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The Jade God

By
MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER XIX

Burleson smiled bleakly; he was like a man who had escaped something — put something away; he was detached, hard, unafraid. Fosdick stared at him. "He's mad!" he thought.

"You can call it conscience," Burleson said, answering Mark, "or you can call it loss of nerve. I always planned to do something about it; a deathbed confession, I suppose; something dramatic! Off and on I've asked about you in prison; I was playing for time; for years I haven't been a well man, and now the doctors give me two years at most. I'm going to die, that's certain. I thought you could wait, but — I've heard something about that!" He shifted his position slightly, frowning, thinking of Pam's bowed head; it was true that she touched the only soft spot in his heart. "I see how you feel," he went on, "but I'm giving you your revenge. As for myself, I suppose if a man does the square thing in the end, it's something. I've got Fosdick here to take charge of it. He can go ahead."

"It'll be ruin, Burleson! My God, why didn't you speak then — or not at all?" Fosdick cried.

* * *

Burleson, handing him a paper, looked at him oddly.

"They can't send me to the chair?"

"They won't; it's second degree," said Fosdick dryly. "It's up to me to get it light for you — but this silence — the other fellow suffering!" Insane temper, temporary aberration — no end of money for alienists; Fosdick saw a hundred lawyer ways of fighting it for months — he mustn't die in prison! "I'll make a big fight, but—" he stared at Burleson bleakly — "man, it's the disgrace — it'll ruin you all! The country'll ring with it; you're known everywhere."

Burleson's grey face twisted; he turned and glanced at Mark.

"This young man here would say it was fair and that I had my share," he remarked dryly, "not that I've escaped — I've had a living hell of it for years."

* * *

Mark said nothing. He turned suddenly and walked to the window, staring out with unseeing eyes. He thought of those fifteen bitter years, of the convict's lot, of his lost youth, and this man safe and sleek in high place. Then he heard Fosdick's voice — the rasp in it weakened into a husky growl.

"Two years? Good heavens; you might as well have waited. Then it would be only a nine days' wonder; no one to be punished. Now — they'll send you to prison!"

There was a silence, then Burleson's voice. "My wife's dead; the boys, too; that's all there is to it. Of course the others—"

"Yes, the others!" barked Fosdick, staring hard at Mark's back; of course it was a vindication, but this man — had stood so high.

Burleson touched the paper on his desk. "You'll put it through, Fosdick? I'm tired of it; I'll take it when it comes. Now—" He turned, too, and glanced at the young man at the window — "you can both leave; I've done my share."

* * *

Fosdick rose; he was white and his eyes stared, but he took the paper. "It'll mean a trial," he said harshly; "I'll have to drag you into court."

Burleson, who had sunk lower in his chair, nodded. "Make it as clear as you can — if I'm to go to jail—" he laughed discordantly, turning to Mark. "Young man, you're avenged; it's harder for me to go to jail for two years now — and to die there — than it was for you. You've got your life before you — I'm done!"

"He doesn't count that," said Fosdick dryly; "It's revenge that's sweet, Burleson."

He was tucking the confession into his breast pocket, but the motionless figure in the window rasped on him.

"You'll be needed, too, Grant," he said sharply; "I'll have to ask your pardon for my treatment of you; they'll make everything right in court now — and you can have it put in the papers."

Suddenly Burleson groaned. The hideous publicity of it made him wince. He seemed to hear already the strident calls of the newsboys — "Extry!"

* * *

Mark turned. There was a light in his face; he held his head high.

"Wait," he said to Fosdick; "one moment! Keep that paper. I've had fifteen years — I can afford to wait two more."

Fosdick gazed at him and Burleson lifted his head slowly.

"You mean—?" gasped Fosdick.

"I mean just that!" I'll wait. I can't strike such a blow at them all nor at—" Mark stopped. He did not want to add "a dying man."

Burleson rose unsteadily, facing him. "You — you know I let you suffer? And — you do this?"

Mark nodded. "I'll wait."

Burleson sank into his chair, speechless; speechless he hid his face in his hands.

Fosdick stood staring, reluctant to be convinced. "Here's a wonder!" he exclaimed at last.

Pam, when she was told, saw it all more clearly.

"Of course I understand! I knew you'd be like that," she said proudly; "you're great enough to spare an old man who's wronged you! It's awfully grand, and I know it's for me. You can't stop me now, Mark Grant, for I want some of the glory; we'll face those ex-convict years together — yes, we will!"

(THE END)

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ISSUE 17—1945

BRAND OF SLAVERY

Liberated by the Allied armies Jewish girls forced to work in an ammunition factory at Kaunitz, Germany, display yellow crosses the Nazis made them wear on their backs. Germans also branded their arms.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

* * * * *

"The year's at the spring . . ." As one looks around one sees plenty of evidence why, since time immemorial, poets have written their loveliest poems in praise of spring. Autumn is beautiful too—perhaps even more so—but there is a peculiar quality that belongs only to spring . . . the miracle of dormant life awakening to new birth . . . a definite feeling of hope, of optimism, dispelling those dark, dreary clouds of defeatism that at times assailed us when days were short and gloomy.

* * *

I was thinking along these lines about our lovely spring when, unexpectedly and with tragic suddenness, came word of President Roosevelt's death—and for awhile all the beauty around me seemed to vanish. Few men have enriched the world so greatly in life as did the President nor few men whose death has been mourned by so many. And yet, I believe what distresses people more than his passing is the fact that he was not spared to witness the fulfillment of that victory for which he had striven so untiringly. But no—"untiringly" is not the right word—for he must often have been tired to that point of exhaustion. Sacrifically would more aptly describe his devotion to duty. The wonder is not that he died when he did but that he lived so long under such a terrific strain.

* * *

And now because life must go on even though presidents die, we pay our last respects to a great and loyal leader, and then square our shoulders again and resume once more "the daily round".

On Ginger Farm the daily round right now includes a little job known as seeding. The air is heavy these days with the hum of tractors—and I think probably ours hums louder than any of the others. Nothing very modest about our old "trac"—when it goes out on a job it likes to let everyone know about it.

* * *

And we are also still at the wiring job—at least the electricians are. Really, we had no idea there would be so many wires. What with furnace pipes, telephone and hydro wires, there isn't much spare space in the cellar that isn't decorated in some way or another. I am wondering when the pipes will go if, and when, we put in a hot water system. The men may get through with the wiring by Tuesday—that is as far as the house is concerned—in fact the job is almost done already. But oh, the irony of it! Here we are with switches and plugs all over the house and yet, no matter how one clicks the switches back and forth, nothing happens. We even have an electric stove in the house, and that, too, is about as useful as a pump without water.

* * *

Every time I go to town I look hopefully along the road to see if it has been staked out for poles. So far there is no sign of them. But the day will come . . . and when it does—when we are really hooked up, I think, for one night, I shall want to turn on every light in the house just to celebrate. Instead of a house-warming we'll have a house-lighting! And believe me, if all the lights were turned on at one time there would be plenty of them, for there are over sixty outlets in this rambling old house of ours. People say "Oh, what lovely big rooms—how grand to have so much space to live in!" Yes, it's grand all right—we know it when we start in on a job like this. Imagine—five lights in the basement. And we can't do with less—unless we still want to wander around with a flashlight even after the hydro is in.

OGDEN'S
FINE CUT
EASY TO ROLL
DELIGHTFUL TO SMOKE

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. When setting the table in what position should the spoons be placed?
2. Is it good form for a man to smoke in a public vehicle?
3. Is it necessary to acknowledge gifts and cards received during an illness?
4. What would be a courteous way of giving a gift to a servant?
5. What kind of gifts are appropriate for the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary?
6. What should one do if a friend begins to praise one in the presence of others?

Answers

1. They should be placed to the right of the plate, and to the right of the knives, with the hollow-side of the spoons upwards. 2. Yes, unless there is a rule forbidding it, or the smoke is blowing into some other passenger's face. 3. Yes. If one is too ill to write the notes personally, some member of the family can do so. 4. A tactful, quiet manner that is free from patronage and one that shows sincere gratitude and good-will for the services the servant has rendered. 5. Gifts of silver. 6. Turn the subject of conversation as quickly as possible.

King and Queen Visit Princess

King George and Queen Elizabeth paid a surprise visit to an Auxiliary Territorial Service motor training centre recently, and found Princess Elizabeth, her hands greasy and wearing khaki, overalls, working on an army truck engine.

This job is part of the 19-year-old Princess' training as a second subaltern in the A.T.S., which she joined a few weeks ago.

The King joked with the heiress-apparent about her work. When a test showed the engine's silencer still wobbing badly His Majesty quipped, "You must have left something out."

Sugary Jam

Honey, jam and jelly often become hard and sugary after being stored away for some time. Such a condition is easily corrected. Simply place the jar in a warm—not hot—oven and let it remain until the sugar melts and the honey or jam is smooth again.

TABLE TALKS

Dress Up Foods With Tomato Sauce

Canned tomatoes, home or commercial varieties, either whole or as juice, can improve many meals. For cooking purposes too they are indispensable and can be used hot or cold, "as is", or combined with other foods.

Of all the ways in which they are used tomato sauce is one of the best. According to the home economists of the Consumer Section, Department of Agriculture, if a homemaker has a good tomato sauce she can disguise leftovers, dress up inexpensive foods, and gain for herself a reputation as a most superior cook.

Beans With Tomato Sauce

1½-cups white beans
3 cups cold water
3 cups boiling water

Wash and soak beans over night in cold water. Drain. Cover with boiling water and cook one hour or until beans are tender.

Tomato Sauce

2 cups canned tomatoes
1 small onion (chopped)
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon mustard
¼ teaspoon celery salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 large tart apple (diced)

Mix together all ingredients and cook 10 minutes. Add to beans and liquid then continue to simmer for 30 minutes. Stir frequently to prevent sticking. Six servings.

Tomato Slaw

3 cups shredded cabbage
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons vinegar
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon sugar
1 cup canned tomatoes
1 teaspoon scraped onion (optional)

Shred cabbage. Mix salt, vinegar, pepper and sugar with tomatoes. Pour over cabbage. Let stand 10 minutes before serving. Six servings.

23-Mile Beam

The United States Navy is using searchlights so powerful that they can shoot a beam of light through 23 miles of inky darkness.

Sure he's sick of war . . . and so are we . . . but he's counting on us. That is the reason for the 8th Victory Loan. When you buy Victory Bonds you are giving him another lift . . . for remember, REAL victory is the day when our boys come home.

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