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CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Jerry did not press for information, and after a moment Sheehan continued: "I know I can trust you not to repeat what you're told. I've been a patrolman for ten years. There's nothing against my record, and there have been occasions when I've come in for a word of praise. But promotion—not for me. In my early days on the force I was too zealous; that was my trouble. I was all for closing up the illegal points. I went to my lieutenant about it, and he turned to the sergeant and said, 'Sergeant, here's a man that thinks there are gambling-hells and dives right here in this town. Now what do you think of that?' And the sergeant grinned and said, 'Can it be possible?' 'Well, Sergeant,' said the lieutenant, 'I'll detail you and a squad to go to-morrow night with this active young scout to these places that he's been observing Let no guilty man nor woman escape, Sergeant. Horrible, to have such goings-on in our town.' Well, what might you expect after that? The next night I took the squad round to the different places, and everything was as quiet and decent as a church. No gambling, no rum, no vice. When we got back to headquarters the lieutenant gave me a tongue-lashing. Told me I was a disgrace to the force, a false alarm, no better than an amateur reformer, a hot-air artist, a pipe-dream fakir—oh, he laid it on. That lieutenant is Chief of Police to-day."

"Is there graft all through the department?"

"I don't know. Maybe I'm soured, but I can't help suspecting every man that gets ahead. Of course the chief has to divide up. Maguire gets a rake-off; I'm sure of that. All the grafters pay tribute to Maguire."

"How about the Police Commissioner? If things are so bad, why does not he do something? He seems honest."

"He's honest, but he's in politics and he wants Maguire's friendship. He wouldn't graft himself, but he sees no more than he wants to see."

"I met Maguire the other day. He doesn't seem like a crook."

"No, he's too smart to seem like what he is. You'd better look out for him. He's probably going after you to make you one of his gang."

Jerry felt a strong impulse to defend Maguire. But he only said:—

"What is there against him anyway?"

"Everything—from the way he got his start to the way he keeps on going. Ten years ago, before the subways were built, Maguire was bosing a gang of Dago laborers for a firm of contractors. When the subways were planned, he came forward and offered to hire all the diggers that would be needed, and the street railway company accepted his offer. He got more than six hundred men to working on that subway—all foreigners that knew mighty little English; and the company kept him on as foreman to boss the Dagoes. He held the job for a year, and then he was fired. But by that time he was a rich man. He had levied tribute on every one of those Dagoes that he had working under him. He had made each of them pay him two dollars to get the job, and then he made each of them pay him a dollar every week to hold the job. And it wasn't till he got grasping and began to demand two dollars a week from them that some of them complained to the management and Maguire was given the sack. Then he organized the Ward Fourteen Maguire Club, and he's got richer and more powerful, and now the management of the street railway that fired him ten years ago do business with him whenever they want to get any measures through the city government. That's part of Maguire's record. I guess that Chief Dolan could tell you a lot more of his record if he wished."

"He didn't seem like such a bad sort of a fellow," said Jerry. "Why, he talked to me about his sister's little kid, and honest, he almost had tears in his eyes."

"You're young at this job yet," replied Sheehan. "You'll be surprised to find how many crooks and criminals are good to their folks."

Jerry was assigned to duty on the Front Street wharf the morning that Maguire gave his picnic for the children of the Fourteen Ward. The big side-wheeler Susan Myer was alive with clamorous youngsters; they crowded to the rail and waved and screamed to friends or relatives on the below. Maguire was bustling about, now on the boat, now on the wharf, giving a jolly word here to a child and there to a mother, burdening himself with lunch-baskets and rushing up the gangway to deposit them and return for more, mopping his face frequently with the handkerchief that hung like a bib from his collar, reassuring parents as to the care that would be bestowed upon their children and exciting the expectancy of the children by pointing out the great freezers of ice cream that were being carried on board, leading the band while it played "Dixie," and afterwards waving his hat in acknowledgment of the applause;—Jerry wondered if he would maintain such continuous activity throughout the day. "Now don't you worry about your child," Jerry heard him say to a woman who clung apprehensively to her little girl. "There's two trained nurses aboard and half a dozen other women, and we'll all look after her. This is a holiday for the mothers as well as for the youngsters; if we took the mothers along they wouldn't have any fun. I'm giving a picnic for the grown-ups two weeks from to-day; then you'll have your turn. Come along, kidlet." The mother, reassured, smiled and surrendered her daughter, who clasped Maguire's hand and trudged away with him willingly.

When he had stationed her on the deck where she could wave to her mother, he returned to the wharf and passed back and forth through the crowd, shouting, "Last call for the picnic! All aboard that are going aboard! Don't let any kids be left behind. Last call for the picnic!"

There were no belated youngsters in sight. So the philanthropist returned on board the steamboat, the whistle blew, the gangway was hauled in, the moorings were cast off, and then, while the band played and the children screeched and fluttered their handkerchiefs, and Maguire waved his hat with one hand and used his bib with the other, the pleasure craft moved slowly out into the stream.

The woman in front of Jerry sighed and said to her neighbor:—

"I hope I done right to let Sadie go. But I'll be that anxious till I see her safe home again."

"You needn't to be," responded her friend confidently. "She couldn't be in better hands. Why, Pat Maguire, he'll be like a father and mother both to all them young ones."

Jerry remained, watchful and meditative, until the wharf was cleared. Then he went upon the tour of his duty; and while he walked he wondered what kind of a man Pat Maguire really was.

CHAPTER XVII.

Once or twice a week Jerry made it a practrice to look in upon Mrs. Scanlan and ask if she had news of Dave. After a time he stopped asking if she had news, and instead sat and talked with her and told her all the cheerful anecdotes he could think of. She made him see very soon that she was grateful for these visits, and she usually tried when he was with her to affect a responsive cheerfulness. But always before he left her she would say, "You don't think anything has happened to Dave, do you, Jerry?"

Occasionally on these visits Jerry saw Michael Scanlan. It was never an agreeable experience to find Scanlan at home. He sat in surly silence, sometimes listening with apparent contempt to the talk of the others, more often oblivious of it. Jerry never saw him when he did not diffuse the stale odor of liquor, and yet Jerry could never have said that he had seen Michael Scanlan drunk. There was a look in Scanlan's face that Jerry did not like.

"I did think that when Nora's baby came he'd take an interest," said Mrs. Scanlan. "But no; from the way he acts, much as ever he cares whether the child lives or dies."

"Has Nora a baby?" cried Jerry.

"Yes, didn't you know? I thought I told you when you were here last. But I guess it didn't come till that night. I remember now; it was just after you'd gone that I got word to hurry out to Millvale. It's a boy, but not a strong baby. Nora's worried sick over it—and that husband of hers—well, he cares no more than mine."

"I guess they both really care," said Jerry. "And don't you worry, Mrs. Scanlan; Nora's baby will be all right."

"And Dave—I don't understand Dave," continued Mrs. Scanlan. "He knew his sister was soon going to have a baby; you'd think—it's not like him; I feel sure something's happened to him;—and Nora, she's begun to worry about Dave; she says she knows Dave would take some interest in her and her baby, and she cries and cries, thinking first of one and then the other. And that man of hers—he scolds and curses her just like she was crying only to annoy him."

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Jerry gritted his teeth.

Three days later when Jerry next saw Mrs. Scanlan, she told him that Nora's baby had died.

"And her not able to go with it to the grave." Jerry had never before seen Mrs. Scanlan display so much emotion; as for himself, his eyes were filled with tears.

He tried to compose a letter to Nora that afternoon, but after several efforts he decided it was better to say too little than too much. So he wrote on a card, "With the sympathy of your old friend Jerry Donohue," and sent the message with a dozen white roses to the little house in Millvale. And while he paced slowly on his beat that evening, his thoughts were with Nora and her heartrending grief.

(To be continued.)

A QUEER FLYING MACHINE.

A Chinese Imitation of the Genuine Article.

The extraordinary imitativeness of the Chinese, which aims often at mere superficial likeness without any comprehension at all of the purpose of the form or the function that is copied, is given fresh and amusing illustration in an article in the Century Magazine called Plane Tales from the Skies.

While Marc Pourpe, the famous French trick flyer, with Raoul Lufbery, who died the other day, the "ace of aces" in the American Escadrille, as his mechanic, was performing in China, the two aviators were greatly impressed with the warmth of their welcome and the repeated invitations they received to prolong their stay. They were overwhelmed with gifts as well as with praise and received many marks of royal favor.

Their hosts examined the strange bird again and again, listened to the unintelligible explanation of its flight, made measurements and drawings, and excitedly discussed the problem with one another, while the two foreigners examined the gifts that had been lavished upon them.

Finally, the secret of this prolonged hospitality was out. Pourpe and Lufbery were conducted in state to a neighboring city, where the Chinese experts had been all this time constructing their first aeroplane. It was far more marvellous to the airmen than was the original.

Upon approaching the inclosure, the aviators saw the admiring populace move back, thus disclosing to view a gorgeous spectacle—the first Chinese aeroplane. Stepping nearer to view the magnificent creation, they heard the subdued roar of the engine above the riotous clamor of foreign tongues. Politely examining the framework and multicolored fabric, they found the spars, struts and flooring to be constructed of light bamboo. The beautiful fabric was the lightest of tissue paper.

The roar of the engine continued. Placing an ear against the engine hood, Pourpe tried to fathom the mystery. The propeller stood motionless, a splendid production of highly polished teakwood and mahogany, but undeniably indifferent to the healthy manifestations of engine power within. Several coolies anchored the impatient machine to the earth by holding desperately to its framework with all their might.

The crowd was pressed back and the airman cordially invited to climb into the seat. He demurred politely, and inquired with gestures as to the character of the motor and fuel. And could he examine the spark plugs?

Reluctantly the Chinese removed the engine hood. A huge swarm of angry bees was buzzzing madly within the glass cage, rivaling in their fury the noise of Pourpe's own powerful motor. The Chinese has estimated conscientiously the amount of weight that could be carried by one bee; and after carefully weighing the new aeroplane, their mathematical experts had inclosed enough bees to carry the whole weight, adding a few extra bees to give a small margin of extra horse power for emergencies.

But Pourpe was dissatisfied with the soundness of those arithmetical calculations and declined to fly, much to the disappointment of his new friends.

Dip peaches into boiling water long enough to loosen skins. Then dip in cold water and peel. Cut into halves or quarters, remove stones and dry as directed for apples.

EVAPORATING FOODS TO ELIMINATE WASTE

This year the housekeeper who wishes to prove her thrift is finding another means besides canning to save the surplus of her garden or of the markets. Drying or evaporating of foods has taken on a new importance, owing to the shortage of cans and the expense incurred in some of the usual processes of food conservatior.

There is nothing new in this art of dehydrating or evaporating fruits and vegetables; it was well known and practiced by our grandmothers, to whom dried raspberries, dried corn and dried peaches were part of every seahon's store. The advantage of drying vegetables and fruits is—in addition to saving on cans—the small compass of the food in its dried form, the fact that it can be transported easily and that there is space in the city home for the dried article where often there is no room for a store of either canned or fresh products.

There are two main ways of drying, one by the means of the sun, the other by some form of artificial heat. The sun method requires more space and takes longer. Some form of the simplest drier is preferable. Such consists of a narrow wooden tray fitted with wire netting to be hung over a stove or placed in a slow oven. Several tiers of trays can be hung at the same time.

The Right Drying Temperature

The theory of drying is to remove moisture so that the vegetable or fruit will not mold. A temperature from 140 to 150 degrees F. is an average drying temperature, which should be ascertained by a thermometer. Slow drying is better than quick, hot drying, which may scorch the outside of the product.

Vegetables must be thoroughly washed, pared and sliced into thin shapes or strips. Ordinary kitchen knives may be used, although if much work is to be done a special commercial slicer or an ordinary slaw cutter can be used. Everything about the drying process should be kept clean ,as dirty portions will spoil a whole batch of clean products.

In most cases the food should be blanched or dropped into boiling water a few minutes before drying. This sets the color, cleans the product and hastens the drying. In many cases also an electric fan may be used by setting it going near the trays so that the air current will gradually absorb the moisture, and leave the products dried and in good condition.

Vegetables like string beans should be strung sliced in half or quarters. Lima beans should be gathered when young and blanched. Spinach may be picked leaf by leaf from the stalk and spread carefully on trays. Beets, carrots, turnips, parsnips and oninos should be sliced into one-eighth-inch slices, spread carefully and dried slowly. Potatoes and sweet potatoes are partly cooked before drying.

It is better to peel peaches before drying, cut into halves and lay into trays with pit side up. Plums should not be pared, but should be cut into halves and the pits removed. Very large, fleshy varieties may be blanched. Cherries should be dried whole without removing the pits, which otherwise would cause too much loss of juice.

Sweet apples and the early sorts do not dry well, but the winter greenings and other varieties do excellently. Apples are to be peeled, cored and sliced into rings or cut into eighths. Since they discolor quickly on paring, they may be dipped for a minute into a cold salt bath, using one ounce of salt to a gallon of water. Pears and quinces are dried in the same way.

Herbs need not be blanched, but should be well washed and then dried in the sun or any form of drier. If you have not enough of one kind of vegetable mix several kinds together after they are dried into a soup mixture, such as carrots, cabbage, celery, etc.

Incubator an Excellent Drier

Some ingenious woman has discovered that her incubator trays could serve as a home-made drier. She took out the muslin trays, cleaned them thoroughly and without any further effort the incubator became at once an excellent and reliable drier and evaporator.

It is important to pack the dried article in a proper clean receptacle. Tin cans, pasteboard boxes or paraffin cartons all make excellent containers. All evaporated or dried foods must be kept in a cool, dry place. It would be very unfortunate to take pains to save products by this means and then allow them to be wasted by careless packing. Any one so fortunate as to possess a dry attic will have an ideal place in which to hang the dried products in paper or muslin bags, but plenty of air must be allowed or the products will get musty and insects be encouraged.

Speaking of insects, it should be said that great care must be taken to prevent the hatching of caterpillars or the various moths which attack dried vegetables and fruits. Several small moths deposit their eggs on the fruit when it is in the drier, and these hatch later, becoming a small, destructive grub which ruins the food. Therefore do not store the products in a damp place or in one with little ventilation. The smaller the quantity stored at one time, the less likelihood of damage there will be.

The drying method should not be over-looked by those who have a surplus of food or organizations having the interest of a special group, like a hospital, orphans' home, etc., at heart. In one town the Red Cross has charge of a dehydrating kitchen to which it is requested persons send the surplue of their gardens. This material is properly prepared by an expert and laid away as a winter store for a hospital and also for a settlement in the city. Also any housekeeper who wishes may go and use the community drier free, thus giving all the benefit of this inexpensive, additional way to practice economy and thrift.

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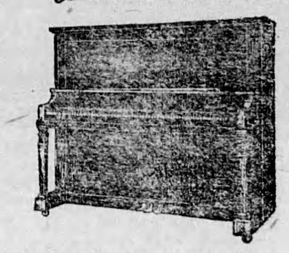

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