

THE RACE AT DEVIL'S KNUCKLES

By JAMES O. FAGAN

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THOUGH Joe Sanborn, otherwise California Joe, was known by name and reputation to every gold digger in South Africa during the early seventies, yet there was one side to his character that was not fully appreciated until some time after his arrival at Pilgrim's Rest—his devotion to the "Stars and Stripes."

Pilgrim's Rest, with its population of one thousand whites, half British subjects and perhaps a hundred Americans, is situated about one hundred and fifty miles northwest from Delagoa bay, and as you approach the place from the Transvaal side, you notice the wagon road before you winds up a very precipitous and rocky hill to a plateau above, on which the flagpole, the courthouse and the post office were at that time located.

There are four distinct breaks or horizontal ridges on the face of this hill, and the particular piece of ground from the plain below to the plateau above was known as the Devil's Knuckles. Now, from the fact that every pound of provisions had to be hauled up this four-ribbed precipice, it is easy to understand that the diggers took considerable interest in the Devil's Knuckles.

At that time it was not known with any degree of certainty whether Pilgrim's Rest belonged to the Boers, the Portuguese or the British, and to settle the question forever the British residents got together and put up a flagstaff. But before they had time to hoist their flag the Irish contingent appeared upon the scene, and as those who did not want to start a row were in the majority, the flagpole remained unadorned.

It was then that the American colony suddenly became aware that it had a country, too, which was "some potatoes." Forthwith its representative—California Joe—noticed the holiday committee of Diggers' day, the one day in the year which had been chosen for a general jollification at the fields, that it would be a good idea to hoist the Stars and Stripes on the aforementioned British flagpole on that day, leaving the pole at the service of the other nations for the rest of the year.

But as unanimous consent could not be obtained to this proposition, the diggers' committee finally decided upon a novel competition to settle the flag-raising question. The rival nations were severally invited to enter a span of oxen and wagon in a hill-climbing contest up the Devil's Knuckles, to be held on the morning of Diggers' day.

By six o'clock on the morning of that day fifty fifteen hundred diggers and friends from Mac-Mac, Leydenburg, and surrounding places, as well as two or three thousands Kaffirs, were spread out over the Knuckles, anxiously awaiting for the first span to start.

It was calculated that nine-tenths of the diggers in Pilgrim's Rest had wagered every ounce of gold dust in their possession on their favorite span, and consequently it was a very noisy and excited crowd.

Five span of oxen were entered in the contest, and in drawing for the rotation in starting, the Americans took the last place.

The first on the list was the German entry, a heavy, deep-chested and powerful span of Basuto cattle, twenty-four in number. They crested the first Knuckle in three minutes and fifteen seconds, the second in six minutes and twenty seconds, the third in eleven minutes and fifty-two seconds, and crossed the line at the top in an even sixteen minutes, beating the record for the climb by a few seconds.

Then the Irish span of Natal oxen went up in gallant style and beat the Germans by twenty seconds. The Boer span of long-horned Cape steers then tried it, but couldn't stand the pace, and blew down completely before reaching the top.

Next in order came the British string. This was a magnificent span of white bellies, driven by a veteran transport rider, a Scotchman named McIntosh. After the grandest kind of a drive, which was finished amid a pandemonium of noise and excitement, they succeeded in tying the Irishmen to the splitting of a second.

Finally the great loaded buck wagon was again run down to the foot of the hill, and the American string of twenty-eight coal-black Zulu steers was quickly lined up and slipped under the yokes. Then the driver of the team, a giant Kaffir, bearing the name of Ajax and conceded to be the cleverest whip in all South Africa, had a conference with California Joe.

"Look here, boss," said the Kaffir, "in my country at every festival the cattle are driven past the witch doctors and the head doctor points his finger at a steer and yells, 'Bulala,' which means kill. Immediately the people take up the cry of 'Bulala,' and make a rush for the doomed animal, and the cattle, understanding only too well the meaning of that dreadful yell, break in headlong flight out of the kraal, in a mad stampede for liberty. Now, boss, when we get started up that last Knuckle—"

California Joe understood, and just then a rifle shot, which was the signal for starting, rang through the air, and the American string of short-limbed Zulus made a brisk start for the first Knuckle. Singling out the hasty steers by name and commanding them in a

voice that sounded like a low growl to take it easy, Ajax very coolly surmounted the first Knuckle—beaten by every span in the contest.

The result was highly disappointing to the Americans, but the grin on the good-natured face of the giant Ajax widened a full inch. Clipping a few seconds off the regulation breathing spell, he started his string for the second Knuckle, and now moved the length of his span, emitting a strange, sound like the buzzing of a wasp, while overhead his forty-foot lash was screaming and whistling like a nor-wester through the rigging of a ship.

Passing over the second Knuckle, the American string was still thirty seconds to the bad, but Ajax now woke up. With a yell that brought the crowd on the hills to their feet, he launched his steers at the third Knuckle. His whip rang and whined and zipped through the air. In passionate human-like tones it coaxed, it implored, it threatened, and now and then culminated in a fearful crack that could be heard a mile away.

Under this heroic treatment, through a cloud of dust that half buried them, yet with a line as straight as an arrow, the American string cleared the third Knuckle, now only four seconds to the bad.

They were at last within cheering distance of the top, and that grin, stretching from ear to ear on the face of Ajax, indicated that something was about to happen. It came like a clap of thunder, a prolonged yell of "Bulala!" from the lusty throats of the whole American colony and the hundreds of friendly Kaffirs lined up on either side, and like a squadron of cavalry the terrified oxen rushed at the fourth and last Devil's Knuckle.

Every pinch of gold dust in Pilgrim's Rest, more than half the real property of that mining camp, such as stores, and the majority of claims of the adjacent country, hung in the balance, liable to change hands in the twinkling of an eye.

The voice of Ajax could be distinguished amid the din, encouraging his string in thunder-like tones, and now, suddenly passing with a rush from the rear to the head of his column of plowing, foam-flanked oxen, he fired a final volley of deafening cracks and led the way over the line in a whirlwind finish, a victor by a margin of three seconds.

So the Stars and Stripes waved for one day from the British flagpole at Pilgrim's Rest, and when the flag was taken down Pilgrim's Rest followed it. California Joe took possession of the stores which he had won on the race and moved them a mile and a half down the creek, where the American claims were located, and his countrymen, conforming to his patriotic example, straightway removed all the buildings that they had won—which comprised almost the whole of Pilgrim's Rest—to the same locality.

The post office went also, for it had been wagered and lost on the great race at Devil's Knuckles.

So not only did the string of little coal-black Zulu steers, driven by the giant Ajax, hoist the Stars and Stripes over Pilgrim's Rest, but also drew Pilgrim's Rest after the American flag into American-ruled territory.

Healthy Dinners Stick to "Corned Beef and"

Corned beef and cabbage—the "Red Mike and Violets" of culinary commerce—have led all other dishes in popular favor, as ascertained in a poll conducted by the United Restaurant Owners' association. The inseparable pair—closer than the Siamese twins, Scylla and Charybdis, or "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci"—have tallied more than 23,000 votes in a total of 180,000, beating that old standby, the vegetable dinner, by 5,000 votes and leaving ham and eggs far in the rear, observes the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A fledgling journalist asked George W. Stevens, the war correspondent, what to write about. "Tell them what you had for breakfast," answered the veteran. He knew that the one tongue-loosening touch of nature, after the weather, is food. Provide better sauerkraut or planked shad, pretzels or shortcake, catfish and waffles or scrapple or cheesecake, and the world beats a pathway to your door. What makes the big killing at our annual flower mart? Not the roses, geraniums and zinnias, but the hot dogs.

The A. E. F. in France said little about making the world safe for democracy and much about the pies and crullers of God's country. It planned the sumptuous eats it would have when it halted the Statue of Liberty against the emblem of its crusade and found the truth of the adage that an army marches on its stomach—and the other apothegm about the way to a man's heart.

Set a man down to a meal of the things he likes if you would make him sign on the dotted line for an Easter hat or any other concession. But it must be borne in mind that one man's ambrosia is another's anathema. Although corned beef and cabbage got 23,000 votes, it might be spurned by gourmets of pickled walnuts, epicures of caviare, gastronomes of shrimp salad or pigs' knuckles. Our former connoisseurs of vintage are now more critical of viands than they were when a beverage might obliterate a culinary failure.

Dress Ages Quickly

Mrs. A.—Does your husband like antiques?
Mrs. B.—Well, he pretends to be struck on my old hats and gowns whenever I talk of buying new ones.—Boston Transcript.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

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"The world is wide,
Both time and tide
And God is guide—
Then do not hurry."

"That man is blest
Who does his best
And leaves the rest—
Then do not worry."

EVERYDAY GOOD THINGS

We all enjoy an occasional unusual dish, but the most of humanity like common things well cooked; if we can be ingenious enough to serve and garnish them that they appear unusual, the more honor to the cook.

Boiled Dinner.

A well-seasoned kettle of boiled dinner is a dish fit to set before the king or queen either. As tastes vary so in regard to flavors, one must use judgment in cooking a boiled dinner. One New England housewife, famous for her cooking, never prepared a boiled dinner without slipping in a salt sack of beans—the cranberry variety—to serve with the dinner. They are so well seasoned with the vegetables and meat that they are especially tasty.

The kind of meat one likes with a boiled dinner will determine the flavor of the whole. Most people like a nice fat piece of corn beef together with a good-sized piece of fresh pork, fat and lean; others prefer salt pork or pigs' feet with salt pork. At any rate enough meat of whatever kind should be started to cook an hour or two before the vegetables are added; this gives a quantity of broth all flavored ready to begin seasoning the vegetables as soon as they are put in. Cabbage, rutabagas, carrots, parsnips, onions and beets cooked by themselves are added to the platter when serving.

Suet Pudding.—Take one cupful of suet, molasses and sour milk, three and one-half cupfuls of flour, two eggs and one cupful of dried fruit. Add a teaspoonful of soda and spices to taste. Steam two hours and serve with:

Egg Sauce.—Beat two eggs until light, add one cupful of powdered sugar, a teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon extract and three tablespoonfuls of any fruit juice to suit the taste. Beat up and serve with any steamed pudding.

Beet Relish.—This may be made any time when fresh beets are good. To one quart of chopped beets which have been cooked until tender, add one quart of chopped cabbage, one cupful of grated horseradish, one cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, and salt to taste; cover with cold vinegar.

Food for Everybody.

Use the whole wheat right from the granary when obtainable. Wash it, soak it over night, then cook on the back part of the range all day if necessary, or until it becomes a soft gelatinous mass. A fireless cooker is a fine place to cook food which needs long, slow cooking. This wheat when served with a little hot milk is the best possible food for the youngsters just going to school. Kept in a cool place the wheat may be served two or three times a week and children like it once they have eaten it.

This is the season when stamened puddings and rich sauces are more frequently used. The following is a simple pudding and easy to prepare:

Suet Pudding.—Take three cupfuls of bread, one cupful each of sugar and suet, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, the same of cloves; one cupful each of raisins and milk. Mix thoroughly, adding a bit of grated orange peel and a little grated nutmeg. Steam three hours. Serve with:

Pudding Sauce.—Mix one tablespoonful of flour with one cupful of sugar, add a little cold water, then one cupful of boiling water; cook five minutes, add one-half teaspoonful of grated lemon rind, one teaspoonful of lemon extract, one-fourth teaspoonful of nutmegs, ten drops of ginger or half a teaspoonful of dry ginger, pour over one-half cupful of creamed butter.

Graham Pudding.—Beat one egg, add three-fourths of a cupful of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cupful of graham flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half cupful of molasses and one cupful of raisins. Steam two and one-half hours. For the sauce beat the yolks of two eggs, add one-half cupful of sugar, heat in a double boiler; when sugar is dissolved add the beaten whites and serve.

Luncheon Dish.—A few cans of sardines on hand will be found a help in an emergency. For a nice supper or luncheon dish, heat the sardines in a hot frying pan and serve on buttered toast. Serve with raw chopped onion for a relish.

A huge platter of boiled dinner artistically arranged as to color, is an ornament to any dinner table.

Neelie Maxwell

Newest Hats Are of Medium Size

The tradition held to by ladies of an earlier day that the bonnet and the boot gave tone and style to the costume is equally applicable to these times. A modification of the severe cloche, writes a fashion correspondent in the New York Times, has been gradually becoming apparent and many of the new hats are fashioned to show something of the hair. They are turned back from the face, or rolled at one side, though all of the shapes are still worn low on the head. Some of the handsomest hats, in both the stiff and the draped models, show the influence of old styles such as the picture hats taken from old masters' portraits of great ladies. The genuine Gainsborough, though, has not yet made its appearance, and from present indications its return is a long way off. But the new hats follow more generous, graceful lines. The most marked compromise of the present season is the hat of medium size with more trimming than any have lately shown. The hat with larger crown and fuller arrangement of drapery is welcomed by many women on whom the tiny tight shapes are trying.

Some of the dresy new hats are distinctly reminiscent of the Charlotte Corday, the Directoire, the early English poke bonnet and other historic shapes. But they are cleverly adapted to the mode of the hour and show a tendency toward individuality for which the best designers strive.

The cloche has not disappeared altogether, though its form is modified. It still represents simplicity itself, but with variants that make for grace and beauty. The small tailored or semi-tailored hat remains the correct hat for day-time dress, for street wear, sports and even for afternoon dress. In a somewhat softer treatment. All of the prominent milliners present the small hat. Monsieur Guy, Reboux, Agnes have done some charming things this season, notwithstanding the limitations to a style of such extreme simplicity.

Changes in Shapes.

Most of the models are felt, beaver or some sort of cloth. The material is not inexpensive, since it must be of a quality to stand the cut edge. The changes in shape are marked. The inverted kettle, which the original cloche resembled, is seen no more. Instead, there is a model with a crown like that of a man's silk hat and a little brim gently rolled at one side. Another model that is especially popular among younger women has an oval, ribbed crown looking much like a football and a narrow flange that turns back from the face. A crease across the crown, a slight fold in the material or a slash in the brim with two ends finished at the back, are among the slight touches that vary the latest models of the best Paris houses.

The season has brought out some conspicuous styles. Some of the smart milliners have gone in for exceedingly eccentric things. Reboux, Maria Guy, Camille Rogers, Charlotte Hennard and Monsieur Guy and Levis have made some strikingly original hats with success, conforming, to some de-

of gilt lace with cloth or velours in a semi-tailored shape bearing the label of a recognized authority in millinery designing.

Ensemble Idea in Millinery.

The ensemble idea in millinery is most attractive. A strictly tailored hat, Empire in feeling, of Oxford gray beaver is matched by a collar of the same material. The hat comes well over the eyes and is set at the angle at which men's hats are worn. The collar, straight, detached and high enough to cover the ears, is shaped like a cravat, and drawn through a loop at one side. This comes from Franklin Guy. Another, the creator



Turban That is a Perfect Complement to Smart Afternoon Costume, Expressed in Matters' Plush.

of which is not revealed, is done in Scotch plaid. The hat is one of those melon or football shapes with a flange of cloth matching the red of the plaid turning back flat against the high-ribbed crown. A straight scarf, like a muffler, is made of the plaid wool. Pretty turbans of metallic brocade or plain silk in lovely colors are sold with scarfs of the same fabric. In some of these decorative ensembles fur is added to the scarf ends. From an important Parisian house has been received a toque of gold lame and Russian sable with a scarf of the sable in diagonal stripes, faced with lame.

Colonial buckles always were and always will be stylish. But each season witnesses some slight change in their size or shape. During the season squares, ovals and ovals will vie with one another for first place. After all, the selection of one of them should depend solely on the type of foot of the wearer. It is only natural that these three types of buckles should give a different aspect to the shoe. The square buckles are solid, whereas the ovals and ovals are more often seen with open centers, with or without center bars.

Quite popular in Paris just now as a jewelry "novelty" are those little enamel perfume balls (made like tiny censers) on a fine gold or platinum chain that were first seen in America about 1916. The call for them has had plenty of time to die out meanwhile and will probably reawaken with intensity. Paris has also suddenly taken to wearing pearl necklaces, both real and imitation, hanging down the back.

Modified Evening Gowns.

A compromise has been reached in regard to the modern fondness for undress evening clothes. The new "backless" evening gowns are not really backless at all. They have flesh-colored chiffon shoulders, or backs to the waist, where the colored material of the gown begins. They are much more nude in effect than the real décolleté. The one great advantage, however, is that whereas few backs are really beautiful enough to wear a waist-cut gown, even the skinniest back looks well under a veil of pale-pink chiffon.

The fashionable long sleeve solves many difficulties. The smartest little frocks are being exhibited by all the fine lingerie shops, in the thickest and warmest of crepe de chine, with regular Sarah Bernhardt sleeves, coming down to the hand. In white, cream, pale pink, blue and mauve. They are the most enchanting things, elaborate with drawwork, tucks and hemstitching. There is very little embroidery and flares are giving place to plaits. On the Riviera these frocks will be worn often with fur coats. Shoes and stockings will be light.

The latest stockings to startle the French capital have an insert up the front shaped like the old lace ones in which our mothers used to rejoice, of heavy embroidery, in colors and gold. It is a fashion that requires fine ankles, and as that is a thing very few French women have, it is unlikely to spread to any great extent.

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

PERCY'S COMPLEX

PERCY was laboring under an inferiority complex of an acute character. In other days, before the Freudian theories and vernacular were generally broadcasted, he would have been termed shy or bashful by the flappers of his acquaintance, his father would have denominated him lazy, his boy friends would have accused him of being yellow or gutless, and his mother would have bought him a bottle of bitters or a spring tonic. In these days of garterless socks and advanced scientific theories, Percy, as I have said was suffering from an acute inferiority complex.

Percy was sure that no one loved him. If you had told him that he did not amount to anything and that he never would, he would have admitted the charge without comment or argument.

He was having trouble with his studies when he first came within range of my vision—algebra it was, I believe, or possibly it was Latin. Whatever it was, Percy was determined that he could not do it, which is the same as being determined that he would not. Whenever a boy, or a man for that matter, makes up his mind that he cannot do some simple thing that has to be done, even if it's only fixing the furnace or mowing the lawn, or putting a fresh washer on the leaky kitchen faucet, you can be sure that it won't be done. At any rate, Percy flunked the subject that he had made up his mind he couldn't do, as happens in all such cases. When anyone admits failure, trust him to flunk.

He didn't get on well with the girls. When a girl came around, he blushed scarlet, settled back into a corner, and shut up like a clam.

It was not long before the boys began to pick on Percy, to rag him and give him the raspberries whenever he came in sight. Percy was as strong as an ox. He could have made sausage meat out of any two of the fellows who were turning life into a little hell for him.

"Why don't you mop the ground up with them?" I asked him one day when he had been especially hectorated.

"Do you think I could?"

"I'm sure of it." And he did. For the first time he realized his strength and freed himself from his complex. He is, in fact, quite the boy now. He plays on the football team, and goes with the girls, and passes his studies, and sometimes sits in the front row at a show. Even father, who is the doubter of the family, thinks maybe Percy will amount to something yet, and Percy himself has been heard to say that when he gets into business they want to watch his dust.

VACATIONS

NANCY and I were going on a vacation, and, as usual, it was necessary to take an early morning train. We got to bed in season so as to have the proper amount of sleep before rising, but I was a little nervous lest we oversleep, so, I lay awake most of the night listening to the clock, only to fall into a sound sleep from which I was roused barely in time to get into my clothes before the taxi man rang the bell.

The depot was full of people going off on their vacations as we were; the train was two hours late—I might just as well have had my usual morning snooze.

I found an unoccupied seat on the train for Nancy when it arrived, and stretched out to drop off to sleep. Then the newsboy began to call his wares in most insistent tones. I would drop off to sleep when he would come in bawling out a new ware and waken me.

The room to which I was assigned at the hotel was a little box lighted by one small window that admitted the blazing sun but seemed to let in no air. It contained a chair, a small mirror, a packing box, curtained and covered with a towel in place of a washstand, and a bed. It was the bed that stirred most thought in my mind. It was a ramshackle affair, full of strange curves and of curious outlines. The mattress was stuffed with an irregular hard substance that gathered in lumps and bunches which worked themselves into my tender flesh. The springs were as sway-back as a broken-down horse and threw me into a half sitting, half reclining position that was neither sitting up nor lying down and left me uncertain as to my position in life.

We had the usual round of watching the boats come in, of lying on the sand and getting sunburned, of reading light literature under the poplar trees on the beach, of playing in the water twice a day, and of seeing who could swim out to the second sandbar. The two weeks came to an end. We took our dirty, dinky little train again and ultimately the taxi landed us at our own front yard. It seemed good to get home. The place never looked more attractive to me. We had an appetizing little supper and then very early I went up to bed.

How pleasant the bed felt; how quiet the house sounded; the soft breeze stole in from the south and fanned me into the sweetest, soundest sleep I had had since I had been away.

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