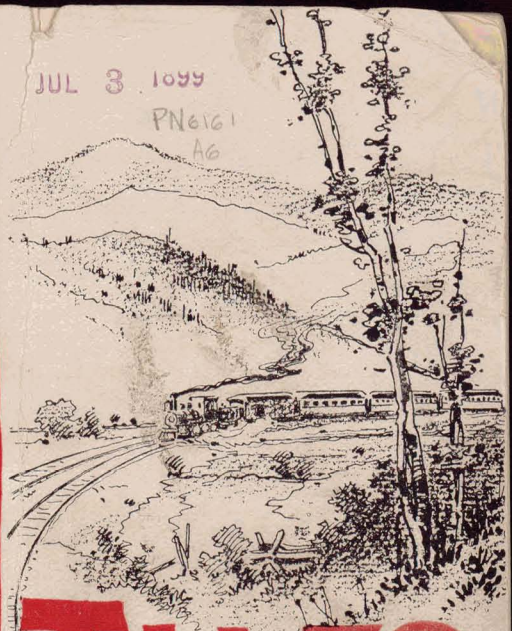


TALES OF THE RAIL

BY

OTHELLO F. ANDREWS

A FEW

Tales of the Rail

AND OTHER TALES

BY

OTHELLO F. ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATED

To the 800,000 quick-witted, intelligent, typical Americans, whose brain and brawn watch over our commerce, guard us safely on journeys of pleasure and sorrow, through darkness and light, sunshine and storm, and whose judgment and hardihood have turned barren wastes into gardens and pushed the heralder of civilization and prosperity, the iron horse, into every nook and corner of our great country.

ALL THE WORLD'S A-MOVING.

Don't Overlook the First One.

Ever fascinating is the subject of free transportation and the corporation lawyer told a new one.

"When I was a young man," said he, "I was a printer, which means that I was a traveler. I had come up to Rockford from a town in the central part of the state to collect a bill from a man who had moved from my town to Rockford. When I reached the latter place I found my man all right, but he was broke. My journey to Rockford had broken me also and with nothing but promises from my debtor I was at the end of my string. The man who owed me said he had heard the Dubuque Herald wanted printers and if I would go there I might get a job. I was of the same opinion, but how was I to get to Dubuque?

"An idea struck me. I would make a bold move. I boarded the evening train for Dubuque without ticket or money, but with a nice collection of lies. When the conductor came along I told him I was a typesetter on the Dubuque Herald, that I had come to Rockford on business and while there was robbed of my railroad ticket and all my money, and that if he would carry me to Dubuque I was sure the paper would fix things up.

" 'Is that so?' said the conductor politely, after listening to my story. 'The editor of the Dubuque Herald is on this train in the next car. Come back with me, and if he says it is all right I'll carry you.'

"My heart sank, for I knew it was all up with me. The editor would quickly unmask me and I would be put off the train. But I was in for it, and, assuming a pleased air, I accompanied him to the other car. I knew the ordeal would not last long, and I was anxious to have it over.

" 'This gentleman says he is an employe of your paper, has lost his ticket and wants to get to Dubuque,' said the conductor to the editor.

" 'Oh, yes, he is one of our men. It's all right,' replied the man, whom I had never seen before. My mind became confused. I was trying to cipher out whether the man had suddenly become insane or was a mind reader and had delved into my situation.

"The editor invited me to share his seat. After the conductor departed we drifted in conversation. We talked of the weather, the crops, of politics, of everything but the Dubuque Herald.

"Just before we got to Dubuque my curiosity over the motive for my rescuer's strange actions got the better of me. 'While I fully appreciate your kindness in helping me out in this matter,' I said to him, 'I would like to know what prompted you to recognize in me, a man you had never seen, an employe of your paper. Why, I'm not a printer on the Dubuque Herald.'

" 'Well, I'm not the editor of the Dubuque Herald,' replied my benefactor, with a grin and a nudge. 'I am riding on the editor's pass.' "

Just Outside the City.

You know him, with his childlike countenance, his bundles and packages, his careless dress and his unshaven face. That is, you know him if you live in a big city or if you happen to be one of him.

You cannot mistake Mr. Suburbanite; you cannot get him mixed with any other class. He has a mark on him that is ineffaceable, a stamp, that when once acquired sticks like the skin on his face. Like many other features in connection with the railroads of this country, he is an American product, and one of the most peculiar of all the products. The real estate boomer, probably, is responsible for his birth. But he seemed to take easily to the soil and his growth has been magical.

The more you see of these urban cave-dwellers the more you become interested in them. They are a psychological and economic study.

The suburbanite sometimes comes from the city under the fascinating inducement of "fresh air and room." In these he is never disappointed. Fresh air he gets in mile square installments for about thirteen months out of the year, and there is usually plenty of room for the wind. If the city man is strong enough mentally and physically to withstand the rigors of the suburb for

a year or two his fate is sealed. He is conscious that he has dropped into an awful rut, that he lives within sight of the promised land, feels in his bones that he is rusting to pieces. But the hypnotic spell seems to hold him fast.

Oftener the suburbanite is not a city man, has never fully tasted the joys of metropolitan life. He has come from some country town and tries to continue his quiet life while he derives the benefits of the city. For these there is no hope. They never will become metropolitanized.

If the suburbanite is in a new town he usually lives in a new house, and for which he is usually paying on the installment plan. This forces him to practice economy to a point where economy begets dullness. The fascinating banner, "own your own home," does its work well, and many a moribund suburbanite, deep in the meshes of a colorless existence, owes his condition to those four talismanic words. Fifteen or twenty years are consumed in paying for his little spot of earth and his few feet of lumber, and then he is ready to enjoy the front porch of his "own home" for the few remaining years of his life.

The sun, the moon and the stars are no more regular in their movements than is this semi-ruralite. For six months of the year he shovels snow, the other six months he cuts grass and enjoys the fresh air between cuts. He is the soul of punctuality, the greatest living example of method. His rising and going to bed hour does not vary ten seconds the year round. He consumes exactly the same number of minutes for breakfast, allows himself the same number of minutes to reach the train,

takes the same number of steps when he leaves his house for the train, and runs the same distance before he gets to it. He takes the same train, occupies the same seat and unfolds his paper at the same minute every morning. If he be of the installment class, with malice aforethought he reads just one-half of the paper going in, reserving the other half for the home-coming journey, for he buys but the one paper a day. His quiet, inconspicuous, humdrum life has made him careless of his personal appearance. Fashion has long since distanced him. He never patronizes a barber, and once or twice a week is as often as he uses a razor. On great occasions he will disorganize himself for months by spending an evening in the city. For weeks previous to the break of spring he haunts the cheap department stores for bargains in garden tools. For the corresponding period previous to snowfall he goes through the same performance looking for snow shovels, coal hods and other winter implements.

In politics he is submissively passive, allowing the few bolder ones to fix the assessments and send him the bills. Sundays, if religiously inclined, he goes to church in the morning and exercises the babies in the afternoon. Every Saturday he thanks God that the next day is Sunday.

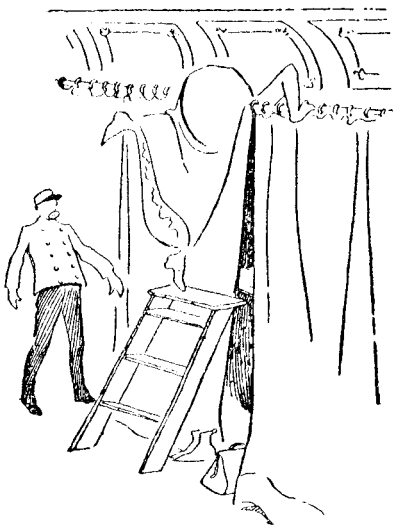
Peace be with the Suburbanite.

One of Those Sleeping Car Yarns.

Many amusing incidents always accompany the summer Niagara Falls excursion.

It was one of these monster affairs—ten cars long—that was delivered to the Michigan Central by a connecting road running up from Indiana. The passengers were of the raw, blue jeans type, many of whom were crossing the border of their state for the first time, and the few who patronized the sleepers were getting their first taste of Wagner luxuries. As the shades of night began to fall the thoughts of the tired sightseers naturally turned to sleep. In the rear sleeper was an elderly farmer and his wife hailing from one of the interior counties. They were the first in the car to request the porter to arrange their bed, so they could "turn in." They had an upper berth, and it was made up for them without delay. Then the porter fetched the ladder, and before he had time to take it away his attention was called to the other end of the car. Just as he turned his back the farmer's wife, with the alertness of a gymnast, and to the amazement of the other passengers in the car, ran up the ladder, climbed over the curtain pole and

dropped into the berth like a hunted fawn, and when the porter returned the old man was preparing to go through the same performance. The negro intercepted him before he had completed his giant swing, and, gracefully parting the curtains, showed the mystified tiller of the soil that there was an easier way of getting into the berth than by way of the roof, over which information the old



"SHE CLIMBED OVER THE CURTAIN POLE."

man smiled and said he wondered why Martha had not thought of splitting the curtains.

The train, which was running special and making few stops, had not gone far after this little incident when the train gave a slight lurch, as if the air had been suddenly applied. The conductor gave little attention to this, but he had hardly dismissed it from his mind when there was another lurch. The trainman was then con-

vinced that somebody was meddling with the air brake cord, which runs along the roof of the car. The conductor and brakeman then started an investigation. They climbed step-ladders at either end of the car and began to look for the cause of the trouble. The brakeman had scarcely reached the top of the ladder when he discovered the leak. The old couple who had scaled the curtain pole to get into their berth had mistaken the air brake cord for a clothes line and had hung all of their wearing apparel, including boots and shoes, on it. The weight of the clothing had stretched the cord so as to set the air brakes. Just as the plot had been discovered the old lady threw her "shape" over the line. This broke the camel's back. The air hissed, the brakes set like a vise and the train was brought to a dead standstill.

After the cord was unloaded the ancient couple were told of their mistake. The rustic load was landed at the Falls in the morning and the conductor breathed a sigh of relief.

On the Avenue.

The horsecar was jogging lazily up a fashionable north side avenue a midsummer's afternoon. The conductor yawned as he leaned against the handle of the brake. He seemed half asleep and entirely in harmony with the plodding horses, the unconscious appearing driver and the antiquated old car.

One of the women passengers was nearing her street, but at every step toward her destination the conductor seemed to look farther in the other direction.

On and on went the car, and on and on went the conductor's gaze to the outside world. The woman became desperate and reached for the cord just as the conductor did.

If there is any one thing that will throw a woman into a spasm of excitement it is to think that the car is going to carry her a block by.

She was about to jump off before the car stopped, when the conductor awoke from his lethargy and yelped:

"Why in hell don't you wait till the car stops?"

Such language was a stranger on the avenue line, but the conductor saw a damage suit ahead and forgot himself.

Next day she called on the superintendent of the company.

"I wish to complain of the way one of your conductors insulted me yesterday afternoon as I was getting off the car."

"What did he say or do, madam?" said the street car official.

"Well, he used language that no gentleman, much less any lady, would repeat."

"Well, what did he say?"

"I would not repeat the words," answered the complainant.

"I don't see what I can do unless you tell me just what was said. I cannot discipline or discharge a man on the evidence you have given. I must know the exact words before I can do anything."

"Well," said the woman, with much hesitation, "he said, 'why in hell don't you wait till the car stops?' "

"Well, why in hell didn't you wait till the car stopped?" unconsciously answered the superintendent.

And the woman is now wondering why she didn't wait.

Feuds in the Railway Service.

When a layman sees a conductor hand an engineer his orders and hears the two pass the time of day in a pleasant way he has little idea of the enmity that has existed and still does exist between a majority of the members of these two great arms of the railroad service. The two branches are considered to be the highest in the operating end of a railroad and for years there has been constant strife between them for the upper hand.

Locomotive drivers, or engineers, as they are erroneously called, are a peculiar lot of men; they occupy a unique position in the world of labor. In their work they are in a way isolated from the other employes and this isolation has not tended to make them "mixers" with their fellow employes. The engineer has always assumed an air of superiority over the other men of the rail. He claims that his is the only branch of the service that really means a high order of ability. It takes from five to ten years for a man to pass through the various stages of training before he finally lands on the right-hand side of a cab.

This long apprenticeship, say the men of the lever, means something. No other branch of the service re-

quires so long a schooling. A conductor, argues the man at the throttle, can be made in two or three years at the most, and in shorter time if the individual is apt. This feeling of elevation on the part of the engineers, the way in which they hold themselves aloof from the other employes, has led to a very strained feeling, and it was this very feeling that caused the defeat of the great strike of the American Railway Union when Debs sought to unite all the railway orders in one grand fight. The engineers, and most of the conductors for that matter, refused to link their fate with the brakemen, switchmen and shop employes, which defeated the move of the new order.

Conductors, on the other hand, are of the opinion that their calling represents a higher order of ability than that of the engineers. It is the conductor, say the men of the punch, who is responsible for the train. It is he who receives the orders and who is looked to for their execution. It is he who runs the train and who must please shippers, the public and the company. Conductors say that the man in the cab is a mere machine, put there to obey the captain of the train.

This strife for supremacy has caused the loss of power to both orders, for it is rarely that one will ever come to the aid of the other in any trouble that either may get into. It was this antagonistic feeling more than any other one thing that caused the defeat of the engineers in their great strike on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road ten or twelve years ago. This strike occurred at the height of the fight between the two orders.

The engineers had often boasted that conductors were unnecessary; that they could run their trains without them. When the engineers on the "Q" went out the conductors remembered this boast and turned the tables on their rivals by getting in the engines and piloting the green engineers who took the places of the strikers. It was the conductors' opportunity and they said they could run the trains, and the engines, too, without the help of the old engineers.

Another of the great battles that have been waged beween the two classes of employes has been over the signing of running orders. Although the signing of orders is never left to a decision of the employes, it being a matter for the officers to act on, it nevertheless has been good fighting ground. The engineers have always insisted that two sets of orders ought to be issued for every train, one for the conductor and one for the engineer, each to sign his order independently of the other. On some roads this procedure is still adhered to, which places conductor and engineer on an equal footing. On other lines, however, the signing of orders is left entirely to the conductor, in which case the latter gives his engineer merely a copy of the order, which makes the latter practically subordinate to the former.

Although the difference between the engineers and conductors is to some extent dying out, it is still very strong.

All He Needed Was a Woman.

By reason of its prominence as a Niagara Falls line the Michigan Central always has been, and probably will be for all time, a target for the class of individuals known among railroad men as the "Falls crank." He is a distinct form of eccentricity, is this person, whose hobby is to do something at Niagara Falls that will make him famous, and incidentally rich. He seems possessed of an idea that the great cataract and its contiguous waters were put there for the special purpose of demonstrating the superior power of God's work to that of man's, and with the further purpose of inducing mortals to pit their strength of body and intellect against fury, and that its every roll is a banter to human weakness. The sole object of those who have been seized with this form of madness seems to be to dive over the falls, swim around in the rapids or do something that will prove the cunning of mind over matter. And the shores of old Niagara River are figuratively lined with the bodies of persons who harbored these ideas to the extent of execution.

It was one of these who called upon a Chicago officer of the Michigan Central road.

"I have a scheme that will draw 5,000,000 people to Niagara Falls," said the well-dressed, rational appearing man. "I have worked hard for twenty years and am still a poor man. I have a plan, if carried out, will make me rich in a day and net you so much money that you could close up your road for ten years and make money. I will go over the falls in an inflated rubber barrel twenty

"I HAVE A SCHEME."

feet in diameter. I will get a woman to go with me, and when we come out of the water below the falls we will be married by a clergyman in waiting. I have studied this thing for months and have it down to a point where it cannot fail. The only thing that I have not yet arranged for is the woman. But that is a small matter and can be settled as soon as the arrangements are complete. All I ask is $1 for each person you carry to the show. Consider my proposition quickly, young man, for I am in earnest, and if you don't take hold of it some other

railroad will. I have never seen the Falls, but have read all about them and know just how the land lays."

When the official came to his visitor had vanished, but he returned in a few days, bought a 1,000-mile book ticket and went down to view the big gorge.

And his spirit may now be numbered among those who have attempted to conquer the whirlpool.

An Old Friend in a New Dress.

"You ken have all the railroad trains you want," said the old mariner, who had sailed every salted or unsalted water on the globe, "but give me the tumblin' waves. That's where I feel at home; that's where I feel safe. I relish the old whitecaps, and I'm lonesome without them."

He was seated in a westbound train, gliding through northern Illinois at a pretty rapid gait. It was a long while ago, the road was rough, and to anybody but the seasoned old captain the rocking cars would have been a fair imitation of a sea voyage. He was cutting across the continent to take charge of a trans-Pacific sailer. He was well advanced in years, all his life had been spent on the main, and this was his initial railroad trip. He had requested to go by the Horn in order to escape the railroads, but as the owners of the vessel were in a hurry, he was compelled to take to the rails.

He came up to Buffalo and the sight of the masts in the harbor caused him to disregard the consequences of delay, and he took passage on a lake liner for Chicago. He was visibly excited when he boarded the

train out of this city. There was apprehension and suspicion in his every move and look. The beautiful valleys, prosperous farms and rippling streams might as well have been in Africa for all they concerned or interested him. Every time the train hit a sharp curve or struck a grade the old salt almost jumped out of his seat.

"They ain't fit fer humans to ride on. When anything happens to a ship, seems as though you've got more elbow room to git your bearings in. But when one o' these things loses its rudder or strikes anything Davy Jones' locker would be a safe place comparin' to it."

"Oh, there's no danger on the train," said his impromptu acquaintance in the next seat. "If anything happens here why you are here, and if there's a wreck and you get out if it you can walk away, which is more than you can do on the sea. But this road never has a wreck. I've worked for it fifteen years and never heard of an accident."

Just then the engine struck a car that had strayed on the main line from a sidetrack, and the train was in the ditch.

"I told you so," yelled the old tar, as he shot through a window.

When the railroad man extricated himself from the overturned car he saw his seafaring friend wabbling across the fields in the direction of San Francisco.

Carterville's New Agent.

When the new operator came to town the people of Carterville looked upon him with suspicion. Just why they suspicioned him none of them could tell. But his predecessor had been born and reared in Carterville and he seemed to be one of them. The new man had been sent out from Chicago and he was not one of them. And to these people not being a native was always good cause for criticism. But Harry Watkins had worked the key in other country towns and he knew his people.

The crowd that gathered at the little station every evening to see the one express of the day arrive and depart came a little earlier and tarried a trifle longer during the first two or three weeks after the change in agents, which was a very momentous event in Carterville.

"You ken tell he's from Chicago and he's like a fish out of water until he gets back there, and he'll never take any interest in Carterville," was the stock remark of the train greeters.

Mable Reed was among the regulars who trudged meaninglessly to and from the depot every evening, but she had never seen any good reason for criticising the

new agent. To her he appeared a sensible young fellow, with his mind entirely on his work. When her companions would cast foolish glances at the object of their amusement and make more foolish comments on his high collar and tailor-made clothes, a novelty to them, Mable Reed did not join them. Instead, on one or two occasions, she caught herself rather sympathizing with him. The novelty of one of the crowd that did not appear ready at all times to pick flaws in him had impressed Watkins to an interesting point.

In a hurry to deliver an important letter to the baggageman of the express train, one evening, Watkins accidentally jostled Miss Reed.

"I beg your pardon," said he to the young lady.

"That's my due for being in the way of business," answered Miss Reed with a smile.

It was the first smile that anybody in Carterville had given the new agent, and amid a hotbed of apparent enemies it was to Watkins like a drink of water to a famished man in the middle of a desert. A few days afterward Mable Reed took it upon herself to invite Harry Watkins to a little party of which she was one of the originators. They were together most of the evening, and, to the surprise of the young men attendants, Watkins was the fortunate one to escort Mable home. And he was invited to call at the Reed house whenever he liked.

"It will be a delight, I assure you," said Harry, "for I must confess that until this evening I have been very lonesome in this place. The tick of the key and the song of the wire have been my only company."

The summer merged into autumn and autumn into winter. There seemed to be no question that Harry and Mable had found their affinities and they became engaged.

"If you will stay a few minutes after the train leaves, Mable, I will show you something that may interest you," said Harry one evening.

When the villagers had all left the depot Mable and Harry went into the latter's office.

"I have been working for two years on a little device to deliver orders to engineers and conductors on the fly, that is, without stopping the trains," said Harry, "and I think I have got a pretty good thing that may eventually be worth more to me than the sixty dollars a month job at Carterville."

And Harry opened his private locker and took out the result of his two years' work. He went through the technicalities of his little mechanism, that interested Mable only because she was interested in Harry.

"I am going to try it to-night on the first train for which I receive one of these flying orders."

Then Harry put back the order deliverer as carefully as he had taken it out, locked up the station and walked home with Mable.

On his return he again inspected his little fortune-maker and hoped that the despatcher would give an extending order for the midnight southbound freight, which was then only an hour away. He had hardly got the thought out of mind when click, click, click sounded the Carterville call.

"Engineer and conductor No. 19. You may use twenty minutes on No. 8's time."

This was what Harry had been waiting two years for and he was as impatient as a young girl waiting the time to be off for her first party, until No. 19 put in its appearance.

Fastening the order in his contrivance he watched for 19's headlight. At length a long whistle and the blinding rays shot around the curve, a quarter of a mile from the depot.

Harry ran out to the edge of the platform. With a roar the big locomotive rushed up the track. As it came abreast of him Harry swung his message deliverer into the cab. In his excitement he fell, and with a shriek he slipped from the platform under the train. The engineer, who had been watching for the order board signal, saw the accident. He reversed his engine and whistled down brakes. When the train was stopped the trainmen ran up to where Harry lay beside the track. A glance told the story. The order had been delivered, the device was a success, but Harry Watkins had paid for it with both of his legs. The unconscious form was tenderly carried into the little station and one of the brakemen was hurried for the one doctor the village boasted. In ten minutes he was back with the information that the physician was five miles in the country on a visit.

The nearest other doctor was the railroad company's physician at Waupon, ten miles away.

As the engineer and conductor were debating as to the advisability of detaching their engine and going to Waupon after the doctor, Watkins regained conscious-

ness. He was told his condition and the predicament they were in over a doctor.

"Boys, if you will hold me up to the key I will telegraph to Waupon for our doctor," said Harry, feebly.

The conductor and engineer lifted the limp man from the floor, carried him to the telegraph table and with his nearly dismembered legs dangling to the floor, the dying agent was held up while he called Waupon station, told the operator what had happened and asked that the company's doctor be sent as quickly as possible. In thirty minutes a lone engine slowed up at Carterville, a doctor jumped from it, and Harry Watkins was soon being examined. The physician said that amputation of both legs would be necessary.

"I wish you would send to town for Mable Reed," said Harry, between gasps of pain, to the conductor just before the anæsthetic was administered.

The doctor had just finished his work when a carriage dashed up to the depot with the girl whom Harry had left in such high spirits only a few hours before.

But ere she reached his side the Carterville agency was vacant.

Quickest Promotions on Record.

The Texas law requiring the general offices of every company running a foot of track over the boundary to be located in the state had caused the southwestern railroads a great deal of trouble. When the statute was passed but one or two roads running into Texas had their general offices in the state. As none of the big foreign corporations desired to comply literally with the measure they began to devise means to get around it.

One big Kansas line had two branches in the state. The company concluded to move the general offices of the larger branch, thinking that the state officers would then overlook the smaller branch, which only run about ten miles over the line.

But Texas laws were made to be enforced and not evaded, and the president of the Kansas road soon received a stinging notice from the authorities of the short-lived republic that if the short line desired to do business with them it must have its offices and officials located within the state.

The railroad people laughed at the absurdity of the thing and then they became indignant.

"We will fool those cranks," quoth the president. A fake meeting of the directors was called and a new set of officers was elected for the short line. The train-master was elected president, his chief clerk secretary, one of the telegraph operators treasurer, the section boss

THE PRESIDENT, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

general manager and the only ticket agent on the line was made general superintendent.

As this included about all of the employes of that part of the line that was in Texas section hands were drafted to fill the minor offices.

The employes had new and great titles thrust upon them, but their salaries remained at the old figures.

Missed by Uncle Sam.

Cy was anxious to enlist, but he did not know just how to go at things to get into the army. He lived in the suburbs of a place claiming 200 residents, including the three negroes. None of these 200 was bubbling over with knowledge regarding the technicalities of war. The one man who was looked upon as the fountain head of all that was worth knowing was the conductor of the local, which often tarried at the little hamlet an hour or so during the day to wait for the train on a connecting road that did about the same amount of business.

"Say, conductor, do you know how I can git into the army?" asked Cy of the head of the crew, as the train pulled up to the station one morning.

"Why, it is easy enough," answered the conductor, with a wink at the two brakemen. "All you have to do is to be examined and then sign an application."

"Well, where in thunder can I get examined and sign them papers?"

"I can examine you. I'm authorized to examine all applicants for enlistment along the line. Come up to the squire's office and I will see if you are fit to carry a gun."

Cy was elated and accompanied the conductor and two serious looking brakemen, whom the conductor said

always assisted him in examinations, to the little justice shop a block up the street.

"How is your eyesight?" asked the self-appointed examiner in tones of assumed dignity of the nude farmer.

"Oh, it's all right," answered Cy.

"Hearing and breathing in good shape?"

"You bet," answered the unsuspecting one.

"Now trot around the room. We have to have good runners, you know, because we can't tell how a battle may go. There, that's enough. I see your legs are all right. Bill [addressing the brakeman], bring in the hammer. Now, Cy, lay down on this table on your back."

Cy did as directed. The brakeman brought in a heavy sledgehammer and handed it to the conductor, who raised it high in the air above the prostrate form and made a feint as if about to bring it down on the would-be soldier's breast.

"Hay, what 'er you goin' to do?" yelled the frightened figure as it leaped from the table.

"Why, that's all in the examination," answered the conductor, with assumed surprise at Cy's exhibition of weakness. "But if you can't stand two or three good blows from an ordinary hammer you won't do for the army."

And Cy is still thinking of the army of iron men Uncle Sam must have.

A Meaningless Term.

What is a limited train? We hear of limited this and limited that; limited trains east and west; in fact, it would seem that a majority of the trains now operated by all of the railroads have in some way this fascinating, but meaningless, term attached to them. After writing the railroad news for Chicago newspapers for five or six years the seeming emptiness of the word limited, as applied to railroad trains, impressed me to a point where I determined to get the definition of the word from the railway men's dictionary. The result was, to me, startling. I went to the highest passenger officers of six of the larger railroad systems diverging from Chicago, and to each of them I put the question:

"What do you mean by a limited train?"

The composite answer was that it was a limited train.

Then I began to study out the question myself. So far as the time of the train was concerned the prefix meant absolutely nothing, for the time of all trains is limited, at least on the companies' time cards. If it was not the time then what was the turning point? Perhaps the accommodations were limited. This seemed a little more reasonable. But then the accommodations of all

trains are limited unless extra cars are attached.

Then in despair I temporarily accepted my railroad friends' interpretation that a limited train was a limited train.

The word limited, as applied to passenger trains, originated, probably, with two eastbound lines from Chicago, which put in service two extraordinarily fast trains between that city and New York. An extra fare was charged on these flyers with the understanding that the excess charge would be refunded if the trains did not reach their final destinations at the exact time called for in the time table. This conditional rebate plan, however, was abandoned after the trains were in service a short time.

After much filtered thought on the subject it would seem that the real test, if it can be called a test, of a limited train nowadays, is the class of transportation accepted for passage. There are few roads in the country that operate trains on which nothing but first-class, fully paid for tickets will be honored. Two or three of these trains are claimed in the territory east of Chicago and one or two ply west of that city. On these trains no form of free, reduced-rate or second-class transportation is good. And this seems to give us a definition for the word, meaning trains that are limited to first-class tickets.

If this be accepted as the correct meaning, then there are few strictly limited trains in this country.

There Are a Few Prize Slow Trains.

During these days of record-breaking runs and limited trains galore, there is little said about record-smashing slow runs that are being made in different parts of the world.

There are not many American roads that would care to have their slow trains exploited—it would not be a good advertisement. Railroad companies are even so partial to speed that in all their advertisements passenger trains are invariably represented as flying through the country at a mile-a-minute gait. Who ever saw in a railroad folder a picture of a passenger train standing at a depot? Oh, no! Such cold-blooded facts are not flaunted in the faces of prospective passengers.

The fastest trains in the world are run in the United States, and, without a doubt, the slowest trains in the universe are those that accommodate, or disaccommodate, travelers in Italy.

During a trip abroad two Chicago men desired to make a quick journey into Southern Italy. The distance to be traveled was about a hundred miles.

They boarded what was heralded to be the fastest

train on the road at 8 o'clock in the morning. The first station, about five miles, was reached in just thirty minutes. As the train was about to leave this station the engineer ran out of drinking water, and proceeded to fill his jug at a well, which operation delayed the train nearly ten minutes. The native passenger did not seem disconcerted by the delay. There were minor other de-

"LEISURELY PICKED UP THE ORANGES."

lays too numerous to mention, but the crowning one of all occurred late in the afternoon when the journey was about half completed. An old woman with a basketful of oranges boarded one of the third-class carriages at a small station. When the train was about five minutes away from the station and going at full speed the old woman dropped her basket of oranges out of the carriage door. The guard immediately stopped the train, backed up to where the fruit lay, when the woman, with the assistance of the trainmen, leisurely picked up the

oranges, placed them in the basket, and was helped back into her compartment.

This was the last delay of the day, and the two weary and disgusted Chicagoans reached their destination at 6 o'clock in the evening, ten hours after boarding the train.

Evidently Art Has More Than One Tongue.

The stock market had been kind to him and with an extra thousand he concluded to escape a few weeks of the rigors of a northern winter by a trip to Cuba. Of course, Mrs. Stock Broker would go. An itinerary was fixed up and they were off.

It was just before Havana was finally turned over to American control and Spanish was still the guiding language of the town.

Before leaving the city Mrs. S. B. laid in a supply of various railroad publications on "How to Speak Spanish Fluently," "How to Ask Ordinary and Necessary Questions in Spanish," "Spanish Complete in Ten Minutes" and sundry other lightning educators of the Don's soft tongue.

They reached Havana early in the morning and repaired to one of the hotels for breakfast.

When they got into the dining-room the thoughtful wife discovered that she had left her Spanish book teachers in her grip.

They had great difficulty in making the waiter, who understood only Spanish, understand what they wanted

for breakfast. By a series of signs and brain-fatiguing maneuvers they got along fairly well until it came to coffee. This was so strong that the woman could not drink it, and she endeavored by all known arts, except the use of the Spanish language, to make the waiter understand that she wanted milk. But he could not decipher her wish. As a last resort she utilized her talent as an artist, and on the back of the menu card she drew the picture of a cow.

A great light of intelligence spread over the black man's face and he darted out of the dining-room. He was away much longer than he ought to have been and the thirsty woman thought he must be milking a cow.

When at length he returned he laid before her an envelope. An inspection of its contents explained all.

It contained two tickets to a bull fight.

More Particular Than the Government.

On at least two of the railroads of this country there will soon be a new class of men at work; men in whose hands it will be safe to trust your lives and freight; men who will be an honor to American citizenship. The innovation is being accomplished through the channel of physical and moral tests that are more severe and exacting than are the requirements for entering any other line of business or work in this or any other country. Anatomically considered, they are stricter than the rules of the army or navy and, morally, they set an example to the government.

A few years ago such a thing as a physical examination for a railroad job was unheard of. All that was then necessary was that the applicant had not been dishonorably discharged by any other company. This total neglect of the physique was responsible for many a personal injury that would not have happened had the employe been sound of body and limb. The absence of any physical test left an open door for the entrance of the whisky-drinking railroader; in fact, a man was not then considered to be in the thoroughbred class of rail fol-

lowers unless he was able to go through his work half soaked with alcohol. As a result, when one of these men were injured, sometimes slightly, he would often succumb to an operation that a healthy person would have weathered easily. As a result a personal injury damage suit against the innocent railroad company generally followed.

Of course, there were other reasons that inspired the officers to begin to plan for a better class of employees. A man might be thoroughly temperate and still be unfit for the arduous duties of an active railroader. He might also be in a normal physical condition, and yet not be sufficiently hardy to answer the requirements of rough and tumble railroad work. Then, again, before the physical examination went into effect a person with some serious bodily defect might be given employment, afterward be slightly injured and then claim that a life-long ailment was the result of the recent trivial mishap. As an example: A short while before the physical test was adopted a man of apparently sound mind and frame was given work as a switchman by one of the Chicago roads. A few weeks after, while climbing the ladder at the side of a freight car, one of the rounds gave way and he was precipitated to the ground, sustaining what was believed to be at the time nothing more serious than a good shaking up. However, he complained of severe pains in his back and in a few days quit the service of the road and disappeared. Some months afterward he was back on the ground with a heavy damage suit against the company, alleging that when he fell from the side of the car he was injured in

such a way that a serious operation was necessary a few weeks after. A medical examination followed and it was found that an operation had been performed on the plaintiff, and he was awarded damages to the extent of several thousand dollars. The detectives of the road then went to work on the case and after a little record-hunting discovered that the operation on which the man sued the company had been performed several years before he went to work for the road he claimed had maimed him for life. It was further discovered that he had played the same trick on two or three other railroads before the fraud was exposed.

With an idea of weeding out this undesirable timber and securing a high class of men, the Pennsylvania and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad companies adopted a system of physical and mental tests to which all applicants for positions must now submit and pass to the satisfaction of the surgeons and the officers before they will be accepted. These examinations apply to all who seek employment as agent, operator, station baggageman, engineman, fireman, dispatcher, conductor, brakeman, collector, train flagman, train porter, train baggageman, yard foreman, switchman, switch tender, signalman and such other places as may be designated from time to time. For the position of telegraph operator the rules are more lenient than for the train service. The applicant for a "wire," however, must prove perfect eyesight and hearing, a good moral character and previous honorable employment. An operator will be permitted to use spectacles to correct his vision, but he must be at all times provided with two

pairs of glasses to be prepared in case one set becomes suddenly broken. But for the engine, train and switching service the tests are most rigid.

For this branch the applicant must be, practically, a perfect man before his papers will be "O. K'd." In addition to the physical feature he must fill out the following blank:

"Name in full; when born; where born; name of wife, if living; residence; name of father and mother, if living; residence; if unmarried and parents not living, name and address of nearest relative; names and addresses of any persons dependent upon you for support, or to whose support you are contributing; where and how long have you attended school; occupation previous to engaging in railway service; cause of leaving last situation; state what railroad experience you have had, giving names of roads, capacity employed, and length of service on each line (applicant must here give his history for the last five years, beginning with his position of five years ago); have you ever been discharged or suspended? if so give particulars; have you ever been injured? give particulars; have you now or did you ever have any litigation with any railroad company?"

Then comes the last clause of the application:

"I certify that the foregoing statements are true, and hereby apply for a situation in the service of the ——— railroad, and, if accepted, agree to pay all of my bills promptly each month, to maintain strict integrity of character, to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, to avoid visiting saloons or places where liquor is sold, to familiarize myself with the general and special

rules and regulations of the department of service in which I may be employed, to faithfully observe the same and keep advised of such amendments to said rules and regulations as may hereafter be made, and to perform my duties to the best of my ability."

No request is considered unless the applicant is able to read and write English. He must also give the names and addresses of three well-known persons as character references. In the engine service no one need apply who is over twenty-seven years old. On the Pennsylvania road this limit is twenty-six years. In the other branches of the service the age limit is forty years.

There are other good features about the new school railroader that probably are more important to the transportation companies and certainly to the public than the damage suit. The personal metamorphosis will mean fewer wrecks and an elimination of the careless and impertinent employe. The employe is the bottom of a railroad; the entire framework is built on this foundation. If the foundation is weak it means weakness above, but if it is strong it means perfection and safety for the entire system, and this is what it will mean for the Pennsylvania and Rock Island roads.

Life's Dream Almost Realized.

It was a warm day in August. Harvest was over and it was too early for plowing. Rube Rubicon reclined lazily on the baggage truck at the little depot at Wildwood Crossing, a few miles from his father's farm.

From time out of memory he had longingly gazed at the swift-moving trains as they passed him at his work. The engineer looked at him contemptuously and the brakemen, sitting on a flatcar, would occasionally throw a lump of dirt at his horse, and he bemoaned the fate that had created him a farmer.

On flew the trains through other farms and towns and finally ended their mad race in some big city.

If he could only be a brakeman on one of those trains his goal would be reached; he would ask for nothing better in this life or in the life to come.

As he sat on the truck watching the engine of the "local" switching its cars the conductor approached him.

"How would you like to make $300 a month, Rube?" said the monarch of the train.

"Gosh! I would like it darnnashun well. Guess I could live on it."

"Well, you can earn it."

"What doin'?"

"Brakin'."

"That so. How kin I git a job?"

"Here is a paper I have to fill out for every man that wants to go brakin'."

Rube was on his feet in a tremor of excitement; his life's dream was about to be realized; he was going to be a railroad man.

"Now, where do you live, Rube?" said the conductor, getting his pencil and paper ready.

"One mile from Wildwood Crossing, Jayville township, Posey county, Illinois."

"In getting killed would you prefer to be run over or to be crushed between the cars?"

"What's that, sir?"

"I say, which way do you want to be killed?"

"All firin' hickery nuts! I don't want to git killed at all."

"This is a $300 job, Rube, and you have to answer the questions."

Rube's torrent of excitement was gone now and he was again sitting on the truck.

"Well, I suppose if I've got to be killed I guess I'd ruther be run over."

"Now, would you rather be killed quick or die a lingering death?"

Rube had now become somewhat reconciled to his fate and said he would rather not have any lingering in his.

"Would you rather have both legs or both arms cut off?"

"Well, I guess I could get along without the legs better than the arms," he replied in a dazed sort of way.

"All right. That's all there is to it, Rube!" said the conductor. "I will send this to the superintendent and he will notify you when to go to work."

The conductor put the bloody report in an envelope and handed it to the agent with a wink, but the latter did not catch the wink and sent the report to the superintendent.

A few days afterward the conductor received a letter from the superintendent inclosing the brakeman's report and asking for an explanation.

And Rube is plowing for winter wheat now.

Where the General Manager's Authority Didn't Count.

The general manager of a western road was on a tour of the system. The engine stopped for water at a small station at the far end of Kansas and the official took advantage of the time the engine consumed in quenching its thirst by getting out of his car for a little fresh air and for the purpose of sending a telegram. The locomotive was not very dry and started off before the general manager had finished his business in the telegraph office. As soon as he saw the train moving he cut short his instructions to the operator and made a run for the special. The engineer did not know that the ruler of the road was not on the train, and as he was anxious to demonstrate his ability as a time-saver he started out at a rapid pace. Just as the manager ran out of the station the engine passed him at a good clip. Realizing that he would not be able to jump the train if he waited for the coaches, he grabbed the railing of the baggage car steps directly behind the engine, thinking to go through this to his private car, but to his surprise he found the baggage car a blind one, that is, one without doors in the ends. As he glanced down to the steps on the other side

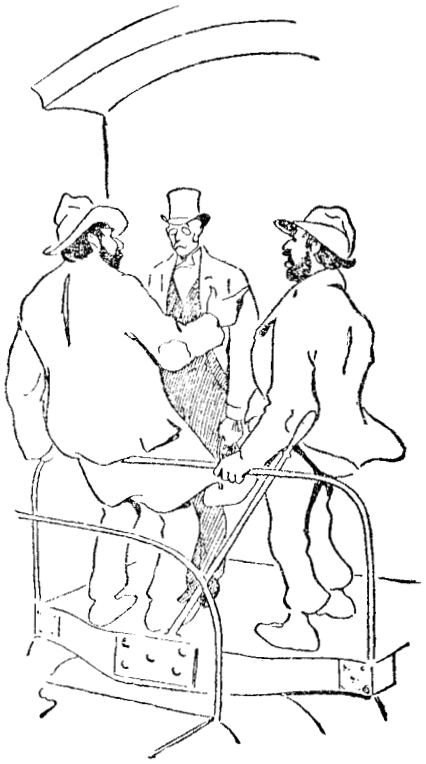
he saw crouched together two murderous looking tramps, regular thirty-third degree hobos.

By the schedule he himself had mapped out he knew the train was good for a fifty-mile run. And then he began to see things. He knew that it was but a question of sizing up their prey until his companions of the steps would rob him and throw him off the flying train. He also knew that his great authority as general manager of the railroad would have no influence with these two. Then again, perhaps they might have worked for the road sometime in the past and had a grudge against him.

One of the tramps, he with the scraggier beard and the larger hands, made a move; the general manager also made a move, but not in the direction of the scraggy beard and the big hands. It were probably well that the tramp did not make another move, for if he had the manager's next step must have been into space. One of the step dwellers mumbled something to his pal. A chill went through the official. Yes, they were fixing the details of the slaughter. They would not plan much longer. Their next move would be one of execution, and that would mean a vacancy in the office of general manager.

He raised his head as though to offer a prayer for deliverance. It was a fortunate raise of the head, for right above him, within reaching distance, was the bell and air brake cords. Expert railroader that he was, he had not thought of these things. Just as he was about to reach for them the two tramps moved up from the steps and planted themselves on the iron railing of the

platform. The general manager, who was now bordering on nervous prostration, reached up with both hands, grabbed both cords, like a drowning man, and gave them such a yank that the sudden application of the air to the brakes almost threw the train into the ditch.



"DON'T PULL THAT, YOU BIG STIFF."

"Don't pull that, you big stiff, or the train will stop and we'll all git fired," roared one of the hobos.

"Now, you see what you've done, you geyser; we'll have to walk now," were the parting words of the other tramp, as he and his companion tumbled off the car.

Mamie's Dream.

They had met in the court of honor a July evening. The sweet strains of the finely strung band was playing a dreamy waltz, and the myriad lights on the snowy buildings, which seemed to have been dropped from celestial places for the occasion, flickered and danced on the water to the perfect notes. The great fountains oozed and sprayed; they, too, seemed to be a part of the grand rhythm, and the rich, melodious voices of the gondoliers could be heard in the distant lagoons. The lights of heaven were shaded, the evening was warm, the crowds were happy, and the whole scene seemed like a dream of fairyland—a taste of heaven.

Frank West was enjoying his first evening at the great exposition. Just about the time the exhibition had opened he had been put on the road by the big Chicago house with which he had started as an office boy. The night scene surrounding the court of honor was almost intoxicating to him. In his aimless wandering about the grounds he stumbled onto his friend Welch, a fellow employe of the same firm. The latter was accompanied by his sister Mamie and a young lady friend. An introduction followed and during the rest of the evening the four enjoyed themselves as only young people can under such circumstances. The hour

before leaving was consumed in a cozy little nook on the wooded island. Frank and Mamie had been companions during the evening and had enjoyed each other's company immensely.

"And to think that this is your first sight of the fair," said Mamie. "Why, I have been here a dozen times. I have been with George most of the time, but I must confess that I have enjoyed this evening more than any other. I think company has a great deal to do with the pleasure we get out of anything. Brothers are all right, but they are a necessity. Like other girls' sisters, other boys' brothers are sometimes preferable to our own, providing the other brothers are good company."

"That's a bold confession for a girl," said Frank. "I am sure that the company of another fellow's sister this evening has enabled me to enjoy a few of the pleasantest hours of my life. It seems as though we had known each other for years."

"You took the words out of my mouth," said Mamie, with a laugh. Mamie's brother and the other fellow's sister broke the little conversation at this point with their appearance.

Another delightful piece from the band and the four were homeward bound.

"I intend to visit the exposition every time I am home hereafter," said Frank, "and I hope my future visits will be as pleasant as the one this evening has been."

Frank was to start on a long western trip the following afternoon.

Mamie was up unusually early the next morning. She was nervous and had not slept for two hours before arising. She had had a dream, a dream that she felt as though she ought to tell. She had never believed in nocturnal visions nor was she the least superstitious, and she hesitated before saying anything to the other members of the family about her foolish dream. But the more she thought of it the more she became impressed that she ought not to keep it to herself.

"George, do you think you are likely to see Mr. West before he leaves this afternoon?" said Mamie to her brother at breakfast.

"It's very doubtful," said her brother. "He was at the office most of yesterday and I do not think he will be there to-day, as he told me he had some personal business to attend to that would take up most of his time before he left this afternoon. Why do you ask the question? He must have interested you immensely in one night's acquaintance."

"It may seem foolish," said Mamie, ignoring her brother's intimation, "but I had a dream last night about Mr. West that impressed me so vividly that I believe he ought to be told about it. I thought the train he was on was waiting on a sidetrack for another train from the opposite direction to pass. The train he was on started out just in time to strike the one coming in the other direction. There was an awful wreck and I thought the first one they pulled out from under the mass was Mr. West, frightfully injured. I ran to him and was about to lift up his head when he gave a moan and died. Oh, it was almost a nightmare! I woke up and found myself

shaking like a leaf. You know I don't believe in dreams, but there was something about this that was so real, so like an actual scene, that when I awoke I determined that Mr. West should know of it before he left."

"You must have been eating plum pudding before you went to bed; your imagination will run away with you yet," said George, with a laugh.

"Well, if you see Mr. West before he leaves to-day I wish you would tell him about it, even if you do so in fun," said Mamie, more seriously.

Along about ten o'clock that night the through train on which Frank West was bounding through Iowa stopped for water and coal. When the locomotive's appetite had been appeased the train started out of the sidetrack toward the main line.

"Hold on a minute, Jim, I've forgot my coal pick," said the fireman to the engineer, just before the train reached the switch connecting the two tracks. The train was stopped and the fireman started back for his tool. A delay of three minutes followed. Just as the fireman came running back to the engine with his pick a passenger train from the opposite direction dashed around the curve and passed the waiting train like a flash.

Somebody had made a mistake and Frank West and two hundred other passengers never knew what they owed to a forgotten coal pick. The next morning Frank was handed a telegram. "Don't go any farther on that train," was all it said. It was signed by Mamie Welch, who had surreptitiously sent it to his office the previous afternoon and it had been forwarded to him.

Jim's Shed.

He paced up and down the rough platform of the dreary little southern station. Of course, the train was late; the entire system of fifty miles would have been disorganized if it had been on time.

A few more paces and he resolved to ask the agent just once more.

"Have you heard anything of the train during the last two hours?" said the impetuous northerner.

"No," replied the official representative. "It's going to be pretty hard to tell just what time that train will git in now, since Jim's shed was burned up the other night. Since then Jim has had a heap o' trouble makin' jest the right time."

"Jim's shed?"

"Yes. Jim, he is the engineer, you know. The shed I was speakin' of stood alongside the track, about thirty miles up the road from here, an' when the train came along and the shadders of the shed laid across the middle of the top rail of Buck Johnson's fence Jim knowed he was on time and could gauge her about right to get her accordin' to schedule. Now it is burned up and all Jim has got to go by is his own guess. Company

was talkin' some of puttin' up a pole in the place whar the shed uster be, but they hain't done it yit."

The traveler said nothing, but he wondered what Jim used to do on cloudy days.

Bill Nevins' Finish.

It is one thing to order a man, but another thing to see that the order is obeyed. For years the officers of one of the big railroad companies running out of Chicago had had a great deal of trouble as a result of the drinking habits of their employes. Wreck upon wreck had been traced directly to the trainman's love for liquor. Scheme after scheme had been tried by the manager of the road to curb the alcoholic appetites of his men, but the more schemes he tried the more the men drank. A head-end collision one night, in which a number of passengers were killed, was caused by a drunken engineer's failure to read the signals properly.

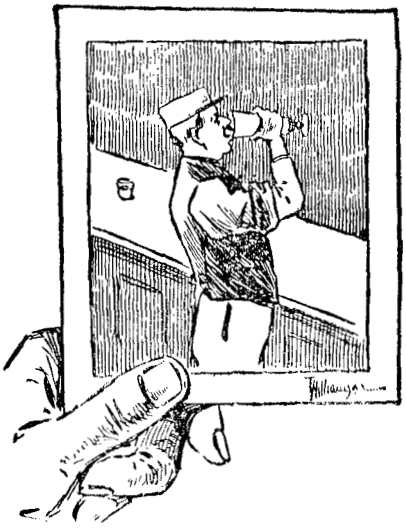
The manager became desperate. Something must be done, and done at once, to separate the men from whiskey or the road must be closed. He dictated a long special order directed to every employe of the road, forbidding them to drink intoxicants on or off duty, or to frequent saloons or places where liquor was sold at any time. The penalty for disobeying the order was instant dismissal.

Superintendents, train masters and other officers were directed to see that the order was enforced to the letter. Then the manager's troubles began. For a

time the saloons in the towns along the line reported no decrease in their sales, and the under officials seemed powerless to keep the men from drinking. They could not follow the employes around day and night, feel in their pockets or pursue such other courses as would keep the men absolutely sober. Then the manager called in his detectives and told them that hereafter the enforcement of the anti-drinking order would be in their hands. The sleuths of the rail, who had shadowed and reshadowed all kinds of suspicions, went to work.

Bill Nevins was considered the heavyweight drinker of the road and his companions were of the opinion that no force on earth could divorce Bill from his daily supply of red-eye. Bill laughed at the order when it first came out and went on drinking. A piece of paper was not to interfere with his personal liberty. One day after the general manager's interview with his detectives Bill, who was pulling a local, stopped for orders at a little town up the road. He was very thirsty. There was plenty of drinking water on the engine and an idle pump and a cool well ten feet from him in front of the depot. But there was also a saloon just across the street, for which the engineer made a dash, unconsciously looking around him before he entered. But crafty as he was, Bill had not seen a craftier man slip around to the side door of the thirst-quenching parlors, nor did he see the same man snap a camera as the fat engineer lifted a glass of beer to his mouth. Bill safely tucked a pint bottle of fire water in his overalls' pocket and hurried back to his engine. When they were puffing along between the next two stations Bill's thirst again overpowered him.

"They'll have to get up pretty early in the morning if they think they can keep Bill Nevins from taking a drink when he wants it," said the engineer to his fireman, with a sarcastic curl of his lip. Just as he emptied about a third of the bottle a man riding between the en-



"DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE MAN IN THAT PICTURE, BILL?"

gine and the first car snapped his camera and Bill was again in black and white.

A few days afterward the man who thought that anti-drinking orders did not apply to him was called to the superintendent's office.

"You're not a drinking man, are you Bill?" said the official to the ever-thirsty one.

"No, sir," said the engineer.

"Never drink on duty?"

"No, sir."

"Do you recognize the man in that picture, Bill, and the one in that one?" said the superintendent as he tossed over the result of the two snapshots.

And Bill is now looking for a job on a road where there are no orders against drinking.

New Subject for the Economist.

Every individual looks at a railroad through different colored glasses. To those who are not students of business methods and economics it is a conglomerate mass of animate and inanimate technicalities, of cold, unsentimental streaks of steel, panting engines, swearing brakemen and haughty officers. To the radical socialist it is an insatiable corporate monster, to the populist it is a greedy grabber, to the financier it is an investment and to the masses it is just a railroad, meaning much or nothing. Volumes could be written on each of these and many other views of a railway and the subjects would not be exhausted. The economical feature I will leave to the theorizers; it is too big a question to be discussed in a few hundred words or a few hundred pages. I would rather look at the interesting side of the transportation mystery; climb over the fence, rub elbows with the official representatives of these great quasi-public affairs and see how the multitude of little wheels within the big one is operated. A short journey in this direction, I am confident, will explode the moss-covered theory that a railroad is a soulless vampire, operated for the benefit

of milking financiers and never in the interest of the public that supports it.

When thoroughly looked into, a well-regulated railroad is more of a wonder than the other seven so-called wonders of the world combined. It is an endless chain with an end, a vast piece of human machinery, every piece at all times well oiled, in its place and healthily performing its part of the whole. The ticks of the finest clock ever mounted are no more correct and graduated than the workings of one of these comprehensive institutions. The system is marvelous and the results are as fixed and certain as the seasons.

The up-to-date economical lines on which a railway system of the better class is conducted could not, probably, be better illustrated than by a little story.

The president of an Indiana college experienced a slight inconvenience in the reservation of a berth out of Chicago.

In the company's public folder is a paragraph requesting patrons to advise officers of the road of any incivility on the part of employes, or, whenever possible, suggest any improvements that might be made in the service. The college president filed his sleeping car complaint with the general passenger agent of the road, with the belief that his communication would find a speedy death in the spacious waste basket of the official, for he was inoculated with the popular opinion that railroads were run to get your money and not to hear complaints. But in a few days he received a polite reply from the passenger department, requesting further particulars regarding the complaint. These two communications

were followed by a lengthy correspondence between the officer and the collegian and between the heads of ten or fifteen departments, who might, by the slightest thread, be connected with the matter. The affair was finally satisfactorily adjusted.

Some time after the incident was presumed to have been closed the president called upon the official referred to. The former told the latter that he had not come to renew his complaint, but with another purpose in mind.

"I have come," said the scholar, "to look into your system. Since this matter came up between us I have become impressed with the way in which the business of a big railroad is conducted. When I complained to you I expected nothing more than a tart, meaningless reply, to the effect that I, and not your company, was at fault and that nothing could be done. Instead our correspondence has run through several weeks and now I find my little complaint tacked to a stack of papers nearly a foot high."

The student then explained that it had been his practice to deliver a series of lectures on practical questions to his senior class. He had talked to them on temperance as a factor in business, on banking, on municipal government and on a number of other subjects, but never on railroads, because he had not thought that they embodied anything in the nature of a lesson. But the result of his complaint had started him to thinking on a new line, on the marvelous system of a big railroad. He then requested an explanation in detail of the way his complaint had been received and the subsequent steps in the lengthy correspondence, and the reasons for it all.

In explanation, the passenger agent said that an iron-clad rule had been laid down in his department that every complaint from a patron must be brought directly to him, and he said he would discharge on the spot any employe who attempted to smother, cover up or fail to bring any complaint directly to his personal attention in the premises.

There was then presented a copy of the permanent instructions to all ticket agents regarding the reservations of berths, and of which rules the speaker was the author. Then he turned to a revised copy of these instructions and showed the college president where the rules had been amended to cover the point or weak spot that had been brought to light by the latter's complaint. This little scrap of protest had resulted in an amendment to the standard instructions of the road regarding sleeping car reservations. Then to the correspondence. Each letter showed the various systematic moves that had been made by the chief official in getting right down to the bottom of the complaint and placing the responsibility where it belonged. It showed written communications between the agent who sold the ticket, the superintendents who had charge of the conductors, Pullman's company, to which the sleeping car conductor was answerable, and to others who might in the slightest way be connected with the affair. On top of all this filtered information was the final move, a copy of the passenger official's last letter to the complainant, acknowledging the justice of his protest and advising him that the rules of the company had been amended so as to provide against a recurrence of the trouble.

"Marvelous," was the exclamation of the interested student.

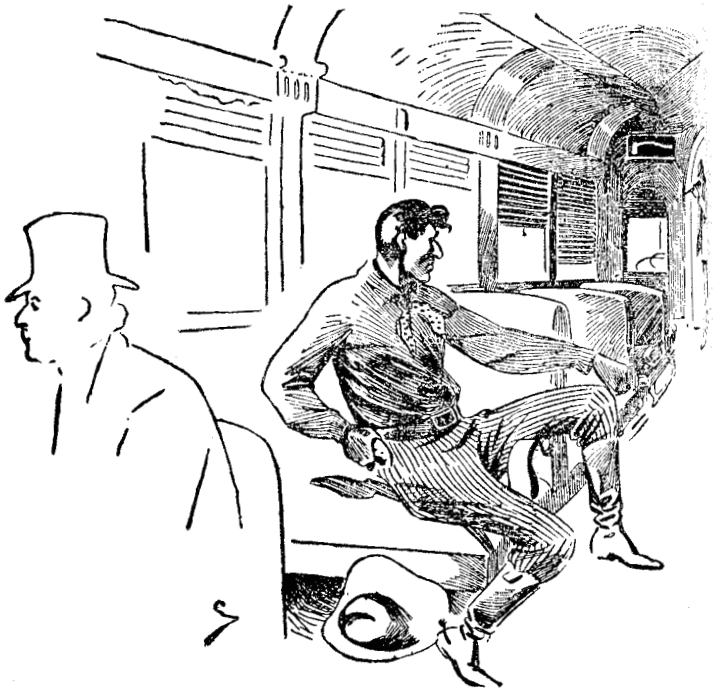
And a new lecture was inserted in the curriculum of the senior class of the Indiana college.

In Dick Evans' Day.

Probably no town in the west was tougher in its day than Dodge City, Kansas. It was rougher than the roughest. Its residents, if they could be dignified by the name, were frontiersmen of the frontest kind. Stealing was a crime and killing was a pastime. They did not use the word murder out there in those days; it savored too much of the effete east. The old-timers of the town, those who had been there at least four or five years, were generally the surest shots and the rulers of the place. The most important railroad of the state at that time was the Sante Fe. An unfortunate crook in the surveyor's line sent the road through Dodge City, and for several years it was a toss up between the officers of the company and the desperadoes as to which ran that particular section of the road.

Dick Evans was a combination of tramp, cowpuncher, criminal, and all-round hard man. Evans may have had other amusements besides playing with the railroad, but getting the best of the Sante Fe seemed to be his favorite enjoyment. One day he boarded the engine of a freight train, compelled the engineer and fireman to climb back on a box-car, while he took charge of the engine. He opened the throttle and sent

the machine along at a forty-mile clip. The engineer and fireman crawled down the ladder and prepared to leap when the engine struck something, as they felt sure it would. When the train got within a few miles of a certain ranch Evans slowed her up. Just before



"YOUR TICKET HAS EXPIRED, DICK."

he jumped off, however, he pulled a gun from his belt battery and shot to pieces the water glass, steam register, and the windows of the cab. Then with a laugh he jumped off and amused himself, as the train went on, by shooting several bullets in every car in the train, the caboose windows not escaping.

On another occasion the bad man boarded the passenger car attached to the construction train. When the conductor came along to collect tickets Dick was the first customer. When he asked him for his ticket Dick selected one of the largest six-shooters in his arsenal and, pointing at the conductor, said: "This is my ticket; pass on." "That's good," said the conductor. After he had collected the other tickets in the car he went into the baggage part of the coach, where he secured a sawed-off shotgun and returned to the door of the car with the cocked gun to his shoulder.

"Your ticket has expired, Dick; get off!" said the conductor, who now had the drop on the desperado. The train was stopped and Dick was put off, although he offered to pay his fare.

Race for Five Hundred Passengers.

No one outside of the business can understand the hot competition that exists among passenger agents of the great railroad systems to secure business.

Little effort is made to ensnare the ordinary individual traveler, but large parties which are always looking for the lowest rates obtainable, regardless of the road offering them, are particular marks for the wily passenger men.

All sorts of schemes and dodges, which are not always sanctioned by the officers of the roads, are resorted to.

Sometimes the tables are turned and smiles are indulged in at the expense of the suave agents.

In June, 1892, a traveling passenger agent for one of the eastern lines at Kansas City received the following telegram from a gentleman at Omaha:

"Come quick; have party of 500 for Washington, D. C."

The traveling passenger agents of two or three rival eastern lines at Kansas City were the recipients of similar messages.

The one who received the message did not wait long, but grabbed his grip, which was always in readiness, and ran for the train. At the depot his lynx eye sighted the agents of the competing roads. All saw each other, but each believed himself unseen and for ten minutes previous to the departure of the train they skirmished around the posts and corners of the depot like criminals trying to avoid detection, and when the train pulled out each believed that he was the only one who had a tip on the big party.

Arriving at Omaha, the agent called on the sender of the telegram, who gave him the address of the leaders, and a pointer to the effect that he had better get "a move" on him, as two or three other traveling passenger agents were after the people.

Meantime the agent had been receiving messages from all parts of the country regarding the big party at Omaha. Special trains at Chicago, busy ticket agents, increases in salary, lightning-like promotions, and alluring offers from rival companies flitted through his brain. There was no time to lose. His road must have that party. Jumping into a cab and waving a five-dollar bill at the driver, he told him to get to the address given as fast as the carriage wheels would turn. He arrived at his destination just as two other cabs, with foaming horses and shouting drivers, came thundering up with the agents of the other roads, each with his coat off and his arms full of maps and guides. When the three came up to the address given this sign met their eyes:

"Headquarters Kelly's division of Coxey's army. On to Washington."

What a Storm Disclosed.

For four years the first thing Willard Ainsley did when he came down to his office was to look across the court of the big sky-scraper to see if she was at her desk. She had made her appearance in the law office six years after Willard Ainsley had been made general manager of the big insurance company which had claimed the best years of his life.

She was not a handsome woman, but she had a young, interesting face, every line of which was a line of logic and sincerity. When Ainsley was not busy with the sordid affairs of business his eyes would unconsciously wander over to the quiet little woman, and occasionally his glance would be returned in the same unconscious way. This was the most flagrant communication that had ever passed between the two. But the easy, methodical ways of the young woman impressed him, and, without knowing it, he became very much interested in her. One morning she was not at her desk and the manager of the insurance company felt a trifle disappointed; a feeling of concern involuntarily possessed him. He neglected one or two important engagements that day, for which neglect he could offer no valid excuse. But she returned to the office the following day and Ainsley seemed relieved.

Since Ainsley had been elevated to his present position he had not taken a vacation. His work had been trying and the ten years of uninterrupted responsibility had begun to tell on him. He would run up to one of the Wisconsin lakes for a short rest. The next morning found him seated in the parlor car of a Wisconsin Central train bound for Fox Lake.

As the train moved out of the big station and winded slowly away from the noise and heat of the city Ainsley breathed his first free air in ten years. As the green pastures and cool-running streams flitted by his thoughts went back to his friend in the law office across the way. A sudden turn of the train threw the morning sun in his face, and as he turned his chair around to escape it his eyes fell upon the lady occupant of the chair behind him. Willard Ainsley may have been more surprised in his life, but the occasion was out of mind, for who should occupy the chair but the lady of the law office. Ainsley was on the point of voicing his surprise in speech, but the lady was absorbed in a book and gave no outward sign of recognition.

He turned his chair again to the window and pulled down the blind, and the subsequent time, until his station was reached, was consumed in thinking of the coincidence. When Fox Lake was called Ainsley hoped that his companion would at least notice him when he left the car, but she prepared to leave at the same place. If Ainsley had been a fatalist he would have been seized with a suspicion, but as it was it was only a continued coincidence. They took the bus for the same hotel, and again did they face each other in the carry-

all. The incidents of the morning had been such prolific food for thought that neither he nor she had noticed the gathering storm, but the driver, whose mind was less occupied with the sentimental, put his team to the test to cover the three miles to the lake before the clouds would burst. But the animals, fairly fast as they were, beat the elements only a mile when the terrific gale, which had suddenly come up, was joined by a downpour of rain that in a few moments was making rivers in the road. A flash and a crash and one of the animals dropped. The deadly bolt stunned the occupants of the wagon and the sudden stop threw them together in a bunch. The two Chicagoans were pitched into each other's arms. The lady shrieked with fright. It was a dreadful opening, but it seemed to be Ainsley's opportunity.

"It is a terrible storm," said he, to the trembling figure that unconsciously huddled up to him in her frightened condition. "But I think it will be over soon."

"This seems a terrible place to be stopped," said the lady, in broken words of fear. "I wonder how long it will last."

Ainsley had always admired his unmet friend, and her appealing words, the first words of any kind he had ever heard her speak, seemed to go to his heart. So far as he knew, he had never loved or been loved in his life, and he was forty years old. But the last hour seemed to have changed his whole life. Their conversation had been a disjointed one under terrible conditions, but even under these conditions her words seemed to be more

than those of a friend. They seemed to him the climax of three years of reciprocal admiration.

The storm at length began to abate. The passengers were transferred into the bus of a neighboring inn and Ainsley and his companion, with whom he now seemed to have been acquainted for years, were once more bound for the hotel.

"I have always been opposed to going anywhere alone," said she, "and I did not want to come up here this morning alone, but my husband said he was too busy to leave in the morning, but would wait until the evening train."

And Willard Ainsley is still maintaining his bachelor apartments, with a sigh for what might have been as occasionally he looks across the court.

Diner Versus Eating-House.

What has become of the railroad eating-house in the country east of the Missouri River? Many a traveler has asked himself this question during the last few years, and to those who had not given it more than a passing thought the question remained unanswered. The railroad eating-house, the elaborate dining halls, with their deafening gongs and the high-stooled lunch counters with their soggy pie, heavyweight doughnuts and leathery sandwiches, are passing, if, indeed, they have not already passed in the territory named. For years they were the most distinguishing feature of American railways with their long routes. They probably were commented on and written about more by foreign visiting critics than anything else American. In fact, Americans came to be judged by these eating places. The hurry-flurry, the rush, the noise and the jamming of poorly cooked food was all exclusively American and came to be looked upon as characteristic of the people.

But as railroads began to improve the eating-house went along with the progress, and its second stage was fairly good cooking and reasonable time given in

which to eat. Then came the fast trains and the desire on the part of railroads to make as few and as short stops as possible. Then period No. 2—the dining car. During the first five or ten years of the traveling tavern 25 per cent. of the eating-houses succumbed to the innovation.

The diner for years was what the extra fare trains are now—a privilege for the few. Its rates were exorbitantly high and patrons were few, and the few were made to pay for the absentees. But gradually the diner has undergone a change, and it is this change that has now wiped out nearly all of the remaining railroad dining halls and lunch counters. The introduction of the a la carte system, coupled with the general demand for increased speed, was the last straw. The a la carte service, allowing a person to eat what he likes and pay for only what he eats, has filled the dining cars and closed the doors of all the cheaper and many of the better eating-houses.

And, speaking of the modern dining car. What an institution it is. What a state of perfection it has reached. The cars themselves are works of art, the cuisine is a criterion to all who cater to the stomach and the service is a study in discipline. The high-class dining car is a compliment from the railroad to the traveler, for it rarely pays expenses. The cost of maintaining these rolling hostelries is gigantic. Why, one western road—the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy—expends several thousands of dollars a year for the cut flowers that decorate the tables. Summer and winter the traveler dines amidst the rarest American Beauty roses, carnations and

violets. And this is only one item on the expense side of the diner's ledger.

East of the Mississippi river the diner, with its fatal a la carte plan, has left but few of the old-time eating-houses, and these are run on a small scale for the benefit of slow trains and employes of the road. West of the Mississippi, or, rather west of the Missouri, the eating-house is an elaborate institution. The decline of these hostelries is nowhere so noticeable as in the railway stations of the larger cities. A few years ago all of the big stations in Chicago maintained large dining halls and extensive lunch rooms. These have now been abandoned entirely or dwindled to small dimensions. One of the biggest dining halls was formerly in the Van Buren street station in Chicago. This elaborate eating-place has been abolished, the space turned into a waiting-room and a little lunch counter occupying less than twenty square feet of space substituted. This is a fair example of the way the thing has gone in the other big depots of Chicago and depots in other big cities.

The Brothers Murphy.

They were brothers, Dan and Joe Murphy, and both were conductors on the same road.

Dan was a straightforward, exemplary man, and Joe—well, he was eccentric.

Joe spoke with a rich southern accent that jarred against his name. He liked his liquor, was a man of the old school and Masonry and the greatness of his brother Dan were his hobbies.

When he was not on the road he was generally installed in front of some congenial bar dilating on the noble qualities of his "brother Dan," or lauding the ancient and honorable society of the compass and square.

If a stranger happened to be in the saloon Joe would eye him sharply and then:

"Are you a Mason, sir?"

If the man answered in the affirmative he was asked to have a drink. If he replied in the negative he was quietly but coldly dropped by Joe.

Although Joe was warm tempered he was usually good-natured.

His brother Dan was somewhat swell and he did not relish Joe's continuous complimentary remarks

about him, because generally they were part of Joe's passionate orations while he was loaded with alcohol. Just how the Masons took Joe's friendship could not be learned.

But Dan was set against it.

Joe finally got so loose in his habits that he was generally about as intoxicated when on duty as when off.

Dan remonstrated with him, telling him he would get killed, but all advice and protests were in vain and Joe held onto his job when sober men were getting "fired" all around him.

Finally Dan's patience gave out, he could not induce Joe to quit, he seemed to be proof against discharge, and Dan didn't want him to be killed.

One day Joe went staggering by his brother to take out his train.

Dan was thoroughly aroused. He went immediately up to the superintendent's office.

"If you don't discharge that brother of mine you are going to have one of the damnedest wrecks that ever happened," said Dan, as he rapped the official's desk with his fist.

What the Mail Crane Caught.

Clear Rapids had not had a circus for three years. Times had been hard and the showmen had steered clear of the Rapids. But the advance men for the Triple Plated Aggregation found things looking up in the town this year and billed the show for July 15. Three years had whetted the appetites of the good people and they began to prepare for the Triple aggregation the day the bills were posted, nearly four weeks in advance of the gilded chariots. The bills that contained more colors than God ever made were eye strainers for several days. They were read and reread. The younger folks admired the beautiful women on the bills and the wise men criticised the pictorial promises and with a knowing air said that they were only "ketches;" that there wouldn't be half in the show that was on the bills. A wave of industry struck the boys and they began to horde their pennies with a zeal that would have made them millionaires if their temporary financial methods had been continued through life. Everybody asked everybody else if they were going to the circus, and "I dunno" was the stock answer.

Probably the most enthusiastic person over the coming event was the station agent of the road over which the show would reach the Rapids. For three weeks he was the most important man in town, not barring the justice of the peace. Dave Deven, or D. D., they called him, was the agent's name. D. D. had a girl and he intended to show her more about a circus than she had ever seen before. Pay day came just a week ahead of the parade and D. D. parted with nearly half his $40 for a new suit of clothes, new suspenders and a new hat. After many weary days the show was due to arrive in the morning. Boys went to bed and after their parents had gone to sleep stole out of the house and crept down to the railroad tracks so as to have their names on the roll of honor of first seers of the first cage. Though D. D. maintained an artificial front as to the unimportance of the show, at heart he was as impatient for its arrival as any of the others. On the evening of the day preceding the grand entry D. D. dressed up in his new suit and marched down the street to the station with the air of the person who was responsible for it all. His work made it necessary for him to sleep in the little telegraph office. At 3 o'clock in the morning he threw the sack of Clear Rapids mail on the mail train that went through the place without a stop.

After seeing that everything was all right he took off his clothes and went to bed on his little cot. The mail sack and his pants he placed on convenient chairs In a few minutes he was sound asleep. He slept the sleep of the tired agent and did not awaken until he was startled by the shrill whistle of the mail train at the cross-

ing not 300 feet from the depot. Without waiting to dress he jumped up half asleep, grabbed for the mail sack, and rushing out on the platform threw it into the open door of the mail car. Still half asleep, he staggered back to his bunk and did not again awaken until old Sol forced open his eyes. The first thing he reached for was his pants, but where they ought to have been was the mail sack. In his sleep he had thrown his pants into the mail car instead of the mail sack. The circus train had arrived and was awaiting the agent's orders. But the agent was awaiting a pair of pants. An accommodating boy fetched him an old pair.

And D. D.'s head hung low as he piloted his girl to the circus with only the coat and vest of his new suit.

To the Orient for a Trade-Mark.

Railroad trademarks are sometimes of peculiar origin. Some railroads are born with trademarks, others achieve them and some have trademarks thrust upon them. The Northern Pacific Railway partly achieved one and had one partly thrust upon it. And when its origin became known to the general passenger agent of the road, that gentleman immediately became a believer in the old adage that there is nothing new under the sun.

The chief engineer of the road, while in Chicago, saw a Korean flag, and was at once struck with the geometric design that appeared on it. It was simple, yet effective and striking. He made a drawing of it and sent it to the officers of the road at St. Paul, who immediately adopted it as the road's official trademark.

Upon the reorganization of the company—the property having been in the hands of receivers—the chairman of the board of directors had the design copyrighted, adopted it for the corporate seal of the new company, and had it engraved on all of the company's securities.

The symbol evidently bore an oriental significance,

but just what is meant diligent research failed to reveal.

A Presbyterian missionary of twelve years' service in China, while passing the company's office in Portland, Ore., noticed the figure and immediately recognized it as

CHINAMEN RECOGNIZE AN OLD EMBLEM.

an ancient Chinese emblem signifying the meeting of extremes, with an origin dating back 3,000 years B. C.

It is usually suspended over the doors of residences, where it serves as a charm or talisman and is invariably found upon all royal buildings and temples throughout China, where the king and royal personages attend worship.

Metamorphosis of the Brakeman.

No more picturesque character has this country produced than the old-time brakeman. He was indigenous to our soil as it were; a truly American product; a fit companion-piece to the cowboy. He is passing, passing as fast as the Indian, the cowpuncher, the railsplitter and other relics of early America. With his hat tilted to one side, his cheeks filled with tobacco and an air of supreme authority, the old-time screwer of the brakes was perhaps more representative of American railways than any other one thing. He touched the people closer and had to do with those little things of travel that rendered journeys a pleasure or a nightmare, according to the temper of the man in uniform. You did not know the president of the road nor any of its other great officers. You did not care who they were. You did not ask them a thousand and one questions on your trips. You did not complain to them of illy ventilated cars, of late trains, nor of rough roads. No, the brakeman was your bureau of information. He was more to you than all the officers of the road put together. He was the ruler of the road in a way. He could answer you insolently or courteously, according to the way he felt, and

he himself seemed to be answerable to nobody. He was an important personage on and off the train. In the towns along the line boys looked upon him as little short of a deity. Young men envied his brass buttons and great authority, and hoped that they might some day occupy his shoes. To him everybody outside the railway service was a greenhorn and of no use. He could probably display more heavyweight authority to the square inch than any other known specimen of humanity. On duty he was monarch of all he surveyed and of a great deal he didn't survey. His special delight was to keep passengers guessing the names of the stations he called. You could almost see him grin with fiendish satisfaction over the efforts of his victims to interpret his yelps, and woe to him who stopped the great man in the aisle to request a translation. His every move was one of assumed authority over mankind. He poked the fire as though the movement of the planets depended on every poke. He pulled the bell cord with a movement that made you think he was signaling the machinery of the government to stop. Among his fellows of the rail he was fairly well met, but treated by them in a different way. But he was a harmless mortal, notwithstanding his defects. His great grip was in the country towns, for though his constant contact with people of all classes should have made him shrewd, he was unsophisticated. In the big cities he was not at home, for here his authority on the road cut no figure. He was an easy mark for confidence men, levee barkeepers and painted women.

There are only a few specimens of the old-fashioned

brakeman to-day. You may find him on an occasional far western road and in some of the backwoods districts of the middle west. In the south he never reigned, the nigger being considered more fit for this work than the white man. There are few roads in the country on which the metamorphosis has not taken place, particularly on the passenger trains. To-day the brakeman wears his cap mathematically straight, he uses no tobacco on duty, his clothes are the product of first-class tailors, his coat must be buttoned from top to bottom, his linen must be white, his shoes blackened, and he must shave his face daily. All these things must the modern brakeman do. And he must do more; he must be uniformly polite; he must answer every question courteously, no matter if they are fired at him at the rate of a hundred a minute.

But nowadays the brakeman's lot is a different one from what it was a dozen years ago. Improved appliances have made the work easier and less dangerous, and there is not now so much to keep the brake winders in bad humor. This is true in the freight as well as in the passenger service; probably more so. The air brake, now common on all good roads, has taken three-fourths the danger out of the work. In addition to this, by governmental order every railroad in the country is now equipped with automatic couplers. The air brake does away with the brakeman's original occupation, setting the brakes by hand, and the automatic coupler obviates the necessity of connecting the cars by hand. Then, the block signal, which is coming to be quite generally adopted, has also been a factor in the metamorphosis.

To-day there are four kinds of brakeman—the green one, who hopes to run the road in a few weeks; the old-timer, whose only ambition is to hold his job; the ambitious one, who is working for promotion, and the professional, or "stake man," who only works for one road long enough to obtain stake money to get him to another part of the country, where the work is not so hard. The green man is generally recruited from the farmer class or from the country towns along the road; he is rarely a product of the big city. He is generally lured into the work by a dream as to the greatness of the brakeman. Sometimes he is too green for the business and lasts only a few weeks. Then, again, he is a success and has been known to reach the president's chair. The old-timer is one who, through inability, lack of opportunity or some other cause, has failed to get any higher in the service. It sometimes happens that the wrinkled-faced veteran has punched tickets, but for some reason or other was retired to the ranks.

But it is the "stake man" that presents the unique picture. He is the nomad of the American railway service; a happy-go-lucky devil, who cares naught for job and no more for the authority of the officers of the road. To him a discharge means nothing; a little inconvenience, perhaps, but nothing more serious. Two or three months is his limit with any road; he would not work longer if he were offered the superintendency. He is seldom a married man and his operations are confined entirely to the freight service, and to roads that hire their men without regard to rules of civil service. The "stake man" is generally an expert railroader, by

reason of his connection with so many different lines. His special delight is to sit in front of some shanty or in a waycar and tell his experiences. The road he has just left is always superior to the one for which he is now working. He is a harmless egotist regarding his ability. A colossal liar is this migratory man of the road, but his stories are entertaining in their improbability.

But even the "stake man" will be a thing of the past if the railroad service continues to evolute.

Where the Eating-House is Not Passing.

In contrast to the decline of the railroad eating-houses in the east and certain parts of the west is the development of such hostelries in the southwest. Just why the eating-house is waning in other parts of the country but developing and becoming more popular in this particular section is perhaps a natural question until the subject is looked into, when good reasons are found for the strong hold the wayside inn has in the great tract reaching from Missouri river to southern California.

Probably the truth of the matter is that most travelers actually prefer the prompter service, and welcome the brief break in the monotony of continuous riding and the opportunity of a little outdoor air and exercise afforded by eating-house service on a long journey, provided satisfactory meals are assured. Expedited trains, for whose schedule every possible saving in time must be considered, are practically forced into the use of dining cars, or so it is claimed by those in charge of railroads where eating-house service is not maintained at a high standard. But it may be doubted whether the additional weight of a heavy dining car car-

ried for long distances does not retard the train nearly enough to offset the time that would be required for eating-house stops.

That there is something attractive in a fast through train that is equipped throughout like a modern hotel cannot be denied, and doubtless railroad managers are shrewdly aware of the attractiveness of such service to a certain class of luxurious patrons and to invalids and the infirm, for these limited trains are usually well patronized. But it is an interesting fact that the Santa Fe route, whose trains run through the southwest, admits that no small part of its strong hold upon tourist travel to and from California is to be credited to its eating-house service, so that the question for the mass of the traveling public appears to be one of the standard of service; in other words, they like the eating-house if they like what they get there. It is another case of the man behind the gun. Officers of this road believe in its eating-house service, and spare no reasonable expense in maintaining its high standard. In the middle of the desert, surrounded by sage brush and far from all sources of supplies, the traveler finds a meal to tempt his appetite with a liberal variety of choice meats, fresh vegetables, the best of fruits from Florida or California and dainty desserts, served by neatly uniformed waitresses, under the critical eye of a local manager who is held strictly to account for any shortcoming. Superintendents travel almost constantly over the line, dropping off from the train here and there unheralded to criticise the service, and any employe who fails to manifest proper

zeal for the entire satisfaction of the public, which is the aim of the management, is promptly dismissed.

These eating-houses are hotels as well, providing sleeping accommodations for travelers when desired, and in not a few cities of considerable population in the southwest are so far superior to the local hotels and restaurants that they receive the regular patronage of residents who are not established in homes of their own. These eating-house hotels are in some cases very handsome and costly structures. The most pretentious is the Castaneda, recently erected at Las Vegas, New Mexico. This is a really magnificent hotel, of which any community would be proud. It easterners, who have never taken a long transcontinental trip, ever look at the map of the southwest and chuckle to themselves that their journeyings are confined to civilization, and hope it may be never necessary to cross those arid plains where water is a stranger and good food unheard of, they labor under a delusion. The appointments and service of the Castaneda are as complete as those of the best hotels of Chicago or New York. Expert chefs and polite waiters prepare and serve you with the very best food obtainable. This hotel is built in imitation of the old California missions, and the interior is richly and expensively finished and furnished. A large and handsome dining room, a smaller lunch room, a luxurious lounging room for ladies and gentlemen, a billiard room, a bar and a large number of bedrooms in the second story are some details of this "railway eating-house," which is constructed upon three sides of an ample court, where choice flowers bloom in the spray of a graceful fountain.

While you are breakfasting at the Castaneda, a citizen of the town strolls into the buffet. Two generations, two types of character and two phases of civilization are presented by this man in derby hat and tailor-made clothes. His father drank his fire water over the rough board bar of the frontier saloon which stood near the site of this beautiful building. His father wore a slouch hat, flannel shirt, leather leggings and carried a big six-shooter in his belt. He punched cows and drank his whisky with one hand and kept the other free to reach his gun. The son carries no gun and takes his drink in costly cut-glass over a mahogany bar. The present generation, indeed, presents types of the one that has past away, but that, too, is rapidly disappearing before the advent of refinement and luxury.

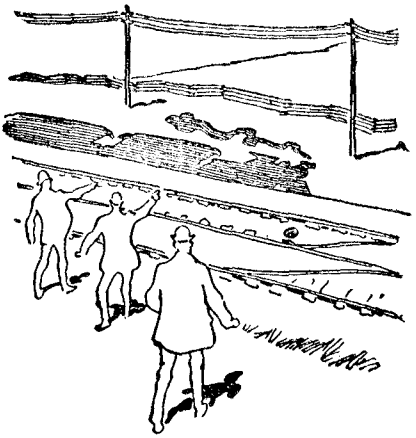
The Fastest One You Ever Heard.

"You latter-day ducks don't know nothin' about fast runs or smooth tricks of the rail," said the fat brakeman, who had screwed brakes on every known or unknown road in the universe, as he addressed a crowd of after-dinner "shacks" seated on the long bench in front of "Boiled Dinner Pete's" boarding house and refreshment parlor. "Four-Track Mike," from the Central, and "Tri-Weekly Bill," from the Delay, Linger and Wait Line, had recited their little stories.

"When I first went to railroadin' about forty years ago," continued he of the fat, "I was windin' brakes on two streaks of rust out in Kansas. It was too long ago to remember the name of the road. The dude brakeman of our speedy train, 'The Lightnin' Chaser,' was sick one day, and I had to put on silver buttons and take his place. It was a night run from our division west. 'The Lightnin' Chaser' pulled in on time and left at the tick of the clock. 'Sandy Jim' was the engineer, and allow me to say, right here, gentlemen, that he ran his engine accordin' to his own notions. He had a new fireman nearly every trip, 'cause they were all too particular about

their lives; Sandy's reckless runnin' jarred their nerves. It was a clear, cold night in December. There was no snow and the ground was as hard as a rock.

"Between the third and fourth stations was a ten-mile stretch over a level prairie. We was about four miles from the last stop and was slidin' along at about forty-five per, when all of a sudden Sandy saw the caboose lights of a freight train not five hundred feet ahead of him. He didn't know what to do for a minute, but he was a quick-thinkin' guy. Right ahead of the



"THE SHADOW OF THE TRAIN WE HAD JUST BROUGHT IN."

freight was a big bend in the track. Well, what did Sandy do but yank his old engine off the track, shoot across the frozen prairie, strike the track on the other side of the curve, ahead of the freight, and glide away from it before the fireman or any of us knew what he was up to."

"I should think you would quit smokin' opium," was the only remark that greeted the fat brakeman's ear.

Then the blonde brakeman took the floor. This individual was always expected to break the record.

"Speakin' of fast runs," said he, "why, the Great Northern lays over everything I ever saw. I worked for that road when Bill Jones was dispatcher, and when he told the boys to wheel 'em we all knew what it meant. One day we were goin' west and were delayed in various ways until we reached Pleasant Lake. Bill wired the con. at that point that he wanted our train to get over to Minot as quick as God would let us. We had a clear track when we started and it wasn't long before the telegraph poles looked like a picket fence. The biggest bust of speed was reserved for the home stretch from Norwich to Minot, fourteen miles. We didn't stop at the junction, but as we approached that place the engineer sounded his whistle, as usual—and you may take my head for a football if the 'slow' sign in the yards wasn't passed by our train before that whistle had ceased to sound."

This made the boys look weary, but the "brakey" hadn't finished yet.

"Well, we put our train away and were resting ourselves, when we glanced up the track and saw a dark streak approaching at a lightning gait. We were astounded for an instant, but as it slowed up we readily recognized it as the shadow of the train we had just brought in."

"Now wait a minute," said the speaker, as two ex-heavyweight liars got up to leave. "The shadow had just disappeared when we heard a terrible rumbling sound down the track. It grew louder and louder, until

it rushed by us with a roar like a half-dozen cannons fired off at once. It was the noise of the train we had just left, which had not been able to keep up with the train or its shadow."

He was handed the regularly signed license and then his hearers got up and shook themselves to see if they were awake.

President Throws Up His Job for the General Passenger Agency.

Although one-seventieth of the population of the United States is engaged in the business of railroading, the technicalities of the service are comparatively unknown to the remaining nineteen-twentieths, yet it is doubtful if there is a paying passenger living who does not believe he could run a railroad better than it is done at the present time.

To the outside world the multifarious duties and responsibilities of the chief of any department of a great railroad are obscure, but the general impression prevails that the head of one branch of the service—the passenger department—must be a person whose authority and responsibility exceeds that of any other official, and to whom the board of directors must bow.

Some years ago, before the interstate commerce act was made effective, the general passenger agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway had made arrangements with certain persons to furnish a supply of tickets between certain competing points at a price which would secure to his railroad a large share of the passenger traffic, provided his competitors did not "catch on" to the scheme before all the tickets were disposed of;

and in pursuance of the idea that it was not necessary to obtain the sanction of any superior officer to any agreement that would produce satisfactory results he kept his deal as secret as possible and waited for the dollars to roll into the company's treasury.

Unfortunately, however, only a few tickets had been sold before some one "leaked" and a strong competitor complained to his president, who called upon the general passenger agent for an explanation, which he reluctantly gave, whereupon he told him this little story:

"Once upon a time," said he, "a man had enough influence with the bondholders and stockholders of a certain railroad to enable him to go to the board of directors and demand an office commensurate with his influence. He was asked what office he desired, and signifying his preference to be president of the company he was duly elected to that office.

"In about two weeks he came back to the board of directors and asked to be permitted to resign his office of president and to be appointed general passenger agent, stating as his reason for desiring the change to be made he had learned in two weeks' experience that 'while the president of a railway company could do as he pleased, the general passenger agent did as he d——d pleased.'"

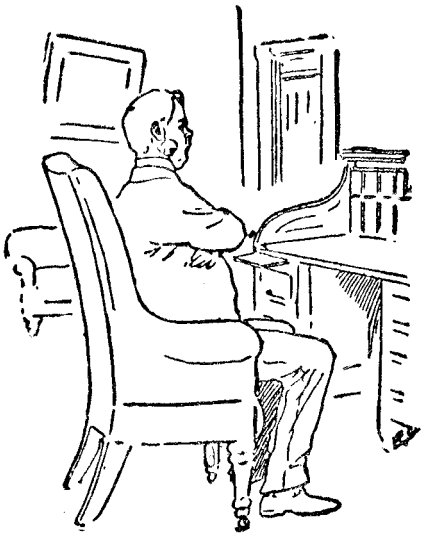
With which little story the president pointed a moral, and signified his wish, in a tone of mild censure, that the passenger agent should at once abandon his scheme of getting all of the business, and be content to let his neighbors have a fair share, "for," said he, "while I am president I propose to do as I please, regardless of the precedent established by the hero of my story."

Autocrats of the Office.

A person who has never worked for a railroad has no conception of the awe in which the president of the company is held by every employe, from the section hand to the first vice-president. To persons outside the business the president of a road is merely the head of a big quasi-public corporation with plenty of work on his hands, but to the employe he is a different sort of a man. To the latter he is something terrible, grand, unapproachable, except to a few favored mortals to whom he deigns to speak. An interview with him would be as much out of the question as an introduction to Queen Victoria. The average president is intimately known to but few of the higher officers and he is never seen by the great majority of the employes.

When he makes a tour of investigation of the system, once or twice a year, he speeds over the road with more pomp and ceremony than the czar of Russia. His royally furnished car is attached to the fastest engine on the road, and among the men it is considered a great piece of luck to be selected one of the crew to handle his train. He has the right of way everywhere, trains are stopped and business is blocked, if necessary, to facilitate his movements. At the different places

along the line employes plan for days to get a peep at him and fortunate indeed is he to whom the president condescends to speak, even if that word be an order. He is treated with greater respect and more curiosity by his subjects than would be the president of the United



"IN HIS OFFICE THE PRESIDENT OCCUPIES A THRONE."

States, because the latter would be unable to discharge any disloyal person.

The railroad president sometimes delights in traveling over his road incognito to see how the men are doing their work, and woe to him who unconsciously treats the traveler as an ordinary mortal. When he returns from one of these surreptitious trips he usually has a long list of victims marked for decapitation. If the employe is given a chance to explain a long correspondence

ensues and he is kept under a mental strain for weeks and sometimes for months before he learns his fate.

In his office the president, figuratively speaking, occupies a throne. Entrance is obtained only through five or six outer rooms filled with private secretaries, chief clerks and uniformed doorkeepers. To get into his presence, even if your business demands his personal attention, is as good as a day's hard work. Your card and the nature of your business are first given to the negro who guards the door. The black man inspects the card and hands it to a clerk, who asks you if you want to see the president personally. Being answered in the affirmative, he passes it along to two or three other little men with big desks, until it finally reaches the great man who guards the entrance to the inner door, the man who passes upon everything but a sale of the road, the private secretary.

If your card is lucky enough to reach this keeper of the great seal you are allowed to enter within the magic rail surrounding his desk and state your business. Then generally ensues a rough and tumble argument, if the caller has a mind of his own, over the advisability of seeing the president in connection with the matter in hand.

If the visitor is victorious he is shown to a seat to await his turn to be presented. When that important moment in his life arrives he is ushered into the presence of the great man with many bows by the greater secretary. By this time the average mortal has lost his nerve and the interview with the president is usually short and unsatisfactory.

The halo of frigidity and exclusiveness that has been thrown around railroad presidents by railroad men is not always merited by the former. In fact, the heads of many of the big transportation companies are plain, everyday men, open and companionable to all except bores.

A Leap for Love.

Bob Brown was not a muser by nature, but he was in love, and just now he was wondering whether it was to be the doctor or the student-farmer. The father had mortgaged the farm to put the son through college and the latter, unable to find immediate, satisfactory employment on leaving school, brushed aside his Latin and Greek and went to work on the farm with the object of paying back the borrowed money. His rustic neighbors sarcastically chided him for going back to manual labor, and they would often remark, in their wise way, that "Education that wouldn't keep a man without farmin' didn't amount to much." But Bob gave little attention to their narrow philosophy. Dear little Winnie had importuned him to borrow money from her father with which to pay the troublesome debt, as there was to be no marriage until the mortgage was cleared. But Bob said that would be but shifting the obligation from one person to another and his duty to pay would be, if possible, even stronger than ever.

Frank Wilson had just been graduated from a Chicago medical college. He was a second cousin to Winnie Briggs and had stopped off to visit the family on his way to Colorado. The second day of his visit at the

Briggs house Bob received a note from Winnie which said that out of respect to their guest she hoped Bob would excuse her from the usual drive during the doctor's stay. The next evening Bob called at the Briggses, only to be informed by the parents that Winnie and the doctor had gone for a drive.

"Oh, well, who would blame her? She is right. What is the use of her waiting indefinitely for me to clear off a $2,000 mortgage with the products of a small farm and then love in a cottage for an indefinite period, when by marrying the doctor she can escape all this. I for one will not stand in her way."

"I unconditionally release you from your engagement and hope that your future life will be one rosy bliss," was the note that Bob twice destroyed, but finally sealed and sent

The next day the doctor was to leave for Colorado and Winnie suddenly determined to visit her aunt at Hanover, a small town about ten miles from Briggsville, as the station and water tank near the Briggs place was known. She would go that far with the doctor in the morning.

When Bob heard that Winnie had accompanied the doctor to Hanover he sealed his resolve. It was the destruction of the last prop that supported his lingering belief in her love for him.

Winnie had been at her aunt's but a few days when she became ill.

"A serious case of nervous break-down," said the local doctor, who was very good at diagnosing physical ills, but very poor in detecting the spiritual ones of the

heart and head. The "nervous break-down" soon developed into brain fever. Her condition became dangerous. Her mother, who had been sent for, telegraphed Bob that Winnie might not live. It was while musing the words first quoted in this little story that Bob received Mrs. Briggs' message.

"Winnie die? No, she cannot, she must not," said Bob when he read the telegram.

His resolve never to see her again was quickly shattered. His note releasing her from the engagement suddenly became an unpardonable crime in his eyes. He must get to her at once and ask her forgiveness. Would he reach her in time?

It was now 7 o'clock. The first train for Hanover was due at 7:30. Dashing into the barn he threw the harness on the horse. The rig was ready in a moment. Changing his clothes like lightning, he was soon flying up the road toward the Briggsville station. The station was four miles distant and his horse was none too fast. He whipped the animal into a foam. Several times he thought it would give out, but he must catch that train if the animal suffered. Arriving at the station, to his horror he found that the train had been gone five minutes.

"My God! what am I to do? I will feel like a murderer if I do not see her before she dies."

Throwing the reins to the boy who had accompanied him, Bob, half exhausted by the intense nervous strain and consequent disappointment, dragged himself from the carriage like a doomed man and in despair sank upon a baggage truck. But notwithstanding his condition his wits were working furiously to devise some

way of getting to Hanover. The next regular train would not be along until 6 o'clock that evening. His horse could not make the journey and to get another rig in any kind of time was almost out of the question as there was not a respectable animal within a radius of five miles of the station. What could he do?

While he was ransacking his brain for an idea he heard a shrill whistle up the track. He jumped from the truck like a drowning man grasping at a straw. In a few moments a train from the east slowed up at the water tank, some distance below the station. It was a special composed of three mail cars and a private car attached to the rear. Giving little attention to the make-up of the train, Bob jumped upon the steps of the private car just as the train was starting. The train, one which the railroad company had sent out from Chicago to break the speed record, had got well under way before Bob met any of the persons aboard. The car was occupied by one or two officials of the road and a party of correspondents representing the Chicago newspapers. They were all then at breakfast in the forward end of the car, the rear, or observation end, being deserted. In a few minutes the conductor appeared.

"Where are you going?" he asked Bob.

"To Hanover," replied the latter. "What is the fare?"

"Why, this is a special train trying to break the record, and we will go through Hanover at sixty miles an hour," said the conductor. "Our first stop is fifteen miles west of there. How did you happen to get on?"

"I saw the train was a special one," replied Bob,

"but I supposed, of course, it would stop at Hanover, one of the largest towns on the road."

Bob then explained that it was a life and death case that he reach Hanover as quickly as possible, that he had missed the regular train and must now get there at all hazards.

"I am sorry," said the conductor, "but we cannot stop there under any circumstances. I cannot disobey orders by stopping at a place not on the schedule, however much I appreciate the circumstances and sympathize with you. We are running at an awful clip and will reach Wildwood in less than thirty minutes. From there you can catch the regular passenger back."

Entreaties failed to move the obdurate conductor. "It's impossible; I would be discharged if I did," said he.

"Would money be any inducement for you to stop?" begged Bob.

"No, I can't do it," was the conductor's ultimatum, and as he started for the other end of the car the whistle blew for the Hanover crossing.

Like a flash Bob was on the rear platform. He jerked open the iron gate and stood upon the lowest step. The train was going at a terrific speed. Hanover depot was passed with a whir.

"My God, I can't go by," said Bob. His brain was buzzing. "I will jump." And before any of the frightened party in the car could reach him he leaped from the flying train into space. He struck the hard rock-ballasted ground like a rubber ball, bounded two or three feet into the air, rolled between the rails, and, in a series of awful revolutions, his head striking the ties

at every turn, followed the train for at least 100 feet, like a piece of paper drawn by the suction. It was a sickening sight, and several of the party turned their heads away from the bouncing form.

"It's a suicide," said Harry Siddons, one of the correspondents, as the conductor pulled the bellcord.

By the time the train was stopped and backed up a gaping and useless crowd of Hanover people had surrounded the unconscious, but still living, stranger. Siddons and the conductor pushed through the crowd to where the still figure lay.

"Why, it's Bob Brown, as sure as I'm alive," said Siddons, as the others of the party came running up. "This man here is Bob Brown, an old college chum of mine. How in thunder did it happen, conductor?"

"We have no time to talk about it now, gentlemen," said the latter. "We must get him up to the depot."

Bob was quickly, but tenderly, carried into the little telegraph office and placed on a table to await the arrival of the summoned doctors, Siddons having previously forced a little brandy down his throat.

"Spare nothing to bring this man around," said Siddons, addressing the station agent, and, handing the latter his card, boarded the train and was away.

The news of the accident quickly reached Mrs. Briggs and she was soon at Bob's side, working with the doctors to bring him to. She had him removed to her sister's house, where for three days he remained in a comatose condition. For a week his life hung by a thread, and a very slender one. At the end of three weeks he was pronounced out of danger, and in a month,

thanks to Providence and a robust constitution, he was able to hobble around. Although his injuries had been terrible, they had not left him a permanent cripple. A nose broken in several places never regained its former perfect shape, and a small silver plate on the top of his skull were the only visible reminders of his miraculous escape that were destined to stay with him.

Up to this time he had not known that he was in the same house with Winnie—in fact, he did not know he was in her aunt's house. The presence of each had been carefuly kept from both. Winnie, although recovering, was still quite sick, but it was finally agreed one day that they could see each other. Propped up in bed when Bob hobbled into the room on his crutches, she extended a wasted but beautiful hand of welcome.

"My darling, can you ever forgive me?" said Bob, as he kissed her hand and swallowed a large lump that threatened to cause trouble.

"Forgive, Bob? Why, I have nothing to forgive," replied Winnie in a faint voice. "You have suffered enough to atone for a crime and you have committed no crime. That awful accident—I shudder when I think of it. And all for me. I did not deserve such a terrible sacrifice. We have both had narrow escapes, Bob, but we both owe our lives to Dr. Wilson."

"Dr. Wilson!" exclaimed Bob.

"Yes, Cousin Frank," replied Winnie. "When he heard of my illness he abandoned his western trip and hurried back here. He was the first doctor to reach you at the telegraph office and for thirty-six hours he watched over you with scarcely food or sleep. As soon

as you were out of danger he turned you over to Dr. Higgins, fearing if you knew he was here it might set your over-sensitive mind to work again on your old foolish suspicions. A week ago he resumed his journey to the west.. I believe we both owe our lives to his ability and friendship."

"Can it be possible, or am I dreaming?" said Bob. "To think that I was so far off the track, and will I ever have an opportunity to thank him? My mind is too confused by the strange turn things have taken to talk longer. I must think this out and we will talk it all over when you get well," and, pressing a kiss on her cheek, he left.

Three months later Bob drove up to Winnie's house. She was in her old place on the veranda.

"I have a bright piece of news for you, my dear," said Bob, his face beaming with happiness. "I have just received a letter from Harry Siddons, my old college classmate, who was on that train from which I made my great leap for life, or rather leap for Winnie, saying that he had secured me a good position in the business department of the big Chicago newspaper with which he is connected, I to let him know in three days whether I will take the place. I telegraphed him to-day that I would accept it and would be there next Monday."

"Oh, how delightful," exclaimed Winnie. "What a fine man this Harry Siddons must be. We can never forget him."

The next week found Bob earnestly at work on one of Chicago's biggest newspapers. So successful was he

that at the end of six months he was promoted to one of the most important positions on the paper.

The following Thanksgiving there was a wedding at the Briggs house and the two most welcome guests at the happy ceremony were Harry Siddons and Dr. Wilson.

When You Borrow Always Quote.

It takes a man with a large bump of patience to work for a railroad company thirty-five years, yet this is the record of Major Heafford, the Milwaukee & St. Paul's general passenger agent. It has been so long ago that he can't remember the name of the first road that gave him a job, but he does remember that his last twenty years of service has been for the St. Paul Company.

The major has a hankering for things literary and when he rounded up a long summer's work he concluded to celebrate the event in prose and verse.

Accordingly he got up an elaborate souvenir "to his people," meaning the officers under him.

Pictures of the entire passenger family graced three pages of the little booklet, and the fourth was devoted to the proclamation which ended with the following bit of advice to young men:

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Although the stanza was quoted Mr. Heafford did not give credit to the author, thinking, of course, that general familiarity with the lines of the Cambridge bard would preclude anybody from charging him with plagiarizing.

A reporter on one of the Chicago papers, in a spirit of fun or thoughtlessness, gave the major full credit for the lines. This started the ball rolling and the St. Paul's general passenger agent began to hear from his proclamation from the four corners of the globe.

People who had been reading the "Psalm of Life" since childhood were shocked that one of his standing should attempt to palm off the noble sentiment as his own.

He received letters of protest from all parts of the country.

A country schoolteacher away up in North Dakota penned him the following:

"Dear Sir:—I have just read in the Prairieville Weekly Plate about your proclamation to your people, whoever they may be, in which you say (quoting the verse).

"I don't know what people you rule or how great your power is, but I want to tell you that you are not the author of those lines. I want you to understand that I know who wrote them. William Henry Longfellow wrote that verse and I have got a book of his poems to prove it. You can't fool me if you can everybody else, and I mean to expose you to the world. You are a fraud and I can prove it."

Another wrote that he would have him arrested if he didn't acknowledge that Longfellow wrote the poem.

Major Heafford treated the thing as a huge joke, but he says when he quotes anybody again he will make the fact plain by printing the author's name at the head of the column in big black letters.

For Those Who Can See a Point.

In the smoking room of the New York and Chicago limited, on the Erie road, were two commercial men and the irrepressible story-teller. The conversation drifted to the war with Spain and then to the sudden manifestation of brotherly love between England and the United States.

"I have only one fault to find with the Englishman," said the story-teller. "He can't see through a joke without the aid of a map. I don't say this off-hand, but after a long and careful study in this line."

"Oh, that's all rot," put in one of the commercial men. "An Englishman can catch the point in a story as quickly as anybody."

Several sallies of this nature followed.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said the S. T., at length. "There is an Englishman in the other end of this car who told me a while ago that he was making his first tour of this country, so that we know he has not yet become Americanized. Now, if you gentlemen will get him back here I'll bet you a box of cigars I can tell a story that he will not catch the point of."

The bet was taken and in a few minutes Victoria's subject was wrestling with one of his admirer's cigars. After a few roundabout remarks the story-teller launched out:

"I heard a pretty good story the other day. It seems that a converted Indian out west had borrowed $10 from one of his pale face friends. He did not have the coin but a few days when he came around to pay it back, and when he gave the ten to his friend he requested a receipt.

" 'Oh, that's all right, John,' said the Indian's creditor. 'I'll never ask you to pay it over again. You don't need any receipt so far as I am concerned.'

" 'Well, I don't suppose that you would forget that I paid you,' answered the red man, 'but I would like to have a receipt.'

" 'Why, there's no necessity for it, John. We are friends. I loaned you ten and you just handed it back That's all there is to it, and I don't see why you are so particular about a receipt.'

" 'Well,' answered the Indian, 'suppose I should die and go to heaven, and when I got up to the golden gate Saint Peter would ask me if I had paid you that ten dollars back and I would say yes. Then he would ask me for my receipt, and if I didn't have any I would have to go look all over hell to find you and get a receipt.' "

The commercial men had never heard the story and laughed heartily. But the Englishman did not move a muscle; his face was a blank and he sat looking at his companions with a studious expression.

"Well," said the Queen's own, after a pause, and in a matter of fact way, "I think if the Indian paid back the money and the transaction was legitimate, he was right in demanding a receipt and the man should have given him one."

Strife for the Original.

To say something original in this age of wits is not an easy thing. To do something original is not an easier accomplishment. An ancient philosopher said that some men lived by their wits. The modern sage would say that all men live by their wits. In this way wit and thoughtful originality are synonymous. Wherever there is population there are straining brains, a continual attempt to say or do something that will be different from what was said or done yesterday. Probably no better illustration of this bending for the new can be given than the constant efforts that are made by the representatives of railroads to keep the merit of their transportation wares before the public eye. There is nothing very sentimental or romantic about rails and engines and cars, and original methods must be adopted to rivet attention to them.

Advertising a big railroad is a big job. It is also a peculiar, fascinating, and, at times, an amusing one. It is the branch that is used to take the rough edges off the other nine ends of the business. There are two distinct sides to the advertising business, one dealing with the publications in which the corporation wants to place its information and the other in handling the millions of

prints and schemes of imaginary circulation that are being continually poked at the transportation people. The representative of these schemes can be easily told by the railroad officer a mile away; he has a stamp upon him that cannot be effaced. His dress may take different forms and his introductory remarks may have a tinge of originality, but as soon as he gets warmed up to his sub-

"HIS PLAN IS ALWAYS NEW."

ject that he is the same genus is quickly seen. His scheme is the same, always the greatest that was ever evolved. He begins by demanding a fabulous price for his valuable space and ends with a simple proposition for transportation.

But, to repeat, there are many amusing features about this arm of the railroad. The man with the port-

folio and airy projects is not the only schemer. Sometimes the officers of the road do a little scheming on their own part to bring some feature of their line strongly before the public. In fact, it may be said that the officials do most of the plotting to catch the public eye, but they do it with more of a purpose in view, and generally with better results than do our friends on the outside, whose sole object is to work the railways for transportation.

Probably one of the most original and effective pieces of advertising that was ever worked at the same net cost was executed by the general passenger agent of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

A prominent physician desired to go on a western trip and selected "The Colorado Special" to reach his destination. Before the doctor was long on the road he became impressed with the service of the limited on which he was traveling and before he left the train he sat down at the writing desk in the buffet car and addressed the following short note:

"My Dear Sir:—Please accept thanks for your great kindness to myself and friends. We are enjoying our trip in the limited and we are delighted with the comforts and conveniences furnished by this unrivaled train. Sorry I did not meet you personally yesterday when we called at your office, but hope to pay my respects when returning. That new buffet car renders traveling a positive luxury and the members of my party will sing its praises long and loud. Yours cordially,

"_____."

The general passenger agent was immediately struck with the value of the note as an advertisement and an idea

for its use entered his head at the same time. With the date and signature added, he had several thousand copies of the little communication perfectly reproduced, just as it had been written to him. These copies, that nobody could distinguish from the original letter, were mailed to prominent citizens of Chicago and to the general passenger agents of a number of railroads, and when the recipients of the copies opened them naturally their first thought was that the letter had been misdirected. In a few days the returns began to come in. In nearly every case the snare caught a fish. The replies stated, in a variety of ways, that "The inclosed letter had evidently been directed to the writer by mistake." Many of the railroad men, however, tumbled to the advertising feature. One of the latter, up in Canada, made the following notation on his copy:

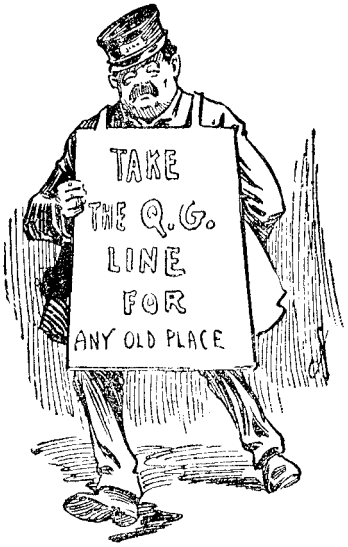
"'What fools these mortals are.' Not all of them. Canadians are excepted. Don't go this time. Try something else. Yours, Intended Fool."

But the general passenger agent did not care for the replies, except to know that the copies had been received; he was satisfied with the knowledge that every person who had received one of the notes had read about the limited train.

This is only one of the many little schemes that railroad men will resort to to hold their line up in the light.

A conductor on one of the roads running south from Chicago was in the habit of carrying his lunch. His run was on a branch line, the starting point being a small town and the termination being a place of considerable size. The train made a round trip each day, and as the

conductor missed but one meal at home he saved money by carrying his lunch. The officers of the company heard of their employe's habit and became impressed with the idea that the road was missing a good deal of advertising on account of the conductor's lunch. Did he not wear a nice uniform with brass buttons on which were the initials of the name of the road? Of course he did. Then



EXPECTS TO BE ORDERED TO CARRY ONE OF THESE.

why not use them for the benefit of the road? As soon as the officers' idea became plain the conductor received an order instructing him to abandon his lunch box and take his dinner at the principal hotel of the town. And that was not all. For an hour before and after each meal he must sit in a prominent place in front of the hotel in full

uniform to help along the advertising department of the road.

"I presume the next thing they will want me to do is to make a daily balloon ascension, do a song and dance on the courthouse steps or carry a sandwich sign," said the man of the punch.

Masons May Understand.

The following little cross-fire is intended for men of the compass and square.

The superintendent of the ——— railroad had a reputation of being particular about the class of men he employed for the train service, and this is said to have been an interview between this official and an applicant for a position as conductor:

From where do you come?

From General Manager S— of the ——— railroad.

What did you come here to do?

To learn to subdue my energies and improve the railway service.

Then you are a railroad man, I infer?

I am so taken to be by all officials who know their business.

How may I know you to be a railroad man?

By looking over my letters and examining me in the signals. Try me.

How will you be tried?

By the punch.

Why by the punch?

Because it is an emblem of honesty and the principal working tool of my profession.

Where were you first prepared to be a railroad man?

In my mind.

Where next?

Upon a farm adjoining the right of way of a regular railroad.

How were you prepared?

By brakeing upon a thrashing machine for six months, after which I went to town and sought admission to the trainmaster's office.

How gained you admission?

By three cigars placed in the open hand of the trainmaster's clerk.

How were you received?

Upon the extended points of the trainmaster's fingers applied to the upper left-hand pocket to teach me never to presume to enter the trainmaster's office without a supply of good cigars.

How were you then disposed of?

I was seated in a chair near the trainmaster's desk and asked if I put my trust in safety coupling devices.

Your answer?

Not if I know myself, I don't.

What was then done with you?

I was led up and down the yard three times to accustom me to the noise of the trains, thence to the chief dispatcher.

How were you then disposed of?

I was seated upon a brake wheel before a train box and caused to take the following horrible and binding oath:

I, Steve Sears, do hereby and hereon most everlastingly and diabolically swear by the tail of the Great

Black Cat, that I will always remit and never conceal any of the cash collected by me as conductor, and that I will not cut, make use of, collect, remit any cash fares than those found in the tariff book. I further promise and swear that I will not carry on my train free any railroad man's wife, mother, sister, daughter or widow, or permit any other conductor to do so if I can prevent it. I further promise and swear that I will freely contribute to all subscriptions circulated to buy my superior officers "a token of esteem, etc.," as far as he may desire and my salary will permit, to all of which I solemnly swear, binding myself under no less a penalty than that of having my salary cut from year to year, all my perquisites taken away and expended for sand ballast to put under the B— River division, where the trains come and go twice in twenty-four hours, so help me Bob Ingersoll and keep my backbone stiff.

What did you then behold?

The trainmaster's clerk approached me and presented me with a safety coupling knife and instructed me to take it to the yardmaster, who would teach me how to use it.

How are coupling knives used?

By sticking them in the left hip pocket with the blade turned up.

The superintendent here informed the applicant that he was satisfied that he was a railroad man and asked him if he would be off or from.

I will be off from here if you will give me a passenger train.

Have you any cigars?

I have.

Will you give them to me?

That is not the manner in which I got them and I cannot so dispose of them.

How can I get them, then?

I will match you heads or tails for them.

I will go you; begin.

You begin.

No, begin yourself, you have the cigars.

A.

All.

All aboard.

You are all right. Come around in the morning and I will arrange to put you to work.

Building a Country.

Does the average uninterested person, or the interested one, for that matter, ever give a thought to the part that a railroad company plays in the settlement of a country?

Why, of course not; states are builded and districts populated by the people, by the home makers. What have the railroads to do with it?

A moment's pause will show that the sparsely inhabited sections of the United States, or more particularly that great expanse stretching from the Mississippi to the Pacific coast, has been and still is being turned into gardens and thriving cities through the indefatigable efforts of who, or what? Not by the boomer, for he was a delusion, long since exposed; not by the eastern press, for through jealousy it has given scant encouragement to the depopulation of eastern farms.

What is it that advertises the advantages of the vacant but fertile west? What is it that carries this knowledge to the husbandmen of the worked-out soil of many districts, and what is it that enables the honest seeker of a new home to visit places where he may start life afresh and under more favorable conditions? It is the railroads.

Probably the best illustration of the tireless work in this direction is the Great Northern Railway system. When this line was finished it ran through a country that was conspicuous for the absence of people. It was short on population but long on land. It had officers who were raised on farms, and who knew that without farmers a railroad company might as well close up its books. They also knew that the land was rich and their mission was to inform the world and induce easterners to see it. They inaugurated an elaborate system of land agencies throughout the east and set the machinery to work. Within a comparatively short time the result was wonderful. Soon the country began to teem with energetic tillers of the soil, flourishing, solid towns sprang up and before the Great Northern company was aware of it it had a new country on its hands.

One of the secrets of the success of the officers, and an item that is generally overlooked by the average railroad man, is the policy they pursued among the settlers along the road. They aimed, so far as possible, to personally interest themselves in every farmer along the line. They attended their fairs and institutes, advised them on improved methods of working the ground and handling the crops, gave them the benefit of the latest information on stock raising, and mixed with them whenever an opportunity was presented.

Many amusing experiences are a part of the land agent's life. The competition for business is ever bitter and low rates and superior roads are not always clinching factors in capturing the wily American emigrant. As an illustration of the old-time methods pursued by

railroad agents in working settlers for their lines, allow one of the fraternity to tell his own story:

"Several years ago, when southern immigration to the west was at its height I got a tip on a party of immigrants that were coming from Johnson County, east Tennessee, to the 'Great West.' They were coming in wagons to Bristol, Tenn., to purchase tickets. I knew the road they were to come on, and I resolved to intercept them before they got to Bristol and if possible secure the outfit for my line. Mr. N—, the agent of a rival line, was bent on the same trick.

"It was just about that time in the month when many passenger agents were waiting for their expense account to come. I knew that he had not got his, and it was quite fortunate for my part that my company was a little more prompt. I slipped a cold hundred into my pocket, feeling satisfied that I would have to meet some outside influences or reduced rates. While my opposition did not 'heel' himself, he borrowed $2.50 from me to pay his sleeping car fare to Bristol, taking the opposite berth from me in the sleeper. I merely took my shoes and coat off, and so far as sleep was concerned, that was out of the question, making my plans as I lay there in my berth as to how I should beat him to the 'tank' the next day. Between 3 and 4 in the morning I slipped out, peeped through the curtain of the opposite berth and saw my opponent still sound asleep. I did not even wake the porter, but slipped out myself and immediately went to a livery stable, secured a horse and started on my journey to meet the immigrant train. When Mr. N— awoke he was fifteen miles beyond his

getting-off place, and he did some loud talking, waking up nearly everybody in the sleeper, saying that I had bribed the porter to let him sleep. He was fortunate in getting a freight train back to Bristol. He could not find me, and mistrusted that I had gone horseback to meet the people. He went to the same stable where I had secured my horse, and they told him that they did not have anything but a mule.

"'Mule be d—d!' he said. 'Do you think I can catch a thief on a mule?' He finally succeeded in getting a horse. I met the people and had quite a long talk with them, at the same time watching the roads pretty closely, satisfied he would be on my trail. And sure enough here he came on one of those large horses. He wore a long ulster overcoat, which was split away up the back, and the coattails looked like wings flying in the air. Discovering the covered wagons his horse jumped to one side and over an eight-rail fence. That gave me time to ride down the line of the caravan and notify the people that Mr. N— was coming and they need not be afraid of him; that he would not say a word to them, but would pitch into me; that I was the general agent of most of the lines west. He got his horse tamed down and came up, and the very first utterance he made was: 'You were not satisfied bribing the nigger porter on the sleeping car to let me sleep, but you bribed the nigger at the livery stable to hire me a mule.'

"When we got to Bristol I secured a room at a hotel and notified them I would treat them right. Those who have been in this mountainous region will understand that there is plenty of mountain dew which goes

through the beech log that Uncle Sam never knows anything about. The leaders told me that N— offered to put the passengers to their destination twenty-four hours quicker than I could; here is where my roll of money came in. I took it out and threw it on the bed and said, 'Here, gentlemen, is $100; you take it and go and bet him that in the first place he cannot do anything of the sort, and in the next place he has not got 50 cents in his pocket, as I loaned him $2.50 to pay his sleeping car fare from Chattanooga to Bristol.' This worked and made him still warmer. This was a little bit hard on the gentleman that I associated with in all details pertaining to passenger business. This little bluff worked and I secured the entire party for my road. Although the headquarters of Mr. N— and myself were in the same town it was sixty days before he spoke to me, and when he did speak we had a big laugh over the affair. But the woods are not so full of immigrants as they were in those days."

Desperate Means to an End.

There are few railroad officers in this country who have a clearer idea of the value of constant advertising than Vice-President St. John of the Seaboard Air Line. Mr. St. John was educated in the passenger service and the men under him are continually reminded of his axiom of keeping the name of the road constantly before the public. It was St. John who evolved the famous "A Man" trademark for the Rock Island road when he was general manager of that system. There was not a section of the world, it may be said, in which this striking advertisement was not seen.

The following little story well illustrates the result of Mr. St. John's tutoring since he became connected with the Seaboard Air Line:

Recently, while in a Norfolk, Va., hotel, the general passenger agent of the Seaboard Air Line observed a man who had fainted. "Let me pass," cried the railroader, elbowing his way through the crowd, "I am a doctor." The people fell back and the self-appointed physician found himself in front of his patient. His manner was somewhat heroic, for after pinching and pounding the man, he took something from his pocket and stuck it on the man's forehead, jamming [illegible] hat

over it, "to keep it from the air," he said. "The effect of that plaster will be simply magical. Take off his hat in a few minutes and he will be completely well." With these words, he started for the Portsmouth boat. The crowd became denser every minute, awaiting the effect of the wonderful cure.

After several minutes the man's hat was removed. With surprise the people gazed at the plaster. It was a "sticker" on which was inscribed in large type: "Go south via the Seaboard Air Line."

Few Railroads Enter Chicago.

Although Chicago is rightly conceded to be the greatest railroad center in the world there are a few things about this claim that are misunderstood. It is a general belief that some thirty-five railroads terminate in that city. As a matter of fact but twenty-two are fortunate enough to get their trains within the city limits, and but six of this number enter the big union depots over their own tracks.

Although the passenger trains of twenty-two great trunk lines arrive and depart from the six union stations in Chicago, sixteen of them do so over the tracks of independent terminal corporations, which own and control the stations, tracks and rights of way to the city limits, and in some cases for miles beyond.

These are facts that the railroads do not advertise, for each of them would have the traveling public believe that theirs was a Chicago line, entering the city over its own tracks and being at least a part owner of the big union station into which it runs. While the transportation companies do not deny the facts they keep up the illusion for the effect it has on business.

There is no material difference in the facilities and accommodations of the roads that own their way into the city and those that secure entrance by lease or trackage right. In fact, the latter sometimes have the better of the terminal question, for if the true situation were generally known to travelers and shippers they might be more or less influenced in favor of the lines owning their tracks and stations.

The renting companies have long, iron-clad leases for their terminal privileges, have no real taxes to pay, do not have expensive roadbeds to maintain, big stations to look after, nor Chicago aldermen demanding courtesies, while at the same time they have all the privileges of the corporations that have to shoulder these burdens. It is safe to say that there is not one of the roads that owns its tracks in that city that would not exchange places with the lines that lease.

The six roads that absolutely own their tracks into Chicago and the stations into which they run are the Chicago & Northwestern, the two Pennsylvania lines, the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago and the Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis, the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern and the Illinois Central. The roads that do not own a foot of the track on which they enter their Chicago stations are the Chicago & Alton, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, Baltimore & Ohio, Wisconsin Central, New York, Chicago & St. Louis, Wabash, Erie, Grand Trunk, Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville, Chicago & Eastern Illinois, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, Michigan Central, Cleve-

land, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis and the Chicago & West Michigan.

A few of these roads come within a mile and a half of their stations, while others do not get any nearer than fifty miles of their Chicago depots. The tracks of many of them end before the city limits are reached, and three of the larger systems do not come within the state of Illinois at all.

Take the Big Four road. This is generally considered an out-and-out Chicago line, and for all practical purposes it is, but as a matter of fact its tracks end at Kankakee, Ill., fifty-four miles from Chicago. From Kankakee in this road uses the tracks of the Illinois Central under a lease. The tracks of the Chicago & West Michigan stop at New Buffalo, Ind., sixty-seven miles from the Park Row station. From that point its trains are run over the tracks of the Michigan Central Company under a contract.

Two big roads, the Erie and the Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville, come right up to the city limits, but in this case the city limit is the state line dividing Indiana and Illinois, which is two miles west of Hammond, Ind., and eighteen miles from Dearborn station, at Polk street and Custom House place, the depot used by these two roads.

The Wisconsin Central gave up the struggle at Maywood, eleven miles from its station at Fifth avenue and Harrison street, and several miles beyond the western boundary of the city limits. South Chicago seemed to possess superior attractions for the Nickel Plate and the Baltimore & Ohio, for this is where they stop.

The Chicago Terminal Transfer Railroad Company not only owns the Grand Central Station, but the tracks and right of way to Maywood and Forest Home, beyond the Desplaines River.

Western avenue is where the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul ends its eastbound journey. From there to the Union Station, Canal and Adams streets, the Pennsylvania Company's Panhandle tracks are used. The Evanston division of this line comes a little nearer the Canal street terminal, running up to the Northwestern crossing on the west side of the north branch of the river near Kinzie street. The tracks of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy end at Sixteenth street and the St. Charles Air Line crossing just west of the Sixteenth street bridge. From this point to the Union Station the tracks are owned by the Pennsylvania Company, of which the Burlington is a long-time tenant. The Chicago & Alton comes down about as far as the Burlington, but on the other side of the river, its right of way terminating at the point where it joins the Pennsylvania tracks, a few hundred feet south of the latter company's bridge across the south branch near Eighteenth street.

When the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe was seized with the Chicago fever some ten or twelve years ago, it succeeded in getting its line down to Forty-ninth street, where a connection was made with the Chicago & Western Indiana terminal system, giving it an entrance into the Dearborn Station. Subsequently the Santa Fe concluded it would like to have its own right of way farther north and at a great expense bought its route down along the south branch to a point near Eighteenth street,

where it now stops, its trains running into Dearborn Station over the Chicago & Western Indiana tracks, as before.

Probably no Chicago road ever paid so dearly for the privilege of getting into Chicago as did the old Santa Fe. Millions were spent in getting this line up to Chicago, and more millions consumed in getting into the city. Chicago property was bought right and left. Several valuable blocks on State street were paid for outright by the plungers from out the west, and other purchases that turned the corporate heads of other local railroads. Then the great system became bankrupt. This was the last railroad company to attempt to get into Chicago over its own tracks, and probably there will never be another attempt.

The Grand Trunk and Wabash tracks end between Forty-seventh and Forty-ninth streets. From there both lines use the Chicago & Western Indiana. The Erie, Monon and Chicago & Eastern Illinois roads also lease the privilege of getting into Dearborn station from the same corporation, the two first named striking the terminal company's right of way at the Indiana and Illinois state line, and the last named at Eighty-third street, eight miles from the station. The Baltimore & Ohio comes in from South Chicago over the tracks of the Terminal Transfer Railroad Company. The Wisconsin Central gives up the ghost at Maywood, ten miles out, where it joins the Terminal Transfer Company's system.

It will be noted that into two of the big stations, Dearborn and Grand Central, there does not enter a single railroad over its own tracks. The former is

owned by a corporation known as the Chicago & Western Indiana Railroad Company, just why this name nobody seems to know, for its tracks do not run an inch into Indiana. This company leases terminal facilities to the lines entering the station. It has no trains itself. The most it does in this line is to furnish a few engines in the Taylor street yards to switch the passenger cars of its tenant roads. The privilege of running suburban trains over the Western Indiana tracks is leased to the Chicago & Eastern Illinois road.

This Chicago & Western Indiana Company controls the movements of every road using its tracks. The moment a train of any of the six lines running into Dearborn Station strikes the tracks of the Western Indiana company it becomes a Chicago & Western Indiana train, losing its identity as a train of the road which owns it. There is a complete merging into the Western Indiana. It immediately takes the number given it by the terminal company and is subject to the orders of the Western Indiana dispatchers. The Chicago Terminal Transfer Railroad Company owns the Grand Central Station and is operated in much the same manner as the Western Indiana, although it is not nearly so extensive, for the latter is also an auxiliary corporation to the Belt Railway of Chicago, which operates the most elaborate interchange system in the world.

In the matter of yards seven-tenths of the public will be surprised to learn the facts. As on the question of depots, the general supposition is that when the yards of these roads are spoken of as being in Chicago, Chicago proper is meant. The facts are few of the yards of

any of the big railroad companies are within eight or ten miles of their stations. The majority are twice that distance away and many are miles outside the city limits. By yards in this connection are meant the big terminal affairs where the freight trains are started and stopped, and not the few tracks that run up beside freight houses farther down in the city. In this line it may be said there is a growing desire on the part of the different railroad companies to get their yards farther out of the city.

Away out at Blue Island, twenty-two miles from the Van Buren street station, is where all freight trains on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific road are stopped, made up and started. Trains on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy get no nearer the city than the village of Clyde, in the town of Cicero, eight miles from the Adams street station. All freight trains on the Michigan Central stop at Kensington, fourteen miles from the Park Row station of that road.

The terminals of the other roads are equally far away from Chicago.

It May Seem a Little Smooth.

She had run into Chicago from Milwaukee. After a long day's shopping in the grime and noise she wended her way to the big station in Wells street and boarded an evening express on the Northwestern road. She was on the sunny side of the car and pulled down the curtain to save her eyes from the blinding rays of the setting orb.

An interesting novel, of which she had been enabled to get about half through on the ride down, was slipped from the grip, and its owner was soon absorbed in the last chapters of the romance.

Page after page was turned, chapter after chapter was finished, and the climax was approaching. With a beating heart this was reached, devoured and passed, and a gradual descent to the soothing finale commenced.

With a sigh over the shortness of good things the book was closed and the reader came to.

"What in the world can be the matter with this train?" said she to herself, with a nervous twist to the rear of the car. "I had only ten minutes to spare when I got on, and I have finished this book and the train hasn't started yet."

Just then the conductor passed the mystified lady.

"What is the matter, conductor; why don't the train start?"

"The next station is Milwaukee, madam," coolly replied the man in the uniform.

She had not felt the train move.

But she had forgotten that she was on the Northwestern.

AS FAR AS WE GO.

TALES OF THE RAIL