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**"HUNGRY—HUNGRY."**

Synopsis.—Dissatisfied because of the seemingly barren outlook of his position as a school teacher in a Canadian town, John Harris determines to leave it, take up land in Manitoba and become a "homesteader." Mary, the girl whom he loves, declares she will accompany him. They are married and set out for the unknown country. They select a homestead, build a home and begin their life work of making the prairie fertile farm land. Returning from selling his first crop, Harris finds his wife despondent almost to insanity from loneliness, and with the immediate expectation of becoming a mother. A son is born to them, to whom they give the name of Allan. The story now jumps forward twenty-five years. Harris is prosperous and all for getting rich. Mary is toll-worn and saddened over the change in her husband. Allan works with his father. Beulah, the pretty daughter, is rebellious at the shut-in farm life. Jim Travers is an unusual hired man.

**CHAPTER IV—Continued.**

"Jim," she said, after a while, when the noise of the milking was drowned in the creamy froth, "I'm getting near the end of this kind of thing. Father's getting more and more set on money all the time. He thinks I should slave along too to pile up more beside what he's got already, but I'm not going to do it much longer. I'm not afraid of work, or hardship either. I'd live in a shack if I had to, I'd—"

"Would you live in a shack?" said Jim.

She shot a quick look at him. But he was quietly smiling into his milk pail, and she decided to treat his question impersonally.

"Yes, I'd live in a shack, too, if I had to. I put in my first years in a sodhouse, and there was more real happiness romping up and down the land than there is now. In those days everybody was so poor that money didn't count. . . . It's different now."

Jim did not pursue the subject, and the milking was completed in silence. Jim finished first, and presently the rising hum of the cream separator was heard from the kitchen.

"There he goes, winding his arm off—for me," said the girl, as she rose from the last cow. "Poor Jim—I wish I knew whether it's just human kindness makes him do it, or whether—"

She stopped, coloring a little over the thought that had almost escaped into words. When the heavy grind of the separating was finished Jim went quietly to his own room, but the girl put on a clean dress and walked out through the garden. At the lower gate she stooped to pick a flower, which she held for a moment to her face; then, toying lightly with it in her fingers, she slipped the latch and continued along the path leading down into the ravine. To the right lay the bench where the sodhouse had stood, not so much as a mound now marking the spot; but the thoughts of the girl turned yearningly to it, and to the days of the lonely but not unhappy childhood which it had sheltered.

Presently she reached the water, and her quick ear caught the sound of a muskrat slipping gently into the stream from the reeds on the opposite bank; she could see the widening wake where he plowed his swift way across the pond. Then her own figure stood up before her, graceful and lithe as the willows on the bank. She surveyed it a minute, then flicked the flower at her face in the water, and turned slowly homeward. She was not unhappy, but a dull sense of loss oppressed her—a sense that the world was very rich and very beautiful, and that she was feasting neither on its richness nor its beauty. There was a stirring of music and poetry in her soul, but neither music nor poetry found expression. And presently she discovered she was thinking about Jim Travers.

Her mother sat in the dining room, knitting by the light of the hanging lamp. Her face seemed very pale and lovely in the soft glow.

"Don't you think you have done enough?" said the girl, slipping into a sitting posture on the floor by her mother's knee. "You work, work, work, all the time. I suppose they'll have to let you work in heaven."

"We value our work more as we grow older," said the mother. "It helps to keep us from thinking." "There you go!" exclaimed the girl; but there was a tenderness in her

voice. "Worrying again. I wish they'd stay home for a change." The mother piled her needles in silence. "Slip away to bed, Beulah," she said at length. "I will wait up for a while."

Late in the night the girl heard heavy footsteps in the kitchen and bursts of loud but indistinct talking.

**CHAPTER V.**

Notwithstanding Harris' late hours the household was early astir the following morning. At five o'clock Jim was at work in the stables, feeding, rubbing down and harnessing his horses, while Allan and his father walked to the engine, where they built a fresh fire and made some minor repairs. A little later Beulah came down to the corral with her milk-pails, and the cows, comfortably chewing where they rested on their warm spots of earth, rose slowly and with evident great reluctance at her approach. The Harris farm, like fifty thousand others, rose from its brief hush of rest and quiet to the sounds and energies of another day.

Breakfast, like the meal of the night before, was eaten hurriedly, and at first without conversation, but at length Harris paused long enough to remark, "Riles is talkin' o' goin' West."

"The news might be worse," said Beulah. Riles, although a successful farmer, had the reputation of being grasping and hard to a degree, even in a community where such qualities, in moderation, were by no means considered vices.

Harris paid no attention to his daughter's interruption. It was evident, however, that his mention of Riles had a purpose behind it, and presently he continued:

"Riles has been writin' the department of the interior, and it seems they're openin' a lot of land for home-



"Say, Jim, Honestly, What Makes You Do It?"

steadin' away West, not far from the Rocky mountains. Seems they have a good climate there, and good soil, too."

"I should think Mr. Riles would be content with what he has," said Mary Harris. "He has a fine farm here, and I'm sure both him and his wife have worked hard enough to take it easier now."

"Hard work never killed nobody," pursued the farmer. "Riles is good for many a year yet, and free land ain't what it once was. Those homesteads'll be worth twenty dollars an acre by the time they're proved up."

Breakfast and Harris' speech came to an end simultaneously, and the subject was dropped for the time. In a few minutes Jim had his team hitched to the tank wagon in the yard. The men jumped aboard and the wagon rattled down the road to where the engine and plows sat in the stubble-field.

"What notion's this father's got about Riles, do you suppose, mother?" asked Beulah, as the two women busied themselves with the morning work in the kitchen.

"Dear knows," said her mother, wearily. "I hope he doesn't take it in his head to go out there, too." "Who, Dad? Oh, he wouldn't do that. His heart's quite wrapped up in

the farm here. I wish he'd unwrap it a bit and let it peek out at times."

"I'm not so sure. I'm beginning to think it's the money that's in the farm your father's heart is set on. If the money was to be made somewhere else his heart would soon shift. Here I've slaved and saved until I'm an—old woman, and what better are we for it? We've better things to eat and more things to wear and a bigger house to keep clean, and your father thinks we ought to be satisfied. But he isn't satisfied himself. He's slaving harder than ever, and now he's got this notion about going West. Oh, you'll see it will come to that. He knows our life isn't complete, and he thinks more money will complete it. All the experience of twenty years hasn't taught him any better."

Beulah stood aghast at this outburst, and when her mother paused and looked at her, and she saw the unbidden wells of water gathering in the tender eyes, the girl could no longer restrain herself. With a cry she flung her arms about her mother's neck, and for a few moments the two forgot their habitual restraint and were but naked souls mingling together.

"Your father is hungry," said the mother. "Hungry—hungry, and he thinks that more land, more money, more success, will fill him. And in the meantime he's forgetting the things that would satisfy—the love that was ours, the little devo—Oh, child, what am I saying? What an unfaithful creature I am? You must forget, Beulah, you must forget these words—words of shame they are!"

"The shame is his," declared the girl, defiantly, "and I won't stand this nonsense about homesteading again—I just won't stand it. If he says anything more about it I'll—I'll fly off, that's what I'll do. And I've a few remarks for him about Riles that won't keep much longer. The old badger—he's at the bottom of all this."

"You mustn't quarrel with your father, dearie, you mustn't do that."

"I'm not going to quarrel with him, but I'm going to say some things that need saying. And if it comes to a showdown, and he must go—well, he must, but you and I will stay with the old farm, won't we, mother?"

"There, there now," the mother said, gently stroking her daughter's hair. "Let us forget this, and remember how much we have to be thankful for. We have our health, and our home, and the bright sunshine, and—I declare," she interrupted, catching a glimpse of something through the window, "if the cows haven't broken from the lower pasture and are all through the outfield! You'll have to take Collie and get them back, somehow, or bring them up to the corral."

Pulling a sun-bonnet upon her head Beulah called the dog, which came leaping upon her with bolsterous affection, and hurried down the path to the field where the cows stood almost lost in a jungle of green oats. She soon located the breach in the fence and, with the help of the dog, quickly turned the cows toward it. But slack just as victory seemed assured a rabbit was frightened from its hiding-place in the green oats and sailed forth in graceful bounds across the pasture. The dog, of course, concluded that the capture of the rabbit was of much more vital importance to the Harris homestead than driving any number of stupid cattle, and darted across the field in pursuit, wasting his breath in sharp, eager yelps as he went. Whereupon the cows turned outward again, not bolsterously nor insolently, but with a calm persistence that steadily wore out the girl's strength and patience. She was in no joyous mood at best, and the perverseness of things aggravated her beyond endurance. Her callings to the cattle became more and more tearful, and presently ended in a sob.

"There, now, Beulah, don't worry; we will have them in a minute," said a quiet voice, and looking about she found Jim almost at her elbow, his omnipresent smile playing gently about his white teeth. "I was down at the creek filling the tank, when I saw you had a little rebellion on your hands, and I thought re-enforcements might be in order."

"You might've hollered farther back," she said, half reproachfully, but there was a light of appreciation in her eye when she dared raise it toward him. "I'm afraid I was beginning to be very—foolish."

She tripped again on the treacherous buckwheat, but he held her arm in a strong grasp against which the weight of her slim figure seemed but as a feather blown against a wall. Then they set about their task, but the sober-eyed cows had no thought of being easily deprived of their feast, and it was some time before they were all turned back into the pasture and the fence temporarily repaired behind them.

"I can't thank you enough," Beulah was saying. "You just keep piling one kindness on top of another. Say, Jim, honestly, what makes you do it?"

But at that moment the keen blast of an engine whistle came cutting through the air—a long clear note, followed by a series of too's in rapid succession.

"I guess they're running short of water," said Jim. "I must hustle." So saying he ran to the ford of the creek

where the tank-wagon was still standing, and in a minute his strong frame was swaying back and forth to the rhythmic clanking of the pump.

Meanwhile other things were transpiring. Harris had returned from town the night before with the fixed intention of paying an early visit to the Farther West. He and Riles had spent more time than they should brensting the village bar, while the latter drew a picture of rising color of the possibilities which the new lands afforded. Harris was not a man who abused himself with liquor, and Riles, too, rarely forgot that indulgence was expensive, and had to be paid for in cash. Moreover, Allan occasioned his father some uneasiness. He was young, and had not yet learned the self-control to be expected in later life. More than once of late Allan had crossed the boundary of moderation and John Harris was by no means indifferent to the welfare of his only son. Indeed, the bond between the two was so real and so intense that Harris had never been able to bring himself to contemplate their separation, and the boy had not even so much as thought of establishing a home of his own. The idea of homesteading together assured further years of close relationship between father and son, and the younger man fell in whole-heartedly with it.

But Jim smiled and said: "No accident at all. I have merely decided to go homesteading."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**PRIMITIVE SOUTH SEA CHART**

One Used by Native Navigators of the Marshall Islands Was Made of Sticks.

A sea chart of the South Sea Islands made of sticks, which served as an accurate and authoritative guide for the daring navigators of the Marshall Islands just as modern maps do, is one of the exhibits to be seen in the South Sea Island hall of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. The strange sea chart is the gift of Robert Louis Stevenson, who lived on the island of Samoa four years before his death.

Distances between the islands were measured by hours, not miles. These charts are but little used now, but there was a time when each young chief was compelled to pass his examination in the charts, knowing them by heart, as they never were taken to sea. Some students say the sticks represent currents, as there are four distinct sets of swells from four quarters of the seas at various seasons of navigation, which were closely studied by the natives.

**Reform Vs. Prevention.**

A Los Angeles woman, who has devoted much time and effort to an institution that aids unfortunate girls, referring to the difficulties she encountered in gaining sympathy and support for an enterprise that is not spectacular, writes in the Los Angeles Times:

"Isn't it queer that people always take so much more interest in reforming than in preventing? Should the time ever come when I need help, I shall go out and rob a bank, or something like that. Then I shall be cared for, and good, charitable people will bring me flowers and things."

There is much truth in this, the Times adds. We pet and coddle the sinner, but we fail to aid those who are tempted.

**Making Slate Pencils.**

In Europe slate pencils are usually made by hand, but in this country they are turned out by machinery. There is in Pennsylvania a quarry famous for the fine quality of its slate, which yields many millions of pencils annually. The rough material is first sawed into suitable pieces and then each piece is cut to standard length, 5½ inches.

The machinery produces the pencils in the form of cylindrical rods of that length, which are pointed on emery wheels by boys, who handle them by twos and threes with great dexterity and rapidity. Finally they are put up in pasteboard boxes of 100 each.

**Wanted to Be "Parked."**

Mother, aunty and little Etta were downtown shopping. Etta was quite tired, and they still had many places to go to before they had finished their purchasing. Presently they happened to pass through the restroom and the leather-covered chairs looked inviting to Etta. Turning to her mother, she remarked: "Couldn't you park me here while you and aunty do the rest of your shopping?"

**Genius.**

Genius is supposed to be a power of producing excellencies which are out of reach of the rules of art; a power which no precepts can teach and which no industry can acquire.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

After 30 you can't make anybody mad by not inviting him to a picnic.



**SCOUTS, OFFICIAL FIREMEN**

In Stamford, Conn., boy scouts are drilled to assist the police in holding back crowds at fires. They also make inspections of the schools and report to the fire department the condition of fire escapes, fire extinguishers, fire doors, hose and alarms, and how long it takes to get the children out of the school building in fire drills. They actively assist in fighting forest fires under the direction of the fire departments. After having attained second class rank, a Stamford boy scout may take an examination, which, if satisfactorily met, entitles him to receive a certificate signed by the chief of the fire department, the fire marshal and the scout executive. This certificate makes him formally a member of the fire department, which may call upon him for service in time of emergency.

All Blackstone Valley, R. I., is also to have boy scouts as regular fire department aids. Scouts are to be instructed in fire fighting and prevention, and will be so mobilized as to be ready for action at a given signal when their assistance is required. From the other side of the map, too, comes the report that in Cordova, Alaska, a boy scout troop is to co-operate with the local fire department and will use a fire station for meeting place and gymnasium.

**A SCOUT IS PREPARED.**

During an ice hockey game last winter at Stottville, N. Y., one of the players, Kenneth MacPhail, skated off into thin ice over the channel, followed closely, in the excitement of the game by three other lads. The three had just time to draw back as the ice gave way under the other boy, letting him down into the deep, frigid water. The frightened boy clutched at the ice which, of course, broke with his touch. The two older boys, Kenneth Gardner and Ralph Schermhorn, were all for jumping instantly to the aid of their friend, but the third and youngest boy, Emil Tegtmeyer, urged different procedure, knowing that rashness would only succeed in endangering the lives of all without helping the victim. According to Emil's orders, the rescuers laid themselves flat on the ice, at safe distance from the hole, one holding onto the next, forming a human chain. Thus distributing their weight, they wriggled toward the danger spot and extended a hockey stick to MacPhail, which he grasped and pulled himself out to safety. The whole incident serves as an excellent illustration of the fact that a scout really is "prepared," resourceful, clearheaded, brave—quick to see what his job is, and to do it, no matter at what risk to himself. A false movement, a waste of a moment in argument would have undoubtedly spelled disaster.

**SCOUTS FOR FORESTRY.**

Boy scouts of Comanche county, Oklahoma, are going in extensively for forestry work. At the suggestion of the forest supervisor of the Wichita national forest, Frank Rush, the local chamber of commerce of Lawton, gave a free nursery site and provided enough money to stock it with seed. Boy scouts did the planting under the supervision of Mr. Rush, and have several thousand seedlings which are to be distributed free among the boys and girls of the county. Several hundred trees will be planted this spring in Oklahoma City, Atlas, Okla., and Wichita Falls, Texas, from seedlings supplied by the Lawton scouts. Supervisor Rush is very enthusiastic about the plan and believes that the boy scouts can be a great factor in starting a movement for foresting the barren plains of the southwest.

**RESCUES WOMAN FROM DEATH.**

Senior Patrol Leader, John Hollings of Pleasantville, N. J., a thirteen-year-old youngster, saved the life of a woman not long ago by his prompt and courageous action. The woman was on the railroad track and saw one train coming, but did not see the other until it was almost upon her. She was paralyzed with fright as the thundering express bore down upon her. This was the moment for action, and luckily a scout was on the spot, an instant before the train was. He leaped onto the track regardless of his own danger and literally dragged the bewildered woman from the path of the engine, holding her with one arm and the fence with the other, while the monster flew past, only a few inches away from the two.