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GREENMANTLE
BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

Stumm had risen with a brow of wrath, and looked as if he were going to pitch the intruder off the train. Then he seemed to halt and collect himself, and the other's face broke into a friendly grin.

"Why, it's Colonel Stumm," he cried. (He pronounced it like the first syllable in "stomach.") "Very pleased to meet you again, Colonel. I had the honor of making your acquaintance at our Embassy. I reckon Ambassador Gerard didn't cotton to our conversation that night." And the new-comer plumped himself down in the corner opposite me.

I had been pretty certain I would run across Blenkiron somewhere in Germany, but I didn't think it would be so soon. There he sat staring at me with his full unseeing eyes, rolling out platitudes to Stumm, and a nearly bursting in his effort to keep civil. I looked moody and suspicious, which I took to be the right line.

"Things are getting a bit dead at Salonika," said Blenkiron, by way of a conversational opening.

Stumm pointed to a notice which warned officers to refrain from discussing military operations with mixed company in a railway carriage.

"Sorry," said Blenkiron, "I can't read that tombstone language of yours. But I reckon that that notice don't trespassers, whatever it signifies, don't apply to you and me. It take it this gentleman is in your party."

"I sat and scowled, fixing the American with suspicious eyes."

"He is a Dutchman," said Stumm; "South African Dutch, and he is not happy, for he doesn't like to hear English spoken."

"Well shake on that," said Blenkiron cordially. "But who said I spoke English? It's good American. Cheer up, friend, for it isn't the call that makes the big wappiti, as they say out west in my country. I reckon John Bull worse than a poison rattle. The Colonel can tell you that."

I dare say he could, but at that moment we slowed down at a station and Stumm got up to leave. "Good-day to you, Herr Blenkiron," he cried over his shoulder. "If you consider your comfort, don't talk English to strange travellers. They don't distinguish between the different brands."

I followed him in a hurry, but was recalled by Blenkiron's voice, "you've left your grip," and he handed me my bag from the luggage rack. But he showed no sign of recognition, and the last I saw of him was sitting sunk in a corner with his head on his chest as if he were going to sleep. He was a man who kept up his parts well.

I was jolly hungry and would have made a good meal if I hadn't constant-ly had to keep jogging my wits. The other two talked in German, and when a question was put to me Stumm translated. The first thing I had to do was to pretend I didn't know German, and to look listlessly round the room while they were talking. The second was to miss not a word, for there was my chance. The third was to be ready to answer questions at any moment, and to show in the answering that I had not followed the previous conversation. Likewise I must not prove myself a fool in these answers.

"And if I am a fool?" I asked.

"Send you to the Yae or the Dvina. You will be respectable cannon-fodder."

"You cannot do that unless I consent," I said.

"Remember," he said, smiling wickedly. "Technically you are a rebel, and the British, if you go to them, why."

"Too late," he said. "It should have been done at the beginning. We neglected Africa. You know the reason why."

Stumm laughed. "The von Einem! Perhaps, but her charm works well enough."

Gaudian glanced towards me while I was busy with an orange salad. "I have much to tell you of that. But it can wait. Your friend is right in one thing. Uganda is a vital spot for the English, and a blow there will make their whole fabric shiver. But how can we strike? They have still the coast, and our supplies grow daily smaller."

"We can send no reinforcements, but have we used all the local resources? That is what I cannot satisfy myself about. Zimmerman says we have, but Tressler thinks differently, and now we have this fellow coming out of the void with a story which confirms my doubt. He seems to know his job. Try him."

Thereupon Gaudian set about questioning me, and his questions were very thorough. I knew just enough and no more to get through, but I think I came out with credit. You see I have a capacious memory, and in my time I have met scores of hunters and pioneers and listened to their yarns, so I could pretend to knowledge of a place even when I hadn't been there. Besides, I had once been on the point of undertaking a job up Tanganyika way, and I had got up that country-side pretty accurately.

"You say that with our help you can make trouble for the British on the three borders?" Gaudian asked at length.

"I can spread the fire if some one else will kindle it," I said.

"But there are thousands of tribes with no affinities."

"They are all African. You can bear me out. All African peoples are alike in one thing—they can go mad, and the madness of one infects the others. The English know this well enough."

"Where would you start the fire?" he asked.

"Where the fuel is driest. Up in the North among the Mussulman peoples. But there you must help me. I know nothing about Islam, and I gather that you do."

"Why?" he asked.

"Stumm had translated all this time, and had given the sense of my words very fairly. But with my last answer he took liberties. What he gave was: 'Because the Dutchman thinks that we have some big card dealing with the Moslem world.' Then, lowering his voice and raising his eyebrows, he said some word like 'Uhm-mant!'"

The other looked with a quick glance of apprehension at me. "We had better continue our talk in private, Herr Colonel," he said. "Herr Brandt will forgive us, we will leave him for a little to entertain himself, and the two got up and left the room. I pulled my chair up to the stove and would have liked to drop off to sleep. The tension of the talk at supper had made me very tired. I was what I professed to be for exactly suspect me of being a Stumm might be a Dutch rascal, but all the same I was skating on thin ice. I could not if I did I would get no good out of going all the time, and join the wits and peep and manners of a back-veiled intelligence officer. Any moment the two parts might clash and I would be faced with the most alert and deadly suspicion."

There would be no mercy from Stumm. That large man was beginning to fascinate me, even though I hated him. "Cutten was clearly a good fellow, a white man and a gentleman. I could have worked with him, for he belonged to my own totem. But the other was an incarnation of all that makes Germany detested, and yet he wasn't altogether the ordinary German, and I couldn't help admiring him. I noticed he neither smoked nor drank. His grossness was apparently Cruelty, but I had heard of him in German South West, which was his hobby; but there were other things in him, some of them good, and he had that kind of crazy patriotism which he comes a religion. I wondered why he had talked small in his presence, and so great a man as Gaudian clearly respected him. There must be no lack of brains inside that funny pyramidal head."

(To be continued.)

Health Before Beauty.

Two Irishmen who had not met for years ran across each other.

"Long time since we met, Clancy, isn't it? Great things have happened since then," said the first.

"Yes, indeed. Look at myself. Share it's married I am," replied Clancy.

"You don't tell me? Have you a fine family?" asked O'Grady.

"Faith and I have that. I've a fine healthy boy, and the neighbors say he's the picture of me."

O'Grady looked at Clancy, who wasn't built on the line of a prize beauty.

"Ah, well, what's the harm so long as the child's healthy?"

Service is doing the things people want when they want 'em. The first thing one has to do give service is to see with the other fellow's eyes.—Samuel Moody.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds



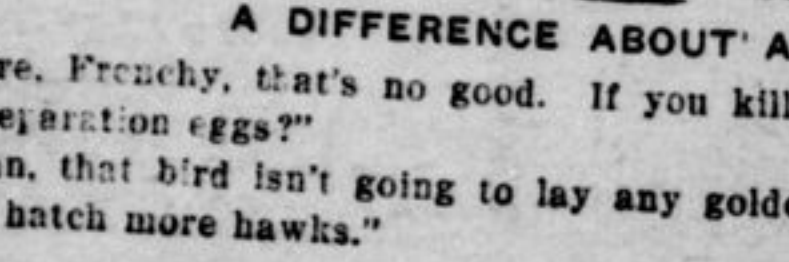






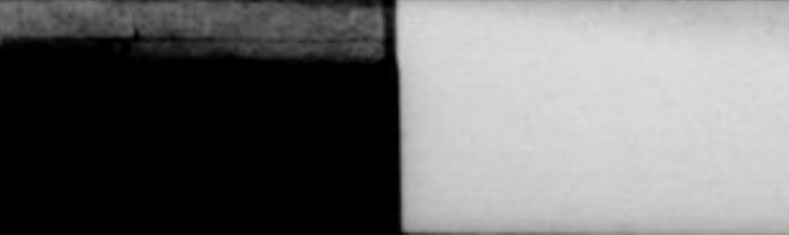












Woman's Sphere

RICH MARGARET WESLEY.

"I am so bothered over something," Tess Howard said to Ruth Alvord the second day of her visit. "You see, Margaret has asked me to spend a couple of days with her. I wouldn't hurt her for anything in the world, but I just don't see how I can go."

"Why not?" Ruth asked quietly.

"Tess looked at her in astonishment. "Why not? When she is as poor as a church mouse, and even a two-day guest means money! I can't very well offer to pay for my meals, can I?"

Ruth made a curious little gesture. "Oh!" she cried softly. "Don't let her feel poor in friendship. Tess. There are things so great that no money can buy them, you know."

Tess's black eyes were full of tears. "When I think of the awful tragedy of Phil's death—of a tragedy like that to Margaret!"

Ruth's hand found Tess's then. "Tragedy," she said softly, "and Margaret? Why, Tess, you couldn't put those two together, no matter how hard you tried! They simply won't go together."

Tess drew a long breath. "Of course I am going," she said. "I don't see how I could stand it not to see her. Only—I dread it, Ruth!"

She dreaded the visit still more when she turned into the shabby street where Margaret lived. Margaret here—Margaret who had so loved the beautiful little house that Philip had been buying! Margaret who—Then she was at the door and Margaret was drawing her in with eager welcoming hands.

She was not the same Margaret; Tess saw that at the first glance. Margaret's face showed suffering; her hands were red and roughened—and her dress! Tess wanted to cry out at sight of it. Then she looked into Margaret's eyes and could not look away from the deep shining of them.

The four boys were home from school, and a dinner was waiting. It proved to be a noisy meal, but during the course of it one significant thing happened. Young Philip asked whether his boy friends could come Friday evening and have popcorn and apples.

"You remember the budget," his mother reminded him. "We could have a party only once, and it is Don's turn."

Philip's face shadowed, but he nodded. "That's right," he said briefly.

Later when the two women were alone Margaret spoke of the incident. "Isn't it wonderful that we were left poor? You see, it is doing for the boys what years of comfortable living could not do. We work out the budget together every week and decide how many guests we can afford or what household necessities come first. Phil bought that last week." She glanced at a cheap rug by the door. "All him to surprise me. With boys like that and Phil's love 'over there'—O Tess, I am rich!"

"Yes," Tess agreed gravely, "you are."

A "SERVANTLESS" HOME.

Ours is a "servantless house" and labor-saving devices have made this possible. First, the kitchen was rearranged, an unsightly pantry was converted into an attractive breakfast room, cupboards and cabinet built in kitchen, with a place for everything, including the fireless cooker.

A small sink was replaced with a large one, placed at the right height. A slop sink was removed and a long drain-board added, under which is a cupboard for kettles, pans, lids and

pressure cooker. Also a drawer for linen, closet for garbage pail, shelf under sink for cleaners, soap and dishpan.

Above the sink is a shelf convenient for placing jars during canning or plates for a party. Below are hooks for dippers, small pans, soap shaker, fly swatter, scraper, bottle, vegetable and glass brushes, also homemade rack for knives, forks, spoons and spatula.

A rack of wooden spoons is placed at end of drain board with towel arms below.

On the shelf above the stove I keep salt, pepper, matches and a box in which to put burnt matches and scraps of paper to be burned in the furnace later.

I keep steel wool for cleaning aluminum and glass baking dishes. I wash dishes in hot soap suds, place in a wire drainer and scald both sides. They dry perfectly without wiping.

A homemade tea wagon conveys the food to the dining room and the dishes to the kitchen.

Telephone on the farthest wall of the dining room was removed to a desk near the kitchen door, thus eliminating several steps when the 'phone is used and enabling me to sit while talking.

A vacuum cleaner is one of my greatest labor-savers. Then came dust mops, wall brush, chemically treated duster for baseboards and dustless duster cloths made of old stockings and a little furniture polish.

A long-handled dust pan saves stooping. With stationary tubs, running water, a power washer and wringer, a large washing is done in a few hours. The wide ironing board was made to order; a small clothes sprinker in a bottle soon prepares the clothes for the electric iron.

An extension telephone upstairs for a little extra a month and costs many steps. A closet upstairs contains dustless mops, dust cloths, soap and cleaning fluids.

Other labor-savers that cost only a few cents are egg poacher, dish mop, long-handled fork, can opener, grater, mixing bowls, funnels, tea ball, potato ricer, egg beater and measuring cups.

A pressure cooker saves time, labor and fuel in cooking combination meals and canning vegetables, fruit and meat.

A homemade fireless cooker cooks the meal while I work or motor.

It is apparatus of this sort combined with common sense in planning that makes the "servantless house" possible and the mistress of the home is not wearing herself out over useless annoyances that arise in the housekeeping problems.—Mrs. G. E. S.

After Every Meal
WRIGLEYS

In work or play, it gives the poise and steadiness that mean success.

It helps digestion, always thurst, keeping the mouth cool and moist, the throat muscles relaxed and pliant and the nerves at ease.



FOR A BETTER SCORE

The Hidden Heart.

I hid my heart away,
It was my own,
All of its hidden stores
Were mine alone

I feared a thief might come
Prowling in stealth
To rob my treasury,
Steal all my wealth

Came Life, the trader, by
Wishing to trade;
Bright goods he offered me
That would not fade.

So Life the trader, said—
Ah, they show fair—
I brought my treasure forth
To buy a share!

Passed Life, the trader, by
With all my gold—
I was quite satisfied
With what he sold.

Ah, but they did not last,
Those goods so bright:
Soon passed their beauty—soon
Passed my delight.

Again I hide my heart,
Empty, alas!
Lest they should ply me,
All they who pass!
—Roselle Mercer Montgomery.

The newest range finder in England can locate objects at 22 miles.

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Canada Wins a Novel Triumph

One would have considered Italy's position in the production of macaroni an unassailable one, having engaged for generations in the manufacture and being such a voluminous consumer. Yet an assault upon this apparently impregnable position has been successfully made, and Canada adds still another, and novel, honor to her long and varied list of triumphs.

Recently, at the international exposition held at Rome, where the first Italian and foreign manufacturers exhibited their products, the grand prize, signaling the highest possible award, for macaroni went to a Canadian producer, A. Pucelli, of St. Catharines, Ontario, who was awarded the gold medal, gold cross and diploma, signed by the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs and the British Consul in Rome.

This signal success was not altogether unexpected by Canadians who, in the past, have been in touch with the situation to justly appreciate relative merits. It has always been the opinion of experts that Canadian macaroni could be manufactured superior in quality to that of European countries owing to the higher qualities of the Northern grown wheat, "Manitoba Hard" wheat flour being considered the best material obtainable for this product.

Used National Drying Methods.

The Canadian firm which has brought this new distinction to Canada also, at the outset, determined to confine itself to the use of natural drying methods, being convinced that artificial means as adopted by some firms are detrimental to the perfection of macaroni. These two factors were in the main responsible for the production of a product which it was believed could not even be surpassed in Italy, a confidence which results have warranted.

The manufacture of macaroni and vermicelli in Canada is not an extensive industry, but one which, having regard to past experiences and the proven pre-eminence of the Canadian product, has worthy potentialities. In the last year for which statistics are available there were nine plants in the Dominion manufacturing macaroni and vermicelli, 4 being in Ontario, 2 in Quebec, 2 in Manitoba, and 1 in Alberta. The total capital invested in the industry was \$873,442 and there were 146 persons engaged in the industry. In that year a total of 11,375,109 pounds of macaroni and vermicelli were produced, having a value of \$1,152,452.

Imports and Exports.

In the past fiscal year, Canada imported 1,096,752 pounds, worth \$114,810. Of this value \$93,826 is attributable to the United States, \$3,570 to Hong Kong, \$2,050 to Japan, and \$15,364 to other countries. Against this the Dominion exported 229,560 pounds, worth \$40,442, of which \$218,515 went to the United Kingdom, \$63 to the United States, \$9,493 to Belgium, and \$12,530 to other countries.

During the years of the war, Canada developed a considerable export trade with the United Kingdom in macaroni, as well as with other European countries. Total exports in 1917, for instance, amounted to 67,472,419 pounds, worth \$1,499,552, of which 64,435 pounds, worth \$2,463, went to the United Kingdom, 2,995,719 pounds, worth \$116,433 to the United States. The total exports in 1918 amounted to 65,801,697 pounds, worth \$2,130,214, of which almost the entire output went to Europe.

The dropping of Italian exchange, making it more favorable for the United Kingdom to purchase from Italy, has naturally injured Canada's export trade to the British Isles, but with the return of Italian stability it is anticipated that the Dominion can resume its activities and regain the trade it developed in the years of the war. Certainly the distinction of manufacturing the world's best macaroni should be a further stimulus to the development of the export trade and react to enhancing the prestige of the industry in Canada.

The Sunda

David, the Poet-King.

1 to 24; 25; 1 King
Surely goodness—
of my life.—Pa. 23

LESSON FORWARDED—Saul had rejected from the kingship. His son must be appointed. Samuel, at the command of God, fed the children. As a youth David's personal qualities and character endeared him to all Israel—his person, his valor, his prudence and his musical skill. At the end of his term of the kingship, such unqualified success of Israel always looked back as their ideal ruler.

I. THE SACRIFICE AT BETHLEHEM.

V. 1. How long wilt thou wait, Ch. 15:35 shows that Samuel had expected of him when the first lot, and commanded on the roof, 9:25. Fill this horn, it says this was the same horn Samuel had used at Saul's anointing. Oil made from olives was one of the chief products of Palestine and an important element of national wealth. It was used, as an article of food, but as a ritual purpose. Jesse, was of Bethlehem, an important town in a fertile region of the hill country, seven miles from Jerusalem. Jesse appeared to be a fairly well-to-do man but is now an old man, 17:12.

V. 2. Samuel must act in preference as possible, else Saul will him and wreak vengeance upon him for a sacrifice to a city. Consequently he sacrificed to the Lord. Jesse was used for the which an alliance was concluded. Deut. 21:3-9 shows that it is for ritually cleansing a city. Murder had been committed, V. 3. Call Jesse. The sacrifice designed especially for Jesse



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