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London, Ont., Saturday, Jan. 6.

A KITCHENER WHINE.

THE KITCHENER NEWS-RECORD, which from the first has opposed the adoption of the present name and the rejection of the former name, is very indiscreet when it seeks to blame the press of London and Toronto for the difficulties into which its city of publication was recently plunged. The Kitchener paper says that the outside papers have exceeded "the bounds of truth and fair play" and they have succeeded in inflaming the public mind until Premier Hearst has been induced to make a statement to the effect that if application were made for the restoration of the old name it would not be granted. It was the News-Record's crowd that succeeded in influencing the private bills committee of the Ontario Legislature so that body refused to change the name when application was made. It is the same crowd that still regards the place as Berlin "in their hearts." They have sought to keep the name on stationery and to perpetuate the spirit of the name, if not the fact. The News-Record has never fully renounced the idea of changing the present name at the first opportunity. It promises now to wait until after the war, but it no doubt feels that the victory has been won.

When this Conservative newspaper turns upon the newspapers of London and Toronto and accuses them of sensationalism, The Advertiser is prepared to plead guilty to the charge of printing sensational stories about Kitchener. The indecent effort to protect aliens, to retard recruiting, to pay off patriotism with money, to keep the place "German," has been one long sensational story. The conduct of the majority of the ratepayers of the city in turning out the British League council and the aldermen who have given their sons to the cause was a "sensational" thing. It shows the real heart of the community. When men with no ties of family require to call the protection of men who are in the uniform, that is a "sensational" thing. And when a newspaper continues to support this element and does everything in its power to dominate the situation, that is "sensational."

When merchants and professional men of such a city, on being asked by the Government to subscribe their answers and names to national service cards, and when they write upon those cards the following:

"WHEN YOU CLEAN THE PRO-GERMAN ELEMENT OUT OF KITCHENER, WE WILL SIGN THIS CARD. FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE C. H. MILLS, M.P.P., OR W. G. WEICHEL, M.P."

that is decidedly "sensational."

If the outside press has written sensational things about Kitchener, it is because the "sensations" were there waiting to be written. And it is to the credit of the press, with a few exceptions, that they have not failed to reveal conditions at Kitchener as they existed.

The News-Record and its supporters chose to organize the Citizens' League with the avowed purpose of discarding the present name. It comes with poor grace for the newspaper to attack the outside press and to shed crocodile tears over "excitable citizens," who should remember that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." If the organization of the Citizens' League was not a grossly malicious and most unpatriotic attempt to keep the fires of hatred burning and the house divided, what was it?

A QUARTET.

A PARCEL of tomcats in human form camped up our way the other night. And, Mother of Moses, they commenced to sing, "Good-Night, My Sweet," they did. We thought there must be some good in those boys when they picked out the favorite selection of every schoolboy song four for twenty years, but ill-opinion quickly followed good. We were soon hoping that a few husky soldiers with a special aversion for quartets might put in an appearance and exterminate the warblers.

But they were harmoniously hypnotized. They thought they were "killing" it. The minors were manfully reached for, but always someone went flat, like a punctured tire. And it was a hideously profane travesty on music, an ideal target for a bomb with good squashing qualities.

The tenor threw back his head when it came time for the blending process, and in a burst of vocal frightfulness exercised his adenoids for all he was worth. The "lead" was in fearful agony. He had to carry the refrain on a very sick soprano, and he was being constantly bumped by the clumsy bass, especially when it came to the part about "the moonlit lake." The moonlit lake, frozen over at this season of the year, revealed some treacherous air-holes for the quartet, and when one fell in, naturally the others tried to haul him out, with the disastrous result of spilling everyone into the depths of discord. Just when the baritone was wheezing as though he had a silver tube in his neck, the bass was making a noise that was most certainly a clear call to every surgeon who can remove tonsils. If these chaps had vocal cords they should use them for shoelaces.

Luckily, when they were singing the line about "The hour is late" a window went up and a heavy-shouldered man gruffly called: "The hour is too late for such singing as that." The quartet, being very sensitive, moved off muttering, and we turned over to dream of the days when our own "Troubadour Four" used to think it would soon have all the vaudeville booking agents asking our parents to let us quit school in the interests of musical art.

CHILD SHOCKERS.

ONE OF THOSE "gripping" dramas was being shown on the screen of a local theatre. The cast was strong and the story unusually well told. It was not a common blood-and-thunder thriller, but had so much of real psychology in it that it was worthy of a place in any program, providing that the audience has the mentality to stand up to its chilling situations.

The film drama was somewhat Ibsenesque, with a touch of Martin Harvey in "The Only Way." A young man in love with the daughter of a doctor takes the blame for the murder of a patient on whom the doctor had practiced a fatal experiment. The hero is arrested and tried. He does not throw anything in the way of his conviction, and is found guilty and sentenced to death. He is removed to Sing Sing, and to the death-house. The electrical apparatus is shown.

In a horrible nightmare the young man believes himself pursued by a dread figure of Death, Death with skeleton claws that reached for him out of the darkness, and Death with pale, almost greenish, face, in hood and somber gown. The dream is revealed to the audience. The young man flees before the fear of death, stumbling down endless corridors, always to be confronted with the figure. The dramatist was playing an awful number on the human emotions. The strongest men in the audience must have felt the horror of it. But they would quickly throw off the effect.

We are afraid the little children who screamed and clutched their mothers in a frenzy of intense timidity will not quickly forget the awful figure of Death, the struggles of the man to escape his doom, and the weird music that did its part in working their childish nerves raw.

The piece could not be criticized as a production for mature minds. It was perfectly performed, and a remarkable study of the effects of fear when a man faces death. But it was not fit for the minds of children. Much of the stuff that is shown is not fit for the minds of children. Nor was it written or acted for them. The trouble seems to lie with the parents who do not select the right kind of pictures for their children and are ready to expose them to experiences that may have a serious effect upon their characters. As it is, children in arms and children just at the impressionable age are to be seen in almost every moving picture audience.

NEARER THE ABYSS.

A. G. GARDINER, editor of the Daily News, London, in analyzing the war situation, says that Germany's two perils are impoverishment of her man power and increasing scarcity of food and material, while the peril for the Allies is the strain on British finance. He says:

"Finance can bring the Allies down. Finance cannot bring Germany down. She is bankrupt, it is true, but so long as she is economically self-sufficient, she can continue the war. But bankruptcy would be ruin to the Allies. They are not self-sufficient. Harvests of the world are necessary to feed them."

"The military efficiency of the enemy armies and the resisting power of the enemy people are being undermined, and may be very near collapse," he adds, "but if they stave off actual collapse over the coming year, they will have brought the Allies face to face with financial exhaustion.

"In a word, we are all plunging down a steep place together, but Germany is ahead and has a nearer vision of the abyss; hence her urgent efforts for peace."

This is the clear-sighted vision of a man who has made a study of the war and the war lords. It awakens us with a jolt from our pleasant dream that we don't have to worry, because "Britain can do anything." So she can, but not if we sleep. Now, more than ever before, the people of the British Empire should put forth every effort to bring the war to a speedy and effective close. Now it is a question of fighting against time to avoid bankruptcy. The dilly-dally business is over. Action, and speedy action, is the rule of the day.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Britain has two million men in France. It might be more interesting to know how many men qualified to fight are still at home.

Auditor Dunlop, to relieve the minds of some people who were afraid he might come back, has sent word of his intention not to return to London.

Londoners are elated over the new industries coming here. Some visualize a Chicago or New York before long. Buy your property in the skyscraper district.

That Mr. Wilson over in the United States is going to find it hard to exonerate himself. When it comes to a question of money, Americans are pretty keen fighters.

Germany is preparing for another big push. You will notice that each "big push" is weaker than the last. Soon all the push will be on the other side. Instead of marching to Paris, the kaiser will be glad to march to Berlin.

Terrible Result of Mr. Jones Signing the Pledge and Removing All Liquor From the House.

BY FONTAINE FOX.—Copyright, 1916, by the Dominion News Bureau, Ltd.

STORIES OF BRITISH NAVAL HEROISM

"Un Amiral Francois Doit Mourir Sur Son Banc de Quart"

Written for The Advertiser by Judge Barron, Stratford

(Dedicated to the Boy Scouts of Canada.)

If Nelson is to be believed, then the victory of the Nile was due, in no small measure, to Lady Hamilton, the wife of the British ambassador at the court of Naples.

Nelson's prolonged chase after the Toulon fleet had seriously reduced his provisions, and it was to Lady Hamilton's influence with the somewhat unwilling authorities at Syracuse that the British fleet was revictualled, and enabled thereby to continue the exciting chase ending with the battle of the Nile.

The Mediterranean had for some time been practically a closed sea to the British fleet. From end to end it had become a home harbor for two nations at least of the triple combination. France and Spain believed themselves supreme anywhere on its waters, and but for the British victories at St. Vincent and Camperdown, their fancied security might never have been disturbed. It may be thought that these great naval battles had little to do with Nelson's success at Aboukir Bay, but the fact is that these victories were so disastrous to the enemy that France at least was forced to transfer its base of operations to Mediterranean ports, where they assumed they could build and repair ships, fit out fleet, and start expeditions without the provoking disadvantage of British espionage, and in turn these victories released ships and frigates, which could now be spared from northern waters.

Suspecting then that something was brewing at Toulon, Lord St. Vincent determined to find out if his suspicions were justified. He therefore, on the 2nd of May, 1798, dispatched Nelson, who by now had recovered from his wound received at Santa Cruz, with the Vanguard and two additional 74's and two frigates to "proceed in quest of the armament preparing by the enemy at Toulon and Genoa." It was a hazardous enterprise, but one after Nelson's heart, for the danger was great, and where it was great there Nelson wished to be. He was further told that he might follow the enemy to any part of the Mediterranean or even into the Black Sea, but it is affirmed that St. Vincent never suspected that Napoleon had any intention of sailing for Egypt. Nelson obeyed the command with that alacrity, ready zeal and impetuous enthusiasm, which won him all his battles, and which brought him that luck which seemed to come to him when things looked darkest. He had scarcely weathered Cape Sicie when he discovered from a captured corvette much that he wished to know. Bonaparte was himself at Toulon, where fifteen ships of the line were ready, waiting to sail. Four others were being fitted out, and an army of 36,000 men were destined for somewhere, but where he could not ascertain. Having sent back this important information to St. Vincent, Nelson waited in the Gulf of Lyons. I have mentioned Nelson's luck. His luck on this occasion was that a furious gale dispersed his fleet, and the French took advantage of this to escape unnoticed from Toulon. By the time Nelson had gathered and repaired his somewhat shattered ships, he found himself, to his delight, reinforced by Troubridge with ten ships of the line, and one of 50 guns. Fresh instructions, too, reached him. "He was to pursue the Toulon fleet, and to take, burn, sink or destroy it." Then began the long and exciting chase, which so diminished his supplies that to continue it had become impossible, had it not been for the timely assistance rendered to Nelson by Lady Hamilton, to which reference has already been made. Some idea of Nelson's celebrated search for Bruey, the French admiral, can be formed by the following tabulated account of the game of hide-and-seek the opposing fleets played, covering a period of 31 days:

Date—	Nelson.	Bruey.
May 2—	Cadiz Dept.	Toulon.
May 4-9—	Gibraltar.	Toulon.
May 17—	Off Sicie.	Toulon.
May 19—	Off Sicie.	Depart.
May 21—	8 a.m., S. Hyeres.	
May 22—	San Pietro, arr.	
May 23—	San Pietro, off C. Carbonara.	
27—	San Pietro, dep.	
31—	Off Toulon.	
June 8—	Off Toulon, dep., off Mazara.	
10-18—	Off Toulon, dep., Malta.	
12—	Off C. Corse.	
	Off Civita Vecchia.	
17—	Off Naples.	
20—	Off Messina.	
22—	(a) Off C. Passaro.	
28-29—	Off Alexandria.	
30—	Off Alexandria, off C Durazzo	
July 1—	Off Alexandria, off Alexandria	
4—	Off Anatolia.	
8—	Off Anatolia, Aboukir Bay, arr.	
18—	Off C. Passaro, Aboukir Bay.	
19-24—	Syracuse, Aboukir Bay.	
Aug. 1—	Off Alexandria, Aboukir Bay.	

(a) On this day the two fleets were comparatively near one another.

At last, at 3 o'clock of the afternoon of the 1st of August, the "Zealous signalled "Sixteen sail in Aboukir Bay." It was joyful news for eager men, and it was a sudden and unexpected surprise to Admiral Bruey, who had reported, as he in truth believed, that Nelson was evidently keeping out of his way. Indeed he had some reason for so thinking for at one period of the chase Nelson's fleet had passed almost through the enemy without being aware of it. Even when the British hove in sight, Bruey felt convinced that Nelson would not venture to attack, as he had, he thought, taken a position to bid defiance to a force double the size of his own." But in this he gravely erred and showed an absolute want of knowledge of the qualities that made Nelson what he was. Bruey's position was fatal, at least with one of Nelson's prescience and unrivalled boldness. To begin with it was in the shape of an obtuse angle, the flagship L'Orient being at the apex. At the end of one leg of the triangle close in towards shore, but not close enough, was the Guerrier. At the end of the other leg was the Timoleon quite near to a shoal, which as the sequel proved led to its destruction. The length of the entire line, or the two sides of the angle was about 2,850 yards with an interval or gap between each ship of about 160 yards. These gaps were, so to speak, an open gateway through which to pass, an invitation Nelson was quick to take advantage of, when the moment came to do so, and get to leeward, where calmer water made for better and more accurate firing. The French too were lying at single anchor, with springs on their cables, the anchor buoys being some distance from the ships. This made it clear to Nelson, with his swiftness of glance, and rapidity of thought, that where an enemy had room to swing he (Nelson) would have room to pass, or as was said "Where a French ship can swing, an English ship can either sail or anchor." All this we are told, so far from making Bruey's position impregnable, made it, as it proved to be, a veritable death trap.

So soon as Nelson received the signal from the Zealous, he hauled to windward, and headed eastward under top-gallant sails with a brisk breeze varying from N. by W. to N. N. W. Bruey then perceived that Nelson meant to attack him, and he ordered each ship to lay out an anchor to S. S. E. and to send a stream cable to the ship next astern, making a hawser fast to it. But whether this was done before the action began is said to be doubted.

Now, every captain under Nelson knew beforehand exactly what he had to do, and he knew too, what Nelson proposed to do. It was Nelson's practice before engaging an enemy to call his captains together, that there should be no misunderstanding. Captain Berry was quick to perceive the result of Nelson's plan, and in his delight exclaimed: "If we succeed, what will the world say?" to which Nelson replied:

"There is no "IF" in this case. We shall succeed, but who will live to tell the story is a different question."

As he came on from the N. N. W. the wind coming from that quarter, his entire force was thrown against the enemy's centre and van. Down they came, led by the Goliath, passing in front of Abcukir fort which threw shot and shell on each ship in turn, but doing little or no harm. Then the leader rounded under the forefoot of the Guerrier, luffed up and dropped anchor by the stern on the port quarter of the second ship, the Conquerant. This anchoring by the stern, was a method introduced by Nelson. It was done at Copenhagen. A stream cable is made fast to the mizzen mast, it was then passed out of a gun-room port, and carried along the ship's side just below the lower deck ports, where it was sling by spun yard lashings and then bent to an anchor at the bow. The result was when this anchor was let go, the ship would run over the cable leading from the hawse hole, and bring up by the cable out of the gun room port. The advantage was that the ship did not swing head to the wind to be raked by an enemy from stem to stern, while doing so, and again by hauling one cable and slackening the other, broadsides could bear in any direction.

No sooner had the Goliath dropped anchor than she began a sharp action with the Conquerant to port and the Serieuse to starboard. Quickly on her heels came the Zealous, then the Orion, next the Audacious and Thesus, all inside, the Audacious passing through the first gap of 160 yards. The Zealous had scarcely brought up to starboard of the Guerrier, when she shot her foremast clean away. The Orion passed by and pouring a broadside into the Serieuse, dismasted her, cut her cable and sank her, and then passed on and drew up abast the port beam of the Peuble Souverain. Thhe Audacious in the meantime had passed through the gap between the Guerrier and the Conquerant, while the Theseus passed round the head of the French line and anchored by the stern to starboard of the Spartiate. On they came in line of battle like so many human leviathans as indifferent to the shots and shell from the land forts, as if the latter had been so many pea-shooters. Down they came ahead and astern of the flagship, the men in the yards shortening sail, and the leadmen in the chains singing out the soundings. It was a noble sight, the ery ships themselves working with clock-like regularity as if each hull was conscious of what it was expected to do. Bruey did not count on Nelson getting inside. In fact, when later in the afternoon he discovered that Nelson had fourteen instead of twelve ships, as he had at first been told, he actually decided to get under way, and escape, and, with that intention, ordered top-gallant yards to be crossed, but finally he decided that Nelson would not make a night attack so changed his mind and remained at anchor. He presumed too, that Nelson would come down perpendicularly to his centre, when each ship in turn would necessarily run the gauntlet of fire from a line a mile and a half long. In this he entirely misconceived Nelson's tactics. Somehow or other Nelson always did the unexpected, and his great daring was terribly disconcerting. He himself on the Vanguard, at 6:40 p.m. took up his position on the outside and anchoring by the stern, within 80 yards to starboard of the Spartiate's beam was immediately in a fighting position without having to swing. Then followed the Minotaur, which five minutes later anchored abreast of the Aquilon. Then in succession came the Defence, the Bellerophon, and Majestic, so close on each other's heels, that each was within hailing distance of the other. When the formation was complete every ship of the French van was, so to speak, between the upper and nether millstone, squeezed in between two fires, one to starboard and the other to port—five to leeward and three to windward, eight against five. This was never expected, so the French had omitted to clear away their port guns, which at the critical moment, could not be handled. As darkness increased, the fleet hoisted the four lights horizontally at the mizzen peak, a signal Nelson had previously prescribed. By now the engagement was on in all its intensity. The roar of cannon, the noise and crashing of falling spars, the cheers of some mingling with the shrieks of others, all made an occasion once heard or seen is never forgotten. There were still four of Nelson's ships to enter the fight. While the sound of battle and the flash of fire told them where to head, all was darkness where they were, and in rounding Aboukir Island, the Culloden, the finest ship of all, went hard aground, but her captain, the celebrated Trouridge, made his misfortune the opportunity to save the following three ships, which he warned off in time for them to immediately bear up to windward, and they passed the dangerous shoal in safety. The Alexander, however, was forced to tack, and thus forfeited her lead to the Swiftsure. The latter kept on and dropped anchor to windward of the Orient, while the Alexander secured her place on the inside. To get her position, the Swiftsure had to pass the flagship, and in doing so she was ordered to take the place of the Bellerophon, which had been put clean out of action by the French flagship at the very outset of the firing. The fate of the latter, however, was sealed. As if to punish her for the destruction of the Bellerophon, she was fairly riddled with ball from the last two ships to come into action. Suddenly at 9 o'clock a great blaze shot heavenward. It burst forth and lit the skies far and wide. The roaring of the flames as they licked up the oil and combustibles left about her by painters, who had that morning been at work, was terrible. The cry rang out "The French flagship was on fire," and so it was. Bruey lay dying on his quarter-deck. He had been almost cut in two by a round shot. His men urged him to go below, but the gallant admiral answered, "Un Amiral francais doit mourier sur son banc de quart." Out of a crew of 1,000, only 70 were saved from the burning ship. For a little all was hushed and quiet. The incident was cruelly solemn. No cry was heard, not a gun was fired. Such a catastrophe was not part of the game of fighting. Everything was still, and the very ships lost their life and seemed stupefied. All seemed under a spell. Suddenly, as if seized with a fierce revenge, the Franklin roared forth its returning challenge, and the fight was on again, and poor Bruey was forgotten, but the desperate defiance from the Franklin of a moment before was short-lived. As if to punish her for breaking the spell, her main and mizzen masts were instantly shot away and fell over her side with a crash. Her condition was hopeless. Her bravado was turned to pitiful surrender. Little by little the firing grew less. At 10 o'clock the magazine on the Orient caught fire and a moment later she blew up and was useless. By midnight the seven ships ahead of the Tonnant had either struck or surrendered, but this gallant ship continued to fight. She would not give in. She would not surrender. Even when her masts were all gone, cut clean to the deck, and her guns all encumbered with the wreckage, she would not strike. When utterly helpless, she cut her cable and drifted to a station where she was free from further annoyance. Perhaps the brightest episode in the whole fight was the heroic conduct of her captain—Dupetit Thouars. He lost first his right arm and then his left arm, then one of his legs. He was dying, and he wanted to die above deck rather than below. He ordered a tub of bran and was placed in it, from where he gave his orders. His last order was "to nail their flag to the mast," but he died before he saw it done. The fight still went on, but the end was sure. Four out of the French fleet managed to escape. The rest either fell into the hands of the victors or were destroyed. Only occasionally now a shot was fired, and by 2 o'clock the next day all was over, and Aboukir Bay was as silent as if the splendid battle of the Nile had never been fought. Among the many killed and wounded officers Nelson was among the latter. A splinter struck him above his blind eye. For a time the wound was supposed to be fatal, but it was sewn up and the great admiral returned to the deck to command his forces in that magnificent manner which history tells us upset Napoleon's plans to make a descent on India.

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

A Dundas street gentleman writes us, and says he lives in the banana belt—even the street cars come in bunches.

* * *

Love the rain, says a health expert. We tried hard to love that little rain of Friday morning, but honest to goodness, we simply could not enthuse over it. Not a bit.

* * *

The Government will fool with that Kitchener situation until something happens that will make a lot of folks sit up. There are a few birds in that city who could be beating rocks in that well known Kingston.

* * *

The ghosts of men and women murdered may worry the kaiser when he comes to die, but we would prefer to have them kick him around during a spell of his lifetime.

* * *

Not having a dope sheet handy, we are not certain, but we expect winter to set in about March.

* * *

Billy Sunday is going to chase the devil all over America in the next three years. It is understood that in the meantime flocks of dollars will chase William.

* * *

The close-fitting auto is to be the thing, we read. We don't want any touring car to fit too closely to our spine, believe us.

* * *

An eastern woman dressed in two minutes and forty seconds. She must merely have changed hats.

* * *

Some times we wish we had teeth like a mastodon, particularly when we try to nibble off a chunk of near meat.

* * *

Governor Sleeper, Michigan, has delivered his inaugural address. Quite a slumber song, so to speak.

* * *

BACKYARD GARDENING.

Sure it's great when one thinks what
we're learning to do,
And of all the kind people, who good
advice strew
Where any may gather it, right on one's
way;
But this backyard gardening beats all,
I say.

The lady who grants to the Globe, of
this date,
An interview, surely has push, let me
state;
Though her name would suggest that
our trouble's not o'er,
For you'll notice the same is Mrs.
Loosemore.

And that's what we'll do, as sure as
we're born,
We may go to bed late and rise early
at morn:
We may dig and may rake; we may pull
weeds and hoe,
But our backyards won't give great returns, we all know.

Still Mrs. Loosemore has enlisted Tom
White,
And she shows by her action she has
true insight;
For if his help will cause our backyard crops to grow
As his tax budgets flourish; the
scheme's sure to go.

—The Old 'Un.

Tobacco Habit Easily Conquered

A New Yorker of wide experience has written a book telling how the tobacco or snuff habit may be easily and completely banished in three days with delightful benefit. The author, Edward J. Woods, 549 N., Station E., New York city, will mail his book free on request.

The health improves wonderfully after the nicotine poison is out of the system. Calmness, tranquil sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion, manly vigor, strong memory and a general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits reported. Get rid of that nervous feeling; no more need of pipe, cigar, cigarette, snuff, or chewing tobacco to pacify morbid desire. J.6, F.3, M.3.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The Guest

[BY OLIVER LORING.]

Jerry opened the kitchen door with floury fingers to let in the man with the groceries.

Half-way across the kitchen floor his ice-covered heel slipped on the linoleum and he went down with a crash.

"Good gracious!" cried Jerry, "are you hurt?"

"No," he said, getting to his feet and eyeing the conglomeration of broken bags on the floor.

"My, I thought you were Patsy."

"Patsy? No; my name's Dennis."

"That's a wretched joke," said Jerry with contempt.

"It isn't a joke," said Dennies, "it's the truth. How could it be a joke?"

"Look here, I haven't got time to stand here and answer riddles. Just look around at the kitchen and then at the mess you've made all over my floor and tell me if you think I'll get through before the day after tomorrow."

But Dennis only looked at her smooth, flushed cheeks, snapping grey eyes and the rebellious hair that shook curls over her forehead when she talked. A big kitchen apron and arms akimbo made her look a very warlike person indeed.

"Just look at it, I say."

This time his eyes followed the direction of her finger, and he saw a table full of pots and pans, bowls and spoons ready for washing.

"Will that take two days?" he asked slowly.

Jerry regarded him curiously. "What's wrong with you? Say, are you really a grocery man or what, all dressed up that way? And what's the matter with Patsy today?"

"Patsy couldn't come, so I came in his place."

"Oh, I see. Well, do you know what Patsy would do if he spilled the beans and coffee and things?"

"He'd apologize, I suppose."

"Apologize! Humph! He'd pick 'em all up."

"But I was just going to."

"Going to? You're a cyclone, aren't you!"

Dennis looked puzzled, but without more talking he pulled up his trousers, got down on his knees and went to work.

"If you're going to deliver you'd better get some more clothes. You can't carry potatoes and oil cans around in Sunday things like that. Patsy wears overalls and a sweater and cap."

"Oh, darn Patsy!"

The grey eyes flashed. "Don't you dare to talk that way. He's the preacher's son, and ever so nice."

"I'm sorry if he's a friend of yours; but, I say, this floor is full of tacks."

Instantly Jerry was sorry. "So it is. Look here, let's scoop the whole business up in this pan—it's all got to be washed, anyway—then we can spread it out on the table and sort it into piles. But if you're in a hurry maybe you'd better go. Mr. Wayman is very strict."

"I guess I've got time. There weren't any more orders to be delivered."

Jerry pulled up two chairs. "You take coffee and I'll take beans; that will leave the rice, see?"

"Bravo!" cried Dennis, admiringly, setting to work.

"He's a queer one," was Jerry's mental comment, but this time she kept it to herself. There was something about this person she liked, and it was evident he didn't understand half the things she said.

"Say," said Jerry finally, when three neatly assorted piles had been brought out of the chaos. "Do you like chocolate cake?"

"Indeed I do," admitted Dennis.

"And doughnuts?"

"You're right."

"And mince pie?"

"I like it very much indeed."

"Why don't you say you love it?"

"I love it."

"That's better. Well, I'm going to give you a sample of each while I'm washing these dishes. Sort of try 'em on the dog, you might say, to see how they go. I'm going to let you in on a secret. I'm not the girl. I'm the missus, or one of them. There's three of us, Aunt Genevieve and Meg and me. You'll get to know us better some day. We're poor as Job's turkey and proud as Lucifer—the whole bunch of us. That is, Aunt Genevieve and Meg are. I'm not. What's the use, when you have to wear your old dresses inside out and your old hats upside down year in and year out. Say, do you get me? Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Dennis, smiling.

Jerry set a plate of good things before him and perched on the edge of the table. Well, they think I'm the limit because I've got no family feeling, as they put it. Our mother's father was the seventh son of a something or other, and our father's relatives are all away up in G in England. Last year Meg went over to visit some of them. I think she and Aunt G. had an idea that when so many people were being killed off in the war there ought to be some money coming to us." Jerry sighed, then suddenly, "Say, how's the pie?"

"It's just splendid," said Dennis. "I never tasted anything like it. You are a wonderful cook, aren't you?"

"They all say that, and that's the trouble. When anybody's coming I have to spend days in the kitchen here to get ready, and I'm nearly dead. Why, you ought to see that pantry. I've baked doughnuts and cakes and pies and all sorts of things to get ready for the earl."

"Oh, I forgot. I didn't finish about Meg. When she went to England there was an earl she liked very much, and when she found he was coming to America this week she invited him to visit us. He's coming tomorrow. That's why I'm fixing things. Hannah's getting too old to cook. She can't see and puts salt in things instead of sugar. So she's upstairs now helping Aunt Genevieve hang the clean curtains, and Meg's gone to a party. Gee! I'm tired. If anybody says 'earl' to me I'll punch his head. I'm going to bed and not get up for a week. Aunt G. says I'll only disgrace the family, anyway, the way I talk."

"It's too bad," said Dennis sympathetically, looking down at the head of flying curls. "But I'm going to help wash these pans and things. You don't need to worry about my place. The grocery boy had an accident and I was passing. They took him home and the truck to the garage. There was only one box of groceries to be delivered, so I said I'd bring it in my car. Come on, what do you do first?"

Jerry looked away in dismay. "Nothing. I'm not going to let you help now. You run along home to your wife and family and tell them the joke on me."

"I have no wife and family, and I can't see any joke on you. Come on and show me what to do."

"I won't!"

"Please do."

"No."

"You must. I've never had my word disputed and I'm not going to now. Get me the—the towel and you wash the things."

Suddenly Jerry laughed. "I hope Aunt Genevieve and Meg don't come in and find you here."

"I hope they do," declared Dennis. "I'm proud of my company, and I was never so happy in my life."

"But it isn't a question of you. It's me. Won't you tell me your name and where you live?"

The kitchen door opened suddenly and Meg hurried in.

"Perhaps Miss Meg can answer for me," said Dennis.

And Meg did. "The earl," she gasped, just loud enough for Jerry to hear.

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