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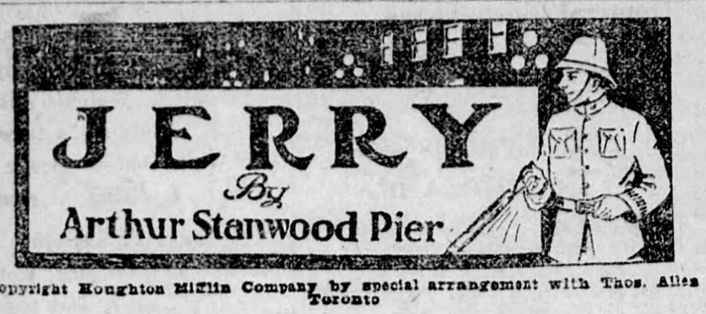

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(Cont'd.)

Jerry did not prove, it must be confessed, a talented detective. He opened up a number of clues, but lost them in the maze of intrigue to which they all led; he heard stories and received hints of information from his fellow policemen who, under Dolan's regime, had been afraid to talk; but none of them did more than indicate and suggest. Going back of the immediate campaign, Jerry secured many legends but little real proof of the knavish methods of the Maguire machine, of the tributes that Maguire had exacted from all sorts of men and corporations in their need; Maxwell, so far as he could ascertain, had been above the necessity of making money out of politics and for that reason had been the more useful protege for Maguire. The mass of information and conjecture that he accumulated might be valuable some time, and he gathered it diligently and digested it as well as he could; but he had to confess inability to bring to account the persons who for years had exerted a baneful influence on public affairs.

With one of these persons, he was annoyed to find Nora continued upon friendly terms. On the Sunday after Dolan's arrest, Maguire drove Nora up to her door in his automobile just as Jerry came briskly along the sidewalk. Nora was embarrassed and said good-bye to Maguire rather hurriedly; he, on the other hand, seemed in no haste to depart. He shut off his engine in spite of her good-bye and waved his hand genially to Jerry.

"Quite a stroke of yours, Officer," he said. "Quite a hit you've made, getting on the front page of the papers."

Jerry ignored him, and turned to follow Nora, who was opening the door.

"I can't see you now, Jerry; you mustn't come in now," she said under her breath. Maguire, seated in his car, was watching them.

"You must see me now," Jerry answered, and he entered with her and closed the door.

"You—you treat me as if I had no rights," Nora cried angrily. "I'm tired; I didn't want to be bothered with you now."

"You've given me some rights, and I propose to stand on them, whether it bothers you or not," Jerry replied grimly. "I think we've got to come to an understanding once for all about Maguire."

"Come upstairs," said Nora, after a pause. "We can't stand talking here."

She led the way up to the sitting-room. Jerry walked past her to the bay window and looked out. Maguire was still waiting in his car; he saw Jerry in the window, waved to him again with a smile that might have been good-humored or might have been derisive, and then, starting his engine, moved rapidly away.

"Do you let him take you on automobile drives?" asked Jerry.

"Yes; sometimes."

"How does it happen that he asks you?"

"Because he finds me pleasant company, I suppose."

"My question may have sounded insulting. I didn't mean it so. All I meant was, how do you and he happen to have established such friendly relations?'"

"In the first place, through my teaching of his niece. Then, when I had come to know him a little, I asked him one day to help me to get Dave pardoned. He promised to do what he could when a new governor was elected. Then, when Dave was pardoned without his having been able to do anything about it, he just kept on being nice to me."

"He wants to marry you, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever told him definitely that you couldn't marry him—that you were going to marry me?"

"Not definitely—not just that. But I've hinted to him there was some one else that I cared very much about."

"Still, Maguire thinks his chances are pretty good—thinks they're improving?"

"I can't be sure, Jerry, what he thinks."

"Aren't you treating him exactly as you treated Corcoran when you had promised to marry me? And aren't you treating me now exactly as you treated me then?"

"You can't say that, Jerry. I haven't married Mr. Maguire."

"If you didn't feel in the back of your head that you might marry him, you would have put a stop to his courting of you."

"Why should I? He's not so young and inexperienced that I need to be tender of him. I think you're very mean to be so cross with me, Jerry. You leave me alone for days together, and I need some amusement. I don't see any harm in accepting an invitation to go out in a friend's automobile. I don't see any harm even in letting him try to persuade me to marry him. He can't do it, for it's you that I love, Jerry; it's you that I mean to marry."

She looked at him with soft eyes; she spoke with a note of plaintiveness in her voice.

"Then why don't you tell him so?"

"Because it amuses me to see him and ride in his automobile occasionally, and if I were to come out as you want me to it would be the end of all that. Can't you understand, Jerry, how much I need the amusement, and how harmless it is? I see you hardly once a week, and I see nobody else that gives me any fun. When we're married and I'm seeing you every day and feeling that I'm really doing something for you every day, I won't need any outside excitements. But just now I do need them, and Mr. Maguire supplies about all that I have."

"You must find other resources and they mustn't include flirtations," said Jerry firmly. "You tell me, Nora, that you love me; now you must prove that you do by giving in to my wishes."

"Why shouldn't you prove your love by giving in to mine?"

"In this matter it's impossible. I want you to-night to write to Mr. Maguire, telling him that you are engaged to marry me and that his attentions to you must cease."

Nora was silent. Then she came and took Jerry by the arm and said, "Now, Jerrykins, don't stand up any longer and scold and scold as if you were a great big nasty school-teacher. Sit down and talk to me." She pushed him down on the sofa and then perching herself on his knees passed an arm round his neck. "Why do you treat me like a naughty little girl, Jerrykins? I'm not a naughty little girl; I'm a nice little girl. And of course I'll do anything you say, only don't you think you're rather unkind to poor little me?"

She stroked his cheek with the soft hand that had crept round from behind his neck. She looked at him with eyes that were both mischievous and reproachful.

"No," Jerry said, "I'm not being unkind, Nora. And I'm just asking you to do what is really the kindest thing to Maguire."

"Oh, hum!" said Nora. "So it's Mr. Maguire's feelings that you're anxious about—that they shouldn't be hurt, or anything of that sort. Jerrykins dear, I wonder if I really do love you when you ride a great high moral horse. Especially when you ride it so ferociously right at me."

She continued to stroke his cheek and to look into his face with her mischievous, whimsical eyes and her faintly challenging smile.

Suddenly his arms were round her. "There, then!" he exclaimed among the kisses. "Of course I love you—and you've got to love me. And—you've got to do what you're told. Do you under stand, you teasing little thing."

"Yes." She sighed and gave him another kiss. "Aren't you the hard-hearted fellow, Jerry! Shall I write the letter now?"

"I wish you would."

"And then you could take it and drop it in the box for me?"

"Nothing certainly could be safer than that."

She sat down at her writing-table, and Jerry watched her while she wrote and felt a new and sweeter tenderness for her. What a winning little person it was that could give in so gracefully!

She handed him the note for his approval. It was as follows:—

Dear Mr. Maguire:—

I feel that I must tell you I am engaged to be married to Mr. Gerald Donohue. Try not to feel disappointed. I think we had better not see each other any more.

Sincerely yours,

Nora Corcoran.

"Just right," said Jerry.

She sealed and addressed and stamped the note and handed it to him again.

She deserved and received more petting; he vowed to himself that although mounting the high moral horse had succeeded well this time it was a performance to be avoided in the future.

He had but a few more minutes with her; postal duty summoned him. He dropped her letter in the first mail box that he passed and had a moment's pleasure imagining Maguire's emotions upon receiving it.

(To be continued.)

MYSTERY SHIP GOT 2 U-BOATS IN DAY

BRITISH SAILING VESSEL MADE NOTABLE RECORD

"Mary B. Mitchell," in the Decoy Service Since Early in 1916, Sank Many Hun Submarines.

Two German submarines were sunk in one day by the Mary B. Mitchell, a sailing vessel, one of the "mystery ships" of the war. This craft was one of the first, if not the first, of the decoy ships which played havoc with the U-boats. This vessel went into the decoy service early in 1916, under command of Lieutenant John Lowrie. All her officers and crew volunteered for the hazardous work. She was provided with a twelve-pounder and two well-concealed six-pounders.

She sighted the first submarine three miles away and loafed along awaiting a chance to bag it. The German craft followed at a safe distance for a time, but finally crawled closer and after satisfying itself that it had superior speed and gun power opened fire.

Failure of the mystery ship to return fire at once baffled the German officers. They were quiet for fifteen minutes and then resumed fire. When the submarine came sufficiently close and was in good position abeam, the concealed guns of the sailing ship were broght into play and landed six mortal hits on the submarine, which was unable to fire an additional shell. Just three minutes after the first hit, the submarine was blown up by a shot which holed it just below the foredeck and caused an explosion which threw a vast column of water high into the air.

A Successful Ruse.

Later the same day another German submarine approached the Mary B. Mitchell and opened fire at a distance of about two miles. After the sixth round the mystery ship was stopped and a boat put off. To all appearances the craft was abandoned. The submarine approached the supposed wreck at full surface speed. Then it submerged for a time and suddenly rose to the surface again.

The gunners of the Mary B. Mitchell landed a shell just below the conning tower and pierced the side one foot above the water. A flash of brilliant blue flame and a dense yellow smoke came from the hole. Almost instantaneously another shell struck forward and the submarine was enveloped in black smoke and sank into the water bow foremost, with a loud gurgling and hissing.

The official report does not say that the Mary B. Mitchell was filled with wood to keep her from sinking, but this was doubtless the case, as other mystery ships were so equipped and were able to float in spite of any damage inflicted on them by torpedoes and shells. Their guns were frequently hidden behind doors in the sides of the ship which could be swung open.

BLACK FOX INDUSTRY

Carried on Extensively in All Parts of Canada and Northern States.

The number of foxes in the ranches of Prince Edward Island at the beginning of the pelting season in 1917 was approximately ten thousand. From December 1, 1917, to January 31, 1918, 2,500 foxes were killed and their skins marketed. The pup production for 1918 is 3,500, therefore making the number of foxes at the opening of the present pelting season 11,000. If estimates of 3,500 for this season's kill and shipments abroad are correct the season of 1919 will open for ranch breeding with 7,000 selected foxes as a breeding stock.

Japanese and Norwegian operators are entering the fox breeding industry on a small scale, Japan having taken 34 island foxes this year and Norway 24. Good prices have been realized, probably averaging $750 each. American ranchers took 253 island foxes in 1918.

Raising ranch bred foxes is an industry that is being carried on extensively in all the Canadian provinces, in at least a dozen of the northermost of the United States, and beginning in Japan and Norway, all lying in much the same climatic belt, adapted to domesticating the black fox under the most favorable conditions.

"In Flanders Fields."

(Canada's Answer.)

Rest now in peace ye Flanders dead,
With each a cross to mark his bed
Where poppies grow.
The boastful Hun
Who thought by might and sword and gun
To win the world, his quest has fled.
Ye noble dead,
The fight ye led is won,
And peace is round us shed.
We live and love because you bled
"In Flanders fields."

Your cause has triumphed 'gainst the foe,
To us in vain ye did not throw
The torch;
With pride we hold it high,
And freedom's light shall never die.
Sleep then in peace
Where poppies blow
"In Flanders fields."

Haig Holds the Line.

"Extrie!" the newsies call—Extrie!
Big German Drive in France! Extrie!
Ten Thousand Prisoners! Extrie!
All About the Big Hun Smash! Extrie!
Is that yer smallest, Boss? Extrie!
Chimmie! Change a buck! Extrie!
Down every street with shrill-pitched key
And flying feet—we hear—Extrie!
All about—Extrie!
From Harlem to the Battery.
From London to the Zuyder Zee,
From Tokio to fair Dundee—
In divers tongues they cry "Extrie!"

The "Blood Bath"—such the name
They dubbed it—well, at last it came
With gas and flame. Then fell Beaupaume,
They took Combles and crossed the Somme.
To Montdidier they drove their wedge
With Noyon on the southern edge.
For seven days the long front bent
Until it seemed their force was spent,
And on they surged across their dead,
Yet ever in the news we read—
"Haig Holds the Line."

A million men and more they flung
Against a wall that swayed and swung—
Out-numbered—yes! But unafraid!
The earth rocked with their cannonade,
But oh the Hunnish blood that drained
With every shell-swept yard they gained.
In Berlin, banners waved that day
And bells rang out—but who can say
What depth of woe they knew who read
Those columns of the endless dead—
Who saw their wounded—mile on mile
Return—train after train—the while
Haig holds the line!

They strove for Paris and Calais,
They thought to scatter and dismay
Our hosts—to split the allied mass—
The answer came—"You shall not pass!"
From guns left by the Bolshevik,
From Austria's guns they had their pick.
Gods what a duel! A stadium
Where all the eager world had come
To see the beast recoiling there
In red defeat—while ev'rywhere
Haig holds the line!

THE D. C. M.

Takes Precedence of All Other Decorations Except the V.C.

Who does not know the red, blue, red ribbon of the Distinguished Conduct Medal? Yet it is quite a modern decoration, dating with the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal of the Royal Navy in 1854, the year of the commencement of the Crimean Campaign. The Meritorious Service Medal dates back nine years earlier.

The earliest known medal for distinguished condust is that awarded by Charles the First. The recipient was Sir Robert Welch, of the Irish Command, who recovered the Royal Standard at the Battle of Edge Hill. Presumably that award would be the equivalent of officer's D.C.M. of to-day—namely, the D.S.O.

The youngest winner of the D.C.M. is Private John McKinnon, of the Black Watch, a sixteen-year-old boy. The medal was awarded him in 1916, and, much to his regret, his parents succeeded in getting him discharged from the army because he was under age! Youth will be served.

During the war something like one thousand D.C.M.'s have been conferred for individual cases of distinguished conduct and devotion to duty in the field. Many of the recipients have earned the decoration on a second, third and fourth occasion, and have been given bars to their medal accordingly.

Here and there many years have separated the winning of the D.C.M. from that of gaining the bar. For example, Company-Sergeant-Major W. L. McIntyre, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, who won the D.C.M. in the South African War during 1902, was given his clasp for bravery during the present war in August, 1916. Thus 14 years separated the winning of the medal and the winning of the clasp.

On one occasion the D.C.M. was cancelled and the Victoria Cross given in its place. This happened a couple of years ago to Pte. W. Jackson, of the Australian Imperial Forces.

A man in the ranks wears the D. C.M. in the place of honor on the left breast of his tunic, unless he holds the V.C. All other medals and awards—excepting the V.C.—follow the D. C.M. But the officer who gains the D.C.M. in the ranks and afterwards wins further decorations in the form of the D.S.O., M.C., D.F.O., D. F.C., or any of the Orders of Knighthood wears the D.C.M. after them, but still in front of all war medals.

A pinch of salt added to fruit when cooking greatly improves the flavor.

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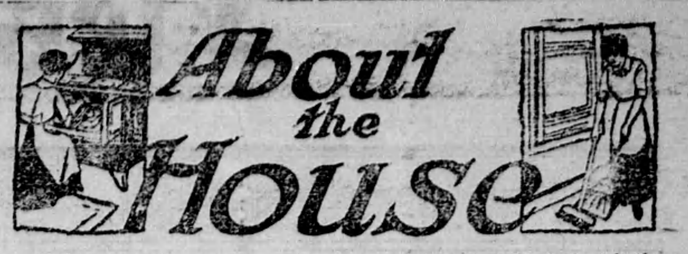

Nursing The Sick.

The time must come in the life of nearly every woman, when unless she is willing to shirk the most sacred of duties, she will be called upon to minister to the sick and suffering, and when those whom she loves will look to her for care and comfort.

One of the first qualifications for the position of nurse is a willingness to yield absolute obedience to the physician in charge, and to use painstaking accuracy in carrying out his directions. The patient's faith in the doctor should also be encouraged as long as that physician has charge of the case, since it has a distinct value in furthering the recovery of the patient. A tranquil mind being of the utmost importance to the patient, everything must seem to be moving smoothly and easily, no matter what difficulties the nurse may have to encounter. The invalid should not be allowed to feel any responsibility whatever about his own case.

I know you will say—"Why, everybody knows those things." But it is the little things that count in a sick-room, and though everybody knows, these simple precautions are very often neglected.

Too much stress cannot be put upon the appearance of the sick-room. It must be as cheerful and attractive as possible, that the eyes of the patient may rest with pleasure upon his surroundings. The nurse herself must contribute to the agreeable environment. Her dress must be simple and tasted, but above all, scrupulously neat. No food must be in sight—even medicine bottles should not be obstrusively in evidence.

Stillness has power to soothe, and aids nature's healing processes. So all grating and disturbing noises must be banished from the sick-room. The putting of coal on the fire is often accompanied by nerve-racking noises. It may be brought to the room wrapped in newspaper, and laid noiselessly on the fire, paper and all.

As fresh air is said to be the best tonic, the sick-room should be well ventilated. An open fire is a fine means of ventilation. A thermometer should be frequently used in a sick-room. A window may be opened at the top on a sunny day no matter how ill the patient may be, if in the opening a wooden frame covered with flannel is fitted. An umbrella covered with a shawl makes a good screen when the windows are open, the patient being sheltered by it as in a tent. A room a little shaded is more restful to a patient, but a little sunshine in the room makes it more cheerful.

The one in charge of a sick person should not allow visitors to stay long, even though the physician has given permission to receive callers. Neither should the nurse talk too much herself. Often the patient is fatigued in this way. Some otherwise good nurses fail in this particular. They do not use discretion about when to talk and when to keep silent.

Unless the attendant has some little occupation to fill the odd moments of leisure, the sick one is often unpleasantly conscious of being a burden to one who may have other duties to attend to. So the nurse may occupy her hands with some bit of work that may be readily picked up and laid down. Don't read, unless the patient is asleep. That is too absorbing in appearance, and the patient often hesitates to interrupt.

Making the bed properly is one of the necessary requisites of a good nurse. Stretch the under sheet tightly over the mattress and tuck it in firmly, and much discomfort will be avoided. In order to change the sheets while the patient is in bed, the under one is rolled lengthwise from the edge of the bed to where the person lies. The clean sheet rolled in like manner, is tucked in at one side, and unrolled over the space from which the first was taken, until the two rolls are side by side. The patient may then turn or be lifted over the rolls to the clean sheet, the soiled one is removed, and the rest of the clean one unrolled. The upper sheet may be changed by freeing all the clothes at the foot of the bed, and spreading a clean sheet over all. Over this sheet a blanket is laid . The clean clothes should then be tucked in securely at the foot, and the soiled set slipped from under. Blankets are the better for frequent airing. Pillows may be comfortably arranged by placing a large one under the back and shoulders, and a small one under the head, drawing the lower corners of the latter well down so as to fit into the nape of the neck, thus giving support to the head.

To raise a person in bed to a sitting posture, when too weak to help himself, have the patient put his right arm around the nurse's neck while her right arm supports his shoulders. The nurse then leaning backward need make but little effort, and with practice can raise the patient with ease.

Frequent bathing is refreshing, and acts as both cure and antidote for feverish conditions. The water should be tepid for face and hands, and warmer for the rest of the body. The patient should be uncovered only a little at a time, and allowed to make no exertion himself, A foot bath may be given under the clothes to one in bed and often induces sleep when all else fails. In illness no detail is unimportant that can add in the least to the comfort of the sufferer.

Substantial Supper Dishes.

During the cold weather the housewife turns her attention toward more substantial dishes than those which have satisfied her family during the summer season. We are coming to realize that meat once daily is in most cases sufficient, and, following the suggestion of those who have made dietetics a study, are finding acceptable many dishes which do not call for meat at all. Besides being nourishing and appetizing, the dishes described below are comparatively inexpensive. All have been tested personally by the writer and called good, although it is not claimed that all are original.

Spanish Rice.—Cut in small pieces three or four slices of bacon and fry until brown. Slice in the pan one good-sized onion and allow to cook slowly a few minutes To this add two cups of cooked rice and the same amount of canned tomato. Cook together until well blended, seasoning to taste with salt and pepper—cayenne if liked—or chopped red or green peppers. Serve alone or on toast.

Biscuits with Cheese Dressing.—Make a white sauce and in it melt a cupful of cheese cut in small pieces. Open the biscuit and pour the cheese mixture over them This is a hearty dish and very good to taste. Serve hot. A few hard boiled eggs, a small can of tuna, or dried beef added to the cream sauce furnishes a pleasing variation to the biscuit dish.

Salmon with Hot Biscuits.—Bake a tin of baking powder or buttermilk biscuits, using one's favorite recipe. Remove salmon from the can, free it from bones and skin and add it to a rich milk gravy or white sauce made quite thick. Break the fish into suittable sized pieces for serving. Open the biscuit and arrange on a platter, then cover with the hot gravy and fish. The biscuits may be buttered, but if the gravy is rich enough, this will not be necessary.

A CANADIAN IN GERMANY

Describes Triumphal March Through Hunland—Canucks Looked Fine.

Major Geary, of Toronto, in a letter from Bonn, under date of December 8th, says in part:

"We have had a great time ever since the 11th of November. First there were the receptions and that sort of thing. The joy of the Belgian people was unbounded, and nothing was too good for us. The only difficulty was sometimes in avoiding their kindnesses and different methods of expressing a welcome. Even the poor people ran for hours with pitchers of coffee, a substitute, for they have not been able to buy the real thing. This lasted all through Belgium, but, needless to say, it has been quite the other way in Germany. We have had no trouble. The people are very deferential, and ready to do what they are told, but receive us in what someone called a "frigid silence." They look foolish, sullen, or mournful, or uninterested. They take off their hats, but don't smile; neither do we, so far as that goes. The girls, however, are girls, and I except a good many of them—they do smile.

"On the whole, the country we have passed through has not been noticeably hostile, nor do the people appear to have suffered much. Now we are just outside of Bonn and within a few miles of the Rhine, and begin to encounter a distinctly hostile atmosphere, but that does not worry any of us. We are the vanguard of the British forces and the first in Germany, and it is all novel and interesting. I am lucky to be in this march, but it has been a long, hard one. The men have been splendid—did their 15 to 22 miles a day with full equipment, and at the end of it marched into billets in some German towns looking as fresh as daisies. They did not feel that way, but no German was going to know how sore were their feet and backs.

"We carry colors, the bands play, the Boche salutes the flag, and everything is lovely. I have never seen the battalions look so well. It seems to be tacitly accepted, however, that every man look his best, do his best and be his best. The Boche is seeing a force of real soldiers. All I hope is that he will never think of 'starting something'—he would simply get more than he was looking for.

"All in all, this march has been a wonderful experience, from Mons to Bonn, from the last days of fighting to the entry deep into Germany, and an occupation of her rich Kingdom of Prussia. One must pinch himself to know that he is not dreaming and to realize that after all the collapse has come. We are definite victors and peace is practically assured."

The cathedral in Antwerp, Belgium has a seating capacity of 25,000.