

# Sledding With Nan

By BRYANT C. ROGERS

On Castle street, at the corner of Clay in the suburban village there is a steep hill descending for three blocks and then crossing double railroad tracks further. It is a good place to slide down hill when the snow is packed. For a couple of years the railroad company maintained gates and a watchman at the foot of the hill, and then they found it cheaper to fight the death claims for the boys who were killed by the passing trains. It was always contributory negligence on the part of the killed and crippled, and the courts were lenient with the corporation.

It was said that two or three doctors had settled in the town because of the many accidents at the Castle Hill crossing, but it is only fair to say of young Dr. Rush that he was ignorant of localities when he hung out his sign. He had secured his diploma as an M. D. and he had to settle down somewhere to establish a practice. He selected Greenleaf in June, and there he was when the snow came, and he hadn't earned his salt. He was fortunate enough to have a rich mother, however, and he wasn't worrying a great deal.

Three blocks from Castle Hill lived the Warrens, and the Warrens were known through little Nan, their only child, as much as from any other source. As a girl of 12 she was called handsome, cute, cunning, and lots of other things. She was a young lady when she wished to be, and a romp and tomboy on other occasions. She knew of the hill; she knew of the trains; she knew of the danger. And yet she had been found one winter's night when she was 11 years old leading the procession of 50 sleds down the hill and over the tracks.

When Doctor Rush had been in Greenleaf three months he was called to the Warren house to bind up a cut finger for Miss Nan. She had been practicing throwing the tomahawk in the back yard. As a doctor attending his first patient, the young man should have looked and acted very dignified and demanded that Miss Nan stand in awe of him. But the contrary was the case. It was a case of mutual like, and when he left the house and the cut finger behind the girl said to her mother:

"Aunt Irene is coming to visit us this winter, and I'm going to have her marry Dr. Rush."

"W-h-a-t!"

"She ought to have married that rich fellow in Fall River, and I heard you tell pa so."

"I—I don't think you ever heard anything of the kind. Even if you did it's not for you to talk about such things."

"But Aunt Irene has got to marry somebody, hasn't she?"

"No. She may marry, but she hasn't got to."

"But it will be nice if I have a man picked out for her. It will save time, and then he's a doctor besides. He'll doctor us all and not charge a cent. There are lots of things going to all me, and I don't want pa to have to pay a big doctor's bill."

Aunt Irene wasn't an old maid, as the title would seem to imply. On the contrary, she wasn't 20 years old yet. She could have been aunt and not been ten. She arrived on her visit at Thanksgiving time, and it was to find Miss Nan looking very important and mysterious. There had been no further conversation between the child and mother on the subject of marriage, but one party had cultivated Dr. Rush for the last two months. One dressing was sufficient to insure a cure for the cut finger, but Miss Nan had hunted up the doctor's office to have the wound looked after three or four times. Then she had dropped in to see if there was a bug in her left ear, and to see if her hair was all right, and to ask if riding down hill on a sled at a gee-whizz gait thinned out the blood and brought on consumption. Dr. Rush understood her fairly well up to a certain point, and they became good friends.

The point he overlooked in Miss Nan was her ulterior motive. Young as she was, she had set out to make a love-match, and she wanted things ready against the arrival of her aunt. She studied the doctor as deeply as he did her, and the conclusion arrived at was:

Aunt Irene may get scalded taking the tea-kettle off the stove—she may fall from a tree—she may go bumping down the cellar stairs, and it will be handy to have a doctor in the family. The money she'd have to pay out will buy her a set of mink furs every winter. And then he sings, and is a good talker, and he has a gold watch and likes to go to the moving picture shows. Oh, yes—I shall strongly advise aunt to marry him."

For two days after the arrival of the "condemned" marplot carried that I know something great in her looks and attitude. Then the strain became too great for human endurance, and she took Miss Irene upstairs to the spare bedroom, and after locking the door and pulling down the shades proceeded to announce:

"Well, aunt, it's all settled."

"What do you mean?"

"He's worthy of you."

"Who?"

"And you might have looked and schemed and planned for five years, and not found his equal."

"Nan Warren, will you tell me what

you mean?" demanded the aunt as she gave the child a shake.

"Dr. Rush."

"What about Dr. Rush?"

"Cured my finger when I cut it with a tomahawk."

"But what has that got to do with me?"

"You are going to fall in love with and marry him. I've got it all arranged for!"

Explanations were demanded and given, and then Miss Nan's mother consigned her to a dungeon as punishment. That is, she was forbidden to step foot out doors for the week to come, and her allowance of chocolate bars was reduced. In trying to do the right thing she had made a mud die. She had planned that when her aunt arrived Dr. Rush should be invited to the house socially, but of course this was out of the question now. Suspecting that the young girl had gone further than she was ready to admit, Miss Irene must of course hold the doctor at arm's length.

On the morning of the day that the prisoner's sentence expired it began to snow and kept it up all day. When night came there were four or five inches of snow on Castle Hill, and the boys had sledged for two hours. Dr. Rush had wandered that way, and when challenged by the boys, had taken the risks. A boy was stationed at the foot of the hill to give notice of the coming trains, and all was going merry as aunt and niece arrived. The former knew nothing of the danger—the latter was just dying for a gee-whizz ride. A sled was borrowed and down the hill went aunt and niece. One ride was not enough. Although Miss Nan had not yet caught sight of the doctor, he was going down two minutes ahead of them. That brought him walking back, and half-way up the hill when he saw a sled coming, and at the same instant there were cries of alarm from the tracks below. An extra was rolling in. The coming sled was bound to strike one of the cars if not diverted.

Dr. Rush had three seconds in which to act. He threw himself down in the path of the sled, and as it struck him it tipped over and its burden and the doctor were rolled to within a foot of the iron wheels. He was the only one hurt. Nan recognized him in an instant, and started to cry out, but checked the exclamation and said to her aunt:

"He did it for us and saved our lives. We must take him to the house and care for him and learn who he is. My, but isn't he a hero!"

"He certainly is."

Dr. Rush wasn't sent away to the hospital when his identity was discovered nor yet a month later, when his broken and mended ribs permitted him to sit in an invalid's chair. Miss Nan was no nurse, but she was a good aunt and to keep track of things, and one day she found herself winking at herself and saying to herself:

"I didn't count on snow, hill, sled and train to help bring things about, but they just came because I wanted a doctor for an uncle and hustled things up. Gee, but I can be sick every day in the year now if I want to!"

On the occasion of the capture of the Scipio the encounter took place in a violent gale; but in spite of wind and weather he put off in a boat with only four men, and boarded the vessel. Jane Austen writes to tell her sister Cassandra how he spent his prize money:

"Charles has received £30 for his share of the privateer, and expects £10 more; but of what avail is it to take prizes if he lays out the produce in presents for his sisters? He has been buying gold chains and topaz crosses for us. He must be well scolded. I shall write again by this post to thank and reproach him. We shall be unbearably fine."—*Pall Mail Gazette.*

One Way to Get Auburn Hair.

It has been found that the way to obtain auburn hair is to get a job in a soda ash manufactory. A new soda ash plant started abroad, employs many men in the processes of changing the salt as it comes from the huge vats which underlie the locality. When these men went to work they wore hair that ranged from the light blond of the natives of northern Europe to the dark and shiny locks that grow upon the heads of other races.

Gradually it was noted that the hair of the blond men was assuming a golden tinge and as time wore on the golden hue deepened until now the hair ranges through all the shades of red from a golden auburn to a fiery red. The change from the brown hair of some of the men to the reddish tinge appeared to be slower, while the black hair resisted longest, but now virtually every man who has worked in the plant more than a year can truly say that his hair is red. Mustaches and beards have been affected the same way.



Snowplow at Work on the Garden City, Gulf & Northern, North of Garden City, Kan. From a Photograph by L. A. Baugh.

## MAROONED ON FREIGHT

### BRAKEMEN HELD FORT IN SNOW-BOUND CAR.

#### Big Snow Drifts Defied All Efforts of Rotary Plows to Pull Train Through—Imprisonment, However, Was No Hardship.

For more than a week two Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe brakemen were marooned in a way car attached to a train stuck fast in a big snow drift several miles from Laird, in Ness county, Kan.

A freight train on the Scott City branch of the Santa Fe was snow-bound and all efforts to move it were without success. A rotary snow plow had the track clear of snow once, but before the rotary could reach Great Bend the wind blew the drifts back into the cuts and the cold wave froze them solid. In some of the cuts there are huge masses of snow—eight and ten feet deep.

The rotary tried to cut through again, but the icy mass broke the blades of the plow. A second rotary plow met the same fate. Then a big force of Mexicans with picks, shovels and dynamite tried to open up the Scott City branch and rescue the freight train which got stuck in a big drift just before the freeze came.

The train, a local freight, was guarded by two lone brakemen. They obeyed orders which forbids them to leave a train standing on the main line. The other members of the crew walked to Laird the day of the freeze. The passengers included two men and two women, all Russians.

The two trainmen did not suffer any, however. They spent their time rabbit hunting and had jackrabbit steaks for breakfast, jackrabbit stew for dinner and roast jackrabbit for supper. Since the snow rabbits can be caught by running them down.

There was a car of coal on the ice-bound train, so the brakemen kept warm, and a car of mixed merchandise gave them plenty of eatables.

Railroads Guide Airmen.

A peculiar feature of the progress of aviation in the United States developed during the last few months in the more or less absolute dependence of the airmen essaying transcontinental flights on the railroads. This refers not alone to the necessary transportation of supplies and spare parts from place to place, but to the usefulness of the tracks as guides to the men in the air. The value of following the railroad tracks to get proper direction of flight was apparent at the start of the great coast-to-coast contest early in September, when one of the starters selected the wrong line of track and was led a hundred or more miles out of the direct line he had laid out for himself. The usefulness of the locomotive as a night pilot to illuminate the way with its head light, was developed by Airman C. P. Rodgers, when he essayed to complete a day's journey at Hammond, Ind., Oct. 5. Rodgers found himself still some distance from his destination when darkness enveloped him. The headlight of the locomotive on the special train which carried the airmen's supplies so lighted up the course, however, that he had no difficulty in completing his trip.—*Popular Mechanics Magazine.*

Small Wastes on Railways.

A somewhat amusing but instructive method of drawing their employees' attention to the effect of small wastes is adopted by the Pere Marquette railway. A table has been drawn up by the company showing that for every postage stamp needlessly used the railway has to haul one ton of freight a distance of 3½ miles to recoup the waste. For a lead pencil the haul is 2 miles; a track spike, 2 miles; 1 pound waste, 14½ miles; a lamp chimney, 10½ miles; a station broom, 35 miles; a lantern, 100 miles; track shovel, 30 miles; 100 pounds of coal, 30 miles; 1 gallon engine oil, 50 miles; 1 gallon signal oil, 60 miles; air hose, 225 miles; drawbar knuckle, 300 miles.

Chilean Lines Increase Rates.

To meet the deficit in the operation of the Chilean state railways during the last year, the freight, passenger and baggage rates were raised by a decree of February 9, 1911.

## HAVE THEIR OWN IDIOMS

### Picturesque Language Employed by Railroaders Would Prove Puzzle to the Outsider.

In Colorado a "boomer" is called a "tourist." The boys out there go to the "banery" to "chew" and "kid" the "basher." If the "rear dog" is cooking on the "buggy," then they go to the "hearse" for the "big mulligan." This dish is a stew composed of any and all kinds of meats and vegetables cooked together. After that, to the "leathers" for a little "shut-eye."

The men of the suburban electric railways have a slang of their own. In their service, "head-end man" or on the "head-end," refers to the motorman or, as he is commonly known in the east, the motor-driver. The conductor is on the "rear-end." To become a "rope" or "cord-puller" means to secure a conductor's position.

"Had her in the corner" means that the motorman gave the car full current. To "jack her over" or "jack her" means to reverse. When a motor burns out on a four-motor car and the head-end shouts to the rear-end that "she had lost a lung," it is easy to tell just what he means. Sometimes he will say "she has only three lungs." On a two-motor car the head-end would say "She has only one lung."

When the brakes are not working perfectly the head-end will say that he made a stop by "using the short handle." This is used in reversing. "Hit her hard" is a term used when the car goes into a curve a little too fast—and it is well known that some electric roads have pretty sharp curves. "Met on a single iron" does not refer to a smashup. It means to meet on a single track without having a wreck. "Dancing on the pin" is the same as "giving her sand," or sanding the rails.—*Railroad Man's Magazine.*

Plenty of Time to Eat.

A New Yorker whose business interests frequently take him to one of our southwestern states tells of an incident at a railway junction when he found himself very hungry, but with only two minutes to spare before his train left.

"Give me a sandwich and some coffee right away!" he exclaimed to the man behind the lunch counter. "I haven't time for anything else!"

"Take all the time you want, friend," said the man behind the counter. "Just have a look at this bill of fare, and I'll phone to the superintendent to delay the train a little while."

"What! Hold up the train while I eat?" demanded the amazed traveler.

"Sure thing!" responded the man behind the counter. "This is a branch road, and no other train coming or going over it this morning, and the superintendent would want you to have a good meal. He owns this lunchroom."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Santa Fe Abolishes Flag Signals.

The signal flags, which almost from the time that railroading became a commercial factor in the world, have fluttered from the sides of the rear coaches of a train, to denote whether it was a regular train, a special, a second section, or an extra, have been abolished by the Santa Fe railroad. In their stead are employed the signal lamps which are used at night, except that they will be of such color as to denote the class of the train and will be unlighted during the day.

Doing away with signal flags during the day will save to the railroad company a great many thousand dollars annually in the purchase of material for them and in the making, as it requires the best class of bunting to keep them from soon being whipped to ribbons in the wind.

Trains Run by Oil.

The total length of railroad line operated by the use of fuel oil in 1910 was 21,075 miles, a trackage equivalent to that of practically five transcontinental lines stretching across the United States from ocean to ocean.

Some of the lines that use oil, however, also use coal. The number of barrels of fuel oil, of forty-two gallons each, consumed by the railroads of the country in 1910 is stated to have been 24,526,883. This includes 768,762 barrels used by the railroads as fuel otherwise than in locomotives.—*Railroad Man's Magazine.*

Small English Railroads.

England possesses more diminutive railways than any other country, for there are said to be several lines there that find one or two locomotives sufficient for their successful operation

# HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

## Practical School for the Housewife



the lessening of milliners' and dress-makers' bills, will help some. But the item of well cooked food is generally considered the most important of all.

Miss Dorothy B. Scott, assistant registrar of the school, explains that newlyweds will be taught all the dietary and culinary frills calculated to make young men forget the cooking of their mothers.

She also says the hours of instruction will be so arranged that they will not interfere with the home life or encroach upon the evening hours when husband and wife want, or should want, to be together, but probably will take place in the afternoon, after the morning housework is completed and when many young wives attend the matinees.

Cooking, from the boiling of eggs to making of pastry, may be learned in ten lessons at \$18; theory of dress-making and shirtwaist making, each \$10 for ten lessons; millinery, 15 lessons for \$10, and garment design, 20 lessons for \$15. Thus the entire course may be taken for \$63, but any one or more courses may be selected and the time lessened. They are also to be taught how to launder clothes. Women must work out their educational salvation through the fundamental occupations for women; they lead directly into a form of artistic expression.

PITTSBURG.—While the theme of teaching love in the public schools has been bruited by theorists, materialists of the Margaret Morrison Carnegie School for Women have been arranging a practical course for brides, and have announced that it would be added to the curriculum this month.

It is explained in emphatic terms that the new classes are in no way devised to encourage elopements, and that only young women twenty-one years or older will be admitted.

In considering the question of instructing young wives in the serious side of matrimony, the faculty has selected subjects calculated in the members' minds to add to post-nuptial happiness, bring contentment to husbands, lessen milliners' and dress-makers' bills, and preclude, as far as possible, the presence of indigestion.

The particular subject of bringing contentment to husbands, is considered the most puzzling. Of course any instruction having a tendency toward

"I reckon so, uncle. What can I do for you?" replied Judge Ab.

"Does yo' marry folks?"

"Sure; do you desire to enter the state of connubial bliss and felicity?"

"Judge, what yo' says is so, but ah 'clar I ain't done hit. What ah wants is ter get married."

"Have you secured the license?"

"Yessah, judge, yere hit are," said the old man, as he produced the pink envelope that contained the document by authority of which bachelors are changed into benedicts.

"This seems all right. Where's the feminine part of this contract?"

"Sey which, judge?"

"Where is the woman you are to marry?"

"Dat's what Ah wants yo' ter do, git de ooman. Yo' see, judge, dat Millindy pusson what has her name writ on dat yere license promises ter marry me, an' Ah goes ter git de paper. While Ah was gone she does tuk up wid a triflin' yaller nigger an'



gin me de go by. She did judge."

"I can't force the woman to marry you, but you can sue her for breach of promise."

"Breeches o' de promise, judge! I don't reckon she wear 'em. Ah'd dia yere paper what I paid six bits fer no 'count?"

"Well, you might sue the woman for the \$1.75."

"Dat's hit, judge, dat's hit. What Ah wants is ma money back. Ter tell de trufe, judge, ah would ruther have de money dan de woman, anyhow."

Finally Judge Ab told the old darkey to wait a few days to see if Millindy would not change her mind, and carry out her promise, if not to go to the clerk of the court who issued the license and he would refund the money.

The old man looked a little crestfallen at not getting either the woman or the money, and left the court evidently disappointed at the refusal of the court to compel the marriage.

## The "Turkey Trot" Barred by Society



have been originated by negroes of the underworld. The stage got them next, then society folk and then the tough dance halls. Then the cry to halt.

It didn't come soon enough, however, to stop the "chicken reel," which W. S. Reeves, head of a dancing school, at 2630 Broadway, originated.

"I originated the 'chicken reel,'" said Mr. Reeves, "but I deny that it is improper. It is the latest development and has none of the features of the 'turkey trot' and the 'grizzly bear.'"

"I instruct in all three dances, but I do not allow them to be danced at my classes or my receptions. I dance the chicken reel for a club dance in Newport last summer, when I was asked to get up something new."

In the "chicken reel" the partners hold hands and take four steps forward, flapping the outer arms like the wings of a chicken and rising on the toes at the same time.

Then both stop and scratch like a chicken four times with the right foot facing each other.

NEW YORK.—The "Turkey Trot," "Grizzly Bear," and even the "Chicken Reel," the last word in the dance zoo, may be all right in Newport, but they don't go among real society folk in New York.

That much has been learned in interviews with several dancing masters who number fashionable folk among their pupils.

These teachers instruct in the various dances, but they won't allow them in public receptions or parties. Discussion of these dances came through the announcement by the committee on amusements and vacation resources of working girls that the "turkey trot" and "grizzly bear" must go. The dances are supposed to

## "Joy Kiss" Causes Strike in School

FREEHOLD, N. Y.—As a sequel to that historic "emotional kiss," the boy and girl students of the high school side by side marched out on strike from the classrooms the other day and paraded the streets, announcing that they were out to stay until Principal Roy Leon Smith was reinstated.

Only those students who feared the parental slipper remained and it is expected they will also go out later. There were eighty odd in the demonstrating procession and they made more noise than five times that number of men would have done.

While they were marching along they came upon Samuel R. Smith, president of the board of education and shouted to him that they wanted Principal Smith back. President Smith says some boys not only shook their fists at him, but insulted him in other ways. The girls chorused, "Smith, Smith; we want our principal back!"



In the primary schools all is unrest. The younger children have caught the strike fever. They are in general charge of Miss Carrie Atkinson, whom the board of education named as temporary superintendent when Mr. Smith Friday refused to take the position pending the settlement of trouble following the removal of Village Superintendent Barnes on charges that he was seen with a teacher on his lap kissing him.

Barnes alleged the kiss was due to hysterical gratulation because he had assisted the teacher in passing an examination. Various petitions are in circulation asking the board to reconsider his dismissal.