

THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1920

THE WINNING WAY

If you put a little lovin' into all the work you do, it's a little bit of gladness and a little bit of fun; a little bit of sweethearts and a little bit of fun. And the world will be attractive and the world will want to look. And the thinkin' of a break.

In the finished job. And then the thinkin' of a break.

With a world's appreciation of the things you've found to do.

Jus' a little bit of lovin' and a little bit of song.

In a sort of make it straight and true and clean and strong;

And the work that you're doin', may never before you know, will have set the world a-tumblin'.

With a little wind that blows.

More than you had dreamt or hoped you'll find the bit of lovin' you have put into the same.

Hus' a little bit of lovin' and come back to you in fame.

Them that drive for fame shall indeed find that's what they ought to do.

But, if you're not ambitious and if you put some of you in the task that before you and you put some of you in the task that you're not up to, then run it glad of heart and eager-eyed.

You will find the world is turnin' you past, and look your way.

You will find that there's a sweetnes in the task of every day.

And pretty soon will speak your name and you'll find you have found lovin' and you'll find you have found fame.

—Houston Post.

HELEN'S HARVESTERS

By S. G. Mosher

DOUG SCOTT was whistling as he returned to the house. He had gone as far as the road with the departing guests, since the nail-scarred wire gate for the ranch was hard for city people to manipulate.

"It has been a pleasant day," he remarked as he re-entered the living-room. "I wish now to see Fanny and Will, and those other people who brought out with them wake us up. Why, Helen, what is the matter?"

Helen raised her flushed face from a pillow, crumpled soft pillows. She looked at the man over the rim of the bottom of the settee. "Let us not waste any more time. What is the matter?"

"Not the dishes go till morning," quoth Doug.

"I am nearly nine o'clock; I am so tired I don't stand, and all those dishes must be washed. And your wash is the same." Helen was beginning to feel ashamed of her outburst.

"I am sorry I snapped at you, Bob, but to do my duty. All summer our friends have been coming out from the city, every Sunday and every holiday, as we kept a sum-

"But to descend on us like this in hand-to-hand combat. We haven't had a chance to change clothes."

"We will take a pic-nic lunch and a boat ride, and spend the afternoon by the lake. I'm not coming back here until after supper."

"Probably they don't realize how much time is about a farmhouse," Bob pleaded.

"Well, some of them will find out how much work there is to be done. But I prophesied darkly, 'I wouldn't mind if they did any real-pretty about it; but they are anxious to think that we might like a day in the city."

"We couldn't leave the farm; cows have to be milked and pigs fed on holidays the same as other days."

"The farm is going to look after it- self next Sunday," his wife said, "Hilma, help me out, we will have to send old Dan to the buggy, and well drive over to Pigeon Ridge for the morning work."

"We haven't had a chance to change clothes," Helen said, "we wound up the clock and put the cut out."

"I had an idea, turned into their mind, and she turned it over and over before she went to sleep. 'I'll do it,' she decided at last, 'if I get a chance, I'll call them to work in the field. Sunbury, we aren't another holiday until Thanksgiving.'

Helen was up at five next morning. With the elasticity of youth she had recovered her strength, and as she baked and wound dishes, she herself, recalling almost with pleasure the visit of the day before. After all, if only they would come to stay. If only they would not come at all in the harvest season. Helen remembered the theasterer whom months had come by without a word from their city friends. Of course the country was picturesquely in the sun, but, unfortunately, the cold winter, that time of year was also the busy season on the farm.

At sunrise Bob announced that he had stopped cutting for the day and meant to spend the afternoon stocking. "But, Bob, the wheat is more than ready to cut, and the oats are ripe, too," Helen remonstrated.

"It is no use cutting, we can't afford it," Bob replied, as he helped himself to another piece of raisin pie, and coming out to help this afternoon."

"But there are nearly forty acres out. I stopped cutting for the day because I wanted to spend the afternoon stocking. "But, Bob, the wheat is more than ready to cut, and the oats are ripe, too," Helen remonstrated.

"I don't think I'll take one," she responded. "I'm afraid it's no good."

"Oh, I had forgotten that the duck season had opened. You remember

last year Walter Hunter brought some of his friends out for a day's shooting. You don't suppose—"

"That was on Labor Day, which had already gone by this year. It's probably the most exciting day of the year."

"Ioh, how would it do to hire some women to help stock?"

"Where would we find them? All the ranchers' wives and daughters are married, and the world is full of women."

"I might get some of those half-breeds from the cities. I have not noticed any of them going duck-shooting, but last winter they seemed glad enough to earn a little money by sewing dresses."

"Good idea!" Bob agreed. "Better drive over there this afternoon."

"No, we must get the wheat stocked first thing, and then we will plan to go to the Ridge on Wednesday."

"All that day and the next, I have heard favorably. They feared that the fine weather would not last, and they were anxious to get the grain safely stored, as well as possible. After breakfast we loaded up. Helen was just about to start home when she heard the noise of an auto and ran to the window. A car full of people was coming up the driveway. Bob, on the blinder at the back of the friendly wave of the driver. He thought the driver of the car was Walter Hunter, and hoped that his wife would be running to meet him.

Helen was on the verandah when the car stopped, and Eve Hunter sprang out. "How are you, Helen?" she asked. "We haven't seen you for an age; aren't you getting thin?" You know Nan Crosby, and this is my cousin Elmer Torrey."

"And, of course, we've been waiting for you and Arthur," Helen said. "We were out shooting with my last year!"

Walter said, "The mayor proclaimed to-day a civic holiday, so we just

left."

What Walter thought was never known, for Helen broke in, "Oh yes, we read in the paper that the mayor was asking people to go out in the country, and not to buy tickets."

"Wasn't it fine of him to proclaim a holiday?" I'm glad as many of you have been out at our wits' end to get help. Now, I know that you have good sense to wear sturdy boots and heavy shoes; stocking is hard on good clothes."

Walter looked hesitatingly at the two young men, a number of fact he had planned them a good day's shooting at the ranch, and had warned them to wear suitable clothes. "But before you come to the ranch, bring in those clothes—and those French heels. Even if you bring anything more sensible."

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