

HEART TO HEART TALK WITH PETE

"Say, Pete" said Vavendish "I want to have a heart to heart talk with you. with malice toward none and charity for all. I hired you to do some work around my place this spring and found you the most unsatisfactory toiler I ever paid real money to. You never did anything right and would go up in the air if I or Mrs. Cavendish tried to explain how we wanted things done."

"When we parted company you went to work for Col. Stringfellow. I met the colonel yesterday and he said that you are the best worker he ever hired and it would break his heart to see you go. Now, I can't reconcile these things. Why do you perform so much better for the colonel than you did for me?"

"Since open confession seems to be all the rage" replied Pete Pelican, "I'll unbosom with glee."

"When I went to work for you I was determined to put in my best licks. The first job you put me at was painting the fence. I have painted 10,000 miles of fence in my time and believe I know all the curves of the game. The old masters can't put anything over on me when it comes to painting fences. When I had worked about an hour you came along and said I was doing a slovenly job. I had the paint too thin and was slapping it on carelessly. You found a spot about the size of a pinhead I had missed and delivered an oration about it."

"Then Mrs. Cavendish came along and wrung her hands and said I had made the paint too dark. She wanted it three shades lighter and had shown me just what tint she wanted before I started the job."

"Before I had worked a day I saw it would be impossible to please you. No matter what I was doing, washing the car or priming the pump, my way was always wrong. So I lost all enthusiasm and just plugged along putting in my time."

"I heaved a sigh of relief when you broke the dread news to me that my services were no longer wanted."

"I went to work for Stringfellow at once, and my singular coincidence my first job was painting the fence. When I had been at it a while the colonel came along and said my work was a revelation to him. He never dreamed that any man could make that old wrapper jawed fence look so smooth. 'You're an artist,' said the colonel; 'when I find a workman like you I appreciate him.'"

"Well you can bet your sunbonnet that a man will put in his best for such an employer. Mrs. Stringfellow was just as pleasant as her husband. Yesterday when I was mowing the lawn she called me to the house and fed me a slab of cherry pie and told me to sit down and rest a while, mowing for thought."

HOW THEY CARRY ON CULTIVATION WITHOUT MEN

American Soldier in France Tells of 10 Year Old Boy Driving a Two Horse Plough, and a Girl of 8 Tending Flock of Sheep---Stern Training for the Young

(These sketches are given in a recent letter from France by Lieut. Curtis Wheeler, the author of "Letters from an American Soldier to His Father.")

Before I turn over for good this one of many other pages. I must draw for you two little pictures.

The first I saw one sunny afternoon when the shadows were beginning to lengthen. Three of us, Americans all were walking down a country road that bordered a rolling field. In the distance, at the end of one long straight black furrow a figure was toiling at a two horse plow. As the team came closer, we looked in amazement at the figure guiding it. It was a boy of 10.

The French two horse plow is hung differently from ours and does not require as much weight on the handles but even so he had practically to ride it all the way. It was plain that guiding it when it threatened to twist off or up required every ounce of strength the kiddy had. Yet each time he applied it at just the right moment and just the right place, so that he furrow ran evenly, deep and true.

As the team came just below us in the field and started to turn for the next furrow, something went wrong. The boy was busy swinging his plow around and didn't see it in time. When he looked at the horses they were all tangled up, the bay lunging desperately into her old team mate. He had only a single rein to the high horse and on this he yanked and shrilled at them valiantly enough. They quieted obediently at the sound of his voice, but seemed unable to move. He dashed forward cracking his whip but nothing happened.

Then I saw where the bay had her off hind foot snarled up in the trace, and hopped down off the road. It was only a second's work to lift her foot out and straighten out the trace. As I stood up the youngster came to me,

was such hard work. If I had a pair of diamond studded suspenders I'd be glad to bust them for such people."

"I see," said Cavendish, with the air of one who has come across some food for thought.

hanked me and looked at me squarely with his clear blue eyes.

There he stood the sweat of a long day's work beaded on his brow, in ridiculous big looped up trousers and huge wooden shoes—his father's.

There was an awkward silence and one of the men offered the youngster a package of cigarettes. He smiled and shook his head, saying, obviously enough, "Ne fume pas." "For your father," insisted the man, and I wished the words unsaid, "or your brother." The boy said nothing for a minute, his eyes clouding a little, and in the interval he had grown much larger than we. We stood before him like truants. Finally he took the cigarettes wadded them down into his bagging trousers, chirruped cheerfully enough to his team and plodded sturdily on across the field. Behind us, on the hill top, three crosses stood black against the sun.

The second picture I saw but two days before I left, as I was walking up the hill to dinner. Suddenly I heard the pitter patter of many feet. The road before me was packed as far as the next turn with sheep. On they came, butting each other from side to side and occasionally baaing querulously. Their even gray-white backs seemed to pave the road evenly from side to side, until you began to see, darting back and forth, scores of little lambs.

As I watched, two mongrel dogs guardians of the flock, came bounding silently along one side. A lamb had strayed up on the bank there and they pounced upon it to turn it back. But one of them bit too deep and not even pure sheep dogs are always proof against blood. I saw what would happen in a minute and I leaped on the bank. At my approach the dogs skulked off like a military policeman discovered in a cafe after closing hours.

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TANKS PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN WAR

With the Canadian Forces, Aug. 16—(By J. F. B. Livesay Canadian Press Correspondent) All ranks of the Canadian force freely admit the great part played in the victory by the Imperial tanks operating under the commander of the Canadian forces. The tanks are an important force exactly as is the Royal Flying Corps and in both are many Canadian enlisted men. In this battle the tanks went ahead of our infantry, clearing the way, beating out roads through entanglements, overwhelming the enemy trench system, breaking up machine gun nests and even coming to grips with concealed enemy batteries. Here too, are the humors of war that alone make it endurable. One tank was standing on Thursday at the limit of its objective.

"Why the devil don't you go on? You are badly needed ahead," cried an excited staff officer as he galloped up.

"No petrol and no paper, sir," was the reply.

"What on earth do you need paper for?" queried the officer.

"We have run right through our map and want a new one for the most part," was the explanation given.

The tanks are commanded by imperial officers. Each ran his own show and a gallant and resourceful lot they are. Many of them fought with us at Vimy and they are our tried comrades.

"We will go anywhere with the Canadians. Such a show as you put on has never been seen in this war," said one of them.

THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE

Pure blood is the body's first line of defense against disease. Strong, healthy blood neutralizes the poisons of invading germs, or destroy the germs themselves. That is why many people exposed to disease do not contract it. Those whose blood is weak and watery and therefore lacking in defensive powers are most liable to infection. Everybody may observe that healthy, red-blooded people are less liable to colds and the grippe, than pale, bloodless people. It is the bloodless people who tire easily, who are short of breath at slight exertion, who have poor appetites, and who wake up in the morning as tired as when they went to bed. While women and girls chiefly suffer from bloodlessness the trouble also affects both boys and men. It simply affects girls and women to a greater extent because there is a greater demand upon their blood supply.

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They'll Get Awfully Sunburned.
Ohio State Journal: Membership in the Y. W. C. A. entitles girls to become privates in the military department. The uniform will consist of an arm-band and trench cap.

The lamb lay motionless blood running from its nose.

I called the universal French appeal for some one, any one—"Dis donc!"—and was answered immediately. The sheep huddled stupidly in the road below, in sight of home, while a little girl toiled up the bank. She looked at the lamb dispassionately, kicked it, and it rose to its feet immediately and rushed back to the flock too frightened almost to bleat.

Then she called the nearest dog. He pretended not to hear at first, and then crawled up to her on his belly. She held him by one ear, and kicked with all her might at his stomach. He shut his eyes and screamed for mercy but never budged. This finished, she let him go and he squatted behind her watching what he knew would follow.

Then she called the other dog, who was now just a shadow on the hillside. She was very, very small, but she was absolutely determined and eventually he came cringing up. The other dog waited till she was through and then they both raced back to their proper places on either flank of the flock and started to drive the sheep on home.

When the dogs stood on their feet without cringing they came up almost to the little girl's shoulder. I do not think she was more than 8 years old. She smiled at me, with the unconsciousness of little children, and hastened back to the flock. I stood there for some time watching her tiny figure striding down the road, driving the flock before her. No one could have any doubt that she would handle any situation which might arise. Of such are the mothers of France.



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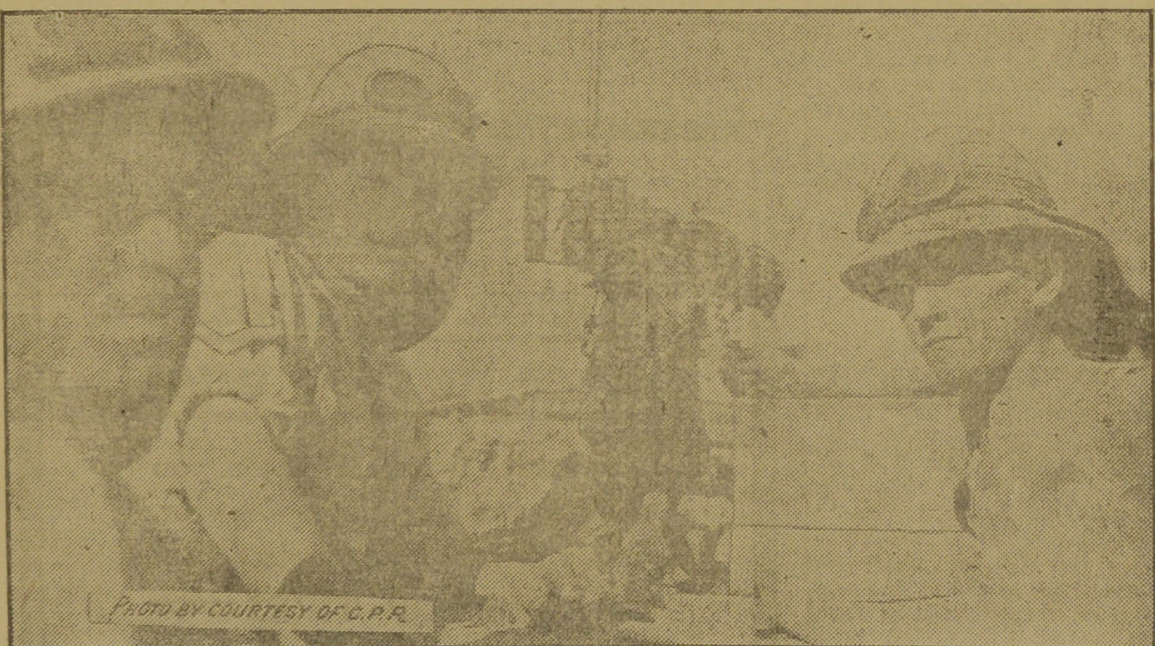
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