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CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd.)

Trask turned the witness over to Maxwell for cross-examination.

Jerry knew, the moment he looked into the Congressman's black eyes, that Maxwell had neither forgotten nor forgiven him. There was a sparkle of malice in them that was disturbing. Maxwell began suavely enough.

"Now, Officer, you say that Scanlan was reluctant to make any confession implicating any one?"

"Yes, very reluctant."

"And you were able to overcome his scruples by persuasion—there was no coercion in your methods?"

"None at all."

"You were quite unusually patient with him?"

"I don't know about quite unusually. It's the first case of the kind I ever handled."

"You're rather a new man on the police force?"

"Yes."

"Just how intimate was your friendship—how well had you known Scanlan?"

"We used to work together. We lived near each other and saw a lot of each other."

"Were you and he involved together in some riots that took place at the Purroy Works?"

"I wouldn't call them riots."

"The newspapers called them riots, didn't they?"

"Some newspapers."

"And they were bad enough so that the militia had to be ordered out?"

"The militia were ordered out."

"Do you recollect who was in command of the militia on that occasion?"

"Colonel Trask."

"This gentleman that you see here as counsel for the defendant Scanlan?"

"Yes."

"Did he find it necessary to disperse a riotous assemblage in which you and Scanlan were taking part?"

"There was just a group of us in front of the mill gates—"

"Never mind that. Mr. Trask, as an officer of the militia, found it necessary to order you to disperse, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"And he let you know there must be no more such gatherings?"

"Yes."

"Prior to the arrival of the militia there had been violence and threats of violence, had there not?"

"Very little violence."

"Sufficient so that the sheriff was unable to deal with the situation?"

"He didn't deal with it."

"Did you and Scanlan and others arm yourselves and make it your business to keep applicants for work away by force?"

"Yes, we did that."

"And sometimes you found it necessary to beat and maltreat men who were too persistent in seeking work?"

"There was very little beating that I know of. I suppose we handled the fellows a bit rough sometimes."

"Your methods were effective until the militia put a stop to them?"

"Yes."

"Now this intimacy of yours with Scanlan—you were an old friend, not only of his, but also of his family? You knew them all well—had known them for years?"

"Yes, I've known them pretty well for quite a while."

"If it were possible for you in any way to assist Scanlan out of a scrape, you would try to do it?"

"I'd try to do that for any one."

"Still, perhaps you'd make a little special effort for one who was an old friend?"

"It would be only natural."

"Now, just what were the arguments by which you prevailed over Scanlan's reluctance to incriminate any one else?"

"I told him that as he'd been let in for this thing with no idea of murder developing from it, he was under no obligation to shield the man who had committed the murder. I told him that his own chances would be much better if he kept nothing back. Finally he came to see that, and then he made a clean breast of it."

"You didn't prompt him at all—make any suggestions?"

"No."

"Prior to finding Scanlan under arrest in the police station, what was the last occasion when you had any talk with him?"

Jerry looked at Maxwell steadily and repeated in a steady voice, "The last occasion?"

But for all his steadiness of aspect he was clearly, to the keen eyes of the hostile examiner, seeking to temporize. Maxwell, who had asked the question with the design of drawing Jerry back to the meeting with Scanlan and Schlupfe in Lapatka's saloon, seized upon the indication of weakness.

"Yes, the last occasion. When was it? Where was it?"

Jerry hesitated and reddened to the eyes. The disclosure was not to be evaded; and in that moment of delay he saw that it would ruin his career.

"When was that last occasion?" Maxwell's voice was aggressive and threatening; something, he could not guess what, that was to be disadvantageous to the witness and helpful to his client's case, was providentially about to emerge.

"It was a few hours earlier, that same night," Jerry answered.

"What was the circumstances of that meeting?"

"I had overhauled him and grabbed him as he was running away. It was at the corner of Weaver and Eighth. He was one of the two men I chased after the shot was fired. When I caught him and saw who he was, I just gave him a shove and ran after the other fellow."

"You deliberately let him escape, although you had reason to believe he had committed a crime?"

"I knew that if a crime had been committed it was the other fellow that was the really guilty one, and the one I'd better get."

"Did you realize that in letting Scanlan go you were violating your oath as an officer of the law?"

"Yes, but I wanted to get the other man."

"You knew that for such neglect of duty charges could be preferred against you and you could be dropped from the force?"

"I wasn't thinking about that. Scanland was my friend, and I felt sure he couldn't have done anything very bad. So I went after the other man."

"The testimony you gave a few minutes ago—before this was dragged out of you—didn't indicate that you had arrested this man and then let him escape, did it?"

"No. I just said that one of the men turned north on Weaver Street. That's the way Scanlan went after I let him go. I said the other man turned south on Weaver Street and I followed him. That was true."

"Nevertheless, you deliberately gave your testimony in such a way as to mislead the jury, didn't you?"

"I don't think I mislead them on any vital point."

"You were perfectly willing to let Scanlan escape, even though it might turn out that he had committed a murder?"

"On the spur of the moment, without knowing just what had happened, I let him escape."

"And you're still pretty anxious that he should escape, aren't you?"

"I'm anxious he shouldn't be found guilty of some thing he didn't do."

"You're sure you saw two men, of whom Scanlan was one, running away?"

"Positive."

"You're quite sure this second man wasn't an invention of your own—an afterthought?"

"Absolutely."

"You saw him turn south on Weaver Street?"

"Yes."

"And after only a moment's delay with Scanlan you ran after him and he had disappeared, just as if he had never been?"

"Yes."

"That was a great surprise and disappointment to you?"

"Yes."

"But you didn't immediately take measures to find Scanlan and get information from him that would enable you to arrest the guilty man?"

"I meant to do exactly that as soon as I was off duty. And that's just what I succeeded in doing when I talked with Scanlan later at the police station."

"Now, look here!" Maxwell advanced close to Jerry and shook his finger in his face. "Wasn't your conversation with Scanlan in substance about like this: "Of course you and I both know there was nobody else, but if we're to get you off we've got to hang this thing on some definite person'?"

"Nothing of the sort," declared Jerry with heat.

"Didn't you recall having seen Scanlan with Schlupfe in Lapatka's place one night, and didn't that give you the idea of suggesting Schlupfe's name to Scanlan?"

"No. Certainly not. Scanlan volunteered it of his own free will."

"After you'd talked with him for some time?"

"Yes."

"That will do for you," said Maxwell with a sneer. And Jerry, feeling impotent and humiliated, left the stand.

Immediately afterwards court was adjourned for the day. Jerry, as he took his departure from the building, felt that every one looked at him either pityingly or with suspicion and contempt.

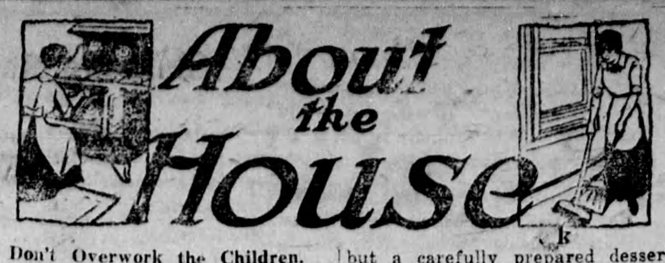
(To be continued.)

Little Things.

It was only a little camp fire, but it blackened that beautiful spot;
It was but a little match that burned the farmer's lot;
It was only a cigarette, so the tourists say;
It was only a little spark, but you and I had to pay.
PUT IT OUT—PUT IT OUT.

Crowded strawberry plants mean a poor crop next June. Thin 'em out!

"Where was the Magna Charta signed?" asked a school inspector who was conducting an examination in history. "At the bottom, sir!" answered one of the boys.



Don't Overwork the Children.

In the country and on the farm children are often required to work in the field and gardens too long at a time, or to carry water and other weights too heavy for their strength and often to work under a blazing sun. Such early work interferes with growth and development, which is the one great business of childhood. Many men and women, whose physical strength is impaired, might trace their ills to sickness, underfeeding or overwork during the formative years of early childhood.

The tasks children are given to do should be suited to their years, and varied by frequent opportunity to rest and to play. At the same time food should be good and plentiful and there should be long hours of sleep. The harm which heavy work can cause little children can be ill afforded at any time, and least of all now. For the children must be kept well and strong to meet the demands which will confront them when they come to maturity and face the tasks of reconstruction in the critical years to come—work which will demand physical well-being as well as efficiency and character.

Threshing Dinners.

With threshing days come threshing dinners. Now, a threshing dinner does not mean the same to everybody—not even to every farm woman. Some fret and worry over the preparation of the meal, while others apparently enter upon the work with as much pleasure as if the task were that of preparing a picnic lunch. The viewpoint, the ability to manage, and the cooking and refrigerating facilities have much to do with these differences. Then there is the item f help.

System comes first whenever any unusual task is to be looked after, and this is especially true of preparing the threshing dinner. One woman has chickens killed and dressed in advance, if chickens are to be served as a part of the meal, while another waits until the last moment.

Nor is the latter woman necessarily to blame. Probably she would have prepared much of the dinner in advance had it been practicable. Perhaps she had no ice to keep fresh meat and other highly perishable foods. With ice, half the dinner may be started or made ready the day before. Even where ice is not used regularly it will pay to have it at threshing time.

As to the dinner, it should be plain but good and served in an appetizing manner. Men who handle pitchforks or do other heavy work all day want something more substantial than "fancy fixings." This does not not imply, though, that boiled cabbage, fat meat, and other heavy foods, important as they may be, are all that is required. There should be a variety. In such seasons as this, when vegetables are plentiful, threshing crews often get practically the same things day after day until their stomachs rebel. Under these circumstances it is a wise woman who provides at least a few dishes that are different.

Of course there must be as the basis of every threshing-day dinner plenty of good meat, preferably two kinds, and an abundance of bread. If one of the meats can be such as is not commonly served in the country it will be all the better. Something sweet in the way of preserves or jelly is a good addition to the meal, appealing as it will to the delicate eater or to the man who is "too tired to eat." Desserts need not be heavy, but a carefully prepared dessert is desirable.

Promptness and cleanliness are important in serving the threshing dinner. The men must not be kept waiting, nor should they, while eating, have to fight flies. If it is necessary to set the tables out of doors instead of in a screened dining-room, everything should be covered so far as possible and fly brushes should be kept going.

Training Children.

Study your children. Develop in them emotional control, unselfishness, an alert interest in the world around them. Keep them from becoming morbidly self-centred. Do not let them become too dependent on you, but at an early age foster in them the spirit of initiative.

Remember always the old saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

An Outdoor Bed Built In.

The delight of sleeping out of doors, and of sniffling the fresh, clear air during the night, is denied many people because no sleeping porch is practicable in their home. To build such a porch is often both inconvenient and expensive.

A way to combine an indoor and an outdoor bed has been devised by a large school for boys and is so simple and feasible that it might well be adopted in private homes, as it is possible to build it into any room.

The bunk is built into a corner of the room, below a wide window. A similar window separates the bed from the room. Both windows may be raised or lowered by means of pulley ropes at the head of the bunk. The youngster gets out of his daytime clothes and into his snug sleeping suit in the warm room. When he is ready to turn in, he lifts the window between the room and his bed, slips into the bunk and lowers the inner window again. He then reaches up and pulls the rope which raises the outer window. He is outdoors, yet protected by the warm walls of the bunk.

During the day an attractive couch cover transforms the sleeping bunk into an inviting window seat.

Accuracy First.

Accuracy is one of the first essentials of successful canning. Do not look for short cuts for there are none. Always follows a reliable guide and remember that in canning there is one best method, which will ensure uniform success year after year.

The thermometer and clock are indispensable to canning operations. For full information as to the time and temperature required in the preparation of fruit and vegetables write to the Canada Food Board or any of its provincial committees for booklet entitled "The canning, drying and storing of Fruit and Vegetables." Enclose five cents for same.

WHAT "DOUGHBOY" MEANS.

Old Term Dating Back to the Mexican War.

The term "doughboy" as a nickname for the American infantryman is a very old one, dating back to the Mexican War of 1846.

In that year the United States regular soldiers first made acquaintance with the houses of mud-colored, sun-dried bricks that are seen everywhere, even to-day, in New Mexico, Arizona and the southern part of California.

These bricks are called by the Mexican adobes (pronounced "dobies") a term also applied to the small, squat, flatroofed housees built with them.

When the American invaders entered what was then Mexican territory, the infantrymen found these dwellings—mostly deserted by their panic-stricken inhabitants—handy as billets, and promptly occupied them as such. But the cavalrymen who had to be near their picketed horses out on the open prairie, were unable to avail themselves of similar accommodation.

Partly in envy, and partly in good-natured chaff, these christened their more fortunate comrades "dobie-dodgers," afterwards shortened to "dobies," a good, round-sounding nickname that was bound to stick, and which in course of time became corrupted into "doughboys."

Scotland has a mill making 200 tons of paper weekly from sawdust.

A FEARLESS HERO.

Canadian Chaplain Brought in Five Wounded Men Under Heavy Fire.

The following despatch from Fred James, official correspondent with the Canadian forces in the field, has been received:

The men coming out from the battleline in front of Arras are telling stories of individual heroism and self-sacrifice. To-day I heard of a Chaplain, or padre, to use the more affectionate name, of a Quebec unit, who made five trips into No Man's Land in broad daylight under a hail of fire from the enemy's machine guns and artillery, and brought back thence to our lines five helpless wounded men who had been struck down while they were reconnoitring ahead of the main forces of their units.

This padre saw the men fall, and unhesitatingly advanced cautiously to where they lay. The first one he half carried, half dragged, back to our line, and placed him in good hands Back he went again, ignoring danger and death that literally rained all about him, and soon returned with another. Three times more he made his perilous return trip. Only Providence can explain how he or the wounded men escaped death. When he had delivered the last of the five to the stretcher-bearers, to whom and to no one else did he intimate what he had done, he quietly turned his attention to helping in whatever way he could, consistent with his calling, the troops in action along the main line of the attack.

FARM BOOKKEEPING.

Tribunal Judge Urges Farmers to Keep Books.

Bookkeeping by farmers to show just what their farms are producing and if they are materially increasing their outputs, was advocated recently by Mr. Justice Masten, in addressing his exemption tribunal at Toronto. He pointed out that the keeping of such records would be of great value to the farmers if, on the expiration of their exemptions, they appeared again before a tribunal to seek further extensions of time.

The Commission of Conservation has designed a simple but complete Farmers' Account Book which will be sent free to bona-fide farmers who express their intention of keeping records of their farm work. Many farmers do not know whether they are making or losing money till it is too late to avoid financial failure.

California irrigates 39,352 farms, covering 2,664,104 acres.

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