

MY MIKE and JOE CRANE

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Illustrated by GEORGE GIBBS

When you went over the factory this morning, did you see a fine-looking old man working at the lathe's bench with white hair and a red wrinkled face and a thin beard that kind of bristles out? You'd be apt to notice him. Seems like a man who might be vice-president or something in different clothes, don't he? But when he talks to you, you see it ain't often, he looks at the floor. That's old Joe Crane, God help him! There ain't say better men wear hair except that he's got a knot in his string that hasn't never been picked out. Something was put into him like salt is put in your cup of coffee by mistake if for sugar—just a pinch of it, but it spoils the whole thing. See what I mean?

He works there at that bench, and you can see the men give him plenty of room. They're covered with goose-fat half the time, they're so careful with him. When he goes home he goes to a shack on the Maple Hill Road, where he hangs out all alone, for old Joe's lived sixty some odd years, and I guess there hasn't been a minute of that time that he's been more than a couple of inches this side of a grand jury.

He'll burst out sometimes when some fool has touched the right button on his soul, and his neck will swell so you can see the mark of his collar after it's all over, and his fingers go creeping after a three-pound wrench or the like of that and there's a killing in his eyes. Then let him fling loose and it's over in a second like the rip of dynamite, and then everything's quiet except the old man choking and swaying and a little stream of blood running out of his nose. It's a terrible sight, but I don't think you'd be afraid to see it.

It wasn't long after I'd been made foreman, and everything seemed about right with me. A man can be happy here all right, and then again, though I don't do many things right, you bet I married right, and my Annie is the kind of woman I don't deserve, and probably never will. Then there was little Annie—strong as a kitten and lips red as if she was away at her grandmother's that winter, and there was little Michael with his round legs, going into his eleventh year. It was the gang I'd had by me while I was fighting my way up, and we'd won together, and everything was just right with me—except just one thing that brought up a heavy stone.

It wasn't enough the picture of a man to suit me. His name around and tear-en-up his didn't happen much, and he'd rather climb up on me, knee or sit in the house in the picture in the back of the dictionary, or get a hold of a lot of ants in the garden, and watch 'em and eat 'em by the dozen. Mr. Walsh and Billy, and Mrs. Leason, and a things like that. Seemed to me as if he was soft-hearted and sissy, and like a girl. Sometimes he'd seem to want something, and you couldn't tell him any more than he could tell you. He'd come first to me and then get to his mother. He found out since what he was after.

I says to Annie, "I'd like for me to take a hand; I don't want him to be the kind you find at the bottom of the barrel. This is a Canada world, and the boy won't always have you to tuck him in at night, for life takes a lot of walkin' out of a man, and when it hands 'toots a punch in the face, it'll be something soft and easy and unattractive. I ain't training the boy for a post or sea-stress," I says.

"Do you think you understand the lad?" I don't myself, but I think I do. "What's the matter now, you lobster?" says I to him, talking like a section boss with his face shiny from the towel. He looks at me a minute with his eyes wide, and I see his upper lip a-tremblin' like the whinny of a horse. "Tell him he's lobster-hairt herself, but it was too late. The boy commenced to blubber like a kitten under water.

"What's the matter now?" I says, hanging on the table enough to jump the ice off the butter. "Speak up, man, and air your troubles." He stops leaving sobs and straightened up, looking at me with his big blue eyes, squinted up. "You're all against me," he says. "Nobody cares what happens to me. I'll get even with you. You wouldn't care if I died!" And upon my word he walked out of the room like a prize-fighter.

We had quite a few times like that, and sure as shooting the boy was learning to be a man. "You don't love me," he'd say, "so leave me alone. Mind your own business." It was just before the spring storms that he went off one day and didn't come home till midnight. I talked pretty stiff to Annie about going to sleep and letting the boy take his own experiences, but a man's a boy's father, and I might as well tell you I heard the clock on the town hall every hour till I caught the sound of somebody sneaking into the barn. I pulled on a pair of shoes and some clothes and slid down and out through the back way. It was still pretty cold weather, with a lot of stars peppered in the black sky lighting up the places where the snow patches were left, and I could see the boy sneaking through the barn door.

have got it out of him with a derrier. "Never mind," says I. "It's making a man of him! He ain't soft any more. And my way's the way all right." The end came during the week of the equinox storm. I guess it was about ten o'clock when the wind showed a blind of the house and set others slumming, and I sat up in bed breathing and feeling queer for the wild night outside. After a minute I got up and looked out of the window. And as I was looking I thought I seen a shadow blacker than the rest fighting its way toward the road. "Go on!" says I to myself, "the boy wouldn't light out on a night like this?" and then I wondered why I thought it was him. But when I went around to shut the blinds and looked into his room, the bed hadn't been opened, and the lad was gone.

Well, I made up my mind I wouldn't say nothing to the wife till morning, and you'd laugh to see how I tried to go to sleep. I might as well have been a fish-worm on a stove. It was almost four in the morning when I seen Annie standing over me, pulling at the sheets. "Listen, Jim," says she. Sure enough, there was a thumping at the door and a man's voice shouting over the wind. "Let me in! Help! Open up!"

"Something's wrong at the factory," says I, putting my two feet on the floor and reaching for my clothes, but when I started down the stairs the wife was holding a kerseene lamp, and she handed me my revolver. "And little we guessed. For when the slap of the rain struck me and I'd wiped it off my face there stood old Joe Crane and white in the lips and done for breath, and he had my boy in his arms with a welt across his forehead, and his yellow hair with dark streaks, and one of Joe's hands had blood on it. "Joe's lips were moving, but he laid the book down on the sofa in the parlor, I went down on my knees beside the lad and then I knew for the first time his heart was going, and I stood up and says, "What does it?" and old Joe kind of give way into a chair and says "God help me, I done it!"

With that the lad quirms out and kind of weak and shaky. Annie up against him, and he says, "I'm all right, Mr. Crane," says he. "Don't you care," and the old man looks up and says, "I'm glad, he ain't dead," and opens up his arms and puts 'em around the boy. "I never loved that youngster so much as when I seen he'd rather go to old Joe than stay by me. Here give the lad to me—he's mine, ain't he? 'Tm his dad, ain't I?" I said. And I took him to Annie, and she grabs him up kissing him and talking and saying things and taking him up—

and I've never seen him since," said old Joe. "It put the evil onto me. I've never had a friend I didn't lose that way, and once there was a woman—but you'd not hear it all. Look how I loved this lad of yours. See what I'm getting what do I amount to now? I'm getting old, too. And I don't have a friend!" In a minute the old man pipes up again kind of hoarse and choked. "Be careful, Jim," he says, "be careful of the Sun Biscuits, Jim, Sun Biscuits, you're a square feller, Jim, but he is—he's a fine little lad. He's like sensitive and tuned high. Don't you do anything, Jim, to make him like my brother! Don't you do anything to make him like me! He's wanting something he can't get at home."

"What's that?" says I, at Annie had said before me. The old cuss squints his eyes and looks at me. "Jim," he says, "you've got courage enough, ain't you? And you've got experience enough and had to fight hard sometimes. And you're a man, ain't you, past thirty-five and can raise a beard. But look here! When you come up over the hill from work you've got to be careful when you're young to that door? You want somebody—and she ain't far away this minute—put her arms around your neck."

"Huh!" says I, "I've been a fool three-fool! I guess the boy will get what he needs now—Innocent!" "That's how I come to say it was lucky the old man near killed the lad. It cleared the air. And that's why I asked you, did you notice old Joe Crane."

stains to do for him what a mother's hands are handy to do. "Jim," says old Crane, "you know how it was. You see, I and he says "Yes, the same old thing."

"The little lad woke me up to let him in. He come to me before like that, and I ain't said anything but 'You was lonesome, too, God only knows how lonesome I was!' "Then it was you he wanted to see when I was away?" I says, "And you never told it?"

"He was safe with me," he says, "and member, but of course you must be to me, and who else is there to care for me?" he says. "I used to write things for him out of wood, and he'd sit on my knee," he says, "and we was happy together," he says. "I knew it wasn't just love, and tonight I told him to go back to his home, and he wouldn't go, and he tried to lock me out of the room so I couldn't put him out and send him home. And then the devil came over me hot and blind, and I struck him!"

"I want to tell you why the boy came to me," he says. "Did you ever feel that?" says he, "or hanker for food. 'Twas that way with the little feller; he come here because he needed something he didn't get at home."

"And what was that?" says Annie, proud and cool and angry; but the old man didn't seem to hear her. "I was like that," he says kind of thoughtful. "When I started down the stairs I was kind of warm-hearted and sensitive and tuned high. He said the uster play on the piano good, but she died before I could collect. It was different with my father. He was well off when I can remember. He used to use him tough, and I guess he thought it used every good man and meant well. He tried to make me over and improve on God, and one day when I was soberer than that something snapped in here." With that the old man took his hat and went to his neck.

"And then what?" says Annie, leaning back and excited like as if she was at a theatre. "I struck him with a pair of tongs."

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FRED. CAMERON ON PLAYGROUNDS

Editor Amherst Daily News:

Dear Sir.—I received my diploma a short time ago, doctor of physical therapy, also Red Cross and eugenic diploma, making three in all. Since coming here I have made a special study of healing diseases by the proper use of diet, hydrotherapy, massage and exercise. I have seen many hopeless cases cared in the healthatorium the last year by these methods only, and it certainly speaks well for this form of drugless healing.

Becoming a Play Expert. I also took the summer course last year in playground work, and expect to continue my studies when the college opens again for this work, which will be in a few days now. Chicago is noted for its wonderful playground system, and in no other city has the work progressed so favorably. The playground here consists of two separate fields, one for boys, the other for girls, and all kinds of apparatus can

be found for healthful exercise, such as swings, climbing ladders, travelling slides, horizontal bars, parallel bars, sand pits, and many other kinds of apparatus. Every playground has a nice running track, and outdoor swimming pool, which is enjoyed by thousands of boys during warm weather. Life guards and instructors see that the children are well cared for. The shower rooms are very nice and one is supplied with towels and soap free of charge, in fact everything is free, and one is free to exercise and play to their heart's content.

I am making a special study of this form of work and expect to take the examinations in the fall. I am glad to see so much interest taken in playground work in Amherst, and hope the time will soon come when the town has a nice playground and gymnasium where the children can be brought under trained instructors. By doing this you will be fitting them for better citizens, and lessen the number of boys who go astray. I have seen the best of health since coming here and am still in shape to give the younger athletes a run at most any distance.

Hoping, Mr. Editor, I have not trespassed on your valuable time too much, I remain, Yours truly, F. S. CAMERON, D. P.

Hints for the Cook

Green Grape Jelly.

Pick the grapes when just beginning to turn. Pick over the grapes, wash and remove stems; put into preserving kettle. Heat to boiling point, wash and boil thirty minutes. Strain through a coarse strainer, then allow juice to drop through a double thickness of cheesecloth or a jelly bag. Measure, bring to boiling point and boil five minutes; add an equal measure of heated sugar, boil three minutes, skim and pour into glasses. Place in a sunny window and let stand twenty-four hours. Make jelly when the day is clear and sunny.

Strawberry Crown. Set one cup of milk to heat in the double boiler. When very hot add one cup of sugar and two tablespoons of cornstarch, wet in cold water. When cooled enough to coat a spoon, add a pinch of salt, and pour the mixture over the whites of two eggs stiffly beaten. Mix thoroughly. When cool, flavor with vanilla and stir in half cup of washed and hulled strawberries. Wet a border-mold with cold water and pour the paste

into it. Turn out on a plate covered with a paper lace doily, and keep large berries in the center. Serve with either plain or whipped cream.

Carroll is a splendid disinfectant. Keep a dish of it in thearder, and the food kept there will not quickly taint.

Of men who marry ten are bachelors one widower.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER. CONTAINS NO ALUM. The only well-known medium-priced baking powder made in Canada that does not contain alum (or soluble aluminum sulfate, or sulphate of alumina) and which has all its ingredients plainly stated on the label. E.W. GILLET CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT.

WILL HOLD INQUEST. An inquest is to be held into the death of Joseph Quinn drowned from the steamer D. J. Purdy on Friday. It will be conducted by Dr. W. F. Roberts. The

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SHIPPING. ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, JULY 13. High Tide... Low Tide... Time used is Atlantic standard.

PORT OF ST. JOHN. Arrived Yesterday. Star Manchester Exchange, 2648. Adams, Manchester, Wm Thomson Co, general cargo.

CANADIAN PORTS. Halifax, July 12—Arr, stmr Durango. Sid—Stms Shenandoah, London; Evangeline, Boston.

FOREIGN PORTS. Lanesque, June 24—Sid, schr Fata Morgana (Italy), Capone (N.B.).

MARINE NOTES. Manchester Channel. The steamer docked at the International pier Saturday at 1 p.m.

THE 12TH IN IRELAND. London, July 12.—Throughout Ulster yesterday the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne was celebrated by religious services at which addresses were delivered exhorting the Protestants to remain faithful to king and country in the present crisis.

HOUSE DESTROYED BY MILITANTS, HE SUES COUNTY ANTRIM. Ulster Taxpayers May Have To Foot Bills Because of Furie's Outrages.

London, July 12.—The whole tax paying population of Ulster may have to pay for the damage done in the province by the militant and pro-Home Rule Major-General Sir Hugh MacCallum, a former Unionist M.P. has brought action against the county of his house, Abbeylands, which was burned by the militants in March.

To preserve fruit can rubbers cover with dry flour. Any rubber goods may be preserved for years in this way.

A Home Recipe for Wrinkled, Saggy Skin. The famous saxolite lotion recommended by beauty specialists for removing wrinkles and for reducing distended pores, can be easily made at home.

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A Home Recipe for Wrinkled, Saggy Skin. The famous saxolite lotion recommended by beauty specialists for removing wrinkles and for reducing distended pores, can be easily made at home.

The skin tightens, and this naturally reduces the wrinkles, as well as causes folds about the neck, cheeks or hands. The lines beneath the skin also become firmer and more refreshed and exhilarated. One feels much refreshed and exhilarated after the wash lotion. It continued use extra day for every four or five days the average person look ten or fifteen years younger.

It will help you to ward off sea or car-sickness. It will prove a welcome relief in the heat of travel—refreshing to the taste, sweetening and soothing to the mouth and throat. It steadies the stomach and nerves remarkably. WRIGLEYS' SPEARMINT. is delicious and wholesome—made of real, springy chicle, with the spicy juice of Spearmint—the flavor won't chew out! And five big sticks cost but 5c. The BIGGEST money's worth of beneficial enjoyment you can buy. Every Package Tightly Sealed. Be SURE it's WRIGLEYS'. MADE IN CANADA. Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., Ltd., 7 Scott Street, TORONTO.