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"This is no idle claim"



Mischiefous Idle Hands.

It is a fact that there are children who have no chance to grow up industrious, helpful, useful. They have been petted, pampered, coddled, waited upon from infancy. They are not taught to work; no little tasks are set for childish hands; no incentives to industry are held before little eyes; no simple errands wait for children's feet.

It is by no means follows that the parents of such children are well-to-do. Often they are people who toll hard from morning until night—good, mistaken people who do not fear hardships for themselves but who long to have their children have an easy time, a soft job, a big salary.

A chance to work and a chance to play should be the lot of every child. Light tasks even for the smaller children are only right. Fortunate the children who early acquire the habit of industry. Don't say, "If Susie helps she will be sure to break some of the dishes." Which is of the most value, Susie or a fifteen cent dish? Give the children responsible tasks as they grow older and do not stand over them every moment—give them a fair chance. Except them to succeed, not fail. Do not say, "I am afraid you cannot do that!" say, "Of course you can do it!" and then walk away as if it were all finally settled.

How a boy will make the dirt fly when we have confidence in him; when we say, "Yes, that is a hard job, Johnnie, but you can do it if anybody can." Confidence does wonders for a boy. Too many parents groan that "Johnnie is going to the dogs." Well, why should he not go to the dogs? Is not that what they are expecting? Has he any encouragement to choose any other road? Possibly if they had a little confidence in that boy and they could get it across to the boy—and there are unseen angels always waiting to carry such messages to a boy—the boy would respond nobly, leave the ranks of the good-for-nothings and make good in life.

A boy will always find something to do. If we set no tasks for him, Satan will have cigarettes to be smoked, melon patches to be raided and naughty stories to be heard and told. Even on farms, boys and girls are found who are not allowed to share the daily work—girls who grow up inefficient because their mothers do not want them "fussing" in kitchen or dairy. Even the three-year-old would be better and happier if he had his wee errands to run than were real errands—his part in the home.

Economy in Fats.

Now that the demand "Don't Stop Saving Food!" greets us wherever we turn, it behooves us to school ourselves against reverting to the careless ways of pre-war days. The Food Board tells us that fats are scarce, so of course we must continue to economize in the use of butter. We can do a great deal in this direction by utilizing vegetable and meat fats.

Many of us have been prejudiced against the use of oleomargarine, especially when we have been accustomed to plenty of good butter to use at all times, but a good quality of oleomargarine is much more economical for many uses than butter. We must not lose sight of the fact that oleomargarine made from vegetable fats can be very pure and wholesome indeed, and for cake-making, frying, shortening, vegetable seasoning, etc., it answers every purpose at a substantial saving.

The clarified fat from chickens, ducks, turkeys, and geese makes the most delicious of cooky shortening and the flavor of the fowl cannot be detected in the finished food. All drippings from meat should be carefully saved, clarified by being heated with sliced raw potato, and strained. The drippings from beef and pork will go very nicely together, but the hard fat of lamb or mutton has not been in favor in the family household for the reason that its tallow flavor and consistency were not relished, but wartime measures have taught us that we can use mutton fat to good purpose by taking a little trouble.

Take equal parts of hard or mutton fat and soft fat, such as beef and pork. Cut into small pieces, and melt together in the double boiler. For every two pounds slice in an onion, an apple, a potato, and put in three or four cloves, a bay leaf, and

a teaspoonful of salt. Cook until the fat is thoroughly extracted and the potato and apple seared. Strain the melted fat into a bowl through muslin. Set aside to cool. Keep watch of it, however, and just when the edges begin to harden beat briskly with an egg beater until almost cold. This beating prevents the hard and soft fats from separating and makes the "savory shortening" light and fluffy. This is especially desirable for use in cooking, and even in pastry making. Less onion may be used if desired.

Hot Dishes for Cold Days.

Oxtail and Carrot Stew.—Brown two jointed oxtails and two sliced onions in hot fat. Put into a kettle add six medium-sized carrots sliced, two teaspoons salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, and cover with boiling water. Cook slowly for two hours, or until meat is tender. Thicken the gravy with two tablespoons browned flour. If potatoes are desired, add the required amount half an hour before the stew is done.

Cabbage Souffle.—Cut a medium-sized cabbage in quarters and put on in cold water to boil. When it has boiled fifteen minutes drain off the water, cover with hot water, and boil again until it is tender. Drain as dry as possible, chop fine, season with salt, pepper, and butter or butter substitute. Beat together until light two eggs, and add four teaspoons cream. Add this to the prepared cabbage, mix well, and put into a greased baking dish. Sprinkle me top with bread crumbs, and bake.

Corned-Beef Hash—Remove skin and gristle from cooked corned beef. Chop the meat and do not use too much fat. Add an equal quantity of chopped cold boiled potatoes, season with salt and pepper, put into a hot greased pan, moisten with milk or cream, and stir up well. Then spread it out evenly and leave it where it will brown slowly underneath. Turn and fold on a hot platter. Cold roast beef may be used in the hash with the corned beef, and finely chopped cooked beets may be added.

Bean Balls and Macaroni—Mash baked beans to a pulp, add one beaten egg, one-half teaspoon minced onion, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Form into balls, dip in beaten egg and bread crumbs, and set in oven for five minutes. Serve on boiled macaroni that has been covered with grated cheese.

Potato Pie—To one quart hot boiled potatoes add enough hot milk to moisten. Season with butter and salt. Mash in kettle in which they were boiled, and beat with a fork until light. Stir in one-half cup minced ham. Have ready, four hard-boiled eggs and one-half cup stock or gravy. Arrange potatoes and sliced eggs in dish in alternate layers, with potatoes forming top and bottom layers. Moistened with the gravy. Brush over the top with milk or egg, and brown in hot oven.

This dish can be arranged in three layers, with the middle layer some kind of meat hash bound together with egg or thickened gravy.

Easy Home-Made Soap.

A soap which is excellent for laundry purposes can be made from bits of rancid fat. The process is simple: Dissolve two and one-half tablespoons lye in eight tablespoons water. Add to one cup melted fat. Beat with an egg beater for about ten minutes. Pour out and let harden. It is best not to use it for a month or two. This soap can be made in small quantities, and it also has the advantage of not requiring cooking.

Mawber's Advice.

"My other piece of advice, Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, "you know, annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure, nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the God of Day goes down upon the dreary scene, and, in short, you are forever flooded. As I am"—Dickens.

An essential to successful wintering of the farm poultry is a pure and plentiful supply of water. Make arrangements to keep the water fountain from freezing up on cold days this winter.

The Road to Understanding

CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

Burke Denby took the boys for a drive almost every day after that. He discovered that Miss Barnett, greatly enjoyed driving. There were picnics, too, in the cool green of the woods, on two or three fine days. Miss Barnett also liked picnics. Still pursuant of his plan to give the forlorn little nursemaid "one good time in her life," Burke Denby contrived to be with her not a little in between drives and picnics. Ostensibly he was putting up swings, houses, playing ball with Masters Paul and Percy Allen; but in reality he was trying to put a little "interest" into Miss Helen Barnett's little task. He was so sorry for her small, lonely life, a shame that so gloriously beautiful a girl should be doomed to a slavery like that! He was so glad that for a time he might bring some brightness into her life!

"And do you see how perfectly devoted Burke is to Paul and Percy?" cried Mrs. Allen, one day, to her brother. "I had no idea the dear boy was so devoted to them."

"Hm-m. Is he really, indeed?" murmured John Denby. "No, I had not noticed."

John Denby spoke vaguely, yet with a shade of irritation. For as he was of his sister and his small nephew, he was finding it difficult to accustom himself to the revolutionary changes in his daily routine that their presence made necessary. He was learning to absent himself more and more from the house.

For a week, therefore, unchallenged, and cheerfully intent on his benevolent mission, Burke Denby continued his drives and picnics and ball-playing with Masters Paul and Percy Allen; then, very suddenly, four little words from the lips of Helen Barnett changed for him the earth and the sky above.

"When I go away—" she began.

"When you go away?" he interrupted.

"Yes, why, Mr. Denby, what makes you look so queer?"

"Nothing, I was thinking—that is, I had forgotten—" he began, and then he stopped abruptly, and crossed the room. At the window, for a full minute, he stood motionless, looking out at the falling rain. When he turned back into the room there was a new expression on his face. With a quick glance at the children playing on the rug before the fireplace, he crossed straight to the plainly surprised young woman and dropped himself in a chair at her side.

"Helen Barnett, will you—marry me?" he asked softly.

"Mr. Denby?"

With a boyish laugh Burke Denby drew his chair nearer. His face was alight with the confident happiness of one who has never known rebuff. You are surprised—and so was I, a minute ago. You see, it came to me all in a flash—what it would be to live—without you! His voice grew tender. "Helen, you will stay, and be my wife?"

"Oh, no—I mustn't, I can't! Why, of course I can't, Mr. Denby," stuttered the girl, in a panic of startled embarrassment. "I'm sure you don't want me to."

"But I do. Listen!" He threw another quick glance at the absorbed children as he reached out and took possession of her hand. "It all came to me back there at the window—the dreariness, the emptiness of—everything, without you. And I saw then what you've been to me every day this past week. How I've watched for you and waited for you, and how everything I did and said and had was just—something for you. And I knew then that I—I loved you. You see, I—I never loved any one before,"—the boyish red swept to his forehead as he laughed whimsically,—"and so I—I—can't—regain my symptoms!" With the lightness of his words he was plainly trying to hide the shake in his voice. "Helen—you will?"

"Oh, but I—I—I—" Her eyes were frightened and pleading.

"Don't you care at all?"

"If you don't then won't you let me make you care?" he begged. "You said you had no love for me at all; and I care so much! Won't you let—"

Somewhere a door shut.

With a low cry Helen Barnett pulled away her hand and sprang to her feet. She was down on the rug with the children, very flushed of face, when Mrs. Allen appeared in the library doorway.

"Oh, here you are!" Mrs. Allen frowned and spoke a bit impatiently. "I've been hunting everywhere for you. I supposed you were in the nursery. Won't you put the boys into fresh suits? I have friends calling soon, and I want the children brought to the drawing room when I ring, and left till I call you again."

"Yes, ma'am."

With a still more painful flush on her face Helen Barnett swept the backs into her apron, rose to her feet, and hurried the children from the room. She did not once glance at the young man standing by the window. Mrs. Allen tossed her nephew a smile and a shrug which might have been translated into "You see what we have to endure—so tiresome!" as she, too, disappeared.

Burke Denby did not smile. He did frown, however. He felt vaguely irritated and abused. He wished his aunt would not be so "bossy" and disagreeable. He wished Helen would not act so intriguingly submissive. As if she, then, it would be his secret right away, of course, as soon as he had made known the fact that

she was to be his wife. Everything would be different. Not only would she hold her head erect and take her proper place, but she would not—well, there were various little ways and expressions which she would drop, of course. And how beautiful she was! How sweet! How dear! And how she had suffered in her loneliness. How he would love to make for her a future all gloriously happy and tender with his strong, encircling arms!

It was a pleasant picture. Burke Denby's heart quite swelled within him as he turned to leave the room. Upstairs, the girl, the cause of it all, hurrying nervousness through the task of clothing two active little bodies in fresh garments. That her thoughts were not with her fingers was evident; but not until the summoning bell from the drawing room gave her a few minutes' respite from duty did she have an opportunity really to think. Even then she could not think lucidly or connectedly. Always before her eyes was Burke Denby's face, ardent, pleading, confident. And he expected—Before she saw him again she must be ready, she knew, with her answer. But how could she answer?

Helen Barnett was lonely, heart sick and frightened—a combination that could hardly aid in the making of a wise, unprejudiced decision, especially when one was very much in love. And Helen Barnett knew that she was that. Less than two years before, Helen Barnett had been the petted daughter of a village storekeeper in a small Vermont town. There like the proverbial thunderbolt, had come death and financial disaster, throwing her on her own resources. And not until she had attempted to utilize those resources for her support, and she found how frail they were.

Though the Barnetts had not been wealthy, the village store had been profitable; and Helen (the only child) had been almost as greatly over-indulged as was Burke Denby himself. Being a very pretty girl, she had become the village belle before she donned long dresses. Having been shielded from work and responsibility, and always carefully guarded from every thing unpleasant, she was poorly equipped for a struggle of any sort, even aside from the fact that there was, apparently, nothing that she could do well enough to earn for doing. In the past twenty months she had obtained six positions, and had abandoned five of them: two because of incompetency, two because of lack of necessary strength, one because of the unattractiveness of the situation intolerable. For three months now she had been nurse to Masters Paul and Percy Allen. She liked Mrs. Allen, and she liked the children, but the care, the constant, the never-ending task of dancing attendance upon the whims and tempers of two active little boys, was proving to be not a little irksome to young Helen, who was a natural and of self-sacrifice. Then, suddenly, there had come the visit to the Denby homestead, and the advent into her life of Burke Denby; and now here, Christmas, birthday, and New Year's cards received all over the globe. There were my two razors in a case, with the soap and brush to make them complete; a tube of toothpaste, and a pot of pomade for the hair.

Needles of various sizes, and a couple of reels of bunting thread; a pair of scissors, and a marvelous collection of buttons kept company with a couple of souvenir medals and a few gold badges ready to be sewn on to my brand new No. 8 suit; a carved walnut from Shanghai—it must have taken the coolie years to cut by hand that infinitesimal figure of a sleeping child in its cradle inside the nut—which cost me one silver dollar, and which, somehow, I've never parted with; a jack knife fitted with all the latest improvements—coricrew, buttonhook, and other things that sailormen never have use for at sea—given to me by a soldier brother who accepted it as a gift from a surrendering Boche prisoner out in Flanders early in 1915; and, wrapped in tissue paper and oiled silk, a silver three of two members of high society to whom I happened to be nearest when a certain lifeboat capsized during the work of taking people off a wreck. It has my name and rank engraved upon it, this frame, also a date and the name of two ships, and the photograph bears a signature that doesn't start or end with Mr. or Mrs. I'm telling you no more.

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And that is my ditty-box—my little personal drawer, such as you set aside in your desk or bureau. It has accompanied me all over the Seven Seas, and should I die or be killed whilst still serving, it will be sent home to my next-of-kin, so that they may, in turn, treasure the little inconsequent things that have served as mementoes for me, and which have held so warm a place in my heart.

And, in the meantime, the white-scrubbed box rests with dozens of others in the rack over the mess, to be used as a seat when sewing or playing cards; or, with the lid up and a folded towel placed inside, as a pillow during "make and mend afternoons"; or, with three others, as a card table in some turret or control station in ever we go to naval war again in my time.

Some men make opportunities for others to take advantage of.

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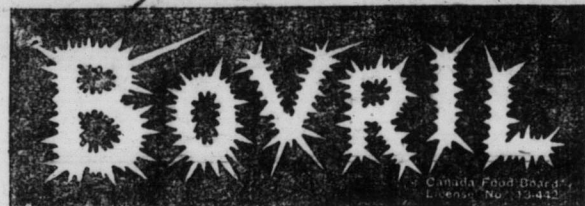
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THE DITTY-BOX OF A BRITISH SAILOR

A JACK TAR DESCRIBES HIS TREASURE CHEST

Where Are Kept the Little Inconsequent Things That Serve the Sailor as Mementoes of His Travels.

(By John S. Margerian.)

It isn't much to look at. Only a plain white deal box a foot long, six inches deep, and eight inches wide, but it is the most precious of the many and varied things that go to make up my official kit as a member of the Royal Navy.

A housewife would use it to keep her blackening brushes in; the sailor-man utilizes it as a storage place for everything that he holds dear, and for a lot of useful things as well.

Authority demands that its exterior shall be immaculate, but would as soon think of officially commissioning a burglar by penetrating into its interior.

And when inventories are made of a man's effects, whether he be dead or a deserter, this part is logged as "ditty-box and contents," never as so many things in detail.

The lid usually bears some work of art graven with a jack knife in the owner's early days; the front of the box carries a plate with the owner's name; and the box, when new, is fitted with a lock and key, and remains locked for just so long as the owner manages to evade loss of that key.

But in any modern ship you can find odds that ninety-nine out of every hundred boxes have been picked open and never locked again, and you can also lay longer odds that in their unlocked state they are equally safe with those that are lawfully secured.

A Number of Things.

The inside of the lid usually contains a fretworked photograph-frame, containing two or three pictures—in the sailor's early days—of pretty ladies. Later, as he achieves years of discretion, these give place to one only, and presently the picture of a little one is added to fill the empty space.

There is a till fitted to take a man's pen, pencils, toothbrush, and with a small square space at the end for his penny bottle of ink from the canteen. Then the body of the box is left open for such things as the owner may want to stow therein, according to his individual taste.

I remember my own box.

There was a fawnought envelope-shaped bag, carrying photographs of everybody I knew, and not a few Christmas, birthday, and New Year's cards received all over the globe. There were my two razors in a case, with the soap and brush to make them complete; a tube of toothpaste, and a pot of pomade for the hair.

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TALE OF THE WAR IN EAST AFRICA

1,200 MILES THROUGH JUNGLE TO WIN CAPITAL CITY

Evidence That Slave Trading Had Been Legalized by Germans—Valor of Native Troops.

In German East Africa the Germans made use of their empty beer bottles by cutting them in two and using the tops for electric wire insulation, while they sold the bottoms to the natives for drinking glasses. The German beer drinkers patriotically kept up the supply.

Lieutenant Pierre Daye, of the Belgian army, told about it the other day. Lieutenant Daye was on one of the Belgian expeditionary forces which penetrated into German East Africa and was at the capture of the capital, Tabora.

"We marched 1,200 miles, a journey of fifteen months, through jungle and what not," he said. "We crossed and recrossed the trail of the early explorers, and we came upon the stones marking the spot where Livingstone met Stanley on the noted rescue expedition. It was jungle then. Now it is on a beautiful automobile highway, and about the little tablet has sprung up a prosperous trading post."

"You can fancy our surprise after such a journey to be met by a terrible artillery fire out of Tabora. Shells of huge calibre burst around us. We could not figure it out. At last we captured a cannon of five inch calibre. It was one of three of such dimension the Germans had at Tabora. They had taken them from their raiders, the Koenigsberg, and dragged them 900 miles into the country."

"We learned that thirty oxen hauled each piece. It took us seven days to take the town."

"We found how the Germans had used beer bottles to make insulators and drinking glasses for the natives, and we found evidence that slave trading had been legalized by the German authorities before and after the outbreak of the war. The Belgian forces—there were two expeditions in conjunction with the British, one under General Smuts—occupied a territory in German East Africa that was six times as large as our own Belgium."

"We had with us only native troops—about twelve thousand blacks and one thousand white officers, commissioned and non-commissioned. We had many of the Uele tribe of natives, wonderful fighters with the bayonet. They learned the European style of bayonet fighting quickly and did it well, it being similar to their warfare with spears, but under artillery fire they were not the most wonderful soldiers in the world, especially when the three marine cannon opened up on us. We also had along many of a tribe, not negroes, who are said to be descendants of the ancient Egyptians. They are similar in appearance to the Aztecs of Mexico, dark, but with big noses, straight black hair and thin lips. Their king is seven feet tall and most of his subjects are as tall or taller."

NEW INDUSTRY REALLY OLD

Spinning and Knitting of Dogs' Wool May Become Important Handicraft.

To most persons the spinning and knitting of dog's wool seemed to be an outgrowth of the war. But it appears that twenty years ago Princess Victoria had the combings of her pet brown spaniel spun into yarn by the Sandringham Village Industry, and the Princess herself knitted the wool into a brown shawl for herself. It was at Sandringham also that the first Borzoi wool was spun, King Edward making the suggestion and clipping the first sample from his famous Borzoi Alsat for the test.

Twenty years before that the hair of St. Bernards was knitted into mittens and mufflers and ten years earlier poodles' wool was spun and woven into cloth that is to-day as good as when first made up, although the cap has been worn ever since. A waistcoat knitted from the wool of alpe terriers has been worn constantly for two winters and shows no sign of its service. Even the hair of Persian cats has been spun into the loveliest wool by the British Dogs' Wool Association. The wire-haired dogs have proven