

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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ful of salt,
ved in two
water, one
nd enough
l, and one
or pecan
ces. The
if the nut
ading after
is bread is
ce as thin
ngly and
r, and put
slices. Re-
les or any
nish with
ch need a
er surfaces,
keep moist,
sandwiches.
not procur-
without it,
have a de-

covered with
that it can
between the
ining room,
and any
nce.

chips are
than they
otato slicer,
utensil, they
e. They are
ompaniment
s are never
than when
cessories of
and prepare
Slice thin,
made for the
cold water,
e half hours,
ce. Drain,
oiling water,
Drain again,
nd let stand
n the water,
Fry in deep
ned, keeping
r throughout
h a skimmer
rown paper
superfluous
salt. Always
rown paper,
y cooked and
om absorbs
ble to adults.

five oranges,
h, and boil
with as much

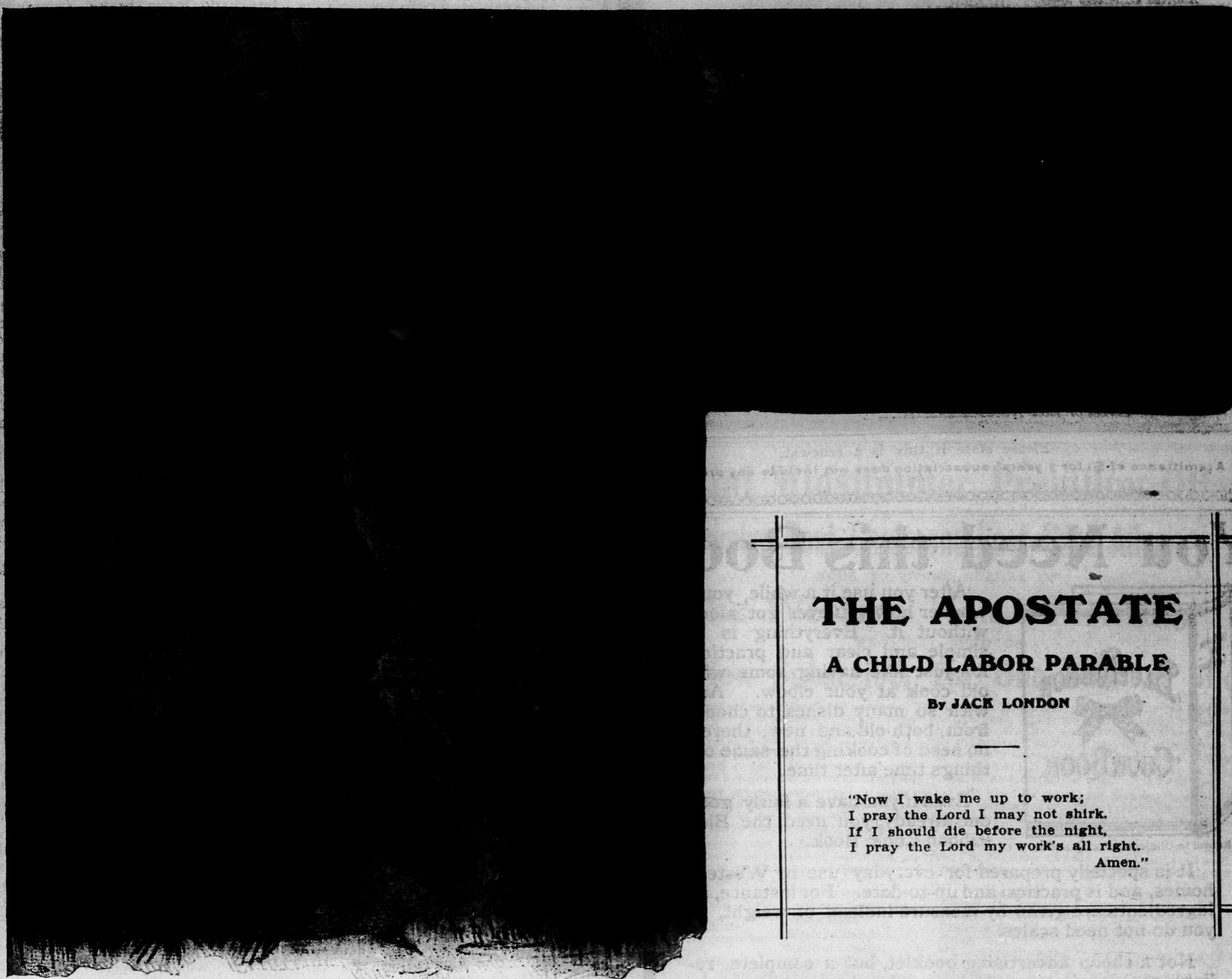
three pounds
and allspice,
l in muslin
up. Cherries,
n be used, as

les.

small cucum-
vinegar, one
horse radish,
es, all one-half
and one week,
put back on
n three weeks.

Pickle.

1 gallon green
ons. 1/2 gallon
ar 3lbs, sugar,
blespoons gin-
y seed, 2 red
op the cabbage
sprinkle with
night. Put all
granite kettle,
our or until
be put in stone
er and a thick
s pickle is fine
eats.



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



IF YOU don't git up, John-
ny, I won't give you a
bite to eat.
The threat had no effect
on the boy. He clung
stubbornly to sleep, fight-
ing for its oblivion as the
dreamer fights for his
dream. The boy's hands
loosely clenched them-
selves, and he made fee-
ble, spasmodic blows at
the air. The 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 pas-
sionate belligerence, and that died

away and sank down into an inar-
tulate 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, tried-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.
Her's was the superior weight, and
the boy and bedding, the former in-
sad-eyed, tired faced woman, and she
shelter against the chill of the room
that bit into his body.
As he toppled on the edge of the

bed it seemed that he must fall head-
first to the floor. But consciousness
fluttered up in him. He righted him-
self and for a moment perilously bal-
anced. Then he struck the floor on
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 hur-
ried 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 into the kitchen. His tread
was very heavy for so thin and light 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 as 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, just as it was part of the nat-
ural 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 running
faucet completed the function. He
did not wash his teeth. For that
matter he had never seen a tooth-
brush, nor did he know that there

THE APOSTATE

A CHILD LABOR PARABLE

By JACK LONDON

"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."