

CARLETON'S MISTAKE

Demon of Jealousy Drove a Train Dispatcher to Risk Two Hundred Lives.

By ARTHUR OTT.

Carleton awoke with a start. It seemed that he must have overslept. Leaping from his bed he crossed to the dresser on which his watch lay, and, seeing that it was five o'clock, he heaved a sigh of relief. He was not due in the dispatcher's room until seven.

He was so wide awake, however, that he decided to dress and proceeded to do so, calling lustily for his wife meanwhile. There was no answer to the call and he shouted again. Still no answer. He sat and listened for a moment. No one was moving about the house.

Then suddenly he remembered. That morning, when he had returned from work, there had been a quarrel. As usual he had been to blame. It was his overmastering jealousy that had caused it. One of the train hands had spoken carelessly of having seen his wife and Bob Munro talking while he was on duty.

He had come home in a towering rage and had accused his wife bitterly of many things—things of which he was now sure that she was guiltless, but in his temper he was blind. Naturally she had resented his attitude and had declared that she would leave him. In his madness he had told her that he wished that she would.

And now he awoke in a deserted house. Had she really gone, he wondered. The thought sent him in a panic. In a rush of memory all her little ways, her many thoughtful tenderesses, all that she had been to him, flooded his mind.

With the utmost haste he dressed and walked through the house. It was empty. Everything was in order, everything in its place, but there was no sign of her. He sank down weakly in a chair in the kitchen.

After all, it was his own fault. He had not tried to control himself. He had acted so like a beast to her, and now—well, he would have to reap the harvest of bitterness which he had sown, and, what hurt more, she, too, would have to reap; she who was innocent.

It sent a pang through him to think that today she might even wish that she had chosen Bob Munro instead of him. Two years ago they had been rivals for her hand. Carleton, jealous of all men, was especially jealous of Munro.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him. If she had left him for good she would surely have left him some word, a note, or something. He arose, and, crossing the hallway, made his way to the parlor where she had her desk. At first he could not open it, his fingers trembled so, but at last he succeeded.

Lying on the top of her papers was a note without an envelope. He seized and eagerly unfolded it. Then he stepped back with a cry. The writing was not that of Helen; it was Bob Munro's.

Carleton read:
Dearest Helen:
Why put up with your life any longer? Why suffer as you are suffering when happiness awaits you? Come away from it all with me. We can catch the five fifty westbound, and tomorrow begin a new life in a new world. I will wait for you at the old place. Come in time.

BOB.
That was all. For a moment Carleton scarcely realized the meaning of the note. He stared at it helplessly, carefully studying the words. Like a flash their full import came to him.

Then once again his wild, passionate rage possessed him. He resolved to intercept and kill them both. The five fifty westbound! That was train No. 73. It was usually late.

He pulled his watch from his pocket. It was five fifty-five. He was too late. The train had gone. No, it might be late. There might still be a chance. Seizing his hat, he crushed it on his head, and, rushing out, ran swiftly toward the depot.

In ten minutes he had reached the station. As he darted into the waiting-room he met the division superintendent, John Gardner, who greeted him with a yelp of joy.

"By George, Carleton!" he exclaimed, "you are the very man I most need. I was going to send for you."

"Seventy-three," gasped Carleton, "has she arrived?"

"She's come and gone," answered Gardner, "right on time tonight and I want her to stay so."

Carleton leaned against the wall, weak and faint. So, after all, he was robbed of his vengeance. A sickening revulsion swept over him.

Now, what Gardner wished, he explained, was that Carleton should stand the rest of Brunt's trick as well as his own, and get seventy-three off the division on time.

The click of the telegraph instrument, a sound so familiar and homelike to his ears, restored him considerably as he entered the office. Briefly he explained to Brunt that he had come to relieve him.

Then he listened intently while the other explained the situation of the various trains. He took the book and ran over it with practiced eye.

"I guess I have everything straight now," he said at length. "You can go all right."

Suddenly the ticking of an instrument roused him. He opened the key and listened. It was the tower man at the Y crossing. He reported that seventy-three had passed on time.

Again came the call of the telegraph

instrument. Seventy-three again. She was at Sweetwater, at the foot of the grade, and her last stop before the summit. She was still on time and the conductor wanted his release. Mechanically Carleton gave it.

He was giving the orders which were permitting his wife to escape. God! how horrible it was.

Again the click, click, click of the telegraph. It was Summit calling. The fast freight waited for orders. Carleton repeated it once to himself. "The fast freight waited for orders."

Then he sprang to his feet with a great cry. God had heard his prayer and had answered it. Their lives lay in his hands. The line between Sweetwater, the station that seventy-three had just left, and Summit was a single track.

The grade was terrific. The fast freight would come down it booming. It would meet seventy-three at about Pine Tree crossing and utterly destroy it, and in the destruction the two guilty ones would perish.

With a steady hand he answered Summit, and ordered the freight to make Sweetwater at once and wait there on the siding for seventy-three. As he gave the order Gardner entered the office. He heard the signal and understood it.

"Hell," he exclaimed impatiently, "what makes seventy-three so late?" Before Carleton could prevent him he had seized the order-book and was looking over it to discover for himself what was wrong.

"Good God!" he cried excitedly, "countermand that last order. Seventy-three has left Sweetwater. They will meet on the grade."

"No," answered Carleton, rising slowly and facing him. Gardner sprang forward toward the telegraph table to send the message himself, but the other caught him by the throat. Then at last he understood the truth; he was dealing with a madman. With a great cry he tried to release himself, but he was held in a grip like a vise. Vainly he struggled to free himself. The thought of two hundred innocent souls rushing to destruction gave him an almost superhuman strength, but even that could not force the other to relax his hold.

Seeing that his efforts were useless he cried aloud for help. As he did so, Carleton drew back and struck him with all his force. Like a log he sank to the floor. Carleton stood over the prostrate form smiling happily. His revenge would be complete; and in his heart was an awful joy.

Presently he heard the door open and turned to see who was entering. Then his heart stood still and his breath left him. Helen, his wife, was crossing the threshold. He stared at her in dumb terror.

It was over then, the accident, and she had come to reproach him. He wanted to hide from her and yet he dared not turn away his head. He could only stand and gaze fascinatedly upon her. His knees trembled beneath him.

At last she spoke. "John," she said, "what is it? Why do you look at me so?"

As he heard her voice he gave a great heaving sob. She was not dead. "I've been looking all over for you," she went on. "This afternoon I left you asleep and went to make a call. When I returned you were gone."

His heart was beating with terrible violence and still he could not breathe. With difficulty he drew Munro's letter from his pocket, and handed it to her. "That letter," he murmured thickly. She glanced at it and laughed.

"That," she cried, "that was one of the letters that Bob Munro wrote me before we were married. I saved them all, but last night after you made such a fuss I resolved to burn them. I got them all out and was waiting to let you see me do it."

A great light, the light of a wonderful joy, swept over his face. He held out his arms and started toward her. Suddenly he stopped. Gardner's voice echoed through the room.

"The train, the train, for God's sake save the train!"

Carleton flung his arms above his head with a dreadful writhing gesture and sank limply into a chair.

"What have I done?" he whispered.

"You have killed them," said Gardner weakly, as he staggered to his feet; "two hundred people. You have killed them." He fell weakly on a table, his head in his arms, and sobbed like a little child.

The woman rushed to her husband's side.

"John," she said, "what is it?"

"I thought you and he were on seventy-three," he answered her dully, "and I have wrecked it."

She did not speak, but her face went very white.

Then followed silence while they waited. Presently Gardner began to pray. He stopped and there was silence again. In a little while must come the news of the disaster.

But none of them could ever forget the agony of the waiting there in that silent room, sitting in strained quiet to hear the tidings of disaster wrought by a jealous man's mad whim.

At last it came. Summit called on the telegraph. Gardner groped his way to the instrument and answered.

"Fast freight got hot-box in station," came the message; "have backed her on siding waiting for orders."

That was all—yet it meant that seventy-three was safe. With a white face Gardner turned.

"Thank God," he cried to Carleton. But the latter did not hear. He was lying on the floor in a dead faint.

Uncle Eben.

"Be patient," said Uncle Eben, "but don't mope around an' imagine you're a Job when you're only a Jonah!"

MANY KINDS OF FLOUR

PREPARED CEREALS THAT SHOULD BE BETTER KNOWN.

Rice, Cornmeal and Those Made From Dried Beans All Contain a High Amount of Nutrients—Split Pea Loaf.

The only prepared cereal with which many women are acquainted is a well-known brand of prepared barley flour which they have used in infant feeding.

But it may be interesting to know that there are a number of other excellent prepared flours on the market which are almost unknown in many of our homes. There is just as good a prepared oatmeal flour which can be used for children's gruels, for thickening soups and for invalid cookery. The usual practice now is to boil rolled oats and have all the unpleasantness of straining them, etc.; but this can all be avoided by using the prepared oatmeal flour for the purposes above stated.

Similarly, there is a rice flour, a lentil flour, a cornmeal flour, and even flours from dried beans and other legumes. These are all very excellent, because they contain a high amount of nutrients, and because in this prepared form they are far easier to use than the ordinary whole grain. Anyone who has ever eaten the Scotch "pease brose" will never forget the deliciousness that the true yellow split pea soup can give. There are also dishes possible from split peas and lentils which can be much more easily made with the prepared flours I am discussing. I was interested to learn only the other day from a well-known doctor also that there is now a prepared flour of the Chinese soy bean, which is also high in nutrients, and used extensively among the Chinese and Japanese. This makes a sweet flour, and is especially attractive made into muffins and small cakes.

Then there is also the banana flour, far too little known, which has a most delicious flavor, and which, combined with wheat flour, can be made into most attractive small cakes, muffins, biscuits, etc.

Familiar are many of the Scotch dishes, chief of which are those using yellow peas in some form. These yellow peas are known here in America, and cost about eight cents a pound. They have a large meaty value, or "protein." They can be made into a delicious soup by soaking them over night, boiling until tender, straining through a fine sieve and thickening and flavoring as desired. Or they may be made into a loaf by boiling the pulp until very thick, pressing it through a sieve and combining it with bread crumbs sufficient to hold it together. Onions, tomatoes, ham or other tasty meat can be added to the peas while boiling. The crumbs and pea soup should be well mixed, molded into a roll and laid on a buttered pan and baked in an oven for about forty minutes, basting with butter. If desired, a tomato sauce can be poured over it just before serving. Any remnants of the loaf can be shaped into cakes and fried, like potato cakes, for the following lunch: Four cupsful of peas or one pound, costing eight cents, will make an ample dish for a family of six. These peas also come in the form of a meal or fine powder resembling cornstarch, made by the Scotch into a peas pudding, or what we might call here a hot breakfast cereal. This meal can be bought at the best groceries and will form an attractive and nutritious change for a breakfast dish.—Exchange.

Marmalade Cake.

Half cupful butter, one cupful of sugar, creamed together, then add two eggs, one-half cupful sweet milk, pinch of salt and one one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, add flour to make it the right consistency, and when it is all ready to put in the pan stir in one-half teaspoonful of orange marmalade. Frost with confectioners' sugar and orange juice stirred together. This is delicious.

Pork Stew.

Use pieces of fresh pork and pieces of sweetbread—liver, heart and tongue may be included. Boil in just enough water to cook them (the pieces of meat) tender. Before done (tender) season with table salt and considerable pepper. Then let the water all boil away (evaporate), and allow the contents of dish to fry until handsomely browned.

Prepared Mustard.

Three tablespoonful ground mustard, one tablespoonful flour, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful sugar, one-third cupful boiling water, two-thirds cupful vinegar. Mix dry ingredients, pour on boiling water until a smooth paste is made. Boil until thick and add vinegar. When cold this resembles French mustard.

When Washing Curtains.

Art muslin curtains should never be washed in warm water. Make a lather with hot water, and when it is nearly cold wash the curtains. If these are green, add a little vinegar; if lilac or pink, a little ammonia.

Salt That Won't Cake.

Mix one tablespoonful of cornstarch and four tablespoonfuls of common salt until very smooth. This mixture will not cake in the salt cellars and will not blacken their silver trimmings.

CITY of the GRASSHOPPER PLAINS

FOR a city of a million and a half, Buenos Aires is fairly hard to find, writes Paul M. Hollister from the Argentine capital. We crossed a divide 11,000 feet high and a plain 600 miles wide to enjoy the sensation of arriving in this well-known Paris of South America, and it was just about as exhilarating as crossing Iowa and Illinois to reach Chicago. In fact its western suburbs are not unlike Chicago's. There are fewer tall buildings, and each dinky little stucco house is set apart from its neighbors by a wall, but when the short twilight of Wednesday evening had faded and we had recovered from the excitement of having a Bleriot and a Wright pass overhead into the sunset, we saw the lights of a real city ahead, and the station we anticipated might just as well have been the Chicago & Northwestern instead of the Buenos Aires Pacific.

The transandine trip from Chile across the Argentine is worth a word or two as a new experience in life on the road. The train over the mountains runs once a week, during the summer (it is now Indian summer, remember). Leaving Santiago at 6:30 each Monday evening, the passenger rides through Lial-Lial (a name which Hughey Jennings shouts every day from the third base coach's box) to Los Andes, arriving there three hours later. At Los Andes a satisfactory railway hotel, built of wood and equipped with plenty of running water, will do for the night, for a reasonable price. The passenger will be called early and will fight for break-

sheltering them, and lamppost islands in midstreet looked metropolitan, and plenty of electric lights, and automobiles zipping up and down on the wrong side of the street are my authority for calling it a real city. Yet this isn't the season, and the Four Hundred, or whatever is its equivalent in the metric system, is down at Mar del Plata, getting sunburned, while business goes on untroubled but somewhat less officially speedy in their absence, and the ninety-eight different trolley lines bang right on, also on the wrong side of the street, and the cigarette posters scream their message to the city-bound plebeians. Buenos Aires is not defunct yet.

Work Mostly in Afternoon. The Argentines are slow about getting to work in the morning. Ten o'clock is reasonable, and is preceded among the natives by the customary light breakfast. Breakfast at noon is a function, and a long afternoon makes a real working day last until six or later, particularly among the hides men, whose exchange does not open until four. Dinner occurs at eight, and you get to bed some time the next morning. For diversion in the evening there are three odoriferous vaudeville performances, numerous movies, and a few midnight dancing palaces where you may sit inside and drink beer and see an Argentine tango. Whichever you do, you will find the beer is excellent, thanks to German brewers in the Argentine, and the tango is very, very poor.

As for work. The commercial traveler can do no better than to present himself to the commercial attache of the department of commerce, Dr. Albert Hale, who will learn his mission and place him as soon as possible in touch with prospective customers. There are 200 North Americans working in Buenos Aires, 80 of whom are in positions of responsibility, and with some of them he can deal in his own language and his customary way. With the Argentines he will find a more tedious program of introduction and repeated interview necessary, encumbered by the medium of an interpreter if he himself does not speak Spanish, and enhanced by the pleasant relations rising from the innate courtesy of the Latin



LAS AGUAS CORRIENTES, BUENOS AIRES

fast, and the transandine train will back down to the hotel for him.

Top of the World.

The train is of narrow gauge, with regulation double seats on the right, or uphill side, and single seats on the left. We commandeered two singles. The route follows a narrowing and tortuous valley up a crazy cañon-like river, and after an hour or so begins to shun up the side of the mountain, grinding over the steeper grades by means of a rack and pinion, and puffing hard until it reaches the top of the world. The constant changes in the view make you forget your ear drums, and by noon you reach a crystalline lake on the backbone of the Andes. From there it is a smoky few minutes through a tunnel, and you notice that the uniforms of the gendarmes at the next station are different and the soil is red, and you are in the Argentine.

It is seven hours down, through two more valleys, to the plain. The mountains cease abruptly, the river the train has followed dissipates somewhere in the distance, cattle and alfalfa grow more numerous, and at 7:30 you shoot through miles of vineyards to Mendoza, the wine center of the Argentine.

From Mendoza a double track of five-feet-six gauge rides into Buenos Aires. One of its tangents is over a hundred miles long. From 9:30 Tuesday night until seven Wednesday morning we rode the plains. It is Nebraska steam-rolled smooth. The only disturbing element we saw was an occasional cassowary in the fields—according to the primer the cassowary lives in Timbuctoo, but he also follows the cattle in the great stretches of Argentine "camp."

Alfalfa and Grasshoppers.

The power of the Argentine, the element which is its salvation from war time depression, is the "camp"—the hundreds of square miles of farms. The alfalfa looked good, so did the wheat, and so did the cattle. We followed excessive rains, and there was a good deal of standing water on the ground, but the rains have not hit the crops appreciably. In one section we passed several miles of grain fields eaten bare by the grasshoppers, and the stories the Argentine estancia owners tell of the grasshoppers make

SAVING THE SOLDIER

WONDERFUL ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF MODERN SURGERY.

German System So Perfect That Deeply Wounded Men Are Restored to Service in Comparatively Short Time.

With their characteristic thoroughness the Germans have set themselves to the task of saving every wounded soldier sent back from the front who is not beyond their aid. They are accomplishing wonderful results and thousands of disabled soldiers are soon restored to health and sent back to the firing line, who might have perished miserably were it not for the scientific management of German hospital work.

There is no neglect of the wounded. From the time a man is hurt on the battlefield until he is installed in a hospital, perhaps far away from the scene of his injury, all that could possibly be done for him before he reaches the hospital has been accomplished by skilled hands and when he reaches his destination competent surgeons, who specialize in the kind of wound he has received, begin the final work of healing. Instead of being the most common operation in war surgery, amputation is not practiced now, except as the last resort. Antiseptic treatment has so minimized the danger of infection that the most desperately wounded soldiers are saved and dismissed from the hospitals with their full complement of limbs.

Not only are German surgeons doing splendid work, but American, French, English and Austrian surgeons are every day performing remarkable operations. Recently an operation was performed by Prof. Albert Tietze on a soldier who had a serious wound in his head. After a large fragment of shell had been removed the X-rays showed that a small piece of shell remained. Professor Tietze said this particle could not safely be left in the skull because it might become dislodged in future years and cause instant death.

It was suggested that a magnet be used to draw out the splinter. There was no instrument of the sort available, but engineers of the telegraphic division soon made an electro-magnet. A motor, formerly used for running a threshing machine, and a dynamo were requisitioned. The physician took an iron wand, highly polished, and connected it with a coil. The wand was inserted in the soldier's skull and the fragment of shell was easily withdrawn as it clung to the end of the iron.

Properly Named.

Not all of the good negro stories come from the South. For instance, there is the one told by John Poucher, Jr., now of Omaha, though formerly of these parts, who has been visiting his brother-in-law, "Heathen" Wood, in Louisville recently. John was a newspaper man once, but he is preaching now.

He says there is an old darkey in Omaha, who, strange as it may seem in that latitude, never was a slave. The old man does odd jobs of hauling, for which purpose he uses a gigantic mule of tremendous strength and equal deliberation and determination. One day John asked the old man the mule's name.

"Dat mule am name Co'poration," was the answer.

"What on earth ever made you give him such a name as that?" John asked.

"Jes 'cause dat am re nachel name fo' 'im," said the old man. "Dat ar mule he kin stan' mo' 'buse an' go right ahaid havin' 'is own way dan any w'ite pusson yo' eber see."—Louisville Times.

Bad Opera Kills Good Hound.

Held before a canned music machine, a big collie belonging to Miss Jane Detrick of New Market, Md., was called to dog heaven. The dog died in an hour after being forced to listen to the music. Miss Detrick had just purchased the machine and was trying it out, with a seven-dollar grand opera record, made by several great singers. She wanted her pet to hear the music and held the animal before the instrument. The dog whined piteously and finally wriggled from the arms of his mistress.

After getting loose the collie raced through the house, chewing its paw. Thinking that the dog had gone mad, Miss Detrick sent for a veterinarian, who announced that the dog, which was a high-strung animal, had died from excitement and fright.

A Sure Thing About Wives.

C. N. Niles, the Rochester aviator who captained Carranza's flying staff in Mexico, said in a New York interview:

"Successful? I should say we were successful. Aeroplanes are just as sure to be successful in warfare as wives are sure to be jealous.

"I know a Rochester man who said warmly to his wife one evening:

"I saw Mrs. Brown today. By Jingo, what a beauty! She doesn't look thirty-five, does she?"

"No, not now," his wife answered, coldly, "though I guess she did once."

Pretty Well Fixed.

"I was surprised to hear that you had married a man with no provisions for the future," said the bride's aunt.

"Oh, but we have, auntie," replied her bridelets. "We have nine cases of canned goods in the pantry."