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Winning His Spurs By Motorcycle

By WILL S. GIDLEY.

PART II.

Dwyer swung around with a hoarse sob. Somewhere between Welton and Fremont Siding was the Limited, tearing along at forty miles an hour. Upon the same track, rushing to meet it, were the three runaway cars. And one of the passengers on the flyer was Annie Brooks, the girl who was soon to become his wife!

"Come, come," consoled Jerry, laying his hand upon Dwyer's broad shoulders. "Don't take it so hard—you did all you could to stop the train. They can not blame you."

"I know," gasped Dwyer, "but—you don't understand. Annie—the girl I'm to marry—she's on the train.'

"Annie on the Limited!" cried Jerry, his voice filled with sympathy.

"Yes; I got a telegram this morning. Jerry, I must do something!" Dwyer strode forward and grasped his friend's arm in a grip like that of a vise. "Is there plenty of gasoline in your machine?" he demanded, his eyes blazing with sudden determination.

"Of course. But what—"

"There is a siding seven miles from here," Dwyer said quietly. "I am going to save the Limited—and Annie. You tend the wires." And he dashed from the office toward the spot where Jerry had left his machine. A moment later came the sharp explosion of a motorcycle getting under motion.

From Fremont Siding to Welton was nearly all down grade, and the highway followed closely the windings of the tracks. Dwyer gave the motorcycle its full power, inwardly blessing the day he had induced Jerry to teach him to ride. Louder and louder roared the motor; faster and faster sped the machine. Trees flashed by. The landscape became a wavering blur.

Now and then the speed of the machine became so great that Dwyer was forced to shut off the power and apply the brakes to make the turns safely. Each time he opened up the throttle again with a jerk as soon as the curve had been safely passed.

The distance to be covered lessened steadily and still the runaway cars were ahead. Five miles—four—and now, three. Would he be too late?

He pictured in his mind the flying Limited crowded with passengers; among them the girl he loved. He saw the swaying runaways, clattering at terrific speed down the grade. He pictured the crash as they came together; the huge Mogul plunging from the rails, the shattered coaches—was this to be the ending of his struggle? No; he must reach the switch in time—he simply must!

He opened the throttle another notch in a last effort to overtake the flying cars. Almost as he did so he caught sight of them, careening wildly as they dashed along—still ahead of him, but, thank heaven! the runaway cars were slackening speed—the grade was gradually lessening. At last he was even with the speeding cars! And now he was forging ahead—and the siding only a half mile away!

Dwyer recalled with a throb of hope that the road curved close to the tracks near the siding. This would give him his opportunity. And then, as his machine shot ahead, the hoarse whistle of the Limited in the distance set every nerve in his body a-tingle. It was now or never!

The machine reached the siding with only a moment to spare. Panting with exhaustion Dwyer flung himself from the saddle. The flying cars were almost upon him as he reached the switch. The Limited was rounding the curve at topmost speed. Dwyer grasped the switch handle and wrenched it over, he leaped to one side just as the runaways shot into the siding and plunged with a splintering crash from the rails. He sank back upon the ground, sharp pains shot through his numbed limbs and his head whirled dizzily. Then everything was dark.

When Dwyer awoke to consciousness strong arms supported him. A girl with troubled blue eyes and nut-brown hair was bathing his forehead with cooling water, gently murmuring: "Phil, my darling Phil!"

What man could remain unconscious under such conditions? "Annie," he faltered, "is—is the train all right?"

"Yes, Phil," she replied, "you saved it."

"And you are not hurt?"

"Not at all! And you, Phil?"

"Sound as ever—though I ought to be ashamed of myself for fainting."

As he rose unsteadily to his feet a dignified, gray-haired gentleman pushed his way through the crowd and grasped his hand.

"Young man," he began briskly. "I am proud to meet you. You have rendered a great service to the public and to the road of which I am the president, and if you will give me your name and address I will see that you are properly rewarded."

"Never mind the reward, Mr. Bradley," said Dwyer proudly. "We both happen to serve the same line—you as president and I as station master at Fremont Siding. My name is Philip Dwyer, and"—turning to Annie—" this is the young lady I am to marry Thursday. I've saved her life—and that is all the reward I ask."

"Whew!" whistled the railroad president. "So that is what brought you down here in such haste, is it—for the sake of the girl you love, and not from a sense of duty to the company?"

"Well," Dwyer answered blushingly, "I guess it was partly both. But I reckon it was thinking of Annie being on the train that kept me nerved up and working my best to get here on time."

"I don't blame you, my boy!" exclaimed the president, again shaking Dwyer's hand. "She's a girl worth working for. I hope you will always be loyal to her as you have been to your employers. And when you return from your honeymoon vacation—for you are to take a month at the company's expense—you may report for duty at my office. Young men of your mettle are scarce; we need more of them at headquarters."

The Silent Navy.

Go look you beyond Helgoland
German sailors:
Go look you beyond Helgoland,
To see what the dawn brings forth.
"We have passed beyond Helgoland,
And have strained our gaze far off to west,
Where the shadow of a silent navy
Rose between sea and sky."

Go shell the English coast,
German sailors:
Go shell the English coast,
To show you have no fear.
"We have shelled the English coast,
And the blood of the innocent stains our hands,
But the thought of a silent navy.
Made us scurry away."

Go sweep the northern waters,
German sailors:
Go sweep the northern waters,
To find what may be there.
"We have swept the northern waters,
Till we came to Jutland Reef at last,
When the smoke of a silent navy
Made us break off the battle."

Go down beneath the waves,
German sailors:
Go down beneath the waves,
Till you come to the open sea.
"We have been beneath the waves,
And have carried slaughter to the seas;
But the shadow of a silent navy
Guarded our enemy."

Put forth to sea at last,
German sailors:
Put forth to sea at last,
The day, the day has come!
"We have put to sea at last,
And, to a signal dropped our flags
At the bidding of a silent navy
Watching our doom of shame."

Water Power of the Empire.

The author of articles on the Water Power of the Empire in the Times Engineering Supplement suggests that the interests of the Empire as a whole and of the individual countries in which water power exists, can best be served by calling into consultation the financial community, the manufacturers of machinery, prospective power users and the owners of water power rights both privately held or those retained by the Crown. The idea would be to form a central committee representing these interests and its primary duty would be to co-operate hydro-electric enterprises in the British Empire and to bring those interested into close touch with each other. It is claimed that such a body would be in a position to give the soundest advice and should have the confidence of all concerned, and that if suitably composed and with loyal co-operation between its constituents it could do much to further the development of water power and of dependent industries.

About the House

Make Your Home Say "Come Again!"

How does your home impress people who enter it for the first time? I don't mean, what do they think of your furnishings—but are they at ease, and do they want to come again?

You probably can think of houses that as a child you either liked or disliked to visit. Children, while frequently unable to discriminate between cheap and expensive furnishings, are very sensitive to the "air" of a home. They immediately feel subdued and unwelcome in a dark cold room furnished with slippery haircloth chairs, although they cannot tell why.

Many of us grown-ups are so occupied with other affairs that we do not give our home atmosphere much consideration; but, even if we are not consciously affected by it, every stranger or friend who comes into our dwelling sense it at once.

I can think of one home that I always feel depressed after leaving, and it isn't because the home-maker herself is discouraging. It is because the actual air, a combination of gasoline fumes from the kitchen stove and strong tobacco smoke from her husband's pipe, pervades the whole house suffocatingly, and no amount of cheerfulness on the part of my hostess overcomes it.

I can think of another home, a small cottage of six rooms, that I always feel happy in, as soon as I enter. I believe the reason is this: Just beyond the hall, through a large open door, is a small porch glassed in to make a "sun sitting-room," and this porch full of sunshine and with green growing plants along the window sills seems to light up the whole house and welcome everyone coming in the front door.

Sometimes it is a contented cat purring upon the hearth, the way an easy chair is drawn up to a table and reading lamp, or a canary trilling in a bay window that makes us remember our friends' homes with pleasure.

Fortunately, in the majority of houses, a pleasant, cheery home atmosphere is not dependent upon money. Sometimes it is only a matter of keeping the rooms well aired and the shades high enough to let the sun in. There is nothing like sun to make a room homey as well as healthful. Sometimes just slight changes in the furnishings will make people want to come again.

Perhaps large, darkly framed pictures need to come down, or perhaps a new couch cover or table cover will brighten things. Again, there may be too much bric-a-brac about. Mantels, tables and cabinets overspread with curious objects and knickknacks give a room a cluttered look that is apt to make a guest feel crowded.

If you are going to buy anything new to cheer up the house let it be either some plants that will bloom in the window, or some soft, dainty curtains which can be laundered easily and which will let in plenty of light.

Many a mountain cabin, vacation lodge, and even a shack of the Western ranch has an optimistic home atmosphere just because it has light, sun, air, and simple but bright furnishings. With these things in mind, why not step outdoors and walk in again, pretending you are a total stranger? Perhaps just a slight change will make you and your friends happier.

Use a Fireless Cooker.

Food which has started cooking over coal, wood or gas is placed in the cooker and continues to cook because the heat stored within escapes so slowly that the cooking is prolonged indefinitely. Food requiring long, slow cooking can be started over a quick fire and finished in the cooker, with a saving in fuel and a cool kitchen. Soapstone disks are required for baking and roasting, and these, instead of the food, are heated; and the cooking continues without danger of burning.

The food container must fit closely into the nest, and should have a closely-fitting lid; for not only the food, but the air between the food and the lid, must be thoroughly heated before it is placed in the cooker.

There is considerable comfort in being able to start the breakfast cereal while you are doing up the supper dishes, knowing that you will find it perfectly cooked the next morning, requiring only a quick reheating before it is served.

Dinner or a hot supper can be prepared, started over the fire and finished in the cooker, while the housewife goes to church, to town, or works in her garden. She leaves her kitchen in a comfortable frame of mind, knowing that things will neither burn nor boil over, and that an appetizing meal will be ready to serve when meal-time comes. Does it not seem, then, that the housewife who does without a fireless cooker, either manufactured or home made, is wasting time, strength and fuel?

To Cook Oatmeal: Use three cupfuls of water and one teaspoonful of salt to one cupful of oatmeal. Add the meal gradually to the salt and water, which must be boiling, and boil rapidly for ten minutes. Cover with a closely-fitting lid and allow to cook a few moments longer. Then place it in the cooker where it may remain from three to twelve hours, the longer cooking developing the flavor. Reheat before serving.

Creamy Potatoes: Put one quart of pared and sliced potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper and three-quarters of a pint of milk into a small cooker pan; set this inside a cooker pail of boiling water, and when the contents are steaming hot put the small pan directly over the fire until it boils. Replace it in the pail of boiling water and set the whole in the cooker for one hour.

Irish Stew: Cut two pounds of breast of mutton in small pieces, sprinkle with salt and pepper and brown in a hot frying pan, with one tablespoon of butter, or butter substitute. Add two sliced onions, brown slightly, then place with the meat in a kettle. Add two cupfuls of potatoes cut in cubes, two cupfuls of green peas and three cupfuls of boiling water. Season with salt and cook over the fire for ten minutes, then remove to cooker and cook for three hours.

How To Do Things.

Mint sauce is fine served with lamb: Take one cupful of chopped green mint leaves, a half cupful of vinegar, a quarter cupful of powdered sugar and mix them one hour before serving.

Make twisted maple cookies with some of your maple sugar. They require one cupful each of granulated sugar, maple sugar and butter, or butter substitute, two well beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of water and flour enough to make a dough to roll out. Cut in strips, twist and lay on pans, sprinkle with granulated sugar and bake until light brown.

Salad dressing:—To a pint of boiling vinegar add three tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of ground mustard and one-half teaspoonful of black pepper rubbed to a paste with three tablespoonfuls of butter and cook to the consistency of mush; now add one well beaten egg and one-half cupful of good cream, and cook for two minutes longer. This dressing keeps well in sealed jars.

Spinach loses both color and flavor if it is cooked in too much water. The quantity of water that adheres to it from washing is enough to steam it tender; there should be just enough water to keep it from scorching. Garnish the cooked spinach with hard-boiled eggs put through a vegetable ricer, or cut in slices. The eggs improve both the looks and the taste of the dish.

When you cook vegetables such as potatoes, peas, cauliflower, etc., put in enough water to have a cupful left as a foundation for a light, nourishing soup. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan, when it bubbles add a quarter of a cupful of flour, two cupfuls of milk and the vegetable liquor; add salt, pepper, kitchen bouquet and onion seasoning, if desired; let it boil and serve.

A delightful playhouse for the children can be made by fastening an old umbrella on top of a post driven into the ground. Dig a circular bed around it, a little larger in circumference than the umbrella, drive a peg in line with each rib and fasten a strong cord from each rib to the peg. Sow the bed thickly with morning-glory seeds, except between two ribs left for the door. The vines will soon form a blooming bower.

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