

a ttack. There were one thousand and one different methods of assault in the night wgainst which a man had to be prepared had asserted the veteran to the plump Bud, whose pimpled face had turned a pasty color as Jake enlarged upon the subject, and then had gotten into his bed, pulled his "cover" of dogs over him and left the farmer's son to look out for himself on the bare floor of the shack. Jake was neither malicious nor cruel, but he had a clear memory, and that memory recalled to him the fact that during the four years when he (Jake) had slept in mud holes or any place wherein he could crawl, Bud had had his feather bed at home. Now the tables were turned.

At this time the war was still near enough to the public heart and conscience that we had not reached the stage where we scowled at the word "veteran" and avowed that they "needn't think were goin' to support them in idleness for the rest of their days". etc. Women still occasionally knatted sweaters and socks for the returned men, and a place was made for them at the farmer's table. It was a matter of irritation that the government was placing them here there and everywhere among the farmers -- that is to say, they were allowing them homesteads in parts of the country where previously one had had good open range, on which to run ones cattle freely. Now the range was being fenced and cut up and veteran's shacks were going up on all parts of the prairie. Of course, there was consolation and remuneration also in the advent of the veterans among the farmers, for every one who had a bit of poor land or a farm that was known to be unremunerative listed it with the Soldiers Settlement Board and