

SUED RUSSELL SAGE



Here is the woman who is suing Russell Sage for \$75,000. The case has not yet gone to court. The woman's name is Isabelle D'AJuria, and she claims the title of marchioness. Her antecedents are shrouded in much mystery. She is said to be a miniature painter of considerable note, and many well known society leaders here and abroad have sat for her. The ill-treatment of which she accuses Russell Sage is alleged to have occurred eighteen years ago. The aged millionaire denies all the allegations.

The Man Behind the Throttle

Slow and arduous is the course these days that leads to the post of locomotive engineer. Endless hours of hard toil with an unflagging ambition to make the goal alone will fructify the hopes of the youth who pines to be master of an engine.

Twelve years in all is about the required time though there was a period in the history of railroading when less than half that many years was sufficient. Is the reward worth the effort? It all depends on the man. A halo of romance crowns the locomotive, dirty and greasy as it is, and it is a rare schoolboy who has not nursed a passion to one day be an engineer. If it lives until he is twenty-one years of age his application for the place of a beginner will be accepted. If there is need for him at the time, which does not appear to be the case very often, the young aspirant is given a physical examination, principally with regard to his sight and hearing. If he passes, the struggle that will certainly test his ambition is soon begun.

There is no overpowering joy in the task of wiping an engine, helping to operate the turntable or acting in one of many capacities of helper, but that is the way he must set out. If it does not cure him at once of his passion it is pretty safe to say he will some day be engineer all right. Perhaps after three years of this work he will be advanced to the task of firing on a switch engine. Things are growing a little more interesting and the pay takes a jump from \$1.25 to \$1.50. Right here he has a golden occasion to supplement the knowledge of an engine that he obtained at wiping and on his adeptness at this point depends a good deal of his future. His readiness to learn will not go unnoticed and the more acute the interest he shows in his work the shorter will be his probation-

ary service. After a year or two of this he may be advanced to assist the hostler at the roundhouse. Here again he adds to his experience and after some months he may be made engineer on a switchman or fireman on a freight run. And from there he goes in a bound to his goal when his turn comes, first on a freight engine then a branch passenger and finally on a main line passenger. At last he has come to the exalted height and generally he can look back on ten or twelve years' of the hardest kind of work in the battle for his prize.

Said a railroad man the other day: "A whole lot of sentiment is wasted on the men who ride their engines at the head of a train, plunging through a storm of rain or snow, risking life at every culvert or bridge. There is no great quantity of nerve or bravery in any of them. Most of them begin their work when comparatively young. From riding switch engines they work in the course of years out onto the main line. By this time they have become used to fast running and it is as much a matter of course to them as is the commonest work to anybody else. Sudden death to them is no more feared than to the man who walks the thickly populated streets every day in the week." But the man who said so was not an engineer. Asked if an engineer ever suffered with nervousness, a man who has been one for the Burlington many years said, with a shrug, that they are not supposed to have nerves. There are times though when they feel considerable anxiety and strange to say it is not over danger but over time. With a heavy train behind him and orders to make a siding, for instance, where he must pass another train of the same kind he is oftentimes fretful lest he fail to be there on time and cause the other train delay. These occasions are only when the weather or other conditions are such that fast running is greatly hindered.

Why is it that railroad men and particularly engineers, are so generally cranky? is a question many times asked. The answer is that engineers are no more gruff than any other class of people. It is simply an illusion. Though railroad men are not so often known by name they are the most prominent of public men and that is why their characteristics are generally more noticed. But why shouldn't an engineer be cranky? He has spent a good many years in the purchase of his position and it is one of sufficient responsibility and worryment to work bad on most anybody's nerves. The probability is that none of the complainants but would growl as guttural as the sullenest engineer, if placed in his position and bothered by as many thimble-brain people.

The pains and pleasures of an engineer's life are fairly well balanced. The most unpleasant feature of the work is that he is never certain of his hours. In fact he is not certain of his leisure at all, for he may come in from one run only to be dispatched on another. And there is no telling at what hour of the night he will be called out for a lonely ride with an engine across the country. When such calls come in wet or wintry weather, then it is that the engineer feels disposed to invoke relief in good round oaths. Nevertheless it is always warm in the cab and when he gets started he feels a good deal better. He loves his great steel steed and when he feels it obey his touch he rarely fails to feel some gently thrilling touches of pleasure. Night or day, if he pulls out of town with the headlight glaring on the track ahead, or if he leans out on his window pad in the sunlight to watch the sunflowers pass back under him, his mettle is invariably up. Though his mind be full of train orders, sidings and all the mechanism of his engine and the art necessary to utilize all the steam the fireman can make for him he does not make a trip without some feelings of exhilaration. If there were no other pleasure in the work there would remain that of delight in the constant change of scenery, a panorama of houses, trees, hills, valleys, plains, rivers and woods, and a daily variety of faces. Though every foot of the

route be learned by heart the engineer has this daily interest in things, added to the fine sensations of traveling through space, in the lead and out of the dust and smoke, at the greatest speed known. There is not a little pleasure in the consciousness that the power at the bottom of all this is in his own hands. The roar and lurch and swing of the engine adds to the spice of the ride.

Explosions or other accidents are never feared. There is no possibility of a boiler exploding if it is kept in water. When the engineer lets the water run down he puts himself in danger and only then. The safety valve is set to blow off at a certain pressure. If it fails to work when the gauge indicates the proper time the door of the firebox is opened and whatever else is necessary to cool off the engine is resorted to. In that manner the pressure is regulated until the defect can be repaired. Some of the engineers say they never knew of a valve and a gauge to be out of order at the same time.

It is a rare engineer who has not figured in a wreck of some kind but they say they felt none of the pains of fear. One Burlington engineer told of a time when he collided with the rear end of a freight train. He was on a night run and the air was so thick with fog that a brakeman who stood in the gangway with a lantern could not see the whistling post when it was passed. As the train neared the station it came suddenly into view of the tail lights of a caboose, not more than two rods ahead. "We're going into her—jump!" was the only cry of the engineer to his brakeman and fireman, and they leaped. Thrusting in the throttle, setting the brakes and throw-

ing on sand the engineer followed suit, just at the crash. He remembered as he jumped, striking the platform of the station with his feet and then he knew no more. When he awoke it was to hear the piteous bellowing of cattle in a car that had been turned upside down at his side. So heartrending were their moans that he heard them for weeks afterwards in his dreams. As for the sensation when he saw the wreck could not be averted, he said he hadn't the faintest thought that his time had come. His only idea was to do the best to stop the train and then get off as quickly as possible.

Toiling away year after year the hair of the engineer will soon be turning white. He has had a second physical examination before getting his position on an engine and he was in fine condition but now his eyes are growing somewhat dim and his hearing is not quite what it used to be. His increasing infirmities are soon disclosed in his work and then, faithful as he has been, the company sees fit to deprive him of his engine. Out of his salary of from \$100 to \$140 a month these many years he may have saved himself enough for fairly comfortable retirement. The chances are equal, however, that he did not. But at any rate the company will not turn him off cold if he has been a faithful employe. It never does and that is one of the constant comforts of the railroad man. He knows his job is sure so long as he behaves himself and does his work right and he knows that his money is always forthcoming. The safety of the traveling public demands that the weakening engineer be retired and into some cosy nook where he is still on the company payrolls he spends the rest of his days.

Such is the fascination of railroad work that once at it he can't abandon it and feel at peace. One of the very reasons why it takes so long for a man to make himself an engineer is that his predecessors are so deeply in love with their work that they will not resign and can hardly be killed off to make way for the younger generations.

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