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The "Baggage" in the Cab

By ARTHUR HENRIK O'HARA

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"Ten," said Engineer Martin, as he finished oiling round on the 629, as he puffed and panted in the siding, waiting for the south-bound express. "I've worked for this company for ten years. I've only taken one lay-off, and I've only been fired once, and that wasn't for overlooking orders, reckless running, or sleeping while on duty, but for carrying freight in my cab."

"Defraudin' the corporation that furnishes you your bread and butter out of its just dues, eh?" remarked Conductor Watson jocosely. "A sort of bit'n-the-hand-that-fed-you business? I'd never have thought it of you, Martin."

"They couldn't fire a man for that nowadays," said the section boss, who was an ardent dynamiter.

"We've got to have a hearing. An official's got to have a reason for firing a man besides not liking his style."

"It's a good thing for the companies, too," remarked Conductor Watson, who had lately passed through a most trying "investigation." "It keeps 'em from losing many a good man."

"I was mighty scared they was goin' to make up their minds to lose you when they had you on the carpet last month," drawled the engineer, with twinkling eyes.

"Well, anyway, I hadn't been loadin' my caboose with freight," retorted the conductor. "Was you movin' your household goods in your cab, when they caught you, old man?"

"No, the freight I happened to be carryin' didn't belong to me," he said placidly. "It was the very choicest possession of my fireman, Johnny Rhodes."

"One night, when I was hustlin' round, gettin' the engine ready on a short call, Johnny came to me and said: 'Martin, I want you to promise me that you'll carry something to Santa Barbara for me.'"

"All right," said I, carelessly, going on with my work. "Remember, I'll hold you to your promise if it takes your scalp," he says, and then I noticed for the first time that he was considerably stirred up about something.

"See here, young man," said I, stopping short, "have you been stamin' and now expect me to help you smuggle your loot out of town for you? I asked him."

"Before God, what I want you to carry belongs to me and to no one else," said he solemnly.

"Well, then, jump around and fill your rod cups and stop this nonsense," I answered, rather cross, for we were late.

"Swear that you'll carry something for me, Martin," he begged, looking wild-eyed and desperate.

"Oh, go on. I'll do it to get shut of you," I said at last.

"With that, he gave my hand a bone-crushing squeeze and rushed off. I didn't lay eyes on him again till we were just ready to pull out, and then I'll be blessed if he didn't help a young woman into my cab and install her on his seatbox as cool as you please.

"Right then a bit of gossip flashed through my mind. There had been rumors that Johnny had had the nerve to fall in love with the superintendent's daughter and that the young lady had something more than just a faint liking for him."

"Johnny was a nice young fellow, steady and industrious. He showed mighty plain that he come of good stock. Of course, he was poor, or he wouldn't have been shovelin' coal on an engine, but he was a fine boy—the best fireman I ever had."

"But when I had a look at the young lady I had to own up to myself that he had some excuse for puttin' her jobs in jeopardy, for Miss Barbara Mayo was about as handsome as they make 'em."

"She was just as dark-eyed and silvery-complexioned as Johnny was blue-eyed and sandy. They'll make a mighty handsome couple, if her father will only give them the chance," thinks I to myself.

"When we slowed up at Grover, the hind brakeman, who was evidently in the secret, came into the cab and whispered something to Johnny that made that young man look rather sick."

"What's the matter? I asked the hind brakeman. 'Her father is on the train,' said he. 'And he's in one of his worst tantrums.'"

"With that I give my pair of turtle-doves up for lost, and I guess they felt pretty blue themselves, for they clung to each other like a brace of castaways on a desert island."

"Well, don't jump off the engine," said I. "He can't eat you."

"He is going to start her off to Europe with her aunt tomorrow," said poor Johnny mournfully. "We never will see each other again."

"But he can't make her go, if she don't want to," I said.

"Oh, he can! He can!" groans Johnny.

"Why don't you get her aunt to help you out? I asked him. 'No use,' Johnny said, lookin' like a chief mourner. 'She's as much afraid of him as we are—as you are, Martin, for that matter.'"

"Well, he had me there, for it's a fact that we didn't seem of us take any liberties with the superintendent. 'Right you are, man,' I answered.

"Our next stop was at Oceano, and as we slowed up I could hear the superintendent makin' his way to the engine."

"He was nearly alongside the engine, when Miss Mayo says: 'I can't have him find me with Johnny; you must hide me.' And she crouched down on the floor of the cab."

"In the twinklin' of an eye Johnny covered her with his long rubber rain-

coat, and then set my greasy old canvas grip on top of that. He was shovelin' coal for all he was worth, when the superintendent poked his head into the cab.

"Well, he looked at his would-be son-in-law's back and snorted. He was achin' to find fault. Anybody could see that."

"You handle your coal-pick like it was a croquet mallet," said he, after he'd observed Johnny's maneuvers for a few minutes.

"'Tisstr," said Johnny meekly, breakin' up coal for dear life.

"Finally, he says to me, 'What makes you keep your cab lumbered up this way, Martin? It looks like some cluttered old woman's bedroom. Now what in time is that bundle over there in the corner? Do you carry your whole wardrobe with you? You must be quite a dude.'"

"Oh, that's just a little baggage I'm a-carryin' down to Santa Barbara for a friend of mine," said I, quite unconcerned, with the cold sweat tricklin' off me in streams.

"'Baggage for a friend, hey?' he spluttered. 'And was your friend's baggage too precious to be trusted to one of the company's cars? Well, I'll have you know you can't cheat the company, that gives you your bread and butter, out of its freight. You can't make a charity baggage wagon out of your cab and work on the sly.'"

"The funds fly away with friend's baggage! I'd kick it out of the cab for a cent."

"Well, he stormed and staved around for full ten minutes and that plucky little girl huddled up under the slicker, never moved or made a sound. I don't believe she felt the relief that Johnny and I did when her father finally went storming back to the coach."

"No, sir, she came out from under cover, drew a long breath, straightened the bent feathers on her hat, and set her hair to rights at the little mirror we kept hangin' opposite the water-glass, as cool and composed as if she'd grooved up in a cab."

"Well, I s'pose we made as good time as usual that trip, but it seemed to me that we crawled along the rails like a tortoise. At every stop Superintendent Mayo paid us a call and give me a chunk of his mind about my friend's baggage."

"The young lady was sure game. She was the coolest of the three."

"When we pulled into Santa Barbara the hind brakeman told me that the superintendent wanted me to come to his office right off."

"I can see our finish," said he, lookin' sick.

"Of course I wasn't surprised when the superintendent handed me my walkin' papers, but I was mad clear through."

"Johnny and Miss Mayo insisted on me goin' with them to be married, and after gettin' fired by her father, you may reckon it was a satisfaction to me."

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1 egg
1/2 cup milk
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon salt
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Crullers
4 tablespoons shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1/2 cup flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/2 cup milk

Afternoon Tea Doughnuts
2 eggs
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg

Beat eggs until very light; add sugar, salt, nutmeg and melted shortening; add milk and flour and baking powder which have been sifted together; mix well. Drop by teaspoons into deep hot fat and fry until brown. Drain well on ungreased paper and sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar.

Gradually add beaten eggs; sift together flour, cinnamon, salt and baking powder; add one-half and mix well; add milk and remainder of dry ingredients to make soft dough. Roll out on flour board to about 1/4 inch thick and cut into strips about 1/4 inch long and 1/4 inch wide; roll in hands and twist each strip and bring ends together. Fry in deep hot fat. Drain and roll in powdered sugar.

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