WOMAN'S PAGE

KEEP THEIR HATS ON

MEN SELDOM REMOVE HEADGEAR WHEN WOMEN ENTER ELEVATORS

CONFERENCE OF OPERATORS

Tribute of Politeness Gradualllly Dying Out in This City—Sterner Sex Too Busy to Pay It.

If it is impolite for a man not to take off his hat in an elevator, then must the passing of politeness be sorrowfully chronicled in St. Paul. According to a number of men who run elevators in the office buildings down town, very few St. Paul men seem to think it necessary to uncover their heads when there are women passengers in the elevator. A little incident caused the writer to investigate the matter. She stepped on board the elevator in one of the city's tallest buildings the other day. Her fellow passengers were two prosperous-looking business men, two young girls and a middle-aged woman. The men both kept their hats on their heads. In response to a ring the elevator stopped at the third floor and another passenger got on, a man of the same type as the other two, with the same air of business-like alertness. The minute he was in the car the new passenger removed his hat. The two young girls giggled, the elderly lady looked first surprised and then pleased, the two men looked just a trifle scornful. No one seemed to take the removal of the hat as a matter of course. One by one the passengers were dropped as the elevator made its rapid flight to the top story, the polite man stepping off last of all. The elevator man looked around inquiringly at his remaining passenger. It was an opening for conversation that she hastened to take advantage of, so she queried:

"Do you find that many men take off their hats in the elevators?"

"No, mum, they don't," he answered energetically. "And fewer men are doing it every year. I've been running this here elevator for five years, and when I first started in, why, it was hats off nearly all the time. But more girls kept coming down town to work and more men began to keep their hats on. Now it always seems to surprise the women folks when the men take off their hats."

Other elevator men in other buildings reported practically the same things. One added a bit of cynicism that was interesting enough to be quoted: "If there's a lady on that's mighty pretty or real swell, something uncommon, you know, why, then, hats come off quickly enough. But for the girls that work down town—well, you see, some of them is always on the elevators, so the hats are kept on. I've heard them talk about it, the men, you know. They says its drafts that make them keep on their hats, or its a foolish custom anyway, or that they might just as well keep them off in the halls as in the elevators."

Of Social Interest.

Mrs. S. E. Day, of Summit avenue, will entertain the Nathan Hale chapter, D. A. R., this afternoon. Mrs. Samuel Joy will read a paper on "Women in Revolutionary Times."

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Miss Roxana Hitchcock, of Iglehart street, gave a patriotic party Saturday evening.

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Mrs. Hutchins, of Kent street, gave a patriotic luncheon Saturday for her son, William Hutchins.

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Miss Chapman, of Holly avenue, gave an informal Washington's birthday party Saturday afternoon.

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Mrs. Al. G. Flournoy gave a card party Saturday afternoon at her home in Merriam Park. Progressive hearts was played at eight tables. Those assisting were Mrs. G. A. Thomas, of Minneapolis; Miss Trumbull, Miss Helen Goff and Mrs. H. A. Titcomb. Favors were won by Miss Bessie Currie and Miss Boeringer.

CLUBE AND CHARITIES.

The Cycle History club will meet Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith, of Summit avenue. A dinner will be followed by a reading of Shakpeare's "As You Like It." The characters will be presented, but there will be no stage settings or special costuming.

Mrs. James Goodson entertained the sewing circle of W. V. R. U. yesterday afternoon. Mrs. H. G. Ballou, of Seattle, was the guest of honor.

The ladies of the Goodrich Avenue Presbyterian church will give a social this evening in the church parlors.

The Ladies' Society of the People's Church will meet this afternoon at the home of Mrs. F. J. Watrous, 336 Pleasant avenue.

Mrs. E. W. Bennett, of Selby avenue, will entertain the Haveland Euchre club Thursday evening.

The Ladies' Social Union of St. Paul's Universalist Church will hold an all-day meeting at the home of Mrs. H. E. Lamb, on Laurel avenue, today, instead of at Mrs. Rothschild's, as was previously announced.

Constellation chapter, O. E. S., gave a dancing party last night at Masonic hall. Mrs. Homer C. Munson, worthy matron, was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Florence Andrews Clayton, Mrs. J. E. Goodman, Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Ada Iverson, Mrs. A. E. Campbell, Mrs. Greenleaf, Mrs. Grenier, Mrs. P. C. Williams, Mrs. Martha Gordon and Mrs. John Vanderbie.

Mrs. Roche, of South Exchange street, entertained sixteen members of the Endless Chain Club No. 1 at progressive euchre yesterday afternoon. The Engless Chain Club No. 2 will give a card party in Central hall Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. MacKean, of Ashland avenue, entertained the Monday circle. The subject was "China Today." Mrs. Clinton J. Backus gave a talk on the "Boxer Uprising," and Cob Mallory spoke on "The Entrance of the Allies Into Pekin." The class topic was "The Chinese Exclusion Bill."

Mrs. W. H. Mason entertained the Monday Shakspere club. Mrs. C. E. MacKean gave the topic, "The Cabinet."

Miss Elizabeth Reed, of Lincoln avenue, will entertain the Young Ladies' Euchre club this afternoon.

Rev. John Copeland, of the East Presbyterian church, entertained the Presbyterian Ministers' club last night at a vegetarian supper at the church. The ladies of the church assisted in serving the menu, which was quite elaborate. The club was addressed by Dr. Rossiter, of New York, secretary of the McAll mission in France, who gave an interesting account of his work.

PERSONAL.

Miss Lamb, of Payne avenue, is in New York.

Mrs. Alexander Barclay, of Dayton avenue, will soon leave for California, where she will spend two months.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sproat, of Dayton avenue, will leave for Eau Claire, Wis., where they will spend a week.

Mrs. William Race, of Summit avenue, will leave tomorrow for St. Louis, where she will spend the next two months.

Mrs. Edwin W. Bazille, Carroll street, is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Frank Gravelle, Duluth.

Miss Neal, Goodrich avenue, has gone to Pasedena, Cal.

Mrs. John Atkinson, Chicago, is visiting Mrs. F. E. Draper, Dayton avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Drake, Portland avenue, will leave tomorrow for Southern California.

Mrs. Andrews and Miss Andrews, of Winnipeg, Man., are guests of Mrs. J. F. George, Summit place.

Miss Helen Fredericks has returned to Red Wing, after a short visit with Miss Olice Becht, College avenue.

Dr. Auten A. Pine, Lincoln avenue, is spending a fortnight in Chicago.

Mrs. Tappy, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lightner, Summit avenue, has returned to her home at Detroit, Mich.

Benefit Concert Tonight.

The following programme will be given this evening at the benefit concert to be given at the Dayton Avenue Presbyterian church:

(a) Tom Bowling .....Adams
(b) The Owl .....Adams
The Orpheus Quartette.

Tenor—
(a) Madrigale .....Victor Harris
(b) Blackbird .....Victor Harris
Mr. Oscar Anderson.

Piano Solo—Wedding Day .....Grieg
Miss Hulda Huserman.

Soprano—For All Eternity....Mascheroni
Mrs. Nellie M. Schofield.

Violin obligato by Harry Dorr.

A Play (in five acts)—"The Tale of a Dog" .....Mr. Hugo Lutgens

Violin—
(a) Berceuse from "Jocelyn".....Godard
(b) Serenade .....Pierni
Mr. Harry Dorr.

Piano Solo—Titania .....Lefebvre-Wely
Miss Hulda Husehman.

Soprano—Nirvana .....Adams
Mrs. E. Payson Smith.

(a) "Annie Laurie" .....Buck
(b) "Hannah."
The Orpheus Quartette.

Recitation—"Tabitha Tubbs."
Mr. Hugo Lutzen.

Mr. Rosenberger and Mrs. Russell Dorr accompanists.

Dr. Rossiter Will Lecture.

Rev. S. B. Rossiter, of New York, secretary of the McAll mission in France, will lecture on his work this afternoon in the House of Hope church. His subject will be "The White Fields of France Growing Whiter."

EARNING ONE'S LIVING.

"If you are suddenly compelled to and earning your own living don't try choose between going to the poorhouse to be a Patti if you have a voice like a tin whistle. Don't aspire to be a high school teacher, either, when you don't know a noun from a verb. Take something you can do."

The trim little person who gave this advice smoothed down her white apron and cast an intelligent glance at the gas range, says the Sun. She ought to be well upon the subject if anyone is. A few years ago she woke up one morning to find herself a widow, penniless, and with a small daughter to support.

"I lost everything I had at one fell swoop," she explained. "I had two or three hundred dollars instead of thousands. Then I cast my mind about for something to do.

"I began at the top. It is a favorite delusion of reduced gentlewomen that they can begin at the top. I thought I would teach, and I took the teachers' examination.

"Well, that one day, before a wooden desk, with those cold-blooded questions before me, and my brain in a hopeless muddle, gave me a conception of my ignorance that has kept me humble ever since. Then I thought I'd be a governess, but the field seemed to be entirely usurped by mademoiselles and fraulein, or enterprising college girls, whose degree was a kind of talisman. The salary, too, was nothing at all.

"Then someone reminded me that I used to sing before I was married, and I betook myself to a choirmaster, who told me gently, but firmly, that my voice was only ornamental and my knowledge of technique execrable. That was why I spoke so feelingly about would-be Pattis.

"By that time my pride had had so many falls that it didn't trouble me any more. So my next experiment was selling books. I held out just a week.

"Next I took up typewriting. Finally I got a place at $6 a week. The man I worked for was simply an angel, or he never would have put up with me. By the end of the month I was fully convinced that I was a failure at it. But I didn't know which way to turn.

"When I was at the lowest notch of discouragement the clue came. One day a friend who had been my standby all through was telling me about a luncheon she wanted to give.

"'I wish I could have some of your salted almonds on it,' she said.

"We both jumped.

"'Why not?' she exclaimed.

"'Why not?' I echoed. 'It's the one thing I can do well.'

"That was the beginning of it all. This good friend of mine spread my fame among her friends, and other orders followed her's. She finally induced the head of her grocery firm to test the nuts, and he was so pleased that he at once gave me a large order. They sold as well as he expected, and he offered me a steady contract.

"The demand for my wares has grown constantly, and now behold me in an apartment of my own, with two assistants, and just as much work as we three can manage."

A CHANGE OF MENU.

The palate tires of the rich, heavy dishes that were so attractive during the early winter months, and one longs instinctively for the greens and the lighter meats of the early spring. In place of the leg of mutton, roasted or boiled, try for a change a crown roast. The butcher will prepare this choice piece for you, and to you remains the pleasant duty of seeing that it is beautifully browned and properly served. The meat when roasted resembles, as the name indicates, a crown. Place it on a meat dish and fill in the center with green peas, then garnish the outside with parsley. Serve with this delicious roast baked sweet potatoes and a dish of well cooked rice. For dessert serve some dainty pudding, made of a gelatine, and the dinner will be a most attractive one.

In passing through the market a few days ago I noticed some fine calf's heads, and was tempted to purchase one. From this head a most delicious pot of soup was made (enough to last my family of five for two days), and from the meat that was left from the head was made a dish of scallope, which proved very tempting, especially to the men of the house. The brains were carefully blanched, then parbolled and dipped in egg and bread crumbs and fried in boiling lard. The tongue was bolled, then skinned, and when cold was thinly sliced. Four entirely different dishes were made from this one head, and each one was most enthusiastically received by the family. It was a most delicious change from the heavy dishes and was very economical, although calf's head is generally looked upon as expensive.

For a breakfast dish there is nothing more delicious than a fine fat kippered herring, nicely broiled. These fish weigh from a pound to a pound and a quarter, and cost from 15 to 20 cents apiece. Serve with them some lyonnaise potatoes and a cup of good coffee, and you will have a breakfast fit for a king. Lettuce should be freely used at this season, and will prove a most healthful addition to the daily menu. The desserts should be as light as possible, and fruit should take the place of the heavier desserts. Nuts and raisins are very tasty when served with a rather heavy dinner, and especially when cafe noir is to follow. Regulate the table according to the season and the health of the household will be greatly improved.

IN THE SHOPS.

Those gray linens for rather heavy suitings are charming. There is always more style in a dull tone than in light colors. One of these gray linens is made up into a beautiful frock. The material is not so heavy but that the waist can be made entirely of narrow tucks running lengthwise. There is a short vest, pointed at the neck, of a heavy linen lace, of which the stock is also formed. Turning back from this point of lace in front are lapels of white studded with French knots in black. The waist, which opens below the lapels at the side, has a narrow band of white, with more of the black French knots carried to the waist line. The skirt is simple, fitting the figure in the upper part and flaring into a shaped flounce at the lower edge. This flounce is made of tucks running around the skirt, the top of it undulates, and is finished with a piping of the white.

Here is an attractive ribbon for the neck. It is of black velvet, satin faced with white. It is put around the neck or the collar support of whatever kind is used, with the white side out, and the ribbon is wide enough to cover the support and make a sufficiently high stock. In bringing it around from the back of the neck the black velvet is out and is turned to make the bow into which it is tied white, the black ends are then carried down several inches and knotted once with the white side out, and from there the black ends hang. It is very pretty.

Something a little different in those linen turnovers or stock protectors which one sees everywhere now is a scallope edge embroidered in white, with the pattern inside in designs of roses, violets, forget-me-nots—any pretty flower, worked in the natural colors with the color of the foliage. These collars, stamped ready for work, cost 5 cents each.

With gowns which are trimmed with black and white, black jet buttons are used to fasten straps in place and for other useful and ornamental purposes.

Jeweled trimmings are among the most beautiful of the season. These come in a heavy, large, square-meshed linen lace, and upon this are set the jewels. The effect is charming. There are not the startling combinations to be seen in some things, but one color will be seen, perhaps imitation coral of a deep pink shade, and with this lines of jet, or it may that there is turquois set upon the lace, and with this also the lines of jet beads, with results that are rich and really beautiful.

Wide ribbons of sash widths which will be pretty for trimming simple hats, particularly children's hats, and for sashes, come in gauze plaided with satin stripes in different colors to give a genuine plaid effect.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

The latest chiffon veils have hemstitched borders one inch wide.

Some of the new belts fasten in the back with ribbons through loops of steel.

The most effective collar for wear with the flannel waist is one of the same material.

Valuable linens that are not in use should at least once a year be washed, thoroughly dried and refolded.

If coffee is spilled on linen the stains can be removed by soaking the part in clear cold water, to which a little borax has been added, for twelve hours.

Don't scrub your refrigerator with warm water. When necessary sponge it out quickly with two ounces of formaldehyde in two quarts of cold water.

When ironing starched clothes with fringe take a basin of rather hot water, dip in the fringe, wring dry and shake. The fringe will then be ready to iron and will require no combing.

To set delicate colors in fancy work, place a flannel bag full of bran in a basin of boiling water, allowing it to remain there until the water is cold, then wash the article gently in it with curd soap and rinse quickly.

To clean black woolen dresses add a tablespoonful each of powdered borax and ammonia to half a gallon of warm water. Dip a piece of black in this and go over the dress carefully. Rinse and then fold evenly while still wet and wrap it in a cloth. Press on the wrong side with a hot iron before the material dries.

Since ermine is so fashionable and is so liable to soil, a hint how to restore its purity may be of use. Provide yourself with a pad of soft new white flannel. Place the fur on a table and rub with warm bran, very slightly moistened with water into which have been place a few drops of ammonia. Rub until the bran dries. Then tie up some magnesia in very fine white muslin, rub over the fur and polish with the pad. Any white fur, it is claimed, can be cleaned in a similar manner.

Debutantes' Whims.

A reporter in loitering about the debutante ranks of the year happened on some interesting facts lately. One of these girls, dark-eyed and serene, attributes the rose flush which is seldom absent from her cheeks to the disuse of coffee and the habit of deep breathing. Another, whose chief beauty is her carriage, followed for two years the classic practice of walking her room with a pitcher of water balanced on her head. Still another, whose foot is lovely enough to have been modeled by a sculptor connection who is now in Rome, never wears anything except ooze kid, which chiropodists consider the best thing for the feet. These are fitted exactly to the pretty foot, and such a thing as a corn, a bunion or an aching joint is unknown to her.

Haven for Widows and Spinsters.

Washington is the haven for widows and spinsters. Every boarding house and hotel in the city harbors them. "Don't come here until you have given up marrying, my dear," said a woman of seventy. "It is a poor place for finding eligible husbands, but when you are old enough to care more for being comfortable and for entertainment of a mild sort than for anything else on earth, you will find Washington congenial." The woman with small means can live better in the capital city than in any other. There are small hotels in decent neighborhoods especially adapted to her requirements. The table d'hote is no worse than elsewhere, there are plenty of colored boys to run errands and answer her calls, and there is society in the drawing rooms and corridors to occupy her vacant hours. A corps of women present themselves at stated hours to minister to her bodily comforts. There is one to shampoo her hair, another to give her facial massage, another for the manicure process and one to administer electricity to tone her up for her busy life. This is all within the possibility of the woman of small means, for these treatments may be had for 25 cents each, those who give them making up for the small charge by giving many in the same house.

MENU FOR WEDNESDAY.

BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Hominy. Cream and Sugar.
Rolls. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Fried Mush.
Brown Bread. Celery.
Cocoa.

DINNER.
Okra Soup.
Boiled Beef. Mashed Potatoes.
Brussels Sprouts. Lettuce.
Lemon Jelly.
Wafers. Coffee. Cheese.

COULDN'T LOSE UMBRELLA.

"Did you ever try to lose an umbrella?" asked a smiling Brooklyn girl of a man who made occasional pilgrimages from Manhattan.

"I've lost more than one without trying," said he, "and, if I remember, someone lost the one I am carrying now."

"Well, it is not as easy as you would think," she began. "Sister and I tried it the other day."

"If you have umbrellas to throw away —" interrupted the man.

"If you'll be patient a minute, I'll tell you about it. It was raining when we started over to New York for a shopping trip, but there was every indication that the weather would clear, so we took a worn and battered umbrella, intending to throw it away.

"The sun was out by the time we reached the first store on our list. While waiting for change, sister leaned the umbrella up against the counter and we walked toward the door, talking earnestly. We were almost out when a little cash boy came running after us.

"'Hi, ladies, you've lost your sunshade!' he cried, and he was such a nice little boy that I gave him a dime. Sister simply glared at him.

"We lunched at a restaurant, taking pains to deposit the umbrella on the floor, where it seemed to be out of sight. The place was well filled, and it took us some time to reach the door. There a smiling waiter overtook us. He had the horrid umbrella under his arm. Sister paid the tip this time, and reluctantly took the umbrella that would not get lost.

"We tried it twice more in New York, and failed utterly. As a last attempt we left it in the street car, although we might as well have carried it home. We stood on the corner and watched the car bearing it away. We sighed with relief at a great burden lifted. We sighed too soon, however, for half way down the block the car stopped and the obliging conductor raced back with it. I'm afraid we did not thank him. It's out in the hall now, waiting for someone to walk off with it."

"Why don't you try to lose a new one?" asked the man. "You won't find it hard." —New York Tribune.

Beauty's Blood Deep

How untrue the old adage "Beauty's Skin Deep." How many women of beautiful features marred by impure blood try in vain to get a pure complexion by doctoring the skin. The quickest, surest, only way to beauty is to cleanse the blood.

"I have been taking Cascarets for pimples and have been greatly benefited." —Miss Gertrude Grant, Cambridge, Mass.

"I am very well pleased with Cascarets. They are fine for the complexion." —Miss Catherine C. Coffman, S. English, Ia.

"Cascarets will clear the complexion of boils, pimples and blackheads caused by impure blood." —A. E. Griffin, M. D., Stubblefield, Texas.

"Cascarets have done a great deal of good for me and for all our family." —Miss Florence Cook, Webster City, Ia.

"I must add my testimonial to your valuable medicine Cascarets for stomach trouble." —Irene Ackermain (famous singer), 20 West Fifteenth Street, New York.

"I was suffering with sick headaches a great deal, but after taking a box of Cascarets, am entirely cured." —Miss Clara Stimmel, 229 So. Sandusky Street, Delaware Ohio.

"Cascarets did me a world of good. My liver was in bad condition for some time and one box cured me." —Miss Mabel Allen, Clare, Michigan.

How many, many young women are anaemic, pale, sickly-looking, perhaps with pimples on face and neck, owing to poor, unhealthy blood. Perhaps womanhood is approaching, that serious time of life when irregularities are liable to break down a constitution. The first rule for purifying and enriching the blood is to keep the bowels free and natural, gently but positively, without nervous shock, and Cascarets Candy Cathartic is the only medicine to do it.

Cascarets Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York. 506

ORANGE CAKES. BAKED CUSTARD.

For the small cakes, sift two level teaspoons of baking powder with one cup of flour, add one-quarter cup of milk, the yolk of one egg, two tablespoons of melted butter and one level tablespoon of sugar. Form small balls of the mixture and place on a buttered sheet some distance apart. Press each ball with a baking powder tin until a thin cookie is formed, spread thinly with orange marmalade and bake. Beat the white of the egg until stiff; add one tablespoon of powdered sugar and a few drops of lemon flavoring. After the cakes are partially cool, put a spoonful of the meringue on each cake and set in a slow oven for ten minutes to brown.

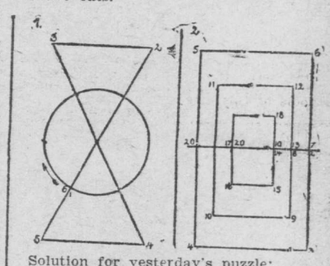
Many cooks believe that a baked custard must be served in the baking dish or cup, and they never attempt to unmold it. This can be done easily if the mold is buttered before the custard is poured in. If the molds are small the usual proportion of eggs is sufficient, but if large it is well to add one more egg to a quart of milk.

Scald one pint of milk and pour over three beaten eggs, beaten with one-quarter cup of sugar, one-quarter level teaspoon of salt and one-half teaspoon of flavoring. Strain into buttered mold holding one and one-half pints, set in a pan of hot water in a moderate oven. Bake slowly until firm, then unmold on to a dish for serving.

—Alice E. Whitaker.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

Blot out the lines not wanted and outline two cats.



Solution for yesterday's puzzle: Start at No. 1 in each sketch and draw to No. 2, 3, 4, etc., etc.

The Globe's Daily Short Story

Ted's Night on Guard.

By ELLIOTT FLOWER.

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The express box was to be left in Ted's charge. To be sure, the conductor spoke in a half jocular way when he said so, but Ted had no well developed sense of humor, and, besides, it did not seem to him to be a time for joking.

Only a few minutes before his father, John Sanderson, had been standing beside the track waiting for the through express to pass; now, unconscious and badly injured, he was on one of the only two cars left on the rails. From some unknown cause the baggage car had left the track, and all but the last two sleepers had piled on top of it. Sanderson had been near enough to get caught in the wreckage, and, with the others who had been injured, was to be taken back to division headquarters to receive attention, a sidetrack enabling the engine to pass the wreck and get the undamaged cars.

No time was lost after the accident. The conductor telegraphed to hold all trains coming from either direction, the express box and such of the baggage as could be easily reached were transferred to the freight house adjoining the station of Morgan's Siding, and word was given to start. Had not the express messenger been probably fatally hurt he doubtless would have refused to leave his iron box; as it was, he had nothing to say about it, and the conductor was principally interested in getting the injured to a place where they could receive proper treatment and in clearing the way for the wrecking train.

"I make you guard, Johnny," he said to the boy as he was about to leave. "You've got a gun, and if anybody tries to touch that iron box just shoot him. The wrecking train'll be along pretty soon with somebody to take charge of all this stuff."

Of course, he did not expect the boy to be disturbed. Morgan's Siding was a way station, three miles from the nearest village, and, except during the summer, when farm produce and stock were shipped from it, it was practically ignored by all trains. Now it was deserted by all but Ted, who dared not leave to tell his mother of the accident until the express box had been consigned to the care of someone else. He was a serious, sturdy, self-reliant lad, and were it not for the injury to his father, his feeling would have been solely of pride in the responsibility thus thrust upon him. He had longed to be treated as a man, and now this treatment was accorded him—he was given a man's task. So he gripped his only personal possession—a small repeating rifle that his father had taught him how to use—and sat down in the gathering dusk to wait. He had the Western boy's confidence in himself and his gun.

Darkness fell fast, but he was not troubled except for his father. He was accustomed to being alone; his had been a lonely life. The sound of hoofs on the hard ground did not seriously disturb him, although he moved closer to the door of the freight house, as he awaited the approach of the horseman. It proved to be one of the town boys, who had galloped out to tell him that the conductor's admonition had been overheard by one of the loafers attracted from the town by the wreck, and that, upon his report, several lawless characters had decided to appropriate the contents of the express box.

"Better mosey out o' here," cautioned the boy. "You know what 'Big Tom' is, an' he's leadin' the crowd. 'Taint healthy to get in his way."

Ted knew "Big Tom" as a desperate fellow with an unsavory record, but the warning only made him the more determined to stick to his post. As soon as the messenger had departed, he lighted a lantern and, pushing open the sliding door of the freighthouse, investigated the interior. It was a long, narrow building, with only one door and no windows. Boxes and trunks were lying about promiscuously, the express box being near the back wall. Above and behind this, resting on a large, empty packing box, was a huge engine headlight that had been left there several months before. As his eyes rested on this, he recalled how the headlight of an approaching engine always blinded him and made it impossible to see what lay behind it.

"If I can see them an' they can't see me," he thought, "I guess I can make some trouble for 'em."

He climbed up to the headlight and investigated. There was oil in it, and he lit it. The effect was all that he had anticipated. Standing in the doorway he could see nothing; standing at either side of the light and a little behind it he could see through the door and a considerable distance down the track. He cleaned the glass with an old rag, hung a mat over the light, closed the freighthouse door, and then settled himself behind the express box, with his rifle resting on the top of it and a corner of the mat within easy reach.

It seemed to him as if he had waited there three or four hours, but it probably was not longer than thirty minutes before he heard voices. Outside the sky was overcast and the darkness was intense, but it was as nothing compared with the darkness of the interior of the building. There it was so oppressive as to seem to have weight, and it was actually a relief to him to hear even unfriendly voices.

"Kid's gone home, I guess," one of the men suggested. "Too lonely for him there, even if the conductor did tell him to stay. Wonder if the door's locked."

There was a shuffling of feet outside, and then Ted heard the door creak as if some one began to slide it back. In an instant he had pulled the mat from the headlight, but the men were clear of the opening before he could level his rifle.

"D'ye suppose it's the kid in there?" a voice asked anxiously after a pause.

"Kid, nothing!" was the reply, and the tone told Ted that "Big Tom" was the speaker. "Where'd the kid get such a light as that? But we kin 'rush' him, whoever he is, an' we jest got to have that box. Come back here out o' the way for a minute."

In the oppressive silence that followed Ted just watched the door, which had been opened only a few inches and now stood out plainly in the glare of the headlight. Suddenly he saw the fingers of a hand creep round the edge of it, and he fired—not at the hand, but at that part of the door he thought must shelter the owner of the hand. A cry and a curse told him that he had made a good guess. After that there was silence again until he saw the crook of a stick catch the edge of the door, and in an instant it was yanked open and the light streamed out into the night, making a broad path in which everything was visible.

"An' now it's open," some one said, "who's going in?"

"Not me," asserted another voice. "I've got a hole in my arm for my share now. The feller in there's too good a shot."

In spite of his nerve-trying predicament, Ted's heart swelled with pride at these words. To his mind, there could be no higher compliment paid a human being.

The men retired a short distance, and Ted strained his eyes for a glimpse of anyone who should get within that illuminated streak, no matter how far back from the door. He was rewarded presently by seeing a man crawl into it on his stomach, evidently intending to get a shot at the light itself, and he fired again. The man half arose, then dropped to the ground and rolled into the darkness.

"We'll have to make a rush for it!" cried 'Big Tom,' impatiently. "We ain't got time to fool. If anybody's afraid, let him git out, an' the rest of you come here to me. No risk, no gain! We got to chance it."

Ted took a shot at one man who rushed across the stream of light, but missed him. Then he gritted his teeth and waited for the charge.

What happened in the few minutes following was only a confused memory to him afterward. It was evident, however, that, while his attention was distracted by the expected onslaught, someone farther back from the door succeeded in getting in line with the headlight, for there was a sudden report, a crash of glass, and all was darkness. At the same moment he heard the whistle of an approaching locomotive. Then there was a rush and he pumped away with his little repeating rifle in the direction of the door—blindly, madly, wildly.

The next thing he knew he was lying in the waiting room of the little station with a crowd of railroad men around him. He had faitned.

"Did they get it?" he asked anxiously.

"Hardly," answered one of the road officials who had come with the wrecking train; "but you got three of them—one with a fractured arm, one with a bullet through his thigh and one with a wound in the shoulder."

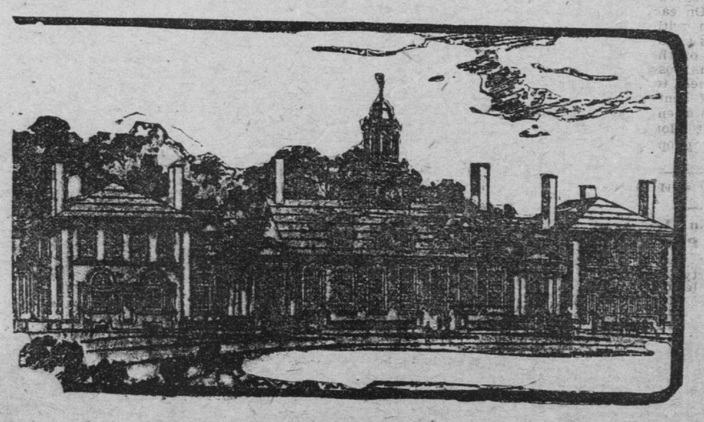
He sat up and reached for his rifle, to make sure no harm had come to it.

"Pretty good, wasn't it—for a boy?" he suggested, doubtfully.

"For a boy!" was the reply. "Why, no man could have done it better."

Ted beamed with gratification. No man could do it better! Why, then, did they talk of any further reward?

"That's enough for me," he said.



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