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CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

Jerry was at last free to go into the parlor. Mr. Maxwell hailed his entrance—waved him forward and put his hand on Jerry's shoulder. "Fellows," he said "I want you all to join with me in singing the praises of our host, Mr. Jerry Donohue." He seated himself promptly at the piano and, playing the accompaniment, began, "For he's a jolly good fellow"; soon all except the blushing Jerry were hilariously challenging a denial. At the end, when Mr. Maxwell was about to leave the instrument, the man whom he had introduced to Jerry as Mrs. Tracy spoke up.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Tracy, "I move that Mr. Maxwell continue playing this piece and that we continue singing the same words with reference to him."

"Second the motion!" shouted Jerry enthusiastically. So Mr. Maxwell amiably yielded to the demand.

In the midst of the uproar there entered the delegation that the pianist had warned Jerry to expect. They were six or eight in number, rough young men who had not, like the other guests, arrayed themselves with scrupulous care, and who had been drinking—were, in fact, slightly inebriated. They bunched themselves in the doorway and shouted rapidly in unison: "Rah, rah, rah, Maxwell!"

"Jimmy Burns!" cried Maxwell, joyously springing from the piano stool and going forward with out-stretched hand. He led the dissipated-looking, unwashed leader of the gang up to Jerry and introduced him as the next member of the Legislature from the district. Jerry hospitably showed the newcomers into the dining-room; the whiskey bottles engaged their interest. Jerry returned to the intellectual centre.

"Mr. Maxwell," he ventured to speak up boldly in a lull; "I'm sure we'd all like to hear you talk on the tariff and the other issues."

Maxwell assumed a conventional posture, resting his arm negligently on the mantelpiece.

"Friends," he said, "I don't want to talk to you to-night about the tariff; I'd rather take that and similar matters up later in the campaign, on the stump. In this Congressional election I don't look on the tariff as much of an issue. The important issue for the voters in this Congressional district is the character of the man that's to represent them in Congress. The all-important thing for this district is to send a man to Congress who stands close to the heart of the people—a man who mixes with you, who sympathizes with your life, who does not hold himself aloof from you and your joys and your sorrows. The man who takes a human interest in his constituents, my friends, is the man who will best serve them. No matter whether he belongs to the Republican Party or to the Democratic Party, the efficient representative must be a democratic man. Now, my friends in all modesty I wish to contrast myself with my opponent. You know what sort of a man he is—or if you don't know I can tell you. Rich, prosperous, arrogant—one of the aristocracy. He lives in a big house, he has his automobile and his horses, he wears a fur overcoat. Well—some of the rest of us may have all those advantages. But that doesn't make us hold ourselves aloof. We mix in with the people just the same. But my opponent, he's one of thse silk-stocking politicians. He's not what we call a 'mixer.' You'd never see him coming down here to talk to you fellows this way and having a nice social time with you all. Now, how does it work out—that type of man and my type of man, when we get to legislating? A comparison of our records, made when we served together last year in the State Senate, will enlighten you. During that time I was always accessible to my constituents, always glad to see them and help them, no matter how unimportant or how destitute of influence they might happen to be. During that time I was in a position to grant no less than two hundred and forty-seven favors—and I granted them, every one. I'm only sorry that this district here wasn't included in my Senatorial district, because then some of you boys might have got some of these plums."

There was hearty laughter at this.

"Or maybe you wouldn't have, because I guess most of you weren't voters then."

This sly sally was also much appreciated.

"And now, what was my opponent doing in the same time for his constituents? He had as many opportunities as I to grant favors. Did he grant a single one? No. Did he get a single job for the needy? No. Did he take the slightest interest in his constituents or seek to do them the slightest human service? No. They bored him. He denied himself to them if they came to see him. He had no time for the man in trouble. He associated only with the men of his own set. He neglected his constitutents; and as he neglected them then, he'll neglect them if they send him to Washington; and as I served mine then, I'll serve them if they send me to Washington. As Congressman I'll be able to do more favors to my friends than I could as State Senator; don't you forget it. Now, my friends, when I'm on the stump, I'll talk tariff and other national issues; but I want to impress it upon you, and I want you to impress it on your friends, that the important issue in this Congressional campaign is the personality of the two men who come before you asking for your votes."

"And you'll get 'em!" cried from the dining-room doorway Jimmy Burns.

"A-ay!" shouted the crowd, and they clapped and whistled.

Jerry did not at first make any demonstration; then, with a dull idea that his position as host imposed the duty, he feebly clapped his hands.

"Don't you think it was a corking little speech?" said Dave Scanlan in his ear.

"No," said Jerry, "I don't."

Dave looked at him in amazement; he had great respect for Jerry's opinion.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I'll tell you some other time."

He turned away from Dave; he was really quite miserable. His sensitiveness had rebelled against the unworthy, cheap appeal; his intelligence had detected the fraud; his pride was hurt. It galled him to be told in such plain and insolent terms that Maxwell in coming to his house had performed an act of condescension; it angered Jerry to feel that he alone appreciated the impudence.

At another time he would have been amused by the diversion in which the lanky, crafty-eyed Jimmy Burns and the chunky, red-faced follower known as "Bill" became engaged. They had temporarily given their attention to doughnuts rathen than to whiskey, and were endeavoring now to utilize one of the stout circular confections in a game of ring-toss; they stood several feet apart, and each took turns in trying to circumvent with the missile the other's gravely upraised forefinger.

"Bill, you wiggled it," complained Burns after a failure.

"I did not; you can't pitch because you can't stand," retorted Bill.

"Can't stand! I'm standing for the Legislature, my son, and you don't want to forget it."

"You for the Legislature! Go on! If you get more than one vote, it'll be because you're a repeater."

"Ah, you're sore because they handed you the lemon. You thought you was going to run yourself."

"Ah, crawl under the sink along with the other pipes."

"Say, does anybody smell gas?" said Burns.

"You first, with your nose above the leak," replied Bill.

"Your valve's flappin'; it needs a new washer. Try this."

Burns slammed the doughnut into his friend's face.

Bill sprang forward and seizing his assailant by the shoulders propelled him violently backward through the parlor. Too late Jerry perceived the disaster that impended and sprang to avert it. The two went crashing into the corner where hung the memorial dove. Jerry flung them apart and exposed the ruin. The satin-sheathed frame was crumpled and broken; the bird lay crushed upon the floor. Jerry said nothing; he stooped and picked it up and carried it from the room. As he bore it up the stairs he caressed it with his hand as if it had been a living, wounded thing. He laid it on his bed and looked at it for a little while; he lifted the torn wing and turned over the crushed body; it seemed to him past mending. Then he went down again to his guests.

Apparently the mishap had quieted them; when Jerry entered, they were gathered about Maxwell listening. Jerry had no longer the eager desire to crowd into the front rank of the speaker's audience; he stood a little apart, leaning by an open window.

Then, as he caught the drift of Maxwell's story, his cheeks reddened, his lips set angrily. The young men crowded closer round the narrator, chuckling at intervals, more and more intent. And by the window Jerry's face darkened and grew stern.

The climax of the tale delighted the gathering. While laughter filled the room, Jerry turned his back and looked out of the open window. Then with a stare he leaned out. Two women were hastening away from the house across the grass; and though their backs were turned he recognized them—Nora and his mother.

Jerry faced about and walked up to Maxwell, thrusting his guests unceremoniously aside. He overtopped Maxwell by three inches, and he looked down into the man's pale face with blazing eyes. Even before he began to speak a hush had fallen upon the company.

"Mr. Maxwell"—Jerry's voice was harsh and rasping—"my mother washed these curtains, beat this carpet, cleaned and swept this room so that it should be fit and decent for you to come into. And you come here and talk smut—here in my mother's room. Now get out."

Maxwell drew back a step. "Oh, look here," he said appeasingly, and he tried to laugh, "don't take it so hard. Why, if I'd known—"

"I don't want to hear one word out of you," said Jerry inexorably. He addressed the others in a quieter voice. "My mother and a friend—a friend of hers wanted to have a look at this great man that's been favoring us. They got a look at him—through that window just now while he was telling his story. The man that shames my mother doesn't stay under this roof."

(To be continued.)

HOW TO MAKE A FIRELESS COOKER.

Save your old newspapers and make a fireless cooker.

A three-quart drop-handled camp saucepan, a packing needle, string, scissors, a saucer, a lead pencil, a curtain ring, paste and brush and about two dozen newspapers are the materials needed for the manufacture of this important acquisition to the culinary outfit.

In the first place a "dummy" is to be made about an inch broader and deeper than the saucepan. This can be done by rolling paper around the cooking vessel and tying or pasting it. This covering is only a temporary guide, which enables the maker to place the final cover over the pan with ease.

The newspaper sheets must be opened out singly, care being taken to use only those that are not torn. Those that are torn will some in handy to make the discs, using the saucer as a guide.

Thread the packing needle with about two feet of string, tying the ends together with a large knot. Pass the needle through the centre of about a dozen of the paper discs and pull through up to the knot. Paste a few discs over the knot, so as to hide it, using the paste in sparing quantities and in dabs here and there.

Next make a fold longwise in one of the perfect sheets of newspaper. This fold is to be fully the same depth as between the centre of the top and the "dummy" and its base. Lay the dummy on its side and secure the paper around it, pasting the side edge of the paper, using as little as possible, care being taken not to paste the disc of pasted paper with the string and needle uppermost on the top of the dummy, which previously has been stood upright. Bring the top edges of the sheet of newspaper into the centre by crumpling them around the double string. Drive the needle through a few discs or squares of paper, and, having put some paste on them and on the string, pass them down on the top crumpled edges of the sheet of paper, thus forcing one complete comparatively airtight cover.

Put on thirty or more such covers. As the sizes of the covers increases so must the depth of the fold, so as to bring the top edge of the paper close up to the central strings. The folded edges of the paper are to be put to the bottom of the covers. To add neatness, the first and last covers may consist of, and the discs be covered with, respectively, white and brown paper. To secure strength the lower edges of the two covers must be folded several times.

The sheets of newspapers must be placed on evenly and neatly, but care should be taken not to get them too tight, as the object is to form air spaces between the layers of paper. About two hours is required for two people to make the "nested cover."

To finish, pass the needle through the ring, having previously threaded on the string some discs of paper. Now take the needle back through the same hole in the discs of paper. Tighten up the string so that the ring sits down firmly on the disc. Cut off the needle and pass the top ends of the string several times tightly around the double string under the disc and tie them into a knot. Lastly, paste down the disc. When the paste is dry the cover can be lifted by the ring, when the "dummy" will fall out. The saucepan may now be unpacked from the dummy and used for cooking. This makes the cover. For the bottom pad cut out discs of paper of the size of the bottom of the saucepan and sew them together. The pad can be improved by sewing four buttons, rolls of paper or other non-heat-conducting objects on either side of the discs near the margin. This forms a place for the saucepan to stand, with small surface of contact through which the heat can be conducted away. Three quarts of boiling water put under the covers will stand at a temperature of about 165 degrees Fahrenheit for three hours.

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Peace is liberty in tranquility.—Cicero.

I have never advocated war, except as a means of peace.—U. S. Grant.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.—Emerson.

I am a man of peace. God knows how I love peace; but I hope I shall never be such a coward as to mistake oppression for peace.—Kossuth.

Peace, above all things, is to be desired, but blood must sometimes be spilled to obtain it on equable and lasting terms.—Andrew Jackson.

Peace? A brutal lethargy is peaceable; the noisome grave is peaceable. We hope for a living peace, not a dead one.—Carlyle.

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