

friend Bill Lukes were discussing the arid conditions of the land of their adoption, the same subject was being taken up from another angle in the home of the latter.

In the big kitchen, the early twilight of the December day was reflected in the face of the tall woman who kneaded her bread on the long, unpainted table. Her movements were slow and hopeless. She wore a flannelette wrapper, as faded and anemic as herself,