

TEACHERS PASS EXAMINATION

List of Teachers Having Passed The Recent Teachers Examination in Polk County

Veva Burns, Zaidee Putnam, Perry Burton Arant, Pheoba Gladys Denney, Eva Clare Ritter, Martha Galbreath, Isabel Lucy Snider, Almeida J. Fuller, John R. Bidgood, A. Leona Agee, Lloyd H. Mallicoat, Edna S. Morrison, Mrs. Ethel Lucas Stow, Mrs. Mary Slagel Palmer, Fay Henson, Ruth V. Campbell, Fairy L. Neal, Mrs. Minnie H. Beckett, Norma Holman, Ida A. Anderson, Oak D. Wood, Mrs. Maud V. Halvorsen, Doris Marie Ball, Mrs. Emeline A. Thompson, Nellie Marie Allen, Cora M. Smith and H. H. Parsons.

The following teachers, who are non-residents of Polk county but were attending school in Monmouth, wrote in the examination and were successful:

T. C. Young, Crete Mildred Childers, Edna Dare Pierce, Velma M. Cook, Grace Elizabeth Walker, Merle Mandane Cellers, Nora Agnes Myers, Agnes Ella Weatherson, Eva Clark, Margaret M. Stonebrink, Gussie Stadden, Lucy Kopan, Myrtle E. Loy, Loreta V. Cornelius, Vesta D. Cutsforth, Edna G. Stephens, Zena Houser, Noah A. Cramer, Jessie L. Turnidge, Cynthia Seovell, Orpha Jackman, Joyce Y. Atkinson, Mrs. Hazel B. Stretcher, Ruby Ellen Gard, Lena J. Gilman, Joseph M. Stretcher, Eva L. Dicken, Mabel H. Smith, Mildred E. Lewis, Minnie Robinson Allen, James R. Forsythe, Helene Knijis, Mrs. Bessie S. Matthews, Archie M. Connell, Borgny Romtvedt, Agnes Leona Robinson, Jennie Strachan, Eleanor Louise Stockton, Bernice Winifred, Janette E. Willgerodt, Mariene Flour, Ruth Elzan Elkins, Frances E. Cox, Irene Riley, Alma J. Randelin, Goldie Mary Groth, Marie L. McComb, Nora Anderson, Esther Normansen, Sarah Elizabeth Perry and Gladys Cahill.

Efficiency Tests Made

An interesting sidelight on the efficiency of the railroad man of today is afforded by the figures of Vice-President and General Manager W. R. Scott of the Southern Pacific on the efficiency tests made during the last three years. Out of 74,116 checks on the observance of operating rules by trainmen and engineers on the Pacific System there were but few cases wherein the signal was not respected—a percentage of 99.83, perfect.

These tests are one of the biggest factors in the railroad's protection of the life and limb of the traveling public. By them, officials are enabled to detect the careless man and, in their opinion the man who is careless is not the man to be entrusted with any share of the responsibility of safely transporting passengers from one part of the country to the other.

The tests are made by division superintendents and their respective staffs and under conditions that exist in everyday service. The feature of them, however, is that they reveal a remarkable degree of efficiency on the part of the railroad employe, something that is reflected in the great record made by the American roads in their safety first campaigns. The frequency of the checks made on the heed of danger signals only serves to emphasize the capability of the men. There are twenty-two tests in all and each official making it is re-

quired to keep an accurate record of the checks on individual employes. He fills out a blank showing the date, time, location and train and engine number; the name of the conductor and engineer and the kind of check made. The Southern Pacific was the first railroad to keep an accurate file of the individual records, and these have played the important part in the promotion of the deserving. "This record speaks worlds for the capability and efficiency on the part of the employes of the company," says Vice-President Scott, "and it was this efficiency on the part of the employes of the Company that enabled the Southern Pacific to win the Harriman memorial medal."

With Flying Colors

The Incident That Ended His Period of Probation.

By CLARICE ENGLE

A man picked his way slowly along the sun baked trail that led westward to Taggart across the desert. It was high noon and the day had been hot and dry and the man's throat was parched with thirst. This did not tend to lessen his ferocious aspect nor to soften the anger that glowed in his eyes. It was all due to his visit that morning to the little ranch a few miles behind, for there he had met with the first failure in his life. He had proposed and been rejected.

It was not Bill Warren's nature to be balked by anything. He usually carried matters his own way and with a high hand, as a result of which he was looked upon as a sort of local "bad man." But this cognomen was applied to him only by people who did not know Bill. In reality no better nor kinder natured man than he ever rode into Taggart.

But Sue Patterson was one of those who were not intimately acquainted with Warren, and this assertiveness she looked upon as something evil. Therefore, although otherwise she liked Warren better than any other of her admirers, she felt that she was acting quite right when she rejected his offer of marriage.

All the consolation that she had given him in answer to his earnest pleading was that she would put him on an indefinite probation and if he came through it with flying colors why—she would think about it.

All of which Warren took too literally, and he thought that she had spoken thus only to soften her refusal. He became angry at the thought of it.

"She don't care nothin' fer me," he muttered savagely, "an' I know why. It's all along of that sneakin' coyote, Ralph Henderson. Been to Frisco an' seen a few things an' comes out here to lord it over us. I know the brand. She's plumb loco over the cuss, too, an' he ain't no man. No," he finished spitefully, "he ain't no man."

He rode on across the desert in a sort of dulled consciousness, with his hat pulled well down over his eyes. At length, toward the middle of the afternoon, he came into the foothills. Before him lay the Tooth of Time, the largest mountain in that vicinity. Beyond it, ten miles to the westward, was Taggart. This necessitated his taking the trail that wound round the slope of the mountain. This trail was hardly more than a well trodden footpath and was only wide enough to permit a single rider upon it. One side of it sloped up at an angle of almost eighty degrees. The other formed the side of a precipice that dropped 200 feet to the sandy ravine below.

As he rode over the trail, lost in thought, Warren was dead to external sounds. He did not notice the fidgeting of his horse nor its frightened whinnies. He had no intimation whatever that any one was approaching along the trail from

the opposite direction. And yet not a hundred feet ahead of him a horse and rider were rounding the curve of the mountain. Neither noticed the other until they were fifty feet apart. Then by some strange intuition both raised their heads. Recognition was mutual and instantaneous, for the man ahead of Warren was Ralph Henderson.

The faces of both men paled with fear. Not in years had two men met on that narrow trail, and it seemed some strange intervention of destiny that it should be Warren and Henderson. While the face of the cattleman grew anxious, that of Henderson became quickly overshot with a crafty cunning.

"Hello!" he drawled pleasantly.

"Hello!" muttered Warren nervously.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" the city man continued. "It looks as if you'd have to go back."

"Not by a — sight!" snapped Warren. "There's no turning about for either of us. We'll have to manage to pass each other. The place seems pretty wide here."

"Flip a coin for the inner side," suggested the other, suddenly reaching a hand into his pocket.

"Right," agreed Warren. "but let's have a look at it first."

Henderson's face turned scarlet and he stayed his hand. "I declare, I'm all out of coin," he rattled sheepishly.

"Here's an eagle," replied Warren, with narrow eyes. "Heave her up! Heads I pass on the inside, tails I pass on the outside."

He tossed the coin to Henderson as he spoke, who, pale faced and hesitating, fumbled with it a moment and let it fly up into the air with a twirl of a veteran trickster. It fell down on the trail at their feet, ringing out clear and cold.

"Tails!" cried the city man, overcome with excitement. His face resumed something of its natural color and the old craftiness stole into his eyes.

Warren accepted his fate nonchalantly, although he knew that it might mean death for him. There was one thing about it, however, that galled him. He well knew that Henderson was on his way to the Patterson ranch, and it came to him as a rather bitter thought that he might have to play the martyr and sacrifice his own life in order that the man could do so. But without a word he pressed his pony's ribs with his heels and rode forward.

Henderson had drawn his horse as close as he could against the side of the mountain, but he seemed overtaken by fits of nervousness, for the reins shook in his hands and the color came and went in his dark cheeks.

The ledge where Warren would have to pass Henderson was somewhat wider than the rest of the trail, and he rode forward light hearted and confident that he would easily accomplish it. But just as he brushed against the side of Henderson the latter suddenly drove his spurs with great force against his horse's ribs. With a snort of terror the animal plunged madly forward, dislodging the other horse and rider and sending them hurtling down and over the edge of the precipice. Then he went careening down the slope.

The breath went out of Warren as soon as he felt himself falling, and under the sickening sensation that ensued he lost consciousness. A stinging pain in his leg finally awoke him, bruised and bleeding, he now sat up and gazed about him. He had landed in the branches of a tree that jutted out from the slope of the mountain. Down below on the sand he could see the form of his horse, dead as a stone.

The first thing Warren did was to swear. Then he looked to his leg. It had been broken just below the knee. As he started to wrap his handkerchief about it he heard a sound from above. Over the rim of the precipice a bushy head was peering.

"Hello!" it called. "Kin ye manage of I send down a rope?"

"Sure," Warren yelled back.

A minute later the end of a lariat came whirling down through space. Warren caught it, made it fast about his body, and then, clinging to it with both hands ordered the man above to hoist away. A few moments later he crawled up over the ledge and lay panting for breath at old Jem Patterson's feet.

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"I seen the hull thing, Bill," began the latter as he undid the rope about the man's body. "Henderson will swing for this or I'll shoot him on sight. I was comin' along a mite behind him an' I seen him jab the buckskin and then scoot." But Warren was unconscious before the man finished speaking, and Patterson lifted him up on his pony after great difficulty and started down the trail for home.

When Warren next regained consciousness he was lying on a bed in a dimly lighted room. Soft hands were bandaging his head and soothing words fell from the lips of their owner. Warren opened his eyes and took in the situation at a glance.

"Sue," he demanded fiercely, "has that skunk been here?"

"Sh!" she murmured, touching a finger to his lips. "He has not been here. Evidently he has skipped the country. Father has told me all about it—the honorable way in which you acted and Henderson's treachery. You have indeed behaved splendidly."

"Sue!" cried the man eagerly, starting up.

"Be quiet!" she admonished smilingly. Then she added, "Your probation is over, and you have come through it nobly."

And then Warren claimed his own.

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