Our Way—Not The Only Way.

It would really be pathetic, if it weren't so irritating, to consider how much people lose in this world by their refusal to learn. Really, the number of people who are perfectly satisfied with their own meagre knowledge, and most contemptuous of any effort to enlighten them, is amazing. Especially, if the person who offers to help is someone they've always known. The average human being seems just naturally incapable of comprehending that a person with whom they have grown up may have learned something worth imparting, and from the days of Jesus, down to our own time, we find men and women saying,

"Whence hath this man this wisdom? Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary? And his brethren, James and Joses and Simon and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence then hath this man all these things?"

So the masses close eyes and ears to things which might make life easier and better for them, fearing that by admitting they can still be taught, they are confessing their inferiority. And, strange as it may seem, it is the most ignorant who refuse to learn, who think they have nothing to learn. And the wiser the person, the more humble he becomes and the more willing to learn from everyone.

Rolling bandages in a Red Cross workroom the other day, two women, evidently old friends, were chatting.

"I was up half the night with Billy," growled one the fat red-faced one. His temperature ran up to 102, and this morning he's as cross as a bear. I don't see how it is your children never keep you up. They're always well," she added fretfully. "I can't see why a skinny little mite like you should have such strong children, and a big strong woman like me has puny ones."

"The skinny little mite" flushed and bit her lip. But she said pleasantly enough, "It does seem rather strange, does it not?"

"Strange," echoed her friend, "I should say it is. George and I were talking about it this morning. You and Jack don't either one look as well as we do, and look at your children. How do you do it?"

"You wouldn't th it if I told you," said the friend, considering critically a bandage she had just finished.

"If you mean his special—I couldn't afford it," said the fat one.

"I don't mean diet at all," said the little woman. "I haven't had a doctor in the house for two years, and the specialist never came after he opened my eyes to the sins of wrong feeding. It's all in the children's diet and regular habits, going to bed early and no exciting night movies."

"Well, I can't afford four quarts of milk a day at twelve cents a quart, why there's $3.50 a week right there for milk alone," said the sleepy mother. "And eggs for custards at present prices are out of the question."

"No," said the little one tartly. "But you can afford a couple of pounds of fifty-cent chocolates a week and movies for the four of you two or three nights a week, and sodas every day for Billy and Dot. You spend $3.50 a week for things that are a detriment to you all and then complain because the children are sick. I couldn't afford to do that." The name "skinny little mite" still rankled, it was plain.

"Oh, I suppose if we wanted to be lightwads like some folks and never take the kids to a show nor buy them a sundae we could support a cream-ery, too," flung back the "lady friend." And conversation languished.

I wanted to congratulate the little woman for her courage and common sense, but that last shot scared me out. So I could only muse on the queerness of human nature. Every paper we pick up is filled with the importance of properly feeding the children, every place one turns are helped suggestions from the clinics provided in the cities to the bales of free literature sent out by the government to rural readers. And yet hundreds of mothers are going on still, creating perverted appetites in infants, feeding chocolate candy to babies only a few months old, giving fried potatoes and salt pork to little children who should be having cereals and whole milk and eggs, and then complaining because the children are not well. And worst of all they scoff at the very things that would help them and back up their mistake with the argument that mother always fed the things they are giving.

Mother did, because she didn't know any better. The subject of correct feeding had not been touched upon when mother brought us up. And look at our disordered digestion and jangling nerves. Read the statistics of people dying of diseases caused almost entirely, doctors will tell you, from wrong habits of eating.

Let us get out of the idea of thinking our way is the only way. Let us be open minded and willing to be told. The woman next door may have something we don't. Let's learn it, even if she is "skinny." The government is asking us this year to save 100,000 children. We can do it if we are ready to learn.

Thrift Recipes.

Mock Duck.—¾ cup chopped walnuts, butternuts or beechnuts, 1 cup bread crumbs, 1 cup boiled rice, 2 hard boiled eggs, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 raw egg.

Goose Stuffing.—1 cup masher potato, ½ teaspoon each thyme and sage, salt and pepper, 4 apples, 4 onions. Cook the apples and onions and rub through a sieve. Add the potato and seasonings and mix well.

Chicken and Rice Scallop.—1 cup chicken, ½ cup boiled rice, ½ cup thin white sauce, 1 egg yolk, beaten, gravy, 1 egg white beaten very light, bread crumbs, bits of fat, salt and pepper. Mix chicken, rice, gravy, seasoning, and yolk of egg. Make white sauce. While hot add chicken mixture. Cool slightly, fold in white of egg, put into greased baking dish, cover with bread crumbs and bits of fat. Bake half an hour.

Blanquette of Chicken.—2 cups cold cooked chicken cut in cubes, 1 cup medium thick white sauce, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, yolks of 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk. Add the chicken to the white sauce and when well heated, add the yolks of eggs slightly beaten and diluted with milk. Cook two minutes. Then add parsley.

Squash Pudding.—1½ cups cooked and strained squash, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1-3 cup sugar, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups milk, grated rind half a lemon. Gradually add the milk to the strained squash, then the sugar, salt, seasoning, slightly beaten eggs, and grated lemon peel. Pour into a greased pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven until thickened like custard. Serve very cold.

Apple and Carrot Conserve.—Carrots, diced, 1 quart, tart apples, diced, 1 quart, oranges, sliced, 2, syrup, 2 cups, salt. Cook the carrots in sufficient water to cover them until they are tender; do not drain them. Add the other ingredients, and cook the mixture until it is clear.

THE WHITE METAL IN WAR.

Aluminum Will Take Place of Wood In the Days to Come.

Aluminum has found an immense number of uses in the great war. For the sake of lightness, it is largely employed in flying machines, to re-enforce the framework of the wings as well as for the bodies, and most particularly in the construction of the engines.

All sorts of camp equipments are made of this metal, from soup kettles to tent pins. The list is too long to recite. Each fighting man's mess kit is of aluminum—his meat can, his spoon, etc. His canteen is of the same material.

When he goes into the fight, his most important and effective weapon is commonly his hand grenade. It is loaded, very likely, with a powdered mixture of aluminum and potassium nitrate. Nothing could be more harmless than either separately, but when a detonator causes them to enter into sudden chemical combination, they furnish a frightful explosive.

Aluminum is in a way the most picturesque of all metals. Less than fifty years ago it was a curiosity of the laboratory. In 1886 it had a market value of $10 a pound. To-day the price is about 13 cents in Europe; in this country it is somewhat higher.

It is by far the most plentiful of all metals. Every clay bank is a mine of it. One cubic yard of ordinary clay contains about 800 pounds of aluminum.

Such being the case, one might be puzzled to know why aluminum at a few cents a pound is so dear. The reason is simply that chemical science up to date has been unable to discover a means whereby the metal can be cheaply separated from clay. At present the principal source is a mineral called "bauxite," found in scattered and limited deposits, which is a pure oxide of aluminum.

Some day the problem of separating aluminum from clay will be solved, and thereupon will be ushered in the aluminum age with a veritable revolution in the world's industrial affairs. The metal will to a great extent take the place of wood. There will be aluminum ships, aluminum bridges and aluminum furniture. Cities will be built of aluminum.

Largest Motor Vessel.

The British twin-screw Diesel-engined vessel Glenapp, which has just been built by a Glasgow shipyard, is according to the local press, the largest and most powerful motor vessel in the world. It is of 10,000 tons dead-weight and has two sets of engines, constructed by Messrs. Harland and Wolff at their Glasgow works. These give a total horsepower of 6,600, which figures represent a very marked progress in this type of vessel.

GREAT WAR PUTS BRITAIN FIRST

VICTOR IN INDUSTRIAL FIELD AS WELL AS IN BATTLE

British Industries Have of Necessity Developed During War Period—No Longer Dependent on Hun.

A remarkable story of how British industries formerly dependent for their life blood on Germany have risen to a state of complete independence was told by Mr. Kellaway to the Industrial Reconstruction Council. We are now first in the world in almost every sphere of industrial effort, he said.

Beginning with raw materials, Mr. Kellaway showed that mica, absolutely essential to the electrical industry, was so controlled by Germany, although half the world's supply came from India, that when the war began the world's market was on the point of being transferred from London to Hamburg. But Indian mica can now be exported only to London, and the British electrical industry has taken the place Germany once held and is now the first in the world.

Ore for Tungsten.

Before the war the British Empire produced 40 per cent. of the wolfram ore from which tungsten (essential for high-speed steel and in metallic filaments) is made, but so successfully had Germany captured the trade that no British manufacturer was able to establish the industry in this country. To this position Germany owed her great superiority in munitions production in the earlier stages of the war. All that has been changed. We are now able to produce all the high-speed steel we need and to export at a reasonable price to our allies.

We used to depend entirely on Germany for potash, essential for fertilizers, dyes, drugs and glass production. Germany relied on her practical monopoly of potash to enable her to bargain for the recovery of her world markets. She will be disappointed. British enterprise and judicious Government assistance have taken that power from her.

"Sensational" Air Engines.

Machine tool production looked like an almost insoluble problem at the beginning of the war, but so greatly has production increased that there is no reason why we should not become entirely independent of outside supplies.

The advance made in aircraft engines is "sensational." Engines not only have become more powerful, but their weight for horse power has decreased to about one-third of what it was at the beginning of the war, and before long the power of the engine in horse power will be the same as its weight in pounds, i.e., 1 pound per horse power.

Our position in 1914 in regard to the production of magnetos was very grave, but instead of one first producing 1,100 magnetos a year, as in 1914, we now have 4 firms producing 128,637 a year, and the quality is the highest in the world. It is lighter in weight and more reliable in service than the Bosch or the latest examples found in captured German aeroplanes. It is not only on the field that we have beaten the Boche.

We very nearly lost the war because we were almost entirely dependent on Germany and Austria for scientific and optical glass essential to success.

It is humiliating, but it is a fact that at the outbreak of the war a considerable part of our artillery was equipped with gun sights exclusively manufactured in Germany. Two British firms started making sights, but the position was exceedingly serious when the Ministry of Munitions was formed. Recently these two firms were producing 250 per week. The sight is a beautiful and delicate piece of work, and its production in such numbers and in a perfection which Germany never exceeded is a triumph for British skill.

Before the war three out of every four electric light bulbs in use in this country came from Germany or Austria. We are now manufacturing sufficient to meet our essential needs.

Home Again.

Over the sea our laddie will come,
For the battle is over and won;
And the boys who fought on the fields of France
Will lay aside pack and gun.

Oh, the sea has been changed since our laddie sailed,
And beneath it no longer hides
The menacing crew of the submarine
To destroy the ship as she rides.

Yes, our laddie has stood on the battle line,
Face to face with death and despair,
But the good hand of God was his strong defense,
In that flaming hell out there.

Over the sea our laddie will come
To his home and friends and kin;
So with tears and smiles and a throbbing heart
We'll wait 'till the ship comes in.

Faith will move mountains if backed up with sufficient work.

MYSTERY SHIPS TRAPPED U-BOATS

LURED UNDERSEA CRAFT TO DESTRUCTION

British Admiralty Reveals Some of the Exploits of a Fleet of Decoy Vessels.

One of the most exciting chapters of the war against U-boats is a series of accounts of notable engagements between British decoy ships and the submarines, made public by the British Admiralty. While the whole story of the part played by these decoy vessels, "mystery ships" or "Q" craft has not been revealed, it is evident that several of them were used to lure the undersea craft to destruction.

Some incidents in this campaign already have been made known, dealing chiefly with a few of the exploits of Commander Gordon Campbell as master of the decoy vessels; but others in which he and other captains participated now are available. That at least a small fleet was used in this work is evident from the fact that Campbell at different times appears as the master of the Farnborough, the Pargust, the Dunraven, and the Q-5. The Prize, another decoy ship, was commanded by Lieut. William E. Sanders, and the Stock Force by Lieut. Harold Auten.

Stories of the encounters between these ships and the U-boats are filled with deeds of heroism and instances in which the discipline of the British Navy was displayed under trying circumstances. For many months the decoy ships, heavily armed, but with their guns hidden behind false bulwarks, steamed zigzag courses in the seas which were the hunting grounds of the submarine.

In their character of lazy colliers or slow cargo craft they presented to the submarine commander an inviting object of attack, but once he was well within range of the British guns the false superstructure hiding the guns fell away and the helpless collier became suddenly transformed into a fighting craft, bent on destruction. It was dangerous work, requiring a high order of courage, for the submarine must be bored near before the guns could safely begin their work. Mean time the Hun frequently had sent his torpedo home, and the decoy ship was disabled, sometimes on fire and part of her crew wounded. In that condition the battle was fought and often the submarine destroyed.

Used "Panic Parties."

"Panic parties" was one of the ruses practiced by the decoy ship's commander to coax the submarine alongside. When the mystery ship was torpedoed these panic parties took to the boats, apparently abandoning their vessels, but always leaving on board another crew to man the guns and finish the submarine if it came near enough.

The first encounter mentioned by the Admiralty occurred in March, 1916, when the Farnborough, disguised as a collier, was attacked by a submarine. The "panic party" took to the boats and when the submarine closed in to about 800 yards the Farnborough opened fire on her. The U-boat submerged and the Farnborough passed over her, dropping depth bombs. The submarine reappeared standing almost on end. Five rounds were fired into her at point blank range and she went to the bottom of the sea.

Prior to that action the Farnborough had cruised throughout the entire winter without being attacked. Within a month the Farnborough coaxed another submarine near enough to sink her by gunfire.

Commander Campbell later was transferred to the command of the Q-5, and in the following February, 1917, his vessel was torpedoed by a submarine, which eventually approached so near that a shot from the Farnborough beheaded the U-boat captain as he climbed out of the tower, the submarine was sunk, with her conning tower open and her crew pouring out. Destroyers towed the Q-5 in and beached her. For this exploit the Victoria Cross was awarded to Campbell.

The decoy ship Pargust, with Campbell in command, was torpedoed on June 7, 1917, when disguised as a British merchant vessel. The submarine came to within fifty yards of the Pargust, which then opened fire on her with all guns. The submarine crew poured out of the conning tower and held up their hands in token of surrender, but the U-boat steamed away trying to escape in the mist. The Pargust again opened fire on her, and sank her with one man clinging to her bow as she went down. The decoy vessel was towed back to port by America destroyers. Two Victoria Crosses were awarded for this successful action.

When baking molasses cookies turn pans upside down and bake on the bottom. It is easier to lay the cookies on and to take them off, and they never get a scorching.

The total amount of butter secured in Canada for the British Ministry of Food under the commandeering order was 6,508,768 pounds, according to a statement issued by the Alberta office of the Canada Food Board.

While the Land Rested

By Floy Tolbert Barnard

CHAPTER II.

"No. Is she home?"

"Came day before yesterday. I happened to be at the station over at Pearson, looking for some aluminum that I was expecting, when she got off the train. I forgot all about my express I was looking for when I saw her. Was dressed in that plain way of hers. She asked me how everybody was. I told her he was well! She laughed and made a face at me. You'd better go see her, Ward. It wouldn't hurt you any."

Townsend made no reply and Uncle Aaron sighed patiently to himself as he gathered up the reins.

"Must be two o'clock. Mother will be up on one elbow, asking for an account of me. I telephoned to her just before I started back from Dawson. She's always been jealous of the Desert Queen and she will accuse me of driving a mile but of my way just for my own enjoyment. I'll turn in, Ward, and sleep over the idea of letting the land lie. I wouldn't be hasty."

Townsend took the blanket off the little mare and put the robe under the seat. The older man watched him with keen eyes, in which lurked a wistful tenderness and perhaps too a hint of laughter, bubbling up from the rich comprehension of his long, full life.

Townsend stood motionless long after the rhythm of the Arabian's hoofs had died away. He was no longer thinking of the land. The Dunkard preacher's monologue as he drove through the dreaming night, was unlike his reverie and yet it included much that was in it. For Uncle Aaron was talking aloud to the Queen, who was used to her master's soliloquies!

"I've always wanted to see that idea tried out—'In the seventh year shall be a Sabbath of rest until the land.' I just wonder! Maybe the land did remind Ward, of the Sabbath law. Maybe it did and he had sense enough to hear. There is something to that boy besides being a farmer and that is not saying that successful farming isn't a man-size job either. He is a boy, spite of those grim lines about his mouth. If he were poor, maybe I wouldn't have the courage to let him try what I never had the spunk to try out myself but he can afford it. I see a light. Mother likely has some hot milk for me. I'll try to find a bite of something for you—it was six of one and half a dozen of the other but if he isn't too starboarn and she isn't too mad, they may get to keeping Sabbath with the land. Between you and me, Queen, I believe keeping the Sabbath isn't a thing on earth but being happy with nothing on your mind that you think it is your duty to be doing."

He did not say whom he meant but Ward Townsend would have known.

The "talk" grew and grew in Aaron Dudley's neighborhood over Townsend's neglect of his fall plowing for he had not changed his mind—come morning! One day about a month after his decision, John Tracey overtook Aaron Dudley at the corner of Townsend's "east seventy-five," and stopped his car. Neither man referred to the unplowed ground to the right but Mrs. Tracey, becoming bored with their discussion of politics interrupted them to say:

"Ward Townsend seems to have lost interest in his agricultural-school farming, Uncle Aaron."

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that Mandy. It may be he is starting in to be about the most interesting farmer any of us ever saw."

"What is he planning to do?" she asked promptly.

"I couldn't rightly say. I haven't talked with Ward for a month."

Mrs. Tracey proceeded to enlighten him, ignoring the lazy smile on John Tracey's lips.

"Ward's hired man came down on an errand the other day and he told me that one morning about a month ago Ward told him he didn't want any fall plowing done, that he was going to let the land lie a year. Davis said he thought he must have heard wrong and asked him what he said. Ward repeated it. So Davis said, 'Then you won't need me any longer?' He said Ward laughed and told him, 'Sure I do! Your wife is the best cook I ever had. I'm not going to quit eating! Besides, I want you to look after the stock. But mind you! I don't want a field or a tree or a bush or a blade of grass touched!' Davis said he was dumbfounded: 'How about a garden he says he asked. 'Tell your wife to buy what we need when the fruit and vegetables are gone,' was what Ward said to that."

"My lands! Did he?" Aaron Dudley's eyes crinkled with amusement.

Mrs. Tracey had another question. "Do you think that fall Ward got last winter when his car skidded on the ice, could have been more serious than any of us thought?" Her voice was full of kindly anxiety.

Uncle Aaron laughed richly.

"Now, Mandy! Don't you go to thinking Ward has lost his mind! He may be doing a foolish-looking thing, just judged by plain common sense but there are other ways—is that Rhoda Brooks, coming on horseback?"

It was Rhoda. She coaxed her captious horse up near enough to shake hands with the Traceys. Uncle Aaron she saluted with her riding whip.

"Have you come to stay, Miss Brooks?" inquired Mrs. Tracey, looking not altogether with favor at Rhoda's riding coat and breeches, her boots, her soft felt mannish hat and severe tie.

"Oh, no! But I may stay until Christmas. I have been working hard the last five or six years. I thought it might be good for me to get away for a while. So I came home to play with Father and Mother." Her smile was charming because she possessed both mirth and sincerity.

"I didn't suppose there was so much work to being a moving picture actress. It seems like—well, playing house with all the things I want to dress up in," laughed Mrs. Tracey. "I never thought of it as work, playing I was some one I'd like to be!"

Uncle Aaron caught Rhoda's glance. "Going to see Mother or are you just riding?" The hint of a dare was in the preacher's eyes.

She quickly responded to the dare. "I am on my way to have lunch at Ward Townsend's. I invited myself. I thought our august year I am twenty-eight and he is thirty-five—augmented by his housekeeper aside the conventions. I have been here a month, during which Ward hasn't come to see me so this morning I called him up and asked him if he would like a guest for lunch. He did not seem overjoyed but he was punctiliously polite about it and said, 'Of course, Rhoda, come if you want to. I'll tell Mrs. Davis to kill the fatted chicken and get out the citron preserves. I'll try to get home for it, myself, but if I should be late make yourself comfortable, lock my desk but you can have the run of the rest of the house.' I will not need to lock your desk, said loftily. 'I have had to be up!' To which he replied cheerfully that he knew it but thought it best not to tempt me."

Rhoda laughed gaily. "I looked through his desk, once years, ago, looking for a letter I had written him! I did not find it! So I am on my way to have luncheon at his house but it remains to be seen whether I shall eat it alone or whether my host has decided to join me!"

She peered beneath her cuff at her wrist watch and was about to ride when a mellow whistle sounded across the east eighty. It was a signal for which Rhoda had once listened often and eagerly. Her eyes darkened and the soft color in her cheeks deepened a little. She stood in the stirrups, scanning the field with fearfully sardonic eyes.

"He is by that elm. See! Waving his hat!" pointed out John Tracey. Rhoda threw up her arm, yodeled shrilly and took leave of the Traceys with a brief "Good-bye, folks!" She swung the horse about for a canter and took the woven wire fence the way that would have delighted the director and her camera man which left Mrs. Tracey limp with fright, drew from John Tracey a whistle of admiration and curved the Dunkard preacher's austerely thin lips in a smile of content.

Rhoda took a second fence at a gallop, landing triumphantly within four feet of the man under the elm tree, and held out her hand.

Townsend came forward and took it in both his own, asking quietly though his face was white under the tan:

"And how is Rhoda?"

She did not reply immediately. Perhaps just for the moment her voice was not trustworthy; perhaps Townsend did not especially need a reply. At any rate he continued without waiting:

"When I recognized you—I first was not sure—and whistled I did expect you to make a bee line for over fences, ditches, gates—and—"

"You knew perfectly well I would make a bee line for you when you whistled to me!" she dared, tremulously.

"Past whistling of mine. Second verifies that statement," he smiled, quietly releasing her hand and stooping to pick up his hat adding as he put it on. "We had better go to the house so that Mrs. Davis can see my rolling outfit and get over the shock in time to get our dinner. She attacked me violently about lunch. Said she never had got one and didn't know how so she is getting dinner. In fact she began her preparations about four this morning. I only hope she does not flatly refuse to cook when she sees you!"

(To be continued.)

Two Victoria Crosses.

A double V.C. is the rarest of all. There is only one living and only two have ever won the cross of bronze on two occasions. A curious fact in this connection is that both of them served in the Army Medical Corps, a non-combatant service. Major Arthur Martin-Leake, R.A.M.C., is the only man living with a bar to the V.C. He got the Cross in South Africa, and the equivalent of a second Cross nine four years ago. Capt. Noel Godfrey Chavasse, the gallant doctor son of the Bishop of Liverpool, was the other double V.C. He won both during the war, but died of wounds soon after receiving the second award.

Olive pickers in California have been receiving from $2 to $5 a day.

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FREED PRISONERS BRING HUN LETTER.

HOW ENEMY WORKS TO GAIN HIS OBJECT

Manifesto to Liberated British Captives is Another Sample of German Propaganda.

The Danish steamer, Frederick VIII, landed at Copenhagen 1,500 civilian prisoners of war, who had been interned at Ruhleben, says a recent London despatch. A correspondent of the returning men writing of merchant seamen, business men, and clay makers, captured in Germany four years ago. Before leaving Ruhleben the men were given copies of a manifesto issued by the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council which stated:

"In this historical moment we are recapturing your fatherland. The opening of the gates of Germany we are asking you to take place. We ask you to England, and be known to your countrymen as witnesses of the revolution. You are the first ones to be released after it. Examine the conditions in camps as well as in lately. Judge impartially our long years of war. We, the people that have suffered, have hated you, to be our enemies. It took four years of starvation and suffering to make people realize the greatness of the action among the people of kindness and the revolution that rages within the ever now has freed itself from the prison which the Kaiser and his clique held against it. Let us be deliberate in our action, for the end of the war for the great German revolution. People Not Responsible, Too.

"The four years spent in Germany have left their marks on you. It is not fair to hold you responsible for it. We have suffered more than you. The British Government has taken from you your freedom, your sufferings of the people of Germany. You are free now to lay your head down and home. We are sorry we have been the cause of your suffering. We ask you to forget how you have been treated. We are sending you home as our guests. The people of Germany are sorry for what you have suffered. The people will be with you in your joy at your return home. Let us be friends. Let us be friends. Let us be friends