NOW AND THEN

DEFINITION

A poet is a man who sees
Globes of fruit on barren trees

And, waking on an April morn,
Hears the sound of Autumn's horn,

While down the valleys rich with green
He sees the snow-heaped willows lean.

And in the hour when all seems lost,
Beneath the pavements locked with frost

He hears the many-colored sound
Of gardens growing underground.

Virginia Wallace Runyon

"Without a vision the People perish." It is all very well to live in the present, and not trust too much to the future, but it is truly right for the people to have a vision. Who ever starts a work sees in his mind's eye the accomplishment of the job, else he misses the vision.

Some one said the other day. "I never put a seed in the ground that I do not see in my mind's the plant fully grown."

A traveller, some time ago was telling of going over some rocky ground, where laborers were breaking stone. On being asked what they were doing most of them replied in a dull uninterested voice that they were breaking stone, but one of them answered with a very bright face. "We are breaking stone for yonder cathedral. He had the vision and therefore his work did not seem hard, and that is why, the wise man, Solomon, wrote "Without a vision, the people perish."

GEORGE WASHINGTON

"This is George Washington's birthday Thursday, No country has a hero as George Washington is in this the country that he led to independence and honor. "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen he will always be" And yet as one looks back to his early childhood and remembers all the wonderful things that was told of him, of his throwing the dollar across the Rappahanock of his cutting down the cherry tree and numberless other wonderful things in early childhood, which now seem to be exploded, one feels sorry for the teachers who no longer can tell them to their pupils.

A painter has just issued a very humorous picture of Parson Weems gazing down upon a pigmy Washington and his father and a prostrate cherry tree. A paper published in Boston, the city where correct speech is more thought of than any thing else has the following:

G. W.

While roaming the orchard,
G. W., he
Picked up his hatchet
And chopped down a tree.

His father was puzzled,
He looked hard at G.
Then sternly he questioned,
"Who chopped down my tree?"

Now G. was quite truthful,
He never would lie;
He spoke up right bravely,
"Dear daddy, 'twas I."

Dad's face lost its sternness,
He gazed at his son;
Such well-spoken answer
A full reprieve won.

Dad said, "I'll forgive you
For chopping my tree,
Since you slew not your English
By saying, ''Twas me.'"

THE DIPLOMAT

Edward A. Sothern, the famous actor, and father of the equally famous Edward H., was a gentleman of rare understanding and tact. Once when he was a member of Laura Keene's company, he incurred the displeasure of the great actress, and was summoned to receive his due meed of censure.

Entering her presence, he quickly rmarked, "Before you utter a word, Miss Keene, permit me to turn down the gaslight," turning it down as he spoke.

"Why did you do that?" she complained.

"Because," answered Sothern, "I can endure anything you have to say; but I cannot bear to see those beautiful eyes blazing with passion, and that lovely face distorted with rage. Go on, now, and say whatever you please."

What woman could be angry after receiving such a lovely compliment? Certainly not Laura Keene.

HOW'S YOUR LANE

(Continue from page one)

good-sized family. So there are some farmers of fair-sized households who sacrifice the speed and efficacy of a tractor to the space and comfort that a Ford-truck or an old Pontiac or can afford. These may be found churning up the lanes of Kent in any color, vintage, or classification. They have, and more important all jallopies have, only one great thing in common—efficacy. Like an old hat, it doesn't matter how it looks as long as it keps the rain off. It doesn't matter how crazy a jallopy looks as long as it gets there.

Our jallopy is a fairly new automobile with a truck body. We splurged a little this year, I think, when the old one gave up the ghost and disappeared into the mud of which she was so much the same color that we could scarcely distinguish her from her surroundings. Unwisely we went a little against the mud-bound rule of usefulness, not beauty," My better judgement was influenced by the fact that she looked surprisingly new in the used-car shop and might possibly pass for a '39 model when spring came around and we washed the mud off. So I got this truck, which considering the condition of our lane, was like hiring an adolescent to do a man's work. I should have suspected as much from the beginning; but it was not until I tried to emerge from the five days in the wilderness at the outset of this first thaw, that I realized just how hopeless a task I was sending my little truck on.

Well, the morning of the sixth day, everybody stopped work to see me off. I climbed into the truck under the shed and padded myself about with the innumberable odds and ends that mount up and demand to be taken into own.....shoes to be resoled, eggs for market, and trousers and coats for the cleaners, wrapped around the eggs. They all stood around shouting at me the things I was to remember for them. Then with a zoom of the motor the truck leaped backwards into the yard, soon her wheels violently for a moment, and stalled. I got out. Everybody was silent. There were two little crescent dugouts behind the rear wheels. It was irritating. Why hadn't we thought to put coal ashes in the yard to drive on? We might have known that the earth would be soft in the yard. There was no gravel there.

Well, after the first moment it wasn't so bad. The family began to laugh and crack jokes. It was rather funny getting stuck in your own back yard.

"Give me a push," I said, "the ground's soft from here to the gate; but as soon as I get on the gravel, I'll be all right." I climbed in again, laughing; and the others grouped themselves around the truck shouting "Go ahead!" and "Give her the gun! and "Don't get stuck this time, we haven't any tractor to pull you out!" and all sorts of directions. We were all in a good humor and thought the situation a joke. Now I'm glad I thought the first part of it funny, anyway.

It took some pushing and grunting and even more racing of the motor and spinning of the tires to dig my way over to the vestige of a roadway that led out of the gate. There was a nice stretch of gravel there that the men had hauled up from the shore last summer; and as soon as it bit into it, the truck leaped away and scuried out the gate in a frantic endeavor to make its wheels catch up to its racing motor. I was intensely relieved and relaxed somewhat from the pushing motion that I had adopted in trying to help the car out. I was all right. The wheels were making nice straight tracks in the gravelly mud. Through the side mirror I could see the men grouped about the gateway, watching me breathlessly, as parents watch their infant taking its first steps. It was just then that I felt the car lurch sideways and point her nose toward the fence. It was as if the steering wheel ddin't belong to the car at all. Slowly she slid toward the fence (even though I gave up trying to straighten her out and put on the brakes) and settled with a sickening gentleness into the ditch. I gazed out at the cedar trees which nestled against my radiator cap and groaned in fury.

The men had broken into a run behind me and came panting up, shouting admonishments.

"How did you do it?" How did I do it? I don't know. I was past caring. One thing I did know—it was the easiest thing I had ever done.

Again they all put their shoulders against the body of the truck and shouted at me. I spun the wheels around a bit. Then they told me to turn the engine off. I sank back against the seat and smelt burning oil and exhaust. Through the mirror I could see the men standing around in a semi-circle, panting with their hands on their hips and looking at the wheel that was embedded in the ditch.

One of them took his knife and cut some cedars and thrust them under the wheel. Another went back for a shovel, and another serreptitiously went back for the dearborn. Then they all walked around the car again and again frowning at every angle of it and commenting. I felt like a patient waiting to be diagnosed.

About an hour later someone brought the dearborn out. By this time I had already been to town and back several hundred times in my imagination and still was in sight of my own back yard and had contracted a headache from the exhaust fumes. If only I could get into town and back this time, I thought, I would be perfectly content to be marooned at home for five hundred days, so long as I didn't have to face the lane.

After transferring everything to the dearborn, we jolted away, leaving the truck a prisoner of the mud. There were three of us. One of the boys went along to fetch the tractor, the other to drive. We bumped against each other in hapless submission to the greater power that was against us. I clutched at one railing of the dearborn, swaying like the mast of a sail boat in a squall an dgave my vindictive thoughts all the rein they wanted. I thought horrible things about my lane, and muddy lanes in general.

In view of all this, I will not relate my state of mind when the dearborn suddenly caved in around the next bend of the road and deposited us on the native earth iself. The less I think about that particular point of the journey, the better it is from blood-pressure.

There is only one bright side to the lane situation in this part of the country, I have decided. And that is the opportunity such a morning's struggle as the one I have just related affords you to become better acquainted with the parts of your farm and your farm implements that might otherwise have escaped your notice. In the first place, you cannot avoid being impressed by the fact that your lane needs gravel. And after you've put gravel on once, you had better do it again. Then it will probably dawn upon you, as it did so rudely upon me, that your dearborn needs bracing and repairing before using it again in the spring. Perhaps it will not be your dearborn; but it is very likely to be some rather rusty portion of your farm equipage. Then, if you have to walk the remaining half-mile of your lane, (as I did), you will undoubtedly notice certain very imporant aspects of your property that you have never had so valuable an opportunity to study before. For instance, parts of my wire fencing have been cut away to allow passage for wagons to haul wood; one section of the rail fence has been let down, probably to facilitate the entrance of some timid foxhunter into my wheat field; and in several places the rails have been taken off the top of the fence to place in the ruts of the road. This is all very valuable information and an important part of the winter reckoning of repairs to be made. Then, if you are interested and have the imagination, a half-mile's trudge in the mud also provokes many and varied ideas along the line of landscaping the entrance to your place. For instance, I could not help noticing, even though my eyes were taken from the slimy road beneath my galoshes at great peril to myself and the eggs, that dog-wood trees, planted at intervals down the road would instill a very pleasing alegro in the heavy line of the cedars.

That is the brighter side and a good value at that! but compared to the darker side of that trip to the end of the lane, it made no greater impression that one oyster shell in a coal bin. By the time I reached the "car", my feet were so heavy with mud that I felt like one of those childish toys that have so much weight in the feet that no sooner are they pushed over than they bob up again. Somehow I climbed out of my galoshes and fell into the car, trying to forget the "jallopy" and the dearborn and the mud-caked galoshes.

It was afternoon when I reached town.

Do you wonder that I stared at the man who asked me "How's your lane?" For this was what he had reminded me of ———— somehow I had to get back in again!

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