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CHAPTER XLII—(Cont'd.)

"And qute a handsome letter she wrote you about me," suggested Jerry.

"Oh, yes. It sounded much nicer than she is."

"I shall always think she's pretty nice," Jerry said teasingly. "And if she hadn't been as sensible as she is nice I should never have been as happy as I am."

"Truly true? I'll try not to be jealous of her or hateful, Jerry. But I did feel glad I wasn't at home when she called, and I couldn't help being relieved that she wasn't in when I called. Now that will probably be the end of it. People who live at the Wallace House aren't going to bother much with people like us."

"I'm not so sure. I have an idea Nora won't find many congenial friends among the persons her husband knows. She couldn't help liking you, Kate, and I guess she'd like to have you for a friend. They'd hardly have sent us such a present otherwise."

"It's your friendship she cares about, not mine."

"I think it's both of us."

"Have you seen her at all, Jerry?" Kate eyed him so anxiously that he laughed.

"Not since she was married. I didn't even know she was living at the Wallace until the clock came, with the card giving her address." Jerry suddenly took off his hat and waved it to a policeman on the opposite sidewalk, who grinned and came across the street.

"Sergeant Sheehan, I want you to meet my wife," said Jerry. "She knows all about you."

"Indeed I do." Kate gave the sergeant her hand. "And I was so glad when Jerry told me of your promotion."

"You'll be springing up the ladder now by leaps and bounds," said Jerry.

Sheehan gleamed with pleasure and answered, "Do you mind my saying, Donohue, that you'd be a better officer once you got yourself a wife? But you've done better for yourself in every way than I ever supposed you would. That's the plain Irish of it, now I'm telling you, Mrs. Donohue."

They all laughed cheerfully, and Sheehan with his white-gloved hand gave Kate his best salute before passing on.

On a Sunday afternoon in October Jerry and Kate were passing the big new house on the corner of the boulevard, now all but completed, and saw the door of it standing open. "Let's go in and look it over," said Jerry.

They entered and wandered through the newly plastered rooms, and poked their heads into closets. They were admiring the large fireplace in what was presumably the dining room when they heard footsteps along the hall; turning, they beheld Nora and Patrick Maguire in the doorway.

"Jerry!" cried Nora, with a ring of unaffected cordiality in her voice. Her face lighted with a smile that embraced Kate in its friendliness. "Mrs. Donohue, have you met my husband?"

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Donohue," said Maguire, coming forward genially and shaking hands. "Good of you to be interested looking over our new house."

Kate, furiously embarrassed, and thinking that there was sarcastic intention in the speech, flushed to the eyes and was silent. Jerry, hardly less confused, began, "We didn't realize it was your house—" And then Nora tactfully interposed, "Oh, didn't you? I'm sorry, for we hoped you had come in and were specially interested on that account. Now you must let us show you all over it; we're really terribly proud of it. This is to be our dining room; it's to be paneled in oak; we're going to have a sideboard built into this wall. The fireplace is to be done in Dutch tiles. Patrick,"—she turned abruptly to her husband,—"you take Jerry down and show him the cellar; I don't believe Mrs. Donohue will want to see that, but I know he'll be interested."

So Jerry and Maguire descended to the cellar, where Maguire pointed out the laundry and explained the heating arrangements and exhibited the coal bin. Jerry pretended to be interested, and wondered how Kate was getting on.

When he and Maguire ascended to the first floor, neither Kate nor Nora was to be seen. He conducted Jerry from room to room, and conscientiously described the character of each. Then before proceeding to the second floor he said abruptly:—

"You fellows in the District Attorney's office have managed to stir things up a good deal. You've driven the lame ducks to cover, and I guess you'll get a good many of 'em before you're through."

"It looks as if we should."

"I understand you're doing well. They tell me you're a smart trial lawyer. Nora wanted to know how you were doing, so I made some enquiries for her. That's what they give me to understand. But I tell you, Mr. Donohue; I don't care how smart you are, you can't pin anything on me."

"To tell the truth, I've been rather afraid I might be able to," replied Jerry. "But I haven't found anything yet."

"No, and you won't.—Now we'll go up and look at the second floor."

He showed Jerry the library, with its view of the pond through the golden maple trees of the park; he showed him the bedrooms and the bathrooms; and finally they looked into a room where Kate and Nora were standing together in the embrasure of a window. Maguire led Jerry away and remarked, "That room's to be the nursery."

"Oh!" said Jerry. He knew now that Kate and Nora were quite likely to be friends.

Maguire took Jerry up to the billiard room at the top of the house. "I hope we'll have many a friendly game up here of an evening," he said. "Well, now, I guess you've seen it all."

Jerry expressed his admiration of the house and thanked the host for his courtesy. They found Kate and Nora waiting for them on the first floor.

"Don't you think, Mrs. Donohue, we'll have quite the house?" Maguire asked.

"I think it will be a wonderful house," Kate answered with enthusiasm.

"All the credit goes to her." Maguire jerked his thumb towards Nora. "Say, Mrs. Donohue, I'll have to tell you a story on myself, just to give you a line on my wife. When we were on our honeymoon, we stopped in Chicago so she could buy some clothes. Her trousseau, you know. And then she said to me, 'Before ever I get one single thing for myself, I'm going to buy clothes for you, and then I don't ever again want to see you in these things you're wearing,' she says. A green Fedora hat and a green suit it was, all very nifty, I thought. 'What's the matter?' I says. 'I've always kind of fancied myself in green.' It's one thing that's kept me in doubt whether I could ever come to care for you,' she answered. 'If I can be sure I'll never see you in a green hat or green suit again, I'll feel more hopeful in my mind,' she says. So now she does with me and with the house as she pleases—which is no doubt the way you do with your husband and your house, Mrs. Donohue."

Kate laughed, quite at her ease now. "Yes, pretty much," she answered.

"Did you think to tell Jerry about Dave and Nelly?" asked Nora.

"No, I did not."

"The first thing that is going to happen in our new house is a wedding," Nora said. "Dave and Nellie Sims—we're going to make the wedding party a kind of house-warming. Just a few people—I hope you'll both be sure to come—and your mother, too, Jerry."

"Well," said Jerry to Kate when after bidding their entertainers goodbye they were walking homeward, "what do you think now?"

"Of course I can't help liking her," Kate answered. "And him, too. She's so attractive I'm afraid you can't help loving her still, Jerry."

Jerry laughed and looked into her eyes. "Oh, no, Kate, you're not a bit afraid."

(THE END.)

About Princess Pat.

Princess Patricia, whose popularity is at its height just now, recalls an amusing tale in which, as a child, she fretted under the discipline of Queen Victoria. She was staying with the Queen at Osborne, and sat one day with her legs crossed. "Patsy," said the Queen," little girls should not sit with their legs crossed." Princess Pat obediently uncrossed her legs, and presently began to run about the room. Again she incurred her grandmother's disapproval. "Little girls should keep their legs still," remarked the Queen. "Please, grandmamma," asked Princess Pat, in desperation, "what are little girls' legs for?"

Fifty English girl carpenters engaged for several years past in building huts for the British soldiers in France, have returned home with the intention of following their newly-learned trade.

A Virtue May Become a Vice.

We have been accustomed to thinking of virtue as being a precious possession, and always good, but virtue carried to the nth degree becomes vice. Or perhaps I should say a virtue carried to excess becomes a vice—is intemperance as truly as any form of overdoing. Perhaps the fact is born in on me just now because I've recently had a great deal to do with one or two persons who pride themselves on certain virtues which to their friends are their chief faults. And, of course, no one can make them see their mistake. They know that the thing they pride themselves upon is in itself a virtue, and can not see how they are overdoing it.

One is a woman who prides herself on plain speaking. She says she simply tells the truth at all times. Now, of course, truth in itself is a virtue and one greatly to be desired. But one can go to excess even with the truth. I rmember it used to puzzle me as a child to get my mother's fine distinction. She would sometimes tell us that we must always speak the truth, and then knock the whole thing over, for me at least, by saying the truth should not be spoken at all times. It was sometime before I found out that she meant it is often better to keep still than to speak the truth. If telling the truth is only going to wound someone and do no good, then say nothing. If it can do good, then tell it.

But the woman of whom I write draws no lines in her truth telling. "I tell them all just what I think," she says. And she does. Friend and foe, saint and sinner, old and young, rich and poor, all have the benefit of her views. No one is ever left in doubt as to what she thinks about them personally and all their family. Wherever she goes she leaves behind a trail of wounded and bleeding, or wrathy and apoplectic individuals, according to the temperament of her auditors. Needless to say she is about as welcome as the flu. Invitations never come her way, and welcome signs are hastily torn down when she appears round a corner.

Her acquaintances regard her as a wicked woman, but she believes herself to be unusually good. They think her excessive truth-telling is a vice, a cloak for venting her spite, but she really believes she is doing the right thing.

Directly her opposite is a man of her family who has her as an awful example. Seeing where over-much speaking has led with her, he has gone to the other extreme and won't talk at all. Claiming that silence is golden, he has over-played his part, too, and he keeps still when he should talk. He is secretive, in the extreme, withholds his confidence where it should be given, never blames anyone and never praises. It is as easy to get an opinion from him as it is to converse with an oyster.

His policy has estranged everyone he knows. His children shun him, his wife is as far from him as one pole from the other, and his business associates have as little to do with him as possible. His uncommunicativeness kept him from advancement in business and shut him out of all social life. And his entire family have to suffer with him.

So every virtue becomes a vice if it is worked too hard. The over-neat woman who keeps her family from enjoying their home is a sinner. Honest inquiry becomes inquisitiveness when carried too far. Ambition which interferes with one's fellows is autocracy. So we might carry it into everything. It simply resolves itself into the axiom that over-indulgence is intemperance or vice.

Homely Wrinkles.

Cereals cooked in skim milk instead of water are more palatable and more nutritious.

When baking cookies grease the pans, then rinse them with cold water; put the cookies on the wet greasy surface and they will not stick when baking.

To prevent rust, or to cover it after it appears, paint bed springs, inside of the gas oven and all except the smoothing surface of the flatirons, with aluminum paint. It is heat resisting and makes a smooth surface which is easily kept clean.

A three-minute egg-timer placed in sight of the telephone can be watched without taking the mind off a long-distance call and may save a charge for overtime.

Dustless dust-cloths can be made of worn hosiery and underwear. Dip them in a half pint of kerosene to which has been added three tablespoonfuls of linseed oil. Wring out and hang in the air to dry. These can be washed occasionally and again dipped in the oil.

If onions have sprouted, chop the sprouts and use them in potato salad.

Rubber mats may be cut out of worn-out hot water bags. They are useful to place on ice to keep dishes from slipping Old jar rings will serve the same purpose.

Make a substitute for a cedar chest out of any tight box made of soft wood, by painting the inside with oil of cedar, letting the wood absorb all it will. If there are any open cracks they should first be filled with melted paraffin.

Aluminum cooking utensils require the least heat. Foods requiring long, slow cooking should be put in an aluminum saucepan, just large enough to hold it, so that there is no waste space between the food and the close fitting lid. Once started it will cook with very little fire, and where gas is used for fuel the food will sometimes cook alongside another vessel, using but one burner.

The man who invests in all sorts of machinery to make his farm work lighter, and lets his wife rub along any old way, ought to change places with her for a while. By the time he has rubbed out eight or ten washings on a board that makes his knuckles bleed, and has mopped a rough kitchen floor twice a week for a year or two, he will make up his mind that things are somehow pretty one-sided, and that he had better think of his wife's comfort part of the time, and not of his own all the time.

Try washing blankets this way: Fold so they fit in a tub; then melt in hot water one pound pure white soap and one-half pound borax. Add to this enough cold water to cover the blankets and pour the mixture over them, allowing them to soak over night. The next morning pour this off, rinse the blankets thoroughly and without wringing hang them out to dry. Their weight keeps them in shape and clothes-pins are unnecessary. When dry beat with a carpet beater to raise the nap.

Diet for Convalescents.

The patient recovering from influenza or pneumonia requires a plain, nourishing diet. Just at this time the convalescent is tired of milks, soups, broth, etc., and has little actual desire to eat. It is here that the real skill of the housewife must be used to decoy these irritable, nervous invalids to take proper nourishment. to help them on the road to recovery. A few pointers that will aid results are:

Do not ask the patient what he would like to eat.

Serve small portions in a dainty, attractive manner.

Remember that persons recovering from such diseases cannot eat three large meals a day. Divide the food allowance so that the required amount of nourishment can be proportioned into five meals, as follows:

7 a.m.—Fruit, toast, hot milk, chocolate or cocoa.

10 a.m.—Poached egg on toast, tea.

1 p.m.—Baked potato, salad, cocoa.

4 p.m.—Boiled or broiled fish, toast, tea.

8.30 p.m.—Hot cocoa, toast with jelly.

Uses of French Chalk.

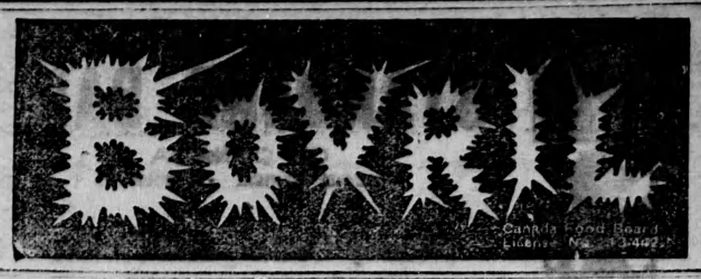
French chalk is not nearly so well known as it should be, for it is a very convenient and economical preparation to have on hand for various purposes. As a cleanser for silk, it is effective in that it removes grease spots almost instantaneously, if applied in the following way. If the chalk is purchased in cone-shaped lumps, it is well to shave them down to a fine powder, which should then be mixed with a small quantity of soap suds until a thick paste has been formed. After the paste has hardened into round cakes, it is ready for use. It should again be powdered and spread on the offending spot, under which cotton material has previously been spread. Several layers of tissue paper should be placed over the spot and a hot iron applied to the paper, with care that it does not come in contact with the silk itself. This method will leave the silk free from blemish, if followed carefully.

CLEANING UP THE WAR ZONE

Soil to be Subjected to Process to Recover Metals Which Fill It.

Europe's battle fields, says an editorial writer in the Mining and Scientific Press, have been showered with steel and iron and brass from shells, exploded and unexploded, and from hand grenades. He goes on:

"Much of this metal will be removed as a necessary preliminary to the resumption of peaceful pursuits. The quantity of metal is so great that it would be a source of annoyance and even of danger to the tiller of the soil A systematic sweeping, so to speak, of all the bombarded regions will be necessary. A French engineering journal describes an apparatus which, though created for this special purpose, can be applied to other uses, for it will indicate the presence of steel and iron not too deeply buried in the soil. This, however, is a slow way to proceed where long-continued bombardment has literally filled the soil with metallic fragments. Methods of salvaging are contemplated that involve passing the soil through plants for recovering the metal, and returning the soil to its place leveled and ready for tillage. It is also pointed out that the concentration of fixed nitrogen in these battle field soils, resulting from the enormous quantities of explosives used, will make these areas exceptionally fertile."



STEFANSSON LIKES MUSK OXEN MEAT

FLESH OF CARIBOU PRAISED BY ANOTHER EXPLORER

Canadian Arctic Travellers Declare Northern Barrens Afford Ample Food Supply.

Wilhjalmur Stefansson, recently returned from his Arctic exploration tour, said while at Edmonton recently that if the musk oxen of the Great Barren were given a little scientific care and supervision they would afford a new and abundant meat supply second only to the rapidly growing cattle industry of the great wheat belt.

"Musk oxen," said Stefansson, "have been left hitherto exclusively to the Eskimos and Indians for hunting purposes, but their meat is as good as ordinary beef, and there is no reason why it should not be sold in Canadian markets. There are 2,000,000 acres of grass and moss-covered prairie in the Far North, where the animals can feed themselves without shelter or protection. The southern edge of this region is already recognized as a superb cattle-grazing district. Musk oxen multiply rapidly and if an effort were made to propagate them they would soon develop into a prolific source of meat supply for civilized markets. The only supervision necessary would be to guard them from decimation by native hunters and the ravages by wolves. This superintendence could be given them by a special detail of rangers or Royal Mounted Police, whose force the Government plans to increase."

J. L. Rouse, another northern explorer recently in Edmonton, directed attention to the Barren Lands caribou as another source of meat supply which he believes, if properly husbanded, would be virtually inexhaustible.

"I estimate there are 60,000,000 caribous in northern Canada," said Mr. Rouse. "They winter in the Barren Lands, but in summer venture in search of pasturage as far south as Athapuptuskow Lake and the region south of Churchill River. They supply the Eskimos, Indians, hunters and lumbermen with quantities of meat and wolves slaughter thousands of them annually. Still they are increasing in numbers. They are a species of deer about the size of a reindeer and their meat is tender and of fine flavor. They could easily be domesticated and, like the caribou herds of Alaska, now becoming an abundant meat supply.

"The vast herds of caribou are a meat mine which should be worked by companies, with organized bands of hunters and equipped with storage plants on the hunting grounds. It is a pity to allow so much good food to go to waste. If the slaughter of the caribou is begun by market hunters, the Government should so safeguard the animals as to prevent their extermination. It is to be hoped the caribou will not meet the fate of the buffalo in the United States. If the herds are properly conserved they should add materially to Canada's meat supply for many years.

"The development of the food resources of the vast mossy tundras of northern Canada will demonstrate anew that the northern limit of productivity has not yet been reached, and that a great fertile area of Canada, more extensive than her famous wheat lands, remains as yet virtually unknown and unexploited."

A UNIVERSAL COIN.

May be One of the Outcomes of the League of Nations.

What a comfort money would be that one could spend anywhere in the world, without exchanging it for the local brand of currency?

As one result of the league of nations movement we may have an international coin. We may even have an international paper note, or certificate, or whatever we may choose to call it.

An international coin (as tentatively described) would be stamped on one side with an international design, stating its value in the monetary terms of various countries. On the other side it would exhibit design and lettering to identify it with the country of its origin.

Every year many millions of dollars worth of foreign coins are melted at the mints of each nation of the world and used as bullion for conversion into that nation's particular coinage. It seems a pity, because an obvious waste of labor. An international gold piece, in perhaps three denominations, would do away with this absurdity.

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