

Limousine and Limited

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Jimmie Bennett knew something would happen if he took out the limousine on so beautiful an early summer day. But there was nothing else for it. James Bennett, Sr., had the touring car and the chauffeur; the runabout was out of the question; and the electric had a broken spring.

There was shopping to do—his mother and sister both said so, tragically. Out came the limousine and with Jimmie, feeling like a taxicab driver, at the wheel, they sped off downtown bright and early in the morning.

Jimmie was lolling on the cushions opposite a famous hat shop which is near the Union station. He amused himself by watching the route of motors and people up and down the busy street.

He also kept a patronizing eye on the suburban trains that shuttled back and forth behind the iron fence. And he nodded commendation when the Cosmopolitan Limited breezed majestically into the great station.

The Cosmopolitan, with ponderous exhausts, was on its way again when a whirlwind of dainty skirts projected itself across the stone threshold of the station and headed for Jimmie. He straightened to attention when a pretty, pleading face was upturned to him.

"I must catch that train," said the girl, hurriedly. "My aunt's on it, with my ticket. I stepped off to get a book at the station. Doesn't it stop again? I'll pay you double."

"Jump in here, beside me," commanded Jimmie.

His mother and sister were forgotten as the car hitched around in the crowded thoroughfare and began to hum up Division street. Jimmie remembered that the big train always stopped at a junction quite across the city. There was no time to explain to his passenger that he was not running a taxi, even if he wanted to do so. Such an explanation was far from his desires. For the passenger was the most charming girl he had seen in many a day.

She was bareheaded and the air ruffed her bright, crinkly hair as it streamed past. The book she had left the train to buy was clasped in both hands. Excitement and rapid motion had whipped a wildrose tint into her cheeks. Jimmie could not decide from his hurried glances whether her eyes were blue or gray; but he knew they were large and eloquently expressive.

She leaned towards him. "There's another station, isn't there? Will we reach it in time?"

"I don't know," returned Jimmie, "whether we can make it or not."

He pressed down his foot hard, for there was an open space in the street there. A motorcycle policeman, chugging toward them slowly, raised a warning hand. Jimmie smiled, and pressed down again. The officer circled smartly and started in pursuit.

The limousine did nobly. It attained a speed of which Jimmie did not believe it capable. He kept the horn going constantly.

Horse-drawn vehicles turned into side streets, while other motors made way, hastily. Pedestrians crossing the street sought the walk with surprising agility.

It was the horn which nearly caused Jimmie's undoing. Another motorcycle officer looked back over his shoulder when he heard it. He saw the lunging car, and behind it the wildly-waving white-gloved hand of his pursuing colleague. He stopped, dismounted, and threw his machine across the pavement.

He had chosen his stand well. To the left were the car tracks, and a line of approaching cars. To the right was the curb. The motorcycle, broadside on, seemed to block the path effectively.

Jimmie's foot almost gave over its pressure. Then his eyes gleamed and his jaws snapped.

"Hang on!" he commanded tersely.

The girl dropped the book in her lap without question and gripped convenient projections. Jimmie sounded the horn insistently. The policeman refused to budge. He still kept the commanding arm rigidly in the air.

Ten yards from the officer Jimmie swerved to the right. The big car rose for a moment on two wheels. Then it hit the curb drunkenly, spurned the walk for a few feet and dropped back into the roadway with a crashing of glass.

The rear hub brushed the motorcycle tire as the car shot past. The second outraged motorcyclist joined the first in pursuit.

There were other incidents, more or less exciting, of that mad dash. Jimmie never slackened speed, for the stooping motorcycle policemen were skimming doggedly along behind.

But the limited, with no obstructions in the way, had gone even faster. As they swooped down toward the junction the train moved slowly away.

The girl gave a despairing little moan. "Oh, we've missed it!" she cried.

"Not yet," encouraged Jimmie.

For in a flash of inspiration he felt that there was one more chance. Ahead a few blocks the railroad tracks encroached on the street, occupying the left side of it for some distance. There was no fence or other obstruction between the pavement

and the rails. They ran along parallel. And the rear vestibule of the train was open.

Jimmie's foot went down gently. The limousine drew ahead of the train and gained the point where the railroad and street joined. With a thankful heart he noticed that the limited had not yet attained more than a fair momentum. Carefully he eased off.

As the pilot of the engine crept up beside him he shouted to the girl:

"The last vestibule's open. Dare you step from the car to the train? I'll keep close."

"Yes!" she answered in his ear.

Car after car of the limited slid past. At last came the observation car, the rear vestibule still open. He edged over until the running board and the car step were a scant two inches apart. The speed of train and motor were identical.

"Now!" he shouted.

She rose composedly, tossed her book into the vestibule, caught the brass handles of the car and stepped across. It was almost absurdly easy, for Jimmie's handling of the car was masterly. In two seconds she was safe aboard.

As the scandalized face of the porter appeared in the rear door of the Pullman Jimmie's passenger smiled on him radiantly.

She screamed above the roar of the train: "We'll—be—back—in—two weeks. Watch—for—us!"

Mrs. Cordelia Mainwaring raised a formidable lorgnette. "So this is the young man who ran his cab over a policeman and chased people up lamposts, is it?" she said, quizzically. "You seem to be an exponent of the modern creed of 'get there, sir.'"

"Yes, ma'am," said the blushing Jimmie.

Mrs. Mainwaring continued her scrutiny. "You said he was handsome, Dorothy. I believe you were right, my dear."

"Auntie!" said the girl, blushing too.

"What is your name, young man?" asked Mrs. Mainwaring.

"James Bennett."

The dowager lowered her lorgnette in surprise. "Not a son of the great James Bennett?"

"I believe that's what they call him," smiled Jimmie.

"Well!" said Mrs. Mainwaring.

"Well!" I flirted desperately with him thirty years ago. And your mother was my best friend until we went west. Is she in town?"

"Yes," said the eager Jimmie, "and I'd like to have you go up there. You must be Mrs. Mainwaring. I've heard her speak of you often."

"We are going," returned the dowager, with instant decision. "I intended stopping off merely to thank you, but I must see your people, now I'm here, James. But you surely don't drive a taxi?"

Jimmie shook his head. "It was the limousine. Mother and my sister wanted to come downtown, and the other cars were in use or broken."

"This is your car?" said Mrs. Mainwaring, when they were outside the station. "Dorothy, my dear, sit up there with Mr. Bennett. I like plenty of room."

When, as they sped decorously through the streets, she noticed the way Jimmie leaned toward her niece; how his voice took on a tone confidential, almost caressing, as he spoke to her; how Dorothy glanced up responsiveness, stealing longer looks at the bronzed, wholesome face when he was busy with the car—when she noticed all these things, the dowager nodded her crown of white hair, well pleased.

For Mrs. Mainwaring was an incorrigible matchmaker.

A Stone Coffin.

In the end of last week there was unearthed in a field on Cockburn farm, near Duns, an ancient stone coffin. The interior of the grave, which was formed of four large slabs of the red sandstone which crops out on the banks of the River Whiteadder, measures about three feet in length by two feet in width, and was about two feet deep. It was covered by a similar stone, but there was no bottom slab. The dimensions, like those of other cists recorded in the district, show that the body which it contained had been doubled up before burial. The grave contained, in addition to some of the bones of the skeleton, a very fine urn of the "food vessel" type, such as is commonly associated with interments of the bronze age. The urn measured about 5½ inches in height by 6½ inches across, the upper part adorned with two raised bands with a dotted pattern, the under conical part having a zig-zag ornament, and the whole by no means destitute of a certain rude artistic taste. It was preserved almost intact.—London Globe.

The Game.

"There is no use giving you a check, my dear. My bank account is over drawn."

"Well, give it to me anyway, George, and say, make it for \$500. I want to pull it out of my shopping bag with my handkerchief at the bridge game this afternoon."

FORMER NEW YORK IDOL TO COME BACK



Mike Donlin, Who May Return to Baseball.

The former idol of the Giants and one of the greatest players of the game is tiring of his stage life and negotiations are now under way to complete a deal which will make Donlin a member of the Boston Doves. Manager Tenney of the Doves has been conferring with Donlin and terms between him and the star outfielder have been reached. All that remains is to close

the deal with McGraw which now is ready to redon his spangles in a fortnight, as he has been practicing all season and practically is in shape.

Cincinnati Wants Hess.

Cincinnatians are said to be dickering with New Orleans for Pitcher Otto Hess.

Napoleon Lajoie has a rival on the Cleveland team.

In the years gone by any time the fans commented upon his appearance at the plate, they wondered at his gracefulness in the field. But this year Lajoie isn't attracting all the attention.

One Joe Jackson, a recruit, is dividing it with him. Much has been written about this young fellow. He came to the Naps at the tall end of the season, touted as few ball players have been. He proceeded to make good immediately. In the few weeks that he was a member of the Cleve-

land and topped the field with a batting average of .346. With Savannah he led with .358 and with New Orleans he was the pacemaker with .364. Last year, with Cleveland, in 20 games he led the American league, beating out Cobb and Lajoie with .387 per cent.

Sporting Gossip.

As long as Mathewson and Raymond are in shape the New York Giants are not going to slide down any in the National league race.

Ingerton is doing so much heavy artillery work with the Boston team that Chance is beginning to think that it was a mistake to let the youngster go.

In a recent game with Boston the Yankees scored four runs on four hits, and made four errors and eleven assists, winning the game 4 to 3, 4-11-44.

Cunningham, the young second sacker with the Senators, is doing good work at the keystone bag and McAleer believes that his worries are over for some time to come about that position.

Jack O'Connor, former manager of the Browns, has just returned to St. Louis from Arizona where he has been for his health since last February. He is much better, but refuses to talk baseball.

A Philadelphia habit that Manhattan fans never acquired is that of giving automobiles to players and managers. Within a year Horace Fogel, "Red" Doolin, "Connie" Mack and "Edie" Collins have been given automobiles.

Pitcher Mullin has a growth in his nose and has been told that an operation will be necessary. He doesn't want to go under the knife lest his winning streak be broken. That's better than having his breathing streak broken.

Japanese ball players show that the subjects of the mikado will be formidable opponents for Americans within a few years. With fewer advantages than the American high school boy, they put up a surprisingly good article.

The Washington team does not think much of the pitching of Lefty Russell, the \$12,000 pitcher Connie Mack has added to his staff this year. He was trounced easily by McAleer's men even though they were almost disrupted by injuries.

FOR THE WARMER DAYS

HOT-WEATHER DISHES CONCOCTED BY FAMOUS CHEFS.

New and Palatable Food to Tempt Jaded Palates—How Brook Trout Are Served at New York's Swell Hotel.

The chefs of New York hotels have invented many new dishes for the hot days; every housewife will be interested in them, as they suggest new and palatable food for jaded palates.

At the Waldorf-Astoria are brook trout with sauce au bleu. The trout are taken alive out of a fountain basin in the grillroom, then dipped into boiling water. When properly done they are served in a delicious sauce made from old Burgundy and other ingredients, which are a secret of the inventor, Chef Nance. Cooked in this way, one only knows the delicious flavor of a brook trout.

Another Waldorf-Astoria surprise is a Foster salad, made by cutting in halves large King of Siam oranges, scooping out the pulp, lining the shells with small leaves of lettuce, returning the pulp mixed with finely-grated pineapple, sprinkling with Jamaica rum, covering with mayonnaise, dusting with paprika, then setting each half orange on a leaf of lettuce or a plate, ready to serve.

Chef Huguet of the Hotel Knickerbocker, has a number of new spring dishes with which he is delighting the patrons. One of the most popular of his surprises is the following: Take a Boston duckling, a very young one. In a baking pan put a layer of sliced Spanish onions and some pats of sweet butter; sprinkle with salt and pepper; lay the duckling on the preparation of onion, put it in a hot oven, and let it cook about forty minutes.

Remove the pan from the oven, take the duckling out of the pan, lay it on a platter, pour a glass of white wine and a glass of old Madeira in the pan, put it over the fire, let it come to a boil, then add one large glass of veal stock, two fresh tomatoes, peeled and sliced. Cook for thirty minutes, strain the gravy through a cheese cloth sieve, add one ounce of sweet butter and half a glass of curacao.

In the meantime peel a lemon and an orange, slice these in julienne style, blanch in water and add to the gravy. Pour it over the duckling very hot. The duckling must be laid on slices of toast on a hot platter, with a slice of orange on its breast and on each side. Serve sliced oranges with this dish.

Two-thirds whole onions sliced, one-third tart apples cut in dice. Smother together in a closely covered dish, and serve in a border around calves liver saute in sweet butter.

A Milliner's Aid.

An excellent preparation of stainless glue for millinery purposes has recently been put on the market. Kid, velvets and tapestries, as well as the most delicate silks and satins, may be glued on buckram frames without injury to the material. The glue is water and weather proof and will not dry or peel off. The lovely floral effects and smart butterfly and quill designs, shown by the leading milliners, may be contrived at home with a little ingenuity and the aid of most welcome millinery requisite—Vogue.

Creamy Potatoes.

One quart of sliced potatoes, two tablespoons butter, two teaspoons salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, three-quarters pint of milk; wash and pare the potatoes, cut them into thin slices; put all the ingredients together in a small cooker pail or pan, set this in a larger cooker pail of boiling water; when it is steaming hot, put the small utensil directly over the heat until it boils; replace it in the pail of boiling water, set in cooker for one hour. Serves four persons.

Deviled Meat.

The wings, drum sticks and side bones of chicken or cold, rare beef or underdone mutton may be used. One tablespoon butter, one teaspoon of vinegar, one-half teaspoonful of made mustard and a pinch of cayenne; make a sauce of the butter, vinegar, etc.; mix these thoroughly, make cuts in the meat with a knife, rub this sauce into them, rub the chafing dish with a little butter, heat it and grill the meat. Serve hot.

Asparagus Omelet.

Beat five eggs separately, add two tablespoonsfuls of thick cream to the yolks with a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Fold in the frothed whites, mix well, add a half teaspoonful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of steamed asparagus tips. Melt a medium sized lump of butter in the frying pan, pour the omelet in. Fry a delicate brown on both sides and serve at once.

Glazed Fruits and Nuts.

Bake without stirring 10 or 15 minutes, one pound of granulated sugar, one-half cup of water. When brittle remove from fire, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and let it stand over hot water. Then on the end of a hat pin immerse sections of oranges (all diced), grapes, figs, almonds and walnuts set on oiled paper.

Old Trays.

When light oak trays have been badly marked, well wash and rub with warm beer until the stains have disappeared. Polish in the usual way.

MOST USEFUL KITCHEN TOOL

Invention of New York Man Speedily Removes Eyes From Fruit and Vegetables.

One duty that takes up a lot of the cook's time and tries her temper and patience is the operation of removing the eyes from fruit and vegetables. It is usually accomplished by digging the eyes out with the point of a sharp knife. A New York man has designed a little implement which does this work in a jiffy and which should prove a popular kitchen tool. The eye is a simple affair, a wooden handle having a spoonlike metal projection. The bowl of the spoon is very sharply pointed, however, and all the edges are sharp. Consequently, eyes can be dug from pineapples, potatoes or other fruit and vegetables with the greatest ease and speed by mere-


ly scooping them out with the spoon instead of circling around them with the end of a knife. The utensil can be made so cheaply that it is within reach of any