

# Where Men Trade Work For Shelter and Food

A man in a tattered suit, who had forgotten to shave that morning, shuffled up to the clerk of the Christian Help mission and said he would like to settle his bill.

"Yes, the sun is beginning to shine on both sides of the street now," said he, "and it's about time for me to move on. How much do you owe me?"

The clerk handed him a package containing a mismatched pair of shoes and the remains of an umbrella, and thus closed the reckoning for a winter's board and lodging.

"A great many of them are leaving us now," said the clerk, as his late guest

stewed onions, turnips, boiled beans, dressing, beef, cottage pudding, dates, prunes, apricots and peach sauce. Each item on this bill cost the diner 1 cent.

### Sleep in Tiers.

So much for the cuisine. As to the dormitory, it will accommodate 320 men, and with reference to expense is divided into two sections. Upstairs two and three beds are placed in a room, and to sleep in one of them costs 15 cents per night, or 10 cents a week. The downstairs section is reserved for those who can be content with less elaborate accommodations. Here the bed is little more than an iron cot, with an elongated pad upon it by way of a mat-



TEN CENT BEDS

shambled out the front door. "This is always the case with the opening of spring. Of course the old ones stay in the city, and pass the time resting in the parks, but the younger and more ambitious roam the rural districts and carve their names on water tanks. That's where Steve is going now."

"During the last five months we have averaged seventy men here for board and lodging and once or twice ran up as high as ninety, but they're dwindling down fast now. The able-bodied ones are the first to go, and by the middle of summer we'll have not more than a corporal's guard of feeble old men, fit only to chop bunch kindling wood."

### Object of the Enterprise.

The home of these unfortunate birds of passage, known as the Christian Help mission, is at 1513-15 Burt street and is managed by A. S. Baird, formerly of Fremont. He said that in buying the institution of its former owner nearly three years ago he had no mercenary motive, but was prompted solely by the desire to help those who were unable to help themselves. It is his highest ambition, he says, to make the home self-supporting. His plan is to exact a nominal charge from those who are able to pay and to require work from those who are not. Those who are ill, or for any reason unable to either pay or work, are given their accommodations free.

In the rear of the home is a great wood-yard, containing at the present time more than 100 cords of wood, most of it cut to stove lengths. Here is where the insolvent patrons earn their board and beds. Able-bodied guests must pay or saw wood—that is the cardinal rule of the institution.

For sawing one-eighth of a cord of wood, or a pile two feet wide by four feet high, the patron receives a 10-cent ticket, which is negotiable in the home and may be exchanged for food or lodging. The wood is sold mostly to wealthy citizens who have fireplaces in their homes.

### No Meat Served at Meats.

The mission is essentially a vegetarian institution. No meat of any kind is served. "I have been a vegetarian myself for a great many years," said Manager Baird, "and I've found that a man can get along just as well without meat, and be healthier for it. Besides, I couldn't afford to serve meats at my prices. You see I charge only 1 cent a dish for every article on the bill of fare."

The dining room of the institution presents a busy scene between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock every day. During the first half hour of this interval the large room fronting on the street, used at other times for an office and reading room, is being equipped with tables and chairs preparatory to the midday meal. Then, at 11:30, the men line up and take their turn at the kitchen window. It is like a bargain day at a theater box office. There are two windows opening into the kitchen. Through the first the man at the head of the line orders what he wants, and through the second he receives his viands and pays for them in tickets and money. Then he carries his dishes back to one of the two long tables, sits down and eats. By this method every man is his own waiter, and the assistant cook is the cashier.

Just over the two kitchen windows, which resemble portholes in a battleship, is a fancy motto reading, "What Would Jesus Do?" and under it is the bill of fare. On the day the reporter called the menu included the following: Spinach, vegetable soup, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes,

schemes as he was years ago, before he cut such a figure "on the street," and when a favorite pastime was dropping incandescent lamp bulbs behind his patrons, who were busily engaged at the ticker, in order to see them jump at the sound of the explosion.

Mr. Lawson is a generous man, and before he so hedged himself about that personal communication with him became practically impossible he was the easy victim of men with hard-luck stories. He tells with considerable relish of his experience with a Montana man who became stranded in Boston and applied to him for a loan. He wanted to get home, he said, and once there could easily recoup his losses.

Mr. Lawson remembered the time when he had needed friends himself, and therefore sent his clerk with the man to purchase a ticket for Helena. He also gave the man \$20 for incidental expenses.

Less than a week later Mr. Lawson met the Montana man in the smoking room of an ocean steamer, where the victim of hard luck was ordering lavishly from the steward for a group of men by whom he was surrounded.

"Hello," said Mr. Lawson; "I thought you were going back to Montana."

"So I am," replied the Montana man, "by way of Europe and Asia."

"And so you were simply working me last week?" said the Boston man.

"Not at all, Mr. Lawson," was the reply, "but I thought the matter over, sold my railroad ticket to a scalper, and put the proceeds into a flyer in one of your copperheads and pulled out quite a pile."

He offered to repay Mr. Lawson the money advanced, but the offer was declined.

# Life Time Spent In Locomotive Cab

Forty-five years on a locomotive is the record of Luther O. Farrington, the first engineer who pulled a passenger train out of Omaha.

Away down in southern Indiana a slender newsboy began offering popcorn and candy to railway patrons in the late '50s. He soon got his railroad legs and developed a liking for the business. But it was the engineer and his bounding steel horse that held particular attraction for the youngster. A ride in the cab delighted the adventure-loving boy more than the harking of sweet meats.

For two years he tried in vain to secure a position as fireman. He was greeted with the answer, "No boys wanted." But meantime the boy grew and his broadening shoulders began to indicate strength. He applied for work with the Burlington road, entered the cab of an engine at Galesburg, Ill., and made his first run as a full-fledged fireman out of that town.

Two years of faithful service were rewarded by a transfer to the other side of the engine cab and since that time the lever and throttle have been Luther O. Farrington's constant companions. From the Burlington he went to the Hannibal & St. Joe line, which he served during the civil war.

Railroading through a guerrilla-infested country was anything but appetizing. In describing his experiences Mr. Farrington said: "I was shot at innumerable

Farrington had a passenger run between Grand Island and Omaha. Later he had a passenger run between Grand Island and North Platte. Since 1865 Farrington has been on the Union Pacific pay rolls continuously, with the exception of eighteen months during 1879 and 1880, which he spent in the employ of the Hannibal & St. Joseph. He has made his home at North Platte for many years. Although he has a regular run at present, he is still on the Union Pacific pay roll.

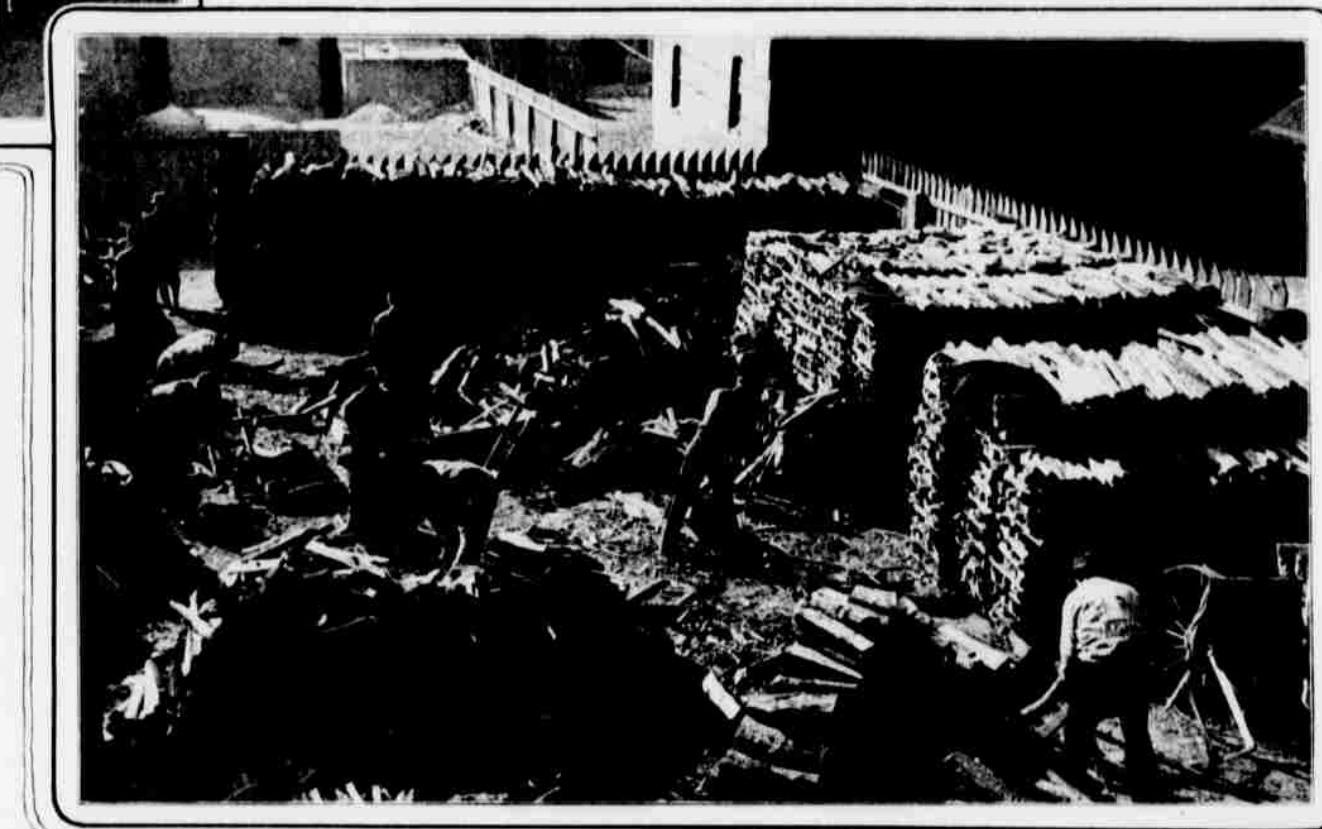
Long years of railroad service have had but little effect on the veteran engineer. He suffers from none of the nervous disorders common to railroad men. For years he has been a teetotaler, and he maintains that railroad men have no right to endanger the lives of travelers by indulging in drink. A treasured keepsake in the Farrington home at North Platte is a copy of the first time card issued by the Union Pacific. It is printed on gilt paper and was issued at the time the completion of the road to Papillion was celebrated.

### Old Guard Still on Duty.

The first six engineers who were regularly employed by the Union Pacific are still on that company's pay roll. Four of these men pull trains into Omaha and a fifth, L. W. Rollins, runs a passenger train from Grand Island to Loup City. John A. Dolan of 1801 South Eleventh street, Theodore C. Livingston of 1616 Howard street, Charles S. Hambright of 2502 Ames avenue and E. R. Mathis of Council Bluffs are the veterans who are still pulling trains into Omaha.

Livingston has been continuously in the service of the company longer than any other engineer. He came to Omaha September 20, 1867, and has not worked for any other company since that time. He is engineer at present on passenger trains Nos. 6 and 7, between Omaha and Grand Island. Hambright also runs on these trains. He arrived in Omaha three weeks after Livingston, but his connection with the Union Pacific dates from 1868. Dolan's present term of service began in 1873, and he now pulls the last mail between Omaha and Grand Island.

The first engine brought to Omaha was the General Sherman. It was exhibited at the Transmississippi and has since that time found its way to the scrap pile. Thomas Jordan set that engine up and operated it, but he is said to have never been a regularly employed engineer, and it remained for Luther Farrington to pull the first real passenger train out of the city.



THE WOODYARD AT CHRISTIAN HELP MISSION, OMAHA—Photo by Bostwick.

## With the Youngsters

dress, and a couple of narrow patch-work quilts. These cots cost 10 cents.

"We have to wage a constant warfare against vermin," said Manager Baird, "and I dare say there's not a bug in this house."

Asked how he managed to detect the presence of vermin on the persons of his transient guests, Mr. Baird said:

"Well, we have a religious service here twice a day, from 8 to 9 in the morning and from 8 to 9 at night. We always encourage our patrons to attend these services, and if a guest can sit through one of them without scratching it's a pretty sure sign that he has no private menagerie about him. If he's shifty in his seat, however, and makes spasmodic dabs at himself now and then we require him to have his clothes fumigated before retiring and to take a bath. He has to take a bath anyway. A bath once a day for all hands and the cook is compulsory. Yes, it may be that this feature of the institution has reduced its patronage somewhat, but I've trained a good many of the boys so that they no longer consider a warm shower bath as a cruel and unusual punishment.

### How to Sober a "Jag."

"When a man comes in here with a tank on we give him a cold shower bath, which usually fetches him out all right in a few minutes. We have a treatment also for the delirium tremens. I have known it to cure some of the worst cases of snakes. We put the patient in a cabinet and give him a hot steam bath, followed by a dash of cold water. That's all there is to it—no medicine, no massage, no Christian Science—just hot steam and cold water. Of course one must use judgment in applying it, but I've never observed any ill effects from its judicious use."

The Christian Help mission is for the benefit of men only, and no women are accommodated. Mr. Baird said he tried to take them in at first, but found the plan was not feasible.

## Rise of a Cattle King

Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston stock-broker who is building a yacht to compete for the privilege of defending the America's cup, is one of the most discussed persons in Boston financial circles, relates the Philadelphia Post.

The "copper king" is today as full of

Big Sister—Oh, I do hope papa will take me to the concert. I'm so fond of music.  
Little Brother—Huh! Then why don't you never let me play my d. um in the house?

"Mamma," said Little Elsie, looking up from her Sunday school book, "there's one thing I can't understand about Adam and Eve." "What is it, dear?" asked her mother. "I know where their meat and vegetables came from," said Elsie, "but where in the world did they buy their groceries?"

They are not exactly bad boys, these two in a certain East Memphis family, relates the Scimitar, but they are invariably quarreling and fighting with one another. Probably it was the fact of frequent parental intervention that caused the few pauses in hostilities. At any rate, they are rather famous in their neighborhood.

One day not long since one of the neighbors, who was fond of contests of any kind, asked:

"Edwin, when you and your brother fight so much who generally whips?"

Edwin gave a little wriggle, as if in sympathy with memories of recent occurrences, and said, resignedly: "Mother."

Here is a story of a mere girl, the daughter of a local physician of credit and renown," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "She is a bright child of 6 and has been much petted by her admiring friends. Perhaps this has spoiled her a little, but she is so sweet and entertaining that visitors can't keep their hands off of her."

"One of these visitors, a new neighbor, made a call on the little maid's mother and it wasn't but a few moments before the little maid was on her lap."

"In the chatter which followed the woman made some allusion to the little one's grandmother."

"Why, didn't you know?" cried the child.

"Know what, dear?" said the visitor.

"Why," answered the child, "grandma is dead and grandpa is dead and Aunt Jane is dead—and most all of papa's patients are dead, too!"



A NINE-CENT DINNER.

## Inscriptions Didn't Fit

A Pine Hills family has a colored servant girl and she is indeed a treasure, reports the Albany Journal. However, she nearly quered the outfit last week and as a result is in disgrace with the female members of the household. An aged uncle who lives up in the Mohawk valley came down to spend a few days and incidentally celebrate his 69th birthday. This fact was impressed on the cook and she was instructed to prepare a birthday dinner "as would be a dinner." Incidentally it may be remarked here that the aged relative is an agnostic and a devout believer in the doctrines laid down by the late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. Judge, then, of his surprise when the "piece de resistance" of the evening, a mammoth cake, was brought in and set before him, to read the following inscriptions on it:

"James M. B.—Aged 69."  
"Happy Returns of the Day."  
"Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."

What the old man said wouldn't look well in print and the cook, instead of receiving the generous reward expected, narrowly escaped losing her job.

