NOT How much a pound?

BUT How many cups from a pound?

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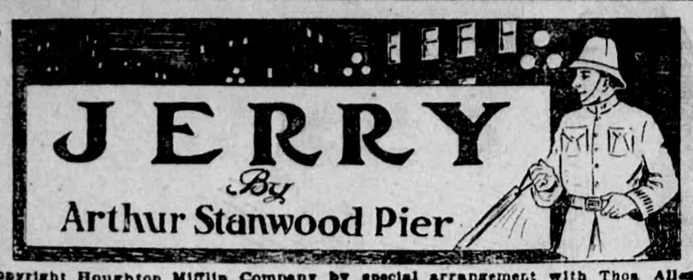

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CHAPTER XX.

When the District Attorney called the name of Martin Kemperton, Dave Scanlan looked round with unconcealed alarm. Jerry at least caught the expression on his face and hoped that none of the jurors had noticed it.

A respectably dressed, comfortably stout man of middle age took the witness stand and stated that he was a dealer in small arms and that he was always careful to observe persons to whom he sold revolvers.

"Do you recognize either of the defendants as a person to whom you sold a revolver?" asked the District Attorney.

"Yes. The defendant Scanlon."

"Do you recall any of the circumstances?"

"It was the day before the murder occurred. He came into my store in the afternoon and said he wanted a revolver. I asked him no questions, but he told me he was a night watchman and his employer wanted him to carry a gun. He bought a 38-caliber revolver and a dozen shells."

"You are positive this is the man?"

"Yes. As soon as I saw the picture of him in the paper the day after the murder I recognized him."

Dave was talking in eager whispers with his lawyer, whose face was grave and attentive. The jurors watched them while the witness returned to his seat in the back of the room.

Jerry had listened to Kemperton's testimony with amazement. The man seemed to be telling the truth. Yet Dave, in spite of his declarations that he had made a clean breast of everything, had never mentioned this transaction. Jerry was not reassured by his excited whisperings and the lawyer's grave face; Mrs. Scanlon, pale, nervous, yet bent on comforting her boy, leaned forward in her chair and pressed and patted his arm all unheeded.

The District Attorney had no more witnesses. Maxwell called Hans Bergmann to the stand. A broad-shouldered, thick-chested man of about thirty, with a heavy, Tentonic face, stiff, light hair erect upon his head, skin pale and blotchy, eyes small and shifty, testified that on the night of the murder Schlupfe, whom he knew well, had been in his pool-room until it closed at midnight. Asked how he could be sure it was the night of the murder, he replied that Otto Wangenheim came in at about half past eleven and said that there had been a shooting over on Eighth Street, less that a quarter of a mile away. Schlupfe, who was standing by at the time, had remarked that a fellow was a fool as well as a crook to go into the hold-up business on Eighth Street.

"He said that if he was going out with a gun to rob somebody he'd pick on somebody worth while," testified Bergmann.

Cross-examination by Trask failed to confuse or shake the witness. He declared stolidly that he could not be mistaken, that he knew Schlupfe well, that Schlupfe spent many an evening in his pool-room.

Otto Wangenheim testified that he was a barber and that on his way home from his shop at a few minutes past eleven on the night of the murder he saw a crowd gathered in the doorway of Walsh's store. On joining it he learned that a man had been shot and killed less than a quarter of an hour before. He had tried to see the body, but two policemen were guarding the door and he was unsuccessful. He had gone at once to Bergmann's pool-room and had been the first there to announce the news. He remembered that the men who gathered round him were Bergmann, Schlupfe, Goldstein, and Kupelmayer.

Both Goldstein and Kupelmayer corroborated Wangenheim. Moreover, they testified that they had been playing pool with Schlupfe for at least two hours before Wangenheim came in with the news of the murder. They were unsavory-looking young men; and Wangenheim, with his lopsided head and thick, weak lips, was not a prepossessing person. But they all told their stories with apparent frankness.

Other witnesses were produced to testify to Schlupfe's good character—the liveryman in whose stable he had once worked, the alderman from his district, the butcher who had employed him as errand boy eight years before, the keeper of the bar-room that he was accustomed to frequent and that never saw him drunk or disorderly, and finally his uncle, who had a teaming business and had sent Schlupfe to buy some horses in the town where he had been arrested. The horse dealer appeared and corroborated this testimony.

The prosecuting attorney cross-examined none of these witnesses. Trask's efforts to trip them up or to discredit them resulted in failure.

Maxwell recalled Jerry for cross-examination, and asked him if Scanlan in his confession had admitted the purchase of the revolver as described by Kemperton. Jerry was obliged to say he had not.

"How do you happen to be appearing to-day without your uniform?"

"I object!" shouted Trask.

"If Your Honor please," said Maxwell, "I believe it is competent to bring out any facts that may tend to impeach the veracity of a witness."

The judge allowed the question, and Jerry answered:

"I'm not wearing the uniform because I've been suspended from the force."

"That will do, Mr. Donohue."

Maxwell glanced with a triumphant smile at the jury. He chose not to put his client on the stand. Dave Scanlan took the chair.

Confused, hesitating, making statements and then changing or retracting them, Dave caused Jerry's heart to sink. In regard to the revolver he said that Schlupfe had told him the one who was to use the weapon had better not be the one to buy it. Schlupfe had given him the purchase money and had waited in the neighborhood of the store until he emerged. He never would have bought the revolver if he had believed that Schlupfe meant to do more than intimidate people with it. He hadn't included the story of the revolver in his confession to Officer Donohue because he didn't want to make himself appear worse than he was—and in view of what had happened the purchase of the revolver would have seemed a suspicious circumstance, and he hadn't felt it necessary to mention it.

Making these explanations, Dave apparently felt that he did not carry conviction; he wavered and stopped upon an uncompleted, halting sentence.

Trask guided him through the story of the crime. He had met Schlupfe by appointment at the corner of Fifth and Tanner Streets at eleven o'clock; they had gone along Tanner Street and then up Burchard Avenue, and then down Eighth Street looking for places where it might seem safe to attempt a hold-up, and finally they had passed Walsh's store, and then, attracted by the deserted aspect of it, had turned back and entered. When he described the shooting, Jerry squirmed and gripped the edge of his chair in painful apprehension; he believed Dave, but he knew that Dave was not making others believe him. The stillness of the courtroom grew more and more ominous, as Dave gropingly, diffidently delivered his narrative. The jurors and the judge were watching him with unconcealed doubt and suspicion; Mrs. Scanlan sat pulling a handkerchief through first one hand and then the other, while she gazed at Dave with an imploring fixity and earnestness; Schlupfe and Maxwell leaned back in their chairs comfortably and smiled in open scorn; Trask stood close to his witness and strove, by question and suggestion and an appearance of calmness and confidence, to steady him.

"Now," said Trask, when Dave had at last finished his story, "just what were the circumstances under which you met Schlupfe and arranged with him to embark on a series of robberies?"

"I'd just come out of the reformatory where I'd been for a month."

"Why had you been in the reformatory?"

"Drunk and disorderly."

"Was it your first offense?"

"Yes, sir."

"Never been arrested before?"

"No, sir."

"What day was it that you were released from the reformatory?"

"Wednesday, the 20th."

"The day the killing took place?"

"Yes, sir. I got out of the reformatory that morning and came down to the city. I wanted to find a job before I went home and saw my mother; she didn't know where I'd been. But I met Schlupfe and he took me into Pomeroy's saloon and gave me a drink, and then we got to talking together, and he told me his scheme."

"So he persuaded you then to join in it?"

"Yes, after about half an hour's talk."

"This was in Pomeroy's saloon?"

"No: we just had a drink in there, and then we went and sat on a bench in the park in front of City Hall."

"And after that you agreed to buy the revolver for Schlupfe?"

"Yes. He said that if he was willing to make the play with it, I ought to be willing to take his money and buy it."

"After you bought the revolver what did you do with it?"

"I gave it to Schlupfe."

"Did you ever handle it again?"

"No, sir."

Trask had no more questions; Maxwell rose to cross-examine.

"You say that Schlupfe persuaded you to buy the revolver, and that, as you supposed it was to be used to intimidate only and not to kill, you consented to do it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you buy loaded shells for the revolver?"

"Well, he asked me to and gave me the money."

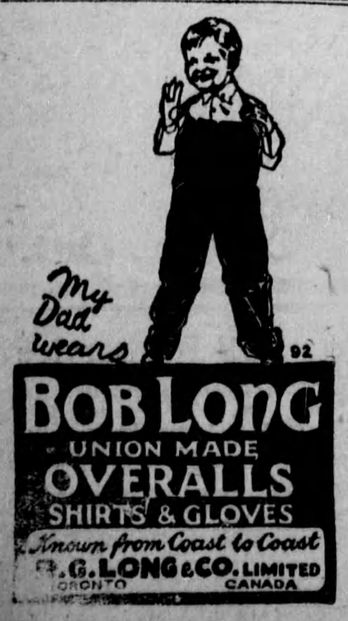
"And yet you say you never supposed that revolver was to be used except to intimidate?"

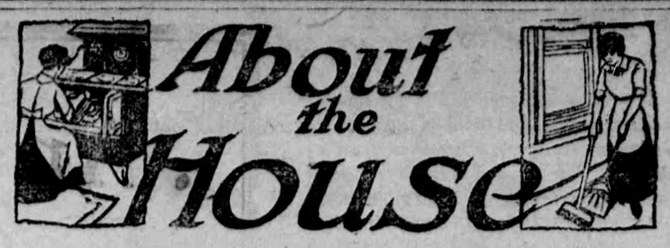
"He told me he wouldn't use it."

Maxwell had no further questions to ask.

Trask was able to introduce evidence discreditable enough to Schlupfe. He showed that Schlupfe had been convicted of theft and had served a sentence of eighteen months; also that he had once been found guilty of assault and robbery, and had served for that offence a term of six months. He asked for an adjournment until the next morning in order that he might look up the records of the witnesses who had been interested in trying to establish an alibi for Schlupfe. Over Maxwell's protests the court granted the request and gave Trask until the following morning.

(To be continued)





Long Years of Preparation.

"Many are called but few are chosen." These words come to mind again and again, when women and war work are considered. The road to France beckons invitingly, insistently, and multitudes would answer the self-given invitation. But the impulse to "do something" is not enough. It is not even important unless it is the crowning glory of a course of honest, strenuous, lengthy training. The most glorious outcome of this war, for women, is the fact that it has eliminated completely the superficial woman. She may remain superficial but she cannot remain influential and prominent. It is amazing, when one pauses long enought to consider the fact, how completely the women agitators and propagandists of five years ago have disappeared. Their calling is done and they have withdrawn from the feeble limelight of those days exactly as the tiny summer gnats disappear on the first cold day.

To-day the women who are doing things that count are women who began to do things thoroughly at the very commencement of their career. They never called it "career," by the way, never named it in fact, except to themselves, and then this process of self-discipline and self-improvement was, more often than not, simply called "making a living" or "doing the very best I can." The world was full of just such women whose one passion was to do the work in hand in the very best way it could be done. Advancement, pecuniary gain, material benefit were not even secondary. The work was the thing! No training was too severe if only excellence crowned the work.

These women were truly the wise virgins, more concerned to keep their lamps filled and the wicks in perfect working order than about the accomplishments that fill leisure hours. Their call has come at last and their lamps are needed—every one of them. There is not a woman in the world to-day who has improved her talents from the time she began to view life seriously (in girlhood days) but has a most important mission to perform. The world is waiting for her work. There is no such thing as "blossoming unseen" at this age of the world, if one's training has accomplished all that it should. The "shelf" on which women have resignedly laid themselves for years has been taken down and even the grandmothers are, to-day, coming in for honorable mention as being responsible for the "soldier lads" in France.

Every woman who was prepared is doing a real part in the world's work and those who preferred veneer and superficiality to genuine worth of character are being refused admittance, every day, into coveted fields of endeavor. Prepare for work and the task will find the worker!

Diet For Children.

The essential diet for the children is an abundance of simple, easily digested foods, carefully prepared and of sufficient variety to form a balanced diet.

Food must supply the child with material for bodily growth and with energy for the constant and abundant activity. For this reason it is important to have exact knowledge of food value; they should be constantly kept in mind.

The building foods are milk, eggs, fish, legumes and meats; of this last item very small portions should be given. It is best to replace the meat portion of the diet with poultry during the summer.

The fuel foods are milk, butter, starchy vegetables. Mineral salts are necessary for a proper balance; they are quickly available in fresh fruits, green vegetables and milk. Together with these foods there should be plenty of pure drinking water, so that the food may be properly digested and the waste eliminated.

Milk should be used at every meal. Many mothers think of milk as only a beverage. Frequently they feel that they can cut down on this product with the idea of lowering the cost of foods. This is a great mistake. The mother must fully understand that few if any foods can replace milk in the diet of children under twelve years of age.

Every child should have at least one quart of milk in addition to other foods, daily, besides plenty of cooked green vegetables, cereals and stewed fruits. Children need for growth, the vitamines that are found in the fresh creamery butter, eggs, milk and green leafy vegetables. When making up the menu, these ideas should be kept vividly in mind.

The English idea of feeding children under twelve years of age apart from the family dinner table, is followed by many parents. This practice gives the mother a chance to plan and provide foor that will be suitable and at the same time digestible for the little folks. Then again this meal is arranged an hour earlier than the regular family meal, the mother may sit down in comfort, knowing that the children have eaten a meal that will supply them with material for growth and energy.

A Few Suggestive Menus.

Breakfasts

Orange Juice — Cornmush and Milk
Toasted Barley Bread and Butter
Milk

Stewed Fruit
Cornmush and Milk
Omelet — Baked Potato
Milk

Dinners

Baked Potato — Creamed Carrots
Lettuce — Cup Custard
Milk

Broiled Fish — Spinach
Lettuce — Stewed Fruits
Milk

Stewed Chicken
Boiled Potato — Beans
Lettuce — Apple Sauce
Milk

Suppers

Oatmeal and Stewed Prunes
Toasted Barley Bread and Butter
Finely Shredded Pineapple
Milk

Cream Toast, using Cornbread
Rice Pudding with Stewed Fruits
Milk

Omelet — Boiled Potatoes
Apple Sauce — Milk

Many children who suffer from malnutrition are cross and irritable or dull; sometimes they are lacking in alertness. Where there is any reduction of the vitality there is always a possibility of suceptibility to disease. This lack of the proper foods is found not only in homes of the poor but in homes where there is an abundance.

The knowledge of the right quantity and quality of food to maintain the proper standards of growth and development is vitally important factor in child life. I would like to make a plea to the mothers not to give their children pennies for cheap candies, or worse yet, to allow them to buy the ice-cream cones of the street merchant.

Many a mother would faint if she could see the surroundings in which these so-called delicacies are manufactured. Cheap candies contain ingredients that may prove harmful and thus pave the way for more serious intestinal disturbances and perhaps, who knows, a serious illness. Be firm and do not permit the children to have these questionable products. Rather give them fresh fruits, home-made cookies and then know that your child will perhaps, escape much sufferings.

"My Garden."

There's a spot so dear to me
Where beneath a shady tree
So oft I sit in happy Summer days,
Where the sunshine on me beams
As I muse and dream my dreams,
And listen to the birds' sweet tuneful lays.

Oh, 'tis sweet among the flowers
In the bright and sunny hours
To quaff the fragrant draughts from balmy breeze,
And my cares are all f rgot
In this sweet sequestered spot,
My garden, shaded by the leafy trees.

Food Control Corner

Canadians on Their Honor.

In some quarters it has been suggested that Canadians be put on rations and not on their honor regarding food.

Do householders in Canada seek to evade the food regulations? Are the merchants of Canada conniving at the evasion of the food regulations? Let us see about that.

The main objective of the Canada Food Board is to supply Great Britain and the Allies with vital foods. With this in view food regulations are made, which, if respected by the people of Canada, will enable Canada to keep faith with the Allies on food.

Do the people of Canada want to keep faith with the Allies on food? They do. Are the people of Canada keeping faith with the Allies on food? They are.

To take any other position is to suggest that the people of Canada would rather keep their pre-war food habits than keep faith with the Allies on food. No true Canadian is breaking the regulations of the Canada Food Board for he knows those regulations are made in order that Great Britain and the Allies and the Canadian Army at the front may be properly fed. Who of us will eat what should be conserved for the Canadian Army at the front?

The hearts of the people of Canada are sound and in this war to a finish. Food is a first class munition of war and Canadians so view it. It will be time enough to go in for rations in Canada when the people of Canada refuse to conform to national efforts to conserve food for Great Britain and the Allies, and the Canadian Army at the front. When that time comes a policeman, not a food controller, will be needed.

For allowing two batches of dough to go to waste, the Canada Food Board has ordered Arthur Scott, baker, Richmond, Que., to close for seven days. During this period he must not purchase or take delivery of any food commodities or manufacture, sell or deal in bread or any product of wheat or other flour.

The War Trade Board of Washington advised the Canada Food Board that application had been made for an import license by a resident of Monticello, Maine, to import 200 pounds of sugar consigned by E. L. Field of Bloomfield, N.B., who operates a general store. The Canada Food Board immediately cancelled Mr. Field's license for violation of the food laws.

Fifty bags of sugar, twenty bags of brown sugar and twenty-five sacks of flour have been seized in the cellar of the Exchange Restaurant, Winnipeg.

Three establishments in Edmonton, Alberta, dealing in candy, fruit, etc., have been closed by order of the Canada Food Board for disregarding license regulations. The places penalized are: Mike Evanoff, 10120, 101st St.; E. Gibson, 101171, 101st St.; and Jane Detroit, 10320, 101st St. They must remain closed until licenses are granted by the Food Board. It is the intention of the Board to take similar action in the case of other dealers who have not complied with the licensing rules.

For selling flour to American citizens for export and for selling the same without substitutes in the proportion called for by the regulations the Canada Food Board has suspended the license of James Rideout, St. Croix, N.B., and has ordered him not to buy, sell, or deal either directly or indirectly in any food commodity.

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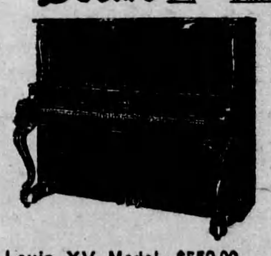

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