The saving in the Soup Tureen Bovril makes soups and stews so much more nourishing that they can often take the place of expensive joints. It saves many dollars in the kitchen. Bovril is the concentrated goodness of the best beef—so strong that it cannot possibly be manufactured in cheap cubes. Insist upon the real thing—Bovril in the Bovril bottle.

S.H.B.

Her Housebreaker

By Florence Morse Kingsley.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued)

Dan gripped the garrulous old man by the arm.

"You say he died that night? That—night! Why I——"

"Mebbe 'twas somethin' he 'et for his supper; I don't know. He was took with terrible distress in his in'ards, some time in the night. They called in the doctor but he couldn't do nothin' fer him. He died in less'n two hours after he was took. Fun'ral t'morrow. I s'pose you're goin' up to th' house, ain't you, Dan? Mis' Van Auken was takin' on somepin fierce thin mornin'; an' the children——"

But Dan was already far up the street.

"I am free—free!" he exulted. He would go "home" at once. Why should he return to the woman who had despised and abused him all these years? He owed her nothing—not even respect. As for the ten dollars—Van Auken had not missed it. And now no one would ever know! There was a train at seven. He pictured his lovely lady's surprise at sight of him. He could give her back the price of his freedom which he had accepted so reluctantly at her hands. Purposely avoiding Van Auken's house he tramped resolutely toward the station; the thought of his "master's" grim, narrow face cold in death chilled him. Mrs. Van Auken, too, in her noisy grief—he could do nothing to assuage it. She had always hated him. He would not trouble her now.

But what underlying purpose, welling up from some unknown depth of himself halted his progress? He did not know then; it was many years before he understood. He stopped short, as if an unseen hand had touched him on the shoulder. There were the picture-books and toys in the suitcase that "Mother" had given him. He must leave them for the Van Auken children. And was it, on the whole, decent of him to go away forever (as he hoped) without first offering what scant sympathy he could muster to the widow of the man who had, after all, given a home and a name—of a sort? Van Auken's Dan was a better name to go by than Poorhouse Danny; it had meant honest work, which had developed brain and body. And now that he was Daniel Maitland—"

The stern eyes he had seen in the picture of the old man whose name was now his own, appeared to be fixed rebukingly upon him.

He prayed in a sort of desperation: "She said that You would hear me—I can't seem to see straight. You can! Show me what I ought to do and help me to do it. She said You would—though I don't understand why You should care about a fellow like me. But if You'll show me the square thing to do, I'm going to do it!"

Mrs. Van Auken received him coldly. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping. She stood over the kitchen stove, in her old limp calico gown, frying something smokily odorous in an iron pan. The pallid, dirty baby, chewing a crust in the corner, stared at him out of round blue eyes and the older children threw themselves upon him with cries of joy and grief.

"Where you been, Dan?" and "Oh, Dan, why'd you go away?" "Somethin' awful's happened to Pa: he—he's dead, Dan!"

He raised the smallest child to a level with his big shoulder and she shrieked her delight, clutching at his curly hair.

"Ain't you 'shamed, Dan!" rebuked the child's mother, "an' her poor pa a-layin' in there, stiff an' cold! Put her down!"

She dumped the contents of her pan on a platter and shoved chairs about.

"You may's well set up an' eat, seein' you're here," she added grudgingly. "Hetty Ann! Stop that noise! Don't you know no better? 'Lizabeth Jane, set the chairs 'round, an' you, Billy Van Auken, pump a kittle o' water an' set it over. I ain't washed no dishes t'day. But I s'pose I got to—oh, Lord, Lord!"

The woman sank into a chair and buried her face in her apron.

"I don't know what I'm goin' t' do!" she sobbed. "Oh, Lord, Lord!"

Dan silently helped the children to food. They ate as if famished. Ma, they said, hadn't cooked any dinner. He cut numerous slices of bread and handed them around well drenched in gravy. The baby dropped its crust and broke into loud wailing. Dan stooped for the little creature and hushed its fretful cries.

There had been lots of neighbors in, explained Elizabeth Jane, so Ma hadn't had time to dress Bobby or sweep up or anything.

Dan brewed a cup of strong tea, as he had done at her bidding many times before and, comforting the fretful baby in the crook of his strong arm, brought tea and hot food to the weeping woman.

"You must eat," he said quietly, "for the sake of the children."

"'Twouldn't 'a' happened to him if you hadn't run off!" she burst out. "I'm right glad you come back, so I could tell you to your face, Poorhouse Dan! He done somethin' t' his heart, heavin' them heavy boxes. If you'd 'a' been in the store, doin' your work, 'stead o' trapsin' 'round the country, Lord knows where, he'd be settin' there, eatin' his supper with me an' the children, 'stead of—oh, Lord,—Lord!"

Dan bit his lip. Always he had been the family scapegoat; from the least, to this, the greatest catastrophe which had befallen the Van Auken household, he had been made to bear the blame in the mouth of this scolding woman.

"Where'd you go, anyhow?" she demanded sharply. "What ever possessed you t' cut an' run, like that? I always told Van Auken you'd bring us bad luck—from the day you entered our door. An' now he's dead an' gone an' all on account o' you. I wish t' God I never seen your face! We sh'd 'v stuck to our own."

Dan waited till her mingled grief and anger had spent itself, and she fell into a sullen silence, as characteristic as her futile rage.

"Shall I put the children to bed?" he asked.

She flung out one hand in an impatient gesture of assent. For the first time, she seemed to notice his changed appearance. Her red eyes followed him sharply, as he herded the little troop of sleepy children upstairs. When he returned half an hour later, he found her huddled over the stove.

"Sit down," she ordered him.

"I s'pose we got to talk things over," she said wearily. "There's the store; it's all we got to keep us from starving. He used to say some time or other we'd have t' pay you wages. Not that you was worth so much. But you was kind o' broke in t' his ways. Now you'll have to take the store. You can live here, same's before, an' I'll pay you what's right—after your time's up."

"I was bound to him," he said slowly. "But now he——"

"Yes," she interrupted sharply, "he's dead. Just because you——"

"Stop!" he said. "You shall not say that to me again."

Something in his steady look checked the torrent of abuse on her lips.

"Where you been?" she inquired fretfully. "Somethin's happened to you. Where'd you git them clo'es an' th' truck you give the children? You didn't have any money unless——"

"I'm going to tell you all about it," said Dan slowly. "I—I've found a friend."

Then he told her the story of his wanderings, without omissions, and without palliation of his own conduct. A cunning light leapt up in her eyes, as he told of his initial theft, but she forebore question or comment till he had finished.

"That's a pretty story," she said scornfully; "a real pretty story. I don't b'lieve a word of what you say about that woman. You stole the money, all right. Van Auken was just fool enough to let you handle the cash; I always told him you'd turn out a thief. What could you expect of a young one out of the poor house, whose mother was——"

"You can abuse me all you like," he said hoarsely. "Perhaps I deserve it; but my mother——"

He fought with himself in silence for an instant.

"I have told you the truth," he went on more quietly. "Believe it or not, as you choose. I will give you back the money. She wanted me to."

"What was the woman's name?"

"Why—I—I don't know," he stammered. "She didn't tell me, and I—didn't——"

Mrs. Van Auken burst into derisive laughter, unmindful of the solemn presence in the adjoining room.

"You didn't think quick enough that time; did you, Dan? Well, I guess you broke into the house all right! And you froze to that suit of clo'es, and the suitcase there! Say, is there a name on that?"

But the suitcase merely bore the initials "G. M. B."

He sat looking down at the floor in dismayed silence, while her crooked fingers swiftly and cunningly explored the pockets of the case. He did not see them close over an envelope which had slipped down in one corner.

"Well," she said briskly, "what you've told me'd put you behind the bars for one good while. But look-a-here, Dan, I'll keep mum, if you'll stay on an' keep the store for me. You c'n go to th' funeral to-morrow an' ride in the carriage with the mourners. You look real nice in that suit, even if you did turn burglar to get it."

"I didn't!" he cried. "She gave it to me. I must go back to her to-morrow. I promised her."

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, if you don't know the woman's name, how are you going to let her know you've changed your mind? You try another little game on me, Poorhouse Dan, and see where you'll land! I'll have you arrested, as sure as my name is Jane Van Auken."

Out of the whirl of his perturbed thoughts one thing alone appeared clear:

"My name," he said slowly, "is Daniel Maitland, and you will call me by it."

(To be continued.

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Woman's Sphere

Soup Makes Low-Cost Meal.

How does the average family regard soup? Is it not as a small cup or plate, a separate course at the beginning of a hearty meal which is to follow? Regarded from this standpoint, the making of soup seems to the housewife only an additional pot to "bother with."

But in these high-cost times we should give soup the place it has long held in European countries, namely, the main dish of the meal. Many of the national dishes of other countries are a soup, as the famous "chee" soup of Russia, fish soups of Japan, the French "pot-au-feu," etc. But what national soup has Canada?

Now, a thorough understanding of soup-making shows that by this slow process of boiling every ounce and gram of nourishment may be extracted from meat, vegetable and cereal. Which is the better way or the more economical one, to cook an inexpensive bit of meat by itself, a dish of vegetables by itself (wastefully pouring off the water down the sink), potatoes or other cereal separately or the method of cooking all together in one pot, where juice, flavor and nourishment are all conserved?

The soup pot helps keep the garbage can empty. A few vegetables are left on one of the plates, a spoonful of rice in the dish, some butter too unsightly to serve again—ah!—there they go in the garbage pail. But not if the housewife has a soup-pot on the stove. No, indeed; that is just the place to scrape every left-over bit of gristle, meat, etc. No one who has not kept a permanent soup pot going can appreciate the saving. Also how many times a well-made soup will be all that is needed if eaten with bread for a substantial meal.

Buy about a pound of shinbone and ten cents' worth of separate knuckle or marrow bones to start the stock pot. Then add any left-over vegetables, a tablespoonful of cream sauce, cereal from breakfast. Keep the pot gently simmering or put it in a fireless cooker overnight. Remove outdoors for a couple of hours so that the fat will rise to the surface, when it may be skimmed and saved for other cooking. Then to part of this stock add separately rice, specially cut vegetables, alphabets, beans, etc. By this method a different soup may be had every day if the stock pot is constantly renewed. Such pieces as the chuck or the shoulder chuck, the neck of mutton, the "short ribs" of beef are also inexpensive pieces to use for stock and eating purposes later. Barley is one of the cereals that deserve to be used more widely. A good barley soup with a little chopped parsley eaten with bread or hot boiled potatoes would be an ample meal even for a hungry adult.

Can we imitate the foreign soup accessories? In Russia, where the writer lived for a number of years, they have the plan of making a "perok," or pie of a special kind, to be eaten with soups. For instance, if it is a meat soup, then a vegetable "perok" accompanies it. This is made by rolling a thin baking powder biscuit dough, covering it with chopped cooked vegetables, such as carrots, turnips and cabbage, covering with a flat crust and baking in a large oblong pan. This is then cut into small oblongs and eaten with the soups. If it is a vegetable soup, however, meat "peroks" are made by using chopped left-over cooked meat well seasoned, laying it on the crust and folding over into individual "turnovers." The Cornish people have virtually the same ideas in their famous "pasties," or individual meat and vegetable pies.

Now why isn't this a good idea for us to follow one or two days of the week? The chopped soup meat of the day before may be well seasoned and made into individual biscuit pies. Or such inexpensive vegetables as turnips, carrots and cabbage may be chopped coarsely, drained and used as filling. Then we can have a most nourishing meal with these two dishes, soup and a pastry accessory, easy to make and most economical, and especially suited to winter weather. In the making of the pastry such fats as goose grease, rendered suet, chicken fat, etc., may be used, thus saving on butter and more expensive oils.

For children under ten the cream soups are perhaps a wiser choice. These have milk as a basis and the strained pulp of any vegetable. Even with milk at twelve or fifteen cents a quart it is a cheap food, because one quart of milk yields as much nourishment as six eggs, a quart of oysters or a pound of round steak. A good strainer, preferably of the stationary type, fastened to the table with a clamp, is necessary. Any canned vegetables, as peas, corn, tomato, etc., may be used, as well as current fresh vegetables. Children enjoy peanut butter soup, cream of corn soup, cream of celery, cream of parsnip, etc.

The housewife may be too busy to design herself a coat of arms, but in one of the panels at least there should be a soup pot! And remember, not soup as a separate course, but made so well and so nourishing of the combined elements of meat, vegetable and cereal that it shall be in itself a perfect, satisfactory and economical meal.

Home-Made Economy.

No, don't throw away hubby's shirt just because you've patched the neck.

Cuffs threadbare on the side that shows? You can fix those, too. You can get a whole new life from an old shirt. Of course, it takes a bit of times; but time's about the cheapest thing in the world these high-cost-of-living days.

Let's get to our shirt.

Carefully rip up the seams that hold the sleeves in place: the shoulder and under-arm seams. Then unpick the neckband from the front of the shirt. Now you have the two fronts ready to make over.

You will find that the top of the fronts are curved to fit the neckband, and you'll also find that the worn-out place does not extend more than two inches from the neck of the shirt. So mark a line paralleling the neck curve, just two inches down on the shirt fronts; then cut along this line. Now, do the same thing with your shoulder seams and replace the neckband. Trim out the armholes, replace the sleeves and seam up the holes. Now, you're all ready for those frayed cuffs.

Did you ever notice the long tails on a man's shirt? Of course, they don't show; they just hold the shirt in place. So you can steal a bit from the tail and replace it with an old piece of white muslin and no one but hubby will be the wiser.

Unpick the cuffs. You'll find you have two pieces to each cuff; one piece worn out and the other most as good as new. Use the worn pieces as patterns. Place these patterns very carefully on the back tail of the shirt near the under-arm seams. If there is a design, be sure it runs straight up-and-down or across the goods. Cut your new cuff facings out and remake your cuffs. Attach the cuffs to the shirt.

Now, you've a new shirt, but there are two holes in the back. That's easily remedied. Just patch them carefully with a piece of muslin. No one will see them, so who cares?

Of course, this all takes time, but think of the money you'll earn, because, you know, nowadays as never before, "a penny saved is a penny earned."

Home Queries.

Reader—Please tell me how to put up sour pickles so that they will last long.

There are two ways of putting up sour pickles by either of which they should keep indefinitely. To pickle cold: Wash the cucumbers carefully, rubbing off all the little black spots. Pack in fruit jars and cover with vinegar to which has been added one teaspoon of salt and one-fourth teaspoon of cayenne pepper to each jar. To can hot: Let the cucumbers soak over night in a brine made with one cup of salt for every peck of cucumbers and cold water to cover. Of course, wash pickles first. In the morning pour off brine, scald and pour over the pickles. Let stand another twenty-four hours. Then drain, pack in jars, and cover with vinegar scalded with three or four peppers cut in strips and a bit of horseradish. If the cucumbers can not be pickled as soon as picked let stand in a brine, cover with a horseradish leaf, and weight down to keep under the brine.

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