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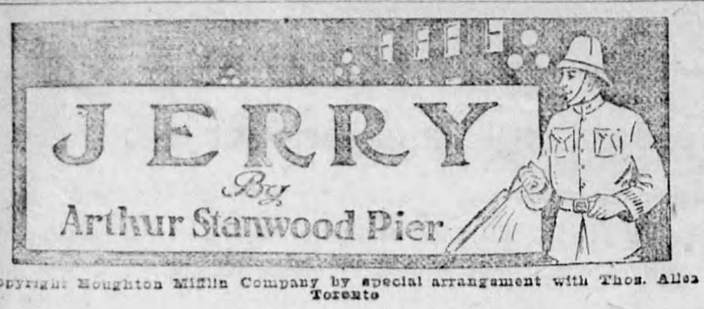

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CHAPTER XLI.—Cont'd.

"You're capable of anything that's normal and human, Jerry. Just anything. You're capable, too, of any sacrifice. Put yourself in my place. If I go out into the world now to earn a living, in two or three years, provided I show intelligence and capacity, I ought to be earning a better living. On the other hand, if I allow you to support us and to send me to college, I may suddenly discover that I'm mpeding your life and that some other woman looks on Betty and Peter and me as blocking her happiness. Of course, as soon as I discovered that, I should at once have to break away and stand on my own feet, and I should be less fit to do it then than I am now—or shall be soon—besides having lost the time when I might have been getting a start. Now suppose this shouldn't happen. Don't you know that I should always suspect that just because of us you were not letting it happen? For you see, Jerry, I know you pretty well. And I know you're capable of any sacrifice."

"You've got me all wrong, Kate. I'm not self-sacrificing, and I'm too selfish and too comfortable, just as we are, to fall in love. You see, I'm urging you to do what I ask because it would be for my satisfaction and comfort—not because it would be a fine thing for you."

"I'm not going to let a keen lawyer draw me into an argument." Kate gave his arm a final pat and dropped it. "I don't doubt, Jerry, that we'll leave you and your mother with tears in our eyes, but it's got to be done, and you and she must make your plans for April without reference to us. By April I expect to have a job."

"I had no idea, Kate, you'd be so difficult to manage." Jerry's glance was half reproachful, half admiring.

"Oh, I can be granite when I have to be," she answered with a smile.

When Mrs. Donohue returned from visiting Mrs. Bennett, she found Jerry pacing the floor and dictating notes for a brief to Kate; Peter and Betty had already gone to bed.

"Now I hope to goodness you've got it all fixed up," said Mrs. Donohue, and her tone indicated that indeed she had no doubts about the matter.

"No, it's not to be fixed up," Jerry replied. "And the worst of it is, she's convinced me she's right, so I can't do anything more by way of persuading her,"

"But I can't understand!" wailed Mrs. Donohue, and she gazed from one to the other in amazement. "Jerry, child, couldn't you make her see. Don't you know we want you, Kate?"

Reluctantly and without pretending to comprehend the reasons presented to her, Mrs. Donohue bowed to the superior intelligence of the young.

"What must be must be," she said with resignation. "But it certainly will take all the pleasure out of moving—which is little enough—to feel that we're losing you and Peter and Betty, my dear."

Partly because of this feeling, partly because Jerry had very little time for house hunting, the question what they should do in April dragged on from week to week unsettled. And the longer it dragged on, the less disposition there was to settle it.

"Perhaps Kate won't get a job right off," Jerry said to his mother. "We can stay on here as tennants at will, and we'd better do that until Kate feels that she and her family must leave us."

Meanwhile he and Kate were helping each other professionally; often he brought work home at night and dictated to her, and she presented him with typewritten copies of his utterances the next day. It was good practice for her, because it familiarized her with legal phraseology; Jerry profited by the arrangement, for it enabled him to turn out more work than he otherwise could have done. He found Kate almost as rapid as his office stenographer and a good deal more intelligent; sometimes she ventured a hint or a criticism, and it was always worth considering. The more he worked with her, the more confidence he came to have in her judgment, the more respect for her character; more and more did he feel that she was a good person to work with. That she had a reciprocal feeling about him was suggested by the rapid improvement in her work; Jerry was himself amazed by it. Such facility and cleverness, with fingers and with mind—he saw it developing almost magically under his eyes. And as he became more impressed by this, his senses awoke to other aspects of the girl; she was good to look at in her absorbed moments and inspiriting when she was aroused; sometimes there was deep thoughtfulness in her eyes, sometimes there was admiration, sometimes raillery; as she was deft with her fingers and quick of mind, so was she swift and lissome in all her movements; and the more that Jerry watched her, the more did she amuse and please and interest him.

On an evening in March Jerry came home to hear the announcement that he had known was some time inevitable. Kate had a position. She was going to work the following Monday in the office of a stockbroker who had applied to the school for a stenographer. Although she was very cheerful about it, Peter and Betty were subdued, and Jery suspected that Kate might be less exuberant really than she seemed. It was a stormy night, with wind and rain beating against the windows; but the little rooms were cozy and snug, and the little family, sitting together, engaged in their separate tasks, formed a circle which it was hard to think was soon to be broken. As if by tacit consent they all avoided a discussion of the subject that was uppermost in their minds—where and how Kate and Peter and Betty would now live.

"Haven't you some dictation, Jerry?" Kate asked. "I need all the practice I can get before next Monday."

Jerry produced papers from his green bag, Peter and Betty withdrew to another room where their studies should not be disturbed, Mrs. Donohue continued to knit. But she grew drowsier and drowsier while Jerry, pacing to and fro, delivered his slow monologue, and at last she gave forth unwittingly sounds indicating that for her at least it was bedtime. So Kate and Jerry made the folding bed ready and went out to the kitchen to finish their work. They were still at it when Betty and Peter called good night to them.

"I guess that's enough for this evening," Jerry said at last. "Tired, Kate?"

"No, not a bit." She sighed. "I wish my new employer were a lawyer; my training with you would be so much more valuable if he were. I don't suppose"—she spoke hesitatingly—"your office needs another stenographer, does it, Jerry?"

"I don't know about the office. But I need you, Kate." Jerry slipped his arm round her and gave her a kiss.

"Oh, Jerry!"

"Yes, I do." He kissed her again and laughed, her eyes were so wide and shining, her lips were opened in such a circle of wonder and—yes, of happiness. "You're the best little helper any man could have, and I can't have you living anywhere else than just with me."

Then he felt both her arms round him, felt her lips softly brush his cheek, and heard her say in a breaking voice, "Oh, Jerry, my darling! And I do adore you so!"

CHAPTER XLII.

From the Donohue's new suite of rooms it was only a short walk to the boulevard fronting the park. On Sundays Jerry and Kate usually took a stroll among the park gardens, and each time they would note with interest the progress made in the building of the new house on the boulevard, at the corner of their street. It was a large and handsome house in the Georgian style, built of dark-red brick, with buff trimmings.

"But I'm sure the people that are going to live there arn't as happy as we are, Jerry," said Kate as they passed it one day. She gave her husband's arm a squeeze, after glancing round and making sure that no one would see.

"I should say not," declared Jerry proudly.

"And however grand they are, I don't believe they have anything nicer than our new parlor furniture."

"Especially when you think of the new tall clock." Jerry glanced at Kate with a twinkle of mischief in his eye.

"Yes," she admitted. "I must say I'm getting resigned to having it. For it does look awfully well. Of course, I never can like Mrs. Maguire—but it was a handsome present just the same."

(To be continued.)

Two tons of ammunition were used for each soldier killed, captured or seriously wounded in the war on the western front.

Ground heather is being used as a fodder substitute for cattle in Denmark.

The Rest-Room at Beverly.

"Are you going to town this afternoon, Bert?" said Anne Walton to her husband, who was leaving the dinner table rather hurriedly.

"Yes; want to fix up the children and come along?"

"I'm not eager to go but I ought to. How soon must we be ready?"

"Oh, in half an hour or so."

A merry scramble with the children ensued, and forty minutes later the family was tucked away in the old sleigh, and Prince and Kate were making the slippery journey to town. The winter wind was raw and chill, and by the time they reached Beverly the children's faces were purple with the cold.

"Can't we go some place to get warm, mother?" begged Bobby.

"There's no place to go but the store. We can wait there while daddy goes to the bank and to the blacksmith shop."

Anne and the youngsters unloaded at the general store and Bert drove off to look after his own errands. The store was crowded with farmers, their wives, children, bundles and tobacco smoke. Bobby and Bertha wriggled their way to the big red stove, while Anne waited at the counter with the butter and eggs she had brought to trade. A half-dozen other women were similarly waiting.

"How do you do, Mrs. Walton. I seldom see you any more; where have you been keeping yourself?" said one of the women.

"Oh, the roads have been so bad we haven't been anywhere and I dread coming to town. The children get so cold and tired and it takes so long when Bert has business to attend to. Sometimes I think I'd rather stay at home. How much are eggs worth to-day?"

"I heard some one tell Mrs. Tompkins they were thirty-eight cents," volunteered a woman who stood at the edge of the circle. "H'm; my cousin in the city writes that they're paying sixty cents in the city right along," contributed another. "We'd better save up a lot and carry them to the city. I'd like to walk through one of the big stores right now! I hate the mirrors, though—those long ones that let you see how your skirt sags and how shabby your shoes are," and Mrs. Saylor edged behind Anne at the thought.

"Well, I don't want to see anything or walk anywhere," remarked Mrs. Lane. "My feet are ready to drop off. I don't see why they can't have a few more chairs in this store when there is no other place for us to wait for the men folks. I've had my trading done for an hour and Sam's getting the horses shod; no one can tell when he'll be through."

"That's just it! Why haven't we somewhere else to wait? Over in Stevenville they have a regular rest-room in the City Hall, with chairs and couches and little beds for babies, and magazines to read and desks to write on!" Mrs. Saylor forgot her temporary embarrassment and stepped out from hiding with a swing of the hands that suggested all the comforts that were lacking.

"Yes, but Stevenville isn't Beverly," said Mrs. Lane with the inflection of a fatalist.

"But why couldn't we have such a room to use on Saturday? Maybe Beverly could do more than it does if we women could wake it up. Since Mrs. Price's store has closed I don't see why we couldn't fix that up. I'll bring a couple of rockers and a rag rug." Mrs. Tompkins had caught fire from Mrs. Saylor.

"Who'd pay the rent?" This was a poser; the enthusiastic ones knit their brows.

"Why," replied Anne, "Bert owns an interest in that building, and he said the other day it would just stand empty this winter. I know we could have the use of it. There's a stove in it already."

"Well, I'll come in one Saturday out of the month and build the fire, if the rest of you will take turns." Mrs. Earlham's quiet voice put confidence in the group.

"I'll come, too!" chorused several others.

"Well, let's tear off a little of this wrapping paper and write down what we've got to start with," and Mrs. Tompkins took over the secretarial work.

'Round the group she bustled, and before the tardy husbands appeared plans had been made.

"We ought to have a couple of tables," suggested Mrs. Brownell. "Each of us could bring a few magazines to place on a reading table; and I think one table ought to be fixed up for a writing table. Half the time I don't have as many minutes to myself all the week as I spend in fidgeting around this store on a Saturday afternoon."

"Could we have some picture books and toys for the kiddies?"

"We'll have to have such things, Mrs. Teasdale. That's one thing it's for—to keep the children from getting so tired and cross."

"We'll try it out this way for a month or two and I believe after we get it furnished and folks see what a help it is the town council may provide for it by by-law in time for next winter. Think there's any hope?" Mrs. Tompkins looked around the group for a sign.

"Sure there's hope." The indomitable Mrs. Saylor shook hands with everybody and carried Anne off to find Bert and confer with him about the room.

Throughout the week Beverly wondered who was moving into Mrs. Price's shop. On Saturday morning it displayed a sign which read "Beverly Rest-Room—Come In," and during the afternoon and evening people came in, a little shy at first, but finding friends and neighbors they stayed to chat and rest.

Mrs. Brownell luxuriously wrote five postal cards. Mrs. Lane knitted while she rested the feet that had been ready to drop off the week before. Tommy Teasdale and Richard Saylor built block houses; Bobby and Bertha looked at wonderful pictures and drew others yet more wonderful. Mrs. Tompkins thought of a dozen improvements for the rest-room, and Mrs. Earlham read two stories and copied a recipe.

"I like going to town lots better now, don't you, mother?" whispered Bertha, as Anne tucked her and Bobby into bed that night. "I'm tired but I don't feel so cross as I used to neither does brother."

Child Welfare in the West.

Child welfare is occupying a large share of attention in British Columbia and Alberta. Early in December there was held at Vancouver the first aunual convention of the Child Welfare Association of British Columbia. The program included discussions on educational reforms, juvenile delinquency, child mortality and diseases of children. Vocational training was urged in order that children might become helpful factors in the community. The schools of Vancouver were mentioned particularly on account of the special classes for the mentally backward children and the Association put itself on record as favoring institutions for the feeble-minded.

The Chief Diagnostician of the Juvenile Court of Seattle, Washington, addressed the Association on juvenile delinquency and its dependence on the status of home training. A low ebb of parental responsibility results in juvenile delinquency. It was recommended that mothers' pensions should be established because motherhood should be recognized as the highest service to the State.

In Alberta the study of Child Welfare is concerned with the preparation and serving of hot lunches to rural school children. The Department of Education for the province has issued a booklet containing a number of recipes and practical suggestions whereby the cold lunch will be wholly or partially abolished. It is estimated that more than three-fifths of the school children attending rural schools in Alberta are dependent on cold lunches and that these are eaten at irregular intervals and under conditions not beneficial. The idea of the Department of Education is that trustees and teachers shall make it possible to serve at least one hot dish each day at noon; well balanced cold lunches are also suggested to mothers.

BRITISH PILOTS' DARING IN WAR

2,000,000 MILES COVERED IN THE SUBMARINE ZONE.

Work in English Channel Called for Great Resourcefulness and Scorn of Danger.

The German submarines, which, in the dark days of the war, preyed on shipping in the Downs and the English Channel, have been brought, score by score, to Harwich for surrender. Their menace has been removed, but the men of the mercantile marine, who, on voyage after voyage, cheerfully faced the peril of death at sea, will never forget the anxious watches passed in the danger zone when "ruthlessness" was in full activity. And if the sailors, who, after all, enjoyed immunity from attack when their ships reached the further seas, have much to remember, what must be the memories of the Trinity House pilots, whose duties kept them continually in infested waters?

There is the case of the Ruler of Pilots at Gravesend, who was torpedoed on three consecutive journeys down Channel with valuable boats, and on each occasion by sheer determination and pluck, and the confidence he was able to inspire in others, succeeded in bringing the ships to port. This is but one case among many, and there is little cause for surprise that the Admiralty has asked for the names of men to whom honors might be given for their services. The pilots, we understand, or, at any rate, those working from Gravesend, have decided to submit no name except that of their ruler, Captain H. Davis.

For the rest, the Gravesend men have analyzed the record of the corps and presented a report on the work accomplished during the war.

Took Extra Licenses.

The Gravesend pilots are proud of their record, and may fairly claim that it will rank among the foremost of Britain's seafaring achievements. Owing to the dangers, both of ordinary navigation and those created by war conditions, they were required to take up a new Admiralty license, as far west as Plymouth, and encouraged in addition to go as far as Barry Roads and the Bristol Channel. They were also asked to undergo, voluntarily, an examination for the whole of the east coast, and a large number responded and were duly licensed to conduct vessels as far as Berwick. As a matter of fact, it is noted in the report, Gravesend men have conducted ships as far north as Scapa Flow to French, Dutch and Irish ports, and to Liverpool and the Bristol Channel continually. Measuring outwards from seawards of the Edinburgh lightship, and taking no account of the waters of the Thames between Gravesend and that point, the men covered from August 4, 1914, to November 11, 1918, a total distance of 1,841,320 miles. Several individual pilots have alone covered more than 30,000 miles of unprotected waters.

One of their body was captured by a German destroyer and has been a prisoner for two years; one lost his life by enemy action, and one died from sickness contracted on foreign service. Thirty-two have been mined or torpedoed, four of them on two occasions and two on three occasions. Few have not had many close contacts with the German. One pilot, to his own knowledge, has seven times had the enemy close alongside. Once he passed over a submarine off Newhaven. Every pilot, too, has seen many sad and impressive sights, when ships, large and small, had received their death-blow from mine or torpedo. It is useful here to quote from the report:

Saved Many Vessels.

"Often the shock transmitted through the water was so strongly felt on board other ships that people rushed on deck imagining their own vessel had been struck. Two particular cases will live in our memory: One in which seven vessels in twenty-eight hours were sunk, beached, or towed disabled away from one point and another when six were destroyed or seriously damaged at one spot within a few minutes. When one knows, as we do, the different escapes we have nearly all had, generally through being too close alongside the submarine, and that we have had so very few accidents with nearly 2,000,000 miles covered in the hottest of the danger zone, surely it may be taken as proven that our being there has materially assisted to keep down the number of casualties to vessels.

"It is quite impossible," the report continues, "to single out any men for special mention, for it is impossible to get like conditions for different men. Luck enters very largely into it. Some have done first-rate work in getting their damaged vessels in, others with very big mileage, and many close shaves, have escaped altogether, probably largely through luck, though, on the other hand, the escape may be sometimes due to efficient lookout, zigzagging and a gift of doing the unexpected instead of the obvious thing at danger points. It becomes a pretty problem as to whether a man who has been torpedoed and gets his vessel in, or one who has done big distances and never been touched, is most to be congratulated. Our work has been very varied beyond general pilotage, and has comprised all sorts of duties, many of them of a voluntary nature. It has been the rarest event for any ship to be detained at Gravesend for lack of a pilot, and in the times of pressure men have gone from ship to ship till nearly collapsing from exhaustion. They kept going purely from a strict sense of duty, knowing the importance to the nation of quick dispatch of shipping, when they would sorely have liked to rest.

Work With Transports.

"Some in the earlier days were largely engaged with the hospital ships when first commissioned, some at cable laying, others 'trooping.' Twelve went to Dover and were engaged with transports under the King's harbor master in taking men to Ostend, Zeebrugge and Dunkirk with a view to strengthening the Antwerp garrison, and prevented the fall of that city. Many have crossed again and again to Rotterdam and back at the request of the Admiralty—in fact, most of this work has been done by men of this body. Some, to perfect themselves, sought instruction about submarines at Chatham, before the Admiralty woke to the fact of its importance to us. Others have drawn attention of the authorities to various means of saving ships. We have also been able to report unauthorized signaling from the shore, being acquainted with the places where authorized signaling was to be expected. One of our body detected two escaped German officers on board a Dutch vessel, and turned back and handed them over to the naval authorities. In fact, as each has been able, every man has put his heart into his work and done his very best in most difficult and trying circumstances, and with very little sympathy or understanding."

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At the recent convention of the United Farmers of Alberta, Hon. George P. Smith, Minister of Education, declared that consolidated schools were the only medium to extend secondary advantages to rural districts.

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