

FIRST IN HIS LINE

CLAIM OF CHARLES W. DOUGLAS TO DISTINCTION.

Eastern Man, Recently Deceased, Was the Pioneer in Train Dispatching—Really Was Inventor of Present System.

Charles W. Douglas, the first train dispatcher, died recently in Wayne, N. J., and was buried in Port Jervis, N. Y. Charles Minot, first general superintendent of the Erie, who originated in 1851 the system of moving trains by telegraph, created a new railroad operating department, that of train dispatcher, and appointed Douglas as its head.

Douglas was the last one of the telegraph operators who learned the business on the pioneer line constructed by Ezra Cornell 60 years ago. Having learned the printers' trade in Angelica, N. Y., he started out to seek work elsewhere. He found it in the office of the Recorder of Dundee, N. Y. This was in 1849. Cornell had recently extended his telegraph line through that part of the state and had established an office in the printing shop at Dundee. Douglas learned to operate the Morse instrument. In 1851—the Erie telegraph line having been put in operation, with headquarters at Elmira—Douglas, then 19, applied for a place as operator and got charge of the Erie office at Addison, N. Y. Soon afterward the telegraphic system of running trains was adopted by Minot.

The Morse alphabet characters were in those early days of telegraphing perforated on a tape as the message came to an operator, which unwound from a reel and the operator copied the message from the tape as it unwound. Douglas had not been long in the service when he discovered that he could translate the message by sound and he ignored the tape thereafter. One day a conductor was waiting at Addison for train orders and he discovered that Douglas was paying no attention to the dots and dashes on the tape.

The conductor refused to accept the order until Douglas had copied it in his presence from the tape. Although it corresponded exactly with the message the operator had taken by sound, the conductor reported the unheard-of act to telegraph headquarters. Douglas was called there for reprimand, but he gave to the superintendent, who was the late L. O. Tillotson of New York, such convincing exhibition of his ability to take messages correctly by sound that he was promoted to the general office. Although the tape attachment to telegraph instruments was not abandoned for years, from that innovation of Douglas in railroad telegraphy dated the beginning of the taking of messages by sound as a requisite of all operators.

Douglas rose to be superintendent of the Delaware division of the Erie, succeeding Hugh Riddle, who succeeded Minot as general superintendent in 1869. Douglas and Riddle resigned after a quarrel with Jay Gould.

Riddle went west, entered the service of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific and rose to be president of that company. Douglas subsequently became general manager of the Southside railroad of Long Island and later general superintendent of the New York & Oswego Midland, now the New York, Ontario & Western. When the late Vice-President Garrett A. Hobart was made receiver of the New York & Greenwood Lake railroad he appointed Douglas superintendent of the road, from which place he resigned to become part owner and general manager of the New York & Sea Beach railroad and the Sea Beach Palace, one of the pioneer show places and hotels on Coney Island.

When those interests were absorbed by others Douglas became manager of the Erie Express Company, which was afterward purchased by the Wells-Fargo Company. Since then Douglas has been engaged in general railroad work.

Unfortunate Illumination.
As the state line freight train on the Berkshire division of the New Haven railroad was rushing through West Cornwall, Conn., the crew saw a great searchlight shining down the track straight in their faces. A head-on collision seemed imminent and the crew jumped. George Bennett, the fireman, lies at a local hospital fatally injured as a result. The engineer, Arthur Evans, hung his body from the cab window, but kept his grip on the throttle. The light suddenly disappeared and the train was brought to a stop. Investigation showed that a big automobile lamp on a farm wagon going to early market had flashed down the track at a grade crossing.

Plan for Through Line.
A Mexican newspaper tells of the proposed railway plans to run Pullman cars from Seattle to Panama. It is to be part of the Southern Pacific railway system, which is now being pushed on to Guadalajara, and a concession has been secured for a line from Acapulco to Salina Cruz, the Pacific port terminal to the Tehuantepec railway.

WOULDN'T STAND FOR BLUFF

Railroad Yardmaster, Strictly in the Right, Made Company Pay Hospital Bill.

When Frederick D. Underwood, the president of the Erie railroad, was assistant yardmaster at Milwaukee, one of his friends among the men was badly injured. No hospital was available, and Underwood hurried him to a hotel and told the proprietor that the railroad would pay the bill. He made frequent visits to the invalid, and also reassured him. When the man came out short an arm and a leg a bill of \$1,200 was sent to Mr. Merrill, who was then the general manager of the Milwaukee road. Merrill was peppery and inclined to domineering, and when he saw the bill he asked in violent language by whose authority it had been incurred. Young Underwood was brought in and a lively scene followed. The general manager declared that the company would never pay the bill and finished with "That ends it!" accompanied by a bang of his fist down on the table that shook the chandeliers.

"Well," returned Underwood, "if the company turns its injured men out on the streets I will pay the bill."
"You will?" sneered Merrill. "How will you pay it?"
"I have twelve hundred friends in Milwaukee, and every one of them will give a dollar for the purpose," said Underwood, and off he went.
"Wouldn't bluff, would he?" said Merrill to his secretary as soon as he had gone. "Have him certify to the bill, and then pay it."

A few years after that Underwood was on Merrill's staff.

SAVED TRAIN AND VANISHED

Ragged Wanderer, Preserver of Many Lives and Much Property, Man of Modesty.

A few years ago a tattered old tramp, walking along the track on his way to Waterbury, Conn., came upon a washout. The water main supplying the city of Waterbury had burst, and the rushing water had cut a hole through 50 feet of the roadbed. He had no sooner made the discovery than he heard the whistle of a locomotive far away round the curve. Pulling off his ragged coat, he dashed up the track in the direction of the sound. Reaching the curve, he came face to face with the train, which was running at high speed. Standing between the rails, he waved his coat frantically above his head and jumped aside just in time to escape the wheels of the engine. The train shot by him with a roar, and he believed his warning had not been seen, and that it was rushing on to disaster.

But the engineer had seen him and the next moment the force of the air-brakes threw the passengers from their seats. As soon as he saw the train was safe the old tramp turned and disappeared into the woods; and though the railroad company made a vigorous search for him they were unable to trace the vagrant who was the hero of that day.

A Railway Man's Monuments.

How a man's work will live after him is evidenced by the benefits reaped at this late day by the Erie road from the forethought and zeal of the late Charles E. Latimer, chief engineer in his day of the Atlantic & Great Western railway and later of the N. Y., P. & O., the forerunners of the Erie of today. Whenever an engineering feature was involved Mr. Latimer was right there "with the goods," as John Colpo, his veteran roadmaster, was fond of saying.

"Mr. Latimer," said Engineer Maintenance of Way J. Burke of the Erie, "was the first chief engineer to take into account the maintenance feature. He was the original maintenance man. It was upon his order that all along the line of his road trees were planted to furnish material for ties, and even to-day, between Marlon and Dayton, there are battalions and regiments of these trees, big catalpas, testifying to Mr. Latimer's foresight and good sense. We have cut lots of them, too, at a great saving."

Farmers along the line of the Erie well recall Mr. Latimer. Whenever any of them wanted to locate a well he would call in the chief engineer, with his little hazel withe, a divining rod, and Mr. Latimer never failed to strike the water.—Cleveland Leader.

Roster on Cowcatcher.

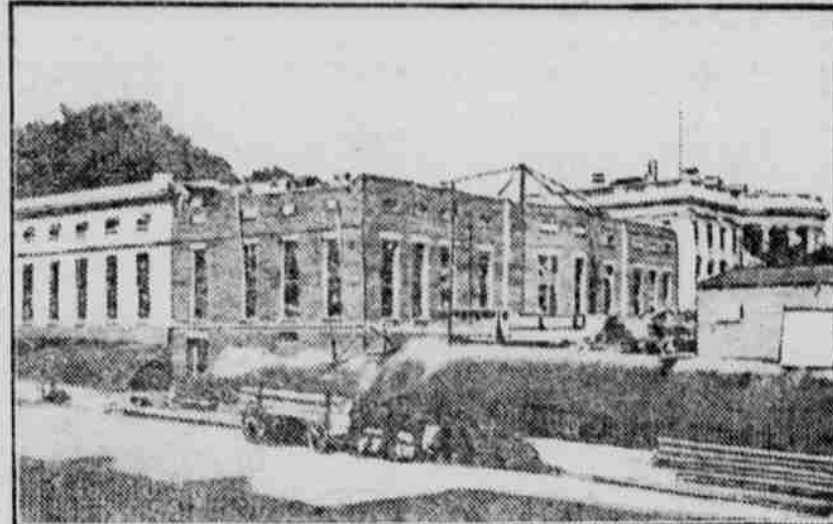
When the 3:40 express arrived yesterday afternoon people noticed that little Robert Thompson, who was in the crowd, started on a run for the engine. In a minute or two he climbed on the front of the locomotive, and as the people began to call the engineer to look out for the boy, Thompson jumped to the platform with a large Plymouth Rock rooster in his arms.

It had been picked up somewhere on the route by the locomotive; its feet caught so that it was held, and Thompson secured it practically uninjured.—Lee correspondence Springfield Republican.

Two Million Miles by Rail.

A locomotive of the London & Northwestern railroad, named Charles Dickens, has the distinction of having traveled nearly 2,100,000 miles in hauling express trains, a feat, it is thought, unique in the annals of railroading. The Charles Dickens, built at Crewe, was put into service February 6, 1882, and until a year or two ago was still one of the fastest locomotives on the road and in excellent condition.—Sunday Magazine.

PASSING OF FAMOUS TENNIS COURT.



New annex to the White House executive offices, which is being erected on the site of the famous meeting-place of Ex-President Roosevelt's "tennis cabinet."

Her Crowning Beauty

By EDWARD HARRIS

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

Will Payne stood waiting at the corner, as the girls came pouring out of the factory. He was watching for Kitty Owen, with whom he was accustomed to walk home to the little house where she lived with her brother.

Will was a sober looking fellow, much too serious minded, Kitty thought, for his own good. Kitty was willful, as pretty and sweet as a girl could be, but Will thought her sometimes too light and frivolous for everyday life. It was plainly to be seen, by the light that danced in his eyes as Kitty came up, that whatever her faults might be, he adored her.

"I've got that job in the city, if I want it," he said as they walked on together.

"Are you going to take it?"

"Do you think I had better, Kitty?" he asked anxiously.

Kitty shrugged her plump shoulders. "I'd do anything to get away from this dull, old place, myself," she answered. "Just think what fun you'd have in a big city where there was something besides a button factory."

"I don't go for the fun," said Will seriously. "It's a very important matter. If I succeed we can get married sooner than if I stayed here."

"But you wouldn't be seeing me every day, and what's the use of getting married anyway?" queried Kitty.

Will seemed suddenly to remember something. "Kitty," he said, "I saw you this noon with Taylor, and I saw him holding your hand as if he never wanted to let go of it. How can you allow him to be so familiar? It makes me feel badly to see him even touch you."

"You needn't be jealous," said Kitty provokingly. "He was only offering



"Kitty, How Did You Get Here?"

to buy my hair. You know as well as I do that he is a ladies' hairdresser and always on the lookout for bargains.

"I'm not jealous," returned Will. "But I believe that's only an excuse. What would he want to buy your hair for?"

Kitty laughed merrily. "Don't you know that a woman's crowning beauty is her hair?" she quoted. "He could easily sell mine in his store. See, don't you think it's lovely?"

She took off her hat as she spoke. The mass of hair revealed by the action was indeed beautiful, of a light chestnut in color and marvelously thick and wavy.

"How vain you are," said her lover. "Don't you ever have a serious thought about anything but being pretty?"

Kitty flushed angrily. "Can't you let a girl find what pleasure she can in her own good looks?" she retorted. "Goodness knows there's little else around here to enjoy. If you don't like the way I act, let me alone. I'm tired of your attempts to change me into an old woman. I do wish you'd let me alone!"

"Very well, I will then," said the man and left her at once. She frowned on, telling herself she hoped indeed that he would, serious old fogey, always talking about improving himself, and getting married, and such bothersome things.

When Kitty reached her home she went at once to her little room, and, standing before the glass, let down

all her beautiful hair and admired it to her heart's content.

"Cut it off and sell it!" she said, remembering the hairdresser's offer. "I'd sooner cut my head off, I'd starve with it rather than live without it." And she braided it into two long plaits and went into the other room to get supper.

The next day she heard that Will had gone away, and as the days passed and no word came from him, she reproached herself for her hasty speech. But she always rallied to her own defense. He was too critical and exacting, and why couldn't she think her hair pretty without being vain? If he had really loved her he would have delighted in it too. If he had loved her he would not have stayed away a whole month without writing to her either. No, he had never really loved her. They had quarreled over her tresses and now she had lost him and had only them to comfort her.

One morning all her arguments, all the rights and wrongs of the matter, were ended. There came a letter from a nurse in a charity hospital in the city, saying that Will had been ill with typhoid fever there for two weeks. The work that had been promised him, he had not received. It was not such a serious case, the letter said, but the patient's low spirits retarded his recovery. He declared he had no friends, but had let the name of Kitty Owen slip out, with the name of his town, and the nurse had written. If his friends would get him home he would recover, but if his low spirits continued, it was hard to say how the case would end.

Then with a great flood of feeling that opened all the depths of the girl's nature, came the knowledge that she loved Will Payne. That he was dearer to her than life, that she must go to him, save him, bring him home, above all, tell him that she loved him and ask him to forgive her, was her surging impulse, but she was checked by the thought—"How?"

"I have no money," she cried despairingly. "Oh what shall I do?" She pressed her hands to her throbbing temples and touched her hair and the problem was solved.

"He promised he would give me \$35 for it," she whispered as she hurried along the street. Her only fear was that the man might have changed his mind.

But he had not. In astonishment, but eagerly, he cut it off and counted the bills into Kitty's hand. She clutched them, and without one regretful look at the shining strands now the property of the hairdresser, she hurried away. That evening she reached the hospital.

"I will tell him first that you are here," said the nurse. Then Kitty was led upstairs and into a ward where in one of the white, iron beds lay the pale, thin shadow of Will Payne. She had meant to ask for forgiveness, but the words refused to come, as she knelt beside him, and he spoke first.

"Kitty, how did you get here? But I'm so glad you've come! I've thought so much about you and wanted to tell you how sorry I am for the way I used to act to you. I was always finding fault, when I ought to have been just worshipping you, Kitty, because I love you. When I think of you, so gay and pretty, and me so hard and critical, I don't wonder you didn't like me. I want you to forgive me for saying you were vain, and to tell you that your hair is the most beautiful in the world, and that I love it too."

"You must love it," faltered Kitty, "for it has brought me here, and it's going to take you home to our house as soon as you can go." There was a glimpse of a smile behind the mist in the girl's eyes as she took off her hat and showed her little, shorn head to the man.

"Kitty," he gasped, comprehending her sacrifice, "how could you do it?"

"Because I love you, dear, and it was the only way to prove it," whispered the girl, as she bent over him and kissed him tenderly. And in the silence that followed, they knew that their hearts had found rest at last.

Love makes a woman believe a lot of things that she knows are not true.

BY THE SOCIETY REPORTER

Just a Few Chroniclings of the Doings of Our Very Best People. Don't You Know.

Mr. and Mrs. Plundar Pyle have sold their residence on Fifth Avenue just below the park. That part of the city has become too commercial for our very best people. Mrs. Plundar Pyle, as everybody knows, was one of the Baltimore Eatondrinks.

Trust Hollow, N. Y.—Miss Pussie Dallas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Endless Dallas, and Mr. F. Baddicks Ample were married in the Church of the Sacred Tariff at Trust Hollow. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore an empire gown of white chiffon and silk trimmed with princess lace. Her bouquet of bridal roses was festooned with clusters of paving stone diamonds and hazel nut rubies. Miss Gaudie Shimmer was the maid of honor, and wore a gown of pale blue marquisette trimmed with United States bonds. Mr. Robert Goldengratt, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, was the best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Gottitto Byrne are visiting the Willie Weerits. Mrs. Weeritt, as everybody knows—that is, everybody who is anybody—is a daughter of the Hon. I. Amitt. The Amitts have always been fashionable.

Miss Effie Gabber gave a theater party last Wednesday.

Those who assert that Mr. and Mrs. Styler Nothyn oppose the marriage of their daughter to Mr. Orval Manners are simply misinformed. Mrs. Styler Nothyn—who is one of the Boston Snubbers—has always favored the match. They are related in a way, as Orval's mother was a Snubber, and all the Snubbers are connections of the O. Helwyth Manners.

Mr. J. Dodge-Wurke has a new Mercedes. This makes his thirteenth motor car. Between him and Eppyderm Hyde there is quite a rivalry as to speed. T. Brayallisa Pupp is a close third.

Mrs. John Bullion never sings at breakfast. In fact, she never sings at all.

The Freddie Knott-Bright's are planning a series of elaborate entertainments for the coming season. They remained later than usual last summer at their delightful villa Knott-by-a-Djgfull—Life.

UP TO DATE.



"When shall we be married, Rosa, dear?"

"Married? Why, Hans, it isn't necessary to make such a tragedy of our engagement!"

Rebuking a Greenhorn.
A H. McCoy, the wisest champion of Baltimore, discussed at a dinner those overconfident and foolish persons who think they can learn whist in a year or two.

"Such persons should be called to order," Mr. McCoy said, sternly. "I for one am always glad to see them called to order."

"A young greenhorn stood behind my partner during a game one night. At the end of the hand the greenhorn said:

"Why didn't you lead hearts? That's what I'd have done."

"My partner smiled and answered: 'Ah, but you, my young friend, have the world before you and none but yourself to consider. You have no wife and family dependent on you for bread, and if you lose heavily no one suffers but yourself. With me it is different. Hence I led spades.'"

Not Within His Rights.
"Can I have two good seats, well down, not behind a post, and on the aisle?" asked the quiet gentleman at the box office window.

"Three dollars apiece," replied the ticket seller, slamming out two tickets that call for seats in the last row, behind a post, and in the middle of the row at that.

"Can't help that. Got to take 'em or nothin'," responds the ticket seller, obviously irritated.

"Look here, young man, that's no way to talk to people who come here to buy seats."

"Huh! You talk as if you owned the theater."

"I do. I happen to be the new owner."

"Then git away and let people that want to buy seats have a chance. You know very well you can get in for nothing!"—Life.

A Wonderful Rise.
"Who in the name of Fulton-Hudson wrote this obituary of old Capt. Onthebridge?" demanded the city editor of his assistant.

"That cub from the bushes," the latter replied, with fine scorn.

"Well, send him back to his marbles. He says the captain 'chose the sea as his life work, and began at the bottom.'"

In Doubt.
"I suppose you will sue the paper that called you a rascal."
The politician grew thoughtful. "It depends," he answered. "Of course, I must find out if it has the proof."

Why Grandmother Could Not Write

By RUDOLF BAUMBACH

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In front of the last of the little houses scattered along the edge of the forest sat a curly headed boy on a stone bench drawing humpbacked letters on the slate which he held on his knees. Every now and then he cast a longing glance toward the distant village green, where his playmates looked like little colored dots running to and fro. Then he drew a long sigh and held his slate pencil idly in his hand till his sense of duty warned him to resume his hated task. An old woman stepped out of the house. She was the child's grandmother. She leaned over his shoulder and looked pityingly at the scribbled letters.

"You poor little fellow!" murmured she, stroking her grandson's curly head with her bony hand, "they don't give you any peace even on the Lord's day." The little fellow made a doleful face and looked piteously up at his grandmother.

"They ask so much of children nowadays," continued the old woman, and seated herself on the stone bench beside the boy. "I can neither read nor write, yet I have always been respected and have well-behaved children and grandchildren. Of what use is learning to us peasant folk?" Her words sounded like songs from angel lips to the youngster.

"Can't you write, grandmother?" asked he.

"No," said the old woman, with dignity, and drew herself up. A long pause followed.

"Were there no schoolmasters when you were little?" asked the inquisitive grandchild, after a while.

"Oh, yes indeed!" answered grandmother. "We had a schoolmaster; and such a schoolmaster! He drummed the Ten Commandments and whatever else we needed to know into our heads, so that the parish priest was very proud of us when he catechized us, but he wasn't very particular about anything else. Oh, there are no such men nowadays. But there was a very special reason why I did not learn to write, and that is a very remarkable story. I may thank my mother—God rest her soul—that I never learned to write. She couldn't write, either, and her not knowing how to write saved her from a great danger. When my mother was first married, she and her husband had a hard time getting along. They worked early and late and still hardly earned their daily bread. One day my mother went out into the woods to get litter for the goats, and her heart was so full of sorrow over her poverty that she sat down on the ground and cried bitterly enough to melt the heart of a stone. All of a sudden a stately gentleman stood before her, dressed like a huntsman and wearing a cock's feather in his hat. He asked my mother why she was crying, and when she told him how poor she was, he laughed and said: 'I will help you. I will make you rich, so that you will have enough as long as you live.' Then he drew a little red book out of his pocket and handed it to my mother, and giving her also a pencil, said: 'Write your name in that book. There are the names of a good many people whom I have helped in there already.'"

"Then my mother, quite overjoyed, seized the book and the pencil to do as the gentleman had requested, but as she did not know how to write, she made a cross. In a moment the book turned red hot in her hand, and she threw it away with a scream, and it burned up in the twinkling of an eye. When she looked up, the strange man had disappeared and the whole air smelt horribly of brimstone. Then my mother felt her blood turn cold and she knew that the strange gentleman must have been the devil himself. She ran home heels over head, and it was a long time before she got over it. Her making a cross in the devil's book because she did not know how to write had saved her soul from everlasting damnation and so she insisted that no child of hers should ever learn to write. If I had my way, you should never learn either, but things are not as they used to be in the good old times."

First Coal Found in Virginia.
According to the investigation of the United States geological survey, Virginia was the pioneer coal producing state. The occurrence of coal was known in the Richmond basin as early as 1700, and in 1789 shipments were made to some of the northern states. In 1882, according to R. C. Taylor, the production amounted to 48,214 gross tons. The first coal was taken from what is usually termed the Richmond basin, a small area in the southeastern portion of Virginia, near the city of Richmond. This basin is situated on the eastern margin of the Piedmont plateau, 13 miles above tidewater, on James river. It lies in Goochland, Henrico, Powhatan and Chesterfield counties. The coal beds are much distorted and the coal is of rather low grade when compared with that from other districts with which it has to come into competition. This coal is now mined only for local consumption.

Needs Variation of Grass.
The Iowa agricultural experiment station has found out that on railroads running east and west it is necessary to plant a different kind of grass on the north side of embankments from the south side, because of the different amount of sunlight that each side receives.