

A STORY FOR SPARE MOMENTS

Turning the Trick at 10-Mile

"EVENING, Mike," said Big Bill, the broad-shouldered throttle-puller, as he rode easy with that plumbago or there abouts as any brass trimmin's left on this old Baldwin Hog.

The great big genial engineer climbed into the cab and Mike, his model fireman, continued shining up the brass and steel of the engine with "dope." Big Bill, awaiting orders, sat idly looking out the window at Mike Brandish.

"You'll be settin' promoted one of these days, Mike, if you nurse this old engine," said Big Bill, as he glanced at the old fellow, who was going to get my clearance papers "I'm through to super of the division, be-cause of me," said Mike Brandish emphatically.

Number 28, the fast "night line" on the C. & D. pulled out of her station that night. Everything was running smooth, for Big Bill and Mike were part of a picked crew and they loved every nut and piston in their engine. The engine was a curried valuable express and Number 28 carried valuable express and mail. She was the star train of the line, making a run of which any train crew might be proud.

While they were stopping at the first station Mike leaned over to Big Bill and said, "I'll be glad when we get through the Ten-Mile. It's too black for comfort tonight."

The Ten-Mile was a stretch of road through dense timber, a beat devil even by the old trackwalker who lived in a hut by the road and made the walk daily, carefully inspecting each rail and bolt. Spring freshets sometimes washed away the rails in most unexpected places. The roadwork on the track was often littered with debris.

"I'll make the Ten Mile in twelve minutes tonight," replied Big Bill.

"If nothin' happens you will," responded Mike.

They glided over a four-mile stretch, and suddenly nosed their way through the great forests, growing thick on both sides of the road bed.

Suddenly Mike, who was leaning out of the cab cried, "Bill, ain't that a light?"

"I was just wonderin'! It's too far ahead!" cried Big Bill, turning to find Mike right beside him, his voice seeming far off from the engine's roar.

Mike returned to his watch, and Big Bill strained his eyes until they watered, watching a glinting speck in the distance.

The light moved just beyond a gentle curve. He realized that the light was red, and his hand gripped the throttle tight.

"There's no bridge an' no water near here," he cried to Mike, slowing down. "It must be old Solomon, he's found a 'cross the track or somethin'." cried Mike nervously.

Number 28 was coming to a stop and Big Bill was straining his eyes ahead, gripping the throttle.

"E. peered ahead and shouted: 'Get close up by the boiler head, Mike.' The fireman obeyed quickly, picking up a big lump of coal and crouching in the steel shelter.

"Another glimmer flashed before Big Bill's eyes. He thought of the valuable express and mail.

"With a forward lurch he threw the throttle open.

"Steady, Mike!" he cried. "I'm going to run the gantlet."

As he spoke a bullet whizzed above his head, he ducked beneath his throttle. A dozen bullets whirled and flew about his head. He saw a hand on the rail beside him.

Mike leaped forward and threw the chunk of coal. The hand smashed an indicator.

"Another bullet smashed an indicator.

Number 28 had responded to the emergency and was fast leaping out of harm's way.

Big Bill sat up straight and blew out his breath.

"Lucky I didn't stop?" he cried.

"God, yes!"

"We've cleared 'em all right. Good thing you had that piece of coal. I'll be on 28 tonight."

"It was the real thing, all right. Gee! those bullets sang a regular song, didn't they?" gasped Mike.

"I bet we got a little more of them for taking 28 past those hold-up dopers," remarked Mike.

"Maybe so. But it wasn't much. The road don't thank you for doing your duty, they pay you for the eye test. Big Bill, through his shoulders and walking beside Mike to the super's office.

When they entered the "old man" stepped quickly forward and invited them into his private office.

"Bill," he said to the trusty engineer, "the road wants me to thank you for what you did in Ten-Mile. They've expressed their good wishes in tangible form."

"He placed a neat package in Big Bill's hands, and Bill, blushing like a boy, stood silent.

"Open it," suggested the super.

Big Bill's fingers nervously snapped the twine and he took out a handsome watch, a high-class railroad man's watch a thing he had long coveted.

On the back of it was engraved:

"To 'Big Bill' Tompkins for his bravery at Ten-Mile. With the best wishes of the C. & D."

When Big Bill had bashfully stamped out his thanks the super turned to Mike and said:

"You are promoted to engineer, if you can pass the eye test. You can take it this afternoon if you like, and we'll put you in on a good run."

Mike's face broke into a beam of delight. He left the office with Big Bill and both of them rushed home as fast as their legs would carry them, to tell the great good news to the loved ones at home.

The watch was a token for which a man might work a life time, and the promotion for Mike was a stroke of good luck he had only dreamed about before.

Two months later Mike Brandish made the rounds of his own engine with a shiny new oil can and poked fun at the green fireman he had been given for the local night run on which he was getting his experience.

"It was pleasant for him to rally the poor overworked fireman and tell him he'd never be able to pass the eye test for engineer; it was good fun to remind the poor coal-shovelers that to gain promotion a man must do something notable in the interest of the road; it was a knock a highwamyan off the road with a chunk of coal or something like that."

Mike took a pride in his engine and the trip. He was familiar with the stretch of road, from traveling it two years with Big Bill. One part of it was run by the old engine, and that was the Ten-Mile stretch. He could never pass the scene of the narrowly averted hold-up without a river of excitement, and though there was a new and a dangerous one, he suddenly always gave the old engine full speed ahead in passing the old landmark.

One night, just as that accustomed driver was stealing over Mike as he held his hand steadily on the throttle and rode through the Ten-Mile, he suddenly called out to his fireman, "Ain't that a light ahead?"

There was hope in his voice. He put on speed, eager to get to the scene of the possible hold-up.

"Looks red to me!" cried the fireman.

"Is red? By grave! They're there here's where I get a gold watch."

And you get promoted. Mike!

light to the throttle and slowing down gradually. He strained his eyes ahead as they neared the light swinging across the track.

"Get close in by the boiler head!" he cried, turning to his fireman with an imperious gesture.

He saw a shadowy figure ahead and then with a thrill threw the throttle wide open and ducked beneath the cab window, shouting to Mike to lay low, "while he run the gantlet."

Mike was a little bit disappointed that no bullet whizzed about his ears. But he felt the engraving on the back of the gold watch the super would hand him.

"Mike Brandish, for bravery and— it would read. Suddenly the rest became blurred.

There was a crash, a roaring in Mike's ears, and he knew no more.

Ten hours later when he came to he was lying on a cot in an emergency hospital.

"Well, where's the watch?" he asked, his mind straying.

"Lie still. You'll be all right," said a soft-handed nurse.

"Where am I? What's happened," cried Mike, trying to rise in bed.

"You're all right. You were in a rail-road accident. Be quiet, here's the doctor!"

"An accident? You mean a hold-up?" cried Mike, disregarding the pain in his leg.

"No," said the doctor, whom Mike suddenly recognized as the railroad's physician. "You ran past the engineer signal, old man. I may as well tell you. Old Solomon was walking track that night when he came across a washout. A late freshet had broken loose and carried away fourteen rails."

"Then that was Solomon signaling. I—I thought it was another hold-up," said Mike weakly, sighing to himself over the loss of the gold watch.

"Yes, the train overturned and you were the only one injured. It's only a broken leg, you'll be back in the cab in a month."

But the doctor's remark was too optimistic. When Mike was up and around he was ordered to report at the super's office, where instead of the coveted gold watch he received a severe lecture and was fined sixty days for negligence.

"A broken leg instead of a gold watch," Mike mused, as he limped homeward. "I'll have nothing to do with hold-ups after this at all."

WOMAN HOME FARM ADVISER SEES OBSTACLES TO POOR MAN'S 10 BY 12 BACK-YARD GARDEN



MRS JEAN KANE FOULKE

Mrs. Jean Kane Foulke Notes Difficulties in Way of Lowering Vegetable Cost

The inner life of the poor man's ten-by-twelve city yard does not lend itself with sweet charm to the reduction of the high cost of marketing. There are some things it is hiding beneath the top soil of its respectability; for instance, bricks. There's a skeleton in the closet—washtab and the beaten track that follows the clothe-line. There's sewer gas intricately woven in its past and—

These and many other homely truths about what can and cannot be done with the city backyard are pointed out by Mrs. Jean Kane Foulke, farm adviser of homes for the State Department of Agriculture. Mrs. Foulke emphasizes the fact that she does not in any sense mean to discourage truck gardening. Being particularly in the business of making things grow, she wishes to encourage it, but at the same time she points out "hysteria" to be guarded against on the part of the tenement dweller.

Here is the situation as summed up by Mrs. Foulke:

"I am for the vacant lot garden every minute of the day. Every man or woman who is in possession of an unused plot of ground should co-operate with the city plan and volunteer land for gardening purposes. I am strongly in favor of back yards being cultivated, with such growth as will help to fight market prices—such back yards as are suited to this cultivation are not. It isn't fair to let the mistress of a little hovel in the crowded district of the city think she can reduce the cost of living by planting seeds in the little patch of earth at her back door.

"This doesn't mean that it is foolish for persons in such districts to garden in the



THE WASHING, THE BABY AND THE CAT MUST STILL BE CONSIDERED

THE NATIVE SOIL OF CITY BACK YARDS HAS BEEN FED UP ON BRICKS AND SEWER GAS



MRS. FOULKE COMPARES TRUCK GARDENING ON THE PART OF TENEMENT DWELLERS TO HYSTERIA

back yard. It isn't. It is healthful, amusing and a civic advantage. It is cleaning up the city, but it isn't fighting the price of vegetables, for the simple reason that the things won't grow sufficiently plentiful to make one shade of difference on the cheerful side of the household budget.

"Nine-tenths of these sort of yards don't have any sun," says Mrs. Foulke, "and sun is absolutely essential for the flourishing of plants. The activities of the back of the house must still go on, even though there is a truck patch in the process of growing. There's the washing to be hung out, the baby to be wheeled around, the cat to be considered, and, above all, there's the native soil that for years back has been fed up on sewer gas, bricks and other heterogeneous fragments.

"By the time rakes, hoes and other gardening implements have been invested in, and by the time the cost of fertilizer and top soil has been added to the original first cost of seeds and young plants, etc., I am afraid the experiment may be regarded as a costly one in view of all the handicaps I have just spoken of."

Mrs. Foulke cites the cultural directions furnished by seedmen with packets of

REV. GEORGE H. BICKLEY HAS VISION IN NEW POST

Superintendent of Northwest District of Conference Big Manly Man

The new district superintendent of the Northwest district of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. Dr. George H. Bickley, who was appointed to succeed the Rev. Dr. George M. Izer at the closing session of the 130th annual session of the Philadelphia conference of that church, is a modest man.

He is a big, manly man, with dreams and visions of the big work which he says can be done in his new post, but he says he does not think they ought to be discussed until he knows more about the problems of the position to which he has been appointed.

He has been a district superintendent before—in fact, he served six years in that position for the North district of this conference, and has been out of that position but one year. For the last year he has been secretary of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension.

"The aim in adding to this district of the church is to add to the unity of the

METHODIST PASTORS PLEASED AT CHANGES

New Appointments at 130th Annual Conference Win General Approval

PROMOTIONS THE RULE

The 130th annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, just closed in this city, was a conference of promotions and smiles—not a conference of demotions and consequently there are many happy Methodist ministers today, although, of course, there are a few whose hearts are sad because they must move on to other pastures and new flocks, and they love the old place, but it is perfectly natural.

The Rev. W. E. P. Haas, who goes to the Wharton Street Memorial Church, has been at the Frankford Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church for the last nine years, and has moved but once in fourteen years, but said he was delighted with the new opportunity he has been given to render service.

PUBLICLY PRAISED

The Rev. H. K. Holtzinger, who was praised from the platform for his work with the Russians in his old pastorate at the Fifth Street Temple, is going to the Fairhill Church, Fifth and Clearfield, with a happy heart. He says the work has been dear to him, but he knows that his successor, the Rev. Paul Barton, who has been at the Snyder Avenue Church, will carry it on apace.

Both appointments are promotions. In going out of the Russian work, the Rev. Mr. Holtzinger said he wanted to say a few words of thanks to the members of the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Germantown and the City Missionary Society for the support they have given the Fifth Street Temple.

church administration," said the Rev. Dr. Bickley in speaking of the additions which have been made to the Northwest district, when telling of the work which he will do in the anthracite district, for that is the section in which much of his labor will be needed. There are thirty churches in this section. Some of the churches of the North central district have been added to the territory.

"The Rev. Dr. Bickley says he does not think it is fitting that he should try to tell of the work which he plans to do until he finds out what is most needed.

"All we want to do is to do the best we can for the Lord and His Son and establish their work and further their interests in every way possible." These are the sentiments of Philadelphia's new district superintendent of the Methodist Church.

Doctor Bickley is a Philadelphian. He was graduated from the Central High School and from the Drew Theological Seminary, and took a post-graduate course at the University of Pennsylvania. He has had charges at Wayne, Media, Somerton, Christ Church, West Philadelphia, and the Arch Street Church, at Broad and Arch streets.

One Year for Married Eloper

POTTSVILLE, Pa., March 22.—Harry Pfall, of Pottsville, who eloped with eighteen-year-old Ella Thomson, of Shenandoah, was sent to jail by the court for one year. Pfall is married.



Says Mary the Maid

"So I says to Mrs. Van Cleve, I says: 'Let's give them children something for breakfast that'll last 'em till twelve o'clock.' I says, 'Let's give 'em Cream of Barley.' And she did—and she is a sensible missus, she is. She's strong for

Be Sure to Save This Recipe Coconut Sponge Cake

- Yolks of two eggs.
1 cup of sugar, cream well, then add:
1/2 cup of coconut milk.
1/2 can of coconut.
1 cup of flour.
2 teaspoons of baking powder.
- Mix in order given, then carefully fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs; bake in tube pan, in moderate oven, 40 minutes.
- COST OF CAKE
- | | |
|--------------------|-----|
| 2 eggs | 6c |
| 1 cup of sugar | 4c |
| 1/2 can of coconut | 5c |
| 1 cup of flour | 1c |
| Baking powder | 2c |
| | 17c |
- Complete Recipe Booklet on Request

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GOLD SEAL RICE	1-lb pkg. 8c
GOLD SEAL BREAD	loaf 5c

What can you buy for five cents that is more wholesome and nourishing than a loaf of our "Gold Seal" Bread? It's a genuine heart-baked loaf of the finest quality and largest size.

4c pkg. UNEEDA BISCUIT for 3c

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1-lb. pkg. 45c
1/2-lb. package, 23c
1/4-lb. package, 12c

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We have been advising our customers for several weeks past to buy a good supply of Tea, and at our present price "Gold Seal" Tea is a very safe investment. Three kinds to choose from, Black, Mixed and Assam.

R. & C. BEST BLEND COFFEE	lb. 30c
ROBFORD BLEND COFFEE	lb. 20c

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Our Robford Blend is a Coffee of good body, excellent flavor and pleasing aroma. The housekeeper who buys Robford Blend Coffee for 20c the pound is assured the greatest coffee value offered in this city at this price.

REGINA BRAND Asparagus	large can 20c
GOLD SEAL Salmon	can 20c
Gold Seal Early June Peas	can 14c

Gold Seal is the finest grade of Red Salmon. Served cold or in croquettes it's delicious and economical.

Medium Red Salmon Half-size Flat Can, 12c

Fancy Early June Peas, tender and delicious in flavor. For this quality you would pay 16c the can elsewhere.

Robford Brand Peas, can, 12c

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