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WILD GEESE

By Martha Ostenso.

Caleb lifted the lantern and examined the wick. Things would turn out to his liking. He would hold the whip hand. Judith, yes, she was a problem. She had some of his own will, and she hated the soil. . . . She was beginning to think she was meant for other things. . . . getting high notions, was Judith. She would have to be broken. She owed him something. . . . owed the soil something. The twins, they would stay—no fear of their deserting. Martin and Ellen would not dare to leave; there was no other place for them. And Amelia, she was easy. . . . yes, yes, she was easy, Amelia was!

Caleb glanced again at the coveted bit of woodland, and crossed the ridge toward home. After he had crawled through the barbed wire fence that surrounded the second hayfield he turned down the wick and blew out the flame in the lantern. No need of wasting oil. . . .

Lind woke to the comfortable drowsiness of farmhouse lofts and piece quilts, and the inarticulate outdoor sounds of early spring mornings. Something had wakened her. She did not know then that it was the three knocks of the broom handle upon the ceiling of the room below, which was nothing else but the planks of the loft floor. She lifted herself upon her elbow and looked down upon the dusky cheek of the girl beside her. Judith was more than three years younger than Lind, but somehow there was a wisdom that Lind did not share in the bountiful, relaxed beauty of her body as she lay asleep. An intangible fragrance rose from her, like warmth. Like the warmth of milk, or newly mown hay. Lind touched her lightly to waken her. Jude's eyes slowly opened, veiled like a waking child's. She yawned and stretched her round, strong arms above her head. Then she turned over, on her stomach and lay for a few moments without speaking. Lind got out of bed and prepared to wash.

"I hate to get up," Jude declared from the pillows. "Some day I'm going to have a silk bed and lie in it forever, and hear cows bellowing right at my elbow and know I don't have to get up to water 'em." Lind laughed at the absurd picture, while she saw the pathos in it. Three more knocks sounded peremptorily against the floor, and the Teacher turned questioning toward Jude.

Judith drew herself lastly out of bed and began to pull on her stockings under her nightgown. "You'd better hurry," she said to Lind. "There goes Ellen down."

Lind wrinkled her brows. "You don't mean that I must hurry?" "He won't let breakfast be kept for anybody," Jude told her briefly. Lind was thoroughly amazed. "But it must be only five o'clock! Whatever shall I do every morning until nine?" she exclaimed. "Hm-p!" Jude retorted, relishing the perverse contempt she felt for the Teacher together with her admiration and envy. "You might milk a cow or two, or chase skunks. There's lots of 'em in the bush. That's Pets after one now. Hear him barkin'! The smell ain't bad—ain't bad—when you get used to it."

The Teacher shook herself free from the annoyance she felt at Caleb's rigor, and resolved to make the best of it. After all, it was rather amusing. Breakfast, it turned out, was a meal eaten in almost complete silence. It was a fixed duty discharged without zest. Except Jude, the children did not seem half awake. The toll of the day before hung about them still like a tedious dream. "Guess we'll plow up that fallow field over east, after all, Martin," Caleb said, settling back in his chair while he wiped his mustache with his hand. "Jude can start it all right this morning, eh, Martin?"

Martin continued eating his porridge. He was a slow eater, as he was a thick-set. He could not quite appreciate the meaning of his father's words. It was folly to seed the worn-out east field this spring. And as for Jude's plowing it—it was a heavy field, full of stones, difficult enough for a man. And hadn't there been talk of Jude continuing morning school as she had done last year, so that she might write her entrance examinations?

"Well—" Martin began solemnly. His face reddened as he found himself unable to protest. "Guess I could do it. Kind o' tough for Jude." "Tough for Jude? Pah! Hear that, Jude? He says you can't do it! Guess there ain't a field that'd stump you, eh, Jude? Some girl, Miss Archer. Look at the arm on her! Bigger'n mine. Heh! Heh!" It was the first time he had addressed Lind that morning. The Teacher shrank from the tyranny so thinly veiled behind his jocularity. She ventured to smile at Judith, who appeared not to have heard her father's sally. "After breakfast, Judith went out to milk, and Lind accompanied her. The cow pen was overhanging at one end by weeping willows, which were putting forth tiny buds. Judith led her cow to that extremity of the pen. "It's a little prettier over here," she explained. The cattle sheds and the shelters for the other animals were all of gray logs; the low roofs sodded and showing faintly green now, although it was still cold and raw. The ruts of the cow pen, since there had been no rain or snow for weeks, were hard as cement, and reeked Lind

of the relief maps children made at school. The deep tracks of the cattle were almost indistinguishable from the human tracks intermingled with them. The cold of winter had fixed there and only the rains of spring would wash them away. "When did you stop school, Jude?" Lind asked. She had seated herself on a stone near the white stream of milk striking the bottom of the pail with a thin churning sound. The cow's flanks were satiny, her tail clotted with manure. The animal looked over her shoulder with a round, vague inquiry, and went on chewing her cud. "Went half a day last year—every morning. Guess I won't go at all this year. He hasn't said, lately. He talked some about it during the freeze-up, and it sort of cheered me up then. But I guess he didn't mean anything by it."

Lind felt her indignation mounting once more against Caleb. This was criminal, denying the girl what education was at hand. "Oh, my dear, hasn't your mother a thing to say about it? Do you want to go?" "Wantin' and goin' is two different things," she replied, looking into the pail between her knees. "But Judith," Lind said earnestly, bending toward her, "is there no way to arrange for your going—can he not do without you here?" "He can, but he won't. There's no use talkin'." Judith shifted her great body on the milk stool. She seemed to have grown suddenly shy, with this talk that lay so close to her inmost desires.

Lind rose and touched Jude's shoulder. As she did so Caleb appeared from the end of the barn. He glanced sharply toward the girls once, then looked studiously away. "You'd best go. He ain't likin' you being here," said Judith.

Feeling helplessly a culprit, Lind picked her way back across the rutted ground. She decided to go early to the school house and air the place thoroughly before the children came. It would give her something to do.

By nine o'clock, the school room, the porch outside, and the playground were over-run by the sturdy demons who had gathered from miles around for what was an acknowledged holiday. Lind rose from her desk and rang a small bell, which instantly brought order out of chaos. There was a general scamper indoors, and a hurried selection of the best and most remote seats by the stronger of the small band. Lind looked down upon the children, and saw that every seat was never prevail again throughout the term. The children some of them six feet tall and well on in their teens, had come from every direction, even from other districts—half of them with the sole purpose of conveying to their elders their impressions of the Teacher of Oeland, and with no intention of coming a second day.

Lind sat at her desk and introduced herself. There was dead quiet while she spoke. Every eye was fixed upon her face. "We are going to have a very nice time together here, I know," said Lind. "You will keep the seats you have for to-day, and to-morrow I

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There stood the school house, across the trail from the Gare farm. It was low and square, and built of uneven logs; the white paint of it had peeled and fallen off here and there in large flakes. There it stood, in unashamed relief against the gray green haze of spruce and tamarac. Lind would have liked Judith's company that first day at school. A teacher who had formerly taught at Oeland had told her of how he had actually been trampled in a stampede that had broken out among the young ruffians from beyond Latt's Slough.

shall move you about according to your grades. Don't you think that will be best?" She smiled down at two of the ruddy cheeked girls who sat together at one desk, and because their opinion was thus sought, they nodded their heads emergently, and afterwards whispered to each other how pretty the new teacher was.

Lind opened a large black record book and began to take their names, up one row and down another. "Thorvaldson—Sophia, Anna, Una," Lind repeated after three little girls in the foreground with pigtails as white as snow. Behind them sat two boys from Yellow Post, half-Cree, who did not know their last names and looked back in great fright to their elder brother who sat in the rear. And so on down the line. The Sandbos, who lived two miles to the east of the Gare, and five of whom attended school. The black-eyed Hungarian Klovacs children, whose father had a homestead several miles east of the Gare from the great lake on the west, and drove seven miles to school. Swarthby facted young tartars from north of

THE FLAPPER OF 1925 She is an active girl—dancing—swimming—playing tennis—golf—motoring and hiking—often on the go eighteen or twenty hours out of every twenty-four. Only a strong, healthy body can stand the pace. But the flapper, like the Miss of 1880, knows that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the one remedy to keep her free from pain and physically fit, and depends upon it. For over 50 years it has been restoring sick and ailing women to health and strength.

Latt's Slough, momentarily impressed and suppressed, most of whom were too old to go to school and would probably not appear on the second day at all. Lind saw with relief that she had captivated the children. There would be no trouble. She looked around at the dingy whitewashed walls. "We shall have to have some pictures," she said. "How would you like to do a little painting this morning?" There was vigorous assent. A little apple-cheeked icelander boy from the Narrows and a half-breed girl from Yellow Post importantly passed around the paint boxes and the coarse paper Lind had found in the closet. And so the first day of school began at Oeland. (To Be Continued.)

Clergyman joined with others in signing manifesto protesting against British Government's proposal to tax betting. Girl caught working as hotel porter at Sacramento, Cal., said she adopted male clothing to get work easier. Paul Lespondent, insane ink

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