

mind been single for Rajah, as Rajah's evil mind was clear of all thought save of her. In that psychological fraction of a second when she should have pushed her advantage with eye and tongue and sheer compelling force of will, one swift thought of her old lover looking on flashed through her mind. And in that fraction of a second Rajah leaped.

But not for his pedestal. Clearing the fallen framework with one magnificent bound, he launched himself straight for the scarlet shoulders of the trainer.

She was quick, but the tiger was quicker. Swift as light she darted aside, and her whip flew out to catch the first force of the impact—else there would be no story to tell. The whip cramped the style of Rajah's leap. But one of his great paws caught in the cloth of the trainer's scarlet-coated shoulder, and the two went down together.

INSTANTLY the place was in wild uproar. Women shrieked and covered their faces. Men swore. The crowd near the cage fell over itself in its haste to get farther back. A guard rushed out and began to prod Rajah furiously, but ineffectively, through the bars with a prong on the end of a long pole. The band, which might have saved the day, forgot orders and stopped playing. The trainer man in the third row started madly for the door leading to the back of the cage, fighting his way over chairs and through the screaming, struggling crowd.

And Bill? Bill went off automatically. As the tiger sprang, he started by the shortest cut to Annie—

A foot on a bench, a strong hand on the bars, a rest for the toe of his boot on the edge of a projecting hurdle, a knee on the horizontal of the cage, a clutch on one of Rajah's high perches, a mighty pull to the top of the incurved bars, and the big lineman balanced for the drop into the arena. Down he came, like the block of a pile-driver, directly at the tiger's back. At the smashing sound, Rajah, whose nerves were in fiddlestrings at the general uproar, gave back a bit in panic; and Bill, gathering himself up from his fall, saw Annie's white face crushed against the great brute's cruel paw.

At that a perfectly uncalculating fury possessed him. Rushing on Rajah as he might on a dog that was worrying a cat, he landed a terrific kick on the tiger's nose with the toe of his heavy boot. Almost at the same instant he snatched the barbed pole from the open-mouthed guard outside the cage.

With a roar of agony, the tiger started up, loosing his hold on the girl. For the second he was too much hurt and astonished to do more than gape at his sudden assailant. Then, uttering a deep feline curse, he dashed at Bill to demolish him.

Bill shortened his weapon and stood his ground.

Meeting a grim reception at the point of the prong, Rajah retired to the sidelines to consider his injuries. His cringing manner said obsequiously: "I guess you have me floored." But Bill saw the lust of murder in his furtive eyes.

Covering the yellow brute with eye and prong, Bill began to edge, inch by inch, toward the spot where the little trainer was lying. Confused admonitions reached him from the guards, keepers, and amateurs outside the cage. The crowd apparently had recovered from its panic. Bill was conscious of excited murmurs and of a frantic banging somewhere behind the cage, and of the band, coming to its senses, feebly beginning to blare. Resolutely he shut out the sounds. Eyes and ears were for Annie and the tiger. Would the keeper never come?

Warily edging along, he at length reached Annie's side. Seizing a moment when Rajah was busy sympathizing with

his bruised nose, he stooped, snatched the limp figure from the floor, and swung it swiftly behind him, holding it with a tense left arm.

HE wasn't a second too quick—for the tiger was coming back. Stealthily now, like the big sneak he was, he came crawling, belly to the boards. His eye followed the iron point. Plainly, he was in two minds about flinging himself on that again.

Shifting the stick, and watching the beast manœvering for a chance to get past it, Bill felt a sickening doubt as to how long he could keep up a one-armed fence with the brute, burdened with the weight of an insensible girl.

He reckoned without the Signorina. His heart turned fairly over in his breast



"Me brave Annie—me brave Annie!" he whispered.

when he felt the unconscious figure shift in his grasp. Was she slipping from him? Then two arms began to steal weakly round his waist! The girl still leaned full

## Serving 100 Dinners from a 4x4 Foot Kitchen

IT is all very well for your wife to feel proud of her ability to prepare dinner for eight in that kitchenette of hers—but consider the dining-car. Its kitchen isn't nearly so large—in fact, it is nothing but a culinary cubby-hole; and yet, it is so systematic in its workings, so efficient in its broiling and baking and serving, that it can turn out each hour more than fifty elaborate meals. And the up-to-date American dining-cars, remember, for all that their kitchens are only four by four feet, with a square yard or so of pantry thrown in, must be prepared to deliver to the particular traveling public a very wide range of variety in delectable dishes. Anything from Apollinaris to champagne, from a sardine to a roast fowl, is likely to be wanted en route; so the latest type of diners must be prepared to let you run the gamut of succulency.

### The Last Word in Kitchen Efficiency

HOW the railroads of the United States serve their sixty thousand meals per day from these compact, snug little kitchens on the diners is an interesting tale. The reign of efficiency begins when the car is stocked for the day's run. The meats, for instance—it would never do to be obliged to carve portions of beef and chicken while in the rush of the meal hour. So, before the car leaves, its refrigerators are stocked with an estimated number of portions, cut according to a specified size and neatly wrapped in waxed paper. This eliminates practically all carving in the diner. Even in cutting cakes and pies efficiency holds sway. Precise instructions cover the dissection of every pan of pastry taken aboard.

In the tiny kitchen and its adjoining pantry, where the three or four chefs are

upon him, her head against his shoulder; but she would hold herself.

And more. From one nerveless hand, as it came round into Bill's range of vision, there dangled the trainer's whip.

Bill took the cue. Leaving Annie to cling as best she might, he grasped the prong in his left hand, the whip in his right, and gave it a mighty crack.

"Hup!" he ordered—as nearly in Annie's style as he could. "Hup! Hup!" then imperiously tapped it on a pedestal.

Rajah paused and looked at him in surprise. "Well, what do you know about that?" he seemed to be saying. He made a short rush at the pretender, snarling horribly.

Somehow, Bill didn't mind his snarls nearly so much as his furtive crawling. He threw every atom of command he was capable of into his voice and the stinging crack of his whip.

"I will make him mind!" was singing in his brain. "I will! I will! I will!"

Over and over again he flattered himself that Rajah was beaten. Then back he came, spitting and snarling and making ugly passes at the whip, trying to run in under Bill's guard and get at his legs.

His mechanical instinct told Bill that if once he could force Rajah to mount his pedestal with all four powerful legs bunched under him, he could risk a dash for the door of the cage; for the tiger would be in no position for an effective spring.

Over and over again, man and beast footed it round the cage, the man never quite losing the upper hand, the beast never thoroughly cowed. Big drops of perspiration began to trickle down Bill's face. His throat ached with growling out orders, his arm with the incessant snapping of the whip. He began to feel that while this might be fun for the tiger, there were limits.

Rajah, too, appeared to think it appropriate to bring things to a climax. He gathered himself for a savage rush.

Whether or not Bill's hold was weakening, the tiger got in a blow on the shaft of the stick that nearly paralyzed Bill's arm. His hideous snarling came al-

most in Bill's face. A dreadful confusion blurred his brain.

Annie! Would the brute get Annie, after all?

At that instant a streak of fire flashed out from under Bill's right elbow, along with an ear-splitting report. Annie had answered.

When Bill fairly came to from the shock, Rajah was disgustingly trying to wipe away the smoke and powder of a blank cartridge fired full in his face. He was a stunned and chastened tiger.

And now it was Annie's voice, low, throaty, weak, but incisive, that ordered "Hup!" and Annie's hands on his shoulders that drew Bill gradually backward toward the door of the cage.

But it was all she could do. Bill's foot had to give the signaling stamp, his arm the urgent crack of the whip.

Rajah swore a little, chewed on the sulphurous taste in his mouth and eyed the pedestal askance. Once more, "Hup!" cried Annie desperately. It was the last order left in her.

"Aw, well, what's the use?" snarled Rajah. And slowly, sullenly, he got up on his perch.

It was Rajah's own keeper who slid open the cage door and caught Annie as she fell. He was as white as his collar, and panting. He eyed Bill as he might a ghost.

"Thought she was gone, sure!" he gasped. "Door into the passage was locked, and it took me a week to break it in. The door guard ran away. How the devil did you get in here?"

BUT Bill had no words to waste. Jealously taking Annie's limp figure into his own arms, his eyes on the torn shoulder of her trainer's coat, he began to stride excitedly along the passage.

"Bring us to a doctor!" he demanded wildly.

And then, as the girl's eyelids began to flutter, he stooped his mouth to her ear.

"Me brave Annie—me brave Annie!" he whispered. And the girl closed her eyes again with a satisfied sigh.

busy, space is at a high premium. Charcoal broiler, ovens, and open range stove are wedged in on one side. Flanking them are heat-proof refrigerators for the perishables. Overhead the water-tanks hang low, not far from the methodically arranged china closets.

Turn about cautiously in the narrow aisle, and you find yourself facing the sinks used for dish-washing, and beside them the "kitchen table" of the diner—quite the largest expanse in the whole room; it is perhaps two feet deep and a yard and a half wide! Fruit, berries, and ice-cream, as well as a mighty store of linens, wines, and silverware, are tucked about in lockers and chests either in the pantry or in another corner of the car. While underneath, completing the scheme of extreme space economy, reserve ice supplies are stored in specially constructed bunkers.

You can't be prodigal with room when you have to serve a hundred people at a single meal.

It is part of the efficiency plan of the dining-car that only a barely sufficient supply of provisions be carried. But this does not mean that the diner ever runs out of strawberries, for instance, in the month of May. The steward in charge keeps a sharp eye on the larder, and if he thinks he will need any extra supplies he wires ahead to the diner coming toward him, or has the necessary food bought immediately at the next city and held till his arrival.

"But what if a steward finds he has an over-supply of perfectly fresh, delicious fish? Does it have to be thrown away?" you ask.

Indeed, not—and here is where one of the very cleverest efficiency ideas ever evolved comes into play. It is employed upon more than one big railroad. When

the steward sees that his delicious brook trout, say, are not being ordered very much for breakfast, he writes upon the printed luncheon menu, in attractive red or blue ink, the following magic legend:

*Special—Delicious Brook Trout, Broiled.*

The point is, of course, that the dining-car steward is enough of a psychologist to know that this will direct attention to the dish and will promptly reduce his supply. It is an extremely effective way of conducting a catering service efficiently, for it prevents the waste of perishable foods which twenty-four hours later, perhaps, the railroads would not allow to be served from their traveling restaurants. For the dining-cars, as well as the big hotels of the country, have a particularly strict sanitary code.

### The "Pantry One-Step"

THERE are other efficiency schemes that influence the contentment of the traveler who dines en route. Did you ever notice the waiters on the big Eastern roads as they hurry back and forth from the pantry to your table? They don't merely walk, nor just run—they have a sort of efficiency dance-step.

It is a fact that on one road—a road that serves some eight thousand meals a day in its hundred-odd cars—the waiters are deliberately coached in what the road officials sometimes call the "pantry one-step." It had been found that, in the rush and swirl of serving many dinners on a car traveling sixty miles an hour, the waiters could make better time and maintain a firmer balance if they employed that particular shuffle in getting around the car. It made for efficiency in the diner, and straightway it was adopted.