

BUY BONDS SPEED THE VICTORY

"SALADA"

THE HUMAN COMEDY



"Then—you are Tobey. You must be," Homer cried as Tobey gave him Marcus' ring.

CHAPTER VI

The door had opened and closed. Tom Spangler was there. He was touching Mr. Grogan. He knew in a minute how things were. He telephoned for the doctor. Then he picked Grogan up in his arms and put him on the office couch.

Homer sat still, on an island of terrible grief. The telegram was crushed in his hand. Spangler, misunderstanding, spoke softly. "Don't feel bad Homer. He was an old man. He had a bad heart. He knew he would go suddenly. This is the way he wanted it to be. Come on now." The telegraph box started again and Spangler leaped to it. His face changed as the unfinished message came through—complete this time. Marcus Macauley was gone. He had met death in action.

The doctor and the relief operator arrived.

Spangler put his arm around Homer and took him out. Going along the street, anywhere, nowhere, Homer's feet dragged heavily. He held up the telegram. "I can't take this home . . . now. I can't tell Ma

and Bess and Mary yet. How am I going to go into the house and look at them? They'll know the minute they see me. I don't want to tell them but they'll know."

"Let's walk awhile," Spangler said.

They kept on, towards the courthouse, through the park. "He said he might go in his letter," Homer said dully. "He said he was ready." Then he broke out fiercely, "I can't figure it all out. All I want to know is, what about my brother? Nothing like this has ever happened to me before. When my father died it was different. He had lived a good life the way he wanted to. He had a family. We were sad but we weren't sore. I'm sore. What's a fellow supposed to do?"

Spangler tried to find the words that would say the right thing. He fought with himself to find those words. "I'm not going to try to comfort you Homer. I know I couldn't. Your brother didn't want to go. He wanted to stay. He will stay in the love you have for him."

Homer's body shook with a frustrated fury. How could the world do this to him? What was good about it? "But I want to see Marcus. I can't help it. I want to see him walking around. I want to touch him. I want to talk to him. I even want to have fights with him the way we used to. Where will I find him? If I look everywhere I won't find him. The world is different now. People are different. Everything in Ithaca is changed because my brother won't be here again."

Spangler again searched for those right words. "Try to remember Homer that the best of him will never die. You will see him many times in things that will come to you every day. In your home, in the streets, places where he has been, in the vineyards and orchards where he worked, in the river he knew and the clouds that float over it. The greater part of a good man stays. It stays forever." He pointed to the green. "Any good at pitching horseshoes?"

Out of his bleak heart Homer replied, "No sir, not very."

"Neither am I. Would you care to pitch a game with me before it's too dark?"

"Yes sir." The game began. Homer knew that his hand was picking up the horseshoes, flinging them to their mark. His whole body hurt as if somebody had beaten him up. But he kept on for a while. Then he stepped back. "Mr. Spangler I don't feel like pitching any more. They're waiting for me at home now. I know they are. I said I'd be home for supper."

Spangler's eyes pleaded with

him. "Wait Homer. Don't go home yet. Wait just a while." Homer gazed past him. "You needn't be afraid. I remember—I told Mr. Grogan that if my brother was killed I'd spit at the world, I'd be the worst that ever lived." A flush of shame stained his face. "Huh. A fellow talks that way but I guess you never know what you'll do until it really happens." His shoulders sagged a little. "Maybe I'll get it straight somehow after a while." He sank on to one of the benches.

Spangler nodded. "I think you'd like to be alone just now . . ."

Homer sat there in the soft light of the street lamp. It was very quiet. The world and its doings seemed far off. Then, in that suspended moment, he felt lighter, as if a weight were rolling off his back.

Up on high Matthew saw him. "It will take a little time my son, a little time . . . for the pain of the Marcus that died, to die in you too, the part that is only flesh and the part that comes and goes. That dying is hurting you now but wait a little while. When it leaves you will find new strength."

Homer was sitting up straighter now. Courage and faith were flowing back into his veins. "This strength will bring you closer than ever to the best that is in all men. You remember what he said. 'You must go on . . . you are what we are fighting the war for.' Yes Homer, you are what we have left behind, to live the hopes that we have only dreamed, the matchless dreams of what man can be . . ."

Now Matthew saw someone else, a lone soldier who had been wandering around the town. The soldier was talking to himself. "Yes, this is Ithaca with the Ithaca sky over it. There's the Public Library—the Presbyterian Church. There's Ithaca High—and that's the Athletic Field. There's the Courthouse Park . . ." He had reached the Macauley house. Through the windows he could hear the mingled harmony of a harp and piano. "And here's the house . . . here's home. Ma and Bess. Ulysses. I am home at last."

All of this was his inheritance from Marcus. His friend had left him his birthright, his place in the world. He would be worthy of it. He turned as a boy came walking up the path.

It was Homer. He looked at the soldier curiously. Then he hesitated. "For a moment, I thought I knew you. Is Ithaca your home?"

"Yes, I mean, I hope it is."

"Then you don't have to go back?"

The soldier looked at his injured leg. "They've sent me home for good. I just got off the train."

"Well, your family must be waiting for you." The soldier didn't answer. To his own surprise Homer said, "Won't you come in? I live here." Something had made him say it, some voice.

Now the soldier's face lighted up. "Then . . . you're Homer. I've been looking for you."

"How did you know my name? Who are you?"

The soldier's smile was sweet and wide. "I don't know who I am because I'm an orphan. But I know who you are. And your mother and Bess and your brother Ulysses. You see, Marcus was my friend." He reached into his pocket. "He sent you this Homer. His class ring. He always said—if anything happened to him—he wanted you to have it."

Homer slipped the ring on his finger. "Then—you are Tobey. You must be."

"Yes."

Marcus' friend, Homer and Tobey smiled at each other with the tender pain of remembrance. Then Homer put out his hand and Tobey took it. Comradeship and brotherhood flowed from one to the other like the stream of life.

Homer brought out the telegram. "This came awhile ago."

"What are you going to do?" Tobey asked.

Slowly, Homer tore the message into shreds. His chin was up, his eyes bright with tears. "We'll go in together." He called. "Ma. Bess. Ulysses. Open the door. The soldier's come home."

The family came to the door but the music seemed to continue on and to swell. The kindly lamp light illumined them all. It was as if they knew about Marcus already and were welcoming the stranger in his place.

They all went in. Outside, in a radiant Heavenly light, were the spirits of Matthew the father and Marcus the son. Together they passed through the door to join the others. Now the family was complete again.

The music in the Macauley home rose exultantly. To any who heard, it was a song of human love.

THE END

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

The Humble Pumpkin

What could be more fitting than a little chat about the humble pumpkin on this beautiful Autumn morning? Everything is dressed in the very best Autumnal colors. Indoors the air is "brim full" of aromatic flavors of the last fruits and pickles and outdoors the burning of leaves and the newly gathered roots.

The poor old pumpkin just lies in its chosen place throughout the summer while we all enthuse over more attractive things, and when everything else has been garnered in we find the humble pumpkin dressed in the most beautiful smooth and colorful coat and we wonder how we could be so neglectful.

The very color of the pumpkin tells us that it should not be neglected in our menu, for like all the other yellow good things to eat it contains many vitamins.

Home-Canned Pumpkin

We like best the pumpkin we can ourselves—it seems to have better color and flavor. It is very simply done. Wash, peel the pumpkin and cut up into three-inch squares. Boil until tender, about one hour. Drain and press through a sieve. Process about one half hour.

Pumpkin Soup

Did you ever try pumpkin soup? Take one cup of pumpkin, add a little chopped onion, half a cup of water and seasoning to taste. Cook 15 minutes. Then add one pint of rich milk and see if that does not satisfy the most finicky appetite on a cold night.

Pumpkin Custard

Beat yolks of 2 eggs until light, add ½ cup sugar, few grains of salt, 2 cups of cooked well-drained pumpkin, ½ teaspoon vanilla, a dash of cinnamon and nutmeg, 3 cups of milk. Fold in the beaten whites of the eggs and pour into greased custard cups or casserole, if custard cups, set in pan of water. Bake in moderate oven for about 25 minutes. Serve hot or cold with cream or jelly.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is always ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

Germans Ordered To "Scorch" Italy

Among documents captured by the Allies in Italy was an order to the Hermann Göring Engineer Battalion to carry out "a full scorched-earth program" in its withdrawal, Allied Headquarters said.

The German engineers were told to destroy all bridges, railway stations, water installations, and any other buildings of value to the Allies.

CALICO CAT



This calico cat (a cat-of-few-pieces, and therefore easy to make) is swelling with justifiable pride. He's proud of his "skin" of gay salvaged material. He's proud of the profits he made at the fair. He's the favorite of young children. All and all he's some cat! Pattern 678 has transfer pattern and directions for making cat; list of materials.

Send TWENTY CENTS (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

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War means harder work for most of us. It's certainly no time to be handicapped by that common type of constipation caused by lack of "bulk" in the diet. If you have that trouble, here's a simple, enjoyable method that so many people use to correct the cause—they eat ALL-BRAN regularly instead of resorting to harsh purgatives that give only temporary relief.

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Bombs Bounce Off A Thatched Roof

Instead of going through a thick straw thatched roof, the bombs simply slide off and burn out harmlessly on the ground. This rather surprising discovery was made by people in Scotland following a bombing raid.

After the raid their friends asked them if any of the incendiaries had hit their home. They said some had. When people began to sympathize with them because they believed an incendiary bomb would burn up a thatched roof house, the people smiled indulgently.

They explained that the incendiaries had hit the thatch and it had been so resilient, the bomb had simply bounced and then skidded off to the ground. Where homes with ordinary roofs had had the bombs go through to start a blaze in the house, the owners of the thatched roof homes escaped harm from the incendiaries.

talked a great deal about their Kannata, and Cartier seems to have got the idea that it was the name of the whole country.

There is another story that the Indians called all of Eastern Canada "Akka Nada" but the one about "Kannata" seems to be the accepted one. The Fathers of Confederation wanted to call it "The Kingdom of Canada" but the British Government objected to the word Kingdom as it would offend the United States who were very sore on England over their help to the South in the Civil War which had just ended, and perhaps also felt that Canada as a kingdom would be aspiring to equality with England.

A. E. NELSON, Inspector of Public Schools, Stratford, Ont.

Scientists believe a great variety of flying cockroaches existed thousands of years ago.

Stories Of Origin Of Word 'Canada'

From Indian Name, Says Letter in Peterborough Examiner

Sir:—It is pretty well accepted now that Canada comes from the Indian word "Kannata", meaning a cluster of huts or an Indian village. When Cartier returned to France from his first voyage to Canada in 1534 he took with him two little Indian boys whom he had captured at Gaspé. Their home was at Stadacona (Quebec), and when he brought them back they told him that their Kannata was a great village a long way up the big river (St. Lawrence). They

"It looks as if we cut it very fine indeed. . . German hopes of driving us into the sea with a bloody mop-up on the beaches must at times have been high."

Winston Churchill before the British House of Commons.



LESSON from Salerno

It's this:

The war isn't won yet. Disaster may stare us in the face again, just as it did at Salerno.

Victory will be ours—but it won't be a walk-over. Let us all make this our motto: "No letting up until the last shot is fired." For if we do let up, others will pay for it . . . with their lives.

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A B D

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