

HUNGER

Michael Joyce sat on one side of the earthen hearth. His son Mickie sat opposite, balancing himself on a three-legged stool. They were completely idle and silent, not looking at one another, nor looking at anything in particular. Their eyes were listless and dead. A small mound of turf burned in a heap of white ash. Now and then the wind puffed down the wide chimney sending clouds of smoke and ash into their faces.

The man and the little boy were very like one another. They had the same high cheek-bones and long, narrow heads covered with closely-cropped black hair. The man's lips were so tightly compressed they were only a thin straight line, but the boy's mouth was soft and curved and youthful. They both wore an expression of unnatural patience, the boy, gently patient, the man a little sulky, a little more hopeless. Their shoulders drooped; their hands hung idle. Their clothes were of the same cut; rough, white flannel jackets and grey homespun trousers, ragged at the edges with much wear.

Mickie's feet were bare. Now he thrust them forward and curled his toes into the warm white ash.

His father took no notice of him. He pulled up the long legs of his trousers and watched his legs mottling with the heat. Della Kelly always came to school with her legs red and mottled like that; but the Kellys were well-off people and had a big fire in their house from morning till night. Della could toast herself all through the winter. No wonder she was fat, the way she was always laughing and eating. Nearly every morning she had a half-penny for sweets. She would buy liquorice and eat it while the children watched her, never giving any of it away. Mickie thought if ever he got a half-penny stick of liquorice he would eat it into eighteen bits and give a bit to every boy in the school. He would not give any to the girls' side.

The thought of the liquorice made him terribly hungry. He wondered if his mother would bring any bread. March was a hungry month right enough, and it couldn't be helped. The door opened and she came in; a tall, thin woman, old and sorrowful-looking, though she was scarcely middle-aged. She was thinner than the man and the boy; her face was ugly because it was so thin. Her lips seemed to have shrunk away, leaving her gums pale and exposed above discolored teeth. There were deep channels beneath her eyes, as though her flesh had been worn away by tears.

Michael and Mickie looked up at her with hope. "My God!" she said, warily. "Will you sit over the fire till it dies out?" Mickie jumped up from his stool; his father stirred uneasily.

"There's no more turf in it," they exhaled themselves in chorus.

"Well, if there isn't, go and find some other fuel. Take the bucket this minute, Mickie, and gather some dung from the fields."

"I'll take the sack," Mickie said, in a broken voice. He had to be seen with a bucket gathering dung. A sack could be more easily hidden, people might not know what he was getting. He rummaged about behind the potatoes in the dresser to find the sack, wondering passionately if his mother had brought 'oat.

"Did you bring bread?" Mickie asked, in a shamed voice.

"I did not: flour I got. I'll have a hot loaf for your tea when you come in."

After that he went light-heartedly. With the sack folded up small under his arm he ran past the neighboring houses. All the doors were shut because of the cold. Perhaps nobody would be looking at him. The wind was like an icy fire. It scorched his eyes until they streamed with tears. It caught his breath and made him cough. He ran along the high road where Patrick Coyne drove his cows night and morning. He might find what he wanted there. But there was only a litter of small sharp stones along the road. They stung his feet at every step. That was the worst of getting yourself soft and tender at the fire.

He had to go the two miles to Coyne's field. With fear in his heart he climbed the high, loose stone wall. He would die of shame if Patrick or any other one were to catch him now. There was a rough shed in one corner where the cattle sheltered. Here he was able to fill his sack quietly. When he got back to the road he felt safe and triumphant. If he were to meet Patrick Coyne now, or Della Kelly, he need not let on what was in the bag; but he met nobody. He was thankful to the awful wind for keeping the people in their houses. He was thankful to be alone on his shameful, poor errand. Now he did not mind the stones or the cold. He ran so that he would reach home as quickly as possible, thinking of the hot loaf. He hoped it would be baked. It would be terrible if he had to wait an hour. His stomach was so empty it felt full and painful. Oh, if anyone were to tell him now it was a mistake about the hot bread he would die of disappointment.

After supper that evening it was like heaven. Mickie was warm inside and out. He had drunk three mugs of black sugarless tea, and eaten enormously of hot plain bread. There was nothing in the world could have tasted better. His mother made a lovely fire of the dry dung and the three-legged stool.

"It's no use talking," she said, as she broke it up, "we must have heat on a night like this. By and by we can bring in a flat stone and white wash it; it will be better than the stool, after all."

Mickie didn't care. He sat on the floor, drowsy with food and with warmth. The grey wind was shut out and defeated. An oil lamp was hung

upon the wall. It made the room look soft and golden. His mother moved about gently, busying herself with small, mysterious tasks. His father sat with closed eyes, patient, stupid, and inert.

The truth was Michael Joyce had long given up the uneven struggle with existence. The wild sea and the barren fields of the island had beaten him. Other men might strive endlessly with poor fishing and thankless husbandry for the bare necessities of life, but Michael was a little more intelligent, a little more cowardly, than those others. If they were to die of hunger and misery, let them die quickly, himself and his family. The world was a relentless place, and he would not plead with it nor coax it. Life offered him nothing. Very well, he would have nothing. What was the use of making a fuss?

His wife looked at him now with meek acceptance in her attitude to their circumstances. "Ah, Michael Joyce," she said, in a spitting sort of voice, "you are a lazy man; good for nothing. Is there anything you can do but sit with your hands folded and your eyes closed? Look at Mickie's feet—destroyed with the cold. Where are the pampooties you were to make him this two weeks?"

He got up slowly and stretched himself. "You can scold now out of your full belly, I suppose. I would be as well for to be going out. I promised anyway to see Flaherty about something."

"Something! Something! I know your something. Something in a pint pot likely enough. With me fine Peter Flaherty writing it up against you till he has the roof taken from off our heads."

But Michael was gone; the door slammed behind him.

Mickie watched his mother fuming round the house like a hen with ruffled feathers. He was not disturbed by her anger. Mildly he wondered what it would be like when Peter Flaherty would come with the roof. Suddenly his mother ran at him and began caressing his head. "You're a little cold feet," she said, in a tone of awful sadness. "I declare I'll put those shoes for you myself. Get me down the cow skin from the loft, astoir."

It was a great evening, Mickie thought; with all the tea they had and now the new sandals of cow skin his mother was to make for him. He watched her pondering over the small piece of dried black and white pelt. How clever she was. She made him feel safe and happy and warm in his heart. With the sharp knife raised in her hand, she began to cut.

"Wait a while," Mickie called to her. "You will give me one white pampootie and one black the way you are cutting it."

She looked at him apologetically. "I can't help it, astoir. Bad as he is, I must keep enough to make a pair for your father as well. His socks are down on the stones already. She turned quickly from the disappointment in his face.

Della Kelly had leather shoes from Galway. Shamus O'Brien had lovely yellow boots, high and laced. Every child had pampooties that matched one another. He would be a disgrace tomorrow at the school with one white sandal and one black. It couldn't be helped, his mother was doing her best. But suddenly all his joy was gone. He wanted to weep and weep. He felt weak and very tired. Without any envy in his clear, innocent heart, he sat and thought of the other children and prosperity they enjoyed. Wistfully he acknowledged to himself that he might never hope to be like they were. But the acknowledgment brought him too much pain, and he comforted himself by making a wonderful story of a fortune that came to him.

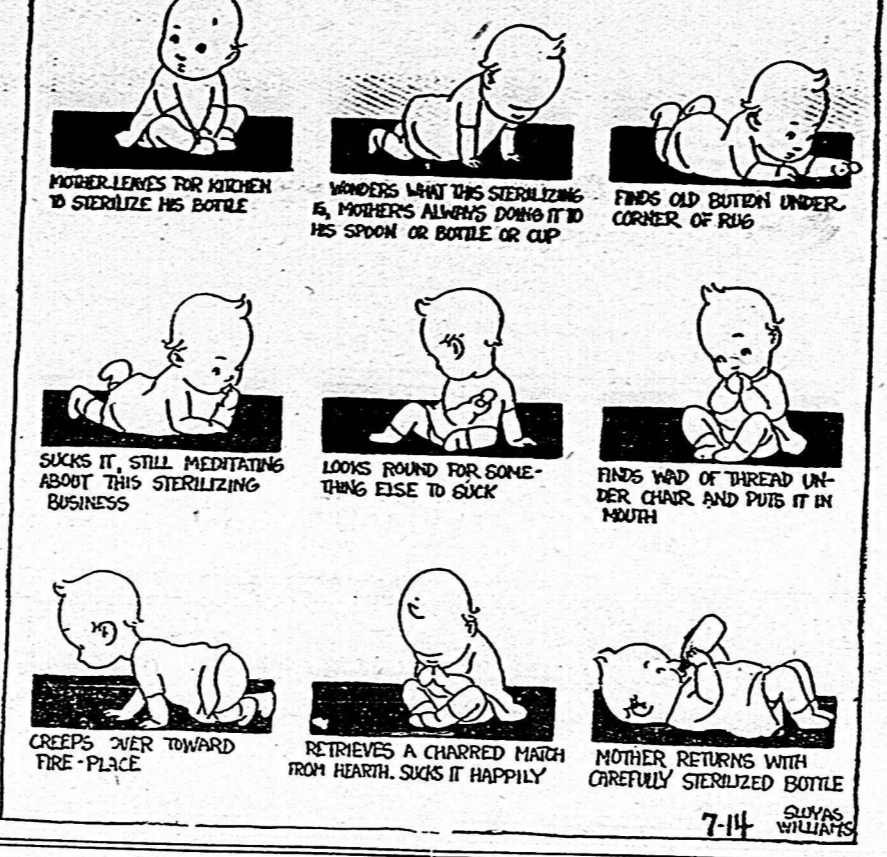
It was a bag of gold, a big bag. He found it one day mixed with the wrack on the west shore. He ran home to his mother, and her face was red and delighted when he told her. He took her on the steamer to Galway, and they bought every kind of thing you could want. He had new brown boots and a check suit like Tom Hurley wore when he came back from America. He bought meat and salt fish and white bread and a tin of bull's-eyes. He bought a big black horse, and he used to ride to school on it every day. The children marvelled at him and thought he was a great person.

"You are half asleep, my son," said his mother's gentle voice; "let you go to bed and get your rest."

The pampooties were finished, and they fitted properly. They were very warm and snug. She promised him thick stockings to go with them. He went to bed happy.

But in the morning the grey wind reigned again. There was no fire. The burned out dung lay dead and cold in the draughty hearth. Mickie hurried

SNAPSHOTS OF A BABY WHILE HIS BOTTLE'S BEING STERILIZED



7-14 GUYAS WILLIAMS

Gulf Stream Found To Be Spreading

While Cold Arctic Waters Retreat, Declare Explorers

St. John's Nfld.—Discovery that the Gulf Stream has increased in extent to an unusual degree this year has been made by investigators on the United States patrol boat General Green which, after being engaged four months in exploration work in northern waters, sailed for Boston.

The explorers, including Commander Ricketts and Mr. Olaf Mosby, formerly associated with Dr. Fridtjof Nansen in oceanographic work in Norway, further discovered that, owing to the exceptionally high temperatures, the cold Arctic waters had receded much farther north. Remarkably few icebergs were seen. Encroachment of the Gulf Stream upon the western slope of the Newfoundland banks was found between the forty-first and forty-second parallels to longitude 46 west, then turning sharply north and making another encroachment toward the eastern slope. Temperature at one point in the area was 20 degrees higher than last year.

The General Green expedition started north in July to study ocean currents, salinity, temperatures at various depths and the ice drift between Newfoundland and Hudson Strait. Record of temperature and salinity at various depths were taken at 129 stations and 2,000 soundings made in many areas between Labrador and Greenland never previously surveyed. No field of ice was encountered on the Labrador coast, and only 90 icebergs were found in Hudson Strait.

Two hundred icebergs were sighted on the Greenland coast while anchored against the Ivagutut Glacier. Three members of the Courtauld expedition, surveying the Greenland ice cap, arrived on board. They were Mr. James M. Scott, Mr. Andrew Stephenson, and Lieut. Martin Lindsay. All had travelled 400 miles afoot over the ice caps. They had made exceptional time and were in excellent condition. Commander Ricketts, beyond stating that fine weather had been encountered, said that the crew had enjoyed the best of health, and that the program had been completed, was replete regarding details of work as first reports must be made to headquarters.

Boys Transform Dump Into Beauty Spot

Chester, Mass.—Fifty boys turned a blot into a beauty spot in this town when they volunteered their services to aid a roadside stand proprietor improve the appearance of his property. writes a correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor. The boys cleaned up a section near the stand, long used for a public dump, then they built a dam and established a swimming hole in the Westford River near by. Woodland across the road was cleaned and converted into a picnic grove and the establishment is now a pleasant roadside attraction.



Top Fly—Look out, Bill, we've struck a tornado.

Scotch Drizzle

There is no wind, so the soft carpeting rain sways to and fro over the landscape like smoke—thin, fine and well-like. It settles on all around, turning the leafless hedges into graceful silvery forms. It hangs in clear crystal globules from every tiny branch—in uncertain drops like pearls from a dark pendant. It clothes the grass with a sparkling sheen, rests lightly on the brown upturned earth, and seeps through the trees upon the golden leafy mold beneath. It brushes the trees on the height with a feathery tone of gray, so that they melt into one another with a delicious indefiniteness. It speaks quietly to and pats gently, the flat leaves of the rhododendron bushes and they accept its ministrations with gratitude, while cupping its freshness on their broad, capacious palms. The bridge over the wide dark river is black and glossy, with wetness, the road gray and polished. There is satiny softness in the air and a benign quietness resting over all, like a benediction. Even the hills lose their rugged aspect and assume a graceful roundedness; the river ceases from troubling, under the pacific influence, to bubble contentedly along between dark green banks. There is the faintest of wishing sounds in the air, so faint that only those attuned can hear—a restful moving, indefinable and unreachably, as if the earth, while lifting its brown scorched face to the sky, were steadily acknowledging and appraising this gentle influx of moisture.—Writer in Christian Science Monitor.

A Treasure Trove For Title-Hunters

The Bible and Shakespeare Both Used by Modern Authors For Titles

Where do authors get titles for novels and plays? The general impression is that the Bible is the best source for an effective title, and for generations novelists have delved into its pages. Shakespeare, too, apparently, provides an inexhaustible treasury for the title-hunter, as a recent list published in The Shakespeare Association Bulletin (New York) demonstrates.

Karl J. Holzknicht, assistant professor of English in New York University, lists in this bulletin no less than thirty-four recent books and plays with titles taken from Shakespeare. "Macbeth" seems the most popular source, with ten titles to its credit. Four come from "As You Like It" three from "Hamlet." Occasionally two authors select the same words—like "Full Fathom Five." Sometimes two of them just avoid a traffic-jam in titles. For instance: Agnes Logan chooses "There Is a Tide," and Dorothy Lambert, "Taken at the Flood."

Professor Holzknicht's complete list now offers invaluable first aid toward eliminating congestion and repetition. Here it is:

Life's Fiftal Fever—Margaret Nevinson. "After life's fiftal fever he sleeps well."—Macbeth, III, II.

To-morrow and To-morrow—Phillip Barry. "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day."—Macbeth, V, v.

All Our Yesterdays—H. M. Tomlinson. "And all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death."—Macbeth, V, v.

Brief Candies—Aldous Huxley. "Out, out, brief candle!"—Macbeth, V, v.

This Poor Player—Shirley Watkins. "Their Hour Upon the Stage—James Agate.

Hour Upon the Stage—A. Pinchot. "Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and trots his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more."—Macbeth, V, v.

The Weird Sisters—J. Blyth. "The Weird sisters, hand in hand, Posters of the sea and land."—Macbeth, I, III.

The Ravell'd Sleeve—Betty Inskio. "Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care."—Macbeth, II, II.

Look to the Lady—Margery Allingham. "Help me hence, ho!—Look to the Lady!"—Macbeth, II, III.

And Such Small Deer—E. V. Lucas. "Mice and rats; and such small deer."—King Lear, III, iv.

The Night's Candles—Rene Roy. "Night's Candles are burnt out and Jounday stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."—Romeo and Juliet, III, v.

Give Me My Sin Again—Naomi G. Royde-Smith. "Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged! Give me my sin again."—Romeo and Juliet, I, v.

Who Is Sylvia?—Kathlyn Rhodes. "Who is Sylvia? What is she, that all our swains commend her?"—Two Gentlemen of Verona, IV, II.

This Other Eden—E. V. Knox. "This other Eden, demi paradise."—Richard II, II, I.

Trip No Further—Jane Lindsay. "Trip No Further, pretty sweeting, Journeys end in lovers meeting."—Twelfth Night, II, III.

Cakes and Ale—W. Somerset Maugham. "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—Twelfth Night, II, III.

Merely Players—Claude Bragdon. "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."—As You Like It, II, VII.

A GREAT AIM One great aim, like a guiding star, above— Which tasks strength, wisdom, stateliness, to lift. His manhood to the heights that takes the prize. —Colombe's Birthday.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

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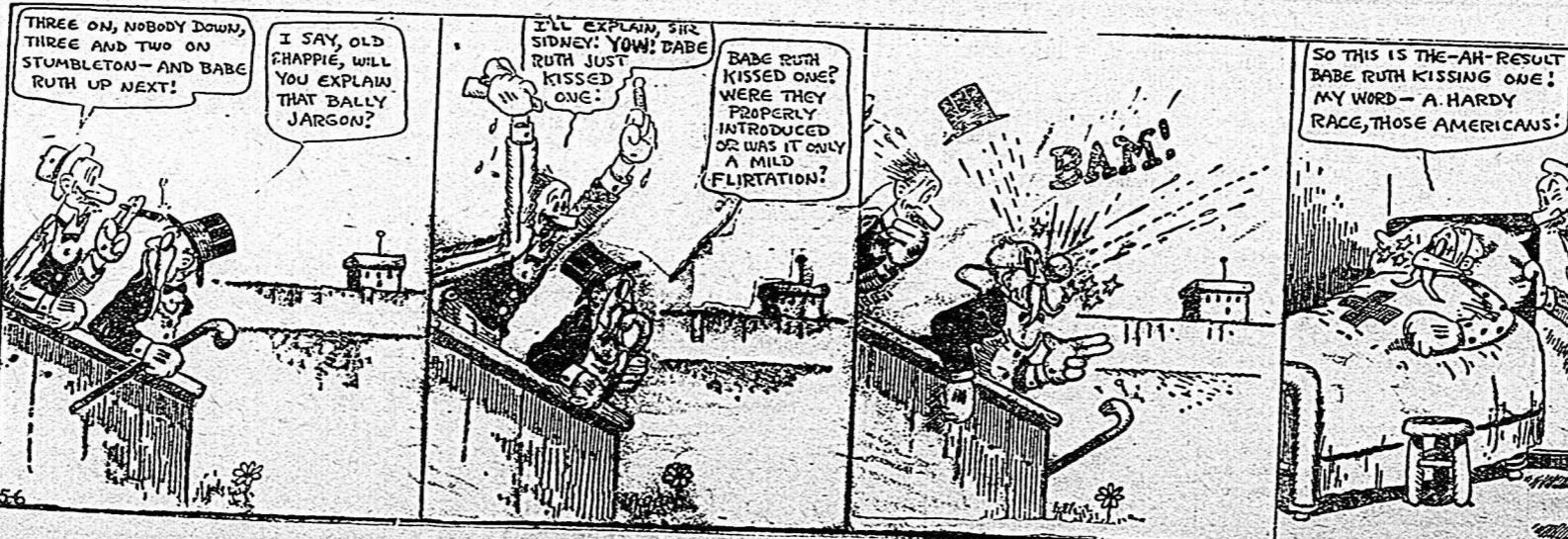
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MUTT AND JEFF— A Kiss In The Park



By BUD FISHER