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27 Years in Public Service.

Winning His Spurs By Motorcycle

By WILL S. GIDLEY.

PART I.

Fremont Siding was the only tank station on the Transcontinental Line at which the Sunset Limited stopped. Although the Limited stopped here merely for the huge Mogul engine to take on water, it was none the less a stop, and pleased Philip Dwyer, the station master, mightily. Dwyer was a tall, broad-shouldered young man of twenty-four, with a pair of smiling gray eyes, a winning manner and a keen sense of loyalty and duty.

When Dwyer secured his position as station master, he donned his uniform with the feeling that his first step toward success had been taken. Fremont Siding was not an important station, nor was the salary large; but the position offered a chance of advancement to the man who was faithful, conscientious, cheerful and willing at all times to do his best. And Dwyer was that kind of a man.

One afternoon late in August, ten months after his appointment as station master, Dwyer sat in his office, idly listening to the noisy chatter of the sounder upon his desk. Suddenly from the distance there came the sharp, quick chug of a speeding motorcycle. He roused himself with a start as the machine came to a halt in front of the station and a quick step sounded upon the platform outside.

"Hello, Phil!" called the voice of Jerry Barton, his old friend and schoolmate. "Busy?"

Dwyer smiled as he opened his office door and motioned Jerry inside. "No," he replied, "I was just thinking. Thursday is my wedding day, you know, Jerry."

"Yes! You're in luck, Phil, old pal; and I rather envy you. You couldn't find a nicer girl than Annie Brooks if you hunted a lifetime."

"She is the best ever!" agreed Phil, proudly. "The puzzle is how she ever came to take up with a poor railroader like me."

"Money isn't everything," observed Jerry philosophically. "But you'll be getting more pay after you are married. The company can't expect two to live so cheaply as one."

Dwyer smiled. "That question won't worry the company any. They're paying all they can now, they say. I had been expecting a raise but the General Manager refused it when I sent in my application the other day."

"Tough luck!" said Jerry. "I didn't think they would turn down a good man that way."

"Sometimes I almost regret accepting this position, Jerry. It pays so little—and I don't want Annie to feel that she is making a sacrifice when she marries me. I want to give her as nice a home as she has now. I've saved all I could, but I have mother to support, and times are so hard. If I had gone to the city I might have done better, I suppose; but it is too late to make a change now."

"If there's anything I can do,"—began Jerry, hesitatingly.

"No, there is nothing," broke in Dwyer firmly. "Thanks just the same, Jerry, but I've got to fight out the battle for myself."

"You'll pull through all right. Don't worry about that," encouraged Jerry.

"Well, I'll try hard, anyhow."

The sounder rattled on as the men talked. Finally Dwyer rose and put on his cap. "Number 29 is due," he announced. "Three cars to couple on. Coming out, Jerry?"

The two men strolled out upon the sunbaked platform. Upon the siding stood the cars that were to be coupled to the afternoon freight. Presently the rails began to murmur and the freight swung around the curve into view, pounding heavily as it came up the grade. As it clattered into Fremont Siding and jolted to a standstill, the conductor dropped from the caboose.

"Well!" he snapped. "More cars on top of what I've got?"

Dwyer nodded. "Three of 'em. Only going as far as the Junction. Don't bother to sandwich them in. Couple 'em on the back of the caboose if you like."

"I 'spose they'll have to go," growled the conductor. "But 29 has got about all the engine can haul now."

With a snort the engine backed Number 29 down the siding and the cars were coupled on behind. The conductor signalled to go ahead, there was a hiss of escaping air as the brakes released their hold upon the wheels, and the train lurched forward. Car after car rolled by at an increasing speed, the conductor swung himself aboard the caboose and the train was gone.

The two young men stood watching the freight as it climbed the grade, the engine throwing out huge clouds of dense black smoke. Suddenly there came a sharp, quick blast from the whistle. The three cars which had been hastily coupled on had broken from the train and were moving down the grade.

Before Dwyer could reach the siding to open the switch, the cars thundered by the station and sped down the main line.

White to the lips, Dwyer dashed into his office and with a trembling hand called Welton, twenty miles away. W—W—W—W—W—rattled the sounder. It seemed an age before the operator at Welton at last answered the call and said, "Go ahead."

"Runaway cars," clicked Dwyer—"broke loose from train and running wild down the grade—stop Limited and ditch runaways!"

Burning like a white-hot brand came the reply from Welton: "Too late! Limited passed here three minutes ago!"

(To be continued.)

WHO WON THE WAR?

The British Grand Fleet, Says Rear-Admiral Sims of United States Navy.

"Whenever you feel particularly grateful that you didn't lose the war, don't forget the British Grand Fleet."

This remark by Rear-Admiral Sims of the United States Navy at the luncheon of the Chicago Association of Commerce recently, brought a whirlwind of applause. At other stages of his splendid address the Admiral paid equally empratic tribute to the paramount and indispensible prowess of his Majesty's ships. He made the fact unmistakably evident that to British sea-power alone the world owes the defeat of the Hun.

A touch of chestiness in view of what their arms have accomplished is surely pardonable on the part of the Britons. We have waited for our American millitary and naval chiefs to pay the well-deserved compliment to the triumphant instrument of victory for civilization. Once in a while they come along, as Admiral Sims did, and, in the midst of their glowing praises of the fighting and conquering Yanks they say a significant word for the real winners of the war.

Rear-Admiral Sims' sparkling address is the report of an expert who was close to the zone of battle, and who was privileged to scrutinize the inner workings of the colossal mechanism that throttled the Prussian. Sims is a cool-headed, matter-of-fact, keenly observant veteran, whose long experience has developed a slight strain of cynicism that would prevent the growth of fanaticism on any subject. But on the subject of British sea mastery, which he came to know so thoroughly, the Admiral cannot restrain a touch of enthusiasm. While Britain's critics were thousands of miles off, Sims was on the spot watching her "carrying on" and helping her in a very substantial way. What he saw opened his eyes to the supreme truth of the world struggle. As he said in his address: "It (the fleet) was the great silent force upon which the cause of the allies rested."

Admiral Sims, back from the real "front" and knowing the inwards of the great game of Kaiser-crushing, grins amusedly as he hears the doughboy or his superior officer emitting brags about America winning the war. There should be no ill-feeling in the matter, he thinks; but neither should there be any misunderstanding of it among friends and allies. Above all, there should be generous appreciation of Britain's part in the victory.

Because, without Britain, says Admiral Sims, there would have been no victory—except for the Hun!

One of Canada's most prominent women lawyers is Miss Winifred Wilton, of Manitoba, who took up her brother's practice when he went to the war.

"Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment. I have known men to come home from a funeral in great spirits, just because they have had the management of it."—Horne.

Napoleon Bonaparte gave himself up to Captain Maitland of the British man-of-war Bellerophon on July 15, 1815.

How About Your House Dress?

Dark dresses breed carelessness; light ones, carefulness.

A dark cotton dress catches and retains as much dirt as a light one.

Don't use your dress as a towel. Have a towel always handy near the sink, and wash and wipe your hands frequently while about your housework or cooking. Dirty hands are a very frequent cause of dirty dresses.

If you have a loop on your dish towels and pin one to your belt when cooking, it will always be handy when the oven door has to be opened or hot dishes handled. It is dangerous to use your skirt or apron, and results in unsightly smutches besides. Train yourself to stand at least an inch away from sink or stove when washing dishes or cooking. Nothing so quickly soils the front of the dress as the habit of constant leaning while at work. If you are too tired to stand on two feet with your chest out, rest a few minutes before beginning the task.

Little aprons, with bibs attached, may be made either to tie around the waist or fasten by buttonholes to buttons correspondingly placed on the waistband of the house dress. They are simple to wash and iron, and since they may be made from the unworn parts of old sheets, house dresses, aprons, etc., a good supply should be always on hand, from dark ones to use doing dirty work, to white ones to slip on when cooking or when the doorbell rings.

For washing, an oilcloth or a rubber-lined apron, or one made from a cast-off raincoat, is indispensable. One cut like a grocer's apron, with a strap to go around the neck and laps to keep it in place over the hips, is best.

When scrubbing floors have a thick pad of old carpet to kneel on. It will save both knees and clothes.

Let the house dress be simply and becomingly cut, preferably in one piece. There should be no tight waistline to restrict the freedom of the arms; neither should the dress hang wrapper fashion from the shoulders. The elastic belted style or the bungalow apron type, with adjustable belt of same or contrasting material, is becoming, comfortable and serviceable.

The skirt should be short, and only full enough to allow a full-length stride. Too narrow skirts many times are the cause of falls, inconvenience and embarrassment, while too wide ones are so much added weight and mere dust collectors. Let keeping your house dress clean mean as much to you as keeping your floor clean.

Of course, the described costume is not for barn or garden work. Don't use if for such. Don overalls.

Springtime Dishes.

Dandelions—Gather only young, freshly grown plants. Wash thoroughly and boil until tender. Drain, chop finely, and mix with the following sauce: One-fourth cup vinegar, one-fourth cup water, one tablespoon butter, one tablespoon flour, one scant teaspoon salt, and a dash of pepper. Garnish with hard-boiled egg slices.

Baked Rhubarb—Bake as for plain baked rhubarb, adding two or three layers of raisins or some stoned dates. Raisins or dates must be washed and stoned, covered with boiling water, and simmered till the water is almost absorbed, before adding to the uncooked rhubarb. On top sprinkle stale bread crumbs or chopped nuts and cracker crumbs. Candied orange or lemon peel or ginger may be used in place of the raisins or dates.

Asparagus Soup—Boil one quart asparagus, cut in inch lengths, in one quart water until tender. Rub through a colander, and return to the water in which it was boiled. Heat one pint of milk, and thicken it with one tablespoon butter rubbed to a cream with one tablespoon flour. Season with salt and pepper, and pour into the asparagus. When boiling hot serve with toasted bread sticks.

Springtime Carrots—Dice eight young carrots, cover over with boiling water, and cook slowly until tender. Drain, saving the water for the sauce. Mix together one tablespoon butter with two tablespoons flour, and add one cup meat stock. Season with pepper and salt, and add one cup of the water in which the carrots were boiled. Let it come to a boil, pour over the carrots, and serve hot.

Eggs in Spinach Nest—Boil six eggs hard the day before wanted for use. Drop them into the vinegar with beet pickles to color. Cook the spinach in the usual way, drain, season with salt, pepper, and lemon juice; place on a flat dish, and arrange the eggs on it.

Rhubarb Custard Pie—Beat an egg with three-fourths cup sugar and one tablespoon flour. To this add one cup rhubarb, chopped or cut fine, and one-fourth cup water. Bake with one crust. When done, cover the pie with the beaten white of an egg, flavored to taste, and let it brown in the oven.

How to Keep Your Silver Shiny.

It is not such a difficult matter to keep silver from tarnishing if the causes are understood. Tarnish is the result of the combination of the silver from sulphur, but this occurs only in moist air. Tarnish will never appear in silverware that is kept where the air is perfectly dry.

Air contains hydrosulphuric acid, which comes from burning fuels, from cooking, from lighting gases, and from decaying organic matter. For this reason, silverware should be kept out of the kitchen, as vegetables and meats in the process of cooking give off sulphur gases.

Jewelers often use a thin coating of shellac on their displays in order to keep the silver from contact with the air. Trays, candlesticks, cake and fruit stands, and other pieces not frequently used may be treated in this way, as the shellac does not chip off easily.

Wool should not be used for wrapping silver, as animal fibre contains a large amount of sulphur. White cloth is often bleached with sulphur, and will tarnish silver wrapped in it.

Soft, bleaching cotton cloth is best for wrapping silverware, which should then be kept in a dry place.

Kitchen Walls.

After struggling for years to keep my kitchen walls in good condition, I finally discovered that an unexpensive table oilcloth was an excellent wall finish to waiscot height. The paperhanger put it on for me over the painted wall, using the width of the oilcloth, which was one and a half yards wide. A cheap picture moulding was used as a finish. In its place a narrow oilcloth border might be used. Above the base we used a white paper to match the oilcloth. The oilcloth base can be wiped off every week with a damp cloth, and after five years of wear my kitchen looks well. Many of our friends have copied the idea of this oilcloth base with papered walls above.

Cooking Weights and Measures.

One-half kitchen cup equals one gill.

One kitchen cup equals one-half pint or two gills.

Four kitchen cups equal one quart.

Two cups of granulated sugar equal one pound.

Two and one-half cups of powdered sugar equal one pound.

One heaping tablespoon of sugar equals one ounce.

One heaping tablespoon of butter equals two ounces or one-quarter cup.

One cup of butter equals one-half pound.

Four cups of flour (one heaping quart) equals one pound.

Eight round tablespoons of dry material equals one cup.

Proportions to Remember.

Four eggs to one quart of milk for custards.

One teaspoon of vanilla to one quart of milk for custard.

Two quarts of gelatin to 1¾ quarts of liquid.

Four heaping tablespoons of cornstarch to one quart of milk.

One even tablespoon of baking powder to one cup of flower.

One tablespoon of soda to one pint of sour milk. One teaspoon of soda to one pint of molasses.

One teaspoon of baking powder is equal to ½ teaspoon of soda, and one teaspoon of cream of tartar.

In preparing for baking mix dry materials in one bowl and liquids in another, combine them quickly and put at once into the oven.

The oven for baking bread should be hot enough to brown a teaspoon of flour in five minutes. For biscuits it should brown in one minute.

Rubbing a piecrust with butter a few minutes before it is time to take it from the oven will make it crisp.

Blackboard Charades.

A new variation of the familiar game of charades requires for equipment a wall blackboard and some crayons, cards for the players, and slips of paper on which to write the names of songs, poems or books. It creates a great deal of fun, as amateur attempts at drawing always do.

On the cards place a row of numbers, one for each song, poem or story. Give one of the cards and a pencil to each player, and let him draw a numbered slip of paper that bears the name of a song, poem or story. The player who draws No. 1 goes to the blackboard and makes the first attempt at illustrating his song, of course without letting the others know what the song is. As soon as he has finished, the players write down their guesses opposite the figure 1, and the next person takes his turn at the blackboard, and so on.

If, for example, a player receives a slip that bears the words "O Canada," he may either attempt to draw a map of Canada, a picture of Jack Canuck, or anything that will indicate the song. In illustrating "Where Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone," the amateur artist might show the tracks of the dog, and at the end of the board a few inches of his tail.

Following the custom of such games, when all the songs have been illustrated the players exchange cards and mark the guesses as some one reads the correct title for each number.

In Memoriam.

Only a slender maple tree
I planted for his sake;
There every day before my shrine
I bow a prayer to make.

His every deed my rosary,
I count them as I kneel;
My heart is sore, my eyes are dim,
Because his pain I feel.

Sometimes at eve the murmuring
Of leaves so soft and green
Makes voices in my heart of days
And times that might have been.

Only a slender maple tree
I planted for his sake;
There every day before my shrine
I bow a prayer to make.

My Garden Fair.

I planted some seed in my garden fair,
And watched it with eagerness,
Nor grudged the measure of time and care
Bestowed thereon, if it did but bear
Return for my toil and stress.

And in the soul of a youth was sown
Some seed that might germinate,
But I watched not how it had later grown,
Nor seemed to think of it as my own,
Till I found it was all too late.
Shall plants and gardens be more than a youth
And tended with constant care,
And he with a soul of wondrous worth
Be left to himself, while things of earth
Are counted beyond compare?

O Soul, grant not that my garden's share
Be all that my eye can see,
But symbol rather of what were fair
That I should render those in my care,
For time and eternity!

Women have been permitted to practice law in Denmark since 1906.

Imports into Canada from the United States, for which payment must be made some time or other, continue to be on almost a wartime scale, the Canadian Trade Commission points out.

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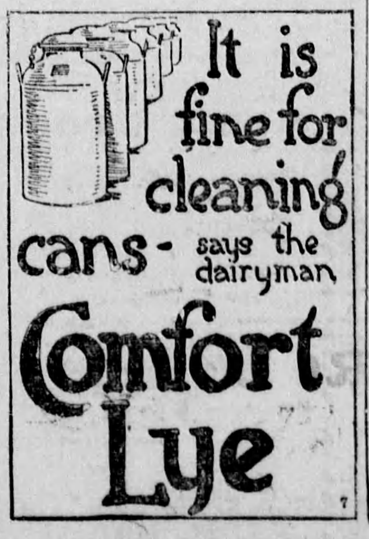

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