

A PRISONER OF AGUINALDO TELLS STORY OF HIS EXPERIENCES

(Corporal Scheu in N. Y. Journal.)

To your Journal Editor: I have just got your cable, asking me to tell my story of two months as a prisoner of the Philippines.

Well, it was the worst mishap I ever had, and I've been in the regular army for twelve years.

I was captured July 27 and released with thirteen other prisoners September 20.

Most of the others were regular prisoners of war, but bushwhacker's captives and a slave a good part of the time.

What I went through shows just how wild the country is around here and how savage the roving bands of insurgents are.

Last July I was stationed with company B of the Third Infantry, at Kingwa. This is a little village about fifty miles north of Manila.

On the 27th I got three days' leave and a pass to Manila, for that's about the only fun we boys have out here.

When I got to Malolos that afternoon—which is the nearest railroad station—I found the train had left for Manila. This was hard luck, but I wasn't going to lay over a day there waiting for another train.

Five other men were at the depot, in the same fix as I was. We got together and made up our minds to take a boat and row down the river to Bulacan. From there we could find some kind of a sailboat that would take us down the bay to Manila.

The country that we would have to go through was "hacked," as we say, but we knew it was full of bushwhackers all the same.

There is a saying out in this country that if one man wants to get to a certain place, five must start to allow for four being killed or captured on the way.

I hadn't been soldiering twelve years for nothing and I guessed six men could fight their way through.

We started out at about sunset. Myself and Charles Wilander, of the Third Infantry, and a fellow named Langford, agent for an American brewery, were in one boat. The two other fellows were in another boat, behind us.

We hadn't gone but a mile or two when the other boat sprung a leak, and the two boys had to head back to Malolos.

Our party was now down to four. But we three soldiers were well armed with rifles and pistols. Langford, the brewery man, had a double-action revolver that he said had carried him all through Texas and Arizona, and he allowed he could look out for himself.

We put him in the stern of the boat, and Private Dunlap sat in the bow, while I and Wilander did the rowing.

It was a moonlight night, and that fringed with tropical foliage was beautiful. No one who has not been in the Philippines can understand how brilliant such a night is, almost as light as day. But I knew it was just the kind of a night to be on the lookout for red Filipinos. So we weren't making any more noise than we could help.

About 2 o'clock, as we came out into an open space at a bend of the river, two shots were fired out of the deep shadows on the left bank. Poor Dunlap, who had just brought his gun into position to fire, jumped up like a man hard hit and fell headforemost into the water.

The other three of us had fired a blind volley. Every now and then the Filipino devils had our range to a dot, and was no use shooting when we couldn't see a head.

"Overboard, boys!" I shouted, and we three jumped into the water and swam toward the opposite bank. The bullets splattered all around our heads as we swam. My boat was floating near me when a bullet hit it and splashed the water all over me. That's the way Filipino sharpshooters hit the bulls-eye.

This wasn't very comfortable, but I might have got away if they hadn't put out after me in a canoe. The fellow in the bow hit me over the head with a stick when he came up.

I knew my game was up then, and let them pull me into the canoe. My two comrades, Wilander and Langford, had disappeared on the opposite bank. The mad Filipinos beat up and down the stream for half an hour, trying to find them. Every now and then they would give me a whack or a kick and tell me in filthy Spanish to call out to my men to come in and surrender.

I gave them back a mixture of German and Spanish swear words that meant they could send me to a better place than the Philippines before I'd do that.

Then they took me ashore into a nipa shack house and robbed me of \$40 in money and most of my clothing. They the kind of war they were carrying on. They weren't regular insurgents, though, but just bandits or bushwhackers.

In the morning I was surprised to see Wilander and Langford brought up to the camp where I was. They had been captured a little after me, robbed and stripped, too.

We three were together only a little while when they led me away alone to another village. Every day when I lay down to sleep two of the dirty scoundrels would stretch themselves over me—one with his legs across my body and the other with his legs over mine.

That's their way of sleeping when a prisoner does, and being darn sure to get away. All they gave me to eat was some rice and raw crabs. In a week I got desperate and made up my mind to make a break. I did—and gave the fellows a run—but I was brought down by a rifle ball that hit me in the foot.

Then they thought I was as good as chained and couldn't get away, so only one guard stood over me. One evening I managed to fool even him and jumped into a dark pool in the river.

I could swim if I couldn't walk, and I struck out down the stream. As I swam I could see the flash of the searchlights of Uncle Sam's warships down the bay.

When I got to the opposite bank of the river I dared not go ashore, but skulked along under the shadow of the overhanging palms, standing waist deep in the water, for the moon was coming up and I knew the woods were full of the bloodthirsty Filipino bands hunting for me.

As I stood like this for hours in the water I watched the white shafts of light from the warships.

Oh, how aggravating that was—almost within cover of our navy's guns and yet liable to be caught any minute by those savages. At daylight they came on me again. They threw me with a net into the water and I was

thought they could guard us all together better than separately.

About ten days after that Commander Pedro Herron, of the Bulacan Infantry company, came to the village on some business. I managed to attract his attention and begged him into either have us liberated or turned over as prisoners of war to the regular insurgent authorities.

The next day a half a dozen bushwhackers tied us three together like hounds and put packs on our backs. They would not tell us where we were going. They drove us like cattle. They considered us nothing more than their slaves.

For three weeks we tramped this way over mountains and along rivers till we came to the town of Talaric. It seemed to us that we were getting so deep in the tropical wilderness that we should never get out.

We didn't know what fate was being prepared for us. We half expected to be tortured and eaten. The only thing that gave us any hope was that as we were so lean and fever worn, our captors would not think us fit to eat.

You must remember that while we were taking this trip through the jungle it was August, when the tropical heat is the most scorching. We had nothing to eat but a handful of rice a day apiece, which we had to eat raw, with sometimes a little fish and bananas whenever we came upon a clump of that kind of trees.

While on this march we passed through the towns of San Miguel, Santa Rosa and San Isidro.

At this last place we found the names in the prison and where we were kept over night of Lieutenant Gilmore and eight other Americans. We had been confined there at some time.

We wrote our names on the wall, too, in place of a hotel directory, to encourage other poor fellow countrymen of ours who might be lodged there later.

I think it was the first day of September when we reached Talaric. This is quite a place, and here for the first time we saw some of the regular insurgent officers and soldiers. They looked enough like regular army fellows we were in another boat, behind us.

We were taken on to Victoria. We were put into a sort of bill pen, and I heard our captors bickering and quarreling with the insurgent officers. The bushwhackers evidently wanted more booty for bringing us in than the insurgent officers were willing to give.

The bandits got to raving and cursing in regular Spanish style.

This sounded very much like auctioneering off slaves, for we had picked up enough Spanish to understand about all they said.

When the quarrel got hottest the leader of the bandits jerked open the door of our pen and rushed in with his gun raised to shoot. If he couldn't sell his prisoners for as much as he wanted he was going to get even by shooting us.

We—three men bound together by ropes tying our arms together—stood up against the wall waiting to be shot like dogs.

At that instant an insurgent officer darted into the pen, sword in hand, and with the slash of a practiced fencer knocked the rifle out of the murderer's hands.

"Senior, these are my men," he cried out in Spanish.

That was Emilio Aguinaldo.

I know that a good deal has been said against Aguinaldo, and I suppose he has done a good deal of wickedness, but we three men looked upon him as a hero as he dashed into that death pen and saved our lives. We knew him at the first glance from the pictures we had seen of him.

Three of us called out his name and tried to thank him in very bad Spanish. Mine was very bad indeed, I know, for whenever I try to talk Spanish I get my mother tongue mixed up with it.

Aguinaldo smiled as he dropped his sword back into its sheath. He made a polite bow to us, like a Spanish officer, and motioned one of his aides to take charge of us.

From that moment our condition improved.

We were allowed to bathe and were given clean white coats and trousers, such as the best equipped insurgent troops wear.

The officer in charge of us gave each of us a peseta a day to spend. This means about ten cents in American money. With that we were able to buy fruit, tobacco and other little things.

We were well fed, having bread, coffee, pork and even chicken occasionally. We were even given a fair amount of liberty in the village, though always attended by a guard. We were told that we could write letters to our folks if we chose and that General Aguinaldo would have them forwarded to Manila.

On September 9 I wrote a letter to my brother in New York and took it to Aguinaldo myself. One of his aides translated it to the general, and Aguinaldo then O. K. ed it by writing his initials, E. A. in one corner. He then gave it to an aide to put with his own letters to go to Manila.

A few days after this there was a little gathering of insurgent officials. They came in from all directions to Aguinaldo's headquarters.

I found that these were the insurgent cabinet officers. There was the secretary of war, Ambrosio Flores; secretary of foreign affairs, Felipe Macabuno; governor general, Francisco Macabulo; Leon Guerrero, secretary of instruction, Aguedo Velarde, and president of the insurgent congress, Pedro Paterno.

When our guards told us these big names with their high sounding titles it seemed very funny to us Americans. I wrote them down just to amuse the fellows, and when we were alone I would read off the whole rigamarole of names and offices that meant nothing.

After a meeting of the cabinet, three comrades and eleven other American prisoners who had just been brought in to town, were all taken before a committee of these high insurgent officials. There were three of them, General Flores, Secretary of the Interior, Alas, and Secretary of War, Flores.

General Flores did the talking, as he spoke English.

When we were lined up before this committee a thing happened that astonished us all. Each of us Americans was neatly dressed in a clean insurgent uniform except one man, Private Paul Spillane, company C, Ninth Infantry. He had a ragged United States army khaki coat.

Senior Flores, with extreme politeness, pulled off his own coat and offered it to Spillane. The soldier refused, of course.

We were asked to promise that we would never again hold up arms against the insurgents. I answered that I and

most of my companions were regularly enlisted soldiers and were under orders from our government, so we could not make such a promise.

We were then asked to use all our influence to induce our country to stop fighting the Philippines. We saw at once that this was why we had been treated so well, but we were grateful to Aguinaldo just the same.

After making this speech Flores took out a writing which he asked us all to sign. It was a sort of parole. All the men signed it but myself and Spillane.

Aguinaldo then made a little speech to us in a kind of English that was hard to understand. He said that the insurgents were in good fighting order, and he put up the bluff that they could keep right on fighting for three years.

In a day or two we were told to get ready to be taken to Manila. We were marched down to the town of Angeles, and there were turned over to General Otis on September 30.

HOW SOCIETY IS HUMBUGGED

As the social season is once more in full swing, so is the social marauder again in evidence—the man or woman who aspires to the swiftest of New York functions and goes to them boldly, though he or she has no invitation.

How society is humbugged seldom gets into print, but the large entertainment givers had their fill of this sort of imposition last year and they will be more on their guard against the so-called social stragglers' intrusion than ever.

"You would not think," said a well known society matron, "that there is a set of people in New York who make their special business to appear in person at every afternoon reception where they can push by the butler. No, where they get know who they all are, but we have been able to stamp a few of them as social frauds, who come into our homes, they come around our tables, and when the humbugger is too busy with friends around the table to notice him, he comes in and announces it in the doorway. But we do see them at the refreshment tables helping themselves to all that falls under their hands and the fairly good-looking, but the more they look like attraction. It is awful how the way society is humbugged and something must be done.

"For instance, say that Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish should give a large reception from ten to twelve o'clock in the morning. My wife or I, or a gentleman or lady or both. They brush past the butler with an imperious air, muttering names, and the butler, who is a name, and elbow their way into the crowd. They are elegantly dressed and their faces are strange. The hostess may notice them, and think them a guest or two whom a friend has asked permission to bring. If a society porter is present, he will talk with the guests and appear in the list of guests the next day, and they feel themselves ingeniously launched into society."

Nor is the field of operation of these people in the reception alone. It is stated that at one of the Astor balls, a woman, elaborately gowned and, to all appearances, well bred, gained admission on the arm of a fine looking gentleman. The woman was very attractive, and finally Mrs. Astor was asked who her guest was. Mrs. Astor did not know. The couple danced three dances together and paused a moment to talk with the hostess. The man was a regular carman was not at all a regular carman, but he had a hair and eyes, and wore white satin and point lace, and was strikingly handsome. Her escort appeared, and to their identity.

Several days ago there was a swell wedding in St. Thomas, where a large affair was held and where every seat in the church was accounted for by the ticket of admission which each guest was compelled to present before gaining access to the building. When the size of a lady's calling card, when the calling cards of two women were found among them, handed in by some imposters to the usher, and he took them in the rush. One was the wife of a man, the other an old Mrs. Belmont; the other, that of Mrs. Randolph, the charming lady who became the namesake of a social fraud, last spring. This is only one of the variety of frauds, and it is supposed that the two would-be social cheats who boldly presented these well-known women's names are enthusiastically telling their friends of their fraudulent success.

EMPEROR WILLIAM AS A PAINTER

There is nothing that Emperor William will not attempt. He has been an author, an actor, a poet, a crusader, a censor, a designer, an engineer, a military strategist, a naval architect, a cook, a translator and about everything to be found in the history of this advanced civilization.

He has hunted and fought and sailed and walked and climbed mountains and played in the sea. But just at present he is in the business of scene painting and play writing. The Royal theater at Wiesbaden was the place of the first performance of the play in which a crowned head is known to have taken so keen an interest as to outline the play, probably write much of it, and certainly prepare some drawings of the costumes—the first dramatic drawings ever done by a king.

The play is called "Eisen-zahn," ("Iron Tooth"), from the nickname given to Frederick II, elector of Brandenburg, in the fifteenth century (1473). He is the hero. Frederick is a favorite hero with the present Kaiser, on account of his determined dealing with the rebellious burghmaster of Berlin, Berend Ryke. The author (Lauff) does not follow history precisely, sacrificing much to dramatic effect. Instead of letting Ryke flee from the royal wrath, he has him slain by the dowager of Holland, in 1442. Up to 1442 Berlin and Cologne had claimed certain rights and liberties for their citizens, and Ryke was the embodiment of this freedom-loving spirit. His contest with Frederick, in which the elector subdues the rebellious burghmaster, commends the Kaiser to the Kaiser, who has lately refused to ratify the election of Herr Kirchener as mayor of Berlin. The leading feminine character in the play is Eva, the mother, who is moved by a strange

A NEW IDEA FOR FARMERS.

An ingenious Faulk county (S. D.) farmer named A. J. Wakefield has found a new use for threshing engines which promises to revolutionize the present method of transporting grain from the farms of South Dakota to the nearest market.

Wakefield conceived the idea that his threshing engine would serve the purpose of hauling his grain to a Faulk county, the railroad point nearest his farm.

Accordingly, as an experiment, he hitched five wagons together, one behind the other, and after loading them with an aggregate of 400 bushels of wheat, coupled the threshing engine to the string of wagons and started on the journey to Faulkton. The trip of fifteen miles was made in six hours.

Wakefield had but one assistant. One of the unique features of the innovation is that the threshing engine is the same one which threshed the grain.

It serves a double purpose, that of threshing, as well as furnishing the motive power for taking the grain to market after it has been threshed.

Wakefield conceived the idea from reading a newspaper article in which a pressman along the country roads the farmers living along the route temporarily abandoned their work in order to watch the strange sight. Everywhere on the journey the greatest interest was evinced in the experiment.

When the unusual procession entered Faulkton it attracted the attention of hundreds of townspeople. Wakefield carefully noted the manner in which the engine hauled its load, and is satisfied that the capacity of the engine is sufficient to haul double the number of loaded wagons transported on the experimental trip.

It is, therefore, his purpose to haul about 1,000 bushels of grain on the next and subsequent trips. Several counties are expected to try the experiment.

Notwithstanding the consumption of coal, the employment of the threshing engine makes, in Wakefield's opinion, a considerable saving, both in time and money, over the usual method of hauling grain to market with horses. Fifty bushels of grain is an ordinary load for a team of horses. The 400 bushels hauled by the threshing engine on the experimental trip would have required ten trips if hauled by team.

Counting alone the time consumed would mean a great saving in utilizing the engine over the old method of transporting by team. Another valuable feature which Wakefield notes is that the employment of the threshing engine renders unnecessary the taking from the fields of the horses at a time when, owing to the probable early setting-in of winter and the consequent stopping of fall farm work, every horse employed in fall plowing is of the utmost importance.

The threshing engine can be used for hauling grain to market without interfering in the least with the work of the farm, for it is not the usual method of standing idle until the next crop was harvested and ready to be threshed. Wakefield believes that outside of hauling his own grain to market, considerable money could be made by hauling, by means of the threshing engine, the grain of other farmers to market. Charges would necessarily be fixed at such a figure as to make a sav-

ing to the farmers, and still leave a good profit for the owner of the threshing engine.

He says he also expects to see the owners of threshing engines which are each season taken from the towns into the country districts, to do threshing for farmers, employed at the completion of threshing in hauling grain to market instead of being taken back to the homes of their owners to remain idle until the following fall, as is now the case.

A good result which is expected to come from the employment of threshing engines in the transportation of grain to the market points, is that the constant passing of the heavy engines, having as they do unusually broad tires over the country roads will pack, and smooth, and otherwise improve them to such an extent as to place them in a condition of excellence not equaled anywhere else in the world.

WALHING INDUSTRY REVIVED.

Dundee, Scotland, is electrified with the unusual success which has this year attended the operations of the Scottish whaling fleet.

At the beginning of last year almost every newspaper in the kingdom had a paragraph announcing that the last of the Dundee whaling fleet had been sold for other uses, and that as an industry the British whale fishery might be said to have expired.

All reports of whaling captains from the arctic pointed to one conclusion, that the great mysticetus or right whale of those seas had either been practically exterminated or, when actually exterminated, had retired to some inaccessible fastnesses in the far north where it was impossible to follow. Not only was this the case in what, for convenience sake, may be termed the Atlantic Arctic, but in the Pacific coast of the United States, where the last embers of the once mighty American whale fishery still glow, the same gloomy tale had been brought.

Much regret, of course, was felt at the total cessation of a business that had lasted so many centuries, the influence of which upon commerce and navigation had been incalculable, and whose romance has permeated Anglo-Saxon literature. The information that the last of the British whale ships, the Esquimaux, of 593 gross tonnage and 95 horse-power nominal, had been purchased by the Dundee whaling fleet, chased by Mr. Barclay Walker, of Liverpool, and fitted out most handsomely for the purpose of being used as a whaling yacht.

But a fortnight ago the Diana arrived in the Tay with a cargo valued at over \$50,000, and telegraphic information was received that the Nova Zembla had reached Loughboe in the condition dreamed of by all whalers—a full ship. Her catch comprises eight whales, calculated to yield 120 tons of oil and six tons of bone.

At the present price of bone and oil the catch will also yield about \$50,000. The Nova Zembla spoke several other ships of the Dundee fleet, and all reported having the produce of whales on board.

This news pointed to a sudden bettering of the conditions of Arctic whaling that was none the less gratifying because unexpected.

Between twenty and thirty whales have been captured this season in the straits by the Dundee fleet, whose strength is seven ships.

Far from being abandoned, the Arctic whale fishery has been so successful this year that the coming season will see an increased activity in the industry.

Talk About Women.

Jennie June Croly, known the world over as a clever writer and advocate of the advancement of her sex, was 70 years old last Tuesday.

Mrs. Sarah D. Murray, a real daughter, was admitted to the Paul Jones chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, in Boston the other day. Her father, Richard Seaward, was a sergeant of marines on Paul Jones ship, the Bon Homar's Richard.

Berkeley, Cal., is troubled by the reported reaction from the select Town and Gown club of Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, wife of the president of the University of California. She is said to have been rebuffed by the town faction, who object to having too many university people among the members.

Many of the nurses who went to South Africa with the Canadian forces are members of well known families in the Dominion. The head nurse, for example, is the youngest sister of Joseph Pope, under secretary of state. She has been a nurse in at least three United States hospitals. Another of the Canadian nurses is the daughter of Judge Forbes of Halifax.

The ex-Empress Eugenie is in good health, but greatly depressed by the death of Mme. Lebreton, her reader and constant companion ever since her flight from Paris. In referring to her death the other day, the ex-empress said: "She was so cheerful and gay, and used to make me laugh and now I can remember her as the sweetest and most devoted of my friends."

Mrs. Roy Devereux of London, who is visiting friends in Cincinnati, is the author of "Side Lights in South Africa." She is a friend of Cecil Rhodes and considers him the most remarkable of living Englishmen. She spent a year in the Transvaal and says Kruger is regarded by the best of his countrymen as ignorant and a fanatic.

Corn would still be standing in the fields of Marshall county, Kan., if the women had not turned out and helped to gather it. The crop was unusually large this year and help was not only scarce, but was not to be secured at any price. The women, seeing that men could not be secured and that the crop was going to waste, turned out and husked the corn themselves. Among those who turned their attention to corn husking were the daughters of Charles Mulhern, a farmer living near Beattie, Kan. Mamie is 29 years old and quite pretty, a splendid Latin and Greek scholar, her sister Kate is 18, a high school girl, bright, vivacious, intelligent and good looking, but they have harnessed their own teams, drove to the fields and gathered the corn until their father's crop was safely housed. This was their first experience at corn husking.

Miss Elsie Reasoner, the celebrated war correspondent and only American woman who witnessed the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina, is the recipient of new honors, as she is the youngest member of the Paris commission, being the Chicago representative of the Associated Press at the French capital. The New York and London offices will be represented by experienced men, but this young girl with twenty summers to her credit was unanimously chosen for this responsible position by the manager of the three departments, as she has fully demonstrated her ability as a correspondent. Miss Reasoner's "luck" is proverbial, but when analyzed it is the legitimate outcome of an almost occult power to foresee a possibility, an unerring instinct to grasp an opportunity and a Napoleonic success that defies defeat and commands success.

Frills of Fashion.

The combination of mink and ermine appears among the novelties in fur neckwear.

The classic and graceful chapeleine appears again among the accessories of artistic evening gowns. The chapeleine of these are of the gold in fligree set with small vari-colored real gems.

Toques with sable crowns and brims of mirror velvet, trimmed with muslin flowers, are a feature of millinery. Roses are the special kind and the smaller sizes are much used, a wreath of white roses being the only trimming on a sable hat.

The warmest thinks in skirts not flannel are made of a soft elastic silk material, a sort of matisse cloth, and edged with embroidered silk ruffles. They are very pretty, but in the French underwear they are not inexpensive.

Effective evening gowns have net overdresses worn over contrasting silk foundations and small silk flowers such as are used in millinery are tacked to the net. They are in color to match the goods and are in a contrasting color, as red flowers on black net over white satin.

The most appropriate of the extensive array of hats for holiday wear are the graceful little French toques of dark moss-green velvet, trimmed with holly berries, mistletoe sprays and a cluster of shaded green ostrich plumes.

The old-fashioned box plaits are to be seen as the trimming of underskirts. A box-plaited ruffle is four or five inches wide. There are one or two-inch wide plaits separated by an equal space and the plaiting is stitched on an inch or so below the upper edge and the top of each plait is caught down.

Nearly all the new house gowns have soft, pretty collars covered with silk-muslin ruffles, the bands cut much higher on the sides or at the back than in front. In the holiday exhibit of fancy neckwear, net, in various dainty colors and meshes, is quite as fashionable as chiffon or silk muslin.

A handsome gown of tan velvet has the over-dress outlined with a design in cut cloth applique, stitched on with gold thread, the design edged with a tiny gold braid. The body of the over-dress is covered with a small all-over pattern of the cut cloth, each design set some five inches apart and stitched on with the gold thread.

Long coats of velvet, a half fitting, loose in the middle of the back and fitted at the waist, are the specialties in winter garments. Wide bands of stitched panne are the trimming, and distinguishing feature in this style of garments, whether of cloth or velvet, are triple revers, one of cloth like the coat, one of white satin embroidered with lace on the edge and one of colored cloth covered with stitching.

A pretty gown is made of alternate narrow strips of accordion plaited crepe de chine and lace. The plaits are set close together at the waist line and gradually widen to the lower edge of the skirt. The narrow panels of lace are slightly narrower at the waist and also widen gradually to the lower edge of the skirt. The lace is made of alternate horizontal rows of the lace and plaited crepe also.

NO WATER FOR THIS MAN.

Leffer's Station, Ia.—Joshua Reddik died here yesterday. Of itself there is nothing in this announcement to cause its publication. But in a period of thirty-one years Joshua Reddik voluntarily, not taken a drop of water during his life.

He had allowed himself to take a bath. There was a feud between water and Joshua, pathetic in its inception.

Reddik was one of the first settlers in this section. Long before the railroad came he was here. On his own land he had a farm, and he had a herd of cattle.

He retained his business sense. His land increased in value and he collected his rents and paid his taxes. He was a hard worker and his investments, and instead of becoming bankrupt he got richer and richer. His estate today is valuable and so far as known there is no claimant for it, although there is a rumor that he has relatives in Pennsylvania.

He ran the same train 53 years.

William H. Gordon of Millstone, N. J., who recently passed his 5th birthday and thereby attained the distinction of being the oldest locomotive engineer engaged in active service in the United States, if not in the world, is a railroad engineering family. 22 near relative of the old throttle puller being engaged in the same vocation.

Gordon was born in South River, Middlesex county, N. J., October 2, 1824, his father being Samuel Gordon, who lived the first stubborn between New Brunswick and New York.

Gordon commenced his railroad life in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad May 15, 1845, as a fireman, but in a year's time he was made an engineer and assigned to a run between Jersey City and Millstone. That was fifty-three years ago, and oridon has never handled any other "run."

In this fact Gordon probably possesses another distinction, as there is probably no other railroad engineer in the country who has been employed continuously for so long a time in running one train. The company made him many offers of faster and more responsible runs, but he has always asked to be allowed to let well enough alone.

Years ago he built himself a cozy little home in Millstone, and the fact that the old run allowed him to be at home every night has wedded him to it. He celebrated his silver wedding anniversary with his first wife, and in another year or two will occur the silver anniversary with his second wife.

Gordon was one of the engineers of the old John Bull engine, and he recently visited Washington to see the old machine that is now a historical relic. He expects to retire from active service January 1, under the new Pennsylvania company's pension system.

In Germany, one man in 213 goes to college; in Scotland, one in 530; in the United States, one in 2,000, and in England, one in 5,000.

Whiskey as a steady beverage palied