

The Ten-Thirty Call

By PERCY WILSON

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Snapper was looking over the yardmaster's shoulder when the operator handed the latter the order for an extra. As was not unusual with him on very slight provocation, the yardmaster immediately "went off the iron." "Where's that call-boy?" he demanded. "What's become of that red-head? Where is— Oh!" as he turned his head and came about of Snapper's smirking countenance, "here you are!"

"Yes, here I am!" mocked Snapper. "Go on, go on—say what you were going to. Don't mind me! Where did you expect to find me in your lap?" The call-boy was aggrieved.

"What's the earliest you can call this extra for?" was the brisk query. "Ten-thirty?"

With an exasperating affection of indifference, Snapper let his eye wander to the clock, gaped a minute over the crew-board, and gradually came around to the book. "I reckon," he answered. Then, with sudden interest: "Who's to shovel smoke?"

"Oh, you take notice, do you? Now, that's what I want to impress on you. Listen."

"Laying a hand to his ear," quoted Snapper from a favorite author, "and sulking action to the speech, he gave close heed to the fiendish disclosure." Go on.

The yardmaster was too accustomed to these burlesques to honor them with any attention. "Go for Burnside," he directed.

"He was let off."

"I know that. Pay attention. He was to be off until midnight, unless we should need him in some emergency this morning; and this is the emergency. He promised to stay at home till nine o'clock, and not to leave town before ten." He glanced at the clock. "It's only eight-fifty-eight now. You ought to find him easily," winking to the operator.

"Sure!" returned Snapper. "If only I hadn't bent one of me wings! What was it the coal-heaver wanted off for, anyway?"

"To rob a bank, maybe. Don't bother me; but go get him."

"Put his name down," said Snapper in disgust. "I'll get him."

The yardmaster entered the name and handed the call-book over. "Now, hustle," he directed.

Snapper thrust the book in his pocket and struck an attitude. "Be ware, James Burnside!" he declaimed. "Your doom is knelled, and the avenger—"

The avenger was the yardmaster, and Snapper got through the doorway just in time to escape his foot.

"Hang that kid!" laughed the yardmaster. "He gets on my nerves, with his spouting and fool antics. But he's a good caller," he observed to the operator; "and, mind my word, he'll come back here with Burnside's signature in his book. Heaven knows where he'll find him, though, for Jim's tricky, and he'll dodge if he can. He did beg hard to be off."

In spite of his unhesitating assertion, the call-boy had very grave doubts about getting Burnside. The promise to remain at his boarding place for a call till nine o'clock made it unlikely that he would be there one minute later, while the additional hour did not give much time for finding him in a town of fifteen thousand people. What Snapper most desired to know was, where was he intending to go at ten? He had a suspicion that it had something to do with Kitty Carnigan.

Being too wise, however, to attempt to get this from the young lady herself, as soon as he had called those two of the crew who lived most convenient, he moved directly on the engineer, whom, in the usual order of convenience for himself, he would otherwise have called last of all. His information came without his asking for it.

"Who's to fire for me this trip?" the engineer inquired as he took the book.

"Can't you see?" said Snapper, laying a finger on the name.

"Ho!" laughed the engineer, "you'll not get Burnside. He's going out to Maple Park on the ten o'clock car with his girl and her folks to a basket picnic. He's keeping an eye peeled for you."

To lie in wait and take him from his inamorata as they were starting for the car would have suited the call-boy's dramatic longings most, but it was not an impossibility that the fireman had already forestalled this by an arrangement to meet the party somewhere along the line.

In this uncertainty the immediate thing to be done was to get on his quarry's trail. Snapper gritted his teeth and struck across the meadow. At the farther side of the run he stopped and, on a sudden thought, got down and examined both ends of the short plank that spanned it. Without doing anything more, however, he got up again and went on, and soon entered the Carnigan's rear gate. He had kept his eye sharply on the kitchen window, and flattered himself that he had stolen up unnoticed; yet, when he stopped at the kitchen door, Miss Carnigan seemed not surprised to see him.

There was something suspicious in

this. To his inquiry she replied that Mr. Burnside had been there that morning, but had gone into town. Was he wanted?

Oh, no, he wasn't wanted. Snapper had merely noted that he had been looking poorly of late, and stopped to inquire about his health.

He sprinted to the corner just in time to see the fireman turn to the right a block ahead. On an easy trot the call-boy followed after. Overtaking a brakeman, Snapper asked if he had seen Burnside.

"Burnside?" said the man. "Yep; just passed here with throttle wide open and both pops up. Hit the curve and shot up that first alley"—pointing—"and he was going some. Why, I'll bet he was halfway up the side of that house when he made the turn, and I reckon you'll find his footmarks on the wall."

"He called to me to tell you to hurry up, kid," he said with a grin; "and you want to move lively, or he'll lose you."

Snapper knew this was all gammon. He glanced at his watch. It was almost nine-thirty.

"I'll look for those footmarks some other time," he remarked dryly; "I'm in a hurry now," and he started off afresh at a jog trot in the direction that had been indicated.

"There's that long-legged kid again!" ejaculated Burnside. "If he comes back here to the kitchen, I'll slip out the front door and join you on the car somewhere. If he comes to the front, keep him till I can get to the other side of the run; and after he's gone, I'll come around by the street."

Snapper's schedule took him to the front door. There was no answer to his first ring, so he rang again; and shortly Miss Carnigan answered.

"Oh! its' you, is it?" was her tart greeting. "What do you want now? It's a pity you couldn't have come around to the kitchen door."

"That's the fault of me tender heart, Kitty," returned the unabashed Snapper. "I want Jimmy Burnside, and I couldn't bear to break it to him suddenly. You tell him."

"Didn't I tell you he had left here?"

"Aw, quit it, Kitty! Ain't he going on the picnic with you? Sure!"

"Well," was the admission, "he came back after you left, but he's gone again. You might find him at his boarding house."

Snapper struggled to keep a straight face.

"I've been there once," he returned; "and the book of rules says"—he held his call book close to his nose and thumbed over some blank pages—"it says, here: 'Rule 100—In all cases of doubt or uncertainty, see for yourself.' I've got to do it, Kitty," and he pushed into the house.

"Oh, very well!" retorted the young lady, and followed through to where her mother and a younger sister were finishing the packing of the picnic baskets in the kitchen. "Now! are you satisfied?"

Snapper made no reply. Something of more immediate interest absorbed all his faculties, for his eyes had lighted on the top layer in one of the baskets. "Are those some of your own pies, Mrs. Carnigan?" he inquired in awed tones.

"Sure!" was the answer. "Whose would they be?"

"But, some that you baked yourself?" he persisted with an air of strong disbelief.

"Of course!"

"Mrs. Carnigan"—he wanted a calm, judicial answer to this quest—"are your pies as good as they used to be?"

"Well, I never!" cried Mrs. Carnigan, flinging up her hands. "If you ain't the blarneyer!"

Snapper was not a beauty. He was still growing; his joints were too loose, his feet too big, his clothes too small; yet when he opened his mouth to take in the piece of pie that was immediately cut for him, expanding until his freckles ran together and his whole countenance resembled nothing so much as a wedge disappearing through a large, rusty washer, he became for the moment a sight that gave true joy to Mrs. Carnigan's domestic heart.

"That certainly was good," he murmured in heartfelt commendation as he swallowed the last of it. Then he met Miss Carnigan's anxious eye and gave a sudden impish start. "Gee, Kitty!" he exclaimed. "Someone's fell in the creek."

Stopping at the creek merely long enough to pull the plank out of the water and set it roughly in place, he hastened to the boarding house and went softly up to the fireman's room. He snickered to himself at hearing Burnside muttering objurgations inside and thrashing wet clothes about.

In this dilemma the pie furnished him a hint, for, as it sought a cozy corner of his anatomy in which to dispose itself comfortably, it gave him a gentle internal tweak. In an instant he had doubled up as though taken with a violent cramp and, falling against the door with a horrible groan, seized the knob.

The door was locked, but as he sank on down to the floor he kept up a piteous moaning. In another moment the door opened and he fell half inside.

"You—" began the fireman, then lost speech.

"Aw! sign the book," said Snapper, thrusting it at him. "And be quick about it, too," he added sternly. "I can't be fooling all my time on you."

Burnside mechanically signed.

"I bated to wet you up, Jimmy," said Snapper as he took back the book, "but—"

He slammed the door and raced down the stairs from the irate fireman.

Top Coats for Spring



It is hard to tell where this very smart top coat for spring found its greatest inspiration, for it might have been in far Japan that it got its kimono sleeve or in England that it found its Raglan outlines or in the war zone that it picked up a hint of the military cape. It is a handsome and practical affair that will delight the heart of the tourist and it has achieved what its designer started out to get—a fine style that we will see aired in Easter time promenades and in all the paths to which spring lures our feet.

This coat is shorter than many of the new models for spring. It will appeal to the traveler and to the motorist and is one to wear with satisfaction on the street. The sleeves are finished off with effective cuffs having large link buttons to distinguish them from others less smart and original. Two very practical slit pockets and a high and cozy convertible collar proclaim that comfort and service, as well as good style, are a part

of the business of top coats. Nothing more effective than wool velours or duvetyne has been produced for coats. It is hard to imagine anything better than these soft, rich-looking fabrics.

Another new arrival in wraps that is popular is a cape set onto a short waistcoat that buttons down the front and gives it added warmth. This is amply wide and has a snug fitting cape collar that hugs the neck and falls to the shoulder. There are little slit, diagonal pockets in the waistcoat that will accommodate a handkerchief and a little purse. Another smart aspirant for favor hangs like a full cape at the back and front with the sides cut away into flowing sleeves. But pieces set in at the sides are extended into undersleeves, producing an unusual silhouette. It has also a high, snug-fitting turnover collar.

Eight women are included among the new county school superintendents in New Mexico.

Planned for the Warmer School Days



The two youthful and pretty dresses pictured above could never be mistaken for anything other than they are. Everything about them spells practical and tasteful style for the girl in her teens, and at the beginning of those crowded and lively years—anywhere from twelve to sixteen years.

As in nearly all the frocks for young girls, the skirts are plain and wide enough to allow perfect freedom, without being bulky. They are almost as long as some of those worn by grown-ups, terminating in three-inch hems, about six inches or a little more above the ankles. The dress at the left has a slip-over middie in a good style for a slender girl. It has a shallow yoke with round, plain neck that extends over the shoulders and top of the arm. This widens the figure. The body of the middie is gathered into this and there are long plain sleeves with turn-back cuffs. There are delightful and practical patch pockets set on even with the bottom of the middie, having a turn-over band at the top finished

with small pearl buttons. A narrow belt of patent leather, run through slides made of the cloth, fastens at the front with a small black buckle.

The model shown at the right was designed for cotton cloth but would make a handsome suit in jersey—either wool or silk. It is cut on the lines of a middie but is one of those new designs that manage to be like two-in-one garments, with its overgarment having revers at the front and an opening which extends part way down and fastens with large pearl buttons. The sleeves flare a little at the wrists and the turned-back cuffs, like the revers are made of white percale or other heavy white cotton goods, while the dress is in a color. Slides of the material on each of these dresses support the narrow patent leather belts, fastened with buckles, that make so smart and practical a finishing touch on these frocks.

Julia Bonnelly

STORIES of AMERICAN CITIES

Colorado's "Johnny Appleseed" Kin of Oil King

CANON CITY, COLO.—Capt. B. F. Rockafellow, "the Johnny Appleseed" of the Arkansas valley, has a splendid cottonwood tree, the largest specimen of its kind standing in Canon City, which he has seen grow from a tiny sprout planted in his garden in 1872 to its present proportions of more than 15 feet in circumference. Not long ago government agents took photos and measurements of this tree for the records of the agricultural department, for it is rare that the exact age and conditions of growth of a tree are so accurately known as in this case.

Although Captain Rockafellow has lived to see many shade trees planted by himself grow into magnificent specimens, he is better known as the "father of the apple industry" in the Canon City district.

Since planting the first apple orchard in Canon City in 1870, he has put out thousands of apple and other fruit trees in this section, and now, in spite of his four score and four years, he still gives his personal attention to his 60-acre apple orchard, which bears some 25,000 or 30,000 boxes annually.

It is an interesting fact that many trees in this orchard, although forty to fifty years old, are still as healthy and vigorous as at five years of age, and are apparently good for another half century.

Unlike "Johnny Appleseed," that famous but eccentric character of the old Western Reserve of Ohio, who scattered promiscuously along the highways and water courses, Captain Rockafellow has planted scientifically with order and system, selecting and developing those varieties best suited to the Colorado climate.

Reared in the beautiful Genesee valley in New York, a region famous for its fine apples, he acquired a knowledge of horticulture that has been most useful to him in later years.

Although spelling his name slightly different from that of the oil king, their relationship is fairly close. A few years ago Captain Rockafellow was elected president of the Rockefeller association of the United States.

Policeman Is Nursemaid to Mayor's Pet Spaniel

CHICAGO.—A member of the fourth estate, trekking northward in the gloaming, encountered at Belmont avenue and Broadway a minion of the city law, arrayed in the customary habiliments of his calling—blue uniform, star, revolver, night stick, etc. Policemen, of course, are not unusual at night, but this one was possessed of an adjunct not generally included in their equipment. His right hand was attached to a leather leash at the nether end of which was a dog.



"Ha," soliloquized the fourth estate, "a mystery. There has been skullduggery afoot up here—maybe a bank robbery, maybe a murder—and this conscientious copper is earning his pay by using a bloodhound."

With which he engaged the policeman in conversation and learned that his name was Jens Hansen of the Town Hall station. He also learned that as a dog expert he was a zero. The canine which was leading Mr. Hansen about was a cocker spaniel. And while it was true that Mr. Hansen was on duty he was positively not on the trail of murderer, robber or other evil-doer. He was acting in the capacity of nursemaid to the dog.

Mayor William Hale Thompson is the owner of the dog, and Mr. Hansen, detailed from Town Hall to guard the mayor's home in the Chase apartments, 3200 Sheridan road, performs as part of his duties those of wet nurse to "Cocker."

"Well," queried the reporter, "how do you like the job?"

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Hansen. "Cocker's not a bad sort. A bit temperamental at times, but we get along. I'm taking him out for his nightly constitutional now."

Cocker now manifested a desire to continue his evening stroll and the two departed. The fourth estate resumed his trek, cogitating the happy lot of at least one Chicago dog—a full-grown policeman at \$115 a month for a guardian.

The Police Will Not Catch This Murderer Asleep

LAKE FOREST, ILL.—About midnight Mrs. Cyrus H. Adams, Jr., fancied she heard burglars and called out the department, which responded in the person of Chief of Police James Gordon, ably assisted by Policeman William Hensel. Mr. Adams, by the way, is a chicken fancier, and on the night in question had 17 Rhode Island Reds of aristocratic lineage domiciled in the back-yard chicken coop. They were resting peacefully, so far as known, when suddenly their squawks rang out and completely rent the night air. It was then that Mrs. Adams sounded the alarm.

Now when Chief Gordon received the summons he immediately notified Policeman Hensel for the reason that Mr. Hensel is peculiarly embittered against all members of the chicken-coop thief fraternity. Mr. Hensel, himself a chicken fancier, was recently guarding the residence and chicken coop of Mrs. Capt. William A. Moffett when some marauder invaded his own coop and cleaned it. Mr. Hensel has vowed vengeance.

Well, the two officers sped to Mr. Adams' home in an automobile and rushed out to the coop with revolvers drawn and electric flashlight gleaming. They entered the coop. The squawks by now had ceased. The reason was apparent. Each of the 17 Rhode Island Reds was dead. They had squawked their last squawk.

Investigating the surrounding terrain and coop interior for finger prints or footmarks they discovered evidence that the assassin belonged to the ungulate and not the hominidae class of mammal. That is to say, the murder was committed by a weasel. The police are searching for him.

One of the Unusual Tragedies of the Great War

ALLENTOWN, PA.—When the wife of Private Miles C. Booth of the One Hundred and Eighth machine gun battalion heard last summer that he had been killed in action during the fighting on the Marne, she mourned for him for a time and then married William George Smith.

Private Booth has now turned up at his home here alive and almost well. It appears that the shell which killed four of his comrades on July 22 only wounded him.

The situation is complicated by the fact that Smith, the second husband, was also a soldier in France. He entered the service after his marriage to Mrs. Smith and reached the front shortly before the armistice was signed. Both Booth and his wife view the mixup with a philosophical air of "mistakes will happen." Booth says he is going back to the hospital in New York, where army surgeons are still treating his wounds.

"Why should I make trouble for her?" he says. "She is a mighty fine girl, and, with me 'dead' as reported, I don't wonder that some other man was attracted to her."

The wife, who is now living with Booth's two children as "Mrs. Smith," at Fullerton, is just as philosophical.

"I heard Miles had been killed and went in mourning for him," she said. "Nobody said anything when I later began to keep company with my second husband, who is also a good man."