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CHAPTER XLI.—(Cont'd.)

There was a shy twinkle in her eye as she glanced at him.

"That's a swift come-back," he acknowledged. "But I can't let you think a member of the bar is illiterate. I was trying to slip something over on you, to see what you'd do about it."

"Now you know. According to my teacher, some men will discharge a stenographer for correcting them, and others will make her their private secretary."

"I hope you draw one of the right kind. For I don't believe you'd ever let anybody's sloppy English go without fixing it up—a person with your talent for writing."

"I think I'd make just as few alterations as I could," said Kate, looking pleased. "I wouldn't want to spoil the individuality of a letter."

Kate and Jerry held various similar discussions; Jerry found it entertaining to draw her out, to hear her comments on the teacher and on the pupils, to get her views about the world of business that she was preparing herself to enter. In all this he took a mischievous sort of pleasure, for he felt that if Nora's marriage had definitely settled any one thing, it was that the Dobbinses should continue to live with the Donohues and that Kate should go to college instead of getting a job as a stenographer. It would hardly be possible to send her until the following year; meanwhile, she was acquirng some knowledge which would be useful to her any where. Jerry could not conceive that his philanthropic purposes could now be balked; as the condition that had driven Kate to prepare for an independent life no longer existed, she could, no doubt, be persuaded to forego the plunge, to do instead the thing that was so obviously best for Betty, Peter, and herself. If a life of independence still seemed a goal to strive towards, she would see that it was wise to qualify herself for work in which her natural gifts would have freer play than would be theirs should she be content with only a common-school education. Jerry believed that he could say, "Now, Kate, I know exactly why you were so possessed to rush out into the world and earn your living. But the thing that you expected me to do never came off, and so you needn't be in any haste." He believed that if he said just this and then dilated on Kate's duty to her brother and sister and herself, the Dobbinses would not be lost to the Donohues immediately. The prospect of keeping them in the family cheered Jerry immensely, and was only one of several factors that gave zest to life at a time when his mother suspected that gloom enveloped his soul.

For another thing, the election went in all respects as Jerry hoped it would do. Maxwell was badly defeated; Trask was victor over Mulkern by a huge majority; the old Democratic city machine, if not smashed, was seriously disabled. Two months intervened before the new administration entered upon its duties; Trask invited Jerry to pass the interval in his office as his assistant, and offered him a salary a little larger than that which he had been receiving as a patrolman. Plunging into the new work with ardor, Jerry had almost at once an opportunity to demonstrate his capabilities. Trask turned over to him a case that was scheduled for early trial, and Jerry went into it with such thoroughness and single-mindedness that he was unaware of the interest with which his employer was watching him. He collected an impressive array of judicial decisions supporting his client's contention, he was indefatiguable in seeking out witnesses, and he showed skill and soundness in sketching the argument. When he submitted the result of his researches, Trask said to him, "I think you'd better try this case." That had been more than Jerry had hoped to do; he tingled with excitement, and in the evenings returned to the office and paced the floor preparing for his first forensic effort. It was successful, so successful that immediately Trask gave him another and more complicated case to work out. And here again Jerry's preparation proved so painstaking and showed such a grasp of both details and principles that Trask said, "I can't do better than let you go into court with it."

During the trial Trask stopped in to ascertain if his assistant needed help. Jerry was cross-examining a witness; and after five minutes Trask went away satisfied. He had seen revealed what he had believed he should find—the power of personality impressing itself on judge, on jury, on witness; Jerry's straightforward, honest, definite manner, his mental alertness, and his imposing physical vigor made him a formidable cross-examiner. He won his case, and Trask congratulated him and added mysteriously, "You've passed the test."

What he had meant by that Jerry learned when Trask appointed him Assistant District Attorney. With a salary of three thousand dollars a year and work enough to keep him busy every minute, Jerry felt that the days when he had wondered how he should ever get a start at the law were very far away.

So prosperous a condition seemed to warrant an alteration in the family's mode of life. They could continue in their lodgings until April, when their lease of apartment expired, but then, Jerry determined, they should move to a more dignified neighborhood. One evening he invited suggestions. His mother thought it would be nice if they could live somewhere near the park. Betty, in heedless rapture exclaimed, "Wouldn't that be lovely!" But Peter and Kate were silent.

"What do you say, Kate?" Jerry asked.

"I haven't anything to say, Jerry. It's awfully good of you to think of us, but you know we're going to look out for ourselves pretty soon."

"Oh, that's—"began Jerry, and then he flushed and stopped. It wouldn't be so easy, this explanation. "Kate, I guess you and I must have a little heart-to-heart talk. Mother, don't you want to go up and visit Mrs. Bennett for a while? And Peter, you and Betty can go and study in the other room."

Mrs. Donohue accepted exile amiably. She lingered for a word of admonition. "Now, Kate, don't you be stubborn. Jerry's told me what he wants to do for you, and I'm sure I approve. Things aren't as they were once, you know."

With a meaning nod she withdrew. Peter and Betty took their books and went into Kate's room. Kate closed her notebook and sat with downcast eyes, waiting, while Jerry paced to and fro with his hands behind his back. Finally he began, with somewhat less poise of manner than he was already accustomed to display in the courtroom.

"Of course I know what put the idea of launching out for yourselves into your head. Mother gave you a hint that I was wanting to get married, and you felt that you and Peter and Betty might be preventing me. Whether there was ever any reason for that belief or not, you must know the situation's altogether different to-day." He hesitated for a moment, and then, as Kate did not speak, he continued. "And I'm glad it is. I knew, off and on, that she didn't love me enough. There's nobody now that I'm the least bit interested in; and you and Peter and Betty are part of the family, and I want to have you get the advantages that I'd give you if I was really your brother. There's a college education ahead for every one of you. You won't let pride stand in the way, will you, Kate?"

"But what is a person without pride, Jerry?" She looked up at him with clear eyes, even though there was a puzzled frown on her brow. "What you offer us is the life of a parasite, and if I agreed to it I should be throwing away the pride that is all that makes me a real person—real to myself anyway. Besides"—she smiled, and the puzzled frown vanished and a livelier light shone in her eyes—"the fact that you're not interested in anyone now has no special significance for the future. By next week or next month you may be in love with some woman—and not just off and on."

"You don't understand me," cried Jerry. "I shall probably never marry. I shall be much too busy to fall in love,—and I think I'm not capable of any very permanent feeling about a woman."

Kate laughed; she sprang up and, tucking her arm inside his, patted his hand while she walked with him to and fro.

(To be continued.)

A Plea for Mops and Brooms.

I can remember the time when my broom and dustpan were always standing in my way in a corner of the kitchen, and the rest of my cleaning equipment, consisting of a wet mop, a scrub brush, two pails, and some unbeautiful cleaning cloths, disfigured my back porch. For years I did my cleaning with these primitive utensils—sweeping, scrubbing, polishing, without realizing that times had changed since my mother taught me the methods grandmother had taught her.

The day that I woke up to the idea of a cleaning closet filled with convenient and effective implements was a red letter day. When I decided to have a cleaning closet and to fill it with up-to-date equipment, I had begun to realize that I was wasting hours of time, and no one knows how much strength, in toiling with that broom and mop. I now realize that I wasn't really cleaning my house as it should be cleaned. A good deal of the time I was simply stirring up dirt or not affecting it at all.

I had the closet built in a recess in one corner of the kitchen. It is 9 feet high, 18 inches deep, and 3 feet wide, and is painted white throughout. A shelf for bottles and cans of cleaning material is built 5 feet 6 inches from the floor, and the cleat from which the mops and brooms hang is 5 feet 3 inches from the floor. The dustpan and some of the shorter brushes hang 3 feet from the floor. All are provided with screw eyes fastened to the ends, for convnient hanging, and all cloths are hung up by means of tape loops.

Everything that I use in cleaning is in that closet. A supply of new cloths is kept in a tin box on the floor, so that I never have to waste time in hunting something with which to dust and polish. A small tin lard pail and an old enamel saucepan are on the shelf ready for cleaning preparations which must be mixed in them. A basket for carrying materials and small brushes conveniently hangs from the shelf, and a chamois for polishing metals and glass hangs in its place beside the oiled dust cloths.

A hand-power vacuum cleaner, with which I can clean walls and furniture as well as floors, is the most important of my implements. I never knew what really cleaning a rug or floor meant until I acquired my vacuum cleaner, and even at that it probably does not do the work as thoroughly as a power cleaner would do it.

A carpet sweeper takes up surface dirt, crumbs, lint, and thread from sewing, etc., when I am in a hurry and do not want to use the vacuum cleaner. A good corn broom does good service, although it isn't in use a third as much as it used to be, and a whisk broom is often handy. Two good camel's-hair paint brushes of different sizes help me in cleaning the crevices in my good furniture, and two small vegetable brushes find a hundred uses.

I use a dry string mop, oiled, for the bare floors in my dining room, living room, and bedrooms, and a wet mop for kitchen and porches. A mop wringer fastened to a pail saves me the unpleasant task of wringing out the mop with my hands, and saves strength besides. I save old underclothing particularly for mop cloths, because it is soft and absorbent and not linty.

A stiff scrub brush and two galvanized iron pails are also included in the outfit. For dusters I use a soft cloth that does not shed lint. I find old silk clothing makes excellent dusters. To make these dustless I oil them slightly, putting a little oil in one corner of the cloth, rolling it tightly, and leaving it a few minutes for the oil to spread through. Too much oil is apt to give a streaky appearance or to darken woodwork. My dustpan is a long-handled one that has a trap which opens automatically when I set it in position on the floor, and closes without losing a scrap of dirt when I lift it up.

An ordinary dish mop with a wooden handle helps me to clean out difficult corners and small spaces, and a small stepladder enables me to reach the high places. When cleaning I wear heavy denim aprons and rubber gloves, and these are kept in the closet also. Several tools which I am constantly needing when I am cleaning I keep in a box with my cleaning materials—a tack hammer, a screw driver, a tack puller, and an assortment of nails, screws, and tacks.

On the shelf are a collection of the cleaning liquids, washing powders, and polishing materials that I use in cleaning. A supply of kerosene, ammonia, alcohol, and linseed oil is kept in pint jars plainly labeled.

Some of the other materials which I find necessary are soap, floor wax, washing soda, furniture polish, bath brick, stove polish, and a good scouring preparation.

Before putting mops and brushes back in the closet I see that they are thoroughly clean. Most of them can be cleansed very well in soap and water. My dry mop I wash occasionally in washing soda and water. My dusters go into the weekly wash as regular as the towels and table linen.

I used to dislike cleaning days thoroughly. The strong soap and hot water made my hands red and rough, I breathed in dust, and the cap I wore was hot and disarranged my hair. Now I go about it systematically. In a moment I can collect all the materials I will need for cleaning. In the living room, I dust off pictures, bric-a-brac and furniture, and cover them or put them in another room. Then I clean the floor with the vacuum cleaner and dry mop. The kitchen is even easier, and altogether cleaning is one of the least strenuous and most satisfactory of my duties as housekeeper.—R. M. B.

How I Cured Myself of the Worry Habit.

Speaking of how he broke off smoking, a friend said to me: "I made up my mind not to be mastered by anything that couldn't talk." Later, when I was wrestling with the worry habit, I remembered that.

I had worried until I was under the doctor's care. Then, one day, my husband and I were riding on a street car that was blocked in front of a store with large windows. Glancing toward the windows I saw the reflection of a woman's face with the most distressed expression imaginable. I had looked for some time before I realized that the face belonged to my husband's wife. There was not a thing to hurry for, and there I sat fuming and fretting. I laughed—and was more surprised at the difference the laugh made in my appearance.

Then and there I resolved to be master of the thing that couldn't talk.

First I joined a gymnasium, and it did wonders for me. I became happy and enthusiastic about it. And whenever I found myself worrying or thinking unhappy thoughts, I sat down and read an interesting article or an entertaining story or just a funny paragraph. If after this my mind switched back to gloom, I tried memorizing a short poem.

The plan worked. It has given me so many pleasant things to think about that only rarely now do I have to hunt up something new.

Then I established in my home a "refuge spot," which still is and always will be a fixture there. It contains books—cheerful and happy ones. And when task follows task until it seems there will not be hours enough in the day for their accomplishment, when I find myself becoming nervous and hurrying from one thing to another, when a fit of the blues seems imminent—I simply drop everything and flee to my refuge to read myself calm.—S. L.

GIVE EX-KAISER TASTE OF IT

Group of French Soldiers Prescribe Punishment in Military Form.

A little French weekly, the Cri de Paris, lately received from a group of French letters the following letter on the subject of the ex-Kaiser's pnnishment:—

This is how we think the Kaiser ought to be punished:

William II. shall wage war until death ensues.

Every day he shall march 15 miles with full pack and equipment, carrying a quick-firing rifle and a load of hand-grenades. He shall wear a trench helmet and never be allowed to take it off.

At the end of his 15-mile march he shall be made to cross marshy ground with water up to his waist.

He shall be made to walk down sodden communication trenches in which telephone wires shall have been artfully arranged so as to entangle him.

He shall spend every night in a narrow trench, in which a few dozen rats shall be kept and near which there will lie some decaying carcases.

As soon as he begins to doze off a few hand-grenades shall be exploded, as well as a mine, which should throw him bodily some ten yards away.

Every night he shall be made to walk for two hours in the dark across broken ground, and to cross several wire entanglements while carrying cases of hand-grenades.

As for hygiene and comfort, he shall change his underclothes only on the first of each month, so as to become a prey to vermin; he shall be allowed to wash on that day only.

For rations, he shall be entitled to one tin of bully beef per day, with a quarter of a loaf of bread, and, as an appetiser, some sardines in oil; he shall drink either water or sour wine, half a pint for each meal.

This shall last for 365 days in the year. During the meal hours one might improve his mind by reading aloud to him selected passages from Boche philosophers, in lieu of the customary reading of the communique.

Thus perhaps he might be made to realize the sufferings endured by millions of men who, through his fault, were sent to the slaughter.

The island of Barbadoes is said to be kept free from malaria by the tiny fish known as "Millions," which devour the larvae in the early stages of its development.

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POLAR SEA IS A VAST EDDY

CANADIAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION REPORTS NO CURRENTS.

Last of Stefansson's Party Lands Safely on Coast of Alaska After Years on Ice Floe.

The Department of the Naval Service at Ottawa has received from Yukon, Alaska, a despatch from Stoker Storkersen announcing the safe arrival of his ice exploration party on November 7 last, on the north coast of Alaska. This brings to an end the exploratory work of the Canadian Arctic Expedition.

The work carried out by Storkersen was planned by Mr. Stefansson, who intended to command the party personally, but was prevented from doing so by typhoid, which overtook him about three weeks before the expected start.

Storkersen's party, when they left the north coast of Alaska at Cross Island, consisted of nine whites and four Eskimos, with sledges. They started March 15, 1918. After about two weeks of travel northward across the ice Storkensen sent back three of the sledges and four of the men. Two hundred miles from Alaska he sent back three more sledges and all but four of his companions. Their plan then was to camp on the ice, and drift with it. They carried practically no provisions, expecting to live on seals and polar bears.

No Currents Westward.

It had been the general belief of geographers and Polars that there was a current running westward and that Storkersen's party would be carried west parallel to the coast of Siberia. Had the drift been to the westward, Storkersen would undoubtedly have remained on the ice all winter, but it appears from his despatch that no such westward drift was found, but that the ice cake on which they were camped was carried around in what may be considered a large eddy. They commenced their drift about 73 north latitude and 146 west longtitude. The most north-westerly point reached by them Storkersen reports to have been 74 north latitude and 152 west longitude, while the most easterly point reached was 144½ west longitude. In addition to valuable deep-sea soundings, which were taken, although no report of them has been received, this exploration has shown the inaccuracy of the theory previously held as to currents in this part of the Polar Sea, and has given additional demonstration of the safety and suitability for Polar exploration of the method of living on the country, for Storkersen reports that after seven months without other provision than those secured by his rifle, his party landed all safe.

The other four members of the party were: Bustav Masik, Lorne Knight, Martin Kilian and G. G. Gumar.

Coming Home to England.

Ever the shimmer of the English leaves,
And a southern wind a-blowing;
Ever a twitter of dawn at the eaves,
And the distant kine a-lowing;
Ever the glory of Autumn sheaves,
And a dimpled brook a-flowing.

Ever the church at the foot of the hill;
And the tavern's sign a-swinging;
Ever a voice at the window-sill,
And the children a-tugging and clinging;
Ever the clatter that comes from the mill;
And a thrush at my heart a-singing.

Gone is the dawn with its lurking fears
On a night of tearless weeping;
Gone is the ache of the crawling years,
With horror and death in their keeping;
O, ever the quiet of the coming years,
And the loved ones around me sleeping.

A silver bell has been anonymously presented to the town of Guildford, England, for use by the town crier on the day peace is signed.

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