

SHORTY TAKES THE HIGH DIVE

BY Sewell Ford

SURPRISING, NOT TO SAY ROMANTIC CLIMAX OF A FASHIONABLE YACHTING TRIP

AND what's the grin for, eh? Ah, I see it, and I'll say it for you! You read about it in the papers, and says you, "It's all right." Sure it is, and more besides. Thanks! The same to you, and many of 'em. Well, you know what I mean. You see, it all comes around so sudden, and I'm so surprised at myself for doing what I did, that I don't know whether I'm Shorty McCabe or my first cousin by marriage. But it was my star, eh? Who'd thought I had the nerve? It's this way:

After thinking over the false alarm I pulled in on Sir Berlie, and trying to figure out just where I stands, I got so twisted up in my mind that my head feels like a grape arbor, and I chuckle the whole business. "Shorty," says I to myself, "you'd better swim out the water's way." So with that I begins turning my mighty intellect onto things that was regular and in my line.

That don't mean that I ties on the beak'n gloves with a hard knot. Course, the studio takes some time, but with Sir Joe so well trained in, and the waitin' 'at growin' longer every day, that almost runs itself. There's outside things I've been dipplin' into that don't: such as a couple of flat houses I've got up on the West Side. Say, if you let them agents run things their own way, you'll find yourself in a hole. Then there was the ripe chance I was afraid of misakin'.

You see, knockin' around so much with the fat waddlers, I often sees a spot where a few dollars can be planted right. Sometimes it's a private bunch on the market, and then again I get help to a slice of foot-front that's goin' cheap. I do a lot of dickering that way.

Well, I'd just pushed a deal that leaves me cashed up on velvet, and was feelin' kind of flush and easy, when Mr. Ogden calls me up and wants to know if I can make use of a still-edged bargain.

"Oh, I don't know," says I. "What's it look like?"

"It's the Toreador," says he. "Sounds good," says I. "Does it come high?"

"Cost me \$10,000 two years ago," says he. "But I'm turnin' it over for \$25,000 to the first bidder."

Well, say, when old man Ogden slings cold figures at you like that, you can gamble he's talkin' straight.

"Ten it, then," says I. "Fifteen down, ten on mortgage."

"That suits me," says he. "I'll have the papers made out today."

"And say," says I, "what is the Toreador, anyway; a race horse, or an elevator apartment?"

"Would you guess it? He'd hung up the receiver. That's what I got for being sporty. But I want you to see what the folks make it, when a footman in white pants and a plum-colored coat drifts through the studio door."

"Is this Professor McCabe, sir?" says he.

"Ten," says I.

"There's a lady below, sir," says he. "Can she come up?"

"I don't recall it," says I. "But I suppose there's no dodgin' her. Tell her to come ahead."

Say I wasn't fixed up for receivin' carriage company. When I writes and I gets more tanned up than as if I'd been in a free for all. I'd shed my coat on one chair, my vest on another, slipped down my suspenders and my hair, and got ink on me in it places. But I didn't have sense enough to duck.

In a minute or so there was a creak-click on the stairs. I gets a whiff of L'Essoir Danube, and in comes a veiled lady. She was a handred peach—from the outside lines, anyway. She's wearin' one of them hats that's a little bigger round than an umbrella, and not quite so big as a Summer beanie, and then clothes of hers couldn't have left Paris more'n a month before. If you had any doubts as to whether or no she was the goods, all you had to do was to squint at the gold locket she wears around her neck. For a Polly-Tiffany combination, she was it—reg'lar walkin' expense account.

"So you are Shorty McCabe, are you?" says she, kind of sniffin'.

"Sorry I don't suit," says I. "But what then?"

"Is it true," says she, "that you have bought the Toreador?"

"Who's been givin' you that?" says I, peekin' up my eye.

"Mr. Ogden," says she.

"He's an authority," says I, "and what he says along that line I don't dispute."

"Then you have bought it?" says she.

"How exasperating! I was going to ask Mr. Ogden to let me have the Toreador for next week."

"The whole of it?" says I.

"Why of course," says she.

"Gee!" thinks I, "it can't be an apartment-house then. Maybe it's an oil paintin', or a parlor car."

"But there!" she goes on. "I presume you bought it only as a speculation. Now, what is your price for next week?"

"Say, for the love of Pete, I couldn't tell what it was gave me a grooch. Maybe it was only the off-hand way she threw it out, or the snippy chin (was that goes with it; but I felt like I'd been stroked with a piece of sandpaper).

"It's too bad," says I. "But I'm usin' the Toreador next week myself."

"You!" says she, and through the gauze curtain I could see her hump her eyebrows.

That finished the job. Even if the Toreador turned out to be a new opera-house or a tourin' balloon, I was goin' to keep it busy for them seven days.

"Why not me?" says I.

"All alone?" says she.

Well, I didn't know where it would land me, but I wasn't goin' to have her tag me for a lonesome spender. "Not much," says I. "I was just makin' up my hat. How do you spell Mrs. Trombley-Crane's last name—with a K?"

"Really?" says she. "Do you mean that she is to be one of your guests? Then you must be going just where I have planned to go—to see the fleet mobilize at Hampton Roads?"

"Sure thing," says I.

Guess she wants to see whether or not I'm unwindin' the string ball, for at that she pushes up her front drop and I spots her for that Mrs. Britton Bailey, the top-notch-er I was tellin' you about. For a minute or so she taps her chin with them foldin' eyeglasses, and I wanted to slug out that she'd dent the enamel if she

didn't quit bein' so careless; but I held in. Star, what's the use eatin' carrots and takin' butterlike baths when you can have a mercerized complexion like that laid on at the shop?

All of a sudden she flashes up a little silver case and pushes out a visitin' card. "There's my name and address," says

of the swells is goin' down to see 'em off. "You ought to go, too," says he. "Looks like I was billed," says I. "But what about the Toreador?" says he. "Nothin' much," says I. "Only I've bought the blamed thing." It was Pinckney's turn to grow bug-

"Gee!" says I to Pinckney. "I'm glad the yachtin' season's most over when I begin; if it wa'n't I'm thinkin' I'd have to go out nights with a jimmy."

But Pinckney's busy with his silver pencil, writin' down names. "There!" says he. "I've thought of a dozen nice people that I'm sure of."

Honest, that was the first speech I ever shot off, in or out of the ring; but it seemed to go. They was all pattin' me on the back and givin' me the grand jolly, when a cab comes down the pier on the jump, some one writes a red paragon, and out floats Mrs. Britton Bailey, veils and all.

"We came near misakin' you," says I, stoopin' up to the gangplank.

But, say, she was so busy shakin' hands and callin' the rest of 'em by their front names that she hardly sees me at all. It was that way all the rest of the trip. She corners almost every one else, and chins to 'em real earnest, but I never seemed to get in range. Well, I was havin' too good a time to feel cut up about it, but I couldn't help bein' curious.

It wa'n't until dinner time that I got a line on her. Say, she was a converser, though! No matter what was opened up, she heard her cue. And knock! Why, she had a tack-hammer in each hand. They was cute, splinter like taps, that made you snicker before you had time to be ashamed of yourself for doin' it.

"Ain't she got any friends besides what's here?" says I to Sadie, after we'd get through and gone up front by ourselves to see the moon rise. "And why don't some one cut in with a come-back now and then?"

"It isn't exactly safe," says Sadie. "Oh," says I. "She's that kind, is she? One of the hornet breed? Well, I hope all she says ain't so. How about it?"

Well, that was the beginning of a heart-to-heart talk that lasted for a good many miles. Somehow, Sadie and I'd never had a real quiet chance like that before, and it come out we had a lot to say to each other. I don't know why it was, but the rest of 'em seemed to let us alone. Some was back under the awnin', and others was down stairs playin' bridge. There was stujin', too, but we couldn't make out just who was doin' it, and didn't care a whole lot.

Anyway, it was the bulleest ride I ever had. The moon come up out of the Atlantic away out, and it was as big as a billboard and as yellow as a chorus girl's hair; the air was real mild and warm, and you couldn't see a thing but water and sky, except for the white flash of some lighthouse way off ahead.

I forgot what it was we was talkin' about—each other mostly, I guess, and old times. After a bit, though, we didn't say much of anything. I was just lookin' at Sadie. And, say, I've seen her when I thought she looked mighty nice, but I never got just that view of her before, with the moon kind of touchin' up her red hair, and her cheeks and neck lookin' like white satin.

She has a way, too, of starin' at nothin' at all, sometimes; and then there's a look in her eyes and a little twist to her mouth corners that just sets me to tingle all over with the wantin' to put my arm around her and tell her that, no matter who else goes back on her, there'll always be Shorty McCabe waitin' in the wings.

It wa'n't anything new or sudden for me. I'd felt that way many a time, and as far back as when her mother ran a prize dispensary next door to my house, and she and I used to sit on the front step after supper. She'd have spells of starin' that way then, choppin' off with a right in the middle of it, and maybe flashin' up with a smile. I guess that's only the Irish in her, but it always caught me.

She must have been lookin' that way then, for the first thing I knows I've reached out and pulled her up close. She don't kick, but just snuggles her head down on my shoulder, with them blue

eyes turned up so I could look way down into 'em. At that I draws a deep breath. "Sadie," says I, husky like, "you're the best ever!"

She only smiles, kind of sober, but kind of contented, too. "Have you just found it out, Shorty?" says she.

"Hardly," says I. "It's one of the

the Bishop gives us the nicest little off-hand talk you ever listens to. I bushes, and Sadie bushes, and Mrs. Trombley-Crane hugs both of us when it's all over. Then I has the stewart lug up a lot of cold bottles, and I breaks a five year's drouth with a whole glass of wealthy water.



FOR A SHORT NOTICE AFFAIR IT WAS DONE IN STYLE.

she. "If you should change your mind about using the Toreador you may telephone to me, and I hope you will."

"Seem as you're so anxious," says I, "I'll do better. I'll just put you down for an invite. How's that?"

I had an idea the night blow up, but say, there's nothin' of the kind. "Why," says she, "I'm not sure but that would be quite a novelty. Yes, you may count on me," and she was gone without so much as a "Thank you kindly."

When I come to and had the thing sized up, it looked like I'd been let in deep. I was dur to stand for some kind of a racket, but whether it was a picnic or a surprise party I didn't know. What I wanted just then was information, and for certain kinds of knowledge there's nobody like Pinckney.

I was dead lucky to locate him, too, but I takes a chance and finds him at his special corner table in the palm room, and he calls for another plate and says I must hit up some lunch.

"I will," says I. "If you'll answer me two questions. First, what is it Mr. Ogden owns that he calls the Toreador?"

"Why," says Pinckney, "that's his steam yacht."

"Steam yacht?" says I, tryin' to keep from fallin' off the chair. "And me dead sure it was a bunch of six-room-and-bath!" Well, what's done is done. Now what's happenin' down to Hampton Roads next week?"

"The gathering of the battleships that are going to the Pacific Coast, of course," says Pinckney. "You should read the newspapers, Shorty."

"I do," says I. "But I didn't see a word about it on the sportin' page."

He tells me all about it, and how lots

eyed; but when I've told him about the deal, and how the Bailey person has stung me into throwin' my bluff, he's as pleased as if he'd been readin' the joke column.

"Shorty," says he, "you're an unconscious genius. Why, that's the very thing to do! Get together your party, steam down there, anchor off Old Point, and see the show. It's deuced good form, you know."

"That's enough," says I. "Just so long's I'm in good form I'm happy. But, say, I wouldn't dare tackle it unless you went along."

"Why, I'd be delighted," says he.

With that we finishes our cold friend egg salad, or whatever it was on the platter, and pikes off to the pier where the yacht's tied up. And, say, she was something of a boat for the money. She makes all the yachts I've ever been on look like canoes. She's white all over, except for a gold streak around the top and a couple of yellow masts. We plants ourselves in some wicker easy chairs under the back stoop awnin' and sends for the conductor.

He turns out to be a solid-built, quiet-spoken chap, with a full set of terra cotta whiskers and a state of Maine accent. He says his name is Bassett, and that he's just packin' up to go ashore, havin' heard that the boat was sold.

"The shore'll be there next month," says I. "What'll you take to stay on the job?"

Well, he don't call for any advanced yachtsman's salary, so I tells him to take hold right where he left off and pass the word that the rest of the gang could do the same. So, in a dozen of half an hour I has a couple of dozen men on the payroll.

"Got the Purdy-Pells and Sadie down?" says I.

"Oh, certainly," says he, "especially Sadie." And then he grins.

Well, for the next four days I'm the busiest man out of a job in New York. I carries a block of railroad stocks on margin, trades off some Bronx buildin' lots for a cold water tenement, and unloads a street openin' contract that I bought off a Tammany Hall man. Every time I thinks of that yacht, with all them hands burnin' up my money I goes out and does some more haulin'.

Say, there's nothin' like needin' the dough, is there, for keepin' a feller up on his toes? And when the time came to knock off, and I'd reckoned up how much I was to be happy, I feels like Johnny Gates after he's cashed his chips.

Yes, indeed, I was a gay boy as I goes aboard the Toreador and waits for the crowd to come along. I'd made myself a present of a white flannel suit and a yachtin' cap, and if there'd been an orchestra down front I could have done a yo-ho-ho solo right off the reel.

Pinckney shows up in good season, and he'd made good with his people, all right. They was all friends of mine, too, from the little old bishop to Sadie. They all said it was lovely of me to remember 'em. "Ah put it away!" says I. "You folks has been blowin' me off'n on for some time, and this is my first set-up. I'm a little rusty on how things ought to be done on one of these boulevard boats, but I want every one to act like they was star boarder. Everything in sight is yours from the mizen anchor to what's in the ice box below. And I want to say right here that I'm mighty glad you've come. New Mr. Bassett, you can tie her loose."



things I learned young that I've never had any call to revise—only I've never mentioned it."

"I've noticed that," says she.

"Gettin' my nerve up, ain't it?" says I. "If I had more there's somethin' I'd add to that."

"Yes-ee?" says she.

"Somethin' about wishin' that this clinch could last right on," says I.

"It's too bad you've lost your nerve so sudden," says she.

"Wha-a-ah!" says I, catchin' my breath.

"Will you, Sadie; will you?"

"Silly!" says she. "Of course I will!"

"Bless the saints!" says I. "When?"

"Any time, Shorty," says she. "You've been long enough about it, goodness knows."

Well, say! You talk about your whirlwind flashes! I guess the crowd that was bunched there in the cabin, sayin' good-night, must have thought I'd come clean off my pivot, the way I come down the stairs.

"Where's the bishop?" says I.

"Right here, my boy," says he.

"What's the matter?"

"Matter?" says I. "Why, it's the greatest thing ever happened, and nobody to it. Folks," I says, "if the bishop is willin', and hasn't forgot his lines, there's goin' to be a weddin' take place right here in the main tent inside of fifteen minutes. Whoop-o-ee!" I yells. "Sadie's said she would!"

That's the way we did it, too; and for a short-notice affair it was done in style, even to a Meddlesome weddin' march that some one feeds into the piano and sets goin'. Pinckney digs up a ring, and

Right in the middle of the toasts the sailin' master shows up on the stairs and says "We're just making the Roads, sir."

"Forget it, Bassett!" says I. "I want you to drink to the health of Mrs. Shorty McCabe."

And when he hears what's been goin' on, he's the most surprised sailorman I ever saw. After that we all has to go up on deck and take a look at the string of warships. But there wa'n't much to see; for they're all as black and quiet as a side street in Brooklyn after ten o'clock.

"Say, it's a shame all them chaps ain't in on this," says I. "Bassett, can't you make a little noise, just to let 'em know we're happy?"

Bassett thought he could, and he does. In two shakes we had all the lights aboard turned on, the little brass cannon barkin', and skyrockets whizin' up as fast as they could be touched off. Did we wake up them pots of Teddy's? Well, a few! First we hears a lot of dinner gongs go off, ding-a-ling, ding, ding. Then colored lanterns was sent up, whistles blew, bugles bugged, and inside of three minutes by the watch there was guns bangin' away like it was Fourth of July.

"Well, well!" says Pinckney. "I never thought to see the United States Navy turn out in the middle of the night to salute a private yacht."

About then the guns get through, and there's a dozen searchlights turned on. A strong-undun went on the nearest warship, the pellin' things at us through a megaphone.

"He wants to know, sir," says Bassett, "if we've got the Secretary of the Navy on board."

"Tell him pot guilty," says I, and Bassett did.

That don't satisfy Mr. Officer, though. "Then why in thunder," says he, "do you make such a fuss coming into the harbor at this time of night?"

"Because I've just been gettin' married," says I in my Bocco voice.

"And who the blazes are you?" says he.

"Can't you guess?" says I. "I'm Shorty McCabe."

"Oh!" says he, and you could hear the ha-ha's come across the water from all along the line. There was a wait for a minute, and then he hails again.

"Aho, Shorty McCabe!" says he. "The Commodore presents his compliments, and says he hopes you liked your wedding salute; and if you don't mind the gun crews wish to give three cheers for Mr. McCabe."

So Sadie and I stands up by the rail, with more light on us than we ever had before or since, and about sixteen hundred Jackies gives us their college cry.

There wa'n't anything slow about that as a send-off for a weddin' tour, was there? But then, as I says to Sadie, "Look who we are!"

EQUIPPING ENGINES WITH WIRELESS

A CTUAL control of running trains by wireless telegraphy took a long step forward when the Union Pacific Railroad last week equipped one of its locomotives with a wireless device by which a train dispatcher may sit at his desk and send an order right into the cab of any locomotive on the line of the road within "talking distance" of his machine. And since "talking distance" is governed only by the strength of the current and can be lengthened at will, it will be seen that the new discoveries of the road's wireless expert, Dr. Frederick Millener, will forever put an end to those accidents that have often resulted when some telegraph operator failed to deliver a train order which had been sent him.

In an emergency of this kind, the train dispatcher will now simply touch a telegraph key and far out on the railroad line, in the cab of the locomotive which is in danger, a gong will begin ringing, and before the eyes of the engineer a red light will flash, while a miniature semaphore, painted red, will rise to the "danger" position, and both the engineer and fireman will know there is deadly peril ahead for themselves and their train.

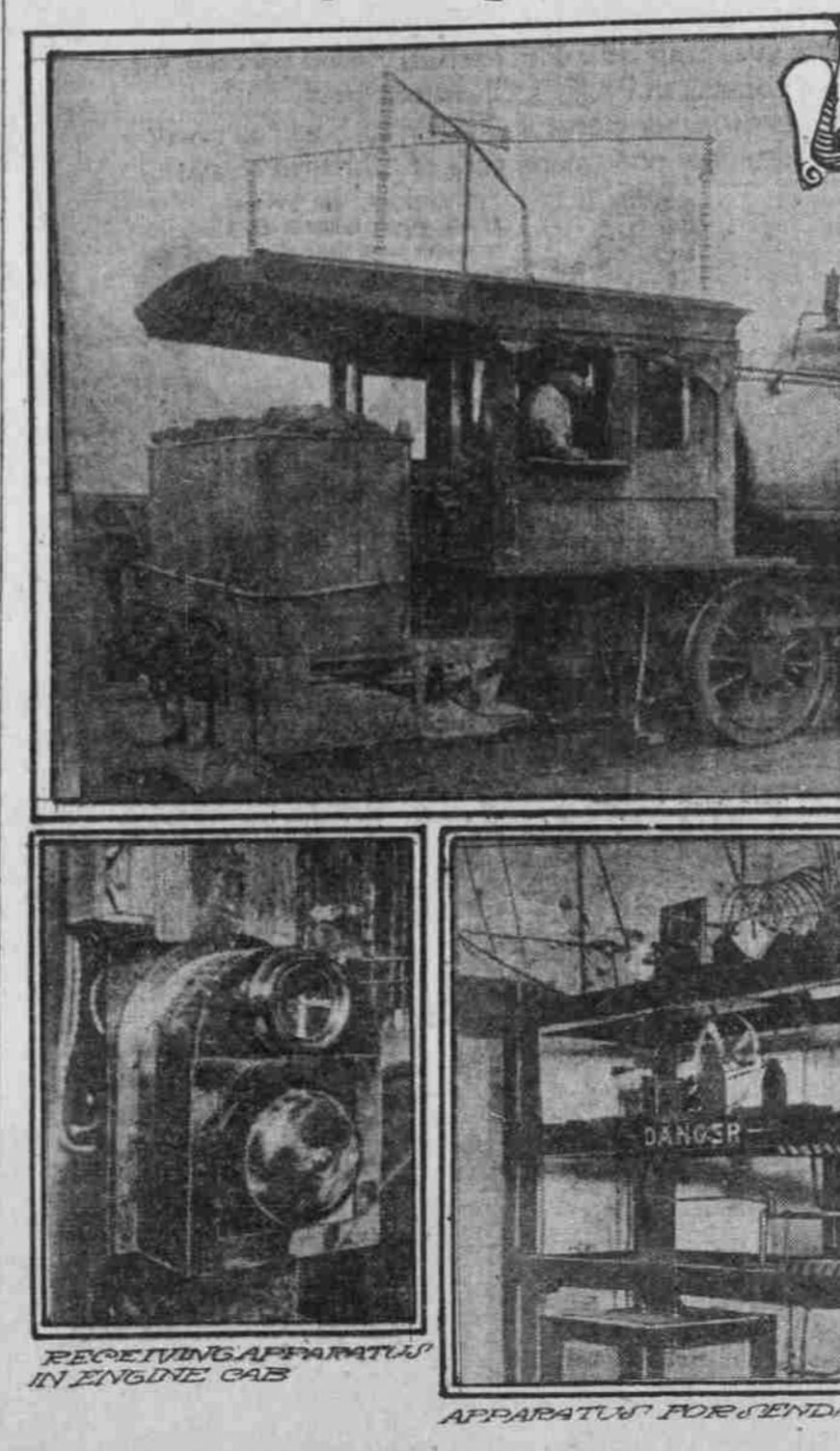
As yet, only the one locomotive has been equipped with the wireless apparatus, but so well does this operate and so satisfactory is its work, that it is only a question of a short time until every locomotive on the system is fitted with the safety device.

With wireless sending stations every 200 miles along the main line, Dr. Millener says the dispatching apparatus, which touches with every engineer on the road at every minute, and will be able to communicate with them should it become necessary to do so.

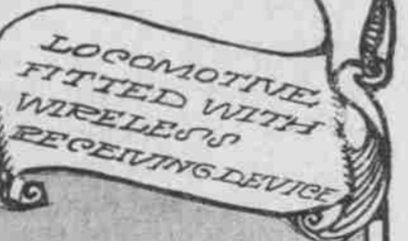
The instruments are simple and compact. The sending apparatus, which is situated in the shops of the Union Pacific in Omaha, occupies less space than any wireless sending apparatus ever built. The current, generated by a dynamo, goes into an interrupter at 220 volts and there is transformed and transferred into between 20,000 and 300,000 volts. Franklin plates are used as condensers. A Masser's cooling device is used to keep the disruptive discharge points cool. In the tuning coil the alternating current is changed into a high voltage oscillating, alternating current, from whence it is conducted to ground and anchored far thence to the antenna where it is discharged into the air.

The antenna on the cab of the locomotive picks up the current, carries it down into the cab and into the receiving instruments within a brass box not unlike a fire alarm box. On the front of this box is the big gong, whose ringing can be heard above any noise that can be made by the locomotive. Just above the gong, and on the face of the box, is the little red semaphore and the red danger signal, and when the gong sounds, the semaphore goes to "danger" and the red light flashes.

A curious arrangement within the receiving box prevents any locomotive, except the identical one for which signals are being sent, from receiving the wireless waves. Thus, should it be



TRAIN DISPATCHERS WILL BE ABLE TO SIGNAL DIRECT TO ENGINEERS IN CASE OF DANGER



come necessary to send out a signal to the Overland Limited, one tap of the telegraph key is given and the box in the locomotive of the Overland (No. 1) responds. Two taps of the key brings a response from No. 2; six taps will tell the engineer of No. 6 that something is wrong, etc. The portion of the device is being kept strictly a secret and will not be given out until a patent is applied for and granted. In the meantime, however, the equipping of the different locomotives and the building of the sending stations along the system will probably be begun as soon as the shops can turn out the necessary parts.

Omaha, Nov. 21.

Seeing the Country Afoot.

Collier's Weekly. Saturday afternoon walking trips "in the forests, fields, hills and valleys about the city" is a felicitous Chicago enterprise to which nearly 500 persons have lent themselves, and which promises to become so popular a movement that the pleasure-seeking pedestrians will be obliged to divide themselves into two or more parties. This plan was put into execution early last Spring and Saturday by Saturday the number of walkers increased. Leaders volunteer for each day and make it their business to go over the route, personally, beforehand, and to arrange for special trains, trolley cars, boats and other details of transportation.

Not only have a number of the members of the faculty of the university, writers, artists and enthusiastic young pedestrians joined the company, but also some interesting foreigners, glad of this opportunity to learn something of the land of their adoption and grateful to meet other lovers of fresh air, exercise and beauty. The old as well as the young are to be seen in the quiet processions that wind along the roads in their gray and brown walking costumes, and the pace set is not too brisk for the comfort of the delicate walkers, and not under about five miles, but the more hardy occasionally extend this to 12 or 14 miles. Some of the most beautiful estates around Chicago have been opened hospitably to the procession.

Up to Date.

Harper's Bazar. Mrs. L. was trying to teach her little daughter Polly, aged 3, the significance of Christmas. She told her over and over the story of the Christ-Child. One day when some guests were present she questioned Polly, "Polly," she asked, "can you tell the ladies where the dear little infant Jesus was born?"

"Yes, mamma," proudly answered Polly. "He was born in a garage."

Wanted to Know.

Harper's Weekly. Dealer—This automobile will last as long as you live.

Prospective Customer—Do you mean that it will be the death of me?

To the Cranberry.

Chicago Post. Let others praise in fervent lays The food of Thanksgiving birds. And let them sing of leg and wing. With wild Pegasus spurred. That his spirit's great, indeed. And all to blithe and merry. But let me sing that splendid thing. The succulent cranberry.

The New Alshipp Person.

New York Tribune. I have seen the Alshipp face? The wrinkled, equipped eye— Teeth lightly skinless meet the wind Along the trackless sky?

Have seen the Alshipp form? Back bent to look below— Black hair to touch a star As through the clouds they blow?

Have heard the Alshipp voice? That husky ring of joy, With frightened blond, and o'er and it bellows "Land ahoy!"