The TRIFLERS

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

(Copyright)

CHAPTER XXI. (Cont'd.)

"You mean—"

He placed his hand upon her arm, and she ventured one more look into his eyes. He was frowning. She must not allow that. She must send him away in good spirits. That was the least she could do. So she forced a smile.

"All right," she promised, "if it will make you more comfortable."

"It would worry me a lot if I thought you were going to be unhappy."

"I'll go out every fair day."

"That's fine."

He took a card from his pocket and scribbled his banker's address upon it.

"If anything should come up where I can be of any use, you can always reach me through this address."

She took the card.

He was good—good as was so good that her throat ached. She could not endure this very much longer. He extended his hand.

"Luck and good luck," he said.

"I hope you will be better than you think."

Then he said a peculiar thing. He seldom swore, and seldom lost his head, even today—he did that second. But looking into the eyes he held in his hand he blurted out:

"Damn golf!"

The exclamation was utterly irrelevant. Jo looked his question, but he only shook his head and went out. The door closed behind him.

Her cheeks were a vivid scarlet. Had he been able to see them, she could not have gone on.

"A woman so selfish," she faltered ahead, "that she preferred a make-believe husband to a real husband, because—because so she thought she would be left free."

"Free for what?" he demanded.

"To live."

"When love and marriage and children are all there is to life?" he asked.

She caught her breath.

You see, she did not know that then. She thought all those things called for the sacrifice of her freedom."

"What freedom?" he demanded again. "It's when we're alone that we're slaves—slaves to ourselves. A woman alone, a man alone, living to himself alone—what is there for him? He can only go around and around in a painfully small circle—a circle that grows smaller and smaller with every year. Between twenty and thirty a man can exhaust all there is in life for himself alone. He has eaten and slept and travelled, and played until his senses have become dull. Perhaps a woman lasts a little longer, but not much longer. Then they are locked away in themselves until they die."

"Peter!" she cried in terror.

"It's only as we live in others that we live forever," he ran on. "It is only by sharing and sacrificing and suffering and loving that we become immortal. It is so we acquire real

CHAPTER XXII.

Nice or not, the twentieth of June was, as Peter supposed, Paris. Monte had had been exactly ambiguous, being sure only on the fact that he would not be in Paris on the 20th. If he did then, Peter had lost his address, and Monte had given him the same address that he gave Marjory.

"I want to keep in touch with you," Peter said.

Peter missed the train. On the ride with Marjory that he enjoyed the next day after Monte's departure, he talked a great deal of him.

"I like to have seen into his eyes," he told her. "I kept feeling I'd find something there more than I got hold of in his voice and the grip of his hand."

"He has blue eyes," she told him. "And they are clean as a child's."

"They are a bit sad."

"Why, eyes sad?" she exclaimed. "What made you think so?"

"Perhaps because, from what he let drop the other night, I gathered he was—altogether happy—with Mrs. Covington."

"He told you that?"

"No, no directly," he assured her. "He's too loyal. I may be utterly mistaken, only he was rather vague as to why she was not here with him."

"She was not with him," Marjory answered slowly. "She was not with him because she wasn't big enough to deserve him."

"Then it's a fact there's a tragedy in his life?"

"Not in his—in her," she answered passionately.

"How can that be?"

"Because she's the one who realizes the truth."

"But she's the one who went away."

"Because of that. It's a miserable story, Peter."

"You know her intimately?"

"A great many years."

"I think Covington said he had known you a long time."

"Yes."

"Then, knowing her and knowing him, wasn't there anything you could do?"

"I did what I could," she answered wearily.

"Perhaps that explains why he hurried back to her."

"He hasn't gone to her. He'll never go back to her. She deserted him, and now—he's going to make it permanent."

"A divorce?"

"Yes, Peter," she answered, with a little shiver.

"I know all that he mean to her," she choked.

"She loves him?"

"With all her heart and soul."

"And he doesn't know it?"

"Why, he wouldn't believe it—if she told him. She can never let him know it. She'd deny it if he asked her. She loves him enough for that."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Peter. "There's a mistake there somewhere."

"The mistake came first," she ran on. "Oh, I don't know why I'm telling you these things, except that it is a relief to tell them to some one."

"Tell me all about it," he encouraged her. "I knew there was something on your mind."

"Peter," she said earnestly, "can you imagine a woman so selfish that she wanted to marry just to escape the responsibilities of marriage?"

"It isn't possible," he declared.

vered any way but as he pleaded would have been to strike that upturned face.

"I—I'll try to stay," she faltered.

"I'll make you," he breathed. "I'll hold you tight, soul of mine. Would you—would you kiss my eyes?"

Holding her breath, Marjory lightly brushed each of his eyes with her lips.

"It's like balm," he whispered. "I've dreamed at night of this."

"Every day I'll do it," she said. "Only—for a little while—you'll not ask for anything more, Peter?"

"Not until some day they open—in answer to that call," he replied.

"I didn't mean that, Peter," she said hurriedly. "Only I'm so mixed up myself."

"It's so new to you," he nodded. "To me it's like a day foreseen a dozen years. Long before I saw you I knew I was getting ready for you. Now—what do a few weeks matter? It may be months, Peter, before I'm quite steady."

"Even if it's years," he exclaimed. "I've felt your lips."

"Only on your eyes," she cried in terror.

"I—I wouldn't care to feel them except on my eyes—for a little while. Even there—they take away my breath."

(To be continued.)

When Wars Are Done

When wars are done and peace beams like the sun
When belching cannon, shot, and shell's fierce cries
No longer lacerate refulgent skies,
Then shall the triumph over sin be won.

Man's ghastly race with Death will be outrun;
He shall go soaring as the eagle flies,
Unwearied, and with strength renewed arise;
He shall clasure the sun—when wars are done.

The lion and the ox in calm shall dwell,
The little child shall lead them without harm,
The grey, parched desert's blooms its joys shall tell,
The vineyard's yield, the presses overrun,
When earth is swayed by love's all-potent charm,
Peace shall eclipse the sun—when wars are done!

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Food Control Corner

The farmers of Canada will very shortly have to undertake the harvest work with the help of green labor. In this connection they should remember that we are at war. They should adjust the work throughout the farm to suit the new conditions, and they should begin right in their own minds.

The first adjustment necessary is to change the point of view from one of criticism, discouragement, and fault-finding with labor conditions, to that of the soldier and war worker, and realize that we are going through a crisis the most serious the world has ever witnessed without any exaggeration whatsoever.

There used to be talk among farmers derogatory to the city man and other inexperienced laborers who sometimes sought employment temporarily on the farm. Such talk is out of place now, with the Germans sixty miles from Paris and every available man in Britain and France fighting to save not only his own country, but this country as well. Such Canadian farmers forget that they themselves have been farmers all their lives and in war time they can't expect to secure men volunteering from the cities with an experience in farm work equal to their own. That is an impossibility. But it is not impossible that farm production of this country be increased, despite the shortage of experienced labor. That this is true is proven by the experience of this country in the manufacture of munitions.

When the war started Canada was absolutely inexperienced, unskilled, and without out the machinery for the manufacture of munitions. But the manufacturers got to work. They studied the problem and they solved it.

To-day Canada is turning out millions of dollars worth of shells every month from the largest to the smallest, and the most minute mechanical contrivances in connection with fuses and time charges. Canada's record in the manufacture of munitions is one of the surprises of the war. It was not made by Canada saying "Canada Can't" but by adopting the motto "Canada Can". Canada did not refuse to try because of the scarcity of labor but set to work to organize and employed men and girls who had never been inside a factory before. They accomplished the impossible. These inexperienced helpers were speedily taught their parts and the result is shown in the products of munitions from Canadian factories now known all over the world—not excepting Germany.

The result of organization and the willing wartime spirit in Great Britain is equally convincing. Great Britain last year, largely with inexperienced labor on the land, increased her cereal production by 850,000 tons, its potato production by 5,000,000 tons. The cultivated area was increased altogether by 1,000,000 acres. When in 1917 820,645 men were taken from industrial organizations and placed in the Army the War Office replaced them with 804,000 women, and yet the production of guns was increased 20 per cent., air craft 250 per cent., while the shipping tonnage amounted to 1,165,000 tons, additional.

The best recent illustration of what can be done in an emergency when only inexperienced men are available is that of the battle of Picardy when the fifth army under General Gough was overwhelmed and outnumbered. It looked inevitable that the Huns would break through and capture the city of Amiens, which would have meant the interruption of railway communication between Channel ports and Paris, cutting off the British from one of their chief bases of supplies. General Carey, however, saved the situation. He called upon all classes of men behind the lines, whether they were soldiers, cooks, camp followers, railway construction men, Chinese laborers, medical service men, transport men, or whatever they were and organized them to fill the breach. With these men he succeeded in doing what the 5th Army failed to do—he held the line! With no training in trench warfare, and no fighting organization before that time, General Carey gathered them together, and this nondescript gathering of troops kept the Huns back for six days and nights until re-enforcements arrived. General Carey did not say "I can't use this untrained class of men," but he set to work without a moment's hesitation to make the best of them, and he succeeded in saving the British army and its allies from a desperate crisis.

Similarly, if the Canadian farmer makes up his mind that these are war times and war measures are necessary there is absolutely no doubt he can utilize to a tremendous advantage the man power and the woman power of the towns, where people are only too willing to go to his assistance, if they are organized to do so. He must not expect them to be experienced and to know as much about the details of farm work as he does. It has taken him a life-time to acquire his information. Townspeople have spent their lives at different work, but with his knowledge of farming and his intimate acquaintance with his farm and all its needs he should have the ability to organize inexperienced help and show each helper his or her particular job and how best to accomplish it. A few hours' patient teaching in any one particular line of work will very soon enable a green horn to "Carry on", as they say in the Army. By patience and consideration the farmers of Canada can, without question, effect an organization from green but willing help from that will not only surprise themselves but will also be of tremendous benefit to the Empire by the increased results of their harvest.

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In Trinidad lizards are being used in large numbers to combat millions of froghoppers that are now infesting the sugar-cane fields. The insects, which work devastation by sucking sap from the roots and leaves, have been known in the island for some time, but of late they have increased so rapidly that scientists have undertaken to find a means of exterminating them. "One planter has established a special breeding pen for lizards, which feed freely on froghoppers. Special precautions are taken to prevent the destruction of the reptiles by birds or other creatures that might feed on them."

Stake up the roses and other plants as needed. Cosmos, unless grown along a fence, is likely to blow over and break unless staked up.

About the House

DIFFERENT IDEAS OF THRIFT.

The war is developing many ideas hitherto unknown to most Canadians, and the greatest of these is thrift. We hear it on every hand, from the kitchen and linen closet, through every branch of home-making, and in the streets it pursues us in the form of placards beseeching us to save for the different funds which the war has made necessary.

Food we must save, and we're doing it gladly and willingly. Linen we can't buy anyway, and wool is almost out of sight. And we are finding that we can get along beautifully with the Japanese lunch cloths for our tables, and that while shoddy isn't so satisfactory as pure wool for garments, we can wear it, and be warm, if it is going to help win the war.

Many women in some way miss just what the food board desires of them, and undernourish their families. It is not thrift, but the worst sort of extravagance to rob the growing children of the foods they need to promote the healthful growth of bone and muscle. Adults may get along for quite a while on diminished rations, but children need certain foods to make the cells which build up the organs and it is nothing short of criminal to deprive them of these things. Milk, which just now is plentiful in Ontario, though there are differences of opinion about its cheapness, is one of the best things for the growing boy and girl. And we are not asked to save on that. On the other hand, we are urged to buy it and save on meat. Few children dislike milk and they should be given it freely—to drink, in custards and puddings, milk gravy and vegetable cream soups. In the soups, especially, it is an ideal dinner or lunch dish. The milk furnishes the protein necessary for growth, and the fat, if the cream is not taken out, while the vegetables give the mineral salts necessary. Any vegetable may be cooked until soft, put through a ricer, and the water in which it is cooked, with the pulp, added to scalded milk, the whole thickened with a little cornstarch, and served piping hot.

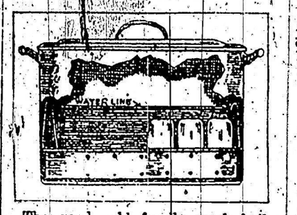
Plenty of milk, eggs, vegetables, fruit, and a certain amount of simple sweets may be given the children without interfering with the thrift program. And if the youngsters do not hear some of the old folks say they dislike the barley, potato or oatmeal breads, they will eat them with a relish. Feed the children well and don't neglect yourself. Only see that your food conforms to the program laid down by the food board, instead of to the program arranged by the finicky notions of the family. This is not a time to humor your stomach.

There is another form of thrift which is misnamed. And that is the mistaken notion which impels a woman to get along without kitchen conveniences when she can afford to have them. I am not speaking now of power washing machines and vacuum cleaners, mangles and acetylene lamps which every woman longs for but which many cannot afford, but the dozens of little things which every woman could have and doesn't buy for the sake of saving a cent. For instance, a carpet sweeper can be bought for $4.50 which will last for years. Brooms are to-day $1.00 apiece and the carpet sweeper will outwear twenty-five or thirty brooms. Yet how many women go on without this very handy article when they might just as well have it. Charcoal and gasoline irons cost no more than a good set of the fort which must be heated on the stove. But how many women sweat through the heat of July and August because they won't invest in a different iron?

And the host of little things which help. Think of getting along without a pancake turner when you can buy one for a nickle. Or without a decent paring knife, or an egg-beater or whip, either of which costs a dime. Steamers, spatulas, wire potato mashers, knobs for coffers, dippers, can openers, measuring cups, soap savers, basins of all sizes, market baskets, scoops—why, what can't you buy for ten cents? Turn a woman loose in a ten-cent store with two dollars and she could pick up enough to save herself hundreds of steps a day. Yet how many women keep on saving money and losing time and temper, under the mistaken impression that they are thrifty.

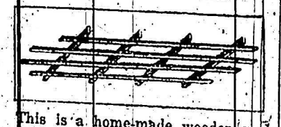
Let us be thrifty, by all means. But be sure that what we practice isn't niggardliness.

Wash Boiler as Canner.



The good old family wash boiler makes a very good home canner. The jars rest on a rack perforated at the side to allow the boiling water to thoroughly circulate around the jars. A home-made rack can be made however, of strips of wood or wire mesh.

To Go in the Wash Boiler.



This is a home-made wooden rack to be placed in the bottom of wash boiler that is used for home canning. The jars rest on the rack.

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Montello the [illegible] hills which hinge [illegible] sive, has been [illegible] months by the Italians [illegible] Italy under Gen. [illegible] division occupied [illegible] ridges of the [illegible] French on the [illegible]

The Brit[illegible] advanced [illegible] abandoned [illegible] 15th, with a [illegible] line, not only [illegible] tempts but [illegible] a fashion [illegible] superior offic[illegible] slamming the [illegible] face of the [illegible]

A detach[illegible] cyclists [illegible] charging [illegible] a similar [illegible] Kimberly th[illegible] for Ac[illegible] way [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] two wa[illegible] cycle [illegible] physique [illegible] Br[illegible] to the [illegible]

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(96)

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