CHAPTER II—Continued.
—10—

The thought sobered and halted her. She glanced once at the dark face of her companion. Dan couldn't understand the strange light that suddenly leaped to her eyes. Perhaps she herself couldn't have explained the wave of tenderness that swept over her—with no cause except the look in Dan's earnest gray eyes and the lines that cut so deep. Since the world was new, it has been the boast of the boldest of men that they looked their Fate in the face. And this is no mean looking. For fate is a sword from the darkness, a power that reaches out of the mystery, and cannot be classed with sights of human origin. It burns out the eyes of all but the strongest men. Yet Dan was looking at his fate now, and his eyes held straight.

They walked together down to the ruined house, and the three of them sat silent while the fire burned red. Then Lennox turned to them with a half-smile.

"You're wasting time, you two," he said. "Remember, all our food is gone. If you start now, and walk hard, maybe you can make it out."

"There are several things to do first," Dan answered simply.

"I don't know what they are. It isn't going to be any picnic, Dan. A man can travel only so far without food to keep up his strength, particularly over such ridges as you have to cross. It will be easy to give up and die. It's the test, man; it's the test."

"And what about you?" his daughter asked.

"Oh, I'll be all right. Besides—it's the only thing that can be done. I can't walk, and you can't carry me on your backs. What else remains? I'll stay here—and I'll scrape together enough wood to keep a fire. Then you can bring help."

He kept his eyes averted when he talked. He was afraid for Dan to see them, knowing that he could read the lie in them.

... fight. Snowbird would never make it through alone. There are the wolves, and maybe Cranston too—the worst wolf of all. A woman can't mush across those ridges four days without food, without some one who loves her and forces her on! Neither can she stay here with me and try to make green branches burn in a fire. She's got three little pistol balls—and we'd all die for a whim. Oh, please, please—"

But Dan leaped for his hand with glowing eyes. "Listen, man!" he cried. "I know another way yet. I know more than one way; but one, if we've got the strength, is almost sure. There is an ax in the kitchen, and the blade will still be good."

"Likely dulled with the fire—"

"I'll cut a limb with my jackknife for the handle. There will be nails in the ashes, plenty of them. We'll make a rude sledge, and we'll get you out too."

Lennox seemed to be studying his wasted hands. "It's a chance, but it isn't worth it," he said at last. "You'll have fight enough without tugging at a heavy sled. It will take all night to build it, and it would cut down your chances of getting out by pretty near half. Remember the ridges, Dan—"

"But we'll climb every ridge—besides, it's a slow, down grade most of the way. Snowbird—tell him he must do it."

Snowbird told him, overpowering him with her enthusiasm. And Dan shook his shoulders with rough hands. "You're hurting, boy!" Lennox warned. "I'm a bag of broken bones."

"I'll take you down there if I have to tie you in," Dan Failing replied. "Before, I've bowed to your will; but this time you have to bow to mine. I'm not going to let you stay here and die, no matter if you beg on your knees! It's the test—and I'm going to bring you through."

He meant what he said. If mortal strength and sinew could survive such ...

... nails that Snowbird gathered from the ashes of one of the outbuildings. The embers of the house itself still glowed red in the darkness.

Dan had cut the green limbs of the trees and planed them with his ax. The sled had been completed, handles attached for pushing it, and a piece of fence wire fastened with nails as a rope to pull it. The warm mackinaws of both of them as well as the one blanket that Lennox had saved from the fire were wrapped about the old frontiersman's wasted body—Dan and Snowbird hoping to keep warm by the exercise of propelling the sled. Except for the dull ax and the half-empty pistol, their only equipment was a single charred pot for melting snow that Dan had recovered from the ashes of the kitchen.

The three had worked almost in silence. Words didn't help now. They wasted no sorely needed breath. But they did have one minute to talk when they got to the top of the little ridge that had overlooked the house.

"We'll travel mostly at night," Dan told them. "We can see in the snow, and by taking our rest in the daytime, when the sun is bright and warm, we can save our strength. We won't have to keep such big fires then—and at night our exertion will keep us as warm as we can hope for. Getting up all night to cut green wood with this dull ax in the snow would break us to pieces very soon, for remember that we haven't any food. I know how to build a fire even in the snow—especially if I can find the dead, dry heart of a rotten log—but it isn't any fun to keep it going with green wood. We don't want to have to spend any more of our strength stripping off wet bark and hacking at saplings than we can help; and that means we'd better do our resting in the heat of the day. After all, it's a fight against starvation more than anything else."

"Just think," the girl told them, reproaching herself, "if I had shot straight at that wolf today, we could have gone back and got his body. It might have carried us through."

Neither of the others as much as looked surprised at these amazing regrets over the lost, unsavory flesh of a wolf. They were up against realities, and they didn't mince words. Dan smiled at her gently, and his great shoulder leaned against the traces.

They moved through a dead world. The ever-present manifestations of wild life that had been such a delight to Dan in the summer and fall were quite lacking now. The snow was trackless. Once they thought they saw a snowshoe rabbit, a strange shadow on the snow, but he was too far away for Snowbird to risk a pistol shot. The pound or two of flesh would be sorely needed before the journey was over, but the pistol cartridges might be needed still more. She didn't let her mind rest on certain possibilities wherein they might be needed. Such thoughts stole the courage ...

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ASK A POLICEMAN

By RUTH BIRDSALL.

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

She was tiny and timid, a slip of a girl, with the freshness of country daisies and green fields about her. For many minutes she had been standing by the big revolving doors of Beacon's department store, searching every face as the crowds surged in and out.

Choking back the persistent sobs and fears, she realized that she must think and think hard.

She had heard that in all big cities there were men whose duty it was to direct strangers and to help them, and she had always been warned to be very careful about speaking to people promiscuously.

"Always ask a policeman"—that was it. "Always ask a policeman," mother had said, and Aunt Carrie had said, and Cousin Lucina had said—"Always ask a policeman."

Through the thinning crowd she sifted, glancing timidly about, until she spied a big, glowing-faced policeman at the cross streets. Up to him she rushed, heedless of traffic or traffic regulations.

"Oh, sir," she cried. "Jim's gone, and I'm lost! Please tell me what to do!"

"You're lost, are you?" smiled the policeman. "Well, who is Jim, and where do you live?"

Autos honked, drivers shouted and pedestrians scowled and scolded while Officer Dane listened to the half-sobbed story of the little country Daisy.

"Jim is James Dee from Chicago, and I've run away from home to marry him, and now I can't find him. I'm so afraid something has happened to him. Please find him for me."

Officer Dane signalled for the impatient drivers and pedestrians to cross. Fuming and seething, they swept past the stalwart man and the frightened girl. The spot upon which they stood was like a tiny island in a tempestuous sea of traffic.

"Wait a minute," encouraged Dane, "and I'll help you."

Soon the home-bound rush hour was over, and Dane piloted his charge to a sheltered corner.

"So Jim is lost, is he? And you are going to marry him, are you? Just play I'm your granddad and tell me all about it," and his kindly blue eyes invited confidence.

Hesitatingly Daisy explained that Jim had come to her home in Danbury Hill for his summer vacation a month before when her mother had advertised for a few boarders to help fill the family pocketbook. Jim was wonderful—the finest man in the world. He loved her but mother didn't trust him and wanted to know him better before ...

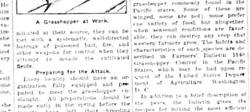
POISONED BRAN TAKES HOP OUT OF PESTIFEROUS GRASSHOPPERS

Side and Back View of Hopperdozer for Destruction of Hoppers—Horse Are Hitched to Projecting Ends of Twelve-Four.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

There is nothing so good as poisoned bran for taking the hop out of the grasshopper and there is no better way of buying and distributing poisoned bran than through a community organization, specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture find. In the areas where the grasshoppers come down on the farms like all the plagues of Egypt there should be grasshopper-fighting organizations, just as there are fire-fighting units in every city. Fighting a grasshopper invasion without the help of the neighbors is like trying to fight a fire in a powder factory with a bucket of water.

In the Pacific states the ... cultivated areas of mountains, foothills, and grasslands afford ... breeding grounds for at least ... common species of grasshoppers ... disturbed, the pests can ... forced in the spring and be ... a descent upon the alfalfa ... cultivated crops of the farmers ... weather conditions permit ... seems to be little hope of ... the grasshoppers in these ... breeding areas and for the ... specialists of the bureau of ... United States Department of Agriculture, maintain that it will ... years before the grasshopper ... disappears from the West ... the eight plagues cannot ...



A Grasshopper at Work.

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Little Wards of the Red Cross

Photos by American Red Cross

Little Daughter of Albania

Sezze Farm School in Former Dominican Monastery

Piggy to Get a Bath

THE farm school at Sezze, with others like it, is helping to solve one of Italy's problems. Labor shortage, a perennial problem of the American farmer, is being solved for the future in Italy by the organization in that country of schools where farming is as much a part of the curriculum as reading and arithmetic. It is carrying forward the school garden army idea, now so popular in America, not only to meet a severe shortage, but also to set up a barrier against its recurrence in the future.

The school children of America are greatly interested in the success of these Italian agricultural schools, for they are aiding in the maintenance of more than 800 children in such schools and orphanages through the agency of the Junior department of the American Red Cross.

The farm school at Sezze is typical of these Italian institutions. Here 100 children from the streets of Rome, war orphans and children who lost their parents in the influenza epidemic that swept Italy the year following the World war, are being taught agriculture and given the rudiments of an education while being well cared for and restored to health in the sunshine and open air. Their ages range from 8 years to lads in their early teens.

The farm school at Sezze is unusual because it is delivering practical farm ...

... which was formerly a Dominican monastery. Umberto, youngest boy in the school, is five years old. He is sitting on the antique well which is more than 500 years old, based on a Roman foundation which goes back to the days of the emperors.

Another shows a pig about to get a bath. Piccolo, a son of old "Mayolly," has prejudice against water, but the rules of cleanliness must be observed, and he is about to have a good scrub in spite of himself.

Following are leaves from the notebook of Miss Noyes, director of American Red Cross nursing service, published in the Red Cross Bulletin. They ...

... Miss Hall, a nurse. They were doing the same type of work as that which was done in the other stations, except that the group of children taken into the school were refugees.

After being cleaned up, clothed and physically improved, the children were transferred to the native schools, returning daily for food. They were being taught English, reading and writing by native Albanian teachers, sewing and some manual work. A dispensary was well developed, connecting with shower baths with an ample supply of hot water. From eighty to one hundred children visited the dispensary every day, the nurse following the children back to their makeshift homes. The midday meal for the children consisted of bread, soup and onions, and at four o'clock cocoa and sometimes milk. The children were weighed at regular intervals and they were being taught how to play.

At Podgoritza we found the Red Cross activity somewhat different from that at the stations previously visited in Albania. Here there were orphanages, with schools attached. Podgoritza is the largest city in Montenegro and is depressingly shabby, with an accentuated Mohammedan atmosphere. Miss Benedict, a representative of the Junior Red Cross, was in charge of the Junior work at this point, and, like Miss Cleveland and Miss Metcalf, most enthusiastic. The little orphanage at Podgoritza, where ...

The Girl Who Was Followed

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Nothing will pall much sooner than washing dishes. So Emily Curtis thought as she viewed the toppling pile stacked beside the sink.

Tackling them half-heartedly, she let her gaze wander through the open windows across the meadows, sweet with ripened grain. Mellow October sunshine filtered through the apple laden trees of the orchard, and the vagrant wind brought to her ears the dull chop-chop of the silo.

But Emily had neither eyes nor ears for the sights and sounds of the farm. She had had enough of farms.

Pausing in the act of lifting the dishes from their bath of suds into the drainer, she dried her hands on the roller towel, and from her blouse took a crumpled letter which had been brought by the rural mail carrier that very morning. She had not showed it to John. John had never approved of Maisie.

Only one paragraph in it was really important to Emily. The rest was froth in Maisie's best style.

"You ought to be here with your voice like a bird"—the note read—"Old Gunter needs more girls. It's easy work, and you could bunk with me. I've been trying to get somebody. It cuts room rent in half."

What good did a voice like a bird do one on a farm, thought Emily bitterly. You ruined it shouting your head off to the men that dinner was ready, or calling to John that the wood box needed filling. Singing Sunday evenings in the church choir where there were six altos for every soprano was only torment. If only she had the courage of a kitten?

Vague thoughts of rebellion were stirring within her, but the dull round of household tasks claimed her, crowding in on her discontent.

The next morning, Emily stood pinning her summer hat on her trim little head. It was the day for the weekly drive to Jamestown to do her marketing and meager shopping. She always looked forward to it.

But when John entered, to her surprise he was in his old farm clothes.

"Emily," he began, hesitatingly, "I'm sorry, but I can't get off this morning. That last hand I hired went out on a spree last night and hasn't shown up."

"There's no need for you to give up going though! Jim can drive you as well as I." Jim was the boy they had taken from the county orphan asylum to do the thousand and one things about the place that did not require a man's strength. "And here," he plunged his hand into his pocket and brought out a wrinkled bill. "Per...

... sorts of disagreeable experiences in the big city. To her unsophisticated mind the city was full of evil. Yet, in her several months of cabaret life, this was the first bit that had touched her personally, and so far this had been merely annoying and a bit terrifying.

The evening of the day that Emily had learned of Maisie's defection, Gunter fired her. Detaining her after the other girls left, he asked her where she came from and told her she had better go back home.

Go back to the farm! Impossible! For one thing, rigidly brought up, strictly conventional John would never take her back.

Shivering with the cold which penetrated her thin jacket, she noticed with relief that the sinister shadow which had dogged her footsteps had evidently given up the idea that she was coming tonight. Yet she cast anxious glances over her shoulder until she reached the shelter of the narrow doorway which opened at the foot of the bare flight of stairs.

Climbing them wearily, she opened the door of her room. Striking a match, she touched the tiny gas jet, which gave off a warm flicker of light. Yet, by its feeble flame, Emily saw that which made her clutch her throat in terror, and utter an involuntary scream.

There at the table, his head buried in his arms, his hat slipping from his head, sat the man who had been following her.

Almost paralyzed, she yet managed to back noiselessly toward the door. But, roused by her cry, the man at the table lifted his head—and in his tired eyes, his unshaven face, Emily saw her husband.

"John," faltered Emily, the color which had left her face flooding it again.

"It's me, Emily," said her husband slowly. "You needn't be afraid. I've been seeing you home nights for some time. At first I was very angry with you—swore you should never darken my home again. But as time went on, I—I missed you, and I got to thinking of you—and—I—well, I came up to see if I could find you. I kind of thought you had gone to that Maisie. After I did find you, I wanted to make sure what kind of life you were living, and so I took to following you, fixed up so you wouldn't know me. Tonight I thought you weren't coming. The farm is going to rack and ruin. I don't suppose you want to give this up?"

"Give it up?" Emily, who had been standing one hand on the doorknob, looked about her at the bed with its enamel peeled off in splotches, at the dirty wall paper, at the doorless cupboard with its meager display of cracked dishes.

"It's getting spring on the farm," went on John eagerly. "The meadow where the brook runs through is covered with violets—I saw two robins by the lilac bush—"

"I don't deserve it," whispered Emily, and buried her face on John's ...

The Kitchen Cabinet

(©, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

This world's one relentless rude scrimmage;
Bad mortals amuck for the dough;
But when man planned a man in His image
He set him to work with a hoe.

VEGETARIAN DISHES.

The new beets are delicious cooked until tender, then served chopped, with butter, salt, cayenne and a dash of lemon juice.

Beets With Spinach.—Pick over and wash half a peck of spinach and cook uncovered in as little water as possible; often that which clings to the leaves will be sufficient; add salt and a third of a teaspoonful of soda and sugar while cooking. When tender, drain and chop; add three tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour blended together, and one-half cupful of cream. Reheat and pack into a border mold and let stand in hot water to keep warm. Serve with buttered beets in the center of the unmolded spinach. Garnish with hard-cooked eggs, cut in eighths.

Smothered Cabbage.—Chop a small head of cabbage, removing the heart. Put three tablespoonfuls of butter into a frying pan and add two tablespoonfuls of flour. Turn in five cupfuls of chopped cabbage after the butter and flour have been well blended, then add one cupful of rich milk. Bring to the boiling point and add two teaspoonfuls of salt or less; pepper to taste; mix well and cover tightly and cook for 40 minutes on the back of the range. This dish is very delicate and delicious.

Rice Croquettes.—Cook one-half cupful of well-washed rice in water until nearly all the water is absorbed, then add one and one-quarter of a cupful of milk, three tablespoonfuls of cream, two tablespoonfuls of canned red peppers, salt and pepper to taste. Turn on a shallow dish to cool. Shape, dip in egg and crumbs and serve with a cheese sauce. Use three tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, one cupful of milk and enough grated cheese to season well. Cook the sauce and add to the cheese to it while hot.

Creamed Young Onions.—Parboil young tender onions in slim bunches, removing only the tips of the stalks. Drain and cook until tender in fresh boiling water. Serve on toast with a drawn-butter sauce or with a rich white sauce. Serve as one does asparagus on toast.

There is so little rest. There is such an unreasoning passion for activity! and so we skim the surface of all things; we never look down into the ...

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Around the Clock.

"Yes, boys," continued the steeplejack, who was telling "true" and thrilling stories, "yes, I was working on a clock tower one afternoon about 12 minutes to 6, when I slipped, slid down the roof and caught on the long hand of the clock. There I dangled while the town folks collected below. So I yells to 'em, "Say, you folks, go home to your suppers, it'll be close to half an hour before I drop."—Houston Post.

Are Corns a Luxury?

When is a luxury tax? Representative Aaron S. Kreider tells this story:

A woman went into a restaurant and ordered a plate of ice cream, and when she came to pay, she had a check for 15 cents and 2 cents was added to it. She asked: "What does that 2 cents mean?"

"Well," she was told, "15 cents for your ice cream and 2 cents luxury tax."

She paid it, and then she walked across the street to the drug store and asked for a corn plaster, and she got a check for 10 cents, and 1 cent added. She said: "What is the 1 cent for?"

"That is the luxury tax."

"Well," she said, "this is the first time I ever knew that corns were a luxury."

Now that is the way it goes. There are a great many things to be considered in discussing tax propositions.—From the Nation's Business.

Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be despondent; it makes any ...

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