

# A HOME FOR JACK-O-LANTERN

By EDNA TUCKER MUTH.

In the little chapel of St. Barnabas Ruth Keniston and Ermina Vincent, first-year nurses in training, sat side by side.

As Ruth listened to the reading of the hymn she heard Ermina catch her breath in a sigh that was almost a gasp.

"What is it, Ermina?" she asked, gently shaking her friend's arm.

"What are you worrying about?"

"A home for Jack-o-Lantern," Ermina answered. "It's his last week here, and I'm almost desperate."

There was no time for Ruth to speak. They rose with the little choir, and the sound of young voices overflowing the dim chapel echoed along the corridors of the hospital:

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King—"

Suddenly, from without, a voice high and clear like a bird note took up the hymn. It was the voice of a child singing in perfect time and tune. The chorus within the chapel softened until the new voice seemed to lead.

The hymn ended presently, and two by two, the nurses walked briskly away to their corridors. As always, Ruth Keniston and Ermina Vincent walked together, but, not as always, they talked in sober tones.

"A home for Jack-o-Lantern," Ruth was repeating. "If only somebody could hear him sing before they saw his freckles!"

"That's the idea, Rufus. I'm getting up a sort of scheme. Don't ask me or you'll be abetting me in it, but with or without abetting I'm going to find a home for Jack-o-Lantern. Yes!"

Ruth stood still and shook a finger warningly.

"Then sit right down and count ten, Mischief," she said. "O Ermina, I'm just as anxious as you are! I suppose I ought to nip your scheme by asking about it, but I won't."

"Five people have been up here to see him in the last two weeks!" moaned Ermina. "Five people who went off and took little dimpled things without any backbones, but with lots of light curly hair or with flashing black eyes. There Jack sits in 211, getting stronger every day and perfectly sure that he'll have a father and a mother and a home when the right time comes. I've promised him that. It would be dreadful if I couldn't get him a home. If he goes to some institution next week, I'll be down and kick and scream."

Ruth smiled as she walked toward the diet kitchen. She was used to Ermina's impulsive threats. She had acted as Ermina's pilot in the first stormy days of probation and had helped her sail through with colors flying. She had been present when even Ermina's pleasure-loving guardian gave her due praise for perseverance, and in Ruth's own pleasant home there was no guest more welcome than Ermina with her gay laugh and tumbled curly hair. "Lieut. Bob, Ruth's brother, once said, 'I like to see a butterfly make good.'" He had taken Miss Leech, the superintendent of nurses, to dinner, and they had talked of Ermina.

"She is wonderful with children," Miss Leech had said.

"I was a lonesome youngster myself," Ermina told Ruth. "No one helped me to play. Perhaps if I had had more fun in that gloomy old house—"

The man nodded and patted her hand.

It was not right. These were Ralph's parents. Miss Leech, being detained by one of the doctors, had asked Ruth to take this man and woman to room 211, and now on the very threshold Jack-o-Lantern was singing them away from Ralph. Ruth tried to speak, but the woman put her finger to her lips. Her eyes were filled with tears.

"Let every heart prepare Him room And heav'n and nature sing—"

Ermina came close to them. So engrossed had she become in the success of her scheme that she had forgotten Ruth.

"He is very plain," she whispered. They had reached the threshold of the room.

"Plain!" repeated the woman. "Plain! Look at him, George!"

Neither of them glanced toward Ralph with his soulful dark eyes and pensive mouth. Their eyes were upon Jack-o-Lantern, and, sitting there, singing for a father and a mother, Jack-o-Lantern was almost beautiful. The woman went swiftly across the room and, kneeling by his bed, touched his hand.

"My little boy," she said, "would you like to come with us and be our little boy?"

"Sure!" said Jack-o-Lantern. "I was looking for you."

"It all came out just as I planned," said Ermina, squeezing Ruth's arm. "A home for Jack-o-Lantern."

"But, Ermina, it isn't a bit right, not a bit. That was Ralph's home, and those were to be Ralph's father and mother. They're wonderful people, and Ralph would have had a wonderful home."

"You mean Jack will have. After I saw that man and woman I couldn't have done differently. Ruth, I just had to have them for Jack-o-Lantern. Others will want Ralph, he's so good to look at, but I promised Jack—"

Conviction died out of Ermina's voice. She was not quite sure. She had never been quite sure.

"Poor Miss Leech," she said contritely. "I'm always confessing to her, and she's always forgiving me. There may be a limit to her forgiveness. Ruth, I suppose I'll have to take this to her. What do you think?"

"I don't know, Ermina, really, I don't. I wanted a home for Jack just as badly as you did, so badly that I didn't dare ask you about your scheme. I—I hoped it would work. I wasn't smart enough to think up one myself. If you go to Miss Leech, I will, too."

"I know what I'll do, Ruth. I'll tell that woman, Jack's mother. I'll ask

her what we ought to do. She'll know."

Accordingly they drew Jack's new mother just outside the door, and Ermina began her story just where she should have ended it.

"Ruth Keniston says it was almost like stealing—having him sing like that—just at the right time. He always wins people when he sings, but at first—if he doesn't sing—he's plain in spite of his grin, and he hasn't a very good way of expressing himself—except of course in music. Jack-o-Lantern is really smarter than Ralph. Your husband will be surprised how much he knows about baseball—all the big pitchers' names and everything. Fairies, too—I told him to sing in hopes that a fairy would—"

"It was lovely to hear him sing then—just at the right time. I knew as soon as we heard him that my husband would—but I think anyway—"

"I should have given Ralph his chance, though. It wasn't square."

"My dear girl, I can't get it through my head what you've done that isn't square. If it helped to give me my little boy, it couldn't have been very crooked."

They had been talking so busily and were so intent upon each other that they had not seen three people who, entering the corridor, had come down through it until they stood upon the threshold of room 211. Miss Leech and another couple, man and woman, were looking in at the boys.

"There he is," Miss Leech was saying. "I am sure he will be just what you wish. He is eight years old. We know of his parentage. His name is Ralph—a quiet boy of excellent mentality."

Ermina's eyes flashed, and Ruth's pale cheeks were as pink as primroses.

"You didn't—then you didn't come for Ralph at all!" gasped Ermina.

"Oh, my dear!" said Jack's new mother, and she began to laugh. "Is that what worried you? You thought I had come for Ralph and that Jack's adorable singing had turned me away from him? I never once thought of Ralph. I had never heard of him. I've been here in the hospital, in the surgical ward, for two weeks, and I've heard Jack sing every morning. I know all about him. I sent for my husband so that we might see him for the first time together. We had a little boy of our own once. Plain and freckle-faced—"

She hesitated, then went on gayly, "I was about ten days ahead of the fairies. I—we came for Jack-o-Lantern."

"It won't be necessary for Miss Leech to forgive you this time, Ermina," Ruth said as they skipped toward the nurses' home.

"Will you, Ruth?" asked Ermina. (The End.)

## Health—the Everlasting Reality

To nothing else touching his life can the aphorism "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he" be more fittingly applied than to a man's health. Health can be established only by thinking health, just as disease is established by thinking disease. Just as you must think success, expect it, visualize it, make your mind a huge success magnet to attract it if you are to attain it, so if you want to be healthy, you must think health, you must expect it, you must visualize it, you must attract it by making your mind a huge health magnet to attract more health, abundant health. As long as physical defects, weaknesses, or diseased conditions exist in the imagination, as long as the mind is filled with visions of ill health the body must correspond, because our bodies are but an extension of our thoughts, our minds objectified.

## No Drinks for Women.

In Uruguay the law forbids the sale of intoxicants to women.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.



## Cooking by Graded Temperature.

Not everyone realizes what temperature means in cooking; yet the intelligent use of graded heat largely determines the palatability of a dish. The higher the temperature used the more pronounced is the flavor of the food, especially when dry heat is employed.

Take, for example, the characteristic taste of roast beef and the savory taste of broiled oysters; if the beef were boiled and the oysters stewed, each would lose much of its flavor.

The rule applies to vegetables as well, for, although turnips, tomatoes and a few others have their flavor increased to an unpleasant degree by high temperature, by far the greater number are better baked than boiled. Carrots, parsnips, beets and squash can be baked on the rack of the oven as potatoes are.

But baking does more than to enhance the natural flavor of foods; it creates new flavors by making new substances through high temperature. The fresh crust of bread, muffins and toast, the well-browned top of a rice pudding and the crisp surfaces of broiled or baked meats, poultry and fish all have a new and delicious flavor due to actual change in the food material.

Moreover, baking insures the retention of minerals and other valuable substances that are dissolved in boiling and lost when the water is poured into the sink. The constant use of foods impoverished in that way causes malnutrition as surely as does a diet that lacks some one of the important foodstuffs.

Some foods, however, should not be subjected to intense heat during the whole of the cooking process. For example, if an egg is boiled steadily for three or four minutes the whites will be hard and the yolk soft, whereas if it is put into a pan of boiling water and the pan is withdrawn to a warm place where the water does not boil, both the white and the yolk will be cooked evenly. A cake, a loaf or a joint of meat that is put into a very hot oven and kept there until it is cooked will be overdone on the outside and underdone inside. That is because the substance formed by continued high temperature on the surfaces of such foods is a non-conductor of heat.

Foods that are injured by continued high temperature should be baked for twenty minutes in a very hot oven; the heat should then be reduced and the foods left in the oven until they are cooked through.

## The Hospitable Hour.

Winter is the season for cosy tea parties. A homelike room, some hot, fragrant tea and a plateful of tempting sandwiches will look very inviting to guests who have tramped through cold and sleet to see you. Here are recipes for palatable cracker and sandwich fillings.

If your guests care for cheese, you can tempt their appetites with a filling:

## Sophie.

Sophie's pleasant, round face was less round than usual, and the pink had faded from her cheeks. Her hair, in two childish pigtails, was brought forward over her shoulders as she lay against a pile of pillows. Her eyelids drooped, and she looked, until Gweneth entered, like a tired-out little girl. Then her whole face flashed alive in a smile of welcome.

"Oh, Gwen, dear, it's good to see you!" she cried softly. "You're the first of the girls they've allowed to come."

"Because I was the most persistent, and they got tired of keeping me out," declared Gweneth, smiling back at the convalescent with a twinkle of moisture on her eyelashes; for Sophie had been very near the verge. "I've promised to stay only a few minutes. If I tired you, they mightn't let the rest come, and then—I don't know what would happen! The pack would turn and rend me! They spend their spare time on your back doorstep, whining to get in, and they are jealous enough already to bite me for slipping in ahead."

"Everybody's been so good," said Sophie happily, with a tremulous laugh. "So good I—I can't even talk about it yet, I should cry if I tried."

"Don't try. Enjoy our transitory sweetness while it lasts. Eat our jellies and sniff our flowers and regard us as young angels while you can; you'll soon be well again, and we'll be

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of cheese and pickled onion. Grate the cheese, mince the onion and add a little vinegar; or beat the white of three eggs stiff, and slowly stir in one and one-half cupsful of grated cheese and a little paprika. Then spread the mixture on crackers and brown the crackers in the oven.

Oyster crackers may be crisped in the oven, dipped in hot butter and rolled in grated cheese or in nut crumbs; or they may be coated with almond or strawberry icing.

Cheese wafers spread with dates and nuts that have been mashed to a paste are always good. So are butter crackers coated with a mixture of cottage cheese and blackberry jam, or with a paste made of cheese and apple butter.

To make a delicious sweet cracker pour chocolate sauce and grated walnuts over well-buttered reception flakes, or melt a chocolate cream on a plain cracker.

Coconut marguerites are easy to make. Boil a cupful of sugar in one-quarter of a cupful of water until the mixture spins a thread. While it is hot pour it over the well-beaten white of an egg, add a third of a cupful of fresh-grated coconut and a teaspoonful of vanilla. For foundation, use small, plain crackers. Put a spoonful of the mixture on each cracker and brown the crackers in a moderate oven.

You can serve soda crackers in a new and delightful way by icing them. Make a syrup of sugar and water, stir a quarter of a cupful of sugar over the fire until it begins to burn, add it to the syrup, pour both over one egg, stiffly whipped, and stir in chopped peanut nuts and a little vanilla. Place the crackers in the oven until the icing rises.

Cinnamon tea biscuits are familiar, but are always welcome and are easily prepared. Make a paste with soft butter, half a cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon. Spread it on crackers or on rounds of toast sliced thin, and heat the toast or the crackers in the oven.

Peanut-butter fillings are equally popular. Mix half a pound of confectioners' sugar and a level tablespoonful of butter; then add two tablespoonfuls of peanut butter and sufficient cream to moisten the mixture.

You can make a filling that has a distinctly Oriental flavor if you rub to a paste a dozen stoned dates and half a teaspoonful of ground cloves, and thin the mixture with a little orange juice or cream; spread it on moderately sweet crackers.

True wisdom lies in gathering the precious things out of each hour as it goes by.—Emily S. Bouton.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

## CAN REDUCE UNEMPLOYMENT BY CLEARING NORTH LANDS

By ALFRED FITZPATRICK, Principal Frontier College.

One means of solving the problem of unemployment is for the Government of Canada to begin the long-overdue task of preparing its bush lands for settlement in the clay lands of the North. Owing to summer frosts, farming of northern clay lands has largely been a waste of time and money. Only by clearing whole areas will this barrier to settlement ever be overcome. Farming under present conditions, whereby each settler clears a small patch, is putting the cart before the horse, and is wholly unwarranted. At least 65 per cent. of each lot in carefully selected townships should be cleared by means of large gangs living in community camps. Herein lies one solution of unemployment, now stalking before us daily in the breadlines of the cities. Work could thus be provided, particularly in the fall and winter months, as well as during special periods of unemployment. This policy of extended land-clearing should not be simply an emergency measure, but should engage the attention of the Federal and local Governments the whole year round. Should any of the workers at these community camps wish to remain on some of the cleared lots they could be sold to them on easy terms. For the next 20, 30, yes, and for 60 years, land-clearing in preparation for future settlement should be an urgent and essential department of every Government in the Dominion.

The big industrial plants of the Dominion, as well as the Governments, can assist in this great undertaking. Every large industry should apply for a whole township or more in the bush lands. Land-clearing might be made a business department of many Canadian enterprises employing great numbers of workers. Instead of "laying-off" men when a pinch comes, they could establish large land-clearing camps and homestead by proxy. In this way an outlet would be provided for a considerable percentage of the able-bodied employees now turned into the streets. If as ably handled as other departments of the business, the land-clearing department would undoubtedly prove remunerative. Lumber, ties and pulp will always find a ready market in Canada as well as in the bordering States. The farmers, too, can take a very real part in this permanent policy for relieving unemployment. Let thousands of individual farmers apply for bush lots of 160 acres each in the clay lands. All applications should be localized in townships most suitable for future settlement. At convenient centres in such townships the Governments should provide comfortable and attractive community camps. Farm hands should be hired by the year. Instead of being turned adrift when the busy season is over, they could go north for a short period to help in clearing the bush lots of their employers. They would not, of course, be asked to live in shack on the individual lots. They would reside at the nearest community camp, and share in all its social activities.

There need be no elaborate preparation for this work. Men in charge of a practical bush foreman could be sent north at once with warm clothing, tents and small portable sawmills. A suitable site for a community camp could be selected in the centre of each township opened, and the necessary buildings erected. The work of felling trees, cutting ties, pulpwood and other lumber could be started immediately.

Because of existing conditions of settlement many men, even among the unemployed, are naturally loath to face the hardships involved. The writer is of the opinion that this prejudice can largely be overcome when the men are well clothed and housed in fully equipped community camps. Why spend so much on able-bodied men in the cities, when an equal expenditure in well-organized efforts would provide stimulating employment to many thousands in the healthier environment of the north. Well-fed men in comfortable community camps, not the bread lines of the cities is the solution.

Let Canada for all time abandon the foolish policy of homesteading her bush clay lands by individuals, working separately against unequal barriers. Rather let her undertake now a great permanent land clearing policy by using large gangs of unemployed men, living in community camps, supplied with every facility for education and entertainment. The result would be unexpected.

## NEW DIRECTORS OF THE BANK OF MONTREAL



The enlargement of the directorate of the Bank of Montreal, which was decided upon at the recent annual meeting as a result of the extending scope of the institution, has resulted in two gentlemen of national reputation being added to the board, namely, the Hon. Sir Lomer Gouin, K.C.M.G., and General Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., LL.D.

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