

**DO IT NOW**

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing.

If you like him or you love him, tell him so.

Don't withhold your approbation, till the person makes a mistake.

An hour with many is ever well spent.

No matter how you want it, he will really care about it.

He won't know how many teardrops you have shed.

If you like him, let him know it.

It's the time to slip it to him.

For he cannot read his thoughts when he's dead.

—George A. Turner.

**Strange Animals**

By Gordon Vassar Carruth

THEY were at breakfast in the old farmhouse—Uncle Ethan, Prescott; Phoebe, his wife; Alan, Prescott, their nephew who, from New York, and Jim Meeker, the hired man, were there to do a day of conversation; they were all hungry; the three elders because of the work they had done before breakfast, and Alan, because his vacation had been so short; he was sharing an appetite that a long illness had left feeble; still, though the talk was not minimized, it was not without interest, and Jim, who planned to be away after the fall down, said:

"I mean to go around country way."

After a companionable pause, Uncle Ethan's thoughts took him back to his "photograph," he said casually, "Did I tell you I saw goslings track over in the south meadow next the woods yesterday?"

Uncle Ethan puffed in his eating, and his voice sounded strained, "Yes, Jim," he said gravely, "You did, and I might right to hear it now, I thought we'd got rid of those varmints last year. Like as not we'll be meeting them again."

"Goslings?" queried Alan. "Doubtless mean goslings, uncle."

"No, Alan," his uncle answered quietly. "Gosling is right. It's a different animal from the cougar. Gosh, there aren't any goslings now. Jim means gosling right enough—albeit gosling; that's the critter's full name. I suppose I've heard of it before, Jim."

"I suppose," answered Jim. "He was travelling easy. He won't be back for a good while. Still, there may be others."

Alan was bewildered. He hesitated, and then, since neither of the men offered to speak again, he asked, "How can you tell that this one won't be back again? I mean, Uncle Ethan, in the world has the distance all the way round that range got to do with it?"

Uncle Ethan looked at the boy a trifle uneasily. "It's not my fault, I assure you. I've been to school and raised in the city, Alan," he said. "But even so you ought to have known something at school about the cougars, I mean. Rightfully you have been studying about snakes and hippos, and giraffes and and such like strange barnacles that live in foreign parts, and haven't learned anything about the critters of your own country. I like to know what the schools are going to anyhow. Well, well, it ain't your fault, I assure you."

"About this gosling," Jim fell naturally into the role of teacher, and out West I believe they call him the whitewall, but probably they're just trying to be funny. There ain't much funnier than to get all the way around the range to get here again. And since he's gone off on the whitewall that way he has to have his two legs on the downhill 'till longer than the two on the uphill 'till he gets home again. And, exactly the way his legs are built, you know the rudiments about a whitewall, Alan."

Uncle Ethan returned gravely. "My uncle, I'm afraid, has quite a bit of catching up to do with the others. Jim was solemnly polishing off his plate. Aunt Phoebe was gazing abstractedly over her coffee cup at the window outside the whitewall, perhaps, but she did not twinkle slightly, but Alan was not sure. Certainly it was not a time to laugh. He checked himself, and his round eyes peered innocently through his horn spectacles at his uncle.

"I see," he said quietly, "Thank you, Uncle Ethan."

All the rest of the morning Alan noted rather oddly. Instead of following the men to watch them work or go out under the apple trees with a book he wandered in the house until then in the barnyard, which he seemed to be studying as if he were going to improve it. Once his aunt saw him and a sudden desire to help him impelled her to the screen door, looked in at him with a curious, whimsical expression and then vanished. Finally he came to the buttery window where he was sipping milk and grinned at her.

"Aunt Phoebe!" he said.

"What know that whitewall gosling was telling about breakfast?"

"Aunt Phoebe bent her head hastily. "You child, what about it?"

"I suppose you were to hear of some other or strange animal, could you remember to have read about it or something?"

In spite of herself Aunt Phoebe said, "Well, that's all right then, because I might be telling Uncle Ethan about once in a while."

"All right, I'll keep you up. Only I wouldn't be in a hurry with it. Lead on."

A look of acute understanding passed between the two adults. "The boy's a wit, without, until finally he bursts into a short laugh. Then he vanishes again.

At noon when Uncle Ethan and Jim came in from the fields they sat down, each in his bit of a chair between them, but they were sober enough when they sat down to dinner. "Until the meal was almost ended everyone talked of

everyday matters. Then Uncle Ethan added casually, "See any more goslings tracks, Jim?"

"I've had a mouthful of pho," he said seriously. "Glad to say I didn't. But I did hear something from Jim Meeker that disturbed me a little. He said that Uncle Ethan's son, John, had found his gun.

"John?" exclaimed Uncle Ethan. "What?"

"John," answered Jim, "but that you know what an idiot he is."

A silence followed. The men seemed to be pondering the bad qualities of the infant.

"Is an adoght anything like a gosling, Uncle Ethan?" Alan asked a little timidly.

"Uncle Ethan came out of his reverie with a start. He eyed his nephew cloudy. "Why, of course not, Uncle Alan, you—but there, I keep forgetting you're not a gosling. You're a boy, a strong, brave boy, and it gives you heart and spirit to the end."

"If he's strong, prouder, braver, it's you who's to blame it to him. He can't read his tombs when he's dead."

"It's the words of true encouragement that you give him, let him know it. Let the words of true encouragement be with him, let him know it. Do not tell till life is over and he's underneath the clover."

"Put him to bed, when he's dead, when he's dead." —George A. Turner.

**The Flavor Appeals**  
**"SALADA"**  
**is the nation's Beverage.**

To the most critical of tastes. That's why the sale is so great and ever increasing.

**THE MAKING OF A LAWN**

In a second whether those tracks are mud whistlers or not?"

Unfortunately, since it was vacation time, Professor Mott, a high-school teacher at Oliver High, had left town. He had not been able to get a job, and the tracks were obliterated. But already several neighbors had seen them, and many had heard about them. In the first place, the tracks were not in the lawn, but in the garden, and outside the house. Jim and Jim repeated the mud whistler theory until they came to accept it as fact that they had been made by a mud whistler. The area of this will depend upon the amount of land available. In this case, the theory should not lead them from the tracks to the house site. In excavating, remove all the rich surface soil separately. The author from the excavation is entitled to a percentage of the profits, and so on.

"The test of life is living. The test of worth is surviving. He who survives and his wife, and his children, and his wife, though death releases his grasp on the ransom of an empire. He who finds life bitter is a failure, though the king who rules an empire and the ruler of the world is a failure. The carpenter who hangs a door well is a success; the carpenter who hangs a door crooked is a failure. In the possession of ten talents, he who uses nine talents is more honest, in the possession of ten, he who uses nine is more honest."

"To keep clean to do good work, to earn friends, to be happy, and healthy, to improve, to have opportunity, to serve others, to be useful, and not to whine—this is success. There is no greater; there is no other." —Pop.

When tatty and messy play of a kingdom, the general winner—Shakespeare.

**WHAT WOULD HAPPEN**

There are some married couples who contract each other over trifles from daylight until dark. Of such a type were Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

At first they were getting along. The joint was a little warmer still, until, when the dessert arrived, both husband and wife could scarcely eat for imagination.

Then the wife interrupted herself to say to her husband, in a plaintive voice: "I don't know what would happen, Paul, if you ever agreed with me."

Mr. Paul looked at his better half and sighed. "I'd be wrong," he said. "I'd be wrong."

**BUGGERS**

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The lawn should be an permanent

attraction, the lawns equal in

attractiveness. The author is in

time to do the grading and filling.

This should be done at intervals,

allowing heavy rains to settle the

transformation, and then, before

the final grading, ploughing and rough tilling of the spring. This will prevent depression developing after

the rain, and the lawns will be

more attractive.

The seedling should be very heavy.

The heat lawns are made by having

several thin stalks of grass.

The Kentucky Blue Grass is

sown at the rate of about 60 lbs. or

4 pounds per acre. It weighs 14 lbs.

to the bushel. The seed merchants sell

the seed in bags.

Before they went to bed that night Uncle Ethan and Jim made a large box trap, and it was a success. After the trap was set, the boy learned, was not early the next morning. Jim was out a little before usual. He looked at the trap, called Uncle Ethan, and they discussed the way to investigate the contents of the box.

Uncle Ethan was a deep

thinker, but Uncle Ethan softly,

"Just as well we didn't get the pro-

fessor and the neighbor, Jim."

Jim was surprised. After a minute he drawled, "D'you suppose, Ethan, there was ever two bigger fools than we?"

"Not possible," said Uncle Ethan.

And yet they had captured the one

and only mud whistler in existence.

The body was made of an old nail,

the tail was one of Aunt Phoebe's

old stockings, the head and bill

was a piece of wire.

Uncle Ethan didn't come down to breakfast until the others had begun to eat. He saw nothing odd about the men when he sat down to his meal of nothing but bacon and eggs. "I'm not doing any harm about the men when I eat down to my last bite," he said, "but I'm not doing any harm about the men when I eat down to my last bite."

"Uncle Ethan, I've been thinking that after we catch that mud whistler we ought to let the trap over in the south lawn, and then we can catch another," he said.

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