

THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1922

IN A LITTLE COUNTRY TOWN

When the powers that be were busily attending to my race, I picked up my education, and qualified for the Horseshoe race. They put back the love of cities to its lofty piggery. And I founded me a common, undiluted, small-town son.

For I have a country village with its mapleshaded street, Where you hear a word of friendliness from everyone you meet. And I founded me a common, undiluted, small-town son.

Oh, you hear the city boasting that it has a more modern school, but the small town treats you better, where you know as you are known; If there's nothing like its malice when you're not little. Yet there's nothing like its kindness when you're watching by your door.

And it's like a larger family, in its way prides and blames. When they love you, they love the name; They may score you for your person, but they help you when you're down.

For hours beat close together, in a little country town. —Ella Heath Olmstead.

What Jonas Found in the Meadow Barn

Josiah Sweet

HIS wind has howled out to the northeast, Jonas, and if I mistake not, we're in for a snowstorm," remarked Mr. Pooler upon coming from the kitchen afternoons. "I don't know when I have felt such a chill in the air as I did while driving home from the village. You better fill up the wood box a mile, please, before the wind starts. After that you and William had better attend to the chores, so as to get everything all snug before dark."

"It is beginning to spit now, father," exclaimed Jonas, closing the barn door behind him. "I'll get the wood and then do the chores. I think Bill is out feeding the chickens now."

You had beat by a bit sparing of the hay when you come to feed the cows, Jonas, and I'm sorry, we've got to get along pretty low on stock hay. We've got plenty of English hay, but that's most too good to feed to the cows, and besides, I sold December tonnage last week, so there is no more to come after it as there comes some good sledding. I think perhaps I ought not to let him have quite so much, but he offered me a good figure, so I snapped at the offer. That has been the cause of the bad taste for the cows. To-morrow I want you and William to go down after a load of hay."

Jonas went off to the woodshed, and within two minutes had broken off the broken end of the two-bushel basket full of wood. Having filled the wood box he started out after some big chunks as suggested by his father. By the time he had brought in three full baskets of the larger wood it was snowing fast.

"Bill, did you notice how low we are on stock hay?" exclaimed Jonas an hour or so later, having mounted to the mowr, and the horses had to be fed out to night. "We'll have to drive down to the meadow barn early in the morning and fetch home a load."

"If this snow keeps coming down the way it started I guess we won't go down there in a hurry," said William dragging a forkful of hay across to the cows. "I guess on a pinch we can use English hay for a few times."

"It is not so bad as you think, we can get along with what we have in the mowr, but it will be a small load of it up here before noon. Bill, if I have to go alone," replied Jonas. "This doing a little farming when you feel like it, don't mind me. The fellas will give me a hand, the fellow who's got work when he don't feel like it."

"Save your breath, Jonas, because you'll need it in case you have to face a blizzard in the morning."

If there were two brothers who were unlike those two brothers were Jonas and William Pooler. Jonas was a worker, and likewise a close student of farming. He had been hoping to enter the village agricultural school, but up to the present, things had not looked very promising along that line. As for William, he worked too, but because he had to. He had to work on the farm until he was of age.

As night drew on the weather moderated a bit. The snowflakes increased tremendously in size, and they came down so fast that by nine o'clock more than half a foot of snow had fallen. The two boys retired for the night—it was still snowing and coming down exceedingly fast.

"This will make splendid sledding boys," exclaimed Mr. Pooler, as he sat at the kitchen table. "I'll see you soon as I can. I want you to drive down to the meadow barn and load on a little jar of hay. It will be bad going for a day or so until this snow settles, but you won't have to haul the horses to the barn." Later in the week he said, "About some more."

Shortly after breakfast William was missing. Jonas harnessed the horses, nevertheless, thinking every minute he would be back, and went to bed. Not until Jonas noticed footprints leading toward the adjacent brush-land that he awoke, upon him that his brother had deliberately stolen away, without telling him to go down to the barn after the horses. Once in the house, he was not in the least surprised when he saw that his brother's shotgun was missing from its peg over the stove in the kitchen.

"I guess I can get the hay alone," he said to himself. "I'm sure I won't let dad go down there, for I don't think he is able to."

Upon returning to the barn, Jonas found his father sitting beside the horses. "Where?" William queried. Mr. Pooler as Jonas entered.

"I guess he has gone gunning after rabbits," replied Jonas. "He is not surprised," remarked Mr. Pooler, smiling. "Well, then you and I will get the hay."

"Father, you stay right here," exclaimed Jonas, placing his hand upon his father's shoulder. "I can load it on alone. I won't be gone much over an hour."

"Just as you say," replied Mr. Pooler. "I am not feeling well this morning. I shall have a serious talk with William when he gets home."

Jonas was shortly on his way down to the meadow barn. This barn was located about a half-mile from the house. The previous house had stood where the new one now stands, and had destroyed it in the course of time. After had sold the farm to Mr. Pooler. The barn was in a rather dilapidated condition, but the roof was tight, so year after year it was used for the storing of the meadow hay until such time as it was needed.

As Jonas entered the old barn he heard several sounds which evidently came from that direction. The instant he heard the voices he knew the sound. "Wild geese!" he ejaculated. His heart beat no sign of goose. The while, the voices increased in volume. "Well, where are they?" he cried. It was not until the end of the voices that Jonas knew just what had happened. They crawled in under the barn doors last night to get out of the storm, and were within sight or ear of the voices. Jonas just then heard the voices again. "They are twenty-five of them in there! They are here, too!"

It was evident that Jonas had misheard correctly for the sound was packed tightly in front of the door, blocking the space of a foot or more beneath the big barn doors. Jonas did not turn fully. Returning to his horses, he backed them around and started for home. "Dear John, the wife wrote from a fashionable resort. "I enclose the hotel bill."

"Merry," he responded. "I am close to cover the bill, but please do not buy any more tickets at this figure—they are obscenely high."

There may be a few more cost in the circuit, but I have had enough compensation in a country farm house, where the cows come up every night and yield milk without any chaff in it. What the cities need is to be educated through the side door. "Dear John, the wife wrote from a telephone or a post office. And what the people of the country need is righting. Indeed, independent of what we do or do not in our study our own temperament and fitness. The healthiest recreations do not necessarily cost much. There is a circumference of \$100 a dollar bill if we only know how to make the circuit. More depends upon ourselves than upon the affluence of our surroundings."

The fat man was away from business and if possible, from the excessive heat. Heat is debilitating. It dissipates physical, mental and moral energy. Never exhaustion impairs spirituality. The body must be kept alert, but the curing requires self-denial and the exercise of will power. Drugs are useless. Play is everything in such cases.

The fools the fat person must give up butter, for butter gives energy, not fat. Lean meat, poultry, game, white fish, green vegetables, digestive biscuits and tea form the diet for reducing fat.

Exercise is essential. Walking at first; then, as the fat diminishes, rowing and riding.

Hot weather? Yes, but really not.

Compared with the weather twice as hot.

Find comfort, then, in arguing thus,

and you pull through victorious!

For instance, when you are panting,

and trying to catch your breath—

and the sweat is pouring down your forehead—

and the drops of sweat fall on your face—

and the sweat is falling on your face—