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CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

"It's all right, boys; we haven't come for any of you to-night," said Sheehan, and the reassuring words brought a cold smile to some of the faces. There began then a whispering conversation at the tables, but all the eyes remained hard and watchful. Sheehan in a low tone sketched the different characters:—"That fellow with the fat face and hair slicked back is Heinie Schwartzfelder, known as 'Heinie the Dip'—just out of prison where he's done a five-year term for robbery. Next to him the big-nosed, lop-eared guy is Owney Burke; he's done time for burglary, but got pardoned out. There's a couple of gangsters over in that corner, Marty the Nib and German Otto—"

But at this moment Jerry's eyes fell upon Dave Scanlan, who was sitting at a distant table; and without waiting to hear more of Marty the Nib and German Otto he made his way eagerly to his old friend's side, unmindful of the scowling glances that were shot at him by those he passed, and Dave's sullen, unwelcoming face. His hearty greeting overbore Dave's reluctance; "Come and tell me all about the family, Dave; I haven't seen any of you for nearly a year"; thus he drew him away from his two unsavory companions and led him to a corner of the room.

"Is it going to queer you with your friends to be seen with a cop ,Dave?"

"No." But Dave was red and ill at ease. "I didn't know you'd got this job."

"I've just got it. How are things going with you?"

"Lost my job a month ago for drinking. Been on the bum ever since."

"What's happened to the family?"

"Dad works when he's not too boozy."

Dave's voice was defiant; his eyes, now that he raised them to Jerry's, were hard and cynical.

"How's your mother, Dave? How's Nora?"

"Mother's about as you might expect. I don't deny it's hard on her; still, a place where all you get is a tongue-lashing ain't much of a home. Nora's living out at Millvale—going to have a baby next month. I don't know as she's any too happy."

"I hope she will be. Look here, Dave; I think maybe I can help you to get a job. I was working for Murray, the wholesale grocer; you come round to my flat, 34 White Street, to-morrow morning before nine, and I'll give you a letter to him; —no, I'll go with you and see him. He's a fine man, and there's plenty of good chances in his business.—Now I've got to be moving on; Sheehan's waiting for me. Don't forget, Dave; 34 White Street, and come before nine."

"He'll want to see my references; when I say, 'Fired for drinking—' "

"Maybe he'll take me for a reference. Try him anyway."

"Oh, I'd just as soon try it. All right, Jerry, much obliged."

They parted; and Dave had to rehabilitate himself in the esteem of the two companions who during this interview had been eyeing him with distrust and contempt. There was only one means at his disposal; in a short time all three were gloriously drunk. Later in the evening he separated from his two friends and after wandering uncertainly through the streets chose to pick a quarrel with a man whose stare he regarder as insolent. The man knocked him down, and Dave found the recumbent position so comfortable that he chose not to get up. He remonstrated with two policemen who finally bundled him into the patrol wagon.

In the morning, under an assumed name, he pleaded guilty to the charge, "Drunk and disorderly," and was sentenced to the reformatory for thirty days.

So Jerry looked in vain for him, blamed himself for having hailed to get his address.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was not Sheehan but another of Jerry's tutors, a good-natured Irishman named Rafferty, who pointed out one day Patrick Maguire's abode. He did it reverently. "The biggest-hearted man in the city," Rafferty affirmed. "Rich, too, and look at the quiet little house that he lives in. Not off among the swells, but down here in the old Fourteenth Ward, right where he's always lived. What that man has done for the folks of the ward won't ever be known. No, sir. Nor the half of it."

Pressed for information as to a few, at least, of Maguire's benevolences, Rafferty specified the annual picnic for residents of the ward,—on which he assured Jerry the outlay was "tremenjous"; the personal interest that Maguire took in the welfare of his neighbors; the way in which he kept feeble and superannuated men on the city's pay-roll; the influence that he was always willing to exert in order to get jobs for those who needed them—never asking in return for so much as their thanks; the needy women and children that he was forever befriending and looking after; the funerals that he paid for and the wedding presents that he made; it was a recital of virtues, rather vague in spots, but enthusiastic and credulous.

"And a special warm place he has in his heart for the men on the force," continued Rafferty. "He knows us all by name, and he takes an interest in a fellow too. Why, once last winter I met him on my beat, and he turned and walked a couple of blocks with me, drawing me out, kind of. Whenever I see him now he asks after the missus and the kids. The last time he put his hand in his pocket and gave me a jumping-jack to take home to the baby. I suppose he carries things around like that all the time, just to give away."

A week later Jerry was assigned to a patrol which led him past Maguire's house. That was the quiet end of the patrol; most of it lay through the saloon-infested streets of the river front. It was always with a sense of relief that Jerry turned for the few moments each morning and afternoon into the pleasant street of small houses in which Maguire lived. There were ailanthus trees shading the sidewalks, and the neighborhood was one that more than any other through which Jerry passed expressed a sense of normal family life. In the morning the women were busy sweeping the sidewalks or polishing doorknobs or carrying on cheerful activities within doors; in the afternoon they played on the doorsteps with their babies or sat by the windows reading or sewing. The brick houses, with their green shutters, were uniform in type, and the uniformity imposed upon the occupants a rivalry in neatness. A clean, tidy, self-respecting little neighborhood it was, yet hardly one in which a commanding figure was to be looked for. Maguire's domicile was as neat and clean and unpretentious as any other; a green parrot in its cage in a window was the distinguishing feature. Jerry had a weakness for pets; he was disposed to a less rigorous judgment on Maguire after seeing that parrot.

And he needed to call up all his old predispositions and prejudices in order to be properly stiff in his first encounter with the man himself. Maguire came out of his house one day just as Jerry was passing.

"Morning, officer," called Maguire. "Just a minute; I'm going your way." And he came bustling up and fell into step with Jerry. "My name's Maguire; I take quite an interest in the force. In fact, I think I know every man on it. Perhaps you'll be surprised, Mr. Donohue, at finding that I know your name."

"Not in the least," said Jerry. "I suppose when you try to block a man's appointment you know him by sight."

"Say, I like a man that's frank." Maguire laid a friendly hand on Jerry's arm and halted him while he delivered his explanation. "I'll be equally frank with you. It's perfectly true that I did oppose you, Donohue. There was another fellow that I had in mind; he hadn't passed as well as you had done, but still he was pretty good and he was one of my friends But you got influence to working in your behalf, and that was too strong for me. I had nothing against you, you understand."

"I don't see how you could have," Jerry replied.

"Well, then," said Maguire, dropping his hand and resuming his brisk gait, "there's no occasion for hard feeling. I had to work for my friend, but you had influence that was too much for me."

"That remark is almost too much for me," said Jerry with a grin. And Maguire went into a convulsion of almost noiseless laughter.

He laid his friendly hand again on Jerry's arm.

"Donohue," he said, "you're all right."

"My little girl is just getting over a sickness," said Maguire. "She's only six years old. Her father died two years ago, and when she took sick her mother—my sister, you know—was like to go crazy. I tell you, the last couple of weeks I've not had those two out of my head a minute. But yesterday the turn came, and this morning the little girl is doing fine. I tell you, it makes me feel like going out and doing good to all the world."

"I'll bet it does," said Jerry.

"There's no question about it, I like the kiddies," observed Maguire, in the tone of one confessing to a weakness. "And a little sick kid—especially one that I'm fond of—it breaks me all up. Seeing our baby's playthings lying round just the way she left them —I didn't want to have 'em touched or put away; I felt somehow if anything happened to her I wouldn't want to have 'em moved, ever. But she's all right now, and I tell you the world seems a different place."

Walking along the street, Maguire greeted nearly every one that he met. Jerry could not but be impressed by the pleased expression on the faces of those whom he thus recognized or by the democratic salutions of many obviously unimportant men and women,—"Hello, Pat." There must be something genuine and meritorious about such a man.

The next time that Jerry accompanied Sheehan he was taken to see some of the homes of protected vice. Gambling-houses and brothels flourished behind as fair a front as that of any respectable dwelling.

"Take note of 'em; write the numbers in your little book," said Sheehan. "It's a wise thing to know all the joints, even though you're not given the power to go in and smash 'em."

"Why aren't we?"

"I guess it's because it's profitable to some of our bosses to have 'em do business."

"Aren't they ever raided?"

"Oh, once in so often there's a raid, after every one in the district has been tipped off."

"What's the reason? Who is it that's crooked?"

"I've only got my suspicions."

(To be continued.)

Russian railroads in the Caucasus have been given locomotives which burn the waste products from the oil refineries of that region.

COOKING FRESH VEGETABLES.

Vegetables just out of the garden taste best when simply cooked and served with a little salt, butter or cream.

Overcooking of vegetables impairs their flavor. Very delicate flavors are destroyed, while vegetables with strong flavors, such as cabbage or onions, became disagreeably strong if cooked too long. Overcooking also destroys the attractive color of some vegetables.

Cook summer vegetables as soon after they are gathered as you can, in order to preserve the flavor. If they must be kept over, keep in the ice box or some other cool place.

Let wilted vegetables soak in cold water to freshen them. If vegetables must stand after paring, covering with cold water will prevent wilting and discoloration.

Before cooking, put head vegetables and greens in cold water for an hour, with one tablespoon of vinegar, to remove insects, then wash very carefully.

Drain all boiled vegetables as soon as tender—they become soggy if they are allowed to stand undrained after cooking. The water drained off may be saved for soup stock.

Most vegetables should be cooked in a small amount of water, because a part of the mineral salts dissolves out into the water, and is lost if the water is thrown away. Cook whole when possible.

Delicately-flavored vegetables should be cooked slowly in a small amount of boiled water until tender and the water boils away.

Strong-flavored vegetables may be cooked uncovered in a large amount of rapidly-boiling water, and the water changed several times during cooking.

Starchy vegetables should be put on to cook in a sufficiently large amount of boiling water to cover them. Boil gently, and keep kettle covered.

The time required for cooking vegetables depends on the kind, size, and age of the vegetable. You must use your judgment in deciding when they are done, but this time-table may help you.

Time-Ttable for Cooking Fresh Vegetables in Water

Asparagus	15-20 minutes
Beans, Lima (green)	¾- 1 hour
Beans, string	1- 3 hours
Beets, old	3- 4 hours
Beets, young	¾- 1 hour
Cabbage	20-30 minutes
Carrots	30-60 minutes
Cauliflower	20-30 minutes
Corn, green	10-15 minutes
Onions	20-30 minutes
Parsnips	30-40 Minutes
Peas, green	20-30 minutes
Potatoes	30-40 minutes
Spinach	15-30 minutes
Squash	20-30 minutes
Turnips	30-45 minutes

Conserve Food.

The necessity for conservation and substitution, for foods needed Overseas, of products which are available in this country, but not suitable for export, will not be over when this year's harvest is gathered. The food resources of the world, except for those comparatively few countries which are practically inaccessible under present shipping conditions are exhausted, and it is a prime military and economic necessity to build up and to maintain these resources. The food situation will not be safe at least until the 1919 crop situation is known. The people of Canada have already done splendidly, both as regards production and conservation. Their efforts must and will be continued, for they are a factor of great importance in feeding our soldiers and those of our Allies who are dependent upon us.

The Playhouse.

The sweet flag was rustling, the round sun was low;
The shadows to eastward lay slantingly in line;
The rag doll was Patsy, the bisque one was Flo—
And we built our playhouse by the trumpet-creeper vine.

The wind-nodding blossoms were scarlet and gay;
You sewed tiny garments and chatted as you sewed;
Beyond us the grasslands were windrowed with hay;
A white-hooded wagon crept down the dusty road.

You dreamed then, remember? Fell silent a while?
Your brown eyes grew wistful to vision where it went.
My small world was bounded by meadow lane and stile;
I kept no far visions and so I was content.

I walked down the orchard at sunset to-day
And there read your letter that told me the news—
The bright crown of laurel that shines in your way;
The white path of fortune that one could but choose.

The sweet flag was rustling, the round sun was low;
The shadows to eastward lay slantingly in line;
The same world was smiling that we used to know—
But that empty playhouse by the trumpet-creeper vine!

A midsummer Nightmare, or have you got your winter coal in yet?—New York Evening Post.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

How the Overseas Dominions Do Their Bit on the Seven Seas.

[It would take a volume—in fact, it has done so—to give a complete record of the birth and growth of the Imperial British Navy. The task of protecting the far-flung shores of our Empire, while satisfyisg the particular ideals of each separate community has been full of difficulty and romance and is admirably described by H. C. Ferraby, in "The Imperial British Navy." Below are a few interesting facts taken from this work.—Editor].

Fifty-five years ago New Zealand purchased and thinly armored four small cargo-boats. Their names were the Flint, Midge, Chub, and Ant, and they were the first war fleet ever possessed by a British Overseas Government.

New Zealand was the first of the Dominions to offer naval assistance when war broke out in 1914.

A Maori war-cry—"A-O-TEA-ROA!"—was chosen as the motto of the battle-cruiser New Zealand, which took part in the battles in the Heligoland Bight, at the Dogger Bank, and Jutland.

Australia was first used as a naval base about 1840.

Vice-Admiral, Sir George Tryson, whose name is associated with the tragic collision in the Mediteranean between the Camperdown and the Victoria was the first commander of the Royal Australasian Naval Squadron.

This squadron was a portion of the Imperial Fleet, and the different States contributed various sums toward its maintenance.

At the commencement of the present century the contributions were as follows: Victoria, £57,883; New South Wales, £47,207; Queensland, £28,200; South Australia£16,642; Tasmania, £5,065; West Australia, £4,626.

New Zealand added an asnual contribution of £20,830.

Tasmania, before coming into the general scheme, made an effort to support a navy of her own. It consisted of one second-class torpedo-boat.

In 1909 Australia decided to have a war fleet of her own, and she set aside £3,700,000 for this purpose.

Great Britain offered ner a quarter of a million a year towards her expenses, but she declined, preferring to shoulder the whole burden herself.

When war broke out, Canada had no navy.

She never made monetary contributions to the Imperial Navy, but shortly before the war she presented Great Britain with three Dreadnoughts.

The British Columbia sealers were once suggested as the nucleus of a Canadian Naval Reserve Force.

An unfortunate gift made in 1880 by Great Britain to Canada was the steam corvette Charybdis, for training purposes.

It was twenty-one years old the boilers cost Canada £20,000 to repair, it broke from its morrings in St. John's Harbor, and was then returned to Great Britain with thanks.

Great Briain then had her sold for firewood and scrap-iron.

Cape Colony came in wenty years ago, paying £30,000 a year towards the Imperial Navy.

Natal did her bit in coal, to the tune of twelve thousand tons per annum.

Great Britain named two battle-cruisers the Good Hope and the Natal in recognition of these gifts.

The good Hope fought gallantly at the Battle of Coronel on November 1st, 1914, but was unfortunately lost.

The Natal proved another victim of the war, being destroyed in December, 1915, through an accidental explosion.

Both Canada and South Africa are anxious to emulate Australia and support navies of their own, but the common foe has temporarily set aside any idea other than that of Imperial naval unity.

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For the Young: Bereaved Since 1914

What may we do, when all our splendid dreams,
Fall at our feet, like petals from a flower,
Killed by the heat of noon? What may we do—
But beg they might return for one shot hour?

We who have heard the thunder in our hearts,
We who have drown'd our youth in our own tears,
What may we do, but have recourse to prayers?
Raising our hands against the pitiless years.

God of the human heart—when hearts are torn
At this sad harvesting of shattered hope—
What may we do, but flee from Calvary?
Yet as we turn, and in the darkness grope.

Two Days

The longest day is in June, they say:
The shortest in December,
They do not come to me that way;
The shortest I remember:
That happy day you came to stay
And filled my heart with laughter.
The longest day you went away,
The very next day after.

Quit yourselves like men. Quit wheat.

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