



The Cost

The gleam of the headlight was dulled by the flying snow and sleet, and although the engineer opened the little window every few minutes and wiped the outside with a bit of waste, he could see but a few yards ahead. The heavy engine rocked and rolled, and the tense muscles of the arm that grasped the throttle were aching like mad. Suddenly a whistling post flashed into the little circle of light thrown by the flying engine, and the whistle sounded. By instinct, more than by sight, the train stopped at the little station and the engineer stepped down from the footboard to get his orders.

"How long you goin' to hold us?" he queried.

"Gettin' your orders now," said the operator. "Wires workin' bad. How long you been out?"

"Twenty-three hours. Got in and got turned around again right away. Hurry 'em up. I'm so blamed tired and sleepy I can hardly stand up."

Tick, tick, tick, went the instrument, and the operator hurried his stylus over the manifolding sheets.

"Here you are, old man." The engineer took his orders, and in the dim light read the faint writing on the thin tissue paper:

"Train No. twenty-eight (28), engine No. eight seventy-seven (877), will meet train No. fifteen (15), engine No. nine sixty-five (965), at Curzon's Switch."

Copies were handed to the fireman, conductor and brakeman, and after the conductor had given the "high sign" the long train, laden with hundreds of human lives, rolled out again into the storm and darkness.

On and on, thrusting her pilot into the sleet and snow, the old engine rocked and rolled. The fireman toiled and sweat as he threw the coal into the greedy firebox. No time for him to grow sleepy. The only thing that can stop him is to fall to the floor of the cab in utter exhaustion.

Over on the right side of the cab a nodding figure holds on to the throttle. Twenty-three hours of nerve-racking strain. Thousands of dollars and hundreds of precious lives committed to his care, and then worked piled upon him till body and brain balk at the load.

On and on the engine rocks and rolls and the hand on the throttle relaxes. The sleet clings to the win-

dow until sight is cut off. Lower and lower nods the engineer's head. Nature refuses to stand the strain any longer, and the engineer is asleep.

A red light flashes by and the fireman yells with horror. "Curzon's, old man. Remember your orders!"

But the hand on the throttle is numb. The airbrake is untouched. Crash, bang! And the heavy engine has crossed the switch and is dashing straight into the one pulling train No. 15. The fireman sees that there is no chance and with one last despairing shout at his companion jumps from the gangway.

And then comes the final crash—the crash that awakens the engineer, not in this world, but in eternity.

For a day the world shudders with horror at the awful accident. The papers are full of it. Everybody demands that the one to blame be punished. Then comes the simple announcement that "the engineer was asleep and disregarded orders."

That is all. And the men who forced him to work until human nature refused to stand it longer dismiss from their minds all thought of the lives lost, but keep on complaining that such accidents reduce dividends.

But the dead engineer sleeps through it all. Only the wife and babies in the desolated cottage think of him.

The engines keep rocking and rolling along the steel rails, with other sleepy and exhausted engineers at the throttle, and the huge drivers, as they strike the rail joints, keep singing the lulling refrain:

"Dividends, dividends, dividends, dividends."

Preparing Him

The young gentleman who had just been engaged as editorial writer on the newly established daily paper in the metropolis was about to begin his labors. Naturally he sought information as to policy.

"What is to be the policy of this newspaper?" he asked.

"This paper is to attack all forms of wrong," replied the owner. "It will defend the interests of the people. Its motto is 'hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may.' However, in writing articles on financial topics it would be well to avoid referring to or attacking the following business enterprises."

So saying the owner of the paper laid before the new editor a list of business ventures in which the owner was interested.

Gazing thereon for an hour or two the new editor proceeded to write stirring editorials on "spelling reform," "how to increase the potato yield," "the great American hen," "the psychology of love," and other topics of grave moment.

One Thing Lacking

The Benevolent Employer received the committee from the employees in his palatial office.

"I do not understand the purpose of this visit," he exclaimed. "I can not believe that you are dissatisfied. I have provided you with a gymnasium, a reading room, a bath room, and lockers for your clothing. In short, I have done everything I could think of to make your employment here pleasant. What is it that you want now?"

"O, not very much," replied the

spokesman of the committee. "We merely want enough wages to enable us to live between the hour of quitting work and the hour of beginning work again. Just give us a fair wage and we can provide our own recreation and reading matter."

However, as this was an interference with "vested rights" the Benevolent Employer refused to deal with his employees except as individuals.

Similar

"Hello, Binks! Did you give up your railroad passes the first of the year?"

"Yes, just like I gave up my appendix vermiciformis."

The Retort

One day I said to Dorothy, "Great pleasure I would take if you would bake a batch of bread like mother used to make." "All right," the little wife replied. With fond and loving gaze, "I will when you can raise the 'dough' like father used to raise."

A Prophet

"Times will be very hard for many of the people in this section," remarked the philanthropist, banker and prominent citizen.

"Why do you think so?" was asked. "I am going to need the money I have loaned in this community, as I have determined to subsidize—I mean endow—a university in another state."

Thus by careful preparation a man may be able to bring his prophecies to pass.

Brain Leaks

Trouble will double when worried about.

Kind words are legal tender where even gold coin is counterfeit.

It takes a real sleety day to make a man realize his advancing years.

When a man does his best he is pretty safe in depending upon God to do the rest.

When a young man begins calling it "salary" it is a sign that he is of the opinion that he is too good for his job.

This is the time when the prudent housewife begins to hoard her canned fruit with jealous care in order to make it "last."

The easiest part of a good law is the proposing thereof. Enacting it is harder, and enforcing it is usually a gigantic task.

Just about the time we get ready to do some big thing we are compelled to postpone it in order to attend to a lot of little things.

Just about the time we are convinced that capital punishment is wrong we run across some man who is reaping riches by enslaving little children.

If ever we find a man in public office who thinks he is getting enough salary we are going to make a desperate effort to engage him for the museum circuit.

It is said that Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door. The trouble seems to be that the man inside is so busy "knocking" that he falls to hear Opportunity.

We would be very glad if we could again meet the good old lady who never mended a garment without saying, "Patch by patch is neighborly, but patch upon patch is beggarly."

Doesn't it make you mad to pay \$20 for a suit of clothes one day and then see it in the window the next day marked down to \$14.98 under the announcement, "Grand January Clearing Sale?"

The sight of one child crying in the streets will excite all beholders to sympathy. The knowledge that thousands of children are crying, freezing and starving in the tenements, excites only a passing thought.

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