

ment, but revocable on proof of misconduct, the matter might be arranged. Thus we should have a law embodying these provisions:

1. Easements for water power to run fifty years, but revocable on proof of failure to comply with the other provisions of the law or with the regulations, whichever you please to call them.

2. A reasonable horse-power charge, to be determined by the Bureau of Forestry, but subject to court review.

3. Water power sites in what we can roughly describe as the Basins of Natural

Monopoly to be subject to entry by one company;¹ said company being assured unhampered control during good behavior and the life of its franchise; good behavior, among other things, to consist of charges for power and light in accordance with the recommendations of the proposed Federal Commission, the extension of service and development as deemed advisable by said Commission, and the refraining from any affiliation or combination with other companies of like nature.

This would be fair both to us and to the companies.

THE FARM SUNDAY

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

I HAVE never been able to discover why it is that things always happen Sunday morning. We mean to get to church. We speak of it almost every Sunday, unless there is a steady down-pour that puts it quite out of the question. But, somehow, between nine and ten o'clock on a Sunday morning seems to be the farm's busiest time. If there are new broods of chickens, they appear then; if there is a young calf coming, it is his birthday; if the gray cat—an uninvited resident of the barn—must go forth on marauding expeditions, he chooses this day for his evil work, and the air is rent with shrieks of robins, or of catbirds, or of phoebes, and there is a wrecked nest, and scattered young ones, half-fledged, that have to be gathered into a basket and hung up in the tree again by our united efforts. And always there is the same conversation:

"Well, what about church?"

"Church! It's half-past ten now."

"We can't do it. Too bad!"

"Now, if it hadn't been for that cat!"—or that hen—or that calf! There are many Sunday morning stories that might be told, but one must be told.

It was a hot, still Sunday in July. The hens sought the shade early, and stood about with their beaks half open and a distant look in their eyes, as if they saw

you but chose to look just beyond you. It always irritates me to see the hens do that. It makes me feel hotter.

Such a day it was. But things on the farm seemed propitious, and we said at breakfast that we would go.

"I've just got to take that two-year-old Devon down to the lower pasture," said Jonathan, "and then I'll harness. We ought to start early, because it's too hot to drive Kit fast."

"Do you think you'd better take the cow down this morning?" I said, doubtfully. "Couldn't you wait until we come back?"

"No, that upper pasture is getting burnt out, and she ought to get into some good grass this morning. I meant to take her down last night."

"Well, do hurry." I still felt dubious.

"Oh, it's only five minutes' walk down the road," said Jonathan, easily. "I'm all ready for church, except for these shoes. I'll have the carriage at the door before you're dressed."

I said no more, but went upstairs, while Jonathan started for the barnyard. A few minutes later I heard from that direction the sounds of exhortation such as are usually employed towards "crit-

¹ Of course if two companies are already in bona-fide possession of rights, that is a matter for them to settle.

ters." They seemed to be coming nearer. I glanced out of a front window, and saw Jonathan and his cow coming up the road past the house.

"Where are you taking her?" I called. "I thought you meant to go the other way."

"So I did," he shouted, in some irritation. "But she swung up to the right as she went out the gate, and I couldn't head her off in time. Oh, there's Bill Russell. Head her round, will you, Bill? There, now we're all right."

"I'll be back in ten minutes," he called up at my window as he repassed. I watched them go back up the road. At the big farm gate the cow made a break for the barnyard again, but the two men managed to turn her. Just beyond, at the fork in the road, I saw Bill turn down towards the cider-mill, while Jonathan kept on with his convoy over the hill. I glanced at the clock. It was not yet nine. There was plenty of time, of course.

At half-past nine I went downstairs again, and wandered out toward the big gate. It seemed to me time for Jonathan to be back. In the Sunday hush I thought I heard sounds of distant "hinging." They grew louder; yes, surely, there was the cow, just appearing over the hill and trotting briskly along the road towards home. And there was Jonathan, also trotting briskly. He looked red and warm. I stepped out into the road to keep the cow from going past, but there was no need. She swung cheerfully in at the big gate, and fell to cropping the long grass just inside the fence.

Jonathan slowed down beside me, and, pulling out his handkerchief, began flapping the dust off his trousers while he explained:

"You see, I got her down there all right, but I had to let down the bars, and while I was doing that she went along the road a bit, and when she saw me coming she just kicked up her heels and galloped."

"How did you stop her?" I asked.

"I didn't. The Maxwells were coming along with their team, and they headed her back for me. Then they went on. Only by that time, you see, she was a bit excited, and when we came along back to

those bars she shot right past them, and never stopped till she got here."

I looked at her grazing quietly inside the fence. "She doesn't look as though she had done so much;" and then, as I glanced at Jonathan, I could not forbear saying, "but you do."

"I suppose I do." He gave his trousers a last flick, and, putting up his handkerchief, shifted his stick to his right hand.

"Well, put her back in the inner yard," I said, "and this afternoon I'll help you."

"Put her back!" said Jonathan. "Not much! You don't think I'd let a cow beat me that way!"

"But, Jonathan, it's half-past nine!"

"What of it? I'll just work her slowly—she's quiet now, you see, and the bars are open. There won't be any trouble."

"Oh, I wish you wouldn't," I said. But, seeing he was firm, "Well, if you *will* go, I'll harness."

Jonathan looked at me ruefully. "That's too bad—you're all dressed." He wavered, but I would take no concessions based on feminine equipment. "Oh, that doesn't matter. I'll get my big apron. First you start her out, and I'll keep her from going towards the house or down to the mill."

Jonathan sidled cautiously through the gate and around the grazing cow. Then, with a gentle and ingratiating "Hi there, Bossie!" he managed to turn her, still grazing, toward the road. While the grass held out she drifted along easily enough, but when she reached the dirt of the roadway she raised her head, flicked her tail, and gave a little hop with her hind quarters that seemed to me indicative of an unquiet spirit. But I stood firm and Jonathan was gently urgent, and we managed to start her on the right road once more. She was not, however, going as slowly as Jonathan had planned, and it was with some misgivings that I donned my apron and went in to harness Kit. I led her around to the carriage-house and put her into the buggy, and still he had not returned. I got out the lap-robe, shook it, and folded it neatly on the back of the seat. No Jonathan! There was nothing more for me to do, so I took off my apron and climbed into the carriage to wait. The carriage-house was

as cool a place as one could have found. Both its big sliding doors were pushed back, one opening out toward the front gate, the other, opposite, opening into the inner barnyard. I sat and looked out over the rolling sunny country and felt the breeze, warm, but fresh and sweet, and listened to the barn-swallows in the barnyard behind me, and wondered, as I have wondered a thousand times, why in New England the outbuildings always have so much better views than the house.

Ten o'clock! Where *was* Jonathan? The Morehouses drove past, then the Elkinses; they went to the Baptist. Ten minutes past! There went the O'Neils—they belonged to our church—and the Scrantons, and Billy Howard and his sister, driving fast as usual; they were always late. Quarter past ten! Well, we might as well give up church. I thought of unharnessing, but I was very comfortable where I was, and Kit seemed contented as she stood looking out of the door. Hark! What was that? It sounded like the beat of hoofs in the lane—the cattle wouldn't come up at this hour! I stood up to see past the inner barnyard and off down the lane. "What on earth!" I said to myself. For—yes—surely—that was the two-year-old Devon coming leisurely up the lane towards the yard. In a few moments Jonathan's head appeared, then his shoulders, then his entire dusty, discouraged self. Yes, somehow or other they must have made the round trip. As this dawned upon me, I smiled, then I laughed, then I sat down and laughed again till I was weak and tearful. It was cruel, and by the time Jonathan had reached the carriage-house and sunk down on its threshold I had recovered enough to be sorry for him. But I was unfortunate in my first remark. "Why, Jonathan," I gasped, "what *have* you been doing with that cow?"

Jonathan mopped his forehead. "Having iced tea under the trees. Couldn't you see that to look at me?" he replied, almost savagely.

"You poor thing! I'll make you some when we go in. But do tell me, how did you *ever* get around here again from the back of the farm that way?"

"Easy enough," said Jonathan. "I drove her along to the pasture in great

shape, only we were going a little fast. She tried to dodge the bars, but I turned her in through them all right. But some idiot had left the bars down at the other end of the pasture—between that and the back lots, you know—and that blamed cow went for that opening, just as straight—"

I began to shake again. "Oh, that brought you out by the huckleberry knoll, and the ledges! Why, she could go anywhere!"

"She could, and she did," said Jonathan, grimly. He leaned back against the door-post, immersed in bitter reminiscence. "She—certainly—did. I chased her up the ledges and through the sumachs and down through the birches and across the swamp. Oh, we did the farm, the whole blamed farm. What time is it?"

"Half-past ten," I said, gently, and added, "What are you going to do with her now?"

His jaw set in a fashion I knew.

"I'm going to put her in that lower pasture."

I saw it was useless to protest. Church was a vanished dream, but I began to fear that Sunday dinner was also doomed. "Do you want me to help?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said Jonathan. "I'll put her in the barn till I can get a rope, and then I'll lead her."

However, I did help get her into the barn. Then while he went for his rope I unharnessed. When he came back, he had changed into a flannel shirt and working trousers. He entered the barn and in a few moments emerged, pulling hard on the rope. Nothing happened.

"Go around the other way," he called, "and take a stick, and poke that cow till she starts."

I went in at the back door, slid between the stanchions into the cow stall, and gingerly poked at the animal's hind quarters and said, "Hi!" until at last, with a hunching of hips and tossing of head, she bounded out into the sunny barnyard.

"She'll be all right now," said Jonathan. I watched them doubtfully, but they got through the bars and as far as the road without incident. At the road she suddenly balked. She twisted her horns and set her front legs. I hurried

down from my post of observation in the carriage-house door, and said "Hi!" again.

"That's no good," panted Jonathan; "get your stick again. Now, when I pull, you hit her behind, and she'll come. I guess she hasn't been taught to lead yet."

"If she has, she has apparently forgotten," I replied. "Now, then, you pull!" The creature moved on grudgingly, with curious and unlovely sidewise lunges and much brandishing of horns, where the rope was tied.

"Hit her again, now!" said Jonathan. "Oh, *hit* her! Hit her harder! She doesn't feel that. *Hit* her! There! Now, she's coming."

Truly, she did come. But I am ashamed to think how I used that stick. As we progressed up the road, over the hill, and down to the lower pasture, there kept repeating themselves over and over in my head the lines:

"The sergeant pushed and the corporal pulled,

And the three they wagged along."

But I did not quote these to Jonathan until afterwards. There was something else, too, that I did not quote until afterwards. This was the remark of a sailor uncle of mine: "A man never tackled a job yet that he didn't have to have a woman to hold on to the slack."

So much for Sunday business. But it should not for a moment be supposed that Sunday is full of these incidents. It is only for a little while in the morning. After the church hour, about eleven o'clock or earlier, the farm settles down. The "critters" are all attended to, the chicks are stowed, the cat has disappeared, the hens have finished all their important business and are lying on their sides in their favorite dirt-holes enjoying their dust-baths, so still, yet so disheveled, that I used to think they were dead, and poke them to see—with what cacklings and flutterings resulting may be imagined. I have often wished for the hen's ability to express indignation.

Yes, the farm is at peace, and as we sit under the big maples it seems to be reproaching us—"See how quiet everything is! And you couldn't even manage church!"

Other people seem to manage it very comfortably and quite regularly. On Sunday morning our quiet little road, unfrequented even by the ubiquitous automobile, is gay with church-goers. "Gay" may seem the wrong word, but it is quite the right one. In the city church-going is rather a sober affair. People either walk or take cars. They wear a certain sort of clothes, known as "church clothes," which represent a sort of hedging compromise between their morning and their afternoon wear. They approach the church in decorous silence; as they emerge they exchange subdued greetings, walk a block or two in little companies, then scatter to their homes and their Sunday dinners.

But in the country everybody but the village people drives, and the roads are full of teams—buggies, surreys, phaetons—the carriages newly washed, the horses freshly groomed, the occupants scrupulously dressed in the prettiest things they own—their "Sunday-go-to-meeting" ones, which means something quite different from "church clothes." As one nears the village there is some friendly rivalry between horses, there is the pleasure of "catching up" with neighbors' teams, or of being caught up with, and at the church door there is the business of alighting and hitching the horses, and then, if it is early, waiting about outside for the "last bell" before going in.

Even in the church itself there is more freedom and variety than in our city tabernacles. In these there are always the same memorial windows to look at—except perhaps once in ten years when somebody dies and a new one goes in—but in the country stained glass is more rare. In many it has not even gained place at all, and the panes of clear glass let in a glory of blueness and whiteness and greenness to rejoice the heart of the worshiper. In others, more ambitious, alas! there is ground glass with tinted borders; but this is not very disturbing, especially when the sashes are set open askant, and the ivy and Virginia creeper cluster just outside, in bright greens and dark, or cast their shifting shadows on the glass, a dainty tracery of gray on silver.

And at the altar there are flowers—not florist flowers, contracted for by the year,

but neighborhood flowers. There are Mrs. Cummings's peonies—she always has such beauties; and Mrs. Hiram Brown's roses—nobody else has any of just that shade of yellow; and Mary Lord's fox-gloves and larkspur—what a wonder of yellow and white and blue! Each in its season, the flowers are full of personal significance. The choir, too, is made up of our friends. There is Hiram Brown, and Jennie Sewall, and young Mrs. Harris, back for three weeks to visit her mother, and little Sally Winter, a shy new recruit, very pink over her promotion. The singing is perhaps not as finished as that of a paid quartet, but it is full of life and sweetness, and it makes a direct human appeal that the other often misses.

After the service people go out slowly, waiting for this friend and that, and in the vestibule and on the steps and in the churchyard they gather in groups. The men saunter off to the sheds to get the horses, and the women chat while they wait. Then the teams come up, as many as the roadway will hold, and there is the bustle of departure, the taking of seats, the harsh grinding of wheels against the wagon-body as the driver "cramps" to turn round, then good-bys, and one after another the teams start off, out into the open country for another week of quiet, busy farm life.

Yes, church is distinctively a social affair, and very delightful, and when our cows and hens and calves and other "critters" do not prevent, we are glad to have our part in it all. When they do, we yet feel that we have a share in it simply through seeing "the folks" go by. It is a distinct pleasure to see our neighbors trundling along towards the village. And then, if luck has been against us, and we cannot join them, it is a pleasure to lie in the grass and listen to the quiet. After the last church-goers have passed, the road is deserted for two hours, until they begin to return. The neighboring farms are quiet, the "folks" are away, or, if some of the men are at home, they are sitting on their doorsteps smoking.

If there is no wind, or if it is in the right quarter, we can hear the church bells, faintly now, and now very clear; there is the First Church bell, and the Baptist, there is St. John's, on a higher

note, and Trinity, a little lower. After a time even the bells cease, and there is no sound but the wind in the big maples and the bees as they drone among the flower-heads.

Sunday, at least Sunday on a Connecticut farm, has a distinct quality of its own. I can hardly say what it means to me—no one, I suppose, could say all that it means. To call it a day of rest does not individualize it enough. It has to be described not so much in terms of rest as of balance and height. I think of the week as a long, sweeping curve, like the curve of a swift, deep wave at sea, and Sunday is the crest, the moment of poise, before one is drawn down into the next great concave, then up again, to pause and look off, and it is Sunday once more.

The weather does not matter. If it rains, you get one kind of pause and outlook—the intimate indoor kind. If the sun shines, you get another kind—wide and bright. And what you do does not matter so long as it is different from the week, and so long as it expresses and develops that peculiar Sunday quality of balance and height. I can imagine nothing drearier than seven days all alike, and seven more, and seven more! Sundays are the big beads on the chain. They need not be all of the same color, but there must be the big beads to satisfy the eye and the finger-tips.

And a New England Sunday always is different. Whatever changes may have come or may be coming elsewhere, in New England Sunday has its own atmosphere. Over the fields and woods and rocks there is a sense of poise between reminiscence and expectancy. The stir of the morning church-going brightens but does not mar this. It adds the human note—rather not a note, but a quiet chord of many tones. And after it comes a hush. The early afternoon of a New England Sunday is the most absolutely quiet thing imaginable. It is the precise middle of the wave-crest, the moment when motion ceases.

From that point time begins to stir again. Life resumes. There is a certain amount of desultory intercourse between farm and farm. If people are engaged, or mean to be, they drive out together; if they are married, they go home to "his

folks" or "her folks." Friends walk together, farmers saunter along the road or back on the farms to "take a look" at things. Consciously or not, and usually not, there is a kind of synthesis taking place, a gathering together of the scattered threads of many interests, a vague sense of the wholeness of life.

At five o'clock the cows turn towards home, and graze their leisurely way along the barnyard lanes. And with the cows come duties—chore time—then the simple cold supper, then the short, quiet evening, and off we swing into the night that sweeps us away from the crest down into the long, blind hollow of the week.

THE FARMERS' SIDE

BY ONE OF THEM

IF you please, we do not want to be thought about and cared for. We are unwilling, even when the thoughts are kindly and intended for the promotion of our welfare. For we must work out our own salvation or we must become peasants or serfs. One class can never raise another. If farmers are to become better and more efficient, we must do it ourselves.

Only please do not hinder us. We have been hindered a good deal first and last, and usually by our friends.

The first friend to hinder us has been the school-teacher. When she found a smart, attractive boy or girl, she said to the child and to the parents: "This child ought to have advantages. He ought to have a college (or at least a business) education. The farm is no field for talents like his." She felt that she was a friend to the farming people in thus opening up for some of them broader fields for their talents. We felt her friendliness. We felt that she ought to know more than we, since she had come to teach us. We encouraged the boys and girls to go.

We wish we hadn't.

Another friend along the same line is the Federation of Women's Clubs. This body educates a young woman at a college, and then has her go into some back town as a teacher, but with the real purpose of elevating rural life. She gives us to understand that all our social doings are wrong entirely. We ought not to run into a neighbor's for an hour of chat, dressed in a clean cotton dress and white apron, with our work in one hand. We

ought to dress in our best, take our visiting-cards, and not stay over fifteen minutes. We ought not to have "bees" for husking, etc. We ought to have bridge whist. We ought to have a public library, located somewhere where no one could get to it oftener than once a month, and then the fines on overdue books would support it, you see. She goes to the annual meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and tells how benighted we were before she came to us. Why, we had only one dictionary in the neighborhood! We might have had more, but we thought we got more out of our money by using it to subscribe for *The Outlook* or something of that kind. And we are not sure that we are as happy or as social as we were before she came.

A third friend is the funny man of the newspaper. We know we are dear to his heart. His Farmer Hayseed jokes are all so innocent and "just for fun." Nobody could resent them.

Yet somehow we do not feel quite as self-respecting after reading them so constantly. And our children, choosing their vocations, in just that impressionable period when being laughed at is the one unendurable thing, are influenced against farm life by these same jokes.

Another friend is the public improvements man. He wants our township to have this and that—delightful things all of them, and what we would be glad to have. But we know that these improvements mean taxes. And they mean taxes that farmers must pay. Tax the wage-earner's or the business man's income—and