

isn't it? If bread becomes too stale to eat as bread why can't it be crushed and used to cover lamb cutlets? A bowl of soup is very much enhanced if you have a plate of toasted croutons to eat with it. Isn't stale bread good enough for those? Who is to know whether the bread is new or stale that is used in bread-and-butter pudding and breaded lamb cutlets and toast and croutons? The bread and butter pudding that mother used to make wasn't half bad. Has it gone out of fashion? In these days we are living on short commons. Some of us are not making the "dough" that we used to make. We shan't notice it so much if we use up our stale bread.

The waste in food is as unpardonable as it is silly. The truth is our taste has become vitiated. We have lived too long on canvas-back duck. We have had too much turkey with cranberry sauce.

The regrettable thing about it all is that the waste isn't confined to the rich, it is more common in the case of the

a couple of blocks away who have no fire. They might have had if an economy in the amount of coal used were more general. When you throw ashes into the garbage pail you are wasting them so far as you are concerned. But the people at the City Hall turn the waste to good account, which is proof enough that when you throw some of your coal and ashes away you are discarding something that is valuable. The Street Cleaning Commissioner says that a good proportion of this nine hundred pounds of ashes is good, burnable, heat-giving cinder.

The blame lies largely with the housewife. She has in most cases the handling of the housekeeping money. A little time spent in discovering just what she needs would save her husband's pocket. She could alter the present state of things if she wanted to.

And then perhaps we shouldn't hear so much of the high cost of living.

The Revelation

John Hull found the telegram at his office. As he read the words, the busy scene about him faded away, and he saw himself once more a little, ragged, frightened boy, who heard with terror the word "poorhouse" whispered by the neighbors. Then Aunt Rachel had come in. She had stood a moment looking at his mother's still face; then she had crossed the room and gathered the boy into her arms. He isn't gone to the poorhouse?" she had said, quietly. "I am going to take care of him."

It was an old "caretaking" in some ways. Aunt Rachel was an old maid, and knew nothing of a boy's heart. And yet—how good she had been—how good and patient! In the last ten years, although he had seen her only twice, there had been no word of reproach, only the same unchanging love and faith. A blur came over John Hull's eyes, and calling his secretary, he gave rapid orders. He was going to Aunt Rachel. He hoped she would know.

Nine hours later he was alone with Aunt Rachel. As he looked at the great peace of the small, worn face, a strange feeling swept across him. He never saw a look like that in Wall Street! This little, plain, old country woman had possessed something greater than riches!

Later, they brought him her papers and letters. They were very few, but among them were her account-books, and John Hull realized that in those careful figures he was reading the story of her life. He was amazed to know how tiny her income had been. And of what she had had, a tenth had gone to her church, a fifth to her missionary society, and nearly all the rest for a boy who was not even related to her.

And he had thought her life pitifully poor and narrow! Now in his hour of vision he saw that his was the poor and barren life—with its careless and spasmodic giving, its absorption in "the game." He understood at last the generous and unselfish investment of this life and all its possessions. And suddenly there came to him the memory of a hot summer Sunday of his boyhood, and of the minister's voice as he read his text "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

Could that be said of the uses he had made of his own life?

Alone in the April night John Hull faced himself.

Shakespeare and the Bible

Bishop Wordsworth, in his "Shakespeare and the Bible," finds in the poet's works more than 550 Biblical quotations, allusions, references and sentiments. "Hamlet" alone contains about eighty, "Richard the Third" nearly fifty, "Henry the Fifth" and "Richard the Second" about forty each. Shakespeare quotes from fifty-four of the Biblical books, and not one of his thirty-seven plays is without a Scriptural reference. Genesis furnishes the poet with thirty-one quotations or allusions, the Psalms with fifty-nine, Proverbs with thirty-five, Isaiah with twenty-one, Matthew with sixty, Luke with thirty-three, and Romans with twenty-three.



Britain is stirred by the crying demand from the War Office for a greater output in munitions. The Earl of Norbury, who is 53 years of age, has responded to the appeal and is the latest recruit to the ranks of war supplies manufacturers. He has obtained a job as a fitter in an aeroplane factory in Surrey and is being paid 14 cents an hour. His hours are from 6 a.m. to 7 p.m. The picture shows him wearing his overalls.

family who can't afford it. You can wander up to the corner of your main street and hear a gentleman mounted on a barrel discant at great length upon the waste practised by the monied classes. But you and I and the fellow in the flat above are equally culpable. Careful management could obviate a great deal of this waste. It may be good for the butcher, the baker and the poultry man. But Canada is not made up of butchers and bakers and poultry men only. It is true that man cannot live by bread alone. He needs dry goods and clothes and an occasional haircut. But he does not need such a plethora of luxuries nor even such a surfeit of plain foodstuffs that he is bound to fill up his garbage pail with a goodly percentage of the food he buys.

Here is another fact, nearly nine hundred pounds of ashes per capita found their way into the garbage pail last year. So say the records at the City Hall of the city about which I am talking. Was it all necessary? There are some people



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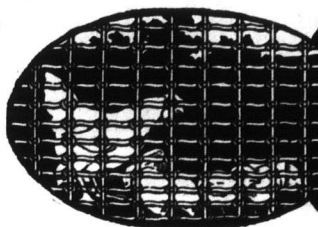
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