

He had known them, but only as fellows who had no social standing. They had belonged to the worker class, who earned their way, waiting on tables, mowing lawns, tending furnaces, doing janitor work, selling books, etc. ; but now, as he met them intimately, he discovered that college life meant more, not less, to them than to him ; and he wondered whether they did not take more pleasure in it than himself.

Another discovery no less surprising to "the drone" was this, that these men whom he had always pitied, when he thought of them at all, knew more of the world than he, and that the world was more interested in them than in himself.

"Where you boys goin'?" was the first question of the Illinois farmer, who shared his seat for a few minutes.

"The other fellows are going to Kansas to work in the harvest-fields," he would answer.

"So ! Well, I reckon they'll find work all right. I hear men is mighty scarce out thar. Them is husky-lookin' boys, too. I'll bet they kin do a good day's work soon's they git onto thar jobs a little. Say, now, that's what I like to see—college fellers that's good fer sumthin'. Be you one of the gang?"

"No, I'm going to spend my vacation in the mountains, on a little camping and fishing trip."

Then the farmer's interest ceased. Henry thought at first that was because the man was a farmer ; but, when a newspaper man also not only lost interest in him, but immediately turned his back on him to talk with the prospective harvest-hands, Henry Haynes felt, for the first time in his life, that the world in which he lived was not *the world* at all.

In the meantime the appearance of the country was changing. The rich corn-fields of the Mississippi Valley had given place to the wheat-fields of Kansas. If the former had resembled vast regiments of soldiers covering the level or billowing land, the latter resembled nothing more than yellow seas of grain, unsteady, as the constant wind blew across it, and stretching on all sides, often without a break, to the distant line between the wheat-fields and the sky. And all this grain, this wheat, this bread of man, was ready for the harvest. In a few weeks at most it must be gathered in, or be lost forever.

And men were scarce. Everywhere he heard that cry. Everywhere he saw evidences of the fact. Women and children were in the