

"sweetbow" apples, spicy pears and succulent plums!

Mr. Lane traveled all over the country buying young horses which he shipped east in carload lots in the fall after he had fed them all summer and "broken" them to drive and ride.

His young guests were thrilled to see how Mr. Lane would come up beside a skittish colt, win its confidence, then suddenly slip a bridle over its head and a bit in its mouth. The colt would rear and tear and lash out with its feet; but finally, under the guidance of the long reins and the soothing tones of Mr. Lane's voice, would quiet down and eventually allow itself to be guided right or left, would start or stop as the reins commanded.

After a few days of becoming accustomed to the bridle, the horse would be saddled quickly. Again the colt would react with nervous excitement. When this had subsided, Mr. Lane would run along beside the animal for a moment and, with his hand on the pommel of the saddle, take a flying leap as the horse dashed off on a mad gallop to the end of the big pasture. The children would hold their breaths. Mr. Lane was short and stocky, and it seemed as if he would never be able to run fast enough or jump high enough to mount that flying steed.

But he always did! In fifteen minutes horse and rider would come back as peacefully as if they had been riding together for years.

Mr. Lane took the children with him on country trips