

The Turning Point.

By GLEBAE ASCRIPTUS.

“**W**HERE in blazes is that three-horse evener gone?” Deacon Brown was careful of his expletives and never directly alluded to the inferno except when addressing a group of sanctimonious skinflints on occasions when the minister was tied down with rheumatics. Neither would the deacon say “damn,” but he freely intermingled “dang,” when righteously indignant, in the imprecations he heaped on the head of dutiful John, his first-born. And John took it all, as his custom was.

It was a fine Monday morning in August, and the deacon had reckoned to begin cutting grain that day. Accordingly John had been warned to be ready for operations as soon as the binder was overhauled.

The cows being milked, John had returned from the pasture, where the fifteen heavy milkers were intent on laying in provisions for another good flow. John soon had the horses arrayed in their haywire-reinforced harnesses and plodded out to the binder to hitch on.

The deacon was out under the big horsechestnut tree in the lane, tinkering with the binder that had stood in that same shelter since the last crop had been cut. The “danged” knife was rusty and two of the

sections were broken. Where in blazes could he get repairs? Last year the same thing had occurred and harvesting was held up for two days in consequence. Here was a

repetition, and it galled the deacon to think that he could blame no one but himself. And then that even—Oh! Yes, it was over at White’s. White had borrowed it last fall when cutting buckwheat.

Brown was mad! He met John with an evil stare as the latter brought his

attenuated beasts to a standsill. John, too, had blood in his eyes. The old man had brought him up in fear and trembling, and with the promise of neither earthly nor heavenly heritage in case or cases of disobedience. John had obeyed and plodded and had outwardly respected his father’s whims, but the pinnacle of endurance had been reached.

John knew that the farm had been on the downward trend for three years. Help was scarce and one hundred acres was a heavy burden for one man—yes, on one man—John! Hadn’t he been hired man, chore-boy and general servant ever since his dad had been made president of the local branch of the Rural Uplift League? Hadn’t he

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“I Gather Too Many Goat-Feathers—Do You?” is the title of an article by Ellis Parker Butler in the American Magazine recently. Some men are so busy acting on school boards, farmers’ clubs, agricultural societies, township councils, etc., that they have not sufficient time to attend to the business from which they obtain their living. Every man should be broad enough to work for his fellows, but there is a limit, past which it is economic suicide for a man to go.