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His Great Decision

Which Shows the Attitude of Our Southern Neighbor At the Beginning of the War, and How the Republic's Noblest Sons and Daughters Rose to the Occasion.

By Edith Brown Kirkwood.

CHAPTER III.

"A heap of fellows who have money around the home garage for the fun of the thing have found they were preparing for something worth while, Chapman. Ted had said when Crane had gone to him with his plan. 'Predestination, as a belief, is somewhat out of date but preparation has been the angel entertained unawares by a lot of huskies.'"

When Clinton learned that Crane was not to enlist for the trenches, it smiled anew.

"I might have known," muttered Mr. Mann to himself. "He'll always find the easy spot. He'll go over and ride around, bringing the fellows who have fought and bled into the hospitals and think he's done a man's job."

Crane found it harder to go to Marjorie than he had dreamed it would be. He resorted to the telephone to learn whether she would be at home during the evening.

"Marjorie," he found it difficult even to call her by the old shortened name of school days—"if you're going to be in, I want to run up awhile, May 12?"

"Something's wrong. You never asked to come before. What is it?" "You haven't heard?"

"Heard what? Is something wrong?" "The note of anxiety in her voice sent him sick, suddenly, with the consciousness of preciousness lost."

"I want to come to say good-by, Marjorie. I'm leaving Clinton to-night."

"Crane! You're leaving—Clinton?" Then as if to recover herself she added with a pretense of her old spirit:

"Why the suddenness?" "I'm going to war, Marjorie. I go to the city to-night with Ted Speer and then I'm off for France as soon as the boat can get me there. Sudden? Most of the big decisions of life come suddenly. I want to come to say good-by. May 12?"

Crane noted the quiver in her voice and he bowed his head on his arm as he listened to her answer:

"You know you need not ask me to come to my house—ever. I—I—will you come soon?"

A different Marjorie stood at the gate awaiting him. She held out both hands to him while he approached and there was a mistaking the light in her eyes. There was sadness

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above the crowd. I'm very proud of him."

"You feel proud!" exclaimed Mr. Mann. "Why should you?" "Unfortunately, Father," the girl continued with quiet dignity, "I have no right to feel proud but I do."

The sharp reply, already framed, died without utterance before the clear gaze the girl turned upon her father.

"Humph!" he returned, suddenly occupied with his plate. "Humph! I only trust he'll not make a fool of himself. I can't picture him on a battlefield. I don't suppose he'll be called upon to do much that takes courage. He's picked the ambulance corps."

When Marjorie came from her room to announce that she was going out, Mrs. Mann asked:

"Shall I walk with you?" "No, thank you, Mother." For some unaccountable reason Marjorie felt a new, frank friendship with her mother.

Mrs. Mann, remembering her own girlhood, respected, without questioning, her wish to be alone. The train bearing Crane to war and Ted Speer back to his city duties, had gone. Truth to tell, Crane had left his visit to Marjorie as a next-to-last rich privilege, reserving the remaining one for his mother.

Mrs. Mann, however, knew as well whom Marjorie was seeking as if Mrs. Chapman had called for her at the door.

(To be continued.)

THE ARMY'S WATER SUPPLY.

Tommy is Forbidden to Drink Water That Has Not Been Tested.

It is an old story that a soldier will drink anything if thirsty. Any kind of water he comes across is good enough for him under such circumstances.

But water may be dangerous. The most inviting spring may be polluted with filth and disease germs. Likewise, and more particularly, a well. Water that is "sparkling clear" is the more open to suspicion on that account; for sewage is an excellent precipitant of dirt.

France is a very old country—older by ever so many thousands of years than ours, so far as its habitation by a human population goes. For this very reason its sources of drinking water are much more likely to be polluted.

Hence the precautions taken by the medical authorities attached to our armies over there. Positive orders forbid any soldier to drink any water that has not been tested and found wholesome. Chemical, as well as bacteriological, tests are made—the former as a precaution against poisons. The Huns' poison wells—a thing no fighters other than savages ever did before.

Where germs merely are concerned, our public health service has but one very interesting rough and offhand test, which is being utilized in connection with our military activities abroad. It determines whether a given sample of water is (1) pure, (2) impure or (3) polluted. Impure water is not necessarily dangerous; polluted water is worse than unsafe.

Even pure water contains animal organisms. But the latter are of species characteristic of pure water—unless distilled. Impure water has its own characteristic microbes. Likewise polluted water. Thus it is possible to determine the degree of purity of any water by examining under the microscope a sample drop.

When water safe for drinking purposes is not obtainable, resort is had to distilling outfits that are carried on motortrucks accompanying the regiments.

A MAID OF FRANCE.

One of the Heroines of the War of Whom There Are Many.

When the work in your garden seems tedious and you straighten your aching back and look longingly toward the inviting shade of the trees or toward the armchair on the awning-covered porch; when you mutter to yourself that it will not matter much whether the weeds do choke the best patch—it may help you to finish your task if you call to mind a story told in My War Diary by Mrs. Mary King Waddington.

In a village near ours, says the author, a girl of thirteen is running the farm. At the beginning of the war it was a thriving farm with a man and his wife, six sons and one daughter. Then the blow fell, and all the men in France were mobilized; the father and his two eldest boys went off at once—four hours after the decree of mobilization was received in the village. The farmer had no time to put his house in order, but left the farm in the hands of his wife and the two big boys, aged fifteen and sixteen. The man and his two eldest sons are now dead, the two next are in the army, and the poor mother, a wreck physically and mentally, cries all day. The girl and the two little boys do the whole work of the farm. The youngest, who is only ten years old, cannot accomplish much, but he does manage to watch the cows and to carry cans of milk or baskets of butter.

I see the girl sometimes: she is perfectly well, never complains and never asks for anything—except occasionally for a warm petticoat, or a hood to keep her head and neck warm and dry when she is working in the fields. There are hundreds of girls doing that work all over France.



TO PROTECT CEREALS AND COARSE FLOURS IN SUMMER.

The coarse flours and cereals are specially susceptible during the warmer seasons of the year to the attacks of insects, particularly small beetles and their grubs, which may cause the loss of valuable foodstuffs, not so much by what they actually destroy but by rendering such infested foodstuffs undesirable as human food.

Millers and manufacturers realize, as a rule, the importance of handling such food products as rapidly as possible to prevent insect infestation, and also know how to deal with such pests. The retailer and consumer are chiefly concerned in the matter of protecting such foodstuffs.

Retailers should keep their stores free from insect infestation or cereals in sacks, or even in sealed packages, will become infested. In addition to such preventive measures, every effort should be made to avoid large stocks and to dispose of cereal products rapidly. Care should be taken to avoid the breaking or damaging of packages.

Consumers should only purchase small quantities of cereals and coarse flours. Sealed packages which have been damaged should be avoided. If cereals are bought in sacks they should be heated when received at home to a temperature of from 130 to 150 degrees Fahrenheit, and then left for nearly an hour in the oven while it cools off. This treatment will kill any insect eggs or grubs that may be present. As many of these pests enter the house from out-of-doors, great care should be taken in storing cereals and wheat substitutes; whenever possible they should be kept in tightly closed tin boxes or other indestructible receptacles that can be tightly closed. If due precautions are taken, a very considerable saving in the aggregate of foodstuffs will result.

The Summer Stove.

During these blistering hot August days the blessing that the summer stove is to the overburdened cook on the farm cannot be measured. There is nothing to equal it for comfort, and summer stoves should be considered absolute necessities for farmers' wives.

Gas stoves are a possibility in cities, but in small towns and in the country, where there is no gas, the gasoline or oil stoves are very satisfactory. Investigation will prove that they do not "explode," as a few women still believe. The farm woman has become so familiar with the coal-oil lamp that she does not fear it. There is no more danger or difficulty in using oil for cooking than there is in using oil for lighting.

It shows intelligence and common sense to take advantage of all the labor-saving, the time-saving, and the comfort-producing methods at hand, and of the many offered none will exceed in the results gained the summer stove.

Since the oil stove requires frequent cleaning and trimming, many women prefer gasoline. Even a two-burner alcohol stove gives some relief during the hottest part of the summer. One of the best aids, of course, is the fireless cooker.

Eight years ago we bought our oil cookstove with three burners, paying \$11 for it. We clean the stove two or three times a summer, clearing all the oil out of the pipes, removing all the small particles of dirt or soot that have collected, and wiping off all oil that may have collected anywhere in it.

The stove that I have had the best success with has a short drum—that is, one in which the blaze is near to the cooking utensil. Long burners are not advisable, because the food to be cooked is too far from the blaze.

A portable oven as large as a cookstove oven may be purchased for about \$6, and after a little practice the housewife can use it for baking as well as the range oven. In choosing an oven it is best to get one to cover two burners, as thereby the heat radiates better and one gets better results in baking.

I often cook several things in our oil-stove oven at the same time, as

beans, potatoes, tapioca pudding, and custard, and I find the oven excellent to keep food warm. It is also handy to heat the irons on the oil stove in the middle of summer when there is much laundry to be done.

Covered cooking utensils, especially for the oil stove, are now manufactured. I believe they are generally called triple pans. They come in various sizes in tin, aluminum, or granite, and are useful because they save oil.—E. H.



It is fine for cleaning cans—says the dairymaid

Comfort Lye

may be necessary to repeat this treatment several times, exposing the fabric to the sun and air between treatments.

Bleaching solutions can be used with white goods only, as any reagent which will remove stains will also remove colors.

Doughnuts can be very satisfactorily made of cornmeal or of potatoes and barley flour.



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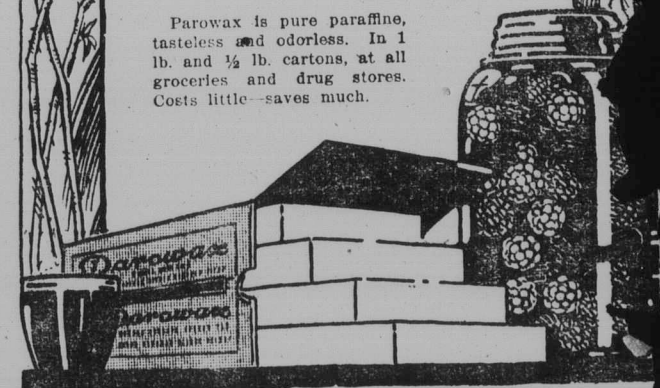
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