Although Tom had looked upon the house as a shelter for them to stay in while working the farm, he began to feel that, after all, it might be best to add a few conveniences in addition to the kitchen shelves. He could see that such a neat woman as May was entitled to something better than he had supplied.

Pretty soon Tom was consulting May about his plans, and not entirely to her surprise he once more began referring to things on the farm as "ours."

When Tom bought his next suit he had so much confidence in May's judgment that he allowed her to persuade him to get a suit small enough, and, although he felt foolish in such a suit at first, he soon reached the point where he actually liked it and wondered why he ever bought his clothes too large.

One Sunday morning, early in the summer, when Tom and May and the children drove up to the church the entire family looked so nice that everybody admired them.

"Haven't Tom and May come out?" one kind old lady said to Tom's mother.

Shaking her head the dear old mother said:

"Poor Tom!"

But even she was pleased when May came to her, kissed her and led her up the aisle, Tom following with May's mother and the children.

A high-speed engine that is used daily should be discarbonized and have valves ground at least twice a year; three times is better. A slow-speed engine, at least once, better twice a year.

"Have you any fresh vitamines?" asked the young bride. "Yes, ma'am," said the veracious dealer. "We've got some that was caught this very morning." She got oysters.

Played a Hero's Part

Capt. S. Robinson, of the C.P.R. steamship Empress of Australia, who is being highly commended for his splendid seamanship and great courage when his ship was in danger during the Japanese earthquake. He saved the vessel, and rescued at least 5,000 people from the disaster. All the ship's linen was used for bandages and dressings.

Screenings for Sheep Feeding.

Beginning with the first of October, screenings will be freely offered commercially along with other mill feeds and coarse grains. An amendment of last session to the Feeding Stuffs Act, a Dominion measure, provides that mill screenings shall be sold as such and not mixed with shorts, as has been the rule for many years.

Elevator screenings fed to sheep at the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa returned a value of $70 a ton in the gains made by the stock. The grain ration contained two-thirds screenings and one-third consisting of a standard ration of oats, bran and oil meal. Where fed without screenings, the standard ration used as the grain feed yielded a return of $45 a ton in gains made. The screenings, like the oats, were fed unground. The screenings used consisted of a mixture of cracked and shrunken wheat, hulled kernels of oats, and wild buckwheat and some other weed seeds. This product as now obtainable is so cleaned either at the elevators or flour mills as to be practically free from the fine, bitter weed seeds found in screenings until recently. The Feeding Stuffs Act administered by the Seed Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, requires that it shall contain not more than one per cent. of fine weed seeds and that percentage of tough fibre shall be low. In sheep feeding it is better fed unground, because sheep dislike a floury feed. For hogs and cattle the screenings need to be finely ground in order to destroy weed seeds and to increase feeding value.

The most powerful lifeboat in the world is being built for use in the Mersey; she is sixty feet long, driven by motors, and has cabin accommodation for fifty people.

Soils and Crops

Address communications to Agronomist, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

WHY I BELIEVE IN BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLUBS.

I shall nevr forget my first lesson in stock judging, when I was a freshman in the college of agriculture. We were handed score cards which gave the names of the various parts of the animal and the per cent. to be given in case the animal in question was perfect. I was dumbfounded. I had fed and watched pigs grow, milked cows, and worked horses all my life, and yet there on the card were words I had never before associated with an animal. It proved a revelation and an incentive for careful study. After "going over" a cow brought into the class-room, with the score card, the cow became more than a frame covered with hide and hair. A machine was revealed with wondrous possibilities. The same was true with the horse, the pig, and the sheep.

When I was a youngster and followed my father around as he slopped the pigs, I would peek through the fence and watch the pigs from day to day make hogs out of themselves. In those days I generally had a pet, some favored one in the bunch, that was selected because of his curly hair or perhaps the white spots on his side. Some years later part of my family chores included feeding the pigs. Just as when a lad in knee breeches. I still pick out a pig that "looked good" to me. The selection was determined partly by the pig's degree of friendliness toward me, and perhaps by some marked color or texture of hair.

NOTHING LEARNED.

I had never paid any attention to the judging at the fall festival or the county fair because in those days these festivities, as far as I was concerned, were picnics where red lemonade flowed freely, the sports bet on horse races, and every one stayed till sundown to see the balloon go up. Any demonstration in judging livestock was carefully hidden at the far end of the track, so that very few knew anything about it. And even if you knew about it, and were fortunate enough to see the judge in action, his manner made the work more mysterious and meaningless. There was never an explanation or a reason given for any placing.

On my first Thanksgiving vacation from college I was out in the cow lot and the pig pen at home every day making comparisons and scoring individuals. I was actually getting acquainted with them. Though I had known them all my life, they were strangers until the score card made the introduction.

Those elementary lessons in judging, and later the participation in judging contests with other colleges at the big livestock shows and the judging at fairs, are among the most pleasant of my experiences.

In contrast to my early boyhood days on the farm, the boys and girls of to-day have an opportunity to take advantage of specific training in practically all branches of farm work right at home. When I was a boy (that was not very many years ago) the boys' and girls' club idea wasn't born yet. With these institutions the boys and girls on the farm have every opportunity to acquaint themselves with the best information along practically every line of farm production.

I worked with a group of boys and girls this year in the pig clubs. These young people are just like I was when I was their age. They milked cows, fed pigs, drove horses, and plowed corn. There was nothing special for them to think about except getting up at 5 a.m., work all day, and milk the cows after sundown.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Forty boys in this community this year changed this old program. Each assumed the ownership and responsibility of feeding and caring for a purebred pig. Four distinct business organizations or clubs were formed, each selecting officers from their own number and adopting a regular constitution and by-laws. Meetings were held regularly each month. Anyone doubting the ability of a bunch of youngsters from eleven to eighteen to conduct a meeting in true parliamentary style, with a little coaching, should make an effort to visit a boys' and girls' club in most any agricultural community. These youngsters grab at the chance to run their own meetings, and they do it right, too. I have actually seen a bunch of ten boys conduct a meeting themselves in a more businesslike manner than do many adults. Meeting with their own group gives these lads confidence in themselves, and they get information in parliamentary law which they will never forget.

But there are other factors that are just as important, perhaps more so, in the club activities. Feeding and caring for their pigs, each attempting to raise the best in the county, molds our future hog breeders.

When the judging lessons are given, and the try-outs for the county judging team are staged, no more earnest and sincere group can be found. A baseball game or a football contest has no advantage over a contest of this kind for intense and concentrated interest on the part of the players. It is a gruelling contest.

These forty lads started at seven o'clock in the morning and worked till six at night, judging twenty-five classes of stock, which included horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs. And at the end of the day each contestant was asked to give his reasons on four classes of stock judged during the day.

IMPRESSIVE SIGHT.

It is no small task to keep in mind the details of a particular class of stock, singling them out of ten or more bunches judged, and give reason on placings several hours after seeing them. Yet these youngsters stood up individually before a group of sixty men and women who made the trip, and told in detail why they made their placings.

It was an impressive sight to see these boys work and hear them give their oral reasons and explanations.

Following the boys' and girls' club work in its various activities is amply convincing that it is one of the greatest of forces for agricultural progress.—B. R.

Home Education

"The Child's First School is the Family"—Froebel."

Children's Prayers—By Bertha Hayward Higgins

"Mother, I think I'm going to make a collection of prayers," said my small boy one evening.

"Very well," said I, "I think that will be fine. Are you going to paste them in a scrap book?"

"Yes, but I'm going to learn them first. But when can I say them? I can't say them all every night, can I?"

"Well, perhaps not if you have a large collection, but you can say your favorite one every night, and have the others ready for special occasions. There are so many times when you want to ask God for something, or thank Him for that which He has already given you. It would be very nice to have all ready for use, a collection of prayers which someone has already thought out and expressed in more beautiful language than you would be likely to use if you made them hastily."

Now whenever he finds a prayer which he wants to add to his collection, we read it through and discuss it, then we decide on what occasions it would be likely eo have the most meaning for him. Some, of course, have to be adapted to meet his needs.

I feel that in changing them I have been able to avoid dampening the religious feeling that is being awakened in the child, and I hope thus to avert the danger that arises wherever formal prayers are used—that they shall become a mere mechanical repetition of words.

I have always believed that a child's prayers should be spontaneous and natural, and that if formal prayers are used, they should be explained and made to have some real significance.

I believe too that the child should understand that he must do his part in having his prayer answered.

One of the prayers which Laddie had in his "collection" and which he has adapted to his needs, is for use when his baseball nine is going to play a game.

"But," said he, when we were discussing it, "what if one of the fellows on the other side prays as much as I do?"

Then I recalled to him the fact that "God helps those who help themselves," and together we summed up the conclusions, that regular systematic practice would be needed, and all the fellows on the winning team would need to be brave and honest, and always play fair.

I tried to make him see that while our prayers may not always be answered in just the way we expect, we will, if we do our part, always get either that for which we ask, or something better. In proof of this I recalled his disappointment last summer at the postponement of the Sunday School picnic, because of a rainy day when he had prayed for a sunny day. We had the picnic later on, and we also had a large quantity of blackberries, which we would not have had if the drought had continued, and we are still having blackberry jam.

Just as I have tried always to retain my child's confidence, to make him ever ready to have a "good talk over" as he calls it, so I have tried to make him feel that nothing which interests him is too small or too insignificant to be taken to God in prayer. And just as he had learned to feel that Mother and Dad are "good sports" and can understand and forgive his little boyish mistakes, so he is coming to realize the greater understanding and ever ready forgiveness of the "All-Father."

Just as the Indian lad when he went alone into the mountains to fast and pray ("mine a vision") was unconsciously setting up in his own mind the ideal into which his charcter would develop, so is the child who early forms the habit of prayer.

HOW TO PREPARE AN ADDRESS

Many a person dodges a gathering simply because he knows that as a member of a responsible organization he will be called upon and expected to make an address. To dodge anything is to acknowledge defeat, whereas to meet a situation is an important step toward success.

The person who "gets out of making a speech" lessens his own self-respect and self-confidence; but if he makes a determined effort to be ready for the occasion when he may be called upon to give "a brief address," he not only educates himself in poise and general information but in time gains recognition as the "ready speaker" that will make him known either in the business or in the social world.

To prepare for an address is simple if it is done systematically. Here are some suggestions from a person who, by following them, won a leading place in a contest over seventy others who tried for the honor of making an address:

1. Jot down at random your personal opinion on the subject, for it prevents your talk from being stereotyped and gives it personality. Therefore, be sure to do that before you get impressions either from persons or from reading matter.

2. Determine how long the address should be.

3. Decide upon the general way in which you will express yourself—whether you will be formal (in which case you must omit slang), semi-humorous or brief and businesslike. Whatever style you choose, try to present the most hopeful and constructive facts.

4. If you lack ideas or information, read enough "to set you going" by consulting at the public library such of the following books as you think are likely to help you, encyclopaedias, some yearbook or almanac, government bulletins, the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature (which gives references, both under the name of the subject and under the names of authors of magazine articles in leading publications, both current and past) and such special books on the subject as either the card catalogue or the librarian may suggest.

5. After you have got all the ideas on the subject that you can, outline your speech simply in this form:

Introduction — One sentence is enough for that.

Body—Under that heading should come a paragraph for each phase of the subject. A single word to suggest the logical order of treatment is enough.

Conclusion—In some cases a single sentence is sufficient; other cases need a brief summing up in a few forceful words.

6. Study the address and then copy the outline of it in large legible writing or in typewriting upon a card small enough to hold in the palm of the hand. If your speech is not perfectly memorized, or if stage fright makes you forgetful, the card will keep your remarks in the logical order that makes them most interesting; and, although you may not say them exactly as you wrote them, you will be more likely to just because you have carefully prepared them and have notes that remind you.

"Jack is selling oil stock."
"Maybe that's why he's so smooth."