

"Bother!" she exclaimed. "It must be sheep these Easterners ride!"

V.

YET, in due course, the trouble worked out its own end. One morning, about sunrise, when she thought no one would be abroad, Ruth mounted her pony. Save for an occasional drift in the shadow of the bluffs the snow was all gone. An infinite greenness replaced the whiteness and the silence. From under lazy lids drowsy nature shot green glances; the warm air vibrated to the song of the birds, the woods softly whispered a tale of sunlight glinting on the waters. The morning was perfect. It called Ritchie from his bed, and set Si Mattheson early on the trail. He and Jemmy Hodges were to drive McCloud to Winnipeg, there to be fitted with an artificial foot.

"Didn't expect you quite so soon," the minister said when Si and Jemmy passed him on the trail; "but Jim's all ready. Go ahead, I'll say good-by when you come back."

He was feeling that morning the spell of the prairie—its mystery, its fascination. Its vast rolling billows filled him with a sense of peace and power. Its infinitude awed him; its teeming life, reveling in the joy of existence, found answering expression in his own soul. On that great expanse the settlers' cabins dwarfed to coops in a chicken yard; still each was the prolific center of motley noises—the lowing of kine, the cackle of fowls, the cries of men. Far to the south lay the ridge from which he had first seen the settlement. As it caught his eye he remembered the sudden sweetness which transfigured Jake's rough face—he understood it now.

"It is beautiful," he murmured.

Walking on he breasted a sandhill. As he crossed the ridge, Ruth came galloping up the rise with hair streaming on the wind.

"Aha, young lady!" he cried, seizing her bridle. "Now I've got you. Tell—why do you run from me?"

She looked rebelliously from under her cloud of hair. He was tall; his eyes almost leveled hers, and she saw that while they were soft, they were also very determined. Bowing low, she said:

"I—I am so different from the women you know. I—I—cannot——"

"A—h?" he breathed.

From her face his eye passed over the rounded bust, down all the length of the shameless, shapely limbs, and brought up at her foot. Within him, the man and his prejudice battled fiercely; but man is flame and woman is tow, and prairie winds blow strong. Up in his nostrils wafted a sudden sodden smell of the wild plains; his blood thrilled to the keen northern air; in his veins mad spring rioted. Stooping quickly, he kissed her instep.

She flushed and trembled and leaned to him, her eyes raised to his; but as Ritchie lifted his hands to the yielding figure there came a loud halloo, and Si Mattheson's buggy topped the rise.

"Say!" Si rumbled, eying them curiously. "What air you two up to?"

"Oh, shet up, Si!" McCloud grinned. "Kain't you see when you ain't wanted? Drive on!"

Si whistled, but sat still and eyed the blushing girl with a meditative grin. "Thet's the way the cat jumps, is it?" he muttered softly. Then, fixing the distressed couple with a fatherly smile, he addressed himself to Jemmy. "Say!" he said, elbowing that antediluvian in the ribs. "Don't you reckon at it's 'bout time the vestry called this man fer keeps?"

After giving the subject the consideration its gravity demanded, Jemmy still held to his former opinion that a minister ought to be married.

Slipping his arm quietly about Ruth's waist, the minister faced the issue.

"We're going to be married next week," he said.

EXILED.

God pity those who, in an alien land,
Friendless and homesick, mutely live apart;
But oh, God pity those who understand
The grief to have no shelter in some heart!

Charles Hanson Towne.

Mr. Munsey on Journalism.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT YALE UNIVERSITY ON JANUARY 12,
IN THE ISAAC H. BROMLEY LECTURESHIP COURSE.

HE DISCUSSES THE NEWSPAPER OF TO-DAY AND SKETCHES THE NEWSPAPER OF THE FUTURE—HE SAYS WE NEED A NEW SCHOOL OF JOURNALISTS AND A MORE CONDENSED AND TRUST-WORTHY NEWSPAPER—SPLENDID POSSIBILITIES FOR THE JOURNALISTS OF THE COMING GENERATION, WHICH WILL BE THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE SALARIED MAN.

I HAVE no knowledge of the manner in which the distinguished men who preceded me in this course of lectures handled their subject. Neither do I know what was the precise purpose of the founder of the course.

If it was that these talks be in the nature of practical instruction in journalism, I must admit in the outset that the subject is not rich in possibilities, and that I am not the man to get the most out of it.

Practical journalism can be learned in the editorial room, not in the college. An attempt to teach you shoemaking from a series of addresses would bring well-nigh as satisfactory results. The grounding for a career in journalism is the substructure, not the superstructure. The former you can get at your university; the latter must come from the newspaper shop.

I cannot give you any specific formula for newspaper making. No one can. But I will touch upon a few points of a semi-literary and journalistic nature, and will discuss briefly the newspaper of to-day and sketch the newspaper of the future.

It is the daily paper of the future that means something to you who are to become journalists. On it your career must be worked out, not on the newspaper of the past or the newspaper that is passing.

THE BASIC ESSENTIALS OF SUCCESS.

In a general way I should say that a first rate education, supplemented by wide reading, is the best foundation for a career in journalism. In none of the

other professions and in no line of business can there be the direct and constant use of general knowledge.

In journalism, education is the tools with which a man works. He cannot carve out an enduring statue without them, cannot even clothe an idea attractively.

The work of the lawyer is mainly of a legal nature, that of the doctor is compressed within the channel of medical science. But with the journalist there is no such limitation. His field encompasses the world, and his usefulness is to a considerable extent measured by the practical knowledge he has of this vast expanse.

But education alone never made and never will make a journalist. It must be regarded as merely the rock bed base on which to build.

Next in importance to a well stored mind is the faculty of accurate observation. This sounds very simple, but to the journalist it is an accomplishment of high order. It is here that so many writers are fundamentally weak. Faithful and accurate work is not possible to them unless they see things and hear things as they are.

With this habit of accuracy in seeing and hearing once so fixed upon you that it is a part of your very self, the road to successful journalism and even to literary renown will be open to you and easy to traverse.

THE STYLE THAT MEANS MOST.

The great thing in journalism is to have something to say, and to the man who sees things the world is full of in-