GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

I must spare a moment to introduce Sandy to the reader, for he cannot be allowed to slip into this tale by a side-door. If you will consult the Peerage you will find that to Edward Cospatrick, fifteenth Baron Clanroyden, there was born in the year 1882, as his second son, Ludovick Gustavus Arbuthnot, commonly called the Honourable, etc. The said son was educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, was a captain in the Tweeddale Yeomanry, and served for some years as honorary attache at various embassies. The Peerage will stop short at this point, but that is by no means the end of the story. For the rest you must consult very different authorities. Lean brown men from the ends of the earth may be seen on the London pavements now and then in creased clothes, walking with the light outland step, slinking in to clubs as if they could not remember whether or not they belonged to them. From them you may get news of Sandy. Better still, you will hear of him at little forgotten fishing ports where the Albanian mountains dip to the Adriatic. If you struck a Mecca pilgrimage the odds are you would meet a dozen of Sandy's friends in it. In shepherds' huts in the Caucasus you will find bits of his cast-off clothing, for he has a knack of shedding garments as he goes. In the caravanserais of Bokhara and Samarkand he is known, and there are shikaris in the Pamirs who still speak of him round their fires. If you were going to visit Petrograd or Rome or Cairo it would be no use asking him for introductions; if he gave them, they would lead you into strange haunts. But if Fate compelled you to go to Lhasa or Yarkand or Seistan he could map out your road for you and pass the word to potent friends. We call ourselves insular, but the truth is that we are the only race on earth that can produce men capable of getting inside the skin of remote peoples. Perhaps the Scots are better than the English, but we're all a thousand per cent. better than anybody else. Sandy was the wandering Scot carried to the pitch of genius. In old days he would have led a crusade or discovered a new road to the Indies. To-day he merely roamed as the spirit moved him, till the war swept him up and dumped him down in my battalion.

I got out Sir Walter's half-sheet of note paper. It was not the original—naturally he wanted to keep that—but it was a careful tracing. I took it that Harry Bullivant had not written down the words as a memo. for his own use. People who follow his career have good memories. He must have written them in order that, if he perished and his body was found, his friends might get a clue. Wherefore I argued, the words must be intelligible to somebody or other of our persuasion and likewise they must be pretty well gibberish to any Turk or German that found them.

The first, "Kasredin," I could make nothing of.

I asked Sandy.

"You mean Nasr-ed-din," he said, still munching crumpets.

"What's that?" I asked sharply.

"He's the General believed to be commanding against us in Mesopotamia. I remember him years ago in Aleppo. He talked bad French and drank the sweetest of sweet champagne."

I looked closely at the paper. The "K" was unmistakable.

"Kasredin is nothing. It means in Arabic the house of Faith, and might cover anything from Hagia Sofia to a suburban villa. What's your next puzzle, Dick? Have you entered for a prize competition in a weekly paper?"

"Cancer," I read out.

"It is the Latin for a crab. Likewise it is the name of a painful disease. It is also a sign of the Zodiac."

"v. I," I read.

"There you have me. It sounds like the number of a motor-car. The police would find out for you. I call this rather a difficult competition. What's the prize?"

I passed him the paper. "Who wrote it? It looks as if he had been hurry."

"Harry Bullivant," I said.

Sandy's face grew solemn. Harry. He was at my tutor's. best fellow God ever made. I sav name in the casualty list before . . . Harry didn't do things wit a purpose. What's the story of paper?"

"Wait till after dinner," I said. going to change and have a There's an American coming to and he's part of the business."

Mr. Blenkiron arrived punctu the minute in a fur coat like a sian prince's. Now that I saw hi his feet I could judge him better. had a fat face, but was not too p in figure, and very muscular w showed below his shirt-cuffs. I fa that, if the occasion called, he be a good man with his hands.

Sandy and I ate a hearty mea the American picked at his boile and sipped his milk a drop at a When the servant had cleared he was as good as his word an himself out on my sofa. I offere a good cigar, but he preferred his own lean black abomin Sandy stretched his length in a chair and lit his pipe. "Now fo story, Dick," he said.

I began, as Sir Walter had with me, by telling them abou puzzle in the Near East. I pit pretty good yarn, for I had thinking a lot about it, and the tery of the business had caugh fancy. Sandy got very keen.

"It is possible enough. Indeed been expecting it, though I'm ha if I can imagine what card the mans have got up their sleeve. It might be any one of twenty things. Thirty years ago there was a bogus prophecy that played the devil in Yemen. Or it might be a flag such as Ali Wad Helt had, or a jewel like Solomon's necklace in Abyssinia. You never know what will start off a Jehad! But I rather think it's a man."

"Where could be get his purchase?" I asked.

"It's hard to say. If it were merely wild tribesmen like the Bedawin he might have got a reputation as a saint and miracle-worker. Or he might be a fellow that preached the pure religion, like the chap that founded the Senussi. But I'm inclined to think he must be something extra special if he can put a spell on the whole Moslem world. The Turk and the Persian wouldn't follow the ordinary new theology game. He must be of the Blood. Your Mahdis and Mullahs and Imams were nobodies, but they had only a local prestige. To capture all Islam—and I gather that is what we fear—the man must be of the Koreish, the tribe of the Prophet himself."

"But how could any impostor prove that? for I suppose he's an impostor."

"He would have to combine a lot of claims. His descent must be pretty good to begin with, and there are families, remember, that claim the Koreish blood. Then he'd have to be rather a wonder on his own account—saintly, eloquent, and that sort of thing. And I expect he'd have to show a sign, though what that could be I haven't a notion."

"You know the East about as well as any living man. Do you think that kind of this is possible?" I asked.

"Perfectly," said Sandy, with a grave face.

"Well, there's the ground cleared to begin with. Then there's the evidence of pretty well every secret agent we possess. That all seems to prove the fact. But we have no details and no clues except that bit of paper." I told them the story of it.

Sandy studied it with wrinkled brows. "It beats me. But it may be the key for all that. A clue may be dumb in London and shout aloud at Bagdad."

"That's just the point I was coming to. Sir Walter says this thing is about as important for our cause as big guns. He can't give me orders, but he offers the job of going out to find what the mischief is. Once he knows that, he says he can checkmate it. But it's got to be found out soon, for the mine may be sprung at any moment. I've taken on the job. Will you help?"

Sandy was studying the ceiling.

"I should add that it's about as safe as playing chuck-farthing at the Loos Cross-roads, the day you and I went in. And if we fail nobody can help us."

"Oh, of course, of course," said Sandy in an abstracted voice.

Mr. Blenkiron, having finished his after-dinner recumbency, had sat up and pulled a small table towards him. From his pocket he had taken a pack of Patience cards and had begun to play the game called the Double Napoleon. He seemed to be oblivious of the conversation.

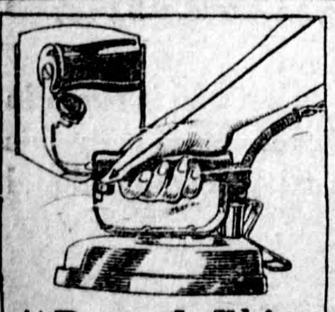
Suddenly I had a feeling that the whole affair was stark lunacy. Here were we three simpletons sitting in a London flat and projecting a mission into the enemy's citadel without an idea what we were to do or how we were to do it. And one of the three was looking at the ceiling, and whistling softly through his teeth, and another was playing Patience. The farce of the thing struck me so keenly that I laughed.

Sandy looked at me sharply.

"You feel like that? Same with me. It's idiocy, but all war is idiotic, and the most whole-hearted idiot is apt to win. We're to go on this mad trail wherever we think we can hit it. Well, I'm with you. But I don't mind admitting that I'm in a blue funk. I had got myself adjusted to this trench business and was quite happy. And now you have hoicked me out, and my feet are cold."

"I don't believe you know what fear is," I said.

"There you're wrong, Dick," he said earnestly. "Every man who isn't a



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to beat the biggest area of country we must go by different roads. Sandy, my lad, you've got to get into Turkey. You're the only one of us that knows that engaging people. You can't get in by Europe very easily, so you must try Asia. What about the coast of Asia Minor?"

(To be continued.)

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I do not agree with many mothers who think their child should be taught to be a paragon of neatness and cleanliness. While the rudiments of order and tidiness must be impressed on the plastic minds of our children, we can not expect them to be contented and happy if never allowed to indulge in any of the amusements dear to the hearts of the little folks, such as blowing soap bubbles or cutting papers. Of course, it makes mothers more work but it does not make a disagreeable litter to sweep up and either amusement is clean. They both help to develop the child's imagination and love of creation, that is a natural trait in any normal child.

We save all the scraps of wrapping paper and now that the older children are in school, our little tot spends many happy hours making scrap books. He cuts the paper the right size and with twine and darning needle, sews the sheets together. In these books he pastes bright pictures which he cuts from seed catalogs or magazines. After the little fellow becomes tired of this amusement, he is told that it is now time to gather up the scrap papers. He thinks he is helping and is certainly not having the idea instilled in his mind that he is to be waited on, but rather, that he must do his part.

If the child is inclined toward a liking for books he should be given every opportunity to develop along this line. It is the early training that forms a good foundation for his school training. He will spend many busy hours making himself acquainted with the characters of his picture book that will help in forming his early impressions.

Half a dozen potatoes and a handful of burned matches may be employed in making another hour pass happily. A whole circus of potato animals may be made and with the help of a box of building blocks the little folks may have a regular "Noah's Ark."

The old-fashioned spool knitting is a favorite with little folks and teaches patience. If bits of bright-colored strings are saved, tied together and used for this purpose, much more interest will be taken.

Some children will enjoy half an hour's play each day for the entire winter, with a box of toothpicks. I would not advise this, however, if the child can not be taught to gather up the toothpicks after playing with them each time. Farms may be laid out, fences built, and even a house and barn added by the use of these little sticks. If you happen to have dye mixed for some other purpose and will dip a few of the toothpicks in the dye fluid, it will add wonderfully to the attractiveness of them for the children's playthings, as it is natural for children to love bright objects.

Mother's clothespins may also be used in the same way. If the fences and buildings are made of these and cows and horses furnished in the form of empty spools, the child's enjoyment can hardly be over-estimated.

A little girl is never so happy as when "helping mother," even though her help is a bother. My mother used to give me a bit of her bread dough whenever she baked and I was allowed to care for the dough and then make it out into a tiny loaf when she made hers out, and when it was baked it was my bread for supper. I know it was a great help to me in making me observant of the methods used in housework, and I was more willing to help mother when I was old enough to really be of service.—Nellie Porter.

How to Make Bread With a Mixer.

I have used a bread mixer since six years ago last fall. I have a family of eight to cook for, mostly boys, and honestly, I don't know how I would manage without it. I bake twice a week, making seven loaves and two pans of plain buns each time.

I have a measure for the liquids and a scale to weigh the flour. Of course, there is a difference in flour, but one can soon tell how much to use. If the dough looks sticky add a little more flour and knead again.

Bread recipe—At dinner time, save one quart of potato water, put two tablespoons each of sugar and salt in a gallon crock and pour on the hot potato water. Mash real fine a good cupful of potatoes and add to liquid. When lukewarm add a cake of softened yeast foam and flour to make a nice pancake batter. Cover and let rise.

Just before bedtime put one tablespoon of lard in your mixer and pour on it one quart of boiling milk. When lard has melted put in one quart of water, cool enough to make milk lukewarm, then add yeast mixture and ten pounds of flour. Now put on your kneading rod and turn the crank until flour is all mixed in. If dough sticks to finger add a little more flour and knead again until dough is nice and smooth and does not stick to side of mixer. There is a great difference in flour and some you use more of than others.

Cover the mixer with a cloth, put on cover, and either set in a warm place or cover warmly for over night. In the morning knead down well then put in pans. Let rise as usual, and bake.

This makes nine loaves. One can divide the recipe.—Mrs. J. L.

Household Helps.

With the hens laying well and the cows freshening, and with the sales over, I have quite a bit more money than at any other time in the year. So I buy one thing that will lighten my work. Last year it was a butter worker and bread mixer, this year a cake mixer and pressure cooker. I also buy as many extra staples such as rice, soap, spice, and cornstarch as I can afford. When summer with its extra expenses comes, I have some things ahead.

Another thing I have is two pairs of curtains for each window downstairs. How often we know we should wash the curtains but there is so much to do that we just put it off and then like a bomb, we get a letter that a carload of in-laws and some of their friends are coming for the week-end. Think of the relief of having clean curtains to slip on the poles.

When I have a lot of hemming to do I sew the ends of the different articles so that when I begin I have a continuous seam. This does away with the little notch at the beginning of each article.

I always read the daily paper, no matter how busy I am, and I always spend fifteen minutes with my music. Let's keep from being farm drudges as some seem to think we are.—M. M.

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"Oh, mamma," exclaimed little Gertrude, "I can spell 'nothing,' and that's a big word, isn't it?"

"A pretty big one for a little maid your age," replied her mother. "How do you spell nothing?"

"Z. X. M."

"Why, darling, that isn't right."

"Yes, it is," said Gertrude, emphatically. "I said to grandma, 'What does Z. X. M. spell?' and she said 'Nothing.' "

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