

CHATTERTON'S SLIDE

By WILL T. AMES

"We're to pick up four more lengths at the Red Barn," announced Peltier, the train boss, to McNider, the engineer of the log train.

"Who said so?" demanded McNider, halting in his task of tinkering the leaky cylinder of the queer little locomotive.

"His Nibs" replied Peltier with a shrug of his shoulders that confirmed the indication of French descent provided by his name.

"I thought his sister was going out with us." Evidently McNider couldn't reconcile the presence of a woman on the log train with the gratuitous perils of a nine-length load, over the tortuous curves and breathless gradients of the Burke company's road.

"So she is," corroborated the train boss.

"Well, I'll be d---d." "What are you going to do with a fellow like Greener?" exclaimed Peltier. "I asked him if he had forgotten that Miss Janice was going on the train, and he bawled me out; asked me who I thought I was; said they often hauled eleven and twelve on the Wickamaug's road."

"Sure! I'd rather haul twenty there than six here," commented the engineer.

"Well, there you are! We haul the nice, and Miss Greener goes—and like enough she'll get smashed flat between a couple of twelve-inch butts! And the train boss took himself solemnly off to see that the five 'lengths' of great spruce logs were stowed as safe as their trucks as human care could make them."

Dave Peltier, middle-sized, strong, lithe, had been born to the woods like his father before him. But he had yielded to the pet desire of the father and had gone to school and college.

For Peltier, senior, was making a little money as a woods jobber and was possessed to spend it on an education for the boy; which is often the way with men who have had no schooling themselves.

The war came when Dave was in his sophomore year at Tech and he had gone over with the first contingent of foresters.

When he got back it was to find his father dying, the little business muddled away and the task of getting a living before him. He had when the new manager, Greener, came, and he had at once attracted the attention of Miss Janice Greener when that young woman arrived, a month ago, to visit her brother and, principally, to get new material for the paintings of winter woods and lumber camps which had already brought her some measure of success.

The girl, pluming herself on an artist's contempt for the conventionalities, had permitted herself and permitted Peltier a degree of intimacy in their friendship that led, as the downhill flow of water to a frank confession of regard by the young woodsman; for Dave Peltier had never thought of himself as the inferior of any being on earth.

The consequences had been calamitous. Janice Greener suddenly discovered that her artist colony democracy was only skin deep—and she had stung Peltier as a woman can sting a man only when she realizes that it is the difference in their social positions which alone makes his proffered love impossible of acceptance.

This was two days before Janice's departure from the camp.

Miss Greener should have traveled in the cab. Instead she had insisted on riding, somehow, on the logs. So Peltier, obeying an order of the manager, had built an ingenious little platform of planks over the rear truck of the fifth length, above the logs. Here, nestled among half a dozen old fur coats, the headstrong girl was snugly perched as the lumber train bumped along on its twenty-mile journey to the mills. At the Red Barn came to her Peltier, urged on by visible worry.

"Miss Greener," he said, "won't you please ride the rest of the way in the cab. It's really dangerous among the logs. We're going to take on four more lengths here; they'll be behind you. If anything happens you'll be right in the middle of it."

"Mr. Peltier," returned Miss Greener, "I do not wish you to concern yourself with my safety at all. I don't understand why my brother keeps in a position where a little nerve is necessary a person so—so extremely apprehensive."

What could a man do after that but turn on his heel and stalk away? And what could a girl do after saying it, but look as pert and unconcerned as possible—and wish she had bitten her tongue off before she did say it?

It was half way down the long "slide" on Chatterton's ridge that it happened. McNider had been easing the ponderous, ever-threatening nine lengths down the ghastly grade by inches and feeling his little engine grow lighter and weaker under his hand each instant.

The train crew was running beside the train, squeezing the brake shoes with the ridiculous hand cranks that must be operated from the ground. Suddenly McNider turned to Joe Kyle, his foreman.

"About here is where we get off. Joe, everything's set up and she's in position, but the damned weight's going to push old Betsy right up into the air. We'll hit the bottom at a hundred an hour and pile up sky high in the river. Jump."

They made it safely enough, and watched the train, gaining momentum at every yard, speed past to its doom. "My God! The girl!" McNider, helpless on the ground, had caught sight of Janice, white-faced and now desperately frightened, clinging to her pitiful seat of state. "Not a chance in the world for her!" breathed the engineer.

But whether there was a chance or not, somehow was trying to get to her. Running over the lumbering, shifting logs from the rear of the long train, Dave Peltier was risking death at every step.

He had been tending the tail end and brake when the runaway began. At the moment when the engine crew jumped Dave swung himself onto the logs of the last length and began his breakneck race.

Janice saw him coming; watched the hazardous approach of the oncoming figure with unreasoning hope—if he could only get to her! He was racing along the logs of the sixth length now, keeping his footing somehow, like a cat on a hot tin roof, perilous, seemingly impossible leap from length to length—he was with her, held her in his arms.

"The only chance!" he shouted above the grinding roar of the train. "Leave it to me. Don't try to move!" He picked her up like a child, balancing himself and making his way with cautious shuffling steps to the edge of the platform. There, with the girl tight-clasped to his breast, he waited; waited for the one chance. Then all at once he kissed her—and the next instant they were in the air. Peltier had jumped.

A contractor from Boston had bought, cut and piled some hundreds of Christmas trees that he was to have shipped out over the log road. The market had broken. The trees were still there. Peltier remembered. And as he leaped for them he threw himself on his back—and Janice Greener escaped without a scratch. Peltier left the hospital in two weeks when he did it was with a warm job in his heart. For Janice had written him: "Come to me as soon as you will let you. Because, Dave dear, you are such a wonderful, valorous one that you are always going to be—my hero."

DETACHABLE LINING IS NEW

Convenience for Interior of Gowns Not Regarded as Style, But First Aid to Sanitation.

You may wear a detached air this spring, but to be really smart you must wear a detached lining to your frock as well, notes a fashion correspondent. Not smart in the chic sense of the word, of course, but downright clever, for though one of these new detachable linings won't add much in a stylish way to your gown, as a first aid to sanitation, hygiene and time conservation they have no equal.

Just imagine the delight and relief when the lining of your perfectly good new frock has become a bit soiled to detach it deftly and airily from its moorings and nonchalantly toss it to the handmaid who presides over your weekly wash board and industriously rubs her way through your entire wardrobe. Then, when she has had her way with it and it returns to you a bit worn but pure, you fasten it quickly in place inside your gown again and presto! all is as good as new.

Surely everyone but the dry cleaners are due to hail these detachable linings with joy and rapture and attach themselves with great dispatch to a lining that will thus detach.

Made of heavy washable silk they can be obtained cut to any measure and can be adapted to any type of dress. Just for good measure they even come provided with an extra pair of sleeves. They certainly seem to be a mighty good thing to get next to or at least to get next to you.

Yet another detachable note promises to enter into our spring fashionable scheme of things and that is the return of the Alexandria curl, as they call it in London, or the old Janice Meredith curl, as we knew it in days of yore. It is that one corkscrewed tress that is allowed to dangle intriguingly over one shoulder from a loosely pompadoured coiffure. Ten to one it is as detachable as the aforementioned linings, but to be firmly attached to the scalp does not bar it from the mode.

TO BE YEAR OF TRIMMINGS

Stitched Embroidery Has New Lease of Life—Wool Decorations in High Favor.

Garments of all kinds promise to be much trimmed this spring, perhaps because except in a few extreme models the silhouette is not so different from that of the late winter.

Stitched embroidery is as good as if not better than ever. Very often it serves to quilt thin fabrics into a semblance of weight. Thus a gilt of several thicknesses of white China silk is quilted with navy blue stitching and makes a very lovely front to a navy blue tricot suit. Stitching of plain fabrics in all-over designs and contrasting threads is a novel way of getting that desired contrast of material.

Trimmings are not so ubiquitous as at this time last year. Very narrow wool fringe is being applied to taffeta frocks of the quaint, full-skirted type.

Wool embroidery and appliqued wool crocheted flowers are another sort of trimming which the season indorses. This is particularly good on khaki-kepi and similar sports silks for pocket trimming, with the bright words repeated in woven circles and heavy tassels.

Two-tone satins changeable on the right side, and showing a second color on the wrong side, are turned back in narrow bands. This is an economic trimming.

And in speaking of trimming it would never do to ignore the brushed wool, lamb's wool and Angora trimmings. They are being used wherever possible, even on the strictly tailored dress or suit. It is the season's biggest contribution to novelty, if not to practicality.

BLUE STRAW FOR SPRING HAT



The model of blue straw is for spring wear. The curved brim has contrasting white embroidery and the whole air is one of style.

Novel Handle for Your Bag. A chain which will be very fetching upon a black bag is one which is easily and cheaply made. Get a number of the smallest white bone rings and connect them with loops of black silk braid. These loops should be about an inch in length. The black and white costume will be very smart in spring, and if you are going to have one of these costumes, a black chain fastened to the top will give an effect which is chic. Of course a bag of navy blue or gray would lend itself to this sort of handle treatment also.

How to Live

Common Sense Comments on Health, Happiness and Longevity

By GEORGE F. BUTLER, A. M., M. D.

Copyright, 1920, by International Press Bureau

SIMPLE LIVING.

Gain and Greed seem to be man's chief motives of action. These, together with the prevailing discontent, selfishness, hurry and worry are making most of the trouble existing in the world today. It is true, of course, that we must have money in order to house feed and clothe ourselves and members of our family, but could we not simplify matters considerably to our great advantage? Would we not be healthier and happier if we lived simpler lives? Self-sacrifice is absolutely necessary to full, rich living; it enters into all the essential actions of humanity. Our needs apparently have grown with the years, but do we really need as much as we think we do? How few of us have the courage and independence to do without some of the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. In trying to "keep up with the procession" we become more and more dissatisfied and discontented; our nerves are irritated and strained and our health impaired. Simplicity is destroyed and health and happiness endangered by any attempt to live in harmony with public opinion. Ask yourself this question, those of you who are straining every nerve to "keep in the game."—"Am I really more peaceful, more fraternal, and in better mental and physical health, than if I were independent enough to live more simply?" Now, "honest," what is your answer? Are you not more discontented for striving for the nonessentials and in endeavoring to keep up with, or outshine your neighbors? And discontent impairs health.

Charles Wagner says, "Simplicity is a state of mind. At bottom, it consists in putting our acts and aspirations in accordance with the law of our being, and consequently with the eternal intention which willed that we should be at all. Plain living and high thinking is simplification. Nothing endures but the commonplace; happy is he who finds the way back to simplicity." When we are constantly trying to compete with or outshine others we are killing simplicity and destroying our happiness. Our thoughts should be simplified; and to simplify them is to have faith and confidence in the stability of the universe; to be optimistic rather than pessimistic; to hope, to be calm, to be thoughtful of others, kind, truthful, just and frank. If we cultivate such thoughts and simplify our speech, lowering our voice, talking less and doing more good in the world, our over-excited nerves will be soothed and our general health improved. Our needs, too, should be simplified. Temperance in everything—in eating, in work, in pleasure—is the best guardian of our health and happiness.

The truth is we are all of us depending too much on the without and not enough on the within. By simplifying our thought, speech, manners, needs, pleasures—in a word, by living the simple life, and by strengthening the inner life—we secure increased immunity from the inroads of disease and exercise the best joy of living. To have health and happiness is but to live in harmony with a few simple clearly-defined laws. Simplicity is the law of nature; in all her revelations nature is seeking to teach man the greatness of simplicity.

As Carlyle cried produce, produce! So Thoreau cried simplify, simplify! Now put the two doctrines of practical living together—simplicity life as Thoreau would have it, then do the duty that lies nearest, as Carlyle enjoins, and we have the grand work. It seems to me, of the life best worth living. LEARN HOW TO LIVE.

Bodily vigor means activity, enthusiasm, determination, and energy—it means that the mind has at command its best powers, and that all the parts of your nature are in a condition to work together joyously and harmoniously.

We want to diminish the amount of submerged "busy" work and to expunge all desperate and hopeless work; we want to see fun and games playing through it, as heat lightning plays through heavy clouds.

The more useful work you do, and the more you think and feel, the more you really live. The idle man is a useless man, and no matter to what extent his life may be prolonged, merely vegetates.

Service is one of the ways by which we can get a purchase on the whole universe. If we find the job where we can be of use, we are hitched to the star of the world, and move with it.

Everyone feels better in fresh or out-door air; so does an invalid or depressed person; hence fresh air—that is cool and moving—should be the kind of air getting to the lungs.

Employment is a "perennial fire-proof joy," and one of the best remedies for the maladies of men.

All pleasures are lawful that don't end in making us feel sorry.

Last Night's Dreams - What They Mean

DO YOU DREAM OF ODORS?

DREAMS in which the sense of smell is present are of the rarest. Yet they do sometimes occur and that they have attracted attention for a long time is evidenced by the fact that interpretations of them have been handed down through the centuries by the mystics. They account it a most happy omen to dream that you smell perfumes, and to this rule there seems to be only one exception—the smell of rosemary in a dream is said to foretell mourning; though to see it and not smell it is good fortune. All other perfumes mean that you will be well spoken of by your acquaintances and will associate with people of intelligence and standing; all your enterprises will turn out successfully. But let the married man whose wife dreams that she puts perfume on her head look to himself; there is going to be only one boss in that household and she is "it."

Why the dream consciousness, which deals so readily and acutely with most other sensations, should be so chary of handling olfactory ones is puzzling—something for Professor Freud yet to explain. The scientists have endeavored to excite "smell dreams" by the application of odors to the sleeper's nostrils, but experiments in this direction have not usually been successful and Ellis cites an experiment made by Prof. W. S. Monroe upon twenty women students at the Westfield Normal school. A crushed clove was placed on the tongue for ten successive nights before going to bed. Of the 264 dreams reported there were only eight "smell dreams," and only three of these actually involved cloves. The real "smell dream" occurs without any "objective" source, and it would seem to be a most difficult matter to force the dream consciousness artificially to take cognizance of a sense of smell.

(Copyright.)

Mothers' Cook Book

The demand for unification of effort to make the whole world a wholesome place to live is the supreme demand of the hour.

What to Eat. The following cake is one which may be given to the children:

Cream Jelly Roll. Beat two eggs without separating the whites and yolks; gradually beat in one cupful of sugar, add one cupful of cream from the top of the milk bottle and one and two-thirds cupfuls of flour sifted with half a teaspoonful of salt and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add also a grating of lemon or orange rind or half a teaspoonful of the extract. Bake in a dripping pan, lined with greased paper, in a hot oven, about eighteen minutes. Turn out on a damp towel, cut the crisp edges and spread with any fruit jelly and roll.

Atlantics. Beat the yolk of one egg, add half a cupful each of melted fat and molasses, mix and add two and one half cupfuls of flour, sifted with one teaspoonful of soda, one generous tablespoonful of ginger and half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly and chill in the refrigerator; then roll into a sheet, cut in small rounds, set in a well greased pan and bake. When cold place on top.

Reliable Frosting. Put the unbeaten white of one egg, seven-eighths of a cupful of granulated sugar and three tablespoonfuls of cold water into a double boiler. Have the water in the lower part of the boiler boiling, and begin to beat the mixture at once with a Dover egg beater; continue beating seven minutes; add twelve marshmallows and beat until the mixture is smooth; remove and beat until cool enough to hold its shape.

Cornmeal Muffins. Sift together three-fourths of a cupful of cornmeal, one-fourth cupful of potato flour, one cupful of wheat flour, one-fourth cupful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat one egg, add a cupful of sweet milk and three tablespoonfuls of melted shortening and stir into the dry ingredients. Bake in a hot, well greased muffin pan twenty-five minutes. This makes a dozen muffins.

A good way to stretch a small portion of meat for the family is to chop it and mix it with noodles and a little brown, or cream sauce. This may be served in one casserole dish, or in the small ramekins covered with buttered crumbs and baked.

Nellie Maxwell (Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

THE HOUSEHOLDER. When I'm away a little while, Things all go wrong at home. Each crab-grassed lawn-plot shrieks for me. Each weed-choked onion reeks for me, And every spigot leaks for me. When I am on the room.

Classified. "What two kinds of alcohol are there, Johnny?" "Denatured and d--- natured, teacher."

BELIEF IN "LUCKY PIECES"

Superstition That Seems More General Now Than in the Days Before the Great War.

"That is my lucky piece," a veteran said, as he pulled a shapeless little bit of metal out of his pocket with his regular small change. "That's a bullet that just grazed my ear and burrowed into a wall right behind me." "What sort of luck has it brought you?" He laughed. "Six months in hospital from another bullet the very next day. . . . But I married the nurse, and she's a bit of good luck, you bet! I got into the habit of carrying this about; most all the boys carry a pocket piece of some kind for luck whether they believe in luck or not." One man always carries a half-dollar in an inside pocket by itself, so that if his spending pocket happens to get empty he would not be altogether destitute. There is another who sews a \$10 bill in the fob pocket of every pair of trousers he buys. Is that way he can never have the bad luck of forgetting to change his money when he changes his clothes. True, he might have the bad luck to forget to remove it when he sent the trousers to be pressed, but—as he philosophically expresses it—that would be good luck for the tailor.

BOTH IN GRIP OF TYRANNY

Parallels in Case of the Farmer and the Unfortunate Lover of the Cornet.

O. E. Bradford of Xenia, the farmer delegate at the industrial conference, said at a Xenia tea:

"A farmer was talking to me the other day about the way the middle-man tyrannizes over the farmer, and he wound up with a story.

"He said the farmer's position reminded him of a cop. This cop saw a fairly well dressed customer playing a cornet on his beat, and after the man had played three or four tunes he walked up the front steps of a handsome house.

"No, ye don't, friend," says the cop. "Play yer cornet as much as ye've a mind to, but I'll have no beggin' or scallit'in on this beat."

"Quite right, officer," says the cornetist. "Glad to hear you're so strict. I guess you don't mind my enterin' my own house, though. You see, wife objects to my practicing indoors."

New Woods for Furniture. As a result of the work of British investigators who have been studying the timber resources of the Malay peninsula several woods not previously used for commercial purposes have been brought to the attention of the public. Among these, says the Eastern Engineer, was the wood of the seraya (Shorea curtisii), which seems suitable for use in the construction of furniture and of railway wagons and coaches; the wood of a tree locally known as belain, that is apparently of excellent quality, and four species of meranti, which are being experimented with for railway sleepers. Other woods there are suitable for making canes and matches. It is also reported that sealing wax is being manufactured in Malaya from damar batu, wood oil and certain other ingredients, and that the gum of juncus has been proved a satisfactory substitute for gum arabic.

Dizzy's Rap at His Old Joe. Dizzy's unpublished novel will be read with eager interest by all who tend to form his view of his great rival, Gladstone, who is therein portrayed as Joseph Topkay Falconet. In denying him any sense of humor the novelist does not exceed the privileges of poetic license, for certainly his model was always in grim, serious earnest. In declaring, however, that he was never seen to smile Dizzy, somewhat maliciously exaggerates, for Gladstone's smile was not infrequent, and was among his many personal charms. But it must be remembered that the novel was written when the two statesmen had long been settled and unrelenting foes, and Dizzy was a good hater.—London Chronicle.

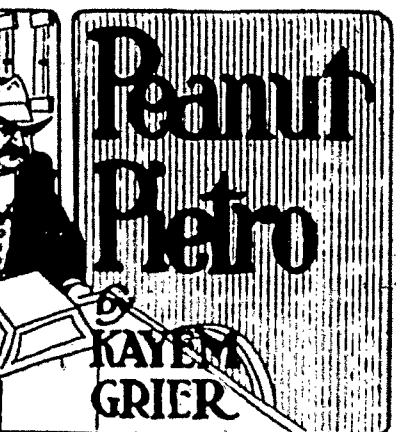
Beyond Doubt. The class in business organization at the Arsenal technical schools, via listing the essentials of production, which included management. D. C. Morgan, teacher, defined the meaning of the word and cited examples of "good managers." To illustrate a poor manager, he asked, "What would you call a cook who put one cup of sugar and forty-eight eggs in a cake?" "I should call her a rich woman," answered one pupil instantly.

Slighting the Description. Mr. Justwed—Here's my discharge from the army. Nice, isn't it? His Bride—Let's see. "Had gray eyes, brown hair, light complexion." Why, Edwin, that's horrid. It doesn't say a word about those dear amber glints in your eyes, nor that soft, tempting wave of your hair, nor your simply adorable complexion.

Exactitude. "Hiram," said Mrs. Cornstossel, "it was going too far for you to say our boy Josh isn't worth his salt." "Mebbe twas, salt ain't so dear. But I'll hang to it that the way he's workin' now, Josh ain't worth his sugar."

Ouch! She—Why do you smoke so much? He—Because a good cigar helps me to think.

She—It's too bad your cigar dealer carries such poor stock.



PEANUT HERO

OTHER day I almosta gotta steady job een da jail. One guy come vesit me before I am up other day and say he gonna taka me to court for testmony. I say I dunno how test da money—I jusa maka been de-wa week and spenda been nexa week.

He say longa time ago I heara tight weeth one my neighbor and bees wife. He say da court gonna trial for de-verse now and he wanta me tella somatung. I aska how mocha getta for waize. He say two dolla every day.

I tink dat was pretty cheap so I say dunna ter mocha for two bucks, but for tree dolla I know plenty for steady job.

But dat guy no standa for foala weeth been. He say I gotta go feed I like or no like. So I go een da court and one guy tella me taka da stand. I aska where wanta me take eet and he getta sore and say no wanta me take eet any place. "Leave eet alone and seed down," he say. You know I am leeble mad for dat guy getta fresh weeth me.

He aska me eef I swear for tella straight goods or somatung like dat. I say alla time I tella straighta goods, but no can swear only when losa da collar button, waita for streeta car or tink of da kaiser.

You know dat guy aska me question for longa time and den one other guy starta aska me sama ting. I no standa for dat bunch maka fool weeth me for two dolla day. So I speaka right up and say I quere my job—go on da strike for more money. But dat judge tella me I go een da jail eef I trow up my job.

I no say somatung een da court how I feel, but I tink gooda, stronga unior for da weetness would be greata stuff.

Wat you tink?

What the Sphinx Says

By Newton Newkirk.

"He who knows how much he does not know is a wise man."

HE KNEW HIS TREES

His mother had been reading to him about Moses and the burning bush.

"I guess, mother, it must have been a black gum bush, just about this time of the year—don't you think so?"

HARD LUCK.

Refjinks invests some now and then, but thinks he will desert. Whenever he buys quoted stocks, they take 'em off the list.