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CHAPTER I.

There was the usual Saturday six o'clock crowd in Grady's saloon. But instead of being ranged in a thirsty double row along the bar, they were grouped at the farther end round a man whose hat, tilted on the back of his head, exposed the edge of his thick, smoothly brushed black hair. He was not, like the others, a workingman; he carried no dinner pail; if you entered late, like young Jerry Donohue, and stood, like him, on the edge of the crowd, you could just get a glimpse of this gentleman's striped blue-and-red waistcoat. When Jerry came in the door, he was flourishing above his head a fair white hand on which gleamed a large seal ring.

But Jerry arrived too late to get any idea of what the speech was all about. He heard only a sentence, meaningless without the context—with it very funny, for the crowd exploded in laughter—exploded literally, shooting its units out along the bar.

"A round of drinks on me, Mr. Grady," called the gentleman of the waistcoat.

Jerry stepped forward, not to avail himself of this opportunity, but to ask Dave Scanlan who the gentleman was.

"John Maxwell, running for Congress," said Dave. "Don't you know him by his pictures?"

Jerry himself had just come of age and in another month would cast his first vote. He drew nearer.

"That smells like a good pipe tobacco." Maxwell addressed a workingman at the bar. "Let's have a pull, will you?"

Reaching out, he abstracted the man's clay pipe from his mouth and inserted it between his own lips. The man grinned rather foolishly; Maxwell pulled on the pipe. "Fine," he said, "fine! I'd like to get some of that." He returned the pipe to the owner. "What's the name of it, please?"

"Red Boy."

"I'll just put that down, so I won't forget. Thanks ever so much." He scribbled in a notebook.

When he glanced up, his eyes fell on Jerry; and Jerry, suddenly embarrassed because he had been staring so hard at the gentleman, turned away and stepped up to the bar.

"A beer, please," he said, and tendered a coin in payment.

Grady waved it back.

"I's on Mr. Maxwell," said the barkeeper.

"I'll pay for mine," said Jerry.

In another moment the candidate had approached.

"Grady tells me you wouldn't come in on my invitation."

"I didn't see why you should pay for my beer." Jerry was more red with embarrassment than ever.

Maxwell laughed. "Shake hands," he said. "Can I have a few words with you somewhere?"

"In Grady's back room—"

"Pretty much at home here, eh?"

"I know my way round."

Grady's back room was unoccupied; nevertheless, Maxwell talked in a confidential undertone.

* * * * *

Maxwell opened the door and shook Jerry's hand warmly in full view of the staring workingmen, who seemed to ruminate upon the incident over their pipes.

When he had departed in his automobile, the crowd slowly converged upon Jerry.

"What'd he want? What'd he tell you?" clamored Dave Scanlan.

"Ah, go on." Jerry pushed his way through to the door. "He just ast me to be his secret'y in Washington—and I turned him down."

Jerry entered his house whistling; from the kitchen his mother's voice greeted him.

"Ah, such a good supper as I have for you to-night, Jerry, and getting cold this fifteen minutes. What makes you so late, child?"

"Stopped in at Grady's for a drink," said Jerry; he strode across the room, seized the small woman, and kissed her.

She did not respond to his kiss; the eyes that had welcomed him ,bright with vivacity, lost their blue sparkle, the lips that had been laughing drooped; she sat down at the table humbly, silently, a dumpy, dejected little person.

"Ah, tut," said Jerry. "Don't be vexing yourself about me, mother. I'm all right. Try a bite of the steak. It's good—even if you did cook it."

"I wish you wouldn't go to Grady's, Jerry."

"Not for a glass of beer after the day's work at the mill?"

"You might have it here at home."

"Oh, you don't begrudge me the bit of a social time with the boys. 'T was grand luck I dropped into Grady's Mr. Maxwell was there—you've seen his pictures all over the place; him that's running for Congress. He's a fine man; I talked with him. He asked me could he hold a parlor rally here next Tuesday night."

"A parlor rally! What's that?"

"Oh, just getting together a lot of the fellows. Giving them a chance to meet him and hear him talk. Say, mother, it's great, ain't it? He'll be elected to Congress, sure. And getting close to him this way now—it's a fine start for me; I'll be doing something in politics myself some time."

"Well, now, think of that!" exclaimed Mrs. Donohue. Her face shone again, eager and youthful, as Jerry's own; her dread of the saloon was forgotten. "Isn't it the fine chance for you, Jerry! A Congressman! I wonder can I get the curtains all washed and the carpets beat and a tidy crocheted to hide the grease spot your head makes on the red plush chair. And my best black skirt needs turning."

"What would you bother with a lot of things like that for? This is just to be a rough men's party, mother; and you'll spend the evening with Mrs. Driscoll or Mrs. O'Toole—and some time later he'll come out and make you a special visit; he declared he would, nothing could stop him from it, upon his soul, he thought that well of your boy."

"Then I won't get to see him next Tuesday at all, at all!" cried Mrs. Donohue.

"Ah, well, you might hang about the house till he comes and then dodge out the back door—if you're that set on it."

Jerry had a desire to talk over the exciting prospect with some one else besides his mother; he had a desire to talk it over with the most exciting person he knew, and that was Dave Scanlan's sister Nora.

Calling on Nora was not an unmixed pleasure; for it always meant calling on the Scanlan family. Now Michael Scanlon glowered at Jerry over his newspaper and muttered a greeting so faint that it perished in the thicket of his black whiskers; and Mrs. Scanlan, gaunt and shrewish, opened at once with a note of envy and derision in her voice.

"Well, I hear you're in luck, Jerry, what with a politician taking a shine to you, and little enough you deserve it, for spending your hours in a barroom. I's a good punishment to Dave that it wasn't him that was picked on. Though why it should have been you and not him is more than I can see."

"It was just a chance shot, I guess," said Jerry.

"I've no reason to suppose it could have been anything else," replied Mrs. Scanlan; her indignation was causing her to rock vigorously.

"How silly you are, both of you!" Nora looked from one to the other with mischievous eyes. "He liked Jerry's looks the best, and that was all there was to it. Going to invite me to the party, Jerry?"

"I'll invite you to come and peek in through the window. That's what mother is going to do. I'll watch a chance to slip you some ice cream."

"That's a nice kind of an invitation."

"I'll invite you to come now and have a soda with me."

That invitation she was willing to accept. It was only by the employment of such artifices that Jerry was ever able to enjoy her society alone. This evening he felt he was especially fortunate; so often of late, when he had stopped in at the Scanlans', had he found Charley Corcoran, of Corcoran's Drug Store, seated there.

So they walked down the street together, he a stalwart six-foot figure of a young man, honest-eyed, clean-lipped, straight and strong; she a slim, young girl, with dark eyes that shot merry glances and a voice that made every syllable she uttered music in Jerry's ears.

Jerry escorted her to Bundy's Drug Store, not Corcoran's.

(To be continued.)

HEIGHTS OF HEROISM.

Attained by British and French Soldiers at Verdun and the Somme.

James M. Beck, former Assistant United States Attorney-General, declared in an address in New York recently that he was violating no pledge in stating that the British casualties in the battle of the Somme last year numbered 500,000 and that the French lost 240,000 men killed at Verdun.

"The field east of Albert, where they are battling now, is probably the greatest graveyard in all the world," he continued, "and never before in the history of warfare has heroism reached such heights as in this year of 1918.

"I was privileged to spend four days with the British forces on the western front and I saw them in action. I have witnessed the French soldiers, and I have been among the British and French people during their greatest hours of trial. They do not boast, they do not promise, they do not cry and whine. If it may be called boasting, the French people have made but one declaration, 'They shall not pass.'"

More small towns in Norway use electricity than in any other country, owing to the abundance of water power.

To cultivate a small garden is not a task—it is a pleasure, and the development of the crop is a study that is in itself interesting. Many who this year will cultivate that little piece of ground around their homes will be surprised at the amount of food which can be secured from a few square feet of land.

BLACK KNIGHT
STOVE POLISH
Will not Burn
Easy to Use
KEEP YOUR STOVE BRIGHT

Food Control Corner

If there is one phase of food conservation more than another that comes within woman's immediate sphere it is the question of waste. When she is saving on the little things and straining every nerve to make the most of what she has, wholesale and indiscriminate waste of food-stuffs through hoarding or storing naturally incenses her greatly.

It has been a sore point for some time past with many women that they have known of cases of waste on a large scale without being able to do anything to alleviate the situation. Even among themselves there has been a certain tendency to lay in large supplies of food-stuffs. For instance, when it was first intimated that flour and sugar would be scarce these commodities were brought in large quantities and stored in the collar, in some cases to go to waste.

It is now against the law either to hoard or to waste. The Canada Food Board has put into every woman's hand a weapon to fight against these war-time menaces. Hereafter it will be her privilege to report any case of waste or hoarding that comes within her knowledge.

An Order-in-Council has been passed which should be of the utmost significance to every woman in Canada and should lay on her shoulders a certain sense of responsibility, for it puts her in the position of bringing within the grip of the law any firm, dealer or individual whom she knows to be hoarding or wasting food-stuffs.

We are a nation of spenders rather than savers. Our prosperity is the result of the natural riches of a new country rather than the outcome of thrifty living. It is calculated that $50,000,000 a year is a conservative estimate of the waste in food-stuffs that has gone on in Canada in recent years. Waste on the European Continent, in times of peace, has been a mere bagatelle as compared with the waste on this side of the Atlantic.

True, four years of war have made a difference. Infinitely less food finds its way into the garbage cans to-day than in 1914. The persistent preaching of the gospel of thrift and the increasing gravity of the food situation in Europe have made the women of Canada vigilant for the small channels of waste that drain a country's resources.

Nevertheless, there is waste both on a large and small scale and there is hoarding to a certain extent. But both practices are now illegal and henceforth any person guilty of either offense is liable to a heavy fine or imprisonment.

A Song of Victory.

This is what the Prussian found
When he marched on stolen ground:
England's sword and Belgium's lance
And the flaming spear of France—
And to-day he grows aware
Strong America is there.

Kaiser, you shall make retreat
Till you stumble in defeat,
For—with never sound of drum—
God Himself has also come,
And He proves, when tyrants fall,
Master bowman of us all.

Stephen Tracy Livingston.

Flour sacks make good dish towels.

PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS OF CHILDREN

An important fact that the mother must keep constantly in mind is that the growing child will require certain foods for making bone and tissue. This must not be confounded with the requirements necessary for the regular upkeep of the body. This necessary material may be found in milk, eggs, fish, cereals, chicken, meats and legumes.

When planning a breakfast for the child of from three to six years old fresh fruit should be placed on the menu. This should consist of the juice of an orange or a baked apple, preferably. It is unwise to give the small child berries, bananas, peaches and the like for breakfast.

A well-cooked cereal comes next, with plenty of good milk. Do not give the children skimmed milk. They have urgent need of the butter fat.

Children from seven to twelve years old who attend school and indulge in active play will require in addition to the material needed to build up the body, an additional amount of fuel material that will rebuild the tissue that they have expended in their active play.

This explains why the healthy child will sometimes complain of feeling hungry one and one-half hours after mealtime. He has consumed his fuel and nature calls for more. These children should have for breakfast fruit, cereal and good milk, soft-boiled egg or medium chop, baked potato, toast and milk or cocoa.

Do not give the children fried foods. When they are hungry between meals a dish of cold oatmeal and stewed fruit in the form of a pudding, or two slices of whole-wheat bread and jam, will satisfy them.

Sufficient cereal may be prepared in the morning and set aside until required. Mold in cups and when ready to serve simply unmold and cover with stewed fruit and serve. Cereals in bulk will be found to cost less than those in packages. Where time is the object these foods will be found to be an economy of time, fuel and strength, but to the woman who stays at home they will add to the cost without giving any additional benefits. Where time must be considered an important factor, the fireless cooker will prepare cereal to a turn.

Oatmeal, barley, cornmeal, natural rice and hominy may be prepared over night in a fireless cooker, using the proportion of one cupful of the cereal to three and one-half cupfuls of boiling water. This amount will furnish sufficient cereal for a family of four. One cupful of oatmeal will weigh two and three-quarters ounces and cost approximately one and one-half cents. One-half cupful of milk is the usual allowance for adults; three-quarters to one cupful for children, with an additional one-half cupful later. One-quarter cupful of cream in place of the milk may be used, or a fruit whip made of one glassful of jelly and the white of one egg. Whip into a stiff meringue. This has additional value of requiring no sugar, the necessary amount being present in the jelly.

Dinner for children should be in the middle of the day. The children may be served with cream soup, toasted croutons, baked potato, small piece of meat, spinach or mashed carrots, lettuce, junket of plain gelatin and cocoa or milk.

It is vitally necessary that the child be taught to eat abundantly of green foods. A fresh vegetable and a salad are easy to obtain and require little time to prepare. The abundant mineral salts and vitamines present in these foods are essential for making bone and teeth structure and also for furnishing the life-giving elements to the blood stream. Occasionally a piece of chicken or an egg may be used in place of meat for the sake of variety. This menu will answer very well for the average child from three to twelve years of age. A large portion will be necessary for the older children. Supper may consist of omelet, potatoes au gratin, lettuce, cold cereal with fruit sauce and milk or cocoa.

Boiled fish, broiled chop or a slice of medium roast beef, mutton or lamb may replace the omelet.

Tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes, pork and fried foods have no place in the child's dietary. The English custom of serving the children before the adults in a separate room has much to commend it to the wise mother. By this method it is possible to give the child food suitable to his requirements.

To bring the baby or small child to the table and let him eat the food that is suitable only for adults is nothing short of criminal.

Many children who are irritable and cross would be made smiling youngsters by a carefully chosen diet served at proper hours. Remember that coffee and tea are strictly taboo in the child's dietary.

8

IF there was just one WALKER HOUSE
In towns along my route,
Then "drumming" would be joyous,
And I wouldn't give a hoot
For all the inconvenience of
The trains that poke so slow,
If there was just one WALKER HOUSE
In every town I go.

I'd hustle like the dickens,
And take orders by the ton.
Say, trav'ling then would be
Just one big round of solid fun.
I wouldn't mind the rain or sleet,
Or mud, or frost or snow,
If there was just one WALKER HOUSE
In every town I go.

The Walker House
The House of Plenty
Toronto
Geo. Wright & Co., Proprietors

CEREAL ACREAGE IN BRITAIN.

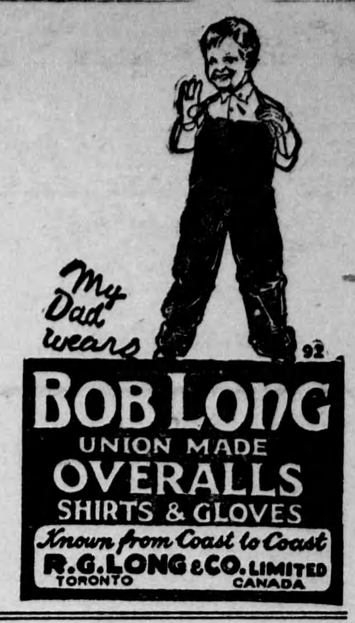
Three Million Acres in Addition to Ante-War Figures Assured.

The agricultural situation as regards cereal crops is very satisfactory throughout Great Britain. Three million acres added to the acreage which was cultivated before the war is practically assured.

It is expected the extra acreage of potatoes will be only 600,000 instead of 1,000,000. Farmers have been asked to increase this. They have been discouraged to some extent owing to the lateness of the Government announcement in regard to taking over the surplus of last season's crop. That announcement has now been issued, and it fixes the price on and after May 15 at $35 a ton.

The action taken by the United States in withdrawing shipping from the Argentine for the purpose of sending more wheat to Europe is regarded in England with the greatest satisfaction.

The Food Controller has ordered the registration of bakers. Flour dealers' returns giving details of their business will enable the Minister to ascertain the requirements in every area. It is understood that this action is taken as a preliminary to the institution of a scheme for rationing bread flour in the near future.



Vinegar will soften the bottle of dried glue.

To prevent a lamp chimney from breaking, make it stronger by putting it on the fire in a vessel filled with cold water. Add a little coarse salt, heat gradually till the water boils and then cool slowly.

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5-18

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