

THE APOSTATE

A Child Labor Problem

BY JACK LONDON

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Now I wake me up to work;
I pray the Lord I may not shirk.
If I should die before the night,
I pray the Lord my work's all right.

Amen.

"If you don't git up Johnny, I won't give you a bite to eat!"

The threat had no effect on the boy. He clung stubbornly to sleep, fighting for its oblivion as the dreamer fights for his dream. The boy's hands loosely clenched themselves and he made feeble spasmodic blows at the air. These blows were intended for his mother, but she betrayed practiced familiarity in avoiding them as she shook him roughly by the shoulder.

"Lemme lone!"

It was a cry that began, muffled in the depths of sleep, that swiftly rushed upward, like a wail, into passionate belligerence, and that died away and sank down into an inarticulate whine. It was a bestial cry, as of a soul in torment, filled with infinite protest and pain.

But she did not mind. She was a sad-eyed, tired-faced woman, and she had grown used to this task, which she repeated every day of her life. She got a grip on the bedclothes and tried to strip them down; but the boy, ceasing his punching, clung to them desperately. In a huddle at the foot of the bed he still remained covered. Then she tried dragging the bedding to the floor. The boy opposed her. She braced herself. Hers was the superior weight, and the boy and bedding, the former instinctively following the latter in order to shelter against the chill of the room which bit into his body.

As he toppled over the edge of the bed it seemed that he must fall head-first to the floor. But consciousness fluttered up in him. He righted himself and for a moment perilously balanced. Then he struck the floor with his feet. On the instant his mother seized him by the shoulders and shook him. Again his fists struck out, this time with more force and directness. At the same time his eyes opened. She released him. He was awake.

"All right," he mumbled.

She caught up the lamp and hurried out, leaving him in darkness.

"You'll be docked," she warned back to him.

He did not mind the darkness. When he had got into his clothes he went out in the kitchen. His tread was very heavy for so small and thin a boy. His legs dragged with their own weight, which seemed unreasonable because they were such skinny legs. He drew a broken-bottomed chair to the table.

"Johnny!" his mother called sharply.

He arose sharply from the chair, and, without a word, went to the sink. It was a greasy filthy sink. A smell came up from the outlet. He took no notice of it. That a sink should smell was to him part of the natural order of things, just as it was part of the natural order that the soap should be grimy with dish water and hard to lather. Nor did he try very hard to make it lather. Several splashes of the cold water from the run-

ning tap completed the function. He did not wash his teeth. For that matter he had never seen a tooth brush, nor did he know that their existed beings in the world who were guilty of so great a foolishness as tooth-washing.

"You might wash yourself wunst a day without bein' told," his mother complained.

She was holding a broken lid on the pot as she poured two cups of coffee. He made no remark, for this was a standing quarrel between them, and the one thing upon which his mother was hard as adamant. "Wunst" a day it was compulsory that he should wash his face. He dried himself on a greasy towel, damp and dirty and ragged, that left his face covered with shreds of lint.

"I wish we didn't live so far away," she said, as he sat down. "I try to do the best I can. You know that. But a dollar on the rent is such a savin', an' we've more room here. You know that."

He scarcely followed her. He had heard it all before, many times. The range of her thought was limited, and she was ever harking back to the hardship worked upon them by living so far from the mills.

"A dollar means more grub," he remarked sententiously. "I'd sooner do the walkin' an' git the grub."

He ate hurriedly, half chewing the bread and washing the unmasticated chunks down with coffee. The hot and muddy liquid went by the name of coffee. Johnny thought it was coffee—and excellent coffee. That was one of the few of life's illusions that remained to him. He had never tasted real coffee in his life.

In addition to the bread there was a small piece of cold pork. His mother refilled his cup with coffee. As he was finishing the bread, he began to watch if there was more forthcoming. She intercepted his questioning glance.

Now don't be hoggin', Johnny," was her comment. "You've had your share. Your brothers an' sisters are smaller'n you."

He did not answer the rebuke. He was not much of a talker. Also, he ceased his hungry glancing for more. He was uncomplaining, with a patience that was as terrible as the school in which it had been learned. He finished his coffee, wiped his mouth, and started to arise.

"Wait a second," she said hastily. "I guess the loaf kin stand you another slice—a thin un."

There was legerdemain in her actions. With all the seeming of cutting a slice from the loaf for him, she put loaf and slice back in the bread-box and conveyed to him one of her own two slices. She believed she had deceived him, but he had noted her sleight-of-hand. Nevertheless, he took the bread shamelessly. He had a philosophy that his mother, what of her chronic sickness, was not much of an eater anyway.

She saw that he was chewing his bread dry, and reached over and emptied her coffee cup into his.

"Don't somehow set good on my stomach, this mornin'," she explained.

A distant whistle, prolonged and shrieking, brought both of them to their feet. She glanced at the tin alarm clock on the shelf. The hands stood at half-past five. The rest of the factory world was just arousing from sleep. She drew a shawl about her shoulders, and on her head put a dingy hat, shapeless and ancient.

"We've got to run," she said,

INTERESTING THINGS FOR LADY READERS

Home and Other Helps with the Latest Notions in Dress from the Near-by Metropolis

turning the wick of the lamp and blowing down the chimney.

They groped their way out and down the stairs. It was clear and cold and Johnny shivered at the first contact with the outside air. The stars had not yet begun to pale in the sky, and the city lay in darkness. Both Johnny and his mother shuffled their feet as they walked along. There was no ambition in the leg muscles to swing the feet clear of the ground.

After fifteen silent minutes, his mother turned off to the right.

"Don't be late," was her final warning from out of the dark that was swallowing her up.

He made no response, steadily keeping on his way. In the factory quarter doors were opening everywhere, and he was soon one of a multitude that pressed onward through the dark. As he entered the factory gate the whistle blew again. He glanced at the east. Across a ragged skyline of housetops a pale light was beginning to creep. This much he saw of the day as he turned his back upon it and joined his work gang.

TO BE CONTINUED

FASHIONS

The New Directoire Gown

On looking through the latest number of one of the best Paris fashion plates, we were struck with the idea that those designers of costumes, (celebrated as they are, and expecting as they do, the world of fashion to meekly follow their dictates) never seem to have any regard for the practical. The average, every day woman, who wishes to dress becomingly, but who must dress with common sense because her work demands it, is left entirely out of those Parisian minds.

Their efforts seemed to be entirely for the women of wealth who have leisure and luxurious tastes. The tight trailing skirts of the new gowns make walking a luxury. For those whose pedestrian efforts are confined to the polished floor of a drawing room, or to mincing on high heels from the front door to a carriage or automobile, the new styles will be all right—but for those of us who have to walk solidly on our two feet, doing our house work or marketing, or for business girls walking to and fro from work, the new Directoire style of gowns is out of the question.

The sheath skirt and the tunic are undoubtedly graceful, and may be worn in more or less modified form, by elegant women of fashion, but I doubt much if the average Canadian woman will copy them to any great extent.

Some of the gowns have been called immodest, but in reality this is not true, tho' they display the outline of the figure more than is shown with the stiff underskirt.

Signs of the Times

The Jews, in the earliest Biblical times, had a tradition, that the six periods of creation, followed by the seventh period of rest, were typical of the first six thousand years of this world's history, dating from Adam to be followed by a thousand years of rest. In other words, the week of creation with its Sabbath of rest, was to be followed by a week of habitation and rule, by man, to be followed in turn by the Sabbath day of Messiah's reign on earth. The early Christian fathers also have this same belief; for, in a number of cases, their writings distinctly state they believed this tradition to be a truth. The belief has been dear to the heart of many Christians down through the ages. To-day some of eminent Bible students believe that the preliminary six thousand years of Adam's posterity is about fulfilled, and that shortly the Sabbath day or one thousand years of rest will dawn. This Sabbath day of rest will be the long expected millennium, when Christ himself will reign on this earth. Then will be ushered in that glorious time which Isaiah speaks about "when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the calf and the young lion together, and a little child shall lead them. In those days, the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord. There shall be written even upon the bells of the horses 'Holiness unto the Lord.'"

The Millennium may not be one thousand literal years of 365 days in a year. Each day instead of being twenty-four hours, may be one thousand years long, for one day is as a thousand years with the Lord. As there were "the times and seasons" of Christ's first advent, so there are signs of his second coming. To those who have made a serious study of this part of the Bible, the signs are very plain, and many many things point to the near approach of our Saviour's second advent in Glory. The nominal Church is asleep on this subject, which is a sign of the times, for the world is to be sleeping. We all know that our Lord said many times "Blessed is he that watcheth."

SENSE TRAINING

An Article Contributed by Miss Ruth F. Wisdom of Dartmouth, N. S.

We all know that the senses are the five gateways of knowledge, and that through them the soul comes in contact with the whole universe of God, that is, if these senses are trained early in life and in the right way. Alas though of most of us it may be said, "Eyes have ye and ye see not; ears have ye, and ye hear not."

It is not only the physical organs, the eye, the ear, the fingers that should be trained, but through them the mental faculties which use these organs. The North American Indian has no better eyes than the White Man, but he has trained his powers of observation in a certain direction to such an extent, that no sign of the woods escapes him. A turned leaf, a broken twig, the faintest film of smoke against the sky, betrays to him the passage or presence of an enemy.

Indoor life and mechanical invention dull the power of observation. Instead of noticing the shadows of the trees to find the hours, we look at the clock; instead of observing the movements of the sun to and from the north, we examine the almanac; instead of looking at the movements of the clouds for the weather and wind, we look at the barometer.

Those who have studied the subject tell us that man has distinct and separate faculties or powers for observing individual facts and events, the shapes and forms of things, words and names, the pressure and resistance of objects, the progress of time, the tints of colors, and the melodies of sound; the touch of objects and smell. All these faculties can be trained and developed. But the fact is that "modern man has in so many cases diminished his sensory training, that he is only a pitiful fraction of a man," for wherever a physical organ as the eye or the sense of smell is undeveloped, the corresponding mental faculty is also undeveloped and in some cases, is dead.

TO BE CONTINUED

WELL TRIED RECEIPTS

Delicious Crullers

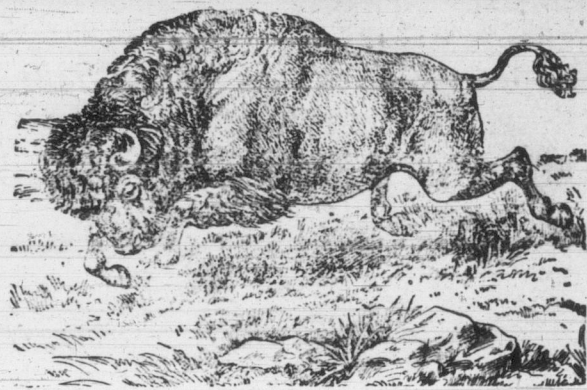
Two coffee cups of sugar, one of sweet milk, three eggs, a heaping tablespoon of butter, three teaspoons of baking powder mixed with six cups of flour, half a nutmeg, and a level teaspoon of cinnamon.

Beat eggs, sugar and butter together add milk, spices and flour; put another cup of flour on a rolling board, turn the dough out on it, and knead until stiff enough to roll out to a quarter of an inch thick; make three or four long ridges in each square, lift by taking alternate strips between finger and thumb, drop into hot lard and cook like doughnuts.

Graham Gems

Take one egg and beat well, add a pinch of salt, and graham flour enough to make a stiff batter, add one heaping teaspoon soda, and stir thoroughly with a spoon. Heat and grease the

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gem-irons, and after dipping the spoon in cold water, drop a spoonful of batter in each pan, repeating until all are filled. Bake in a quick oven for half an hour. This measure will make a dozen.

Sweet Milk Graham Gems

Beat one egg and beat well, add a pinch of salt, and graham flour, until it will drop off the spoon nicely; heat and butter the gem-pans before dropping in the dough; bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

The Toronto Globe insists that public men should not ally themselves with scoundrels to enjoy the political support of such men. Is the Globe trying to read Laurier a lesson?

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"A dangerous... I wonder if my far as to make n... I should have served me almost times before."

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But that was... the evening befor... ing the store, he... near the sugar l... ceived that in th... and tasting Dick... guided with suit... should be not tal... He was guided... to some effect... mation of the n... Sweetwater. If... New York he ha... walter—or shoul... was known here... patent medicine... nate the human... been long in tow... of a stranger yet... so long. He was... hum, he was. M... for that, a horse... would walk, and... would make th... while. Then the... wholesale. Thos... were his, ready t... manufactory. Co... and think of the... stuff they stand f... says it will then... and so on, till S... garrulous Dick t... ing whether Wel... for any purpose... town. He receive... had just come ho... where he had bee... needed in his n... water felt all his... and ended the co... question: "And where... Might be worth v... The other made... thing about north... help a customer... opportunity to sli... plicit directions... elsewhere, and he... turn to Mr. Gre... sible whether it w... a matter of sur... Sweetwater himse... answered to the... was the owner of... barrel or two of dr... proposed to make... could not the doct... and make himse... age rich. Sweetwater ma... his way to Mr. Gre... that was at the... earned whatever... now, and, armed... nation, he appear... who, to his aston... in his own room... He had dismiss... was rather broodi... looked up eagerl... Sweetwater enter... news. The detecti... of respect, answer... Vellgood, but tha... ble to detain him... his employer's obs...