PLAYING SAFE

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND

PART II.

She found herself suddenly alone. There were no more sounds of human presence, nor crushing fabrics, but a torrent of water seemed cascading over the roof of the car as a river flows over a dam, with swirling, sucking gurgles. Then, to her horror, Claire felt a warm trickle about her and, thrusting her arm through the aperture, she felt the flood up to the very edge of her berth.

In those few terrible seconds, she was able to realize what had happened. There had been a cloudburst and a low trestle crossing some torrental river-bed, normally dry at that season, had been washed out and given way. And here she was imprisoned, probably the only one in the car to be thus helpless, as otherwise there must have been cries for help.

No doubt the torrent was continuing to rise, in which case she must be drowned like a rat in a trap unless speedily released.

"At any rate this solves my problem," she thought, and at that moment there came the sloshing of water in the aisle and a voice said cheerfully: "Now I'll soon have you out of this. Keep over against the window side."

Followed a smashing and splintering, apparently the blows of a train ax directed against the partition at her feet. But as these continued the flood rose higher about her until her body was half submerged. The car seemed to settle a little, so that Claire's body was covered and she was forced to raise her head to keep it clear. And all of this in Stygian blackness.

"Now, we'll see," said the vibrant voice huskily. Claire's hands were against the lid of her aqueous coffin, when she felt it suddenly lift. "Slip out," panted a voice.

She squirmed through the aperture and found herself splashing about in two or three feet of water.

"All right," said the voice and a hand fumbling about gripped her by the shoulder and helped her to her feet.

The car was at an angle of forty-five degrees and like people aboard a sailing vessel in a gale, they managed to crawl and scramble to the platform. Crossing this they entered the car ahead, which was slanted at a lesser angle, while the water in the aisle was not so deep. They made their way the length of this, Stephen in the lead, and on reaching the forward platform he paused with an exclamation of dismay.

"Good Lord!—the rest of the train is gone."

"Into the river?" Claire asked tremulously.

"I don't think so." He peered out into the murk. "It's not very deep and we could see it if it had. We were moving very slowly when the side of the trestle gave way. This car is on the track. The passengers from ours must have gone through to the car ahead of this when they uncoupled the train and went on.

"We've got to get out of this and quick," said Stephen. "The trestle is apt to go at any moment, or our car might roll over and drag this one after it. We're shipwrecked in Arkansas. But we've got to have a raft. Wait a moment."

He plunged into the oblivion of the car and, above the crash of the rain and the gurgling sounds of the torrent, Claire heard the clattering and banging as of loose planks. Lacking the resourcefulness of her rescuer, she could not imagine what he hoped to find as material for a raft in a sleeping car. But she was enlightened when a few minutes later Stephen emerged and propped in the doorway what sounded like a heap of planks.

"These are the triangular partitions from between the upper berths."

"Come on," said he to Claire. "Lie halfway across this thing and we'll cast off. Hurry. The car's apt to topple over at any minute."

Claire followed his instructions and a moment later they were swirling away through the inky murk, partly submerged but floated easily by the wood partitions. The water was warm as new milk and about as thick, although this was not immediately discoverable. As the bed of the stream was smooth there were no waves, but occasionally they were caught in a whirlpool and twisted about from side to side.

"What do you think now of playing safe?" she asked.

"There's no such thing. I've hung on to it so far, though," and he rapped the panel beneath him with his knuckles.

"Well, I don't begrudge it to you, now. You saved me from a very oozy death. What if you hadn't been able to get me out?"

"Then I'd have kept you company. There's no good in hating one's self for all one's life."

His hand was close to hers. Claire laid hers on the back of it for a moment with a sudden impulsive pressure. "Thank you," she said.

The pressure was returned and for several moments they drifted on in silence.

The rain stopped suddenly as though somebody had turned off the faucet of the shower and the silence struck upon them with a sort of shock. There was no noise beyond the low murmuring voice of the flood, a sort of deep, musical diapason. Then presently the heavy clouds seemed to roll up at the edges and the brilliant summer stars shone down upon them from a widening zone of fathomless sky. Dark high banks loomed up on either side at a distance of several hundred yards. But staring downstream was like looking straight out to open sea.

"Just as I thought," said Stephen. "This is a big shallow torrential tributary of the Arkansas, and it can't be very far away." His eyes pierced the gloom, now rapidly lightening, and suddenly he gave a gasp of dismay.

"Lovely morning," said Stephen. "What's that thing ahead?"

"A house," said Claire.

"We had better transship," said Stephen. "We've drifted out into the Arkansas not far from where it empties into the Mississippi, and if we have to go onto Vicksburg we will be more comfortable aboard a larger vessel. Let's kick this boat of ours ahead."

He shifted himself around to the side of Claire and they began to strike out with their feet, driving their float at a fair progress which promised soon to overhaul the house not far ahead. There was slight danger of the partitions sliding apart, the buoyancy of those beneath thrusting them up against the submerged one on which their weight rested; also because the apex of their triangle was between Claire and Stephen.

"A twin-propeller craft," Stephen observed; "non-capsizable and non-sinkable."

"One ought to play safe with a big gold shipment. Thanks to you, I'm still alive and kicking," Claire answered.

And, thanks to the kicking, they were soon able to exchage a precarious float for a more stable one. The floating house, which looked like a big square box, had revolved in an eddy so that its front was now presented obliquely to them, about ten feet of it being above the water, while the rear was awash. Two upper-storey windows were clear of the stream, and above these was painted an inscription in crude vermilion letters, the n's and s's reversed: "Cotton Pickers' Bank," and beneath, "Storage."

"Good thing for the cotton pickers they haven't started to pick," Stephen observed. "Let's kick this thing around to the back."

They accomplished this and found the rim of the roof about a foot under the yellow water. Stephen passed his valise aboard, scrambled up after it, then turned and held out his hand to Claire, who now for the first time realized with a shock that she was scarcely clad at all. But there was no help for it, and being a sensible girl, she took the outstretched hand, and a moment later was standing, as Stephen expressed it, "on the quarter-deck," a superby, unshrinking figure in her thin, wet silk pajamas. Stephen, without glancing at Claire, began to drag the pieces of Pullman partition up onto the roof. Their weight had caused the flimsy structure to careen at an even greater angle.

"What now?" asked Claire.

"Watch and learn," he answered.

Stretching the chain across the corner of one stone, he began to strike it with the other, about a foot from his wrist.

"You think of everything, don't you?" said Claire.

"Ah! but you see I'm an inventor"

"But is that playing safe?" she asked amused.

"It would prove so if I should happen to fall overboard. But my present object is to swim over and get that skiff. Then we can split paddles off our raft and row ashore."

He continued his hammering softly, so as not to break the stone, which was wearing considerably from the process.

"I suppose you think," Stephen observed as he tapped away, "that the contents of this valise should by rights belong to you."

"Not now," Claire answered. "Any such claim is more than settled."

He shot her a sidelong look, then glanced quickly away, reddening slightly. "Then you consider that there is no existing claim between us?"

"I didn't say that. I said that what possible claim I might have on you was settled."

Tap! tap tap! His head was bowed over his task and Claire, glancing at him in turn, discovered that his shipwrecked condition added to rather than diminished his attractiveness. The water had curled his chestnut hair in pleasing fashion and his skin was very clear and fine, his eyes doubly fringed with long, black, curving lashes and his profile of pure classic Grecian type, but without the softness lent by the chisel of Praxiteles. He had more jaw and his chin was square rather than rounded, while the lips, instead of being full, were straight and firm.

(To be continued.)

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Explaining.

The man himself is his own best explanation and exculpation. If we are not fit to be taken on trust for what we are, all that we may say about ourselves will not help much.

When a prisoner is arraigned upon a charge of crime the first effort made in his defense is to procure character witnesses. They tell of him as they have always known him, to establish the antecedent improbability that such a man as his acts have shown him to be would do the thing of which he stands accused.

"Many doubts deserve not to be cleared," said wise old Samuel Johnson. Public men, attacked for things they never thought of doing, have learned to be patient and keep silence under a running fire of censure from those who would be well pleased if they could pull them down.

Shakespeare's Othello at his best refused to listen to suspicions of Desdemona, and indignantly repelled them with the words:

"When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufficate and blown surmises"—

and it would have been well for him if he had been steadfast in the noble and high-minded attitude.

But he listened instead to the voice of a mean and low malignity, and his self-ruin was the sequel.

The old saying is, "Explanations do not explain." The French have the saying, "He who excuses himself accuses himself." Those who would forever be setting forth the reasons for their conduct—in the eagerness to justify themselves—are a weariness of the flesh and of the spirit. The anxiety to set forth in painful and elaborate detail all the whys and wherefores that led up to something done and bygone is a kind of disease that must be fought against as we would give battle to pellagra among human beings or phylloxera among the vines. For if it does not waste human tissue or vegetable substance, it wastes time, and time is the stuff of which life itself is made.

"What say they? Let them say!" That old, defiant family motto is not a bad slogan for those who put the accomplishment of the world's work forever ahead of the assertion of their own worth.

Scotland for Work!

Those who dislike work should dwell in Turkey and avoid Scotland, for these two countries are at the top and bottom respectively in the list of the countries of the world as regards public holidays.

Turkey has twenty-six holidays in the year, when business is entirely suspended; thrifty Scotland has five.

If, however, we include local holidays, Brazil comes first with eighty-four, and the United States second with fifty-four: but a citizen of either republic who set out to keep them all would have to travel about quite a lot!

August is the favorite holiday month in Britain. Taking the world over, however, November comes first, twenty-six out of its thirty days being kept as official holidays by as many different countries. May comes next, with twenty-five.

Italy celebrates twenty-three general public holidays, Germany twenty, France eighteen, Great Britain sixteen, Japan fifteen, and Portugal eight.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Ozone a Sleepmaker.

People who spend their vacations at the seashore at this time of the year usually find that their nights are dreamless and restful.

They say that the sea air makes them sleepy. Wheeled along in a beach chair, one is likely to feel drowsy, or even go to sleep.

It is the ozone in the air that does it. The air at the seashore is full of ozone, which might be called a concentrated oxygen. Ozone is a powerful and healthful stimulant.

Whence, by the way, comes the nursery idea of the Sand Man, herald of sleep?

The answer is that the approach of sleep checks the flow from the ear-ducts which keeps the eyes moist. These results a dryness and slight uncomfortableness of the lids, causing one to rub his eyes. The Sand Man has come, and it is time to go to bed.

Apples and dates are as beneficial to the teeth as sweets are harmful.

Canada Takes Her Sixth Decennial Census.

On June 1, 1921, the Dominion of Canada began taking her sixth decennial census since the confederation. Officially the entire population is supposed to be counted between sunrise and sunset of that day. In reality the census in the cities and suburban communities was completed in from three to four weeks. In the far wildernesses, the work took from five to eight weeks, and some returns from within the Arctic circle will require about four months to reach the capital, Ottawa. The general estimate in advance of the compiling of the figures is that these will show Canada to have 9,000,000 population. On this basis, the dominion, with an area of 3,729,665 square miles, has a little more than two inhabitants to the square mile.

No other country in the world's census taking nearly approaches to that of the Dominion in magnitude, as the few cities lie along a fringe 3,800 miles long. The total cost of the sixth census was a little over $2,000,000. The work required 240 commissioners and 11,500 enumerators. In the far-northern regions the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Hudson Bay factors, and the missionaries acted as enumerators and every Eskimo that could be located was put down. The Indians were enumerated by the Indian agents. Among the chief questions asked each resident of the Dominion for the form entitled population, were name, place of abode, personal description, nativity of parents, birthplace, citizenship, number of languages spoken, occupation, employment, earnings for last year, time sick, time idle, if immigrant year of coming to Canada, date of taking out naturalibation papers, whether owner of house or lodger, if latter rent paid, material in house, number of rooms, married or single, whether can read or write. The farmer had the hardest task, having to answer no less than 220 questions, some of which were: amount of improved land, waste land, cost of labor, number of fruit trees, domestic animals, tractors, automobiles, etc., amount of all products sold during year. The census sheet covering manufacturing, trading, and business merely called for firm name, address, and nature of operations.

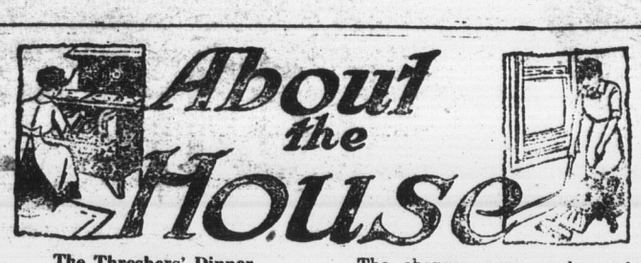
Canada can claim the distinction of being the first country in modern times to inaugurate a census taking. This took place in the year 1666, in New France, as Canada was at that time known. The result showed a white population of 3,215.

Thrilling Elevator Ride to Alpine Summit.

For years one of the most thrilling incidents of a visit to the Alps has been the ascent of the Jungfrau on the cog-rail road that starts from Kleine Scheidegg, at an elevation of 6,711 ft. and climbs the mountainside at the startling grade of 25 per cent., or an angle of about 22 deg. till it reaches Jungfraujoch, at an elevation of 11,339 feet.

It is now proposed to add to this wonderful experience in mountain climbing a still further thrill, by comparison with which the former will appear quite insipid. From the present end of the track the mountain soars another 2,206 ft. to the summit at an elevation of 13,547 ft. By means of excavations and tunnels the track will be extended until it reaches a spot in the centre of the conical summit directly below its highest point. From the end of this tunnel a shaft will be bored vertically to the summit itself, and in this shaft passenger elevators will be installed, so that Alpine mountaineers will end their long thrilling railroad climb with an elevator trip like an exaggerated ride to the top of the Woolworth Building in New York City. The climax will find them landed at the extreme summit of one of the highest peaks in the Alps, with a view of a world of snow-clad craggy mountain tops around them.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.



The Threshers' Dinner.

The recipes given here may be of assistance to someone who is tired of "the same old things" for the hungry, once-a-year gang of men who come to thresh.

Steamed brown bread—1 1-3 cups graham flour, 2 cups cornmeal, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1-3 cup currants, 1-3 cup raisins, 2 cups sweet milk, 2-3 cup molasses. Mix together flour, meal, baking powder, salt, currants and raisins. Add milk and molasses, beat well and pour into greased baking powder cans. This amount will fill five one-pound cans. Fill cans slightly over half full of batter. Steam three hours.

Ginger cakes—2-3 cup sugar, 2-3 cup molasses, ½ cup fat, 1 cup hot water, ½ teaspoon each of cloves, ginger and cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder (level), 2¾ cups flour, 1 egg. Mix sugar, fat, molasses, hot water and soda together, add about one-half of the dry ingredients (after they are thoroughly mixed), beat well, add the well-beaten egg, then the remaining dry ingredients, beat well again and bake in buttered or greased muffin tins. Bake one-half hour in moderate oven. Recipe makes 15 large cakes in muffin tins.

Baked squash—Cut squash in half, place with cut side down on pie tin in oven, and bake until done. Remove from shell, mash and season with salt, pepper and butter. Put prepared squash in baking dishes in which it can be served. This may be set aside for over night if desired and put in the oven 40 minutes before time to serve it. The advantage in preparing it this way is that it can be prepared beforehand.

Beef cakes with brown gravy—Prepare beef cakes from ground beef which contains plenty of suet. Brown on both sides in a hot spider and when a sufficient number of cakes are browned, remove to a dripping pan, make a thickened gravy in the spider, pour the gravy over the cakes, season with salt and pepper, put in the oven and bake half an hour or more. Serve meat and gravy on a platter together.

Rice pudding—2 quarts whole milk, ½ cup rice, 1½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, 2-3 cup raisins, nutmeg if liked. Put milk, sugar, salt, raisins and washed rice into a baking dish. Place in a moderate oven and bake 2½ to 3 hours. Stir very often for the first hour. The pudding should be of a creamy consistency. May be served cold or hot. This amount will serve eight or ten.

Baked onion—Prepare onions of medium size, boil 15 minutes in slightly salted water, drain, place in a baking dish, add whole milk to come well up around the onions but not cover them, season with salt and pepper and bake slowly until they can be pierced with a tooth-pick. Serve hot.

Turnips delicious—Pare, slice and cut in small cubes. Put to cook in boiling water. When tender and the water has boiled down some, add butter, pepper and salt and then allow the water to all boil out. Stir frequently after the butter is added so that all are thoroughly seasoned.

The Boy's Point of View.

Henry, twelve years old, had been accused of sending in three false alarms of fire. He sat facing the judge of the juvenile court. Near by sat his father, ill at ease, and scowling at his son. Henry's head was bent, but now and then he cast sulky, furtive glances at the judge, at his father, and at some of the witnesses. The judge had been sharply watching both the boy and the boy's father. He did not like the way they looked at each other.

The charges were made, and the witnesses substantiated them. Then the judge casually said to the father, "I suppose you have often talked to your boy about good citizenship?"

"I've not bothered much with the young rascal," replied the father. "When I have caught him in the wrong I have thrashed him; but it doesn't seem to have done must good."

"Um," said the judge, "and you never took a walk through the city with your boy and made him feel that you and he belonged to a town of which you could be proud and in which you had your share?"

"I took him to the zoo once," said the father.

"Henry," said the judge, turning to the boy, "do you like horses?"

Henry's head lifted perceptibly. "Yes, I do," he replied, still sulkily.

"Do you like to see horses hitched to a shining red wagon?"

"Yes, I do." The boy's head came up higher.

"And do you like to see the horses and the red wagon going like everything with the driver hanging on to the lines?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir, I do!" exclaimed Henry, and his eyes were looking straight into those of the judge.

"Would you like to be a fireman and drive such horses through the streets?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Some day, if you show that you can be trusted, you may be a fireman," said the judge, and Henry's eyes gleamed with delight.

"But," continued the judge slowly, "suppose you were a fireman and had to drive often to fires; suppose that just as you reached the fire hall with your tired horses a kid away on the outskirts of the town turned in a false alarm. What would you do to that kid?"

"I'd skin him!"

The judge smiled in an odd way. Henry dropped back into his seat, and his head sank to his breast, but his face wore a different look.

"You see the point," said the judge kindly. "You see now that you have abused the fine fire horses—your fire horses. Now you will think more about those horses after this. Some day, if you prove worthy, your fellow citizens will trust you with just such a fine team."

"I'll be good to them, sir."

Then the judge turned sharply upon the father. "You have a bright boy there, capable of appreciating his rights and his duties as a citizen, and you have neglected him. It is such fathers as you that get their sons into trouble. Do your duty by your boy. If we expect our boys to appreciate our point of view, we must learn to appreciate theirs."

For the Cold-Pack Canner.

The following easy formula for syrups can be adapted for all fruits:

Three quarts of sugar to two quarts of water.

For sweet fruits boil one minute.

For raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, huckleberries, boil for five minutes.

For currants, gooseberries, plums, rhubarb, currants, pineapple, sour cherries and other acid fruits boil ten minutes.

For preserves boil until it falls from the side of the spoon in drops.

Most housekeepers make grapejuice but few know that any fruit juice may be extracted and bottled for summer drinks, sherbets, pudding sauces, or other uses. To make juice select sound perfectly ripe fruit, but none that is over-ripe. Wash and place in a kettle with just enough water to prevent sticking. Crush with a wooden masher, and heat thoroughly, but do not let it boil. Put through the jelly bag, and pour in bottles or jars, which have been boiled ten minutes, to within an inch of the top. Fit bottles with new corks which have soaked a half hour in warm soda water. Rinse the corks before using and put loosely in the bottles. It is well to tie a bit of cloth over the cork to prevent its blowing out. Put in boiler of water, having the water come to within an inch of the top of bottle or jar. Simmer, do not boil, twenty minutes. The water should be simmering when bottles are entered. At the end of twenty minutes remove, push corks in firmly, or tighten tops of jars, set aside to cool, and when cold dip in melted paraffin.

Light Housework.

A woman advertised for a servant to do light housework.

She received a letter from a girl who said she would like the position, for she thought the sea air would do her good, but she wanted to know where the light-house was situated.

Getting Automobile Sense

Time was, not so very long ago, when thousands of men were crippled or killed while coupling freight cars. It was considered unavoidable. Circular saws, planers, and all sorts of sharp-cutting, swiftly moving machinery took their annual toll in lives and limbs. It, too, was "unavoidable."

With the perfection of motor vehicles came high-powered, quickly responsive engines, and the natural impulse of most people, especially the younger, to travel faster and faster. To one who reduces his auto speed from 35 or 40 miles an hour to 20 it seems as if he were barely moving; yet his car is travelling 29 feet a second. Even an active, alert person does not go very far in five seconds, but the car, if unchecked, will have gone 150 feet. With the demand for speed ability in a car, manufacturers increased performances, until now even a moderate-priced car is guaranteed to do its 60 or 80 miles an hour, and some, 90 or 100 miles. With improved roads also came the temptation to "step on it." However, rate of speed is a relative thing, for at times and places 40 miles an hour is safer to the public than 20 miles a few hours later. The earlier restrictions as to speed have therefore, wisely, been revised in many cities and states, and especially outside corporate limits, to read "at a safe rate of speed."

The ordinary passenger train does not average over 40 miles an hour and its engineer must have several years of careful training, and possess certain abilities of judgment and skill before he is entrusted with a train; yet practically any one with at least one good eye is permitted to drive an auto. An hour or two is sufficient to master the shifting of gears and applying the brake: but by no means all drivers have the necessary alertness of decision in an emergency, and others are careless, indifferent, or preoccupied. Hence the increasing number of accidents that occur every day in our streets and highways.

The automobile has not only come to stay, but to increase; like all other good things it is easily abused, and the surest, quickest, most effective way to reduce its dangers to a minimum is to withhold its use from the dangerous and undeserving.

Automatic safety couplers have reduced the railroad casualties from thousands to scores; dangerous machinery has been safeguarded to a great extent. In every plant in the country safety first is taught constantly. The wild men and women driving motor vehicles can also be tamed, and must. Then why prolong the slaughter?

STAMMERING

Cured in 30 days. Particulars mailed free. H. O. Reynolds, 399 Wellesley St., Toronto.

Purity-Quality-Economy

The combination of purity-quality and economy has made Magic Baking Powder the standard baking powder of Canada. Positively contains no alum or other injurious substitutes. Its use insures perfect satisfaction.

"Costs no more than the ordinary kinds"

Made in Canada
E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, CAN. MONTREAL

300 MILE BREAKEY

The used car dealer who shows you how they run instead of talking about what they are like.

USED AUTOS

100 actually in stock.

Percy Breakey 402 YONGE ST. TORONTO

Mention this paper.

ISSUE No. 35—'21.