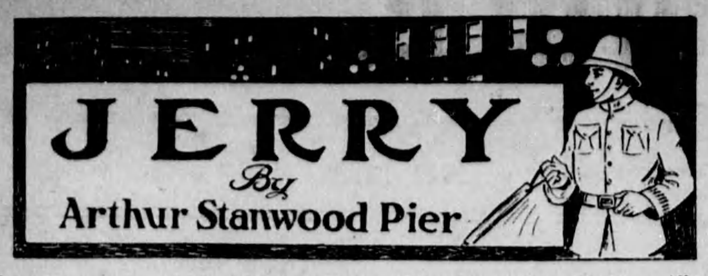

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CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

Like most of the other men, Jerry turned away in silence. But it was not the silence of stolidity or of apathetic despair; anger was burning hot within him, the anger of the oppressed. The Purroy Works had always made money for their owners; the avarice that prompted a scaling down of the working force and an increase of the working hours was inhuman. That was the crude generalization that presented itself after the first moment in more concrete form—in a fanciful contrast of Benjamnn Desmond, a beneficiary, no doubt, of the new scheme, and of himself, a sufferer from it. There would be Desmond, deriving from the increased toil of Jerry's hands the price of a case of champagne or of a gratefully received and publicly acknowledged subscription to a charity, or a month's rent of a pew in his aristocratic church; and there would be Jerry Donohue, deprived of all his youthful pleasures, of the freedom to enjoy life that he had thought he would share with his bride, of the cheerful leisure that had always marked the latter and best portion of each day—nothing left him but to drudge, to eat, to sleep. Oh, that would be permitted him; he would not be one of those to be dropped; that would be the fate of the old, half-broken men.

He came up abreast of one of these who was plodding with slow steps, head sunk on his breast. It was Jim Dobbins, a friend of his father's, and at the sight of his haggard face Jerry's wrath was submerged in pity. For more than a year Dobbins had been in failing health; his flushed skin, drawn tight over his cheekbones, was that of the consumptive; his wife was wasting away with the same disease. He had three children, the eldest a girl of fifteen.

"They've watered the stock, and we've got to pay six per cent. on it," said Dobbins. "It's for you young fellows, Jerry, to decide whether you'll fight or submit. We old ones are about done anyway. We're all in the hands of bloodsuckers."

He turned aside into the open-hearth mill where he worked.

In the rod mill, Tim Brophy of the night shift, whom Jerry relieved, had just heard the news. He was a few years older than Jerry and had a wife and two babies. His usually welcoming face was now scowling and sullen; he hardly looked at Jerry, but put on his coat, picked up his dinner pail, and walked off silently.

All the morning Jerry plied his tongs, caught and drew the hissing, white-hot, writhing serpents of metal out across the rolls. More mechanically than usual he was performing his task; his mind was preoccupied with his problems. What should he do? Implanted in him by his father was the sturdy principle that a man ought to stick to his job—that to seek to better one's self by change was to gamble recklessly. And it wasn't as if a choice were open to him; the twelvehour day ruled in all the other iron mills, and iron working was the only thing he knew. He could learn something else, but to do that would take time and would mean a great reduction of income; it would mean the indefinite postponement of marriage, and the surrender of the house that had so long been his mother's home. He thought of all these things, and he thought, too, of the effect that the news would be likely to have on his mother and on Nora, and unaccustomed lines of worry and care furrowed his young brow.

In the noon intermission, while he was eating his luncheon, Dave Scanlan came in from open-hearth mill number two. "Going to have a mass meeting in Y.M.C.A. Hall to-night," he said. "Be on hand, Jerry; tell every one to come."

Dave bustled off, a brisk, important emissary; his manner and his message were encouraging. To Jerry and, no doubt, to many other young men cheerfulness returned; the sound of a mass meeting was hopeful; at least it promised excitement. So Jerry deferred consideration of his problems; his chief concern during the afternoon was the condition in which he should find his mother. He hastened home at five o'clock, apprehensive lest she had collapsed utterly, yet not unprepared to discover that she had already dismantled the house and was awaiting him in a tearful triumph of resignation.

To his great relief she had committed neither of these excesses; in fact, she was sewing in her rocking-chair and greeted him calmly. She had heard all the news; she had gone about the neighborhood, visiting distracted women, and distracted women had visited her; the sight of them, she explained to Jerry, had made her resolve not to go "lepping" into the air like she was a wild creature. Now that she knew what the worst was to be, she wasn't afraid of it; of course, twelve hours a day in an iron mill was too much for flesh and blood to stand for a whole lifetime, but for a short while now, till he did be getting hold of a better job, it might be borne; and if not, there was always the washing to fall back on. And as for their home, well, it was themselves that made it, themselves and a few things they prized—not the four walls of the house; if they had to move away, they could take the spirit of their home with them. It wasn't as if they would be worse off, more unlucky, than anybody else; trouble wouldn't seem nearly so bad when all their friends and acquaintances had to share it. She reinforced this cheerful philosophy with an unusually good supper: "We may be economizing soon on our victuals. Jerry, but not to-night."

So it was a hearty, well-fed, optimistic young man that sallied forth to the mass meeting. That proved less exciting than he had anticipated; there was no dissent from Dobbins's proposal that a committee be appointed to confer with the management and plead for a revocation of the new order. The committee wa instructed to contrast the efficiency of the employees of the Purroy Works with that shown in any other mills in the country; to point out that this efficiency was due to the homogeneous character of the working force, composed as it was of men of straight English or Irish descent, and not of Crotes, Lithuanians, and "Polacks"; to declare that the imposition of greater burdens upon a reduced force must decrease the efficiency of labor, and that the over-working of employees meant economic waste; and finally to convey the warning that if the order was not withdrawn a general strike of all employees would be called. Dobbins was appointed chairman of the committee that was to present these considerations to the management.

Then began the series of conferences that were prolonged for ten days unavailingly. The management disputed the claims of the employees, yet professed reluctance to adopt so severe a policy of retrenchment; that, however, had been dictated by the directors. Dobbins and his committee sought an interview with Benjamin Desmond, who was recognized as the controlling forces in the Purroy Company's affairs. Desmond referred them back to the management. The management deprecated the idea of a strike; all parties would be sorry, very sorry, if any such development took place. Not because of the threat, but because the management was sincerely desirous of holding the good-will of its employees it would endeavor to reopen the question with the board of directors.

Meanwhile, Roger Trask, without the knowledge of the workmen, had been pleading their cause. At the weekly drill he had heard from Jerry and from Dave Scanlan and others vigorous statements of their grievance—made, he well knew, with an understanding of his relations with the men whom they held accountable for their plight. Trask did not intimate to them that his sympathies were enlisted with their cause, but the next day he called upon Desmond at his office and relieved himself of all the arguments that he had heard and that had appeared to him sound. Desmond, a dark, wiry little man with a sharp nose and an aggressive under jaw, shook his head decisively at intervals during Trask's protest.

"You're dealing with intelligent English-speaking workingmen," urged Trask. "That means, your mills have an advantage over those that employ largely foreign-born, ignorant, half-skilled men—"

"Americans don't work in the mills nowadays; it's only the foreign-born who think of doing that," said Desmond. "Americans prefer to be plumbers, gasfitters, carpenters, electricians, clerks, and labor agitators. If Americans want to work in the mills, they must accept the conditions that the foreign-born impose."

"I think that these Americans will not accept such conditions."

"In that event I have no doubt that their places will soon be filled."

"To me it seems a short-sighted policy—to refuse to American workmen fair wages and reasonable hours and fill their places with miserable aliens who have never known either fair wages or reasonable hours. It's a horrible economic blunder. You can't think that men are mere subsidiaries of machinery. You must believe that machinery should be an auxiliary to men."

"If a mill were an institution like a hospital or an art museum, supported partly by private contributions, there might be something in what you say. I'd a good deal rather myself see the men accept the conditions that are enforced on us and make the best of them. But so far as they themselves are concerned—well, I don't know that it wouldn't be better for them to clear out—seek other occupations. Improved machinery in these mills has rendered a man's work less arduous and wearing than it used to be—also less interesting. Men can work longer hours—and it isn't now work for Americans. For doing a dull, stupid monotonous job day in and day out, I don't want an American; I want a Slav or a Hungarian."

He was scarcely less frank in expressing his views when the committee of workingmen waited upon him for the second time. Their persistency and their intimation that punitive measures must follow if the management adhered to its published intention annoyed him; he remarked sarcastically, "You men at the Purroy Works seem to feel that you are the aristocracy of labor."

From that interview the committee returned discouraged and indignant. At the mass meeting called to hear their report Dobbins mounted the platform. He narrated the efforts that had ended in the failure of all negotiations; his recital of Desmond's cynical speech provoked a wrathful, inarticulate roar. Dobbins, haggard, tired, feverish-eyed, made an impatient gesture imploring quiet.

(To be continued.)

USE VEGETABLES AND SAVE WHEAT.

The patriotism of Madame Housewife is measured these days by the kind of meals she prepares for her family. The youngest child will take what is put before him, provided the food is well cooked. There is nothing in the menu that lends itself to more variety or constant use than do vegetables. Twice a day vegetables can be used in one form or another, if they are judiciously handled by the housewife.

Vegetables have different characteristics. For instance green vegetables are valuable mainly because they contain substances which purify the blood and assist digestion. Roots and tubers are heat and energy-giving foods. All vegetables supply bulk and all contain a considerable amount of water in which are the salts so valuable to health. We are still within the season when we need the properties of the roots and tubers. It will be some time before the fresh vegetables are on the market. Let us clean up the one kind before we begin to use the other.

The first and most immediate need is to release wheat for overseas. Every potato, carrot and onion that we eat is helping towards that end. Don't neglect to be in the vegetable-eating ranks.

One harried housewife moaned the other day: "I never want to see an onion again as long as I live. We are sick of them."

"How many ways have you tried to cook them?" she was asked. "Oh I always fry them." No wonder she was sick of them. Every vegetable can be cooked in a variety of ways and it is poor policy on the part of the housewife to tire her family with repetition. She may use the same vegetable nearly every day and by a frequent change in the manner of cooking or serving she may achieve constant variety.

How many families have boiled potatoes day in and day out? It is safe to guess that only about five per cent. of the women in Canada cook potatoes habitually in more than two ways. One of the simplest and easiest of dishes to prepare is riced potatoes. If the housewife is boiling them, anyway, she might as well vary them by putting them through a potato ricer or coarse strainer. Then they will be flaky, light and delicious.

Here are some other recipes that might be used to advantage. There is nothing new or elaborate about them but so few people think of trying them out.

Potato Border.—Place a greased mould on platter. Build around it a wall of hot mashed potatoes, using nine potatoes, three and one-half inches high by one inch deep. Smooth and crease with case knife. Remove mould. Fill with creamed left-over meat or fish and reheat in oven before serving.

Escalloped Potatoes.—Wash, pare, soak and cut four potatoes in one-fourth inch slices. Put a layer in baking dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper dredge with cornmeal or flour and dot over with one-half tablespoon of butter substitute. Repeat. Add hot milk until it may be seen through top layer. Bake one and one-fourth hours or until potato is soft.

Potatoes a la Hollandaise.—Wash, pare, soak and cut potatoes in one-fourth inch slices. Cut in cubes. Cover three cups potato with white stock, cook until soft and drain. Cream four tablespoons butter substitute, add one tablespoon lemon juice, one-half teaspoon salt and a few grains of cayenne. Add the potatoes, cook three minutes and add one-half tablespoon finely chopped parsley.

Duchess Potatoes.—To two cups hot riced potatoes, add two tablespoons butter substitute, one-half teaspoon salt and yolks of two eggs slightly beaten. Shape in form of cone or any desired shape. Brush over with beaten egg diluted with one teaspoon water and brown in hot oven.

With the aid of vegetables it is quite possible to have an entire dinner in one dish—a dinner that is wholesome, nutritious and very palatable. How many people are familiar with fish chowder? Here is the recipe; it is enough for a family of five: 1½ pounds fish (use moderate-priced varities such as cod, haddock or flat-fish), 9 potatoes, peeled and cut in small pieces, 1 onion, sliced, 2 cups carrots cut in pieces, 3 cups milk, pepper, 1 tablespoon fat, 1½ tablespoons cornstarch. Cook vegetables until tender. Add fat, mix cornstarch with one-half cup of the cold milk and stir in the liquid in the pot to thicken. Add the rest of the milk and the fish which has been removed from the bone and cut in small pieces. Cook until the fish is tender, about 10 minutes. Serve hot.

System as a Housekeeping Aid.

For many years before becoming a farmer's wife, I was one of fifty teachers in a large school whose head teacher was a woman of remarkable executive ability. Methodical, orderly, statistical, she demanded that each teacher provide for her use and guidance a general outline of work for the term, a general program of work for each week, and a detailed program of the work for each day. These daily schedules must be elastic to allow of seizing unforeseen opportunities or for unexpected occurrences.

My first few weeks at housekeeping were a horrible tangle till I bethought me to apply to my housework the same method of preparing a program, so to speak, of the proposed or necessary activities of the day, and it has meant untold comfort, pleasure, and ease in the accomplishment of the day's duties. It requires thought, planning and judgment to make things dovetail to best advantage, and like the school program, it must have sufficient elasticity to admit of being altered more or less as occasion demands. An interruption, a fire slower than we had expected, a telephone visit may disarrange our well laid plans, but some way, if we have it written down in tabulated form it is a little easier than if we are anxiously thinking, "what was it I was planning to do next?" or to have to say, "Dear me, I intended to do so and so but I forgot."

I find a school slate hung on the wall with pencil hung beside it the easiest place on which to jot my daily program. Of course, the general plan of routine duties changes little from day to day, but I have found it well to have it 'put down in writing," especially for the guidance of hired help somewhat as follows: After breakfast: 1, clear table; 2, put sitting-room in order; 3, do chamber work; 4, wash dishes; 5, prepare vegetables, etc.

The daily program must be more specific, indicating what must be done while something else is doing, for it is this fitting of duties into their proper niches which lightens and shortens labor and makes the difference between efficiency and slovenliness.

Pull Your Weight.

The billows are heaving behind,
The breakers are foaming before;
We need all the strength we can find—
Each ounce you can put to the oar.
Are you doing the best that you can
To keep the old galley afloat?
Are you power or freight?
Are you pulling your weight—
Are you pulling your weight in the boat?

It isn't the task of the few—
The pick of the brave and the strong;
It's he and it's I and it's you
Must drive the good vessel along.
Will you save? Will you work? Will you fight?
Are you ready to take off your coat?
Are you serving the State?
Are you pulling your weight—
Are you pulling your weight in the boat?

To Prevent Fading.

The delicate shades of colored linens can be kept from fading by using plenty of pulverized borax in the water in which they are washed and rinsed.

Use a brush dipped in whiting to shine up your bookcase doors, mirrors and cut glass. Polish with newspaper.

Food Control Corner

Enforcement of the Canada Food Board's regulations as to food conservation has been placed in the hands of the police machinery of the municipalities and of the different Provinces throughout the Dominion.

It is the duty and privilege of the provinces to enforce federal laws and the Orders of the Canada Food Board have the effect of federal law, being passed upon authority of Orders issued by the Privy Council and published in the Canada Gazette. It, therefore, becomes the duty of police officers throughout the Dominion to acquaint themselves with these regulations regarding our food supply and to see to it that they are obeyed. At this stage of the world's food situation, when 4,750,000 people in Europe have sarved to death as compared to 4,250,000 soldiers who have died as the direct result of battle, it is beyond cavil or dispute that these food regulations are absolutely necessary. Indeed many people in communication with friends in England or in France think our Canadian regulations mild in view of what people on the other side are undergoing. Patriotism as well as duty should inspire submission to these restrictions by the public and vigilant enforcement of them by the officers of the law.

In cases of convictions secured by the municipal police officers, it should be noted that where these convictions result in the imposition of fines, the money from these fines is to be paid to the municipal treasuries, and similarly in the cases where Provincial officers secure convictions. The Canada Food Board has circularized these Orders in official form throughout the police machinery of the various provinces, beginning with the Attorneys-General and continuing through the lists of Crown Attorneys and Crown Prosecutors. In some provinces the Chief Constables have also received copies of the various Orders affecting the public. As a result, throughout Canada of recent weeks, there has been a crop of convictions. In all cases the Magistrates have stood firmly behind the regulations and imposed the penalties as provided. These run from $100, to $1000 in fines or imprisonment up to three months or both. Restaurant keepers, who have served meat on prohibited days and hours, served sugar on the tables or wasted food, have been brought to task and the wide spread publicity this has entailed will do a great deal more to assure conservation of food in public eating places than anything else.

The Anti-Loafing Law, also bearing upon our war-time food production, has likewise been enforced. Magistrates have seized the opportunity of dealing with loafers, tramps and "sports" by putting them to work on the farms. "Non-essential" industries have been interpreted by some Magistrates into more or less definite groups and men who had no better excuse than employment in said questionable industries have been ordered to get into more useful occupations. In Winnipeg a great change has been observed in the streets since this law went into effect. The idlers and loafers have disappeared.

Great Britain is to allot ten pounds of sugar per head of the household to private fruit growers this season for preserving fruit.

The war garden is to be popular in London in 1918. Reports just received show that 6,014 gardens were started in one week.

Cream Wanted
SWEET OR CHURNING CREAM
We supply cans, pay express charges and remit daily.
Our price next week forty-eight cents
Mutual Dairy and Creamery Co.
742-5 King St. West - Toronto

Ingram's
Milkweed Cream

You are young but once but you can be youthful always if you care for your complexion properly. Daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream prevents blemishes, overcomes pimples and other eruptions. Since 1885 its distinctive therapeutic quality has been giving heath to the skin and youthful color to the complexion. It keeps your skin toned up, soft and clean.

The refined way to banish oiliness and shininess of nose and forehead induced by perspiration, is to apply a light touch of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder. It also conceals the minor blemishes. Included in the complete line of Ingram's toilet products at your druggist's is Ingram's Zodenta for the teeth.

Milkweed Cream	50c and $1.00
Velveola Souveraine Face Powder	50c
Rouge (3 shades)	50c
Zodenta	25c
Milkweed Cream Soap	25c
Borated Talcum	25c
Complexion Tablets	25c

FRED'K F. INGRAM CO.
WINDSOR, CAN.
(13)

IF there was just one
WALKER HOUSE
In towns along my route,
Then "drumming"
would be joyous,
And I wouldn't give a hoot
For all the inconvenience of
The trains that poke so slow,
If there was just one WALKER HOUSE
In every town I go.

I'd hustle like the dickens,
And take orders by the ton.
Say, trav'ling then would be
Just one big round of solid fun.
I wouldn't mind the rain or sleet,
Or mud, or frost or snow,
If there was just one WALKER HOUSE
In every town I go.

The Walker House
The House of Plenty
Toronto
Geo. Wright & Co., Proprietors