Harvest Hands Wasted Effort

Continued from Second Column Front

They wanted harvest hands in Indiana, Iowa, Kansas and the west. They wanted them so far that they high wages were offered and agents went out to talk and solicit. The men got fare and were keep on the road, and then $3 per day and the most $3 for a few weeks and weeks. It was the greatest chance for the strikers during their way through college, and some of them took advantage of it.

Dwight Carleton, of Columbia, looked upon it as a special manifestation of Providence. In six weeks he could earn sufficient to take him through the winter term. He had no wealthy father to help him.

Fourteen hours per day in the harvest field, and the farmer carping a grunch because he could not make it 20 hours! A 8-0 on the hay in the barn, and ever man still hungry as he arose from the "board table"! The husky workers ground and perspired and stood to. Those who had never roughed it here on as long as three month, and drizzled out and were paid off and told to go. And when bright Carleton was ready to go home, after ten days of hard work, he found that the farmer had cheated even to pay his railroad fare back as far as Chicago. And then some one came to the conclusion and whom he "hit the pike" he had nothing to carry in his hands.

There came a day to Dwight Carleton when he had to sit down in the roadside and wonder if he could ever make another step. Exhausted with hunger and tramping and exposure, and a fever broiling him he sat with his bed in his hands and his courage all gone. And then the children from the county school a quarter of a mile away came along on their way home and stopped to look at him and make comments. And a little lame lassie the schoolmate in her pink sunbonnet and clean white dress.

"You are ill," she said as she gathered to the young man.

He nodded his head.

"Will come home to the first house. That's where I live. My father is a farmer, but I'm working for school fees. You are ill and weak. Take my arm."

"Put I'm penniless, replied the exhausted young man. Farmer's arm.

"Come now, and we'll talk about it."

It was about half a mile to the house and found a hot and the telephone had summoned a doctor that the farmer came up from the field to aid the kid daughter.

"For the last two years you've been telling us into your house a tramp hospital, and now you've done it! Young man, we don't make runs on you. We go to get out of this and move away."

The farmer was taken into the bedroom of the half-delirious young tramp and above the pillow of his inside. This was blurbed:

"Guess he's been at work somewhere and picked up a bug. Wait for us to pay his doctor bills and drive him!"

"I can pay, father, from my school money."

"Hush!" And when he gets able to go he'll stay and pay back interest!"

It was two weeks before the patient was able to leave his room and two more before he was moving about the farmhouse. He had kept his hold his money and written a letter to be mailed to New York.

"Trying to get through college little?" was the farmer's reply. "No, my mother sent us better than he. Never every word that fellow says and has sent your cost a cent! Guess they don't slope together. That letter to New York was only a blind. I'll better be look mighty sharp."

But it was. There came an answer and a big money order, and young Dr Carleton was to get fine clothes and come on as soon as he could. He said something to the farmer. At a fellow council. The farmer reckoned that kid would be about right.

"He shall never pay it, father!" exclaimed the daughter as the red blazed up in her cheeks.

"Then who will?"

"I will! I had you so in the beginning. That money is only a loan from a friend!"

Out in the orchard the day before he left, the school board tried to pay the money to his tutor, but she held her hands behind her and said she wished to be his creditor.

"For love lost?" he asked.

"Yes, you've lost a good deal, and I've gained a good deal. Come back some day to pay me duly. When I do I shall ask for something I dare not mention now and love may will you say."

"Such cash in thirty days the rule?" she blushingly asked.

One spring day three years later the mother ran down into the field to say to the husband

"Oh, pa, but it all happened—it's all happened!"

"Have that dapped smokehouse tipped over?"

"No, but that young man has wrote home from school with Hattie—and he's thinkin with sisters, and he's got a plate that pays thousands a year—and his pad back for money and wants to be married right away and—and—"

"Well, I allus said 'twould come!"

"And," Mrs. Dollfire added with a almighty sniff, "that might be here on time, for a change."

Dollfire quoted, as a well trained husband should have done under the circumstances. For on the premises five economic dinner had waited, cooled, coffeeed into a sodden mass because of his nonarrival at the proper time.

"I will be home tonight," he assured his wife. "At 6 o'clock I shall make it plenty of time to allow for distractions and accidents. I don't think I should be blamed if I don't get frisked spring up out of the earth and talked a bull bear, or be a slow watch or for a slow clock! However, barring earthquakes and convulsions of nature, this evening will see me here when you expect me."

"I certainly hope so." Mrs. Dollfire told him. "I am sure the cook will leave if it happens again."

Dollfire started that evening for the suburban express train, which left at 5-15. He was going to make a good job of it and arrive home with fifteen minutes to spare. It was bitter cold and the train so crowded that he feared he could do was to wedge himself to dodging the rain of cinders.

Ordinarily it took the express train fifteen minutes to make the run. It had been traveling five minutes when it stumbled and then stopped. It did not resume its progress. Men began to fold their newspapers and wonder. Then they began to investigate. It seemed that the locomotive was broken down. A roar of indignation arose from the passengers. Somebody scrambled to the front from a window and announced that they were nearly opposite an intermediate station. Then a local train puffed in at that platform.

In the window which caused Mr. Dollfire himself crushed off at the door were crowded grouped. He stood breathless a moment and blinked at the dismal platform, the trainmen going and waving lanterns and ordering their swaying railroad hack. Then the local train began over interesting tracks. He might lose his life but he said he to home at 6 o'clock.

He dodged a through train, knocked down a lad and a girl and had the shrieking crowd cheering about its ascending spirals of frosted breath. Men woke up from every individual looked his dozens of little sanctifies. The end of the journey the crowd present hour person was giving or demanding.

"Now, we've got to get the lady up here." he said. "Take man and I'll take the lady and you fellows down there get an started."

A fat stout assent, partnered by shrieks of "Oh, it's so terribly high!" "Take care, Mister Writer!" Was arrived from the edge of that platform. "Oh, I'm dropped on top! Why don't they have steps here?" I should think there would be steps!"

Dollfire being large, took fat stout he was doing none of the hard work. The process of hoisting descending was attended with weighing twelve pounds of fore and other weight above normal, in exhausting Mr. Dollfire at last daughter, up he went. Dollfire at his knees. He dragged himself to that level just in time to see the last of the crowd moving on the last platform of the local that had puffed in.

When he had become petrified to his knees and leaning against the wall and dashed by without stopping. It was an express train bound for miles of its orbit because of Dollfire's frantic signals. By the time another appeared Dollfire was for to his knees. Dollfire at last brilliant. When he dropped himself against a door. He did one date at dive because he was firmly convinced that if he did so he would fall out of his bottom. He had thrown out enough to have for an intelligent Dollfire observed that the train was making no stops whatever. Just as this fact dawned upon him the lights of his own station appeared, blinked, vanished, grabbed the conductor and protested violently.

"Nope," said the conductor. "This train is a special and doesn't stop again till it gets to Plowsville at the end of the line."

"Plowsville is exactly twenty-one miles beyond Dollfire's station. I will will be drawn over the bills and lies Dollfire had with himself for the trip out, the final hope of the trip back on a local. The very front and sidebar thing that he could imagine Mix Dollfire doing was distributing the fat and packing her truck.

At ten minutes past 8 Dollfire slunk into his apartment. The worst was confirmed. Its rooms were no lights.

"Emily," he began huskily, "listen while I explain, won't you?"

There was silence as he turned on a light. Then he saw a pencilled note in the mirror. She had left him. Inscribed: "Finally he summoned enough courage to read his wife's message.

"Your John's man 'mother phoned for us to come to dinner tonight. Good-bye forever."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Dollfire thankfully. Then he went out to the pantry and made a ham sandwiches.

Chicago Daily News

Mammoth Cave

THE DRY FALL TRIP

REGULAR MORNING TRAIN SEPT. 22 FROM CARLISLE AND WAY STATIONS

Round trip Railroad Fare $5.65. Board at hotel including the routes in the Cave for $6.50. An all-expense three days outing for $12.15. Write or phone L. & N. Agent for particulars.

Life Turnstile Freed.

The Kentucky prison commission has granted the following parolds which were approved by the Gov. Mr. Creary: William Taylor, Jefferson, murder, 1 to 5 years; Jack Lacy, Hancock, murder, 2 to 10 years; Jesse Herndon, Jefferson, pseudo-violator, 1 to 5 years; Mrs. Ella Ernest Hayes, Madison, manslaughter, 21 years; John Collins, Rowan, breaking 3 years; John Harper, Carroll, murder, life; Frank Lewis, Fayette, parole violator; Ben Fryer, Logan, malicious shooting, two years; 3 years each; Tom Breard, Simpson, murder, life; A. E. Wood, Jefferson, 1 to 5 years for forgery; William Ryan, Pendleton, robbery, 1 to 5 years; Sam Hall, Wayne, shooting, wounding, 2 to 10 years; Jack Bishop, Campbell, murder, 2 to 21 years; Tom Temple, Harrison, manslaughter, 1 to 5 years; Jack Hoover, Knox, 1 to 5 years; Obi Jim Wilson, Clay, 1 to 5 years; Ed Bell, Boone, manslaughter, 2 to 21 years; Lee Burnett, Marion, malicious shooting, William Lander, Jefferson, manslaughter