

roofed barn, heated by ten hours of July sunshine and superheated by ten tons of sweating hay, drawn in before the rains were well over, yourself heaving and shoving at the tangled masses that drop periodically from the great fork on its trolley below the roof-tree. Then it was that I used to drip despairingly till the boss showed me how the nice choice of location and the accurate insertion of the fork would peel the stuff off in manageable layers. Still I never really loved the mow, unless it were when watching the farmer at work, a sort of moving-picture effect in the split sunlight that streams through the vertical slits in the walls, a short, strong figure of strength and energy in the golden haze of dust and pollen. But that same haze is black grime on one's skin. The boss is not always like that to look at. Sometimes he kicks his beasts with vigorous and well-directed wrath, and then you may figure a short, strong figure like a jerking marionette, a large "cow's breakfast" flying out behind and a stream of vivid invective preceding and punctuating his blows. I was glad to see my old two-cylinder taking a short course of this treatment, especially as she appears

to be somewhat in social cow-dom, leading the slow, swaying procession at milking time, and heavily horning the fresh young heifers when their gambols annoy her.

I like the boss all the time, but most on the rare occasions when he allows himself to sit and talk of old times. Then there are glimpses of spinning-wheels and potash-kettles, both of which articles we have on the farm, the latter a vast iron cauldron of some five hundred pounds, which we drew on a stone-boat to set up by the well. He has seen rafts of red cedar come down the lake, and the women of the farm weaving rye straw into hats or splitting it for finer work. He has seen the bones of former settlers taken from the old vault behind the barn; last week we used the bricks of it, very hard and set in adamant mortar—I trimmed them—to build the casing of a horizontal boiler for the milk-room. He told me also of the original settler who built so far back from the lake. This man set the old stone house far back because he was an absconding tax-collector from across the line, and American gunboats used to anchor in the shallow bay and practise gunnery

upon him; such was the simple and even rather rude justice of our forefathers.

When the hay was well on we imported a high-priced hustler called Ezry, one of those farm-bred munitioners who return, like professors, to the field. Ezry is very big and strong and knows not of fatigue, nor indeed anything else to speak of. His outstanding characteristics are a strongly religious turn of mind—he belongs to some ecstatic sect of schismatics from Jedediah John's church—and an outrageous stammer which broke the hay-loader. On this wise, Ezry used to work at the loader while I drove, and when the machine jammed, as it did rather often, he could never shout quick enough for me to pull up before something snapped. We broke six slats in one morning, and I was put to work in the barn-yard with a balky team and a hundred and fifty feet of twisted rope that raises the hay fork. That broke with the last load into the upper mow, but it was not my fault, and anyway we had a splicer in Jedediah John.

But if Ezry was halting in speech he was fluent in  
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## SO FRANCE IS WORN OUT, EH?



**A** YEAR and a half ago at least France was putting her last ounce into the war, so German-made rumour said. Since that time France has performed her greatest deeds since the Battle of the Marne. An eminent French paper summarizes the German slanders against France made to deceive the Germans. French troops in the trenches, says this authority, are described in the Kreuz-Zeitung as cadaverous consumptives. The old people are in rags. The young can get nothing to eat. The spirit of the nation is broken. The press of France is censored and does not reflect the opinion of the republic.

Caillaux, supported by high finance, is sounding the Wilhelmstrasse discreetly. That is the German picture of the French scene. It helps to keep the masses of the German people in some kind of hope. It reveals a perception in the Wilhelmstrasse at last that Alsace-Lorraine will be the sore point when peace is discussed, says the Gaulois. France will never consent to end the war until she gets back the lost duchies. That does not, we read, suggest a weakened public opinion. Anyhow, the spirit of the French women tugging on their self-imposed chains to cultivate the fields of France is a sufficient answer.