

Rummage!  
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By ROBERT JAY

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Sinclair Knox was spending the day in a small village on the north shore of Long Island. The business he had come to transact had taken only a few moments of his time and he had learned, on going to the ferry landing, that he would have to wait till five o'clock in the afternoon for another boat. It was late in the season and the ferry ran very much according to the whim of the captain.

The town did not promise to offer much excitement, but the stranger took a turn along the shore and then returned to the village square. Immediately he was attracted to a crowd that stood about the entrance to the chapel of a good-sized church on the main street. He crossed the road and stood opposite the gathering of inhabitants, and presently a very handsome young woman appeared with a cloth sign, which she tacked to the door. Then she opened the door and the crowd rushed in.

Sinclair Knox then stepped across the street to read the sign. "Rummage sale Friday and Saturday under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society" was what he read. He had heard of rummage sales, but he had never come in contact with one.

Trying to decide whether or not to go in and broaden his knowledge of the ways and means of workers in village churches, he strolled up the street. As he retraced his steps he took courage when he saw a man enter the chapel.

"It can't do me any harm," he de-



Looked at Sinclair as He Entered.

cided, "and I can't find anything more exciting around these haunts."

And then in the back of his mind lurked the image of that young woman who had tacked up the sign and thrown open the doors. She must be a part of the Ladies' Aid, for she never could be classed with the rummage sale soliloquized as the drew close to the edifice.

The sound of a deep, vibrant voice entreating someone to step up to the table and look at the wonderful bargains entirely settled Sinclair's mind. He would go in.

A long tableful of wearing apparel stood on one side of the room. Other tables held hats and boots, and in a corner stood furniture, ranging in design from Jacobean to modern mission. There were ruffled silk skirts, and there were infants' booties. There were plush albums and Florentine frames; and the patrons of the rummage sale rummaged mercilessly among the goods.

The girl behind the table of wearing apparel looked at Sinclair and smiled as he entered. She knew at once that curiosity must have brought him thither. She watched him with an amused smile as he eyed with interest the persons who were attending the sale.

After a while other members of the church society came to assist the young woman, and each one stood behind a table and tried to sell her wares. It was a most unique sight to Sinclair Knox.

He wanted to linger and the only excuse he could find was to pretend to be looking for something. Nothing that he could be expected to want came to his mind. At last a thought flashed into his head. He stepped to the young woman who had first been in charge.

"Do you have such a thing as—a—an antique picture frame with a well, with a French print, perhaps?" he inquired, with hesitation.

"I'll see," the girl said in a most charming manner. "We have almost everything, I think." And she led the way to another table.

"Cor, have you seen any old French prints anywhere?" she asked, smiling meaningfully at another young woman.

"Don't go to too much trouble," admonished young Knox at her side.

"Oh, that's what we're here for," said the young woman behind the

table. "It's no trouble—if we have it!" Both girls searched every available spot for something resembling the young man's specifications, but the only thing that could be found was an old hand-wrought copper miniature frame that had been stripped of its picture.

Sinclair took it. "It's hardly a French print—is it?" he laughed. "Hardly!" both girls echoed, with laughter.

"But it's not bad," Knox admitted.

"Not with the right girl's picture in it," the young woman behind the table suggested.

Sinclair looked at the other girl for a moment, and then, his eyes on the frame in his hand, said: "I'll buy it at your own price if I may have a picture—in it."

"Yours, Gerry, yours!" cried Florence Moore, catching her friend by the arm. "And we'll charge a pretty penny for it."

"It is for the church, you know," reminded the young man. "It's in a good cause."

Geraldine Bonner's face was covered with blushes, but her friend was whispering in her ear. Sinclair stood aside.

"Father," Geraldine began, but Florence clapped her hand quickly over her mouth.

"Father need know nothing of it. I'll put in that picture you gave me. I can easily have another."

Sinclair looked inquiringly at Geraldine. "I'd like the frame and I'd like the picture to put in it. I'm a stranger in the village. It's a fancy I've just taken. I don't even know your name, and I won't ask it—now," he said, more earnestly than he realized.

"For the church, Gerry!" urged the other girl.

Geraldine threw up her head with determination. "All right—and come next year and I'll give you another one," she said laughing.

Sinclair waited while the photograph was found and fitted to the frame and then he took his leave of the two girls and the rummage sale. He stood that picture on his mantelpiece and he learned to love it. The eyes were so friendly and he could always hear the girl's voice as he had first heard it coming out of the church door that day.

He did not know how best to get in personal touch with the girl; it was a delicate situation and he did not want to jeopardize his opportunities by plunging headlong into the wrong method of procedure. But, at least, he decided, nearly a year later, I can do no harm by going across the ferry to the same village again. "And—" he thought, "I might chance to see her."

On the ferryboat a dodger blew off its nail on the side of the cabin. He picked it up and read it out of sheer curiosity. "Rummage! Rummage! At the chapel of the First M. E. Church, Friday and Saturday, September 3 and 4," he read and his eyes widened.

He folded the dodger carefully and placed it in his pocket.

When he stood face to face with Geraldine Bonner in the church chapel again he took the printed dodger from his pocket. "The wind tossed this to me on the ferryboat this morning," he told her by way of excuse for being there.

The girl blushed. "It's an ill wind—you know," she laughed.

"It is, indeed," Sinclair said earnestly. "And I'm the one to whom it has blown 'good' today. Do you remember that I was to have another picture?"

Geraldine hung her head. "I do—may have it. I know it's not conventional—"

"Never mind conventions," the man interrupted. "We're past that. I'll tell you all about myself when you'll let me and we'll be splendid—friends," he said.

But they were more than friends before they had really begun to know each other.

## Patrol Men Doing Good Work.

Little is heard of the hundreds of men on patrol duty in the United States navy. Silently, with unfailing vigilance, they watch the coasts with a telling effect so good in its results that they form a unit in the force of eyes that never close. Now and then word comes from them. They are in an attack, make some dash and win commendation, or tidings come of a casualty in the long and heavy fight with the ocean. One of the latter refers to John R. Alexander, a seaman, second class, of the United States naval reserve, who, in this splendid work, gave up his life. He is reported lost overboard from a submarine patrol on April 10. Alexander enlisted April 27, 1917, at Pittsburgh. His father, John R. Alexander, lives at 2615 Broad avenue, Altoona, Pa.

## Drew Tribute from Enemy.

The armed guard of the American tanker Moreni had the unique distinction of being commended for bravery by the enemy. The Moreni made a running fight of two hours against a German submarine and was only abandoned when she had taken fire. The commander of the German "U" boat approached the lifeboat in which some of the men were escaping, congratulated them upon their game fight and treated two of them for wounds. The Moreni gun crew was in charge of Chief Boatswain Andrew Copassaki, U. S. N., who lives at 2086 Dalley avenue, New York city.

## Team Work.

The war calls for the team work of soldier son and soldier father—the hero of the trenches and the hero of the furrow.

THE LAND ARMY  
OF AMERICA

(Women as Farm Hands)

By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS  
Of The Vigilantes

"I had to hire them for my farm because I couldn't get men. . . . Neighboring farmers who borrowed some of them later hated to admit that they were more efficient than man workers, but had to!"

The farmer who wrote those words employed 25 girls last summer to get in his crops, some of them girls from the "seasonal trades" out of a job, others students or college graduates out for vacation, but few, if any, of them experienced farm hands. He made two important discoveries. First, that they were good workers. Second, that this kind of work was good for women, and as this farmer is none other than Doctor Sargent, the director of physical training, he ought to know.

He adds that he did not have a chance to try them at plowing or heavy work, though they can do that too, but at other kinds of farm work he found them in all ways the equal and in some ways the superior of men. They do not average as strong as men, though in proportion to their weight they are, but they made up in care and thoroughness what they lacked in "heft," and they did not loaf on the job when the boss was not looking. Women are nearly always more conscientious than the "superior sex."

## Has Come to Stay.

The Woman's Land Army of America is still a new thing in most parts of the country, but it has come to stay and the sooner the farmers of America get that idea through their heads and live down their old-fashioned prejudice against this "new-fangled notion" the better for them and for the country. Every man released from the farm means one more man for the army or for other war work not done by women.

A year ago almost every farmer in the country shared this impractical and unpatriotic prejudice. Such prejudices die hard. All our prejudices about women die hard. I will give an amusing illustration. Last summer a number of "units" were employed in various parts of Westchester county, New York. A "unit" means a squad of woman workers (a "gang," we might call it, if they were men) who live and work together under the charge of a competent older woman experienced in agriculture, a sort of forewoman who manages the whole outfit, which includes their own cook and food and bedding. The farmer does not supply

anything except the wages and possibly a place to put up a few tents. The farmer's wife has no bother or extra work in the matter at all. Well, every one of these units in Westchester county made good, and there were exactly as many surprised farmers in Westchester county as there were units. At the end of the season each employer was asked, "Will you employ woman farm hands again next year?" Each farmer made exactly the same reply, "Yes, if I can get the same women."

Each thought that he had happened to have the luck to get the only good bunch of girls! Sly, shrewd fellows, those farmers! For it seemed to them quite obvious that women as a class could not be good farm laborers. A perfectly natural prejudice. Men as a class have always had the same certainty that women could never be good at anything "outside of the home" until they went out and made good at everything from voting and doctoring to driving ambulances, and even at fighting in the trenches when the necessity arose over in poor betrayed Russia.

## Kept Island From Starving.

American farmers, however, are the most enlightened in the world. Perhaps it will not take them so long to get the idea into their heads as it required to beat it into the British brain. In England, even after the scarcity of farm labor had become more acute than it is here now, the "woman's land army" movement was almost blighted by masculine prejudice until the government became alarmed and turned a clever trick. Prizes were offered at the county fairs for public competitions for woman workers in various departments of farm work. This aroused considerable curiosity and created a great deal of discussion. The question, however, was not whether girls could do farm work, but which girl could do it best! Big crowds gathered. Bets were made. Rivalry ran high. And when it was demonstrated before the astonished eyes of the British farmers that these "farm lasses," as they now affectionately term their "farmerettes" over there, not only knew their job but were experts at it, the prejudice broke down and the country was saved. The woman's land army of England, now 300,000 strong, has kept the island from starving. This patriotic fact has been publicly acknowledged in parliament.

There are already 17 states of the Union organized under the Woman's Land Army of America, and in New York alone 3,000 farmerettes are registered for this season. It is a fine patriotic service, a good thing for the farmer who can thus get good sober, industrious laborers at a cheap rate, a good thing for the girls, who can thus get a wholesome outing as well as fair wages, and the best thing of all for the nation, which needs food and needs men, and needs them at once.

## A Bird in the Hand

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

## CLEANING A CHICKEN



Steps in Cleaning and Cutting Up a Chicken.

HOW TO CUT AND  
DRAW A CHICKENSimple Method Is Outlined That  
Makes the Best of a Very  
Unpleasant Task.

## REAL ART IN PREPARATION

Housewife's Everlasting Bugaboo  
Loses Half Its Terrors When Plan  
Shown in Illustration Is Fol-  
lowed Carefully.

tained by most of the larger metal-working plants engaged in manufacture of war products. They are spaces set aside for this purpose alone, and equipped with machines of every type used in the shops proper. An expert mechanic especially selected for his aptitude for this work is in charge in each of these shops, and under him other skilled mechanics act as teachers. Here are received the raw or under-trained applicants for work. They are assigned to the types of work to which they best seem fitted, and quickly and practically instructed in this work at the very machines which they will have to operate in the main shops. They work with the materials and on the actual orders upon which the shop is engaged and the product of their labors becomes a part of the output of the shop. They are paid a fair hourly wage as learners, and this wage increases as the skill of the learner enables him to increase his output.

The results obtained in these shop training schools are almost beyond belief. The ideal conditions under which a raw man is taught to handle his machine enable him to become a skilled mechanic in a small fraction of the time formerly consumed in the old method under which he picked up knowledge bit by bit in the shop from such other workmen as had time to help him.

## Mechanics Are Needed.

For example, here, in a New England shop, is a grocer's man, after a week's training, operating his milling machine effectively, and reading the blue-print related to his work. Here, in an Ohio shop, are three girls formerly employed in a department store; they are now operating heavy hand-turret lathes on work requiring great precision; and the length of their training required variously from three to ten days.

"Here is a particularly capable woman," says an expert from one of the greatest American war factories, visiting another shop (speaking of one who was probably a teacher). "How long have you been here?" he asks this product of the shop training school. "I came yesterday," replies the woman, who is working a great turret-lathe.

America needs skilled mechanics, and needs them greatly. The shop training schools will supply this need, quickly and efficiently. To the employer they offer the surest method of supplying the trained operators without which his machines cannot turn. To the individual seeking employment or willing to take a place in the swelling ranks of those providing the news of war for the American government, the shop training schools provide the opportunity for becoming, without undergoing a long period of training or probation, skilled mechanics, worthy of and receiving the wonderfully high rates of payment which trained labor is commanding.

Cleaning chickens—the housewife's everlasting bugaboo—loses half its terror when done by this quick and economical method.

There is a real art in drawing and cutting up a chicken for cooking or canning. By carefully following the directions given here, the entire digestive tract is removed without coming in contact with the meat; and the flesh and bones from a whole bird may be fitted neatly into a quart jar.

The bird should not be fed for 24 hours before killing. It should be killed by sticking in the roof of the mouth and picked dry. When the feathers have been removed and the pin feathers drawn, the bird should be cooled rapidly. As soon as it has been properly cooled it should be singed and washed carefully with a brush and warm soap suds, if necessary.

## Cutting Up and Drawing.

1. Remove the wings after cutting off the tips at the first joint.

2. Remove the foot, cutting at the knee joint.

3. Remove the leg at the hip or saddle joint.

4. Cut through the connecting joint to separate the thigh from the leg.

5. Cut through the neck bone at the head with a sharp knife, being careful not to cut the windpipe or gullet. With the index finger separate the windpipe and gullet from the neck, and cut through the skin to the wing opening. Leave the head attached to the windpipe and gullet and loosen these from the neck down as far as the crop.

6. With a sharpened knife cut around the shoulder blade, pull it out of position and break it.

7. Find the white spots on the ribs and cut along them through the ribs. Cut back to and around the vent and loosen it.

8. Leaving the head attached, loosen the windpipe, gullet and crop, and remove the digestive tract from the bird, pulling it back toward the vent. Remove the lungs and kidneys with the point of a knife and cut off the neck close to the body.

9. Cut through the backbone at the joint or just above the diaphragm and remove the oil sack.

10. Separate the breast from the backbone by cutting through on the white spots and break.

11. Cut in sharp at the point of the breastbone, cutting away the wishbone

and also taking with it the meat.

12. Cut the fillet from each side of the breastbone. Bend in the bones of the breastbone.

## Packing for Canning.

Use a quart jar. Pack the saddle with a thigh inside; the backbone and ribs with a leg inside, the leg large end downward, alongside the breastbone; the wings; the wishbone; the fillets; the neckbone. Do not pack the giblets with the meat.

Directions for the home canning of chicken, meats, soups, fruits and vegetables may be found in Farmers' Bulletins of the United States department of agriculture, and will be supplied free of charge to anyone writing for them to the division of publications.

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