

L. Smithson, Rail Splitter

by Nard Jones

THERE was no denying it. Lindsley Eagles Smithson told himself. When a woman began to set intellectual it just complicated things for a man. Here it was Wednesday night, with the Crestmont Theater showing its mid-week feature—and Linda Connors couldn't go. Or at least she wouldn't go.

At first young Mr. Smithson had been slightly suspicious of her refusal. Ted Davis, perhaps the most urbane member of Crestmont high school's student body had been increasing his attentions to Miss Connors. And Mr. Davis was a rival always to be reckoned with, for he purchased his clothes away from Crestmont and he drove to school every morning in a complete automobile, even to license plates.



"You're going to take a long walk and deep breaths. You're gonna chop wood this afternoon. For an hour."

With the green-eyed monster lurking within him, Lindsley had pursued the reason for Linda's refusal. It seemed that she was absorbed in the writing of a theme on the subject of "The Young Manhood of Abraham Lincoln."

"Absorbed" was the very word that Linda used. "I'm positively absorbed in it," Miss Connors told Lindsley. She had then fixed Lindsley's gaze with her disturbing blue eyes. "Lindsley, do you really know anything about Lincoln?"

"Sure," said Lindsley uncomfortably. "He—was a president of the United States. He freed the slaves."

"Oh, that . . ." With an airy movement of her graceful hands Miss Connors waved away Lincoln both as president and as Great Emancipator. "My paper for sophomore English deals with the young manhood of Lincoln. And that's what is really important, Lindsley."

Lindsley had been willing to admit that it was.

"I couldn't enjoy a movie while I'm working on this paper," Linda had informed him rather coldly. "I mean I just couldn't sit there while I was thinking about the young Lincoln."

joint study of Lincoln would be under the surveillance of Mr. or Mrs. Connors—possibly of both. Mrs. Connors was not so bad; but Mr. Connors, like Lindsley's father, seemed to regard him with some amusement.

True to his fear, it was Mr. Connors who greeted him at the door. "Well, well, Lindsley! Come right in. Linda tells me you're going to go in for a little research tonight. Is that so?"

"I thought I might be of some assistance," said Lindsley stiffly.

"I've no doubt. Two heads are better than one to solve the enigma of young Lincoln. I suppose you younger generation will consider the young Lincoln an enigma?"

"Well," said Lindsley, wishing he could remember what the devil an enigma was, "I guess we will, all right."

"Personally," went on Mr. Connors, ushering Lindsley into the front room, "personally I think the young manhood of Lincoln is a very simple story. He worked hard—because he had to work hard. And it does any young man good to work hard."

Mr. Connors expanded at some length on this theme before Lindsley was saved by the entrance of Linda and her mother from the kitchen.

"I'm sorry to be in such a mess," Linda apologized. "But I was helping mother with the dishes."

Lindsley wanted to say that she looked anything but in a mess, and that he thought it wonderful that she condescended to endanger those lily-white hands in dish-water—but all this stuck in his throat—there in the Connors' front room. All he said was, "Hi—hello, Linda," and "Good evening, Mrs. Connors."

I guess I'll come home from school early tonight and get that done."

The remaining trio in the Smithson home were still shaking their heads when the eldest of the Smithson offspring had started for his morning classes. Oblivious to their surprise, Lindsley stalked along in great free strides. He was about half-way along when a raucous horn sounded near the curb and he looked up to see Ted Davis in his car—with Linda beside him!

"Hop in," said Ted, "you'll catch cold running around without your hat on."

Lindsley drew himself up. "No thanks. Good morning."

Linda answered him sweetly, and Ted Davis said, "Okay—doke," and roared away. Lindsley walked on stubbornly. So Ted roared routing himself by her house again to give her a lift? Well, she'd soon see who was nearest her ideal—who really had the stuff of young Lincoln.

HE encountered Linda later in the high school lunchroom, but he was a bit startled to find she had failed to recognize his change for what it was. "There was," she said, "no need for you to be so rude this morning."

"Well," answered Lindsley slowly, "I suppose maybe I'm rude sometimes. I'm not very polished or anything like that—but I know what's right and what's wrong."

But Linda only stared as if she didn't believe he was suffering a temporary aberration. "What's more," said Lindsley, "I can't walk home with you tonight. I go to leave before your history class is dismissed. I got to split some—I mean I got to chop some wood."

"Oh," said Linda. Then more brightly, "Lindsley, I understand they're holding over that picture another night. I—I'm getting along so well on my paper that maybe I could go tonight if you wanted me to."

Lindsley shook his head. "I got a little reading to do."

"I see," said Linda, changing suddenly. "I'm sorry I mentioned it."

That afternoon he moped through his classes, showing none of the astuteness of a young Lincoln. "I guess a fellow like me can't figure women out," he consoled himself.

He was to be enlightened on the subject of women by no less a person than Ted Davis. It happened on the high school steps as Lindsley started for home and the woodpile.

But this did not satisfy Linda Connors. She sighed and shook her head. "I'm afraid you don't feel like I do about it. Maybe it's because you haven't really gone into the subject."

Yet when 10 o'clock arrived and Mrs. Connors suggested that she didn't believe a girl should study too hard, Lindsley feared he hadn't quite caught Linda's enthusiasm. It wasn't because he didn't want to. But he was ready and willing to call Linda's youth remarkable and let it go at that.

But of one thing he was certain: the young Lincoln measured up to Linda Connors' idea of what a man should be.

NEXT morning there was a bright sun over Crestmont. It poured rain windows and across the Smithson breakfast table. It made the senior Smithson feel that winter was on the wane and when he felt winter was on the wane he was always benevolent.

"Looks like an early spring," he beamed at his family. Then to his son: "Looks like you can begin taking the car to school again, Lindsley. But mind you, no speeding."

"I don't think I'll be taking it to school much," said Lindsley. If he had tossed a lighted firecracker into the sugar bowl he would have created no greater consternation.

"W—what's that?" asked his father.

Lindsley looked stern. "I guess it'll do me good to walk."

Audrey Jane perked up. "I bet Linda wants him to walk, that's what I'll bet."

"Linda," said her brother coldly, "has nothing to do with this—and I'd appreciate your keeping her name out of your conversation around here."

Mrs. Smithson intervened gently. "Lindsley, you mustn't talk to your sister like that. And I wish you'd tell me if you haven't been feeling well lately."

"My gosh, Mom! I feel all right. In fact, I never felt finer. And that reminds me, I better be getting that wood chopped, hadn't I?"

Read the ads as carefully as you read the news articles.

SOUP MILK OR CREAM

During the months of summer it is necessary to give additional thought to the purchasing of food stuffs and to their care in the home. For it is during this season of the year that foodstuffs spoil more readily. An adequate refrigerator, or if that is impossible, a knowledge of the precautions necessary to protect the family's health as well as its pocketbook. Particularly milk and cream receive special consideration. Many times during the hot weather the housewife is annoyed because of its souring. Some housewives, even use the term "spoiled." But the milk or cream isn't spoiled. Some people lose upon the souring as an asset because the lactic acid produced in the process has antiseptic properties. This antiseptic value of sour milk and cream is believed by authorities to be the means of prolonging life among the people who use it in appreciable amounts. It is a well-established fact that the drinking of sour milk and the extensive use of sour cream has produced the longest lived people in the world.

Due to the rigid inspection of milk by public authorities one can rest assured that most of the milk delivered to homes is good safe milk. However, the length of time it stays sweet depends largely upon the care it received from the consumer.

It should be used as soon as possible after it is delivered. Today's milk is always better than yesterday's and if any is left over, that should be the milk used for cooking. If milk or cream is left in the pitcher after a meal, be careful not to mix it with the milk or cream still in the bottle. Always remember that milk and cream must be kept "cold, covered and clean." But should the milk or cream sour it is possible to cook it into many dishes that are more delicious because of the souring.

Cakes are easy to carry on a picnic or are a welcome dessert at home. The following cake recipe calls for sour cream.

Sour Cream Sugar Cake

1 cup butter
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup molasses
2 eggs
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon nutmeg

Cream butter and sugar. Add molasses and egg yolks, well beaten. Sift together dry ingredients except soda which is to be added to sour cream. Add dry ingredients and moisture alternately. Add flour, raisins and beaten egg whites. Bake 400 degrees for 35 minutes.

Soft Iceing

Boil 1 cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup sour cream, 1/4 teaspoon soda to soft ball stage. Add 1 tablespoon butter, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla. Beat until thick. Fine to frost spice cake or gingerbread.

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safety of bathers. A swimming pool well-regulated and so equipped as to furnish a supply of clear, transparent water at all times represents a greater financial outlay than an unsupervised and poorly equipped pool. The added expense necessitated by the factor of safety will prove to be a profitable investment from every standpoint.

Swimming pools are for recreational purposes and not for cleansing baths. Preliminary showers should therefore be provided and required. This precaution is necessary in order to help maintain water of a safe sanitary quality. Short of having a test of the water at the point in which you expect to swim and at a time when the bathing place is being used, there is no way of knowing definitely of the purity of the water. There are, however, a number of points of observation which will be helpful in determining the probable safety of swimming places. A water is not absolutely safe for swimming unless it is safe to drink. Therefore particular attention should be given to the location of the lake or stream with respect to drainage and the possibilities of pollution from cities, towns and cottages located on its banks. Remember that streams may be polluted by drainage from the territory through which they run. In addition to having safe water a swimmer should safeguard himself in respect to a number of other points:

Never go into deep water unless you are a good swimmer.
Do not go in bathing until one or two hours after eating.
Do not enter the water if overheated.
Do not dive into water without first determining the depth.
Leave the water as soon as you first feel chilly.

Night Falls—Death Rises

Only one-third of all traffic travels at night, but two-thirds of all fatal motor vehicle accidents occur then, says the Oregon State Motor association.

Careful Crossing Driving Needed

Automobiles struck trains through some carelessness or error of the

Do You Believe in Fortunes?

man behind the wheel in 50 per cent of all night crossing casualties, Oregon State Motor association statistics show.

Dilley Girl Injured

Arlene Wegner, 14, Dilley, was injured Tuesday afternoon when she stepped in front of a car on the highway, according to a report made by Charles Stovall, Portland, driver. He drove his car into the ditch, he said, to avoid the accident. The rear fender struck the child.

Child Death Spirals

Reversing the trend of the last 12 years, child motor vehicle death rate mounted to seven per cent in 1936, finds the Oregon State Motor association, and current indications point that this year will hold the increase.

Hang On—

"When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems as though you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide will turn."—Ex.

Repeaters Strike Often

Case histories of traffic accident "repeaters" called by the Oregon State Motor association, show that

THE upshot of it had been that Lindsley had sighed and agreed that it would be quite impossible to sit in a movie until she was finished thinking about the young manhood of Abraham Lincoln. And he had suggested the only thing possible for a gentleman. He had suggested that if there was anything he could do to help Miss Connors in her study of the young Lincoln, then he would be most happy.

But now he wasn't so sure. Now he had a suspicion that her cerulean eyes, her warm voice, had charmed him to the fatal day she had moved to Crestmont.

Prior to then he had been of the opinion that all women were not only a snare and a delusion but a darned nuisance as well. He had been urged to this opinion by his mother and his very young sister, Audrey Jane Smithson. His mother never seemed to realize that a man 18 years old—well, practically 18—had any sense of his own. And as for Audrey Jane—wherever and whenever she was concerned, Lindsley lost his power of expression.

But with the entrance of the Connors family into Crestmont Lindsley's philosophy of women had undergone a swift and startling change. Linda Connors, very definitely, had done something to Lindsley Eagles Smithson. The outward manifestations of this inner change had been quickly noted, and marked upon, by Audrey Jane.

Nevertheless, Lindsley remained constant to Linda—and the only fly in the ointment of his romance was the aforementioned Ted Davis.

PERHAPS it was the thought of Ted Davis which gave him the courage to seek the Connors home tonight to assist Linda with her paper on Lincoln.

This, he felt, was something that old Ted Davis wouldn't be able to handle. Imagine Ted Davis getting anywhere with a flock of reference books on Abraham Lincoln! But just the same, Lindsley wished that Linda would decide to take a vacation from her homework and see the midweek feature.

In the first place, the Connors home was not large, and he rather suspected that his and Linda's

indirectly by drivers who have been drinking.

Average Speed High

The average speed of 91,044 vehicles observed and checked under varying conditions on different road surfaces was 38.9 miles per hour, notes the Oregon State Motor association.

Alcohol Accidents

Although tabulations of statewide accident data for 1935 classify about seven per cent of the drivers and nine per cent of the pedestrians under the influence of liquor, or intoxicated, test analyses made by the Oregon State Motor association indicate that many more accidents are caused

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