



TOMMY

Author of "All for a Scar" "Dearer Than Life" etc. Published by Hodder & Stoughton, Limited, London and Toronto

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

"Then you have no sense of shame for what you have done?"

"Shame?" laughed Waterman. "I have no sense of shame for what I have done. I have served the Fatherland!"

"What do you think about your action, then?"

"I think that fools you all were and are," and Waterman laughed insolently. "I and others have laughed when you have played in our hands. Why, and here there was a touch of passion in his voice, 'your country is simply riddled with friends of Germany. Do you think that because a German becomes naturalised he ceases to be a German? Do you think that, although he protests his loyalty to England, and his desire to help England, that he is the less a German at heart? Do you think that a German, whether naturalised or not, stops at anything in order to serve his country? You have hundreds of soldiers in your army to-day, while your public offices are full of men, and women too for that matter, of German parentage and with German sympathies. Yes, you will kill me," and he threw back his shoulders proudly, "but that will not stop us from conquering your country and being your masters."

For a moment he almost seemed to dominate the room. He stood erect, haughty, scornful, it might seem as though he were the accuser and not the accused.

"Of course you know the consequence of your deed?" said the President presently.

Waterman shrugged his shoulders. "I have counted the cost, and am willing to pay the price," was his reply.

When he was led away there was a silence in the room for some seconds. Whatever else he had done he had given his judges to see that he was a brave man; that to him the victory of his country was more than life; that for what he had called the Fatherland he had traded under his feet all ordinary conventions, all accepted rules of honor and truth. Germany was first, everything else came afterwards.

The Englishman always admires courage, and there could be no doubt that Waterman was courageous. "It is no wonder," said the General, as if speaking to himself, "that they are such terrible enemies." No man spoke, but each knew what was in the other's mind.

Of course, there was no doubt about the verdict; Waterman had been guilty of the worst possible crime, and but for the quick wit and prompt action of the Lancashire soldier, doubtless have continued to help the enemy. The paper which Waterman had thrown towards the German lines contained the details of the next plan of attack; the details which, known to the Germans, would have nullified the British attack, and possibly have led to disaster.

"That young Pollard is a plucky young beggar," remarked the President presently, "he is a lad of brains, taken place splendidly. Of course what he has done must not be lost sight of."

There was a general assent to this. He ought to be recommended for his D. C. M. as the general verdict.

Early next morning Waterman was led out to a wall not far from the room where he had been judged. He walked steadily and proudly towards the place of his execution, and then stood erect like a soldier at attention. He faced his dread ordeal with a look of pride on his face.

"Fire!"

Several shots rang out, and he fell heavily to the ground.

"You chap'll never do any more spying," said one soldier to another a little later.

"If I had my way," said the other, "he should not have had such a death as that. When I think of the dirty meanness of these German swine; when I think of spies like that; when I think of poisonous gas, and of all their treachery, I feel as though nothing's too bad for them Germans. At first, when the war commenced I had nowt but kindly feelings towards the soldiers, as soldiers; but now—"

CHAPTER X.

It was late in November when the events just recorded took place, and a few days later the English newspapers contained special paragraphs headed "Heroism of a Lancashire Lad." Few details were given about Waterman, but Tom's bravery was fully commented on.

More than one journalist who had obtained details of what Tom had done made special reference to him and spoke of him in glowing terms. Mrs. Pollard received many applications for Tom's photograph, and presently when she learnt that it appeared in newspapers all over the country, she gave expression to remarks more forcible than elegant.

"Our Tom an' ero, eh?" she laughed. "Well I never knowed it afore. I always looked upon him as a bit of a coward, but it's this here nodding as has done it, I suppose. 'Apper there's summat in 'is' uniform. When a lad's got sodger's clothes on, I reckon as 'a' it makes him feel cocky. But it's a pity he's still such a fool as to keep on wif' Polly Powell, 'er write him a letter a while sin' telling him as 'a' Polly wur walking out wif' other lads, but she still boasts as 'a' Tom's faithful to her, and that she's got him under her thumb."

"'Apper he will give her the sack now," said a neighbor.

"Nay, our Tom wur always a fool. He might have had Alice Lister if he hadn't been such a nunny, but she's engaged to Harry Briarfield now. I wrote and told him about it only last week. I suppose George Lister is fairly suited abo' it."

CHAPTER XI.

"I hear that Tom's going to have the V.C. or D.C.M. or summat of that sort," remarked a neighbor; "dost 'a' know what that means?"

"Nay, I know nowt about it, but I hope as he will get a bit of brass wif' it, onyhow."

"Will he come home, dost 'a' think?"

"Nay, I don't know. Why should he leave his job for a thing like that? I expect if he wur to come home they'd stop his pay, and I hope Tom is nowt such a fool as to lose his pay, but there, there's no tellin'."

In spite of all this, however, Mrs. Pollard was in no slight degree elated. She knew that Tom was the talk of Brunford, and that special articles newspapers devoted to him in the Brunford papers.

"He will be sure to come home," said Ezekiel Pollard to her one night after supper; "when a lad's done a job like that, he's sure to have a bit of brass."

"Maybe, and I suppose that'll be showing him around as though he wur a prize turkey. Ay, but I am glad about this drinking order."

"'Cause else all 't' lads in the town 'ud be wanting to treat our Tom; they'd be proud to be seen wif' him, and they'd make him drunk afore he knew'd where he wur. Our Tom never could say much better wifout it goin' to his head."

"Our Tom has give up that sort of thing," replied Ezekiel.

"How dost 'a' know?"

"I do know, and that's enough," replied Ezekiel, thinking of Tom's last letter, which, by the way, he had never shown to his wife.

"I am not going to try to describe Tom's feelings when he was told that he had been recommended for the D. C. M."

"Thank you, sir, but I've done nowt to deserve it," cried the lad, lapsing for the moment into the Lancashire dialect.

Colonel Blount laughed. Ever since Waterman's death he had felt as though a burden had been lifted from him. He felt sure now that his plans would not be frustrated.

"You are the best judges of that, my lad," he said. "You can tell your father and mother that, as a Lancashire man, I'm proud of you."

It was on a Saturday in December when Tom arrived in Brunford on a day of absence. He had spent Friday in London, and caught the ten o'clock train at King's Cross Station. There was no prouder lad in England that day, although truth to tell, he was not quite happy. Naturally he had read what had been written about him in the newspapers, and reflected upon what the people in Brunford would be saying about him. He imagined meeting people whom he knew, in the Brunford streets, and he knew it would be a great home-coming, and yet he had a heavy heart.

It was several months now since he had left Brunford, and he could not help reflecting on the change that had taken place in him. He still wore a private's uniform, and carried the mud of the trenches on his clothes, but the Tom Pollard who had enlisted at the Mechanics' Institute was not the same lad who now made his way to his Lancashire home. Since then he had been through strange scenes, and had realised wonderful experiences. New facts and new forces had come into his life; day by day he had been face to face with death, and this had led him to touch the very core of life. Thoughts which were unknown to him a year before now possessed his being; powers of which he had never dreamed had been called into life.

Tom could not put these things into words, he didn't even clearly realize them, but he knew that he was different. The very thought that he had looked into the face of death made him realise the wondrousness of life. Tom did not feel that he had been a hero, and yet he knew that the life he had been living, and the work he had been doing, especially during the last few months, had called qualities, which lay latent in his being, into life and action. The war had not made him a different man, it had only aroused dormant qualities within him. The fears through which he had passed and the flames which he had known that he would never see the same again. But more than all that, he, like thousands of others, had learnt the great secret of life, and realised that it was only by opening his life to the Eternal Life that the highest manhood could be known.

And yet he was strangely satisfied. He had read his mother's letter telling him that Alice Lister was engaged to Harry Briarfield, and his heart was very sore at the thought of it. Never before had he realised the meaning of the choice he had made, when more than a year before he had left Alice to walk out with Polly Powell. "And yet I loved Alice all the time," he reflected, as he train rushed onward. "I never knew how I did love her till now. I must have been mad and worse than mad!"

(To be continued.)

Oh Yes, You Can!

The famous explorer was describing a harrowing adventure that had befallen him.

"I peered into the jungle," he said "and there before me lay a trunkless body."

"Here, what are you talking about?" snarled a rival explorer. "Who ever heard of a trunkless body?"

"My friend," the first speaker answered calmly, "this body was that of an elephant!"

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

Description of This Most Interesting of Old-Time Structures.

The successful translation, within the last few years, of ancient Assyrian inscriptions (including writings on burnt-clay tablets) has made it possible to give a fair description of that most interesting of all the structures of antiquity, the Tower of Babel.

The Tower was a temple, only 140 feet high, but elevated upon an artificial terrace. It looked much higher than it was because the city of Babylon (of which it was a principal architectural ornament) was built in the midst of a great plain, so that there was nothing more lofty with which to compare it.

The first of the "skyscrapers" was built of sun-dried brick, with only an outer facing of burned brick. All of the buildings of Babylon, not excepting the royal palaces, were constructed in this way, for the reason that there was no stone in the region. Naturally, they were impermanent, and the best of them tumbled down within a century or less.

The Tower had seven stories, the lowest measuring 272 feet square. In its construction it was crowned by a spire, for an astronomical observatory. The priests of ancient Babylonia had quite a smattering of knowledge of astronomy; but, from the point of view, the most important use of the science was for the prediction

of future events. They were astrologists, and such alleged information as they could obtain from the heavens was utilized in their business.

The Tower was filled with golden statues and other treasures. It was a religious museum. So marvelous it was that the tongues of men were confused in trying to describe it.

The Babylon of those days was the most populous city in the world; it had 2,000,000 inhabitants. It covered an area twice that of London to-day—the Euphrates running through its middle—and was surrounded by a wall fifty-five miles in length.

SEASHELLS FOR WINDOWS.

Used Instead of Glass in Humble Philippine Dwellings.

One curious thing noted in the Philippines is the use by natives of seashells in lieu of windowglass. There is a bivalve mollusk, native to the waters of that part of the world, which has a shell seven or eight inches in diameter, so thin as to be translucent. It is plentiful and costs nothing. Glass is expensive.

Accordingly, the poorer Filipinos use the shells for window panes in their humble dwellings. Windows made of them admit as much light as is needed, and if a pane is broken it can be replaced offhand without a penny's worth of expense.

Nature's food for the very young and the very old is milk.



About the House

DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME
Twenty-Second Lesson—Canning Fruits.

Wild fruits formed an important part of primitive man's diet. The fruits were easily obtainable then, but now they are scarce. In order to preserve them, we use canning. This process has destroyed many of the wild fruits, except in the forest and mountain regions, so that at present the only fruits known to us are those cultivated with the exception of huckleberries.

Of late years modern methods have eliminated from the house many of the old-fashioned ways of preserving. Considered most necessary for the success of the home. Men, quick to know the value of a thing, are now using pickling and jellymaking, and absorbent paper.

They handle the food directly from the farms, so that the housewife has gradually lost the important art slip from her. The constant advancing prices of food supplies have caused the prudent housewife to view the market with alarm. She may decrease her expenses materially, if she is willing to take the time and trouble of canning her fruits and vegetables.

thrift and care rather than a matter of money, but rather prudently conserving materials within the home. Economy in the home means not only carelessness and wastefulness, but also planning and buying; also using labor-saving devices combined with skillful handling of foods, using up-to-date methods and reliable tools, and the judgment to avail one's self of every opportunity.

Learn New and Better Methods

One are the old-fashioned methods of our grandmothers' days. Using a large proportion of sugar are also relegated to the past. This method produces an over-sweet article, which destroys the delicate natural flavor of the fruits. This is not only un-necessary, but also it has prevented many persons from enjoying preserved fruit.

The canners realized this, and have for years met this objection by using less sugar. Sugar is not necessary for the successful keeping of fruits, but it is used to make them palatable. The intelligent use of sugar adds to the appearance and taste of all canned fruits. The many grades of sugar, using the best, are necessary for the purpose. It is needless to say that it must be canner sugar. Beet sugar contains a larger percentage of acid and does not give the same perfect results. It must be remembered that one cupful of absolutely pure sugar will accomplish the work more successfully than one and a half cupfuls of sugar of a lower grade.

How to Start Canning

When planning to can, get the jars ready and see that the lids are in perfect condition. By this, I mean that they should fit securely, and have everything absolutely clean. Provide a funnel to fill with, and a tray large enough to hold jars intended to be filled.

There is an appliance sold in stores that costs twenty-five cents, for lifting jars; and will save fingers from being burnt and many times its cost in preserving hot jars from slipping or dropping.

Before starting on the fruits or vegetables have a vessel large enough to hold jars intended to be used. Put the jars and the tops into the receptacle and cover with cold water. Bring to the boiling point, then remove water, drain and fill with the article to be canned.

Four boiling water over the jars rubbers just before using. This not only sterilizes them, but also makes them pliable and easy to slip on the jars.

The Actual Method

Sort the fruit in separate dishes. Put all bruised and soft berries in one. Grade the berries by keeping all large and small ones in separate dishes. This is not only necessary for the success of the fruit itself, but also for the appearance of the fruit.

Small clips can be bought for five cents to hull berries with, saving both the appearance of the hands and of the berries. Put the hulled fruit in

future use it is not necessary to completely destroy these germs. This can only be done by the application of heat in the form of a water bath or boiling. So be positive that the water is actually boiling before counting the time. When once the boiling starts it must be continuous for the length of time given.

Do not plunge the jars into the boiling water, but rather have the water hot, say at a temperature of 125 or 140 degrees Fahrenheit, then bring rapidly to a boil.

Label and Date

For future knowledge label and date your jars and also on each put a number so that you will know just how many jars, the amount of fruit and sugar that is in each lot. This will also give you a way to figure the cost. Keep a book to record all your work, the number of jars, the cost, etc.

How to Make the Label

STRAWBERRIES
June 10 No. 4—Lot 3

To Make a Fruit Juice

To each quart of fruit add one cupful of water and one cupful of sugar, then put in a kettle and mix well. Bring to a boil and cook for ten minutes. Mash well and then strain. Put the bottles into sterilized bottles, seal and cover with water and send to the boiling point. Process for ten minutes. Remove from bath and cork, and when cold cover the top by dipping in melted paraffin.

Finally, the success of all canning and preserving depends alone upon careful sterilization. Work with care, about only what can be done without hurry in a clean and cool kitchen, with a supply of good materials and utensils. Many jars are lost each year by the false economy of using defective jars and lids or old rubbers. Always examine each jar before starting to store to see that it is in perfect condition. The method by this method will cost one-quarter of the price of canned goods purchased during the winter.

Note—Water in boiler should reach two-thirds of depth of jars.

Worth Protecting

A good article is worthy of a good package. A rich, strong, delicious tea like Red Rose is worth putting into a sealed package to keep it fresh and good.

A cheap, common tea is hardly worth taking care of and is usually sold in bulk.

Red Rose is always sold in the sealed package which keeps it good.

MUSIC IN THE HOME

Related By Harry Lauder.

"When I was across in France seeing the boys," said Harry Lauder, "I often thanked the inventor of the talking machine for not having lived in vain. A record out yonder, where the mud is much deeper than even in the streets of dear old Glasgow on the worst winter day, a record brings back the sweet o' auld lang syne. It's grand, I'm tellin' ye! What an invention! Voices o' loved ones always wif' you; sangs o' the hameland, the mountain and glen to inspire you, to fill your heart and strengthen your arm. Aye, the talking machine is a thinking machine, and the thoughts that it inspires are pleasant thoughts,—thoughts o' home and the dear ones left behind."

Such is Harry Lauder's description of music among the men at the front in an interview with the London Phonograph shortly after his return from the front. "I'll tell you a wee story," he proceeded in his own pawky and inimitable way, "an' it's no' a made-up yin, min' I'm telling ye! This is a story of how a gramophone backed up the gallant soldiers o' a gallant Scottish regiment. The day's duties had been long and arduous, and for hours and hours the Jocks had been under a fierce bombardment—without a rest and without a halt. Then day gave way to night. Shells were continually bursting; Lazy Lizzy's, Whistling Willie's and the rest o' the devil's messengers. Now the rain came on. Sheets and sheets o' it; rain that looked as if it never would stop, and made one wonder where it all came from. Even the trenches were flooded. That night passed, and at dawn the Germans were scattered and new positions were taken. But still it rained."

Harry at this stage quietly chuckled, puffed away at his pipe, and went on. "Several hours later the boys were relieved, and tramped miles back to their rest camp—amid mud to their knees and the road, and with the water streaming down their necks and squelching in their boots. It was evening before they arrived at the place where warm tea, warm clothing, and a good dry bed awaited them, but, man, even before a helmet was doffed one o' the Jocks made for the company gramophone. He slipped on a record, wound up the

machine, and started it a-going. And the discomforts of the past thirty-six hours were sent into oblivion when, When You Came to the End of a Perfect Day."

Her Gift.

Her eyes, her mouth, her chin, so strangely small,
Her very hands, in such frail likeness made,
That one caress it seems might crush them all,
And so I gaze and wonder, half afraid.
So wee a gift—yet wealth of many lands
Could never buy it in the richest mart!
So frail a gift—and yet those baby hands
Take mighty hold upon two human hearts!

—Burgess Johnson.

To cut hot, fresh bread heat the knife well and the bread will cut smoothly and evenly.

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PICKING WOOD FOR PROPELLERS

MUST BE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. PERFECT.

In Order to Meet the Constant Heavy Demands Made Upon Airplanes.

To be trustworthy an airplane propeller must be one of the strongest things in the world. Not only are they subjected to gunfire but their normal action makes heavy demands on their strength. The very speed of their revolutions tends to disrupt them.

In a test run with propellers made of wood which had been dried to the lowest possible moisture content, or bone-dry, as they say at the Forest Products Laboratory, the ends of the blades actually exuded sap which was forced out by centrifugal action.

Some air machine engines run at 1,700 revolutions a minute, and can be geared up to 2,000. An engine of this power would use a nine foot six inch propeller, and the speed of the blade ends would be in the neighborhood of 600 miles an hour.

A good thousands of pounds of pressure per square inch are generated by this action alone, says the American Forestry Magazine at Washington, and propellers have been known to split at the centre and fly apart. Even the smallest lack of balance between the two blades is very serious, since the pull of one must counterbalance that of the other.

In addition there is the gyroscopic force which tends to keep the blades rotating in the same plane. At high speed this force is hard to overcome, and the cross strains it introduces, when there is a change of direction, either up, down or sidewise, are enormous.

Wood Must Be Perfect.

Yet under conditions of modern warfare, when an aviator has to "loop the loop" or plunge, or ascend sharply in manoeuvring to bring down or escape from an enemy, the machine has to meet and withstand these unusual tests.

Wood for airplane manufacture must be 100 per cent. perfect. In other articles there may be a slight margin of imperfection, and this is recognized in lumber grading rules. In airplanes, however, the safety of aviator and army demands entire freedom from flaws.

Even with Sitka spruce, the favorite wood for airplane construction, there is difficulty in obtaining the very highest grades. The United States forest service estimates that only 13 per cent., approximately, is available for plane construction. A member of the Curtiss firm is reported to have said that only 167 board feet, on an average, goes into planes from each 1,000 board feet.

The quantity of wood needed for each plane varies, of course, with the size of the machine; few of the present-day types contain less than 250 feet, and it may take 2,000 feet in the rough to furnish this amount. One lumberman is making sure of getting only the straightest of straight-grained stuff by splitting it out of the log instead of sawing it. He gets quality at the expense of considerable waste in riving out choice white oak cooperage stock or hickory for spokes. But the resultant product is sure to have straightness of grain.

For propeller blades ash and white oak are used in considerable quantities, while some are made of mahogany, alternate layers of mahogany and spruce or mahogany and ash. Black walnut has been used in place of mahogany, because this wood does not splinter when hit by a projectile. Maple, birch and cherry have found some place in propeller manufacture. Douglas fir has been used in making frames.

"CHARIOTS OF IRON" AT GAZA.

The Predecessors of the Present-Day "Tanks" in Palestine.

Since the first of war correspondents wrote the Book of Joshua there has been nothing seen in Palestine to compare with the onslaught of the tanks on the sands and the monitors on the shores of Gaza," says the London Star.

If that picturesque special correspondent to whom we owe the narrative of the sun and moon standing still in the Valley of Ajalon had witnessed the onslaught of General Allenby's auxiliaries he might have pictured behemoth wallowing on the shore and leviathan rising out of the sea. It is related in the Book of Judges that they "could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley because they had chariots of iron."

Allowing for the intervening centuries which have transformed the "chariots of iron" into tanks, we see that in this case the omens are in favor of the invaders, and we may reasonably hope that the clearing out of the Philistines will be final and complete. We must not forget the heroism of our gallant soldiers, fighting in a sandy desert, "while a wind like a blast furnace raises clouds of dust" from the "land of milk and honey."

Cod from British waters are greenish or brownish olive. Those caught further north are of a much darker color.

HOLIDAY

By Margaret C.

CAKES for Christmas we must make some men in the camps the folks at home. need not be wholly new, but their ingredients should suggest the season.

You will like these from my Christmas box are inexpensive, easy festive in appearance, suggestions for decoration from another from my cakes a cake a

Not Leaf-Cake.—One cupful of sugar, three cups of milk, three or two-thirds cupful of sifted flour, one-half cupful of baking-powder, one-half cupful of shortening, one egg, one teaspoonful of salt. Cream the butter in the beaten yolks of well. Add the sifted flour, salt and nutmeg, and then the whites of two eggs. A long-shaped pan. For white of one egg to add one tablespoonful Beat in confectionary sugar, until the icing is spread. If you prefer, mix two cupfuls of one-half cupful of fourth teaspoonful of salt without stirring into the beaten eggs. Beat until thick, ornament. Decorate with of candies and leaves of from citron or apple. Christmas Date-Cake. One cupful of sugar, one-half cup (scant), one-half cupful of pinch of salt, three eggs white of one, three-fourths of dates, two and one-fourth, two teaspoonful powder, grated rind of Bake in patty-pans, icing, icing is still soft, pressing of candied cherries, almonds cut from citron. Very delicious cake, can be stored in the best of dates. Bake in tiny pan cool, but still fresh, cut out a portion of the inner center with whipped cream and flavored to taste, and then decorated with These little cakes are at holiday time for service ice-cream. They would be in Christmas boxes, make them keep parties.

Children always like Here is my favorite recipe Layer Cake With Orange One-half cupful of butter half cupful of sugar, (leaving out white of eggs three-fourths cupful of one-half cupful of

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