WARM WEATHER WISDOM

Reasonable Suggestions Concerning the Cares of Housekeeping.

HOW TO MAKE THE HOUSE LOOK COOL

And Take the Edge Off Mercury's Lofty Climbs—Rout Annoyances with Smiles and Don't Get Hot—The Use of the Bath.

"Keep cool! How can one keep cool?" asked a weary mother the other day, "when the mercury is hunting the 90's, the baby is broken out with the heat, as cross as two sticks, and I am ready to drop to sleep this minute with weariness, and it is not 11 o'clock yet? I don't know how I am ever to get through the day, without a servant to do a hand's turn, too. We have to economize since John was let out of office."

And there that poor young mother and little more than a year-old wife was economizing right where she should have made her most lavish expenditure, in rest. The baby was cross and fretful, and badly broken out with heat, as she had said, but she never stopped to think that her own heated condition and worried mind and tired body was half the cause of it, and that with every drop of milk that her baby nursed it was absorbing a larger quantity of her own nervousness, to vex her with all night, perhaps. Being "tired enough to drop," the proper thing to do was to drop, and take a good, long nap, from which she would have arisen with more cheerful views of life, and would have found also that the wheels of the household machinery would have moved much more smoothly when she had satisfied nature by getting a little rest. Then, too, the dear little baby would have had one good meal of its mother's milk, that was purified from worry and microbes of nervousness, and the prickly heat would have had less to feed upon.

"Keeping cool" this blistering weather, says the Washington Star, does not mean physically only, but mentally as well, and you can materially add to your comfort by observing a few common sense rules. The woman who is managing and who looks well after her family will get most of her work done very early in the morning, before anybody is astir, and before Old Sol gets so fervidly familiar. Of course the house should be dressed for summer, if possible. The carpets should be taken up, dusted and cleaned, if you intend to have that done before putting down in the fall, and then they should be tightly sewn up in closely woven bags, to keep them from the invasion of moths. All the heavy curtains should be taken down and treated in like manner, and all the hangings should be removed and stowed away, for during the summer open windows, sunshine and dust would ruin them, and your peace of mind at the same time.

THE ROOMS LOOK COOLER.

If you can afford it, light straw matting is the ideal summer floor covering. If not, stain your floors and content yourself with rugs. It may be that bamboo furniture will not be available, either, but light linen covers for your pretty upholstered parlor set will be, for you can get patterns and make them yourself. Strip your rooms of all the fancy bric-a-brac that catches dust so easily, and that might get overturned and broken in the hurried daily dusting. After clearing the house of the "litter" that makes it so cozy and bright in the winter, but only enhances its "stuffiness" in warm weather, you will be surprised to find that your labors in keeping your house clean are appreciably lightened, and with heavy hangings gone the rooms actually seem cooler.

By arising at daybreak, leaving the little ones sleeping, the whole house except the sleeping rooms can be put in order before breakfast. Don't go about this cleaning without fortifying yourself, though. Drink a glass of cool lemonade and eat a biscuit or a dish of berries or other fruit, which will not leave you with that "empty" feeling, nor yet destroy your appetite for breakfast. If you have not done your marketing the night before, of course it should be done as soon as possible after you get up, so that you can arrange for the day's meals. If you are a real sensible woman you will have learned what is the best kind of warm weather food, for there is a vast difference in the heat-producing properties as well as the health-giving ones of the various articles of diet.

If the man of the family has to perform manual labor, he will need meat twice a day. For yourself once a day is quite enough, unless you want to increase your discomfort, for meat is heating. If it is a roast or a boiling piece that you intend to have for dinner, cook it rarely done in the morning and set it away in the ice box, or at least where it will keep cool. Save the broth that has formed about it, and if you want soup you can make it from that broth in five minutes' time, when you are getting dinner. If you prefer the meat hot for dinner cut neat slices of the rarely done roast, place them in a pie tin and pour over them some of the juices you have saved, and set them on the gas stove or in the oven to heat through, then slip on the hot platter and serve.

COOKING MADE EASY.

Make your potato salad, or the chicken or veal salad while you are about it, and the pie or bread pudding, or custard, or gelatine dessert. If it is sliced cucumbers save all chance of indigestion by slicing them into salted ice water and set them in the ice box, rinse before putting on the table. With these things prepared, a vegetable or two for dinner can easily be cooked over a one-burner gas stove in a double boiler, and the matter of getting the dinner confined to half an hour, and another half to getting the dishes done.

If you have any regard for your digestion eschew hot bread, oatmeal, cracked wheat and griddle cakes in hot weather. They are all heat producers, and fat producers as well. Fruit, fresh fruit, and plenty of it, should be found on the table at every meal, both summer and winter if possible, but in the summer especially. Day old bread, thinly sliced, and toasted a golden brown and eaten dry, is the very best kind of bread for one who suffers greatly from the heat. Perhaps you are too much wedded to coffee to give it up, but drink less of it, and more lemonade, that is, if the lemonade does not give your nursing baby the colic.

If you will carefully note when your baby is the crossest you will generally find that its crying spells follow closely on a fit of anger, ill-temper, overheating or overeating on your part. The summer appetite is usually quite dainty in the morning, so never have anything heavy for breakfast. The first course should be fruit, always. After that the tastes of the family must be considered, but whatever you have cook it nicely, serve daintily and do not have so much of it on the table as to disgust the light eater. By a little managing you can save yourself a great deal of work over a hot stove right in the heated part of the day.

Whatever sewing you feel that you must do, rush through in the morning. If you were wise you would have finished up most of your sewing while it was cool, say in March and April. Let the children play their hardest all morning, and about noon bring them in and strip them. Give each one a rubbing down with a towel dipped in salt water, put their night dresses on them and send them to their rooms to go to sleep. They will probably object, but let them know that it has to be done, and it will not be long before they will come of their own accord, for nature is very methodical, and a sleep at a certain hour one day is sure to induce one at the same hour the next day.

A GRATEFUL REST.

Then darken your house from top to bottom and find the coolest place in it and take a nap yourself. An hour is long enough, and will amply repay you for what you stole from your morning sleep and recuperate you for the loss sustained through heat and nervousness the night before. Your children will probably sleep for two or three hours, they can scarcely get too much, and when they get up, can have on their clean clothes and will be good-humored for the remainder of the day, which will, of course, add to your own comfort.

One of the greatest blessings in hot weather is an ample supply of clean clothes. Sticky, soiled, ill-smelling clothing would sour the temper of a seraph, so in your spring sewing include a change from the skin out for each day. It is easier to wash two pieces of linen that are slightly soiled than one that has to be washed into holes to get the dirt out. Make all the "every-day" clothing simply and without frills of any description. It will save time and strength, which you need for nobler duties, and will greatly lessen your laundry bills. For your own house dresses you should make plain, unlined prints, which are so easily laundered and kept clean, and have no weight to tire you in getting about. A woman who elects to wear out her cast-off finery at home is always an object of pity, I think, and always gives the impression of thinking less of her own than she does of strangers, since she reserves for the home circle things that she is ashamed to have anybody outside of it see.

Don't fret! The woman who wants to keep cool must smile when the coffee is muddy and take Katie's torn frock as a great joke. She must not "stew" because her bangs won't stay in curl, or storm at the hot weather. About the very best body heater, aside from a fit of temper, is to walk around with a fan in one hand and a handkerchief in the other and ask if anybody ever saw better weather. Take the heat philosophically. It is here, and it has to be endured. You only increase your own and everybody else's discomfort by talking of the hot weather, for while one cannot "wallow naked in December snow by thinking on fantastic summer's heat," one certainly can increase one's temperature appreciably by dwelling intemperately on the torrid weather.

By all means avoid ice water and filling up on iced drinks and frozen fruits and custards. A light appetite is a good thing to possess in hot weather, for both eating and drinking increase the temperature. The temptation to take a cool drink or a dish of cream is strong when one is heated to the boiling point, and yet that is one of the quickest steps to sunstroke, indigestion and general discomfort.

WARM WATER FOR WARM WEATHER.

The idle person finds the weather hotter than anybody else. If you have something to occupy your time and attention, you do not find the weather nearly so uncomfortable, because you do not have time to think about it. Of course bathing is one of the refuges from excessive hot weather, and cleanliness is one of the cardinal virtues, but don't make the mistake of thinking that a bath in cold water will cool you off. Try water a little more than blood warm, and after some experiencing the delicious feeling of the cool air striking the body on a warm day, you will always remember that cold water for cold weather and warm water for warm weather is the rule to follow.

Never make the mistake of bathing the face when heated, it will be sure to give you an uncomfortable feeling, and if you go out in the sun will be almost sure to blister the skin. Dry your face gently of prespiration with a soft linen towel, and then liberally dredge it with starch or talcum powder. The latter is best, as it is wonderfully cooling and absorbs prespiration. Cold cloths on the wrists will cool one greatly, and a cold cloth at the back of the neck is good for a headache caused by the glare of the sun, covering the eyes with another. If the head gets heated, let the hair down and lift the long strands so as to let the air get to the scalp. Frequent washing of the hair, once a week at least, is necessary in summer, as the hair so soon gets to be musty.

To sum it all up, the best recipe for keeping cool is to eat temperately and drink the same way, control your temper, get plenty of sleep, do not stint yourself in clean clothes or clean water, and refrain from fretting.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

PRINCETON STORIES—By Jesse Lynch Williams. Cloth, $1. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. From Megeath Stationery Company, Omaha.

College life at Princeton, in its varied aspects and characteristic features, is vividly depicted in these lively stories. The different types of character are drawn with fidelity and penetration, and the author has a natural gift for short story writing which endues his book with an interest quite independent of its special subject.

FORWARD HOUSE—By William Scoville Case. Cloth, $1. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. From Megeath Stationery Company, Omaha.

The romantic quality of the story is enhanced by the mystery which is not solved by the teller of the tale himself until the very end. The rapid succession of incidents, which piques without satisfying the curiosity in regard to the shadowy figure of the girl in the story as well as touching some other matters, is carried out by a group of men who have a degree of individuality. Colonel Forward himself, his two strange sons, Mister Hawke, the leader of a piratical crew, Mister Hunt, who was a witness of and a participant in all that occurred, and who tells the story in inimitable fashion, with Molly Forward in the background, fill the stage with strongly contrasting and highly interesting characters.

ALASKA—By Miner W. Bruce. Cloth, illustrated, $1.25. Lowman & Hanford, Seattle, Wash.

An experience of six years in various portions of Alaska enables the author of this work to give authentic and accurate information concerning the development of the region during the past few years. In order to enable the formation of a more accurate and complete conception of the country and its outlook Mr. Bruce gives an outline of its history, a description of its topography, its climate, its agriculture and its flora. He also gives an account of its mineral resources, its timber and the great Yukon gold fields that are attracting so much attention at present. In connection with the latter the route to the Yukon is carefully outlined, the land and sea animals, the Alaska Indians and Eskimos, in fact all the distinctive and prominent features of this vast country that covers one-fourth as much surface as the entire United States are detailed. The tourist route and the Alaska boundary question are also among the topics touched upon. The illustrations, of which there are a large number, are taken from photographs and are a great help in conveying a better conception of the land and its people.

MADAME DE STAEL—By Helen Hinsdale Rich. Paper. The American News Company, New York.

A lecture delivered before many prominent societies in the United States by Mrs. Rich, "The Poet of the Adirondacks," presenting a scholarly analysis of the celebrated Frenchwoman's character, works and influence upon her times. The print, in the style of Stone & Kimball's publications, is very neat and attractive.

M'CLURE'S COMPLETE LIFE OF NAPOLEON—By Ida M. Tarbell. Paper, 50 cents. S. S. McClure, Ltd., New York.

Alexander inherited a crown, Caesar and Hannibal were each born to station and affluence, but Napoleon Bonaparte began the struggle of life under great difficulties on a little island that had just been humiliated to dependence upon foreign powers. To read the story of the rise of the little Corsican is to witness one of the wonders of the world, for what wonder may even be compared to the prodigious marvel of such a career as his. Pyramid and temples are dwarfed at the mention of his vast influence upon history. Simply to tell the story of this man is the recital of a romance whose equal has not yet been penned. What a plot evolves and what characters march into the arena of the mind engaged in contemplating the unfolding of his life. Miss Tarbell has succeeded not only in telling the story well, but in bringing to it the latest and most authentic versions of the facts that enter in its plot. One of the most important features, however, for which the book will be prized is its princely collection of portraits and illustrations, that lend additional luster to the work. These comprise not alone the great collection of engravings of Mr. Gardiner Hubbard, but a large number of others copied from rare pictures in private collections in France.

CHIMMIE FADDEN EXPLAINS. MAJOR MAX EXPOUNDS—By Edward W. Townsend. Cloth, $1; paper, 50 cents. Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

The book comprises a series of sketches, most of which have already attracted attention in the columns of the New York Sun. The characteristic feature of the sketches is the introduction of Bowery vernacular in a style trite with a delightful idiom, thoroughly realistic and full of wit and humor. The character of Chimmie is unique and the remarks on society that drop from his lips lend special charm to the book.

OUTRE-MER—By Paul Bourget. Cloth, $1.75. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. From Megeath Stationery company, Omaha.

"Outre-Mer" is not a philosophical treatise on American political institutions and administration, like De Tocqueville's and Bryce's, but it is, in its way, equally serious. It has its light, and even its gay side, but none the less does it contain food for thought, and depict with precision the social physiognomy of a considerable portion of America and Americans. After a few days in New York, of which his first impressions are vivaciously presented, he repaired to Newport, of whose society he gives an extremely sympathetic and discriminating account. An analysis of the different types of the young girl naturally follows. Then the reader is taken slumming in New York and on visits to Archbishop Ireland and Cardinal Gibbons, with whom the labor problem and its political aspects are discussed. Chicago naturally claimed a good deal of M. Bourget's attention, as well as St. Paul, Baltimore and Washington, though naturally New York and Boston are most exhaustively treated. The different subjects discussed, it should be said, are concentrated and presented topically throughout the book, which methed satisfactorily breaks the narrative of its author's journeys and witnesses the fact that his impressions have been systematized and digested.

A TRUCE AND OTHER STORIES—By Mary Tappan Wright. Cloth, $1. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. From Megeath Stationery Company, Omaha.

Each story in this book is the tale of a man and woman. Each theme is the oldest and the newest that the world holds—love. There is no plot to speak of, very little incident. The interest lies in the working out of the type of character. The studies of women are very close and sympathetic. The workmanship is delicate, and if the general effect is somber, it is because life seems gray to the sensitive vision of the author.

MYTHS OF NORTHERN LANDS—By H. A. Guerber. Cloth, illustrated. The American Book Company, New York.

Properly speaking, the myths herein described are the classics of the north and furnish the stock from which the earlier religious beliefs and customs of the Danes, Swedes, German, English and French were derived. The style of composition and the fine quality of its illustrations not only contribute to make it an excellent text book, but render it invaluable to the general reader.

SUPPRESSED CHAPTERS AND OTHER BOOKISHNESS—By Robert Bridges. Cloth, $1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. From Megeath Stationery Company, Omaha.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE—By Charles Reade. Paper, 25 cents. Laird & Lee, Chicago.

JEWEL DONTS—By Edmund Russell. Paper, 50 cents. The Bramerton Publishing Company, 135 Greenwich Street, New York.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF NATURE—By Mabel Osgood Wright. Paper, miniature, 25 cents. Macmillan & Co., New York.

CONVENTIONAL LIES—By Max Nordau. Paper, 50 cents. Laird & Lee, Chicago.

MAUREEN'S FAIRING—By Jane Barlow. Cloth, 75 cents. Macmillan & Co., New York.

AFTER MANY YEARS—Poems. By Richard Henry Savage. Cloth, 245 pages. F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago. From Megeath Stationery Company, Omaha.

THE HERITAGE OF THE KURTS—By Bjornstjerne Bjornson. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents. Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York. From Megeath Stationery Company, Omaha.

LITERARY NOTES.

Harper's Weekly for June 22 contains an illustrated article on Chickamauga park by General H. V. Boynton.

A number of extracts from an amusing Japanese "Life of General Grant" will be printed in the July Century.

It is reported that Tolstoi has become an enthusiastic bicyclist and joined the Moscow Cycling club. He rides for an hour every day, accompanied by members of his family.

Going on a spree is "painting the town red." Has the Elizabethan parallel ever been pointed out? Prince Hal with Poins in the Boar's Head Tavern says: "They call drinking deep, dying scarlet."

An admirer of Edgar Allen Poe suggests as a means of increasing the contributions to the fund for the poet's monument in Baltimore that roses be grown on his grave and sold at fancy prices.

The title of Miss Winnie Davis's novel, soon to be issued, is "The Veiled Doctor." It is described as telling the story of an over-sensitive man whose married life with a not very sensitive young woman was a tragedy to both.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, who was one of the three men, outside of Germany, who were recently appointed by Emperor William Knights of the Ordre pour le Merite, has declined the honor on the ground that his opinions, repeatedly expressed in his writings, debar him from accepting it.

Mme. Recamier's correspondence has been put up at auction in Paris. It embraces a number of love letters written to her by Lucien Bonaparte, Bernadotte, Massena and Benjamin Constant. The letters of Prince Augustus of Prussia, who wished to marry the famous beauty if she would obtain a divorce from her bankrupt husband, are not among the collection.

McClure's Magazine for July will contain an illustrated article by Sir Robert Ball, professor of astronomy in the University of Cambridge, England, showing how recent scientific discoveries tend to bear out early speculation in favor of the existence of life on other planets than the earth. The same number will contain also some very interesting Stevenson matter.

The Westminster Gazette says: "It appears that the Russian censors stand in much greater fear of Tolstoi than he does of them. They begin to tremble as soon as they learn that he is meditating a new book. In making up their minds whether the work of the greatest Russian writer is to be placed under their ban, they have now to consider, not only what people will say in Russia, but also what people will think in Europe. When the 'Kreutzer Sonata' was prohibited, Tolstoi's wife, it is said, went in person to the czar and lodged a complaint. Alexander III. received the countess very graciously, removed the ban, and declared that in the future he would himself act as censor of Tolstoi's books."

A series of prize essays on the labor question are published in pamphlet form under the rather lengthy title, "A Bad Way of Settling Difficulties Between Capital and Labor." Various plans for the peaceable settlement of labor difficulties are argued, but nothing of distinctive importance brought to light. The American Humane Society, 19 Milk street, Boston.

"A Bureau of Municipal Information," is one of numerous timely topics considered in the June number of The Municipality and County. Niagara Publishing Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

La Revue Franco-Americaine, a journal printed entirely in French, but designed for American readers, is an illustrated monthly magazine, the initial number bearing date of June. Masters of French literature and the principal artists of France will alone be admitted as contributors. The various schools and systems of art and literature will be represented, and side by side will appear the names of Tolstoi Clemenceau, Mallarme, Bourget, Barres, Severine, Hervieu, Mendes, Alph. Allais, Grosclaude, Courteline, etc. Among the artists will be Puvis de Chevannes, Whistler, Helleu, Forain, Caran d'Ache, while Princess de Chimay will contribute articles on fashion, and Princess de Polignac on artistic decorations. The Revue will not be composed of extended, heavy studies, but will contain short, vivid, vigorous articles on subjects of universal interest. The Revue Franco-Americaine will be printed in Paris, its literary editor being Prince Poniatowski, who is well known in America, and whose name and reputation will be sufficient guaranty of the worth, excellence and success of his enterprise. La Revue Franco-Americaine, 83 Duane Street, New York.

A large and complete map of the United States in sectional strips is one of the features of the June edition of The Rand & McNally Official Railway Guide and Hand Book. American Railway Guide Company, 162 to 174 Adams Street, Chicago.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE—The Metaphysical Publishing Company, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—Leonard Scott Publication Company, New York.

THE BANKER'S MAGAZINE—John G. Floyd, 83 John Street, New York.

THE HARVARD GRADUATES' MAGAZINE—Harvard Graduates' Magazine Association, 6 Beacon Street, Boston.

THE CLOTHIER AND FURNISHER—The George N. Lowery Company, 13 Astor Place, New York.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW—Leonard Scott Publication Company, New York.

BATON—The Baton Publishing Company, 315 Y. M. C. A., Kansas City, Mo.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW—Leonard Scott Publication Company, New York.

BANKS AND BANKERS—Banks and Bankers Publishing Company, 77 Dexter Building, Chicago.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS—George T. Angell, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

RHODES' JOURNAL OF BANKING—Bradford Rhodes & Co., 78 William Street, New York.

THE PYTHIAN TRIBUNE—William D. Kennedy, 249 West Sixty-first Street, Chicago.

FROM ENGINE PIT TO CAB

Progressive Steps in the Training of a Locomotive Engineer.

GRADUAL AND CAREFUL PROMOTION

Terms of Apprenticeship Dependent on Intelligence and Application—The Rapture of the Boy, the Realization of the Man.

Every boy, arrived at a certain age, wishes to take part in the work of the world which he sees going on about him. Many desire to become locomotive engineers, but few of these understand how hard and how long is the way to gratification of that ambition. They may be pleased to read my experience, which is like the experience of many a man who has worked his way from the cornfield to the cab of a locomotive, says a writer in Youth's Companion.

My first railroading was in the humble capacity of a water carrier for the graders on the Vandalia road, in Illinois, where my father had a small contract. Finally the grade was completed and the construction train came along behind the first locomotive I had ever seen.

Of course I was deeply impressed with its grandeur. Every boy gazes at a locomotive with rapture partly compounded of fear. If boys playing foot ball hear the whistle of an engine they will stop and look. A boy swimming, who is supposed to forget everything, will turn and swim on his back and watch the train go by.

Our farm lay near the railroad, just at the end of a hard pull. From the field where I worked during my youthful years I could see the fireman at his furnace, while the great black steed toiled slowly up the hill with half a mile of cars behind her. I never looked with envy at the engineer. If I could be a fireman, I thought, my cup of happiness would be full.

It is not an easy matter without influential friends to get employment on a railroad, especially if the applicant happens to have hayseed in his hair or milk on his shoes. When the brakeman, who is the paid elocutionist of the train crew, wishes to humiliate a fellow workman, he invariably calls him a farmer. No greater insult can be offered to a brakeman.

I had lived a quarter of a century and failed in half a dozen business ventures when I decided to go railroading, being prepared to accept the humblest position, so long as it was in the path that led to the throttle. I presented some strong letters to the master mechanic of the Denver & Rio Grande, at Salida, Colo., a clerk wrote my name and address in a large book, saying that he would call me when I was wanted. I began to think I would not be wanted, for I had to wait a month or more when the caller came one evening and told me to report to the night foreman.

First I joined the wipers, a gang of half a dozen men whose business it is to clean the engines up when they come in from the road. This gang is made up of three classes—old men who are not strong enough to perform heavier work; young and delicate youths; strong young men who expect to become firemen when their names are reached.

The wiper's work is not very arduous, except for the long and dreary hours, from 6 in the evening to 6 in the morning. But it is disagreeable work. You have to get down in the pit under the locomotive reeking with oil, and wipe the machinery clean and dry with bunches of waste. All this time you are obliged to inhale the awful fumes of the torch you carry.

If you are faithful and patient you may be promoted to the day shift in six months. Here you perform the same work, but without the torch, and you sleep of nights. By and by you are promoted again to the position of engine watchman.

There are from twenty to fifty locomotives in the roundhouse, and it is the watchman's duty to keep water in the boilers and enough steam up to move the engine in case one is wanted in a hurry. Before long the foreman, if he thinks you deserve to be encouraged, will put you on a yard engine as fireman. This will take you back to night work, but it is one step forward and the work is light. When there is a vacancy you will be given a day engine, and again you feel thankful; you see the sunlight; it gives you courage; you are glad to be free of night work. I do not know of anything that will embitter a man's life and sour his disposition so swiftly and surely as working week after week through the hours of darkness.

From the day yard engine you go out on the road, and now you are a real fireman. You are assigned a regular locomotive, and you are expected to keep everything clean and in order—that is, everything above the running board, that board which you will see on all locomotives, extending from the cab along the side of the boiler to the front end. On mountain roads, ten years ago, wipers, watchmen and all roundhouse helpers were paid $1.75 a day, firemen on yard engines $2 and engineers $3. Firemen on road engines received $2.40 a day and engineers $4; but eastern roads do not pay nearly so well. I know of half a dozen railroad presidents who began at less than 50 cents a day. Another great advantage the men of the west had at that time was that they served, as a rule, less than three years as firemen, though now on eastern roads men commonly fire from five to ten years. But the west was then developing rapidly, and new roads were being built every year.

At the end, say of three years, the fireman may be promoted to be hostler. The hostler takes the engines from the coal track, side track, or wherever the engineers leave them. He has them coaled up, the fire cleaned and then runs them into the stalls in the roundhouse. In this work he becomes familiar with each and every engine on the division, and if he is observing he will retain this knowledge and use it when he becomes an engineer.

The next promotion takes the hostler back to the night yard engine; this time as engineer. His pay is now $3 a day or $90 a month, but he was making over $100 a month at $2.40 a day as fireman. Road engineers are paid by the mile—forty-four mountain miles or eighty-five valley miles being a day's work. Thus, when business is good, the engine crew makes forty and fifty, and once in a while sixty days in a month.

The man on the night yard engine goes through the same stages of promotion that the fireman went through, until at last he finds himself at the throttle of a road engine with another increase in pay and a corresponding increase in responsibility, but with less real hard work to perform. On some roads a man must, I believe, serve a time in the shops as helper and machinist before he can hope to be promoted to the position of engineer. This is not absolutely necessary, for the reason that the engineer is not required to keep the engine in repair. Most master mechanics will tell you that the machinist is not always the best "runner."

There is a book called the work book, where the engineer whose engine needs repair writes its number, what he wants done and his name. If he is not quite sure about the disease he may make a report like this: "Examine right steam chest." The foreman will set a machinist to work who, nine times out of ten, will locate the trouble in a very short time.

Even when promotion comes rapidly it takes from four to six years to work from the whipping gang to the cab, but these years are not wasted. Every day and every hour you become more and more acquainted with the various parts of the great iron horse till at last the knowledge picked up in these years of toil serves to make up the sum of your education as a locomotive engineer. The years seem surprisingly short, for there is always the hope that springs eternal to lure you on.

The life of an engineer is fascinating, especially where the road lies along the banks of a beautiful stream, or over grand mountains. Here at every curve a new picture is spread before him. To reach the summit of some high mountain at sunrise, to look down the winding trail which he must travel and see the blue-gray cloud lying across the track; to dash through the cloud out into the glad sunlight again, the verdant valley stretching away below, the high hills lifting their hoary crests above, is apt to impress one with the awful grandeur of God's world so that he will carry that impression through life.

A very small percentage of locomotive engineers become railway officials. If promotion comes to the engineer he is usually promoted to the office of traveling engineer. The duty of this officer is to go about over the road to see that the engines are made to work to their full capacity, and to see that the enginemen do not abuse the engines or waste the supplies. The traveling engineer usually recommends firemen for promotion. While railway rules permit the promotion of firemen in accordance with the length of time they have served in that capacity, the rule is not always applied; and it should not be. One man will learn as much in a year as another will in ten and all men do not make good engineers. Then, again, if a man is given to dissipation he is not, and should not, be promoted in his turn.

There is a vast improvement from year to year in railway employes as a class, morally and intellectually. It is no longer considered necessary for a man to be "real tough" to be a good train or enginemen. As a class, the men who now enter the railway service are more intelligent than those who sought such employment fifteen or twenty years ago. The traveling engineer is often promoted to the position of master mechanic; from that place to superintendent of motive power, and sometimes he becomes superintendent of the road or general manager.

THE SILVER SYNDICATE.

Cornering the White Metal Proves an Expensive Job.

A Washington dispatch to the Chicago Post says: Now that attention has been directed to the business motive behind the silver agitation, additional facts are being brought to light every day, and people are wondering how they could have been so dumb and blind as not to have discovered what was really behind the movement. Since the purchase of silver by the government stopped two years ago the production of that metal in the United States has approximated $115,000,000. The director of the mint is authority for the statement that there has been no important increase in the amount of silver put into manufactured articles, hard times having cut down the trade. The net exports of the fiscal year 1894 were $24,000,000, and the net exports of the fiscal year 1894-5 will approximate $35,000,000. Possibly $10,000,000 has gone into manufactures and arts, which would leave a surplus in bullion at the end of the present month on the record of the last two years of about $50,000,000. The substantial character of these figures had not been disputed but it is just as well to fortify them from such official information as can be obtained.

There is therefore no doubt that the amount being carried by the combination is substantially as given, and the amount is being increased at the rate of between $2,500,000 and $3,000,000 per month. The price of silver is cheap, or at least it would be considered cheap under ordinary circumstances, but the situation with the silver market at the present time is similar in many respects to the wheat market during the last four or five years. There was a long season of overproduction, the result of which was that the trade had to carry a colossal surplus through a back-breaking period until consumption could overtake production. The lowest prices of a hundred years followed; all the way down from $1 investors stepped in and helped carry the surplus because the price looked very low. Probably $100,000,000 would not pay the losses to bulls in wheat during the last four years, that amount having been sunk carrying property for which there was no market.

So with silver. The price looks very low and the capitalists and producers who are putting their money into it fully believe that it will go no lower, and that when the metal receives the "recognition" which by some process of mind they figure it is entitled to at the hands of the government they expect to realize enormously on their investments. When the combination went into the deal it is doubtful if many of the members thought it would grow to the size it has already. From present appearances it would look as though they were hardly fairly embarked in the enterprise. Two years have elapsed and the combination finds itself under $55,000,000 worth or silver bullion. The earliest they can expect relief is two years, and by that time they will be carrying over $200,000,000 of the metal; that is, they will be carrying it if they can last that long.

"Cornering" silver is a good deal like "cornering" wheat, except that in the case of wheat it is always fairly safe to calculate on certain ascertained facts with regard to consumption, whereas in silver the element of speculation of a most hazardous type must be considered. In this case it will be necessary for the combination to secure favorable legislation at the hands of congress to help them out. This is a most uncertain quantity, yet without such assistance the crowd will have left upon its hands twenty-four months from now over $100,000,000 worth of property for which there will be no active demand in this country. In their sober, thoughtful moments the men in the background of this deal, who are putting up their millions of dollars, must realize that they have engaged in an extra hazardous undertaking, and one that will require sustained effort, remarkably able generalship and rare good fortune to bring to a successful outcome.

The discovery of the full facts relating to this silver conspiracy will not tend to add to the popularity of the free coinage crusade. The masses may decline to stay enthused over a question which involves primarily the fortunes of a handful of rich mine owners and speculators merely. The glamour which now surrounds the hurrah discussion may evaporate when it becomes generally understood that the motives which are inspiring the silver agitation are quite as sordid as those controlling Wall street, which, according to popular belief, is the head center of the machinations of a terrifying gold conspiracy of some sort, the horrifying details of which are vaguely hinted at by such orators as Bryan and Peffer and Tillman. These disclosures will go far to show that, when it is figured down to a fine point, a crowd of silver millionaires is in reality no better than a crowd of gold millionaires.

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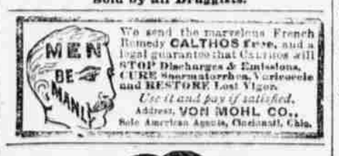

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