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operations. During the first week she made a tour of the neighboring farms, where she received a ready grant of fruit left on the trees after the harvest. A band of girls was organized to pick this fruit. Arrangements were made with teamsters to bring it in barrels to Creighton's warehouse, which later became known as the Khaki Jam Kitchen.

Betty, who took command, instituted a cooking range, wash boilers for sterilizers, huge stewing kettles, and jars of various sizes. She instructed carpenters to build in tables, closets and manufacture special packing boxes with apartments. Sugar was purchased at wholesale. A band of girls was commissioned to scour the country for contributions to meet the expense. Betty, herself, sorted the fruit, prepared it for preserving and watched with eager eye its every process into the manufacture of jam. Plums, pears, peaches, quinces, and grapes were hurriedly preserved, for the season for early fruits was well advanced. Apples, according to the season in which their flavor is best, followed. Occasionally a day was given up to the preserving or canning of fruit and oftentimes jelly filled the smallest jars.

Cucumbers, tomatoes and red peppers arrived at the kitchen in large donations and were converted into many a toothsome relish for the fighting lads.

Ever faithful at her post, through the incessant heat of the cooking range, never offering a complaint of fatigue, Betty Allison's eye diligently watched every detail of the work. Even her evenings were devoted to the special packing of the boxes, consultation with her helpers and attention given to a systematic keeping of books. Twice a month boxes were shipped overseas to headquarters in London.

With a strange sensation of tenderness, Betty kept separate the fruit that was gathered from the orchards at Amethyst Hills. As she worked in the preservation of this fruit, her thought was always of Philip Steadman. Personally she packed this box—the largest sent overseas.

"I should like this special box to go to a hospital," she explained, "there are jellies as well as jam and canned fruit, and they might appeal to the sick."

In accordance with her wish, the box packed with fruit from the orchards of Amethyst Hills was despatched to a Canadian stationary hospital in France.

For several months Betty Allison labored with untiring zeal in the kitchen. She had not found an hour for frolic, neither did she hunger for it. Work was satisfying to her. She was building for herself character. The energy that she had hitherto wasted in pleasure-seeking was now expended in the Empire's service. She was learning the depth of patriotism and lessons of self denial.

When the early fruit had been utilized, work became less strenuous. Then Betty Allison made a tour of the Province, visiting the largest apple warehouses. She appealed to the companies to ship her all the fruit that might be rejected during their winter's inspection.

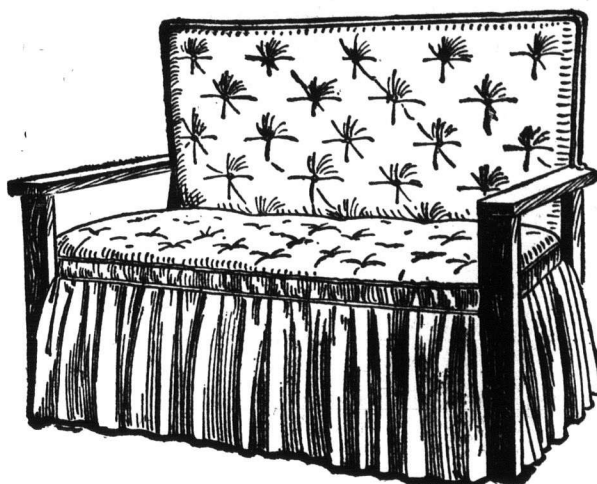
Her project appealed to the people of the Province. She was deluged with jars and sugar and many a donation of money to aid in preparing the boxes. So during the winter she remained on duty in the Khaki Jam Kitchen. At Christmas time, she made her first report:

"Listen!" she cried exultantly to her helpers, "we have shipped over three thousand jars of fruit, including jam, jellies and preserves; also several hundred jars of pickles. Has it not proved worth while? Think of the soldiers whose daily rations will be that much improved. And that same fruit might have decayed on the trees. Are you not glad with me, that we were prompted to do this?"

"We are truly glad," responded one of her faithful helpers, "and we believe you feel repaid for all your sacrifice."

"Yes," replied Betty with flushed cheeks, adding softly, "for I have found myself."

An unusual quiet and orderliness prevailed in the Canadian stationary hospital. No fresh patients had been brought in during the day. Nurses and orderlies relaxed and talked more freely with the wounded.



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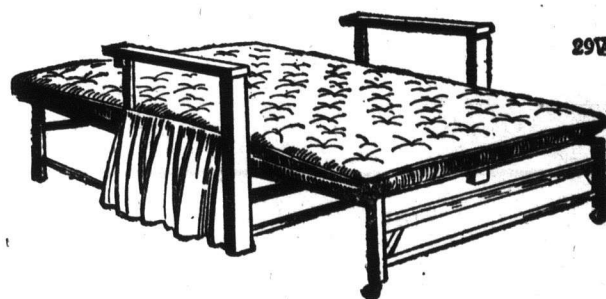
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