INSPIRATIONS Bruce, with eyes growing wider, Watened a perservering spider. And swiped the English army on the no Newton, sitting on a wall. Watched an autumn apple fall And found That gravity brought apples to the ground.

Watt, observing someone's kettle Boiling near the chimney settle 1 A patent engine that amased manking I have looked at spiders tailing. Apples falling, kettles boiling: My hat!

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Writing Speels My The The From From by

GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE It really is too hot. Priends of mine: To think an awful fot Friends of mine: So I am going to—if I may—. Try another kind of way To pass the news to-day, Friends of mine.

The "biddles" make me a Go they do: Every day they ver me more, Yes, they do!' From dawn to set of sun They think it lots of tun Eating eggs up, one by one,

I found the amners out. Yes, I did: And I said, "Your number's out," Yes, I did!
In a sack I popped the three—
No more you'll bother me. For the butcher you shall see." And they did.

I've been canning all the week, In the heat: I'm most too tired to speak, Wreck complete The cherries, with their pite most drove me into fits. I am nearly worn to bits,

Partner's cutting woods Round the fence Wasting lots of scode In a sense: Chicory and thistle. To see them makes you whistle, There's no sense in threshing thistle—

Moll, of course: "I wish you'd show some gumption. You disturb my train of thought, Just after it a been caught. Now another must be sought. With remorat

"Your Daddy's coming in?" There's supper yet to get, Think of that! What's on the celler floor? "A screp of meat no more." Good-bye-no time for me; . Bother drat!

a good night's rest and feel better for tired of farm life, Mrs. Day?" which I am sure our readers will be "I am!" but you see it was this way. After get- will be tryin' to sell, like I am." Partner thought it would be outle a said John. and the foregoing verses are the result, pale even .

find I have missed half of them, so my progress, all the time, consists of one Betty. to think about, which I received from an unknown operespondent, who was kind so, Mr. Smith!" "enough to say she reads "Ginger Parm" her letter, in which she said, "I am paying for hard work."

There must be hundreds perhaps I in the city, there we will live." tered throughout Canada who are bodily John missed the Whitneys. He and dren entered school and adored the long with Junior with Junior ontany of the chilpaying for hard work but how many Howard Whitney had been bels from walk across fields. Betty loaded herself three as Betty and Junior displayed their are there who, in spite of it, are "young boyhood, and Belle had gone to the same with weeds and wild flowers indisprim- treasures was music to our older ears. in mind and spirit"? Broken health is school too the little one-room district mately and presented them daily to her Howard and Belle were all appreciafinitely worse. Our health is to a certain extent, beyond our control, but our moral siamina, our attitude towards life and the circumstances governing our existence, is absolutely a matter of personal-

You know those lines of Henley's? "It metters not how strait the gate How charged with punishments I am the master of my fate;
I am the baptain of my soul."
And then in the first verse he says: I thank whatever gods may be 'Por my moonquerable soul."

from having "an unconquerable soul"? Some of us, we know, are called upon to bear a lot more than others, but none of us go through life without our quota of screew and suffering but if only we can remain, like my correspondent, sell!" there smything more tregto then to design might sell the place." see a parson, young in years yet old, so who work so hard from daylight to dark it fool anybody!" don't let your tolling cloud your vision. "Fool anyhodyla" Take time from your work to- see the finer things of life, enjoy your little lampt But I can cheer it up." and nothing is more certain to keep you

NOT AT HOME

"A man interested in social work went to figuring. toto a femement district and, wishing to John installed the new clothes posts. Mr. Smith wants to sell too," see a certain man, but having only a 20 was gratifying to have plenty of line, . "Oh, why did you do that? Let's sell Little Helen: "Just look at the tomy pengral ides as to where he lived, ap- immovably supported by those nest, slim them ours! I'll write and invite them for weeny pickles! Oan I sat oner with how," he said "our you show me ony dealy work, not lingering to house!"

With how," he said "our you show me ony dealy work, not lingering to house!" where Mr. Janks lives and the clothes posts. Clothes worn The Whitneys promptly accepted our Betty: (gobbling): "I cat 'em. They make the boy, countries a massen went unfromed. I planned every invitation. Then the Henleys invited us! grew on my own pickle vine."

This pay simples a control of the co

The Bree Bress Short Stork

THE HANGING LAMP

MELOENA BURNS DENNY

into the dust.

After all I had endured that morning. the socident was too horrible, . I went hand pat my shoulder.

hate the tarm! The wash bench wabbles! -Ind I'm only thirty-two!"

clothes," said John. I swished in, but not to rest. It was

time to set the table in the diningroom-five hundred extra steps. I housekad about in weary haste. A fly sought sanctuary on the hanging lamp. I swated the lamp with peculiar astisfacton. for I hated it. Its glass pondents lingled with an absurdly merry sound. I began to leugh.

I laughed more when I looked out and saw John hanging the clothes at strange angles between two apple trees. A shining our passed with a flutter of hands John flapped a towel gayly. What would walts myself." the Henleys think of me? Another neighbor approached Life Smith. pleased but not pleasant speciator. Hi whole name was Life Liberty Pursuit Smith or so we judged from his initials. Certainly he was always in pursuit of as with advice and commiserations.

"Dinner!" I called. John waved the last towel. Junior and the house as if I had called him too. He so they would stand soap. Pirst I sized anybody offered me that for mine!" slapped John on the back with a loud them-a process easy but essential. Then

of missed seein' John hang out the vety. I curtained his windows in vel- to a number of my city friends about live here? On this farm? Do you?" Munday wesh for a farm. Clo's post broke low, and together Junior and I mended it." my place any day!"

Mr. Smth?" I was trying to stand so he enemy the codling-moth. found your freezer yet? You atn't! What great to have some space all your own! The above nonsensical efficient was guess I'll have to buy a freezer!" He look- in the city?" written yesterday since then I have had ed at me piercingly. "Ain't you about

truly grateful. It is really too bad of "Pity you ever tried it, an' John get- what we called our museum pieces-relical me to land anything like that on you, in' good money in the city. Next you of maid's room furniture. We changed bugging the family.

weeds and oh, dear, it is surely some gin' at him to save up an' make you an did that kiss make it dirty?" job. My feet est all tangled on the offer. But the ghost scared 'am out. "Never mind. Rise it again." It will "Let's hold out for ten thousand!" I alfalfa and just when I think I have Whother you believe in 'em or not, a wash." wooded so thoroughly I look back and ghost lowers the value of your farm.

almost sure which it .. is. Must you the room so?"

young in mind and beart, but bodily in his kind elderly way the is two months paint for you when it's pouring."

tually carer to enrollt

demanded Betty, close to tears. I had a daunting vision of the big a puzzle to me. But of gourse the view! It rests my eyes, And the winter dog occupying our tiny apartment to the Henleys were unusual people. The chil- silencel. Aliqually, Elizabeth, I draw my exclusion of ourselves.

"We'll see, dear." spoke with low-volced reasonableness, as red apples on!" grinned John. If to himself. too much," I quavered. "I'm; worn out. flung the whole house, as it were, before feast there were punctulations like this: Four months trying to get settled! I him, 'The kitchen was deep cream, with Belle: "What delicious turkey, Elim-

set them in dement."

better for ourselves and how much more He, smiled whimsically. "I' don't know too, pleasant for those with whom we live but what two strong posts of chaste

"It's all so nely like that hanging it are so pretty!"

he said hearthy. "Go to it!" Spend a is so ugly it's almost beautiful. Now her arm falling out off?"

A hundred dollars. We could not afford it. But it would come back us. They have inherited a little money." plucky? Well, the jelly has a good quadruple th a sale, I felt sure. I fell "The Whitneys." I was dumbfounded sporting flavor!"

clothes-line broke | ped to make the children partners with No, not the clothes-line. That you and me-to let them raise a calf or was new. The ancestral clothes pig apiece every year and enjoy the post! It had aimply fainted. Down profit. It isn't merely a back-to-the- you've got, wontant" went the united sarments of the family, farm movement our country needs it's a "Land sakes, wasn't it anything but stay-on-the-farm plan that will keep the that limb rubbin' an' grounin'?" young people interested."

"But the wives! Are farms forever aboud. Presently I felt ! his husband's going to have worked-to-death wives?" "I won't!" I raged. "I wen't go on eyes read from a clipping his pooket ghost?" living in Tilliourn Valley for ever! I yielded. "Here is the pronouncement of some intelligent farm women: 'A power us plan to sell!" The tube are preposterous! The pump washing machine for every tractor; a Pursuit with a cold, thoughtful, eye "Really, my children have every hour minks the Dr. cums in and charges pa creaks! My skirts swish! My shoos bathtub for every binder; running water was seemingly in the threes of some taken. Their obligations are be exacting a for the pall. It was him which come! Every Monday of my life forever for every riding plaw; a kerosene cook thrifty scheme. "Times sin't favorable as mine. Where is the time for the long called up. stove for every automobile truck: a fire- for sales!". "Go in and rest, darling, I'll ringe the less cooker for every mowing machine:

and their share in the farm income." like & futurist sun. "There!" said Juntor admiringly.

ruess if any buyers come now, that sunmer squash would self the place!" "What a lovely yellow! Betty, I'm goshine! Peter Pease is coming to-morrow friend dozen't buy." to do the seilings, but I'm going to do the

"I want my walls the color of that Day?" squash," declared Junior.

cleaned the flues and sutters and pronounced the old house firm as a rock ... weeked the mud-colored tint from the

smack off, eh? Rotten al the roots like and rubbed old walnut furniture that had the rest of this old place! Them I-talian been John's mother's. Junior undertook figurative!" John can fix in three. That Tony was a what skill he showed with tools! "He always said five thousand." pests from the carwig that imperilled scouring a pan. "Dinner is ready. Won't you join us. Betty's flower garden to our ancient John made a memorandum.

Yes, and I remembered how he had to Poor Pursuit seemed torn in twain.

sleep on that same couch. . . Betty's room had been furnished in fast. "You'll be lucky if you can get four time she entered her room.

"What's a ghost mother?" asked little John said with shining eyes. ""Junior's room used to have trunks in it. I re- begins, you know."

John put both hands on my shoulders art, Eithebeth. You may be brittle. I'll welcome. The logs blesed, the windows my scolor and said, "We are going to be But I couldn't resist climbing. Be- turkey, which the Il nievs had given us. Sth. If our happiness lies sides, John was working like two men, made the kitchen eloquent. The guestshould say thousands of women scat . "Near the Whitneys again?" I know gesting the farm shipshape, The chil- Whitney was to sleep with Betty. Dean school with the tall oak tree and the teacher in the solemn belief that they tion. They looked out past the orchard pump, where my own children were ac- were all beautiful. And her teacher did to the hills. They had come a long

woods on her deal "We can't take my pony." 'Unior "The very same detk I used to put over them!"

work and work, and my hair strings groen and gray linoleum. It had green both!" down, and to cap all when the clothes checked gingham curtains at the win- 'I: "The Henleys sent it over when dows that seemed to invite the whole they learned you were coming. They "I'm going to get you from posts and, outdoors to come a little closer, "The warm the cockles of my heart, those living-room guest-room and our bed- people!" "Every little improvement helps a sale," diningroom, was smart, in new paint, their neighborliness touches everyone

lamp?" I urged. boyish, schamed look of lovalty.

children and the companionship of your pretty, confessed John. "But I read so "Well, I'm glad of that!" I gasped. "John!" Wild, crabapple!" (experty) many good books under its light when "Maybe our buyers will be mid-Victori- "Don't you remember the little tree by young then to act young and feel young. I was a boy-" Then, changing his tone, an," I re-considered, "Really, the lamp the schoolhouse? The one Belle broke

let our buyers come!" "Elizabeth, the Whitneys may buy from and begged her not to cry. Wasn't she

house now sweet polish the doorknobs. I work but there was fittle to do to the time on a single wordy: "Pumpkin ple!" mond part for made minos-meet and arranged my jelly pie. I killed a thousand squash bugs for display.

"That smell will sell the house!" oried I: "You have behaved beautifully. Now ny little ocho, Botty, drawing an intoxifor the treatt" cated-breath. "I wish I had a bottle of apple perfume!"

Neighbor Smith and watched ou undertakings with amaginent, not to any distavor. Karly one morning, when the wind was in an unusual quarter, Junior found the

Mr. Smith chanced to be passing. "What -aro and dolo" up in that alm tree, John?" he abouted. "Bawing off the ghost!" John reares

"Pursuit's coming in!" I giggled, wab-Whitney, "By Jove," we played authors

"Why hardly!" John with twinkling late to soil, now you've mabbed the forth. Bolle and I gossiped about high

"No! Buyers ain't to be found! Farm guttier. We can't save. The children "Fine!" I approved. "I hope my mid- lands have let down-prices have drop- lieve no idea of thrift. And soon they sided that she is not a going to have cessor can work 'that out." At that ped so tile crops sin't worth a nickel, will be in their teens and then-gonel's cates enny more but she has ben have moment the children came in with a I'd like to sell and clean out. But if I've "What I was most is friends. But ing Hay fever all this time and must

five hundred and cash fer your whole teacher." "I place, complete." I trembled, but John threw down limb of the ghost with great coolness. "I think I have a buyer, Mr. Smith, children, Belle?" ing to make your walls all mellow sun- I'll consider your offer, however, if my

> "Has he seen it?" pried Pursuit. "He's coming on New Year's Day." "You're sick of the place, sin't you, Mrs. spring." Dean returned to his authors. got sent to bed only toolts without no

"Oh, I don't know!" I said airily. I After all, why not? I might as well let him look at me as sharply as he wealn. please the children, even if I were paint- wished, and I didn't try to hide my feet. Since my house was in order, my hair Next day Peter Pease, who had already was usually in order, too; and my dress. friends. People make friends, but they up with girls witch has got a fever becur "Boot cash!"

"His will be spot cash too." To my despair. Mr. Smith stopped his children's rooms and did the cellings in want my answer now. By beck, thave a and permanence of the country more." fat horses, descended, and embled toward ivory. I had decided to paint the walls, lot of money, John! I'd jump at it if , "How levely it would be," I exclaimed pa's vacashun yet he wants to go up in John pame down out of his tree. I mixed bull and ivory for Junior's room, you give me an option on your place, for using a flat-tone paint that looked val- thirty days, for five thousand, I'll write

tenents did more harm in two year than to make shelves. It was astonishing "Well what is your price, then? You ting here, by our own fire on New Year's knows how attacks of asthms often keep born loafer. Even when John's folks assembled all his boyish treasures: books, "Seven thousand five hundred—not a local base of his cent less!" said our neighbor, with a have I felt it. I believe L have found day of business, and yet, business must mine, an' I'd jump at five thousand fer strange new collection of agricultural rasping noise in his bony throat, like contenument."

couldn't see my shoes.

I didn't care for them, but Junior "Sign it?" grated Pursuit, trying to I know that tarm to "No, I jest come in to ask if you've beamed and embraced me. ""Bay, it's look offended. "Ain't my word good?" Hen used to own it." "Will you alon that?" "Bign it?" grated Pursuit, trying to I know that farm fire a book. Uncle did them I talians do with it? We always Remember how I had to keep my boxes you as I do. They might not even bother used to borrow from John's folks, but I of boetles under the dining-room couch to answer unless I write them definitely that I have an ontion."

"We've had a real offer!" I hurrahed, old friends. We sat, Belle's hand in them to ivory enamel. The room develop- Strangely enough, my elation did not ting to the end of my canning orgy, "I am planning to sell in the spring," od in an ethereal pink, between shell last. We were so comfortable in our pink and ivory: I put bluebird and apple- clean kitchen, we four! ... John looked so good idea if I busted myself to the seed . At these incredible words I graped blossom cretonne at the windows and healthy and fine, the children were so alfalfa and pulled out some of the weeds Never had John uttered one syllable copied the bluebird and synte-blossom calm and rosy, and I felt pretty fit mybefore they went to seed and as this is before about selling. My joyful glance motif on her bed and dresser and rock- self. The toast was golden, the eggs

a tentions tob, requiring very little mental flew to Mr. Smith. A strange gleam of ing chair; and every place there was a wore buff apells of a delicate roughness. effort. I amused myself at your expense triumph seemed to retreat into his cold, knob, I made it blue. Betty expanded unallokened by age, and when I broke and glowed and kissed the walls every them in the sputtering pan they stood up. And the fully quivered in its glass I have just come in again from pulling thousand. Tony's wife was always nag- . "Pink is so beautiful, mother! Oh, bowl, and the cream chugged when you . tried to pour it-

"How the children love your work!" "The place is worth it," said John. "I "A short, precious, is a limb rubbing member the drip, drip, drip of rain on Though Pursuit pushed us for a deci-To day, while I was set I had a letter against the roof in a wind. Junior is the porch outside. How did you brighten sion and in anguish of spirit raised his hid to seven thousand five hundred, we "I made it yellow!" I boasted. "Junior told him we were in honor bound to let Then, when he was gone, "Oh, John! demanded it. If our buyers come in a our friends see the place before we sold. with the greatest interest every week. I Do you really mean you are willing to storm, this room will sell the house!" 'The Whitneys, arrived New Year's

glistened, the arous of the twelve-pound make them beautiful. How Mary Henley, way, but Tillicum Valley was their birth-"Oan we take Rover to the city?" with her college education, could be con- place. "How can you bear to leave tent to teach the little home school was Mondowlark Parm?" said Belle. "That dren drew inspiration from even the feet up in my sleep sometimes. I have a nightmare that the trains will run

The table, with a controplece of our In October, John had to go to the lown fruit, looked delightfully opulent "John, I don't want to influence you city for a week. When he returned I At intervals through our New Year's

"Don't" I protested. "We've going to room were fresh with new paper-maybe John: "Wonderful heighbors. In the Poter Pease and I hadn't worked! The city they'd be well, hard to know. Here They were neighborly even with our "Cen't we take down the hanging Italian tenants. Tony, I guess, was the soum of the earth-not at all like the "Then get them!" I cried. "And watch "Why, you" John agreed, with that good Italian farmers down the valley. old in spirit, Oh, farmers' wives, you what I'do to this house! I can make look in his eyes I'd seen before a scoret, They fled this house because of the shoet." (A long story of the ghost, which "" "Oh, mother, the roses and the bes on was even then cracking cheerfully in

the fireplace.) "Tt isn't a bee," objected Junior pains- Howard: "What's this racy jolly?" · Howard: "We gave her our two apple

"They know this farm. I told them John: "It's a big tree now, It's getting along, "like us."

Junior: "You may thank me for that Next year I know how to kill a million! John was as boyleh as Junior. For, Only," (crestfallen) "I don't suppose the

John (pouring proudly): "Holts older!" "Howard: "Whoop!" Holls: "How clear it is how it spark-

John: "I filtered it through Crystal Itavine sand the way father used to." Howard: Fretty good-whith For & ulty bhap! This begreat! Well, here's to our happiness, wherever we all are un next New Year's Day! When our feast was finished and the dishes werb washed, the children played authors under the hanging lamp. "The same lamp!" remembered Howard

in that very spot!" We sat drive by the fire, and talked intimately, as dear friends of the same uge and station in life are likely to do. "Apparently not. We caught it in the John and Howard discussed the hard work on the farm, in contrast with the Mr. Smith hung round. "Hill calcu- exhausting efforts a city man must put rents and close quarters, the strife to keep "Why, it wasn't the ghost that made in fashion, movies, danging classes, home and pa sed the they cuddent becur ma work and children's parties.

thoughts of childhood? We seldem spend an evening home, all four of us to band dyed last week and she got to squash from our garden. I throned it on got to stay, I need more alfalfa land for flue people live here, of course, like the go to Mishagen or Muskoky. a, black enamelled tray, where it shope my critters. I'll offer four thousand lienleys, Mary Henley is the children's

> year I graduated. I suppose she was seen her put on her hat and take pa's six. Well well, well Who teaches our books book I went to sleep under the "Oh, they have a number of teachers." med me. But the teacher told us a

"Under O I want-"

"I should visit school more. What I Wensday-Jake says he had not miss mont," Belle turned to me, "Is Skutch curren witch all ways trys to date lose them on moving day. I love the he herd the old adverts about you must city, love what is gives you-music art. feed a cold and starve a fever and be "I'll make it five thousand, since I lectures; but I think I love the peace suddenly, "If you would buy the Smith the north to the fishin camp but me says farm and be our neighbors!"

"Why, Elizabeth Do you really mean you could make vourself contented to I think I flushed .. "Contented?" I sum uther nicer musemint Park. "Well, now, he, he, he! I was speaking mused. "That's just it! There's something so real and satisfying about sit-

> still be carried through. All this night "If Life Smith's farm can be bought suffering and lack of rest can be avoided for less than eight thousand dollars-" by the prompt use of Dr. J. D. Kellogr's considered Howard Whitney. "You see, Asthma Remedy, which positively does

"It can be bought for seven thousand five hundred!" said John. "Then. Belle, why don't we buy it?" the hill!" said Bells, in a hushed, ardent Pinelly he signed. We went in to break- voice.

A wonderful allegee fell upon us four eves rested upon our children, playing authors under the hanging lang.



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SLATS' DIARY

BY ROSS PARQUHAR Friday-Risy got a licken last nite she

Was It kist her to the Hammuck and ahn sed she diddent no what she Was tawking about. She told the truth I gess. All I no about it was that I was there with her about eight-30 and I found out later that Pus Stevens was there at 9 g'clock, Done with wimen for avet.

Baterday - well we ketched pe tonite. Bum buddy rung the telefone and when pa anawerred they ast he and me to cum over and play aum bridge was verry sick so in a bout twenty

Bunday-Ole Mrs. Orumo witch's hus-

Muliday-well I got toto trubble b. m. Ma had gave me orders to ell the Little Mary? She entered the lon more and mow the lan and when I tree and then she ketched me and lamsaid Belle vaguely. "They are all very Bunday skool that we must always be fine, I think. Dean, lan't your teacher true to are beleaf and I beloafed she had went down town.

suppor just becus I moved a chare. The "Well, well, woll!" mused . Howard trubble was I moved it just's second befor pe set down on it.

wants to do his good term evry day. Thirsday-well we havent settled shout

she cuddent stand to hear the Maskeston singing at nite and pa says well at lease they woodent have any Yuukalaylies. Probably we will go to Atlantick city or All Night with Aschma. Everyone

drive away the attacks.

SATISFACTORY REPLY Ho-Dearest, why don't you make the bread mother used to make?" She-"And why don't you make the dough father used to make?"

IN THE ROUGH It was a hot, suitry session in the ourts and the judge was thinking other han judicial thoughts. Phially the lawyer said: "He claims his wife was intractable, your Honor,

and he beat her into submission with a



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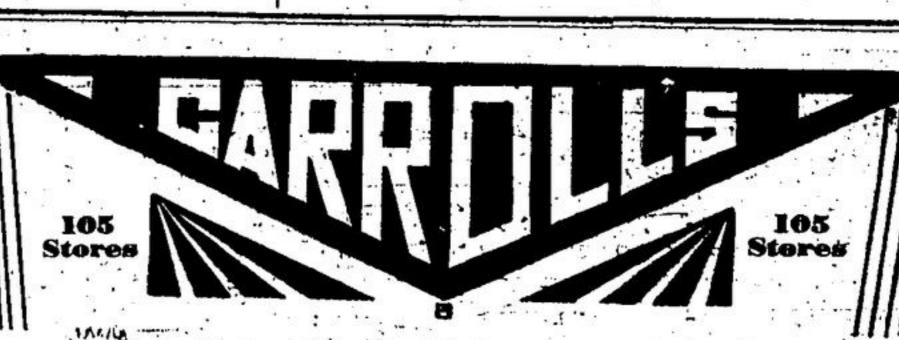
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