BOVRIL

Her Housebreaker

By Florence Morse Kingsley.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd).

As Mary Brett laid out a substantial outfit for Van Auken's Dan, she was congratulating herself on the fact that she had not accepted Cousin Almira Biddle's offer to stay with her for a few days. Almira would have run to the telephone at the first sight of the muddy floor and despoiled larder. Miss Biddle's limited imagination could never have overleaped the barrier of the prima facie evidence. She would have insisted upon handing the offender over to the authorities. Mary Brett actually shivered, as she reflected on the boy's probable fate, had she not chosen to come home alone. In her other-worldly thoughts it was all a beautiful web of providence: the boy had been sent to her with a double purpose: already he had helped her over the difficult business of home-coming without George more effectually than any stereotyped sympathizer could possibly have done. There had been, indeed, no time for the tears she had promised herself. She vowed to help him to the limit of her ability; and it was quite in keeping with her character that having broken her alabaster box, she should empty it to the last fragrant drop—was he not her brother?

CHAPTER IV.

It was late in the afternoon before she bade the newly-christened Daniel Maitland good-bye. They had eaten dinner together and, as before, he helped her make everything neat. Also, he repaired the broken window fastening and secured the unguarded cellar against further intrusion. She heard him whistling boyishly over his task and smiled indulgently to herself. It was all really very funny when one came to think of it! She must write to George about it.

She was still smiling over the undeniable humor of the situation when he came in to wash his hands at the kitchen sink.

"I hate to leave you here alone," he said impetuously, then reddened with honest shame, as he perceived the twinkle of amusement in her kind eyes.

"I want you to come back," she said.

He shook his head. "Van Auken will never let me off; not even for a day."

"I've thought of that, and I believe—I am almost sure I have hit upon a plan."

She had been thinking at intervals all day of a way to deliver him from his long bondage. After all, it might not prove difficult; with Van Auken it would be a matter of dollars and cents, she was sure. There was her Christmas money. George had given it to her the last day he spent at home, saying with the gift:

"I'm afraid I shan't be home this year, little Mother o' Mine, so I want you to buy yourself something splendid and unusual, from me. Something you've wanted for a long time and denied yourself. You see, I know your ways, dear."

What could be more "splendid and unusual" than this motherless, homeless boy, who so sorely needed what she as sorely needed to give? Her fancy, always nimble-footed, sped on into the future—his future and hers. She would get work for him in the village, an easy matter, now that so many men were away. He should have George's room, and together they would read George's books of an evening. Already she had thanked God for him in her heart.

Something of her thoughts she told him but not all. He must first perform the task she had set him. And with this for a peg whereon to hang all her simple exposition of faith, she told him how he must go to meet his trial.

"You must pray every minute of the way," she said, "and God will give you just the right words to say to that man. There is a right way and a wrong way—a hard way and an easy way to do everything. If you ask God to help you—quite simply and without fear—He will do it. Perhaps you have never prayed. If you have not, begin now. You will soon find out how wonderful it is to have an unseen Friend."

"I learned a prayer, once," he said, when she paused. "An old, old woman at the poor farm taught it to me when I was a child. It begins, 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.' The old woman said it would keep the bogies away and that I must remember to say it whenever I was frightened. Many's the time I've repeated the words at top speed, the cold shivers running up and down my back. I guess it was better than no praying.

Presently their talk drifted to the outside world and then she told him of her Christmas money and of the use she meant to make of it.

He shook his head.

"But you can work," she suggested, secretly glad of his stubborn refusal. "You can earn money and pay me back. There will be plenty of time between now and Christmas. Besides, I need you, do I not? My next 'burglar' might be a different sort!"

"I hope you won't always remember that of me," he said in a low voice, the fold between his eyes deepening. "How dare you trust me with money when you think of what I did? How can you be sure I am not a thief? Why, you are not like anyone I ever heard of? The folks I know wouldn't believe it, if I told them. Van Auken would say I stole the money. Why should you do anything for me? I've been wondering all day."

"Dan," she spoke softly, between tears and laughter, "you don't understand. Perhaps if I had been happy—as people are who have many to love and work for—perhaps if you had come some other time, in just the same way—who knows? Perhaps I might have telephoned for the constable, when I found you asleep. I might have done that, you know. But you came to me like a gift out of the blue. When you broke into my lonely house, Dan, you broke into my lonely heart—a heart bereaved of its all."

He knelt at her feet and laid his face in the folds of her gown. She felt his big shoulders heave under her light touch.

At the last he lingered wistfully. "I wish you could go with me," he said. "If you should talk to Van Auken, he would believe you."

"You must make him believe you," she flashed back. "You must put your shoulder to this task. You can do it. You know now where to find the strength. I have told you."

"I will come back to-morrow," he promised. "Then I will work. You shall see how I can work!" He smiled down at her, honest purpose mingling with the shy happiness in his eyes.

"Yes," she said, "you must come home to-morrow."

She stood at the gate watching his tall, strong figure swinging away down the road as she had so many times watched her son. And now he was nearing the big oak tree, making the turn of the road. Would he stop and look back? She leaned over the white gate, her eyes eager as a girl's, an odd fancy tormenting her with vague hopes and misgivings.

"If he stops and waves his hand—as George always did—I shall be sure—sure——"

He had reached the tree—was passing it; then, as if aware of her clouding gaze, he turned, smiled, waved his hat in a gesture of greeting and farewell, and was gone.

(To be continued.)

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DIET FOR CHILDREN FROM TWO TO SEVEN.

The following directions for meals for children are not intended to take the place of the family physician. Always consult your doctor in regard to the feeding of your child.

From 12 to 18 Months.

Breakfast, 6 or 7 a.m.—Fruit, as the juice of half an orange; pulp of 4 to 6 stewed prunes; pineapple juice, two tablespoonfuls. Omit if bowels are loose. Cereal gruel from oatmeal, wheat, farina, cornmeal, fine hominy barley with milk. No sugar. Toasted bread or zweiback. Milk, 1 cup, warm or cold.

Lunch, 11 a.m.—Glass of milk, alone, or with zweiback or toast.

Dinner, 2 p.m.—Broth of chicken, beef or mutton, with rice in it; or beef juice; or soft cooked egg, mixed with bread crumbs; potato baked till mealy; rice or macaroni; bread, 24 hours old, or toast; glass of milk.

Supper, 6 p.m.—Bread, 24 hours old, toast or zweiback and milk; or cereal and milk, or junket and bread stuffs.

From 18 Months to 2 Years.

Breakfast, 7 a.m.—Fruit, as juice of one orange; pulp of 6 or 8 stewed prunes, pineapple juice, 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls; cereal, 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls, with milk; bread, 24 hours old, toast or zweiback, with butter; milk, 1 cup, warm or cold.

Lunch, 11 a.m.—Glass of milk, with bread, 24 hours old, toast or zweiback and butter.

Dinner, 2 p.m.—Broth, thickened with peas, sago, rice or barley; or vegetable soup and milk; or beef juice, with bread crumbs, or soft-cooked egg, or poached egg, with toast; vegetables, selected from baked or mashed potato, squash, cooked celery, mashed turnips or carrots; bread, 24 hours old, white or whole wheat, or graham, with butter; apple sauce or prune pulp, 1 tablespoonful.

Supper, 6 p.m.—Macaroni, boiled rice, custard, or junket, 1 tablespoonful; bread, 24 hours old, or toast, with butter, 2 slices; milk; baked apple, apple sauce, or stewed prunes.

From Two to Three Years.

Breakfast, 7 a.m.—Fruit, as half an orange, 6 or 8 stewed prunes, pear or peach pulp; cereal, 3 or 4 tablespoonfuls with milk; or egg, soft-cooked or poached; bread, white, or whole wheat, or graham or toast with butter; milk, 1 cup, warm or cold.

Lunch, 11 a.m.—Glass of milk, with bread and butter, or graham, or oatmeal crackers.

Dinner, 2 p.m.—Broth or soup; meat, as fine cut beef, lamb, or chicken, or boiled fish; vegetables, selected from potatoes, fresh peas, fresh beans, spinach, asparagus tips, cooked celery, squash, mashed turnips, or carrots; bread and butter; junket, or custard, or blanc mange.

Supper, 6 p.m.—A cereal or egg (if not taken for breakfast), or custard, or milk toast, or macaroni; bread and butter; stewed fruit; milk, warm or cold, or cocoa.

From Three to Six Years.

Breakfast, 7 a.m.—Fruit, as oranges, apples, pears, or peaches; cereal; egg, soft-cooked, poached or scrambled; bread or toast and butter; milk or cocoa.

Dinner, 12 noon—Broth or soup; meat, as beef, lamb, mutton, or chicken, or fish, boiled; vegetables, except corn, cabbage, cucumbers, or egg plant; bread and butter; simple puddings or custard.

Supper, 6 p.m.—Rice, or macaroni, or soup, or cereal, or milk toast or thick soup; or corn bread; fruit, or custard, or junket; milk, warm or cold, or cocoa.

From Six to Ten Years.

Meals at 7 a.m., 12.30 p.m. and 6 p.m.—Give all adult food, except candy, cake, pie, doughnuts, pickles, cucumbers, fried food, spices, tea, coffee, soda water, wine, beer, or ice cream.

All children should be discouraged eating candy, cake, biscuits, jams, jellies, ice cream, or box cereals, i.e., the uncooked cereals. Remember, all cereals must be cooked at least two hours and better four.

Tomato Recipes.

In the home where tomatoes are a popular product of the garden, they will be found on the table twice a day, but if you become tired of the plain sliced or stewed article, try the following, some of which will make tasty supper dishes:

Escalloped Tomato.—Put cold meat of any kind—or of several kinds if you have them—through a meat chopper. In a buttered baking dish put a layer of sliced cold boiled potatoes, then a layer of the meat, over this a layer of sliced ripe tomatoes and a sprinkling of salt and pepper. Repeat until the dish is filled. Over the top put a scanty layer of bread crumbs dotted with butter. Pour in a cupful of rich sweet milk and bake for forty minutes.

Tomatoes and Macaroni.—Boil one cupful of macaroni in salted water until tender. Cut six pieces of bacon in inch pieces and put in a pan over a slow fire until part of the fat is tried out; add one medium-sized onion chopped and the macaroni which has been previously drained. Stir in a small teaspoonful of sugar, a piece of butter, and one and a half cupfuls of stewed tomatoes. Cook fifteen minutes over a moderate fire, then set aside to cool. When quite cool, stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs; return to the fire and reheat, being careful to remove before the eggs begin to curdle, which will be at about the boiling point. Serve with a few very thin strips of sweet green pepper scattered over the top.

Tomato Scramble.—Beat four eggs slightly, season with salt and pepper and turn into a buttered frying pan. Stir the eggs until they are well scrambled but still soft; add a cupful of stewed tomatoes, stir up once, then serve hot on buttered toast.

Tomato Rabbit.—To one-fourth cupful of milk add one teaspoon of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a little red pepper and mustard, grate in one-half pound of mild cheese and heat slowly until cheese is nearly melted. Beat five eggs in a separate dish and add one cupful of stewed tomato—not too juicy—to the hot cheese mixture. Cook two minutes and serve on toast.

Tomatoes With Dumplings.—Pare and slice the tomatoes and put in a kettle of a suitable size. Over the top put corn meal dumplings made of milk, salt, baking powder, and equal proportions of corn meal and wheat flour. Put the kettle over a moderate fire and cook until the dumplings are done. A little water should be put in the bottom of the kettle to keep the tomatoes from burning until the juice begins to cook out. Serve with slices of fried bacon over the top.

Beans With Tomato Sauce.—Cook the beans until all extra water has boiled out, leaving them almost as dry as baked beans. Serve with a sauce made of one cupful of strained tomato juice, one tablespoonful flour, one tablespoon butter, and season with salt and pepper. Stir the mixture well and cook until it thickens.

Tomatoes and Cheese.—Slice large firm tomatoes, drain, salt and let stand in a cool place. When chilled, spread with a paste made of cream cheese or cottage cheese, finely chopped green pepper and a little paprika. Place two slices together sandwich fashion, and serve on lettuce with a little salad dressing to which a little finely chopped onion has been added.

Tomato Spice.—To three pounds of skinned and sliced tomatoes add one pint of vinegar, four cups of sugar and spices to taste. Boil down until it is the consistency of jam, taking care not to let the mixture scorch. This is delicious with cold meats.

The Learners.

O little feet, unused to weight and burden,
O little legs, uncertain, timorous,
We smile as we behold your faint successes,
Your doubtful stumbling seems so vain to us.

Each three steps' journey is a wild adventure,
And perils lurk in floor and carpet spaces,
Far from the sheltering chair and couch, and farther
The passage here to havening arms and faces.

But still you dare—for life is spun of daring;
And step by step your earnest journey lengthen,
As mastery grows out of careful seeking,
As little legs and little purpose strengthen.

We smile and hardly think of long days coming
When you will walk with firm and careless trust,
Watching, perhaps, more little feet that falter,
Long after we who smile are quiet dust.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

The Price.

I used to love all nature so—
The river's sweep, the sunset's glow,
The fields and woods, the pure, fresh air—
The golden hours so free from care.
I wandered where'er fancy bade—
A gay and careless happy lad.

But Time Ambition's seed instilled;
I was with strong desire filled
To win great rank and wealth and power;
I filled with toil each fleeting hour;
And then at last, I reached my goal,
But oh, alas, at what a toll!

Gone is my old and keen delight
In sunny day and star-lit night,
Alas, one impulse rules my brain—
The wish for greater power and gain.
And I am old, and gray and sad;
I sigh for that gay, careless lad,
Would gladly give my hoarded pelf
For golden youth—my better self.

Friends plead, "You're wealthy, honored, great—
Life lies before you—pleasures wait."
I only shake my head and say:
"I have forgotten how to play!"

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