

COURTLAND S. CARRIER VETERAN IN RAILWAY SERVICE

Something About the Man Who Has Sold Millions of Dollars Worth of Tickets to Millions of People Who Sought Entrance to the Greatest Show Ever Visited by Mortal Man.

COURTLAND S. CARRIER has been a ticket seller and gatekeeper at the entrance to the biggest show on earth for thirty-seven years of his life, yet he is not connected with a circus. The show with which he has been connected needs not the aid of glaring posters portraying the most astonishing feats of acrobats, the most marvelous acts of trained animals, the greatest display of wild beasts and birds; it needs not the aid of gigantic type in setting forth the prodigy of its vastness and the greatness of its eclipse over all competitors; it requires not the help of hyperbolic press agents to keep up its popularity. If it called into use these ordinary claptrap devices of the showman it would be able to make such statements as in their very truth would be so wonderful that the public would not believe them. Look: "Four million square miles of space, 4,000,000," "1,000,000 buffaloes, 1,000,000," and so on down the line, almost ad infinitum. And then at the bottom the startling statement to cap all, "Admission free and a fine farm and all the fresh meat you can shoot free into the bargain."

It was to this great show that "Court" Carrier was ticket seller and gatekeeper at the main entrance, Omaha, for so many years. The admission was free, as stated, in the veracious advertisements and the tickets Mr. Carrier sold were for a ride on the Union Pacific railroad through the big show after the patrons had "passed upon the inside."

He came to Omaha in 1871, very soon after the main line of the Union Pacific had been opened for traffic. He put in many years, each made up of 365 strenuous days of wrestling with the great horde of human beings coming from the east, from across the seas, from all parts of the world, to see the "Greatest Show On Earth." The big show extended from the Missouri river westward across the plains, across the mountains, and down to the blue Pacific, embracing millions of square miles of the most fertile soil, the richest mines of metal, the greatest hunting preserves. It was as yet uninhabited. It was like the great circus just after the tents have been placed and the seats erected. It had been prepared by the Almighty in ages long past. It had lain deserted, unpatronized except by the mound builders and their successors, the Indians, for hundreds of years. It was utterly unknown to all the civilized world nearly all the time since history began, and when it was discovered it was despised as the "Great American desert." The people thought it was not a good show, not worth the price of admission, even though that was free.

Big Show Gets Crowd

And so the big show which was later to prove itself, indeed, the greatest on earth, lay unseen until the middle of the nineteenth century, when, because the populace had seen and tired of the sideshow which lay to the east of the Missouri river, some of the bolder spirits or some of those who had brought more money with them or sought to take back greater experience stepped up to the gate and paid the admission fee and went in to see what the show was like anyway. Then out from the big show came the word from these investigators that there was gold in California. Those who were lingering at the sideshow immediately set out for that promising place. They went in greater and greater numbers and most of them went in by the main entrance, which was at Omaha, though some crept under the canvas at other places or carried water to the elephant and got in by way of Panama or the cape.

As the attraction became more and more popular and the people flocked from the sideshow the main entrance was often crowded with people from all parts of the world, all bent on seeing the big show and identifying themselves with it if possible. Then a road was built to accommodate them in seeing the sights of this great, unrivalled prodigious, unsurpassed marvel of the nineteenth century. The railroad was built from Omaha westward and pushed in spite of untold hardships on across the plains, across the mountains and down to the very edge of the ocean.

By the time this was completed Uncle Sam's great show was acknowledged to be a marvel. Those who had been "upon the inside" came back to get their wives and children and relatives or wrote letters to the folks at home in the east urging them to come out and see the real thing.

About this time "Court" Carrier became ticket seller at the main entrance to the big show. It was at a time when the attendance was breaking all records. With a working knowledge of telegraphy, Mr. Carrier arrived in Omaha in 1871 and secured a place as operator and assistant to W. A. McElroy, who was then agent for the Northwestern and Rock Island lines, with an office on Farnam street between Ninth and Tenth streets. When J. H. Lacey relieved Mr. McElroy young Carrier remained with him as his assistant and operator. In 1874 Carrier went to the Union Pacific station as assistant to Joseph Bell, who was then agent. There he remained and shouldered the work of handling the heavy emigrant traffic for ten years.

Work Came Naturally to Him

His previous history, in a word, was this. He was born in Columbus, Warren county, Pennsylvania, where his father was a farmer. When he was 6 years old the family moved to Geneseo, Ill. In 1869 the young man started out to learn the railroad business, beginning in Geneseo as an operator. Later he moved on to DeSoto, Ia., and then to Omaha, where he arrived just in time to become acquainted with conditions connected with the flocking of the crowds through the main entrance in Omaha into Uncle Sam's big show. Now, the man in the "ticket wagon" of the circus must be a man of tact and a man of patience. Mr. Carrier possesses these qualities and he was a man in the right place at the union station. But it was hard work.

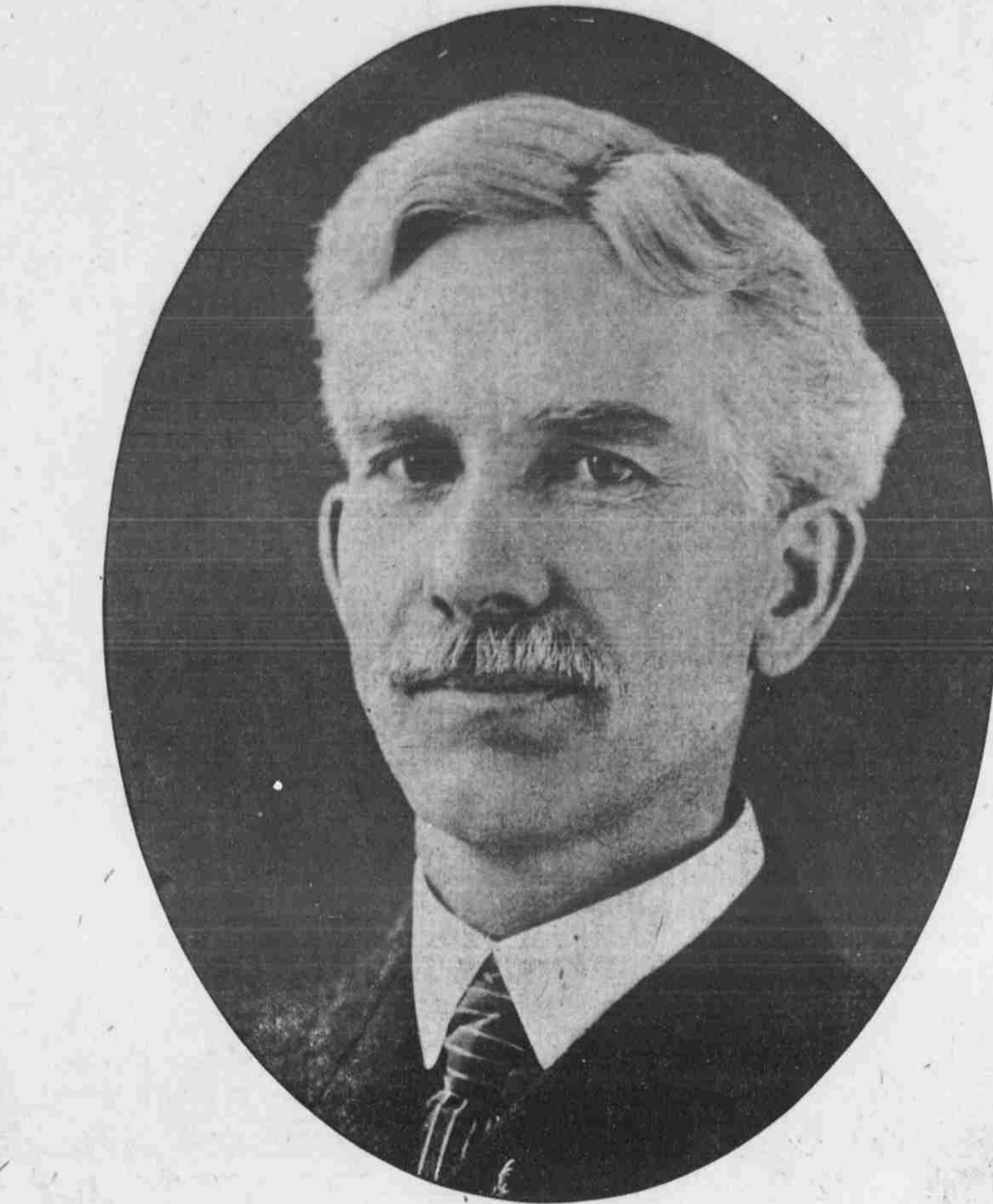
"I used to go down at 6 o'clock in the morning and often would not leave there until 9 or 10 in the evening," he says. "And it was all one long grind of hard work, a continuous struggle with the more or less ignorant class of foreign emigrants who had come from all parts of the world and talked all sorts of languages. We picked up a good supply of foreign tongues and some of us were accomplished linguists by the time we had struggled with the passenger traffic for a few years."

"The Union Pacific was the only line west from Omaha at that time. The emigrants came in from the east over different lines. The transfer was in Council Bluffs. There each road had a little ticket shack erected on a long platform and each road had its hustlers, and they were hustlers, too. They pretty nearly pulled some passengers in two when business was especially slack and they all wanted to land some fare. I remember one day seeing two agents tackle a man who looked like a miner. He had a big carpet bag. Each of the agents grabbed hold of this. In the struggle they pulled it open and a big horse pistol fell out. The miner grabbed this and you ought to have seen those business hustlers scatter."

"From Council Bluffs to Omaha a dummy ran every hour, bringing the passengers over. The fare from the Bluffs to Omaha was 59 cents, which was paid in cash to the conductor."

Task Endless and Tremendous

"The big part of my business in Omaha was the exchanging of the tickets of emigrants. This was an almost endless task. The line was always formed and moving monotonously past me all day long and often far into the night. There was all the trouble of struggling with the untutored minds of many of the foreigners, who suspected they were being buncoed when we took their old tickets from them and gave them tickets with which to go on west. Old Captain Paine used to be the depot policeman on those days and he did good service keeping the people lined up. Later J. E. Markel built what was called an 'emigrant house' east of the depot. He did a thriving business there, boarding and lodging the emigrants who came in from the east and had to stay here over night to catch the Union Pacific emigrant train out in the morning. The interpreting difficulty was remedied also after a time. There was a young fellow,



COURTLAND S. CARRIER.

little more than a boy, working for Markel, who picked up enough of the various languages to talk to nearly everybody."

There was always one big emigrant train out from Omaha every day and some times it was in two sections. The emigrant rate of fare to Reno, Nev., and all points west of that was \$45; second class, \$75, and first class, \$100. These rates remained in force for years. An emigrant train took about nine days to run from Omaha to San Francisco, while the first class train made the run in about five days. Ninety-five per cent of the business was ticketed straight through to San Francisco.

During these ten years Mr. Carrier carried millions of dollars in cash up Ninth street from the station to the office on Farnam

Resting Places of Many Ancient Popes Not Known

ROME, Feb. 29.—The tombs of only about ninety of the 260 successors of St. Peter on the papal throne exist today. About sixty are in Rome, most of them in the Basilica of St. Peter and a few others in different churches. More than twenty are scattered over Italy, in Florence, Perugia, Viterbo, Naples, Bologna, etc. The six Avignon popes are buried in France, and one German pope, Clement II (1046-1047), is buried in the cathedral of Bamberg.

In the earliest days of Christianity the popes were buried beside the tomb of St. Peter. Originally this was a plain sarcophagus turned toward the east on the Via Cornelia, close to the place where the apostle suffered martyrdom. Later it was replaced by a memorial or oratory built by St. Anacletus, the third pope. Finally Constantine caused to be erected on this spot a vaulted chamber, the so-called confession of St. Peter, which, surrounded by a marble balustrade, illuminated by ninety-three golden lamps and adorned with precious stones, jasper, porphyry and agate, is the most hallowed spot in the world's chief church.

From the time of Leo the Great (440-461) until the ninth century the Vatican again became the official burial place of the popes and the portico or atrium of the old basilica was used for this purpose. Here for over two centuries they were laid side by side under the floor, until every available foot of space was occupied and it was a task even for the learned to distinguish each tomb and read its epitaph.

During the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries the pontiffs were generally buried in the lateran basilica, the cathedral of the pope as bishop of Rome. Very probably more than 200 popes were buried in St. Peter's and in the lateran, but hardly one-fourth of the original number remain today.

Eighty-seven tombs of as many popes were destroyed in old St. Peter's during the sixteenth century, when the ancient basilica was replaced by the present structure. The monuments of several popes buried in the lateran were destroyed in the great fire of 1308, which raged for three days and during which the basilica was almost totally burned down.

The remaining tombs perished in different ways and owing to various causes. Several were lost sight of and very likely are hidden deep down

street, where he turned it over to Nathan Shelton, the cashier. Some days he walked up this street with \$6,000, \$8,000 or \$10,000 in the pocket of his overcoat. The only protection he had was a revolver. He never lost a dollar of it, though one day a desperate character, who saw him put the money in his pocket at the station, followed him, and was intimidated only when Mr. Carrier allowed him to see the size of his revolver.

No well regulated circus could be considered complete without the bunco man. And Uncle Sam's monster aggregation west of the Missouri river was well provided with them. They infested every train that steamed away into the interior of the great show.

"I used to see them often, plying their nefarious trade," says

Mr. Carrier. "Some of them were very desperate characters and most of them had killed at least one man during their shady and checkered careers. I had a personal acquaintance with a number of them. 'Sandy' was an especially desperate character, who had put a knife into a brakeman whom I knew. 'Canada Bill' was a skillful player and always came in from his trips with a bag of money. Yet he was a man of peculiar character and if after he had 'cleaned out' some fellow the victim would put up a story sufficiently pitiful 'Canada Bill' would restore his money to him. He was a most unsophisticated looking fellow, and his appearance was probably largely instrumental in bringing him his success in the business. In the end the roads put special detectives on the trains and drove the bunco men out of business."

Trades With Chambers

One day in 1884 Mr. Carrier after a particularly hard day's work at the station, met J. K. Chambers, city agent for the Milwaukee road. Mr. Chambers remarked upon the ennuil from which a city ticket agent suffers in midsummer, when business is slack.

"Do you really want a good hard job?" inquired Mr. Carrier. Mr. Chambers said that was what he was looking for. "I'll trade jobs with you," said Mr. Carrier. The half jest was carried out in earnest and within a month the two men had traded positions. Mr. Carrier has been with the Milwaukee road since then. Mr. Chambers stuck to the Union station until his death a few months ago.

During his early days he used to take some trips through the real wild and woolly east and on one of these tours he had a hair-raising experience on a rough mountain trail while going by stage over the Saw Tooth mountains from Muldoon to Arco, Idaho. He was seated on the boot with the driver and inside were four "gents" playing poker. The driver was a man skillful with the "ribbons," but he was also skillful with the bottle, and on this particular trip he had devoted his attention chiefly to the latter of the accomplishments named. When the road led down a steep declivity and half way down curved around the precipitous cliff on a narrow ledge with a drop of several hundred feet on one side the driver did not realize his danger. The coach plunged ahead and the wheel horses, nearly run over, became frightened and then plunged down the hill. Mr. Carrier was on the side of the coach next the cliff and he placed a foot convenient to make a leap for life toward the cliff if the coach went over the side. But by a seeming miracle the coach was saved, though the "gents" inside lost most of their money, which was fairly blown out of the window as the stage pitched down that awful hill.

Married and Happy

Mr. Carrier, in July, 1875, married Miss Clemmie Bassett in Nevada, Ia. They have lived in their home, 1424 Park Wild avenue, for twenty-six years. They have two children, Rusten, 16 years old, and Mary, 14 years old.

Mr. Carrier is a member of the Elks, the Masons, Royal Arcanum and Modern Woodmen lodges.

Hobbies? Well, rather. Base ball, first, last and all the time. He learned the game when he was a little shaver, and when the family moved to Illinois he played on the same team with C. O. Lobeck, now city comptroller of Omaha. Time has retired him from the diamond, but time will never retire him from the grandstand until time shall be no more. He is a familiar figure at all the league games in Omaha and he knows all the gossip and talk and records and that sort of thing which is the confession of faith of the genuine fan.

"A survey of forty years in a city like Omaha and during a time such as the last forty years have been is a privilege for a man," says Mr. Carrier in looking back over his career. "In the early days we looked on the emigrants as more or less adventurers. They were going into a new country, where everything was doubtful, and we never foresaw then what those poorly clad people were going to become merely because the land to which they were going was so rich and fertile that it poured fortune into their laps. Some people, you know, are born rich, others acquire riches, and still others have riches thrust upon them. I think those early emigrants had it thrust upon them, though, of course, they acquired it in a way. Today I am selling some of them and their children not only berths in sleeping cars, but whole sections, drawing rooms if you please, and first-class tickets for whole families to some distant foreign country. And when they peel the price off their 'wad' you can hardly notice that any has been taken off. It looks as big as ever and still quite large enough to choke a cow."

Truly, it was a good show for which Mr. Carrier sold tickets.

in the foundations of the two basilicas of St. Peter and St. John. Others may have been desecrated during the barbaric invasions, while the rest disappeared through the ravages of time.

From the fourteenth century to our own day the tombs of the Roman pontiffs exist in almost unbroken succession. The marble sarcophagi taken from the pagan baths and the slabs which served to cover them and record the names of the popes buried underneath were gradually replaced by specially constructed monuments, rich in sculptures and precious marbles or cast in bronze representing the effigies of the dead popes, with the triple hairs and clad in flowing, stately robes, with their hands raised aloft in benediction.

St. Peter's became the papal mausoleum and its walls and chapels were gradually covered with tombs which equaled and sometimes excelled in the splendor of their decorations the richness of their material and their artistic perfection the monuments that ancient Rome raised to its Caesars. Although the many and considerable breaks in the chain of papal tombs prevent one from tracing the dynasty of popes back, step by step to the dim distance of apostolic times, the aid of purely monumental evidence, still those that are left today are so full of associations and memories of the past and recall so many episodes and characteristic events of the lives of both the popes in whose honor they were erected and of the artists whose work they are that, though meant to commemorate death, they serve to keep history alive.

Almost every tomb has its own story. On the left of the tribute of St. Peter's there is the tomb of Paul III, Alessandro Farnese, who died in 1559 and who founded the Order of Jesus. He was the first Roman who had occupied the throne for 103 years, since Martin V, and he was learned and witty and adored by the people in spite of his intense nepotism.

His tomb by Guglielmo Della Porta is considered the finest in St. Peter's. It cost 24,000 Roman crowns, was originally erected in the old basilica and was removed to its present place in 1629, when two of the four statues which adorned the pedestal were removed.

Those that remain represent Prudence and Truth, and they are supposed to be portraits of Farnese. A Spanish student is said to have fallen in love with the splendid statue of Julia

Farnese. He hid himself in the church when it was closed for the night, threw himself in a frenzy upon the marble and was found dead beside it the next morning. The statue, which had previously been nude, was afterward covered with inartistic draperies of painted metal.

Canova's masterpiece, the famous monument of Clement XIII, was uncovered in 1795. It represents the pope kneeling in prayer upon a pedestal beneath which is the entrance to a vault guarded by two lions, while Religion and Death are on opposite sides.

There is a characteristic monument in St. Peter's, and that is the kneeling statue of Pius VI down in the chapel of the confession. So life-like and sad is the pose of this statue that the first impression on seeing it is that it is human.

Among the tombs in the lateran basilica the most interesting is undoubtedly that of Martin V, Oddone Colonna (1417-24), who was elected in the council of Constance to put an end to the schism and was a wise and just pope. "Temporum suorum felicitas" (the happiness of his times). His tomb consists of a bronze slab which bears the figure of the pope in low relief and is a fine work of Simone di Ghini.

There are two magnificent papal tombs in the Church of St. Mary Major, those of Paul V, and Sixtus V. Paul V was the pope under whose reign the building of St. Peter's was finished. His tomb is gorgeous with marbles and alabasters, plunder from the Temple of Minerva, and it represents the herculean figure of the pope kneeling within a niche, while his reliefs represent the principal events of his pontificate—the reception of envoys from the Congo and Japan, the building of Ferrara, the sending of troops to Hungary and the canonization of St. Francesca Romana and St. Charles Borromeo.

The tomb of Sixtus V (1585-90), Felice Peretti, who as a child herded swine and as an old man commanded peoples and kings and was considered one of the most remarkable popes of the sixteenth century, who within the short space of five years renewed Rome almost entirely, is quite as gorgeous as the other.

Among the papal tombs scattered throughout the churches of Italy that of Adrian V in the Church of St. Francesco at Viterbo is perhaps the most pathetic just as it is the most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture. He was elected in 1227 and when his relatives came to congratulate

him he said: "Would that ye came to a cardinal in good health and not to a dying pope." He was not crowned, consecrated or even ordained priest and only lived long enough to choose his name.

After 1870, when the popes lost their temporal power, it was thought that the old custom of burying the successors of St. Peter in the first church of Christendom would be discontinued and that the papal tombs in St. Peter's basilica would be left as monuments of past, better days.

Pius IX expressed the wish after the invasion of Rome to be buried among the poor in the cemetery of St. Lorenzo outside the walls, with a simple monument over his grave which should not cost more than 500 scudi. His wish was realized, but the piety of the faithful of every land found means to transform the dim vault where he was buried into a shrine covered with marbles and mosaics, gleaming with artistic beauty.

His successor, Leo XIII, selected the lateran as his burial place and the cardinal created under his pontificate erected a monument in his honor which has been held to equal those in the best Renaissance style. But the monument is still empty and the body of the pope cannot be removed from its provisional tomb in St. Peter's for fear of a popular outbreak like that which occurred during the funeral of Pius IX. Pius X has therefore decided to leave his predecessor's body where it is and he has also abandoned the idea of being buried in his beloved native Venice, as he promised the people the day he left it to attend the conclave in which he was elected pope.

"Come back to us, our Eminence!" they cried, old men and young women holding their children aloft to be blessed—poor, simple-minded, loving people all. Like the man who was called to be pope. "I promise that I shall," he said; "if not alive, dead."

And he intended to return, and perhaps looked forward to the day; but gradually he realized that a pope today is a prisoner not only during his life, but also after he is dead, and that he must remain forever inside the Vatican, the church, palace and garden which constitute his kingdom. Therefore he decided to break the promise he made and to be buried in St. Peter's.

No new monument will cover his grave. It will simply be marked by a marble slab with his name recorded on it, down in the crypt where so many popes were buried and forgotten and lost when the new church was rebuilt.