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THE MAN IN THE CAB.

A VIEW AT CLOSE RANGE OF THE MEN WHO GUIDE TRAINS.

The Cab—What It Means to the American Engineer, Though His English Brother Rides in the Open Air—The Whistle and Its Individuality.

The average American engineer and his fireman would think themselves very ill used if an order were issued for the abolishment of the cabs—that friendly retreat from inclement weather that is now considered an absolute necessity on all engines. And yet in civilized England, on a majority of the railroads, the engines in use are built minus the cab, thus forcing the operators to work without shelter in all kinds of weather. It sounds inhuman, and yet in refutation the railroad companies ask whether the soldier should carry an umbrella when it rains or the sailor be allowed to work under an awning? The claim is that the railroad employees become inured to severe weather and the absence of covering keeps them alert, so that the possibility of danger from inattention to duty is reduced to a minimum. Subtle argument, perhaps, but hardly tenable. If this practice was adopted on some of our western roads where the temperature ranges from 20 to 50 degs. below zero, how many engineers would live to carry their trains from one station to the next?

The unpardonable sin in an engineer is to let the water get out of the boiler of the engine in his charge. No matter what excuse he may offer, if he lives to make his report in turn, his dismissal will be peremptory, for by this action he has proved himself incompetent and unworthy of future responsibilities. It is better for an engineer that he had never been born when he reaches this stage of self torture. Fortunately such cases are rare. The man on all well conducted railroads must have shown himself to be trusty and true before he is given charge of an engine, and the rigid inspection to which he is subjected before an engagement is a guarantee of future conduct.

One weakness nearly every engineer has, and that is a penchant for "doctoring" the steam whistle on his pet engine. Every boy in a country town familiarizes himself at an early age with the different "toots" that by day and night wail through the unhappy village. He can detect No. 4's whistle when the train is five miles distant, and in like manner the approach of Nos. 1 and 2 are heralded to his keen ear. Of course all whistles are alike when they leave the shops, but the engineer fills in the sounding bell with a piece of turned wood that fits snug and changes the tone to a short, sharp scream or an angry, impatient howl, as his fancy may dictate.

The close observer may lie snugly in his bed and yet be able to detect the passing of either a freight or passenger train. The engine on the former announces its approach by emitting a sharp, shrill scream that is soul piercing enough to waken the dead, while the passenger engine, with due respect to the living freight it carries, sounds a long, deep warning note that does not bring the occupant of a berth to his feet "all standing," ready to curse the company in general terms and the engineer in particular ones for such an act of folly and inconsiderateness. On the freight train a sharp, shrill scream is essential, for it notifies the brakemen, who are perhaps forty cars in the rear of the engine and separated from the occupants of the cab by many ways of ear piercing sound, just what work is required at their hands.

This whistle is to them what the cry of the call boy on the Thames steamboat used to be to the engineer down below before the advent of electric bells. "Euse here!" the captain would remark in his ordinary tone of conversation to the small boy that followed him like a shadow, and "Euse here!" the youngster would scream in his sharp, shrill staccato from the companyway. "Stop 'er!" "Turn 'er astern!" "Go ahead!" "er!" would perhaps follow in rapid succession, and in this decidedly crude fashion the London steamboat captains did their steering by proxy only a dozen years ago. One wonders what has become of these call boys. Perhaps they spend their hours in spinning yarns to the younger cockneys of the past glories of steamboating in much the same manner that our dethroned stage drivers of the west now regale the tenderfoot with glimpses of bygone acts of heroism and feats of impossible horsemanship. This is somewhat of a digression from the topic under discussion, but perhaps the reader will excuse its insertion. One thought naturally suggested the other.

As a class engineers are usually good natured, kind hearted, though a bit rough; deep thinkers, due to their fixed habits of attention and long hours of enforced silence, and of good morals. An engineer who drinks cannot hope to hold his position long, for no master mechanic will tolerate confirmed tipping in a subordinate whose duties are so responsible as those of an engineer. He must be abstinent, prompt at his post of duty, and ever vigilant if he hopes to maintain his position. His hands may be black and his face grimy, but that his heart is all right was evidenced not long ago in a railroad terminus on the Pacific coast when the engine, puffing and laboring from its dizzy ride over mountain passes and along dangerous precipices, was approached by a golden haired miss of six, who patted one of the huge driving wheels carelessly and hissing, "You dear, big black thing, how I love you for bringing my sweet mamma and papa home to me from across those horrid mountains, and you too," she exclaimed, lifting her pretty face to the black bearded engineer, who had been watching her from his cab. The tear that sprang instantly from his eye was not an evidence of weakness, but of a warm, impassioned heart, and the father of the little girl that occasioned this touch of human nature furtively reached for his handkerchief just as the engineer drew his grimy sleeve across his sooty face.—Chicago Herald.

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CHRISTIAN.—Corner Locust and Eighth. Services morning and evening. Elder Galloway pastor. Sunday School 10 a. m.
EPISCOPAL.—St. Luke's Church, corner 11th and 12th. Rev. H. B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday at 10:30 a. m.
GERMAN METHODIST.—Corner Sixth St. and Grand. Rev. H. T. Pastor. Services: 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School 10:30 a. m.
PRESBYTERIAN.—Services in new church, bet. Sixth and Granite sts. Rev. J. T. Pastor. Sunday school at 9:30; Free at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.
The Y. R. S. C. E. of this church meets on Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement. All are invited to attend meetings.FIRST METHODIST.—Sixth St. between 11th and Pearl. Rev. L. F. Britt, D. D. Pastor. Services: 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.
GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.—Corner Main Ninth. Rev. W. H. Pastor. Services: 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School 10:30 a. m.
SWEDISH CONGREGATIONAL.—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.
COLORED BAPTIST.—Mt. Olive, Oak, bet. Tenth and Eleventh. Rev. A. Bowen, pastor. Services: 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

THE SEASON FOR DOG DISTEMPER.
This spring season is very trying for horse bred doggies, and unless great care is taken of their exercise and diet they are pretty sure to have a touch of distemper. This will promptly announce itself by running at the eyes and nose, and the small quadruped should be at once taken to the doctor. No home treatment is safe, and a good doctor will cure him in two days and prevent a relapse. Keep verminfree commits always by you and give him one now and then as a preventive.—New York Press.

A Fault in the New Coin.
"There is a very serious defect in the new silver half dollar that few people appear to have discovered," said Milton Everett, of San Antonio, Tex. "The new coin is nearly as brittle as steel. A hard blow from a hammer breaks it completely in two. You can pound all day on the coin which this one is intended to succeed and not crack it which seems to attest a superiority of coinage in favor of the old half dollar."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Prehistoric Burial Ground.
An interesting archaeological find has been reported from the neighborhood of Foster's Ferry, on the Warrior river, about nine miles south of Tuscaloosa, Ala. When the recent high waters receded from the river bottoms it was found that the current had unearthed a prehistoric burial ground. Great quantities of human bones, rough stoneware and pottery were left exposed. It is surmised here from the nature of the relics found that it was a Choctaw burial ground, but a thorough examination will be made at once and the results reported.

True to His Word.
There is an unfortunate relic of senatorial greatness who hangs around the Capitol during the winters. On one occasion he applied to Senator Jones for relief. "Say, Jones," said he, "I've got to go home and I haven't the money. I can't pay you till I come back in six months." "No," said Jones promptly, "I won't let you have fifty dollars for six months." The old man's jaw fell. "But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll let you have \$100 for twelve months if you'll stay away that long." The wreck was tickled, and, strange to relate, turned up exactly twelve months afterward to a day and paid back the hundred.—Kate Field's Washington.

Why English Girls Are Often Early Risers.
It was once a common article of belief in England that when a maiden ran into the fields early in the morning to hear the first note of the cuckoo, and when she heard it took off her left shoe and looked into it, she would there find a man's hair of the same color as that of her future husband.—London Tit-Bits.

Poor Man.
Old Lady (on beholding a Highlander in his native costume for the first time)—Well, well! That man must be in his second childhood, and has gone back into short frocks again!—London Tit-Bits.