

While the Land Rested

By Floy Tolbert Barnard

CHAPTER III.

"What's the matter with these clothes? You did not expect me to wear partly things on a horse?" She dropped a gauntleted hand on his shoulder as he walked beside her along a narrow path toward the house.

He laughed serenely, apparently unconscious of the small friendly hand. "I am talking about my handmaiden, not me! If you wish my opinion, it is most gratifying, even flattering! You look adorable! But Mrs. Davis makes no discrimination between riding breeches and 'pants.' I didn't think your horse could get through this gate—and it's the only way out. You will have to take him over."

Just when they were in mid-air, Mrs. Davis appeared on some breathless errand and stopped transfixed for one inarticulate second. Then she yelled frantically:

"That horse is running away with that boy!"

Townsend paused to explain gravely. Mrs. Davis shaded her eyes with her hand, staring grimly after Rhoda, who had followed the driveway to the barn and was already turning the horse over to a Davis, visibly admiring, even at that distance. To his keen amusement, Mrs. Davis did not deign Townsend a second glance but proceeded on her interrupted errand with a pregnant "Hump!" of contempt.

Coming back, three minutes later with an apron full of vegetables, she stopped definitely as Townsend greeted her:

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Davis, I want you to meet Miss Brookes."

Rhoda was coming toward them in a progress much hindered by a family of collie puppies whose adorable clumsiness accentuated her lithe grace. She had pulled off her gloves, and was having a tug of war with a humorous pup, to the imminent destruction of one of the gloves. One woolly assailant came dragging her whip to Townsend. Three others were doing their best to try out some new teeth on the lustrous soft leather of her boots. She had confessed to twenty-eight years to the Dunkard preacher and the Traceys less than an hour before but had she omitted the eight it would have best described her as she frolicked with the blundering collie pups.

She turned laughing eyes to her host and his housekeeper, to surprise amused love-light in one pair of eyes and unvoiced "brazen hussy" in the other. Then though Mrs. Davis did not know how it happened, she found herself shaking hands with Rhoda, who, not waiting for the formality of Townsend's introduction, was saying:

"Mrs. Davis, I am Rhoda Brookes. I think it is wonderfully kind of you to get dinner for me, to-day. Mr. Townsend tells me you are a surpassingly good cook and I am looking forward to a real treat. I warn you that I have a vast hunger."

Mrs. Davis afterward admitted that it was not what Rhoda said that won her over. She insisted it was "just something in her voice and in her eyes and the way she held my hand. I declare, she wasn't a bit like I had her sized up."

Townsend's face gave no hint of his delight in Rhoda's power to overcome that most difficult of all barriers, provincial prejudice. He had diverted the attention of the puppies to himself and seemed scarcely to be listening as Mrs. Davis modulated into:

"My lands, Miss Brookes! You give me an awful scare, goin' over that fence that-a-way! I thought you was bein' run off with. And I thought you was some boy! I declare I did! I didn't get a right good look at you, the way that horse was jumping around. It looks like lemping Providence, to do the things you do! I've seen you in the pictures but I always thought there was some trick to it. I must be seemin' to my baking. I don't pretend to cook like Mandy Tracey but I'll try to have something you can eat!"

When she had disappeared, Townsend laughed.

"You win! With Mrs. Davis to stick up for you and Uncle Aaron to justify you and with Mrs. Tracey's sanction, you will be able to make my life a sore distress all the remainder of your visit to your parents!"

"Ward!"

"You know quite well, Rhoda, that I have had no change of heart either as to you or the farm. Then why not be satisfied to leave me to my carefully cultivated content?"

Followed by the romping pink-tongued puppies, they walked slowly to the house. Rhoda made no reply and avoided his quiet eyes by renewing the tug of war at the porch steps. Townsend passed her, going up to hold the door open. Entering, she turned to ask in a low voice:

"You would rather I had not come?"

"I would rather you had come—to stay."

"Don't let's go over that, Ward. I still think you have other, more individual talents than farming. I hate your buying yourself here. If farming were all you could do, it would be different." She paused, searching his face with troubled eyes but as he waited in silence, she continued. "Oh, I know that a successful farmer is as rare as rubies and that you have succeeded. But you are a five-talent man! Get your

other talents out and use them and then I will talk to you—of other things."

"You have had no change of heart either, I see!" said Townsend thoughtfully, taking her shoulders into a light grasp between his hands. "You are a funny girl! For two cents, I'd write a book, or paint a picture or the barn or something just to give you a chance to say, 'I always knew you could,' but I don't know what to write about nor how to paint a picture and it is so much easier to hire the barn painter! I might invent something but all the inventions have already been invented! My hair isn't curly enough to get me into the pictures and Babylon and Nineveh have already been dug up by regular archeologists. I haven't a telescope or I'd locate a new star, and I do not understand navigation or I'd hunt up a third pole or go fishing for old Atlantis. I'd write you a sonnet but the only word I knew that rhymes with Rhoda is soda and I cannot think of a way to work it in effectively. Indeed, all that's kept me from getting to the top, is not never havin' no black-smithin' shop! For two more cents, I'd kiss you but I agree with Hashimura Togo—when honor comes along too much are not enough. I also share his belief that honor are noble but inconvenient! Whee-e! It's been six years since I have seen you glowing with wrath! I'll be good now! Take off your hat, dear, and make yourself at home. I'll rustle up some cider. It is particularly good this year and it has not turned, notwithstanding Uncle Aaron's insinuations not very long ago."

He was gone some little time, during which Rhoda sat staring into the apple-wood fire, trying to decide which she resented more, the frank longing in his clear gray eyes or his merry self-possession! She was perilously near tears and she knew that Townsend's delayed return was owing to his perception of that fact. When he did return, as he poured a glass of the cool amber cider, he said easily:

"I think your director would do well to take a course in agriculture or perhaps have his scenario writer do it. In your last release there were some of the most absurd blunders. It really surprised me, for your company or corporation or whatever they call themselves, poses as the best!"

He set the pitcher on the mantel and lifted his glass, smiling down at her quizzically.

"I'm immensely proud that you go to see me—in pictures. You never wrote. I did not know. I—I often wondered." She lifted her glass in response.

"Had you communicated that 'wonder' to me, I should have been glad to set your—curiosity—at rest. I was under the impression that you never wanted to see or hear of me again."

She made a little face at him and resumed the discussion of the lapses from things as they are, in the photo play in question, a discussion which lasted to the dessert of a surprisingly good dinner presently announced by Mrs. Davis.

(To be continued.)

RECEIVED NEWS IN SIX MINUTES.

When the British Empire Learned That War Was Declared.

It required only six minutes to inform the British Empire that England was at war on the night of August 4, 1914, says Lord Harcourt, who was then Colonial Secretary.

"On that unforgettable night," he said to the Empire Parliamentary Association, "I was in the cabinet room, Downing Street, with a few colleagues. Our eyes were on the clock, our thoughts on one subject only; but there was a feeble effort to direct our conversation to other matters. We were waiting for a reply, which we knew full well would never come, to our ultimatum to Berlin.

"When Big Ben struck 11:30—midnight in Berlin—we left the room knowing that the British Empire was at war.

"I crossed to the colonial office to send a war telegram to the whole of the British Empire. I asked the official in charge of that duty how long it would take. He said 'about six minutes.'"

"I asked him to return to my room when he had done his work. In seven minutes he was back and before morning I received an acknowledgment of my telegram from every single colonial protectorate, and even islet in the Pacific.

"So the grim machinery of war began revolving in perfect order and with perfect preparation because, more than two years previously, an individual warbook had been prepared by the colonial committee of defense for every single protectorate and island. It was at that moment locked in the safe of each Government or commissioner and they knew at once what to do."

The women of Iceland recently celebrated the third year of their enfranchisement.

"JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE"

REVELATION OF A SOLDIER'S HEART.

Written by An American Major Just Before An Attack on the Argonne Forest.

Of what does a soldier think the night before he goes into battle?

In the Luxembourg, Paris, is a masterpiece of Edouard Detaille entitled "The Dream." It shows a long line of French soldiers sleeping near their stacked muskets. Sleeping with them are their dogs. In the clouds above is a vision of a victorious army charging beneath the banners, cheering as they move onward.

According to the painter of dramatic scenes, "victory" was the thing on the soldier's mind the night before the battle.

It happened that a Missouri soldier in France wrote to his wife just before the battle after which he was promoted from major to lieutenant-colonel for gallantry in action. Major J. E. Rieger, of Kirksville, Mo., led into attack on the Argonne forest a battalion of 1,000 men, of which only 400 came out uninjured. A machine-gun bullet broke Major Rieger's field glasses and he was struck by a piece of shrapnel. He commanded the Second Battalion, 139th Regiment, Thirty-fifth Division, A. E. F., in the Argonne battle.

Before the Battle.

Just before the great battle in which his battalion was destined to suffer so severely, and which action caused his promotion by General Pershing on the battlefield, Major Rieger wrote this and mailed it to his wife in Kirksville:

Front Lines, Oct. 21, 1918.

Just Before the Battle

The long, long night marches had ended, the dragging of weary feet through mud and debris was over. The groping through rain and blackness, made doubly so by dense forest, was done and now, concealed in the forest of the Argonne by day, the army of attack quietly rested.

The order of battle was handed me and I read it to my assembled battalion. The day for which the long training, danger and hardships had been incurred had come at last. We were to attack the hill where 40,000 French soldiers had fallen in defeat two years before; but death was there, artillery, machine guns, mines, wire, trenches, tunnels, a mighty stronghold. We were to be ably supported. I told my men all.

The order was received in silence; their faces took on a determined look, but no fear was there. I noticed them later; all wore smiles, for the hour of vindication had come; soon was heard the songs about mother, short stanzas of baby songs, cradle rhymes, lullabies of mother. Manly voices, harsh, untrained, unmusical, became sweet with melody; each his own heart's deepest longing was giving expression. Wife, sister, friend—all forgotten—just mother. Then, as the truth came to them that some might not return, long-forgotten songs of religion, learned in days gone by, were heard—songs of the Lord. And mingled together were the notes of love and protection of mother and Jesus—all others were forgotten.

During Battle and After.

Later I heard those same voices when in the attack; not now the soft voice of song, but the shout of combat—a mighty roar! The voice of the people is not the voice of God, but the mighty voice of soldier men. Seeing before them those who had pillaged and murdered and burned and enslaved, they became as the avengers of God and spoke with His voice and acted with His power. Never will I forget their look, their voice! We swept everything before us, capturing and wounding and killing the enemy in the face of artillery and machine guns worked with desperate speed.

I heard voices again, now subdued—they were of mother and Jesus still. I heard the wounded—not a cry, just a song, strong for mother as the wounded one felt the earth strong beneath him, but a sort of farewell to her who bore him and a clinging to an unseen hand of power as life slowly slipped away.

Mother, you are honored above the king, the president, the general, the great of earth. The song of heroes is of you. Could you ask more than to be first and last by those whom the liberty-loving world delights to honor? Your name and that of Jesus bound together in the hero's life and death. "Mother, behold thy son; son, behold thy mother."

If Canada is to maintain a large export trade it will be necessary for every stockman to maintain the maximum number of animals on his farm and to finish his stock before marketing it.

Buying a Packet of—

"SALADA"

Is not a gamble, but a sure thing that you are getting the greatest possible Quality and Value to the limit of your expenditure. **TRY - IT.**

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RETIRING HUNS BRUTAL AS BEFORE

TERRORIZED THE STRASBOURG CITIZENS TO THE LAST

Alsations Declare Life Was Made Undesirable During the Four Years of the War.

The following rough notes of a four days stay in Strasbourg, in the early part of December, have been forwarded by a correspondent who signs himself E. A. S.:

The taking over of the administration of Strasbourg by the French has been completed with remarkable speed and efficiency. The last German soldiers were leaving the town as French cavalry entered it. Up to the last the Germans behaved in the usual German way, trying to terrorize the civilian population by the senseless discharge of rifles and revolvers in the air during the night preceding the occupation.

I spoke during my four days' stay in Strasbourg with scores of Alsations, who were unanimous in declaring that life in Strasbourg was unbearable during over four years of war. Denunciations on the slightest pretext were followed by forcible removal to Germany, where most of them have remained ever since. It must be remembered, however, that there is to-day a very large purely German population in the town estimated by the latest returns to be about 65,000. The Alsations seem to be getting a little of their own back on these and their position is not an enviable one. By a decree of the French no purely German household, business premises, or German room was allowed to display a tricolor or bunting or any form of decoration, and as all Alsations vied with one another in their display of patriotic ardor the contrast was very marked and the German inhabitants made very noticeable by his lack of national emblems.

Alsations Sing "Marseillaise."

There was, however, not the slightest disorder or ill feeling on the part of the Alsations, who sang the "Marseillaise" all day with a strong German accent and were immensely amused at the more youthful members of the French army, both officers and men, who walked to the Rhine in order to spit just once into it. This harmless pastime seemed to fill the Alsation gamins with delight. Not a single policeman was visible, and the French military carried out all their administrative duties with wonderful tact and discretion.

A remarkable sight was that of the French poilus walking about with Alsation soldiers in German uniforms. These latter filled the streets and were mostly deserters from the German army or had been allowed to return over the Rhine, the Germans having no more use for them. Hardly any of these youths could speak anything but German, but they were determined on every occasion to show their love for France by plastering themselves with red, white and blue.

The most curious and at the same time the most pathetic sight in Strasbourg was on the Rhine Bridge, which is the dividing line between Alsace and Germany. The bridge is ten minutes drive from the centre of the town. The one bank is held by the French and the other by the Germans, and the centre of the bridge is a sort of No Man's Land. The Germans allow no one to cross to their side, and threaten every officer with immediate arrest if he crosses the dividing line; but from the German side there pours, in one uninterrupted flow, a procession of wretched humanity which can only be compared with the exodus from Belgium during the early days of the war. They are mostly Alsations who, for various reasons, have been kept in Germany for years or months in durance vile and are now returning to homes, which in many cases have been sequestered and sold up by the Germans. They are mostly women and very young children or old men. They

are all poverty stricken and bear on their hollow faces the traces of endless suffering. They carry with them all their earthly possessions—bicycles (without rubber tires), perambulators handcars, the children grasping some cherished toy, an aged woman borne on a stretcher—and move on in a never-ending stream out of the shadow into the sunlight, from the horrors of internment camp into a country which is France once more, to the accompaniment of bands and the waving of flags and with a joy which is immense and demonstrative.

British Prisoners Return.

Mixed with the motley crowd are Alsation soldiers in German field gray and, saddest of all, British soldiers, singly and in little groups; some of their old khaki tunics, with German trousers and German caps, nearly all in rags, and hollow-cheeked and hungry. There were 20 degrees of frost, but not one had any overcoat. I was the first British officer they had seen for months or years, and they were delighted, for it made them think that home was near at hand. Most of these men had been allowed by the Germans to escape and they had been simply turned adrift to find their way back, without food or proper clothing. In due course they came to the bridge and joined the throng of returning refugees. More than 300 walked in in two days.

Safe Paths Over the Sea.

"Britannia rules the waves"—no idle boast;

Necessity's her plea—
Her rule must reach from coast to furthest coast,
Whose paths are on the sea.

Had this British boast been an idle toast

Where would our race be now?
By Krupp's grim steel 'neath the Kaiser's heel,
Slaves at the Teuton plough.

She early sought and with life-blood bought

An Empire o'er the wave;
By fleets 'twas won and from jealous Hun
Only her fleets could save.

To her distant lands and India's Strand

Her highways are the sea;
The race that outbuilds our Motherland
Holds to her wealth the key.

Britannia's need with millions to feed

Is safe paths o'er the sea;
Would you have men of the British breed
Ask bread on bended knee?

Would you have them yield old Neptune's shield,

A jealous foe to please?
They kept in the past with broadside blast
Real freedom of the seas.

Has this rule been just as a sacred trust?

Let subject races say,
At Britannia's call they gave their all,
To save for her "the day."

So long as she boasts her "far-flung" coasts,

And her union of the free,
She must make sure that the ties endure
By safe paths o'er the sea.

Wash and save your old quilts to pad new ones.

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