# The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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"You Have Besmirched Her Character with Stories of Scandal."

**SYNOPSIS.**

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alicia denies him the house. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartments in an intoxicated condition to request a loan of $2,000 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take his life. He refuses unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses, and takes her leave. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He finds Underwood dead. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree, and finally gets an alleged confession from the harassed man. Annie, Howard's wife, declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and calls on Jeffries, Sr. He refuses to help unless she will consent to a divorce. To save Howard she consents, but when she finds that the elder Jeffries does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she scorns his help. Annie appeals to Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries, Sr., to take Howard's case. He declines. It is reported that Annie is going on the stage. The banker and his wife call on Judge Brewster to find some way to prevent it. Annie again pleads with Brewster to defend Howard. He consents. Alicia is greatly agitated when she learns that Brewster has taken the case and detectives are looking for the woman who called on Underwood the night of his death.

**CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.**

"That's our object, isn't it, Mr. Jeffries—to find out?" he said sarcastically.

"What's the name of this mysterious witness?" exclaimed the banker testily. "If the police haven't been able to find her why should Howard's wife be able to do so? There was a report that she herself was—" He paused and added, "Did she tell you who it was?"

"No," said the judge dryly, "she will tell us to-night."

The banker bounded in his seat.

"You'll see," he cried. "Another flash in the pan. I don't like being mixed up in this matter—it's disagreeable—most disagreeable."

Dr. Bernstein puffed a thick cloud of smoke into the air and said quietly:

"Yes, sir; it is disagreeable—but—unfortunately it is life."

Suddenly the door opened and Capt. Clinton appeared, followed by his fidus Achates, Detective Sergeant Maloney. Both men were in plain clothes. The captain's manner was condescendingly polite, the attitude of a man so sure of his own position that he had little respect for the opinion of any one else. With an effort at amiability he began:

"Got your message, judge—came as soon as I could. Excuse my bringing the sergeant with me. Sit over there, Maloney." Half apologetically, he added "He keeps his eyes open and his mouth shut, so he won't interfere. How do, doctor?"

Maloney took a position at the far end of the room, while Dr. Bernstein introduced the captain to Mr. Jeffries.

"Yes, I know the gentleman. How do, sir?"

The banker nodded stiffly. He did not relish having to hobnob in this way with such a vulgarian as a grafting police captain. Capt. Clinton turned to Judge Brewster.

"Now, judge, explode your bomb! But I warn you I've made up my mind."

"I've made up my mind, too," retorted the judge, "so at least we start even."

"Yes," growled the other.

"As I stated in my letter, captain," went on the judge coolly, "I don't want to use your own methods in this matter. I don't want to spread reports about you, or accuse you in the papers. That's why I asked you to come over and discuss the matter informally with me. I want to give you a chance to change your attitude."

"Don't want any chance," growled the policeman.

"You mean," said the judge, peering at his vis a vis over his spectacles, "that you don't want to change your attitude."

Capt. Clinton settled himself more firmly in his chair, as if getting ready for hostilities. Defiantly he replied:

"That's about what I mean, I suppose."

"In other words," went on Judge Brewster calmly, "you have found this—this boy guilty and you refuse to consider evidence which may tend to prove otherwise."

"'Tain't my business to consider evidence," snapped the chief. "That's up to the prosecuting attorney."

"It will be," replied the lawyer sharply, "but at present it's up to you."

"Me?" exclaimed the other in genuine surprise

"Yes," went on Judge Brewster calmly, "you were instrumental in obtaining a confession from him. I'm raising a question as to the truth of that confession."

Capt. Clinton showed signs of impatience. Shrugging his massive shoulders deprecatingly, he said:

"Are we going over all that? What's the use? A confession is a confession and that settles it. I suppose the doctor has been working his pet theory off on you and it's beginning to sprout."

"Yes," retorted the judge quickly, "it's beginning to sprout, captain!"

There was a sudden interruption caused by the entrance of the butler, who approached his master and whispered something to him. Aloud the judge said:

"Ask her to wait till we are ready."

The servant retired and Capt. Clinton turned to the judge. With mock deference, he said:

"Say, Mr. Brewster, you're a great constitutional lawyer—the greatest in this country—and I take off my hat to you, but I don't think criminal law is in your line."

Judge Brewster pursed his lips and his eyes flashed as he retorted quickly:

"I don't think it's constitutional to take a man's mind away from him and substitute your own, Capt. Clinton."

"What do you mean?" demanded the chief.

"I mean that instead of bringing out of this man his own true thoughts of innocence, you have forced into his consciousness your own false thoughts of his guilt."

The judge spoke slowly and deliberately, making each word tell. The police bully squirmed uneasily on his chair.

"I don't follow you, judge. Better stick to international law. This police court work is beneath you."

"Perhaps it is," replied the lawyer quickly without losing his temper. Then he asked: "Captain, will you answer a few questions?"

"It all depends," replied the other insolently.

"If you don't," cried the judge sharply, "I'll ask them through the medium of your own weapon—the press. Only my press will not consist of the one or two yellow journals you inspire, but the independent, dignified press of the United States."

The captain reddened.

"I don't like the insinuation, judge."

"I don't insinuate, Capt. Clinton," went on the lawyer severely, "I accuse you of giving an untruthful version of this matter to two sensational newspapers in this city. These scurrilous sheets have tried this young man in their columns and found him guilty, thus prejudicing the whole community against him before he comes to trial. In no other country in the civilized world would this be tolerated, except in a country overburdened with freedom."

Capt. Clinton laughed boisterously.

"The early bird catches the worm," he grinned. "They asked me for information and got it."

Judge Brewster went on:

"You have so prejudiced the community against him that there is scarcely a man who doesn't believe him guilty. If this matter ever comes to trial how can we pick an unprejudiced jury? Added to this foul injustice you have branded this young man's wife with every stigma that can be put on womanhood. You have hinted that she is the mysterious female who visited Underwood on the night of the shooting and openly suggested that she is the cause of the crime."

"Well, it's just possible," said the policeman with effrontery.

Judge Brewster was fast losing his temper. The man's insolent demeanor was intolerable. Half rising from his chair and pointing his finger at him, he continued:

"You have besmirched her character with stories of scandal. You have linked her name with that of Underwood. The whole country rings with falsities about her. In my opinion, Capt. Clinton, your direct object is to destroy the value of any evidence she may give in her husband's favor."

The chief looked aggrieved.

"Why, I haven't said a word." Turning to his sergeant, he asked: "Have I, Maloney?"

"But these sensation-mongers have!" cried the judge angrily. "You are the only source from whom they could obtain the information."

"But what do I gain?" demanded the captain with affected innocence.

"Advertisement—promotion," replied the judge sternly. "These same papers speak of you as the greatest living chief—the greatest public official—oh, you know the political value of that sort of thing as well as I do."

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't help what they say about me," he growled.

"They might add that you are also the richest," added the judge quickly, "but I won't go into that."

Again Capt. Clinton reddened and shifted restlessly on his chair. He did not relish the trend of the conversation.

"I don't like all this, Judge Brewster—'tain't fair—I ain't on trial."

Judge Brewster picked up some papers from his desk and read from one of them.

"Captain, in the case of the People against Creedon—after plying the defendant with questions for six hours you obtained a confession from him?"

"Yes, he told me he set the place on fire."

"Exactly—but it afterward developed that he was never near the place."

"Well, he told me."

"Yes. He told you, but it turned out that he was mistaken."

"Yes," admitted the captain reluctantly.

The judge took another document, and read:

"In the case of the People against Bentley."

"That was Bentley's own fault—I didn't ask him," interrupted the captain. "He owned up himself." Turning to the sergeant, he said: "You were there, Maloney."

"But you believed him guilty," interposed Judge Brewster quickly.

"Yes."

"You thought him guilty and after a five-hour session you impressed this thought on his mind and he—he confessed."

"I didn't impress anything—I just simply—"

"You just simply convinced him that he was guilty—though as it turned out he was in prison at the time he was supposed to have committed the burglary—"

"It wasn't burglary," corrected the captain sullenly.

Judge Brewster again consulted the papers in his hand.

"You're quite right, captain—my mistake—it was homicide, but—it was an untrue confession."

"Yes."

"It was the same thing in the Callahan case," went on the judge, picking up another document. "In the case of the People against Tuthill—and—Cosgrove—Tuthill confessed and died in prison, and Cosgrove afterward acknowledged that he and not Tuthill was the guilty man."

"Well," growled the captain, "mistakes sometimes happen."

Judge Brewster stopped and laid down his eyeglasses.

"Ah, that is precisely the point of view we take in this matter! Now, captain, in the present case, on the night of the confession did you show young Mr. Jeffries the pistol with which he was supposed to have shot Robert Underwood?"

Capt. Clinton screwed up his eyes as if thinking hard. Then, turning to his sergeant, he said:

"Yes. I think I did. Didn't I, Maloney?"

"Your word is sufficient," said the judge quickly. "Did you hold it up?"

"Think I did."

"Do you know if there was a light shining on it?" asked the judge quickly.

At this point, Dr. Bernstein, who had been an attentive listener, bent eagerly forward. Much depended on Capt. Clinton's answer—perhaps a man's life.

"Don't know—might have been," replied the chief carelessly.

Judge Brewster turned to Dr. Bernstein.

"Were there electric lights on the wall?"

"Yes."

"What difference does that make?" demanded the policeman.

"Quite a little," replied the judge quietly. "The barrel of the revolver was bright—shining steel. From the moment that Howard Jeffries' eyes rested on the shining steel barrel of that revolver he was no longer a conscious personality. As he himself said to his wife: 'They said I did it—and I knew I didn't, but after I looked at that shining pistol I don't know what I said or did—everything became a blur and a blank.' Now, I may tell you, captain, that this condition fits in every detail the clinical experiences of nerve specialists and the medical experiences of the psychologists. After five hours' constant cross-questioning while in a semi-dazed condition, you impressed on him your own ideas—you extracted from him not the thoughts that were in his own consciousness, but those that were in yours. Is that the scientific fact, doctor?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Bernstein, "the optical captivation of Howard Jeffries' attention makes the whole case complete and clear to the physician."

Capt. Clinton laughed loudly.

"Optical captivation is good!" Turning to his sergeant he asked: "What do you think of that, Maloney?"

Sergt. Maloney chuckled.

"It's a new one, eh?"

"No, captain—it's a very old one," interrupted the lawyer sternly, "but it's new to us. We're barely on the threshold of the discovery. It certainly explains these other cases, doesn't it?"

"I don't know that it does," objected the captain, shaking his head. "I don't acknowledge—"

Judge Brewster sat down. Looking the policeman squarely in the face, he said slowly and deliberately:

"Capt. Clinton, whether you acknowledge it or not, I can prove that you obtained these confessions by means of hypnotic suggestion, and that is a greater crime against society than any the state punishes or pays you to prevent."

The captain laughed and shrugged his shoulders. Indifferently he said:

"I guess the boys up at Albany can deal with that question."

"The boys up at Albany," retorted the lawyer, "know as little about the laws of psychology as you do. This will be dealt with at Washington!"

The captain yawned.

"I didn't come here to hear about that—you were going to produce the woman who called on Underwood the night of the murder—that was what I came here for—not to hear my methods criticised—where is she?"

"One thing at a time," replied the judge. "First, I wanted to show you that we know Howard Jeffries' confession is untrue. Now we'll take up the other question." Striking a bell on his desk, he added: "This woman can prove that Robert Underwood committed suicide."

"She can, eh?" exclaimed the captain sarcastically. "Maybe she did it herself. Some one did it, that's sure!"

The library door opened and the butler entered

"Yes, some one did it!" retorted the judge; "we agree there!" To the servant he said: "Ask Mrs. Jeffries, Jr., to come here."

The servant left the room and the captain turned to the judge with a laugh:

"Is she the one? Ha! ha!—that's easy—"

The judge nodded.

"She has promised to produce the missing witness to-night."

"She has, eh?" exclaimed the captain.

Rising quickly from his chair, he crossed the room and talked in an undertone with his sergeant. This new turn in the case seemed to interest him. Meantime Mr. Jeffries, who had followed every phase of the questioning with close attention, left his seat and went over to Judge Brewster.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "is it possible that Underwood shot himself? I never dreamed of doubting Howard's confession!" More cordially he went on: "Brewster, if this is true, I owe you a debt of gratitude—you've done splendid work—I—I'm afraid I've been just a trifle obstinate."

"Just a trifle," said the judge dryly.

Sergeant Maloney took his hat.

"Hurry up!" said the captain, "you can telephone from the corner drug store."

"All right, cap."

Dr. Bernstein also rose to depart.

"I must go, Mr. Brewster; I have an appointment at the hospital."

The judge grasped his hand warmly.

"Thank you, doctor!" he exclaimed; "I don't know what I should have done without you."

"Thank you, sir!" chimed in the banker; "I am greatly indebted to you."

"Don't mention it," replied the psychologist almost ironically.

He went out and the banker impatiently took out his watch.

"It's getting late!" he exclaimed; "where is this girl. I have no faith in her promises!"

As he spoke the library door opened and Annie appeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Had No Opinion.**

An attorney said to an Irishman, his client: "Why don't you pay me that money, Mr. Mulrooney?" "Why, faith, because I do not owe it to you." "Not owe it to me? Yes, you do. It's for the opinion you had of me." "That's a good un, indeed," rejoined Pat, "when I never had any opinion of you in all of my life."

# The Art of Aiming

BY EDWARD C. ROBINSON

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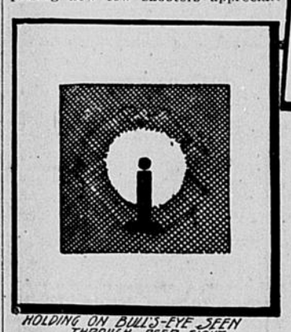
THE writer of this article desires to impress on the reader that all statements contained herein are general statements which special conditions might render inaccurate or misleading.

It seems not out of place to go into a few details concerning aiming, and refer to some the difficulties which confront shooters. "I have a blur on my front sight or my rear sight," is a very common protest from shooters of various degrees of experience, and then the natural assumption that "it must be my eyes," which it is, but not as the average sufferer imagines. In aiming one should practice first looking at the object, and then bringing the sights on the line of aim, incidentally and not primarily, i. e., do not attempt to fix the gaze on the front sight and expect to see the object clearly, simultaneously, because you are asking the eye to perform the impossible, and a blur is the inevitable result. A blur sometimes results from the sights becoming polished brightly and reflecting the sun, which produces a multiplicity of front sights, and, of course, occasionally from small pieces of fouling. Sometimes a shadow on one of the sights or object by distracting the eye will work the same way. The longer the range the greater the annoyance and vice versa. It is surprising how few shooters appreciate

DOES NOT KNOW ZERO

ZERO VERY ACCURATE



HOLDING ON BULL'S-EYE SEEN THROUGH PEEP SIGHT

HOLDING ON BULL'S-EYE VIEW THROUGH OPEN SIGHT

the great importance attaching to "form," i. e., uniformity of method in assuming a position of aim.

The secret of ability to shoot quickly rests very largely on one's ability to align the object and sight or sights (shotgun or rifle) the instant that the weapon is in position (the position would not count unless the sights are on the right line), and the hold the piece and press the trigger in a fraction of a second. Most people take a long time to realize how quick the eye is, and do not trust the first sight they get, but, as is taught the novice, "verify the sight," the necessity for which largely disappears with ample practice, and one can really "let off" safely practically the moment he thinks he is on his mark, because, just as one sees all of the letters in a word at the same time, so, too, he sees accurately, in a second, the mark and his sights.

I must emphasize what I said, that this faculty only comes with a great deal of intelligent practice; witness the skill of the regular soldiers in "rapid fire" and "skirmishing" and the "trap" and "fancy" shooters. Other factors which enter into aiming are knowing one's "zero," and learning the speed of the flight of the projectile for different ranges. Of course, the importance of these latter factors is modified by the kind of shooting and range. In regard to the former, some men buy a weapon and proceed to shoot it, always presuming it shoots zero—where there is no drift due to wind or "mirage." This is a mistake; the gun may be all right in a machine rest, but all men are not quite the equal of a machine rest, even though their verbal opinions may indicate it. Some shooters habitually throw their shots one way or another and in such cases an adjustment of the sight will work a permanent improvement in results and account for much mysterious missing.

Practicing at known distances with suitable loads at a bull's-eye target with a shotgun or rifle will reveal exactly the pattern or group you are getting and help you to shoot more scientifically; this can advantageously be followed by trap practice, and then on live birds or game as the case may be. By making a practice of noting the position of the feet, body and hands, and always if possible holding the head in a nearly erect position one soon becomes able, so to speak, "to fall into" the desired position with greatest ease and dispatch. Having acquired the idea of "form" one must clear his mind of any fanciful theories concerning the method of using various styles of sight. For example, the one idea of a peep sight should be to bring the point of aim or object into its center and the top of the front sight on the point or object at very short range, or at such point as will allow a clear view of the object or point of aim at longer range. By using the center of the peep sight one practically does away with worrying about "how much front sight" is to be seen because the center of the peep is a fixed point, and if the top of the front sight is brought to the level of the imaginary line from the pupil of the eye through the center of the peep sight to the point of aim, necessarily the top of the sight is always in relatively the same position, which will give uniform results. In the case of the open sight, however, the amount of front sight seen varies considerably.

Some one says, "Ah! but one day I see half the front sight and another only one-third of it." All of which may be true, but the difference is due to the light, which on a bright, clear day magnifies or permits a clear definition of the object and background, a condition which does obtain on a dull or dark day.

An open sight permitting the shooter to align the top of the front sight with an imaginary horizontal line across the top of the rear sight will give very fine, uniform results and can be "found" quickly. If possible one should avoid turning a rifle on the axis of the bore as this will change the location of the shots just as the pendulum swings on a clock. As to the effect of light on one's aim if shooting at a bull's-eye target, it will be perceived that on a nice bright day the target will show the lines at 500 yards and the "bull" will look large and tempting, while the white space below will be deep and roomy. On the contrary, on a dark day the lines disappear and the bull looks smaller and the white space under it much narrower. The easiest way to overcome this condition is to aim at a point three-quarters of the width of the white from the bottom of the target, below the bull's-eye, because in a good light you can see the spot easily and on a dark day when the white is contracted you can measure it easily and by this means avoid changing your elevation for different days to "find" the target.

At long range, say 1,000 yards or 1,200 yards, if it is practical, it is an excellent plan to "sit" the target on top of the front sight always centering the object (target in this case), using the background to aid in the same way one looks at a landscape picture, i. e., not attempting to define the target to the exclusion of its immediate surroundings. Bear in mind the foregoing is only an outline of a sound practical method and is not advanced as an unvarying rule, for it is clearly recognized that excellent scores may be made along other lines, but you are safe to try what is here suggested and a careful trial will show consistent results with varying lights.

I do not think one can lay down any rule for hunters as regards which is the best sight because the kind of game, the country and other elements may enter into the question. The present government sight embodies a great many vital features, is strong and in every way excellent. Now the matter of allowing for drift caused by a cross wind, that is a question governed by the velocity and weight of the bullet, and the speed of the wind and distance, and emphasizes the point made already of knowing the zero with a given load. Many tables are in print which have been worked out to a mathematical nicety giving the drift for cross winds and for head and rear winds.

One point in target shooting when firing "deliberate," is a question of form. In the matter of pointing the rifle at the target, some high authorities say "Always come up from the bottom," this method has a great deal of merit in very bad winds and rain, but, under conditions we all enjoy, it is not bad practice to come down on your target glancing along the left side of the barrel during the operation so as to keep your eyes on the target until the sights approach the line of aim. In either case, constant practice develops the "habit." In the matter of allowing for wind a very rough idea can be formed by the following:

A bullet weighing from 150 to 200 grains and having started with a muzzle velocity of about 2,000 to 2,500 feet per second would be affected by a wind, blowing one mile an hour at right angles about one inch at three hundred yards. The government claims that with about 50 grains charge, 150 grain bullet and 2,700 feet velocity the drift is eight-tenths of an inch. The hunter can see that, even with a heavier bullet, say 220 and 1,950 feet velocity, and say a ten-mile wind, under such conditions government says drift is about two feet at three hundred yards, some experimenting on a rifle range will not do any harm.

It is deplorable that so plain a necessity as close accurate long range and mid-range shooting should be tossed aside so lightly by our military higher powers. History (in this country as well as others) teems with instances of the tremendous stopping power of aimed firing, and yet we find experiment with telescopic and other sights pursued half heartedly, a breech mechanism that looks like an iron-worker's rivet-setter, and a magazine reminding one of slipping change into his change pocket, and long "hikes" to the exclusion of about ten times the amount of rifle practice now to be had. (The writer feels better, now that is over.) To revert to matters pertaining to aiming, bear in mind the relative importance of the threatening dangers, i. e., at extremely long range, elevation must be watched more closely than at mid or short range because whereas an error of elevation of 1-150 of an inch at 1,000 yards deflects the bullet ten inches while at 500 yards the error would be only five inches, a wind blowing at right angles ten miles an hour would at 1,000 yards give a 220 grain bullet with 2,000 feet velocity a deviation of but 15 feet, or at 500 yards cause a deviation of four feet. One can gauge the wind very closely, which demonstrates the point of the argument because your object at long range in any event would be wider than it was high.

Hunters ought to get very clearly in mind the trajectory and velocity of the projectile so that they can use the same faculty which enables one to throw a stone more or less accurately with the hand or sling-shot. Probably the tendency is to shoot too far ahead in most cases.

Remember 300 yards is only 900 feet and most ammunition will carry that in one-half second, and that the trajectory is very flat, highest point eight inches, government load, so that an error 50 yards either way is only a matter of a few inches. When "finding" an object, always aim or rather set the sight for a point less than the assumed range unless some dry sand or gray dirt is just beyond or to one side when by aiming on it you can gradually come up until you hit. It is impossible in the confines of a short article like this to go into minute details, and no effort is made to do so here. My advice to all is to approach men of the type of Anderton, Doyle, Casely, Keogh, Tewes, Hudson, Leushner, and many other fine square shots, and somewhere you will imbibe something that will benefit, and you will enjoy the good fortune to meet men of standing in their profession, who are as generous as they are intelligent and well posted.

## VALUE OF A GOOD MEMORY

**Among Human Beings Children Have the Most Remarkable, Often Learning Many Languages.**

The trouble with old men usually is that their memories become overloaded with actual and psychic facts, among which they are unable to distinguish those that have a value for the present and those that have become obsolete. Generally speaking an old man knows a great deal more than a young man, but, says the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, it does not necessarily follow that he is wiser. While, therefore, a strong memory is a great convenience, it is not necessarily an advantage.

Cardinal Mezzofanti, whose memory for words was so retentive that he never forgot one after hearing it once, and which enabled him to acquire more than a hundred languages, was in most respects a very ordinary person. Pliny relates that Mithridates, king of Pontus, had so excellent a memory that he was able to speak fluently 22 languages native to the provinces of his vast empire. Yet he was a cruel barbarian.

A well-known peripatetic elocutionist and reciter still living declares that he can repeat without further preparation about 3,000 selections in prose and poetry. He probably tells the truth, since he has been training his mind in this particular direction for many years.

On the other hand, such men as Sir Walter Scott, Macaulay and Gladstone were not only the possessors of excellent memories, they were also men of good judgment.

Among human beings children have the most remarkable memories. Under favorable circumstances they will learn three and even four languages, so as to be able to express their thoughts with equal ease in any one of them by the time they are six or seven years of age.

And they accomplish this remarkable feat without any aid from the memoric devices to which adults are compelled to resort when they undertake a similar task. They learn words and phrases unconsciously, and rarely forget them as long as they live. On the other hand, grownups rarely acquire an accurate pronunciation of a foreign language, although they may be able to use it with entire correctness.

It is a common belief that the memory is more tenacious in early life than in later years. That seems to depend almost entirely on the individual.

**Why He Resisted.**

A few days ago a second class stoker was paraded before the commanding officer of the Devonport naval barracks on a charge of insubordination. His insubordination took the form of resistance to being introduced to the swimming bath. Asked what he had to say for himself, the youth replied: "Sir, I've only bin in the navy three days. The first day the doctor drawed six of my teeth. The second day I was vaccinated. And the third day the petty officer he says, 'Cum along, we're a-going to drown yer!'"—Argonaut.

## TO MAKE GOOD CAKE

**SOME RULES THAT SIMPLY MUST BE OBSERVED.**

**Proper Temperature of Oven One of the Most Important Points—Different Confections Require Varying Degrees of Heat.**

First attention should be given to the oven, making sure that the fire is not too hot, and will remain even until the baking is done. Unless you have control of your fire do not attempt to bake cake.

Loaf cake requires less heat than thin cakes. If the oven is too hot at first or is suddenly cooled while the cake is baking the cake will be heavy. Loaf cake should bake as long again as thin cake. Divide the time of baking into quarters. The first quarter should show a rising, with the edges higher than the center; the second a continued even rising, with a slight brown tint; the third a deeper brown, and the last a shrinking and settling. If your cake rises and cracks in the center you are using too much flour; when it browns before rising, the oven is too hot.

How to Put Butter Cake Mixture Together—Cream the butter with hand or a large spoon, add sugar and cream again until very light. When the proportion of butter is small it may be put in with the eggs and sugar. Beat the yolks until light yellow, add to butter and sugar and beat again. Add flavoring and then a little milk, then a little flour, a little milk again, and so on until the milk and flour are all used, and beat vigorously until your mixture is smooth. Add lastly the beaten whites. Fruit should be added last, and fruit cake mixtures should be a little stiffer with flour.

Sponge Cake Mixtures—Beat the yolks until they are a light yellow and creamy and slowly beat in the sugar. Add flavoring and liquid and beat again. Beat the whites until stiff and fold it without beating. Add flour lastly with as little stirring as possible, as it makes the cake tough. Always follow these directions and cake failures will never be known.

## ALL AROUND the HOUSE

Turpentine will remove tar from any kind of fabric.

To remove iron rust from white goods moisten spot, cover with cream of tartar, put in a basin of water, simmer gently for an hour. Rinse and dry.

To clean linoleum, place some fresh skim milk in a basin, and with a clean cloth dipped in the milk wipe over the floor, and the linoleum will look as good as new.

To effectually clean a dirty bottle, half fill the bottle with slack coal, add just enough water to cover, and shake vigorously. Then empty out, and rinse in several waters.

Sweep your carpets thoroughly to remove all dust and dirt. After an hour slightly dampen a broom, and again sweep over the whole surface. In this way an old carpet will look clean and fresh, however faded it may be.

Glass is an ideal shelfing for a kitchen closet, as it can be kept clean so easily. If this is too costly paint the shelves white and give a coat of enamel. This is easily scrubbed, and does away with the necessity of papers.

The walls of a kitchen quickly look dingy and for this reason should be painted or have a washable paper. When gray with soot dust with a soft brush covered with cheesecloth, then wipe with a cloth wet in cold water. Hot water has a yellowish effect.

**Chocolate-Fruit Tarts.**

Make the tarts of puff pastry, leaving as large a space as possible for the filling. In each tart place canned peaches or apricots from which all the juice has been drained away, and pour over them a chocolate sauce. The sauce is made as follows: Boil one-half pint of milk and grate three ounces of chocolate. Mix a little of the milk with the chocolate until it is smooth; add the rest of the milk and let it boil up; then add one ounce of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. If the tarts are to be used hot, pour on the sauce as soon as it is finished and serve immediately, covering the top with whipped cream. The tarts may also be used cold, and in that case the sauce must be cold, when poured over them.—Harper's Bazar.

**Strawberry Puffs.**

Cream puffs and eclairs, filled with crushed and sweetened strawberries instead of the usual cream, are delicious. Into a granite saucepan put one cup of water or milk, one-half cup butter (scant measure) and boil. Then add one cup flour, stirring continually, and cook two minutes By this time it should be smooth and velvety. Remove from fire and, when cool, beat in four eggs, one at a time. Beat ten to twenty minutes, then drop by spoonfuls upon buttered tins and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes. While still warm coat with strawberry icing made by adding strawwberry juice to a cup of powdered or confectioner's sugar to make a fine icing. When cold cut open and fill with crushed and sweetened strawberries.

**Lentil Salad.**

Take some boiled lentils and let them get quite cool. Drain them with care and mix them with about a fourth of their weight of cooked onions or celery or the two mixed. A pile should then be made in the middle of a dish and some chopped beet root be put around it. Pour some salad dressing over and serve.

**Molasses Cookies.**

Two and one-half cups sugar; two cups molasses, one tablespoon ginger, one tablespoon cloves, one tablespoon cinnamon. Let this come to a boil. When cool stir in four eggs and one tablespoon soda, and flour enough to roll out next day. Moderate oven.

**An Expert in Pepper.**

Fashion is fickle in table service as well as in other things. The dinner table of today is not what it was a few years ago.

Odd little novelties for the table have crept in recently. One of the newest is small cruet frames for each guest, and of different kinds. Cayenne, Nepaul, Aji (from Peru), Hungarian, paprika and Chile powder are used so that each guest may flavor his food to his taste. The really up-to-date person nowadays pretends to be an expert in pepper.

## Birthplace of a Great Musician

Seven cities contend for the honor of being the birthplace of Homer, and several towns in Italy claim the right from his association with them of commemorating Guido Monico, or Guido d'Arezzo, as he is more commonly known. The little town of Talla, near Carentino, has set up a monument to mark his birthplace, but it is doubtful if the claim can be substantiated against the claim of Arezzo. It is generally conceded that Guido was a Benedictine monk, and that he was a great writer on music of the eleventh century. The claim is set up that he was born near Paris, and migrated to Arezzo. He wrote the "Micrologus," but Grove discards many of the pretensions which have been formulated concerning Guido's achievements. It appears, says Grove, that Guido invented the principle upon which the construction of the stave is based and the F and C clefs, but that he did not invent the complete four lined stanza itself.

**Crackin' Bread.**

In a divorce case at Mexico the plaintiff criticised his wife's cooking and complained that she put "cracklin' bread" before him to eat. His lawyer was laying great stress upon this point and was particularly severe with the wife for serving this homely yet savory bread, which is peculiarly palatable to native Missourians, when Judge Barnett interrupted him with the question:

"Mr. Attorney, did you ever eat 'cracklin' bread?"

"No, sir," came the prompt and somewhat emphatic reply.

"I thought not," said the judge, and there was a ripple of laughter all over the courtroom, which showed that "cracklin' bread" was not foreign to the appetites of those present, including the court.