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On the Big Grade

By EUGENE JONES.

CHAPTER I.

Only afterward, when the whole thing was over, did I feel any thankfulness for having been present at the first scene in that little melodrama which not so long ago threatened the lives of three hundred people, the reputation of the Mountain Division, and the happiness of Shirley Winston. Only afterward with Shirley safely married and Pritchard dead, could I fully realize how close I had come to ending summarily the career of my oldest acquaintance and most intimate confidant—myself!

Just what took me to the division superintendent's office on the evening of June 17th doesn't matter. Bowlson, better known as "Old Grouch," often called me up on the "carpet" for the sake of an argument. Bowlson would rather argue than eat, and he was one of the heaviest eaters I ever ran across. He picked on me because I was old enough to hand him as good as he gave, and hot-headed enough to let his ridiculous remarks rile me.

He used to sit hunched in his swivel chair, his eternal cigar chewed to a stub, his yellow teeth fast in it with a grip as stubborn as his nature. He used to sit like that and grin at me. Bowlson's grin affected people differently; it infuriated me, and he knew it—which made him grin the more. But way down deep under all his grouchiness and his crankiness lay bed-rock qualities. He'd saved the Mountain Division lives and money in the past; he would do so in the future—if he didn't die of natural sourness.

Well, this particular evening we were at it as usual when the thing happened. The office of the division superintendent was on the second floor of the depot, opening on a gallery which circled above the waiting-room. Suddenly Bowlson took his cigar from his mouth entirely—such a startling departure from habit that I gasped.

"Listen!" he rumbled, nodding toward the closed door. "What's Pritchard doing up here? He's due to handle the Limited right now."

In the hall, filtering to us through the hubbub of depot noises, came the sounds of scuffling feet, accompanied by a man's voice raised to a shrill whine of anger. The next instant they were in the room—all of them—and Bowlson forgot me.

Pritchard, the engineer of the Limited, was drunk, but not too drunk to strike viciously at Jim Duval, who had him by the shoulders. Behind Duval stood Shirley Winston, white of face, her eyes dangerously bright, her hair a little disordered. The girl closed the door even as Duval flung Pritchard away from him.

From the side lines I saw Bowlson put his cigar back and clench his teeth upon it; saw him grasp the situation in one swift circling glance like the sweep of a flashlight. All at once a different Bowlson faced them, a Bowlson who weighed every detail, a man behind a mask which no longer grinned but offered instead deep lines imprinted by ten years of nerve-racking service. For a moment nobody spoke. Then, ignoring the rest, the superintendent turned to Shirley.

"Well," he growled, "what's wrong?"

"I don't give a damn what she says—" he began, but Bowlson's interruption came as sharp as a thin knife blade.

"You shut up!" Then, with a wave of his hand, "Go on, Miss Shirley."

The girl, resting her fingers on the banistered rail, met his gaze squarely; her voice quavered a little.

"I was coming to meet my father up in the dispatcher's office. You know you have to pass along track ten. The Limited was taking on passengers. When I reached the engine I saw this—this man," she indicated Pritchard scornfully. "His fireman was arguing with him. He was drunk. I watched him for a while. After a bit he climbed into the cab. Then I understood. He was going to take the Limited down, drunk! At first I couldn't think what to do. The conductor had waived his lantern.....I thought of all those passengers—women and children—and the big grade, and—and I guess I screamed. Then Jim came running to me. He was across the platform and heard me scream. The engine was moving, but he understood and jumped aboard, and there was a fight.....I think, Mr. Bowlson, Jim saved the Limited."

"Why didn't the fireman stop Pritchard?" asked the superintendent of Duval.

"Because," said Duval, with a short laugh, "he and Pritchard got drunk together—now and then."

"Was he housed, too?"

"N-o; not quite."

Bowlson's whispered "Ah!" was like a tiger's caress. His eyes slowly swept to Pritchard's, fastened there coldly.

"You're fired," he said distinctly. "Come back for your pay to-morrow. I've been watching you for a long time. So you'd take the Limited down, drunk, would you? You'd risk three hundred lives and thousands of dollars' worth of rolling stock? You'd risk the reputation of the Mountain Division that made you? I'll blacklist you from one end of the country to the other. Get out of here, you—cur!"

Not once had he raised his voice, yet in each metallic syllable, clicked off like the dots and dashes of a telegraph instrument, there lurked a strong man's contempt.

Pritchard's face turned a dull red; he swayed a little.

"All right," he shrilled, "that's all you got t' say? Got any more? You'll be sorry f' this. Wait an' see!" He reached across the railing and tried to shake his fist in Bowlson's face, lost his balance and was jerked to his feet by Duval.

"Hadn't you better go?" reminded Duval. "Unless you'd rather be thrown out?"

For an instant the two young men faced each other; then the ex-engineer of the Limited fumbled for the door, found it, reeled through, and banged it behind him.

Bowlson picked up the telephone.

"Give me Johnson's office!" he bellowed. "That you, Johnson? Just fired Pritchard. Drunk! Put Smalley on number sixteen. Phone dispatcher so he'll get out his orders straight. All right. Good-by!"

For several moments afterward he sat chewing on his cigar, apparently oblivious of the girl and the man before him.

Miss Winston spoke:

"You don't need me for anything more? I don't right, didn't I?"

He came to his feet like a flash.

"Good Gee!" was all he said, but he took her hand in his. When she had gone he turned to Duval.

"That's a girl worth while. As for you, well, you hardly need to be told you saved the Limited. I know your old man. I would have expected as much of you. Guess you want to be moving if you're going to wildcat down and pick up seventeen."

Duval, a trifle embarrassed, thanked him and withdrew.

That left me to come out of my corner like a thief. Bowlson eyed me aggressively.

"Oh," he rumbled, "You still here? Don't mind listening to other people's business, do you? Never mind!" as I formed a retort, "you're old and curious, I guess."

"Mark my words," he continued, switching with his accustomed speed to the subject uppermost in his mind: "H. J. Duval's got sense even if he is president of this one-horse dummy railroad. That's the way to teach a boy the game. Let 'im learn from the bottom up. Jim's taking hold; he's done everything from flagging on a freight running extra, to handling a passenger train. In a year from now I'll have him ready to hold down any office job the Old Man picks out for him. Jim's got the right stuff. Understand, you doddering gray-haired engineerman, the right stuff!" And, ending a suspicious pause: "I reckon Shirley Winston's pretty enough for any railroad magnate's son—and then some!"

I left him there, chewing on his cigar, gazing into the waste-paper basket, with a scowl on his outlandish face and a smile in his heart.

(Continued in next issue.)

Renew the Mustard in the Pot—Daily

The use of KEEN'S D. S. F. MUSTARD makes your dinner tasty and digestible.

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Cheating the Candle Man.

Did it ever occur to you to wonder why the yolk stays in the middle of an egg, instead of falling to one end or the other by gravity?

The reason is simply that the yolk is held in place by two taut strings of modified albumen which are attached to the membranous lining of the shell at either end—the arrangement being somewhat like that used for swinging a hammock.

When an egg becomes stale beyond a certain point its membranes, including that which envelopes the yolk, become weakened. The yolk loses its grip and sags.

Experts who make a business of "candling" eggs, in order to grade them for market, see at a glance when a yolk has fallen out of place. All such eggs are graded as inferior or elderly.

However, an ingenious person has recently patented a machine for making old eggs look like new ones. It is designed for use in cold-storage warehouses. A simple turn of a crank once a week will cause some hundreds of dozens of eggs to assume a new position, so that the sag strain on the yolk will be in an altered position.

The yolks being relieved of fatigue, will thus be enabled to hold themselves up; and the candler, when he comes to examine the eggs, will give them a superior rating.

Saving of Work is Motive of Unusual House.

To a housekeeper, a home that saves labor is primarily one that is easily kept clean. Designed by a woman, a house recently built in a northern Illinois town eliminates all of the servant problem, and much of the ordinary housework, by its curious construction as much as by its equipment. It is a stucco bungalow, roughly 58 feet square, on a 4 foot concrete foundation wall, with all its main rooms on one floor.

Living room, dining room, hall, and sun porch are virtually one enormous room, 42 by 84 ft., but the hall is two steps higher than the rest, a pair of bookcases separates the living and dining rooms, and a row of eight pillars marks off the porch, with its 16 windows. No plaster is used, all the walls and even the cabinet panels being of wallboard. Fancy moldings are also taboo, and casement cloths take the place of window shades. A built-in garage at the rear contains an electrically equipped laundry, and a dish-washing machine is permanently installed in the kitchen, while a gas range has an automatic timing attachment. The narrow superstructure that represents the second floor is planned to contain three bedrooms and an additional bath, but is used at present as a playroom.

Roosevelt Passed Him Up.

President Roosevelt once nearly appointed a man to a consulate on a recommendation of mutual friends, and it was only in the eleventh hour that he discovered his true calibre, and then only by chance.

The office-seeker had come to Washington to receive his appointment, and by way of showing his great-heartedness, he was telling the President about the meanness of others:

"The other day I went on a fishing trip," he said, "and before starting, one of the party made us all agree that whoever caught the first fish must treat the crowd. Now, do you know that both the other men had bites and never pulled up their lines?"

"So you lost, then," said Roosevelt, politely.

"Oh, no," said the consular aspirant; "I didn't put any bait on my hook."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

The Woman of To-Day

The Recreation Period.

Many women, knowing the value of a daily rest period, have honestly tried to establish the habit for a short time, but sickness, company, emergencies and various things have interfered and eventually the custom has been abandoned. Then there are those who feel that it looks lazy and slovenly to relax and read or rest or sleep or sit still for a brief period, so sick or well they drive themselves to their tasks. Still others are spurred on by stories told by elderly relatives about the wonderful amount of work they accomplished in the young days, and how shiftless the women of the present are, and by one means and another the whole day of the busy wife and mother is planned to include only hard work.

Now the rest or recreation period, like a wise household system, should be held to through thick and thin. Suppose Monday is the wash day and three times in a month sickness or company or some accident makes it impossible to wash on that day, should the rule be abandoned? Certainly not! The fact that the routine is disturbed only makes the need of system more apparent. Just so with the rest time. No matter what anyone says, the wife and mother who must do all the household tasks unaided should contrive for herself a time of quiet and relaxation other than night time, and should stick to it through thick and thin unless illness or emergencies interfere. No amount of hearing what great-grandmother did, and how she brought up her family, sitting up till midnight every night to make and mend, should swerve the housekeeper from getting a proper amount of rest and relaxation daily in order to be at her best for motherhood and for her tasks as housekeeper.

Right after dinner is a good time for the rest hour, since the babies are taking a nap and people are not so apt to telephone or drop in. Slipping off the clothes and lying down with every muscle relaxed will refresh and renew the tired body better than anything else. The dishes will wait until the half-hour or hour of rest is past, and then the refreshed woman in a clean dress and with nicely combed hair will find her work not a drag but a pleasure.

For those who cannot sleep in daytime resting in an arm chair with the feet up reading or doing nothing, will accomplish the same purpose. Some unfortunate beings simply cannot sleep in daytime without getting a headache, but the rest should be taken in some other way. My mother never could lie down in daytime, but she could rest comfortably in a rocking chair and be refreshed by frequent "breathing spells" during a long day, accomplishing more than many younger persons who "drove themselves" as they proudly stated, from dawn to dark.

Then there are those who find rest and relaxation in needle work, music, reading, or working with flowers, and who devote some time each day to these pastimes. To some women sewing is a bore and a burden, but to others a delightful pastime. Similarly, the care of flowers is the hardest kind of work to some women, while others snatch a few minutes now and then in the busy day to refresh themselves among their floral pets and forget the little worries of everyday life.

So it is well to regard it as a virtue to loaf a certain number of minutes every day. True, the children will fall ill and the rest hour be impossible for days at a time, but as soon as possible get back to the healthful routine. Resting each day is like putting money in the bank for future use. One cannot draw money out unless something has been saved and deposited there to one's credit. Recently a young mother died leaving a family of little ones and many people said they could not understand the mysterious ways of Providence in removing a mother so necessary to her family. But those who knew her best felt that the poor soul had gone out of the world by the slow suicide process. She was ever on the keen jump and despised those weak mortals who ever gave themselves a moment's rest. Housecleaning, sewing, cooking and other tasks were her idols and when disease overtook her it found an easy victim in her weakened body. It is true she had a funeral in a perfectly clean house, but her children were left motherless.

After supper there should be another hour of rest after the babies are in bed, and the wife and mother should be able to ignore the overflowing mending basket for a brief period. The early bed-time habit on the farm is a good one for all, but there should be a period of rest for all before going to bed so that digestion will be sound and sleep sweet. Conversation, music, reading, entertaining friends, visiting for an hour or so, and even games with the older children will drive the cobwebs out of the brain and make the tired muscles relax so that toil will not be a burden and health will not suffer.

After all life is not made all for hard work and no play, even for adults, and men and women are beginning to find that out. Women, particularly, need to know that a healthy, sensible, sweet tempered woman is worth more than a "driver" always on edge and always watching for possible dirt. The rest and relaxation period will accomplish much for all who establish it in their daily routine of housekeeping.

A Delicious Fruit Cake.

One cup of syrup, one cup of cold coffee, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of spiced jam, one cup of seedless raisins, one and one-half cups of currants, one cup of thinly sliced citron, one-half cup of thinly sliced orange peel, one cup of finely chopped nuts.

Place in a saucepan and then put on the stove and heat to the boiling point. Cook slowly for ten minutes and then chill. Now while the mixture is cooking place three and one-fourth cups of flour in a mixing bowl and add two level tablespoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of cinnamon, one teaspoon of nutmeg, one-half teaspoon of cloves, one-fourth teaspoon of allspice, three level tablespoons of cocoa.

Sift to mix and then rub in three-fourths cup of good shortening. Beat three eggs well and then add to the fruit mixture and then stir in the flour. Blend well and then turn into well greased and floured pan and bake in a slow oven for one and one-half hours. Cool and spread with jam and set away for ten days.

When ready to use the cake, remove the jam or apple butter with a spatula and then ice in the usual manner. This method gives a delicious, moist, well-flavored cake.

Drying Up the Zuyder Zee to Create Farms.

After many years' deliberation the people of Holland have decided that they need more land and, having reached that decision, they have gone about the acquisition of it with characteristic Dutch energy and determination. The program contemplates the building of a 30-mile dike across the outlet of the Zuyder Zee and gradual reclamation of parts of that body by means of smaller dykes and a filling-in and pumping process. The damming of the north end of the Zuyder Zee presents difficulties, not only on account of the length of the dam, but also due to the fact that at the Friesland shore end, the water depth varies from 11 to 33 feet.

The foundation of the great dam will be, literally, billions of all sizes of tree branches, lashed together into great bundles. These will be sunk, forming a supporting mat of enormous area. Upon this will be placed a thick layer of coarse crushed stone, and on this powerful foundation will be reared the masonry of the dyke.

"The Ways."

But to every man here openeth
A way, and ways and a way.
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low;
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.

But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go.

It Was a New Word to Her.

In an ancient mansion that recently changed hands on account of the ups and downs of war-time fortunes there is a parlor maid of very expensive and rather cultured and superior type. Her mistress, says the London Morning Post, does not mind the expense, but she is often much bothered by the culture, which is on too high a plane for her understanding.

"Ma'am," said the maid one day, "there is a mendicant at the door."

"Then tell him," said the mistress of the mansion, "we have nothing to mend."

Minard's Liniment For Burns, Etc.

They Live on Airships.

A little way out of Bedford, England, there is a village which is probably unique—a village which exists by building airships. It's name is Shortstown. Made during the war, it consists of approximately one hundred and fifty little red-brick houses and flats, all of them tenanted by men and women engaged in airship work, and their families.

Except that the shops originally planned have not come into being, it is quite self-contained.

It has its own water and electric light systems, its own estate office, its own canteen—a particularly fine one, too—and its own street electric lamps.

It is a lighter-than-air community that has no counterpart in England. Conceived and built by Messrs. Short Bros., Ltd., who constructed R31 and R32, and who are now busy at R37 and R38, the two biggest airships so far laid down in England, this model village affords accommodation for most of the hundreds of hands employed by the firm.

The biggest houses have three bedrooms and three living rooms, scullery, bath and garden, and the maximum rent charged is $3.80 a week, inclusive of rates. Little wonder that practically every house is occupied!

Lack of accommodation in Bedford for their workers and the economic benefits of having them "on the spot" were the chief reasons which induced the making of this model village.

The fact that the construction of airships has lately been drastically cut down has scarcely affected its population, although it has reduced the total number of employees by more than half. It takes about a year to complete a big rigid under present conditions.

All manner of things, from washing gold-beaters' skin to making the rings, or frames, which compose the main metal framework of a rigid, are done in these shops, women and girls being employed in several departments.

Shortstown is probably the best planned and best equipped airship station in the world.

In addition to its various workshops, it has its own hydrogen and aluminum plants. There is also a huge shed, more than seven hundred feet long, in which two modern rigids could be built simultaneously.

Over a thousand acres of level ground are reserved for landing purposes.

Laziness and Poverty.

If there were a hundred times as much wealth in the world as there is at present, and a hundred times as much foodstuffs, there would be poverty and hunger somewhere. People would still be starving somewhere because of the selfish, hoarding instinct of the so-called successful on the one hand and the thriftless methods of the lazy, indolent, ambitionless people on the other hand. In other words, greater production would not solve the poverty problem.

Someone has estimated that the farmers could raise wheat enough to supply to every family about ten barrels of flour. Each man also would have so many bushels of corn and potatoes, to say nothing of the amount of rice, buckwheat, and other things. There is no need of anybody going hungry. The lack of thrift the habits of laziness and indolence, the unwillingness to work or to pay the price for attainment, are the causes of most of the poverty of the world.

Multitudes Have Found Their Happiness—

In a harmless hobby.
In noble friendships.
In regular healthful recreation.
In mental development.
In duty cheerfully performed.
In thoughtful attention to the aged.
In the companionship of the world's best books.
In little unobtrusive acts of kindness.
In the society of men and women of high ideals.
In writing encouraging, cheery letters.
In helping others to find themselves.
In scattering genial smiles and pleasant words.
In working for a great cause without expectation of reward.
In bringing sunshine to shut-ins—to the sick and afflicted.
In keeping an open mind, hospitable to all new progressive ideas and movements.
In a clean conscience and worthy ambitions.
In the practice of the religion of love.
In the discovery of a latent talent.
In noble thoughts and honorable pursuits.
In unselfish service and the relief of distress.
In outdoor life and intimate communion with nature.
In returning good for evil, and living in the finer senses.
In good music, good plays, works of art,—fine pictures, beautiful statues, great architecture.
In the daily work and the simple pleasures of the home circle.
In cheerful conversation, rollicking fun and hearty laughter.
In holding steadfastly to a high ideal no matter what the consequences.
In seeking the sunny side of life and making failures stepping stones to success.

Why Birds Are Not Electrocuted.

Why birds can perch and remain unharmed on live trolley wires is a question that doubtless has often occurred to many people. In explanation the New York Evening Post says: It is perfectly true that the trolley wire carries an electric current strong enough to kill not only birds but human beings. However, to do any harm the current must pass to the ground through the body of the bird or person. The connection of the body with the ground need not be direct, but it must exist in some way.

A person could sit on the trolley wire just as safely as the birds do, but if he should stretch out his hand and touch another wire, or an iron pipe, running directly or indirectly to the ground, the full force of the current would then pass through him. In other words, the current would be grounded by the connection made with his body. In the case of the birds, there is nothing to afford a ground connection, and they are in consequence unharmed, the electric current passing through the wire under them as water would pass through a main on which a person might be sitting, without wetting him.

Not the Insect.

"I have many times heard people refer to a whale as a fish," remarks a librarian in a western town," but it remained for a certain youngster, a patron of our institution, to introduce a totally new classification of the creature.

"'Please, said the lad, 'let me have a book on whales.'

"Very shortly the youthful student was provided with a book on natural history and his attention invited to a chapter on whales.

"'The boy gave one look at the volume and then said:

"'Oh, I don't mean a book on the insect! I mean the country!'"

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FACTORY-MADE JEWELS

The largest demand for such jewels is by watchmakers, for bearings which the delicate machinery requires. Next in order come electrical instruments, in connection with which they are used as pivots and counterpivots. They are being more and more employed as reproduction points for phonographs, and another of the purposes for which they are utilized is the drawing of fine wire for electric filaments.

We are accustomed to think of gemstones as too precious for ordinary manufacturing uses. But as a matter of fact much of such material, no matter what the kind, is so flawed, lacking in transparency, or undesirably colored, as to render it useless for cutting into gems. The National Museum at Washington has on exhibition a beryl that weighs more than half a ton. It is quite genuine, but of no value from the standpoint of the jewel merchant.

Raw diamonds of inferior quality are used for sawing, cutting and polishing gems. They come from Africa, Brazil and India, but the supply is distributed from London through the great Diamond Syndicate, which absolutely controls the diamond market of the world.

Raw rubies, sapphires and Oriental amethysts (three varieties of corundum crystal) are used in watches and chronometers. They come from Siam, Ceylon and India; some also from America. But within the last few years it has been discovered how to make all three synthetically, and in Switzerland there is one plant that turns out 100,000 carats of these artificial jewels daily.

Raw garnets (used in cheap watches) come from Czecho-Slovakia, India and South America. Agates (from Germany and the United States) are converted into jewels for fine instruments and reproduction points for talking machines.

Extremely important from an engineering and industrial viewpoint is the "carbonado," or black diamond, which is used for diamond drills. The entire world's supply comes from the state of Bahia in Brazil, where these diamonds, which are brown or black in color, occur in a conglomerate of water-worn pebbles embedded in sandstone. Most of them, however, are obtained by washing stream gravels derived from the conglomerate.

Brilliant diamonds, white and yellow, occur in the same formation, but are not nearly so large. The black (or brown) ones are quite as hard as the white crystals, their dark hue and opacity being due merely to accidental impurity.

Compliment.

We all like compliments if they are offered intelligently and with discretion. The proverb tells us that "praise to the face is sad disgrace"; but we like it just the same. We may say that we work for the work's sake and not for praise, and it may be true, but the kind words are acceptable to every living one of us when they come.

If we like compliments, remember that others like them also, and that it is our business to give them as well as to get them. Make a study at odd moments of the art of giving them properly and so as to afford others pleasure.

There are two points about a compliment. Many think that compliment necessarily implies insincerity. It does not imply that at all. Compliments need not be insincere. In fact, to be successful and appreciated they must not be insincere. There lies the distinction between compliment and flattery. Flattery is in its essence insincere; it is the attempt to win an end by deliberately pretending to discover merits where there are none. Compliment should be founded on truth. We should insist upon and emphasize real desert, of which the recipient is seriously conscious. The best and most valued compliments are even those which mix a certain amount of reserve and criticism with praise. So seasoned, the praise tastes all the sweeter. In other words, it takes intelligence to compliment well and skillfully.

And this leads to the second point, which is, that the worth of a compliment depends not only upon its quality but upon its source. In complimenting, as in so many other great and small affairs of life, we are likely to think more of ourselves than of the person complimented. That is a mistake. And in saying kind things to an almost anything else self should be forgotten. How often do we see a very little soul aim to exalt itself by offering inept and fulsome eulogy to a great one. The process is painful to the recipient and disgusting to the spectator. Nothing perhaps could excuse the harshness of Dr. Johnson's rebuke to one of those would-be complimenters, but it is impossible to read it without a certain sympathy: "Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether you flattery is worth his having."

Modern Abodes.

"Does your flat seem smaller than it used to?"

"Why, a little, now the furniture is beginning to get scratched off the furniture."

Canadian flesh was recently on sale in Paris.

THE ROYAL
AT WINDSO

ASSOCIATED
MANCE OF P

Where the Same
Cooked for Ch
Serves Ge