# THE WRECK OF THE 1019.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

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They began to call her an unlucky engine before the factory shine was off her lagging, and Superintendent Benson Hardy—"Old Man Bence," the men called him when they felt good-humored—was wrathful aplenty. He had railroaded too many years not to know that an engine's reputation is as much a matter of good report as a woman's, and that it is a good bit easier to set accusing tongues a-wag about either than to stop them. None the less, it was true that engine 1019 began to make a record for devilry as soon as she was out of the setting-up shop.

Though she was a passenger machine, built to pull the fast mail on mile-a-minute spurts, they put her on a freight run to break her in, and Larry Carnahan had her. On her first trip she foamed like a soda fountain, kept Larry running a foot race between the two injectors to keep water in her, and came in covered with alkali and ignominy. On the second trip she went into the ditch, and Larry was brought back in the caboose with a broken arm, an eye gouged out and a good third of his scalp gone.

They picked her up with the derrick car, rebuilt the side she had torn off in the plunge down the embankment, and sent her out again, this time with Amos Gilman at the throttle. Amos was a New Hampshire man of the cool-blooded type and a born man-handler of machinery. For a time the 1019 flirted with him coyly; dropped a link-block nut on one trip, slipped an eccentric on the next, and broke a spring-hanger on the third. Then, after a few days of good behavior to lure him on, she smashed his record in a rear-end collision. Amos was a man of few words, and he took his medicine—thirty days' vacation without pay—with true New England stoicism. But to us in the roundhouse he confided the facts in the case; facts which he had not thought it worth while to mention in the carpet session with old man Bence.

"See 'em?—In broad daylight, with nothin' in the way? Of course I saw 'em. But I couldn't choke that big bitch off no more'n I c'd fly. Throttle was jammed tighter'n the bark to a tree, and when I hossed her over, she jes' growled back at me and slid into 'em as if the track 'd been greased a-purpose."

Gilman's lay-off and the 1019's second rebuilding were accomplished in the same thirty days, but when the unlucky engine was ready to go out the men were shy. No good man cared to risk his record on her and tramp engineers, with everything to gain and nothing to lose, were not plentiful on the C. & G-R. in old man Bence's time. The superintendent made his fight against superstition, like the stubborn old industry colonel that he was, but he was fairly beaten. Given a chance to redeem himself and the 1019 at one and the same time, Amos Gilman promptly asked for his time-check; and when three other good men chose a like hard alternative, the 1019 was run in on the "deadpit" and her fire was banked.

It was at this stage of the battle that Harry Spencer came to old man Bence's rescue. Harry was pulling the Lone Pine accommodation with the 750, a "Baldwin" too light for the work, and of his own motion he went to the superintendent, asked for the 1019 and got her. Thereupon the big flyer seemed to turn over a new leaf. It was as if she had left the degradation of the freight-pulling and revenged herself accordingly. That was what Harry said when the men joked him and asked him if he had ordered his coffin, laughing, as he laughed at everything. But Amos Gilman shook his head and prophesied. "You wait," he said. "She's layin' off to fool 'round till you ain't watchin' her; then she'll up and do ye."

Whereat Harry laughed again and swung up to the cab to move the big engine slowly across the tilting turn-table.

"When she smashes me, I'll smash her," he said, leaning from the high cab window. "When you hear she's killed me, you needn't get out the wreck train; there won't be enough of her left to make scrap out of."

"Begorry, thin, I'm bettin' a tin spot ye don't," retorted Carnahan, who was just getting out after the scalping episode. "Whin she gets good an' ready she'll make taty-hash iv ye, an' nivver turn wan hair."

"We'll see about that," laughed Harry, and in the fullness of time they did see.

Notwithstanding the prophecies of evil, it seemed for a long time as if the 1019's demon had been safely exercised, and when Harry had paced the big flyer on the accommodation for a month or more without a mishap of any kind the powers began to talk of putting her on the mail run for which she had been purchased. As to this Harry had nothing to say, as a matter of course, but when it leaked out that the 1019's engineer was likely to be transferred with his engine to the run with the fast mail he took occasion to call upon old man Bence in the latter's private office.

"Just a minute when you get time, Mr. Hardy," he said, and when the superintendent wheeled around in his pivot chair he continued: "It's talked around among the boys that I'm going to get a chance to pull the mail. If it's so, I don't want it."

Now Mr. Benson Hardy was a true toro of the Spanish fighting breed in the sense that he had his particular red rag of enragement and his red rag was the slightest indication on the part of an engineer that his "nerve" was failing. Wherefore he bent his heavy brows on this reluctant youngster and scowled and rasped out his disapproval.

"What's the matter with you, Spencer? Losing your nerve?"

"No, I guess not. But I'm pretty well satisfied with the accommodation run."

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, so long as you work for the C. & G. R. you'll go where you're sent."

Of course Harry laughed. He was of those who would laugh and offer to shake hands with death at the narrowest pass. But there was defiance in his rejoinder.

"I guess I don't have to work for the C. & G. R. when you get through with me," he said; and so it ended for the time.

Since a railroad office is leaky as any sieve, it soon came to be whispered about that Harry had flatly refused the mail run, and the why was a small mystery. In the wage scale the mail engineers were at the top; and, while the mileage was stiff, the runs were fast, and the lay-overs proportionately long. But Harry had a reason of his own for wanting to keep the accommodation run, and of this reason none of us knew until later. The Lone Pine accommodation was an even day's run; west from Grand Butte to Lone Pine one day, and back the next. This arrangement gave the crews every other night in Lone Pine, and that of itself was a standing grievance in the eyes of most of us. For Lone Pine boasted no more than a station, a stock corral, a water tank, and the illimitable plain, with here and there a ranch house to dot it.

Of the off-day crew of five men, four carried four-story dinner buckets and slept on bunks in the station. But the fifth man—and that was Harry—bought a broken-winded broncho early in the game, and ambled away to the nearest of the plain-dotting ranch houses every other evening as soon as he had sidetracked his train and cared for his engine. We never guessed what the real situation was at Jepson's ranch, until one fine morning when Harry rode over with a girl beside him. She was pretty enough to make the other members of the accommodation crew gasp, and they made instant inquiry of the station agent whether Harry was parading the 1019 for the young woman's benefit.

"Why, yes," said the agent. "That's Miss Cartwright—Miss Prissie, the kids call her. She's the schoolma'am, from somewheres down east, and she boards at Jepson's. Why good gosh! I s'posed you all knew what took Harry over there. He's dead gone on her—in plum up to his ears."

But Harry was not "in;" he was only longing to be, longing to take the plunge and dreaded it more and more as time and better acquaintance paced off the terrible distance between this dainty, low-voiced eastern product of good breeding and education and a rough young fellow who knew how to get the most out of a big ten-wheeler—and knew little else. Notwithstanding he had met her every other evening all summer, he still found it difficult to talk to her, even with the 1019 for a theme.

"I thought maybe you'd like to see her," he was saying. "That's why I asked you to ride over. Isn't she a whale?"

Miss Cartwright laughed appreciatively. "Some of your railroad figures of speech are just too apt for anything," she said. "I think I never saw such a tremendous big one before; or is it only that I've never noticed?"

"Oh, I don't know," laughed Harry. "They are building them bigger every year."

"Are they?" she said. And then: "Don't you feel terribly afraid of it, sometimes?"

Harry laughed again. "No, I haven't come to that yet; not even with the 1019, though she has scared out a good many of the boys."

"Scared them out?" said Miss Cartwright, with an uplifting of the brows that made Harry shiver and then turn hot with love for her. "I don't understand."

He explained, giving the story of the 1019's diabolisms, and she shuddered in sympathy. Whereat he loved her the more.

"Of course, there is nothing to the superstition," she said; "but still, I should think you would be afraid."

"It's my business not to be afraid; and, after all, she's nothing but a biggish bunch of iron and steel. Would you—would you like to see how she rides? I've got to run out on the 'Y' and turn around."

Miss Cartwright caught her breath and said she wouldn't dare, but she ended by letting Harry help her up into the cab. The little spin around the "Y" was the merest taste of a locomotive ride, but it awoke a hitherto dormant appetite in the school mistress.

"It is simply inspiring," she declared, with unfeigned enthusiasm. "I wish I were going to be here longer, I'd come over every little while and ask you to let me do it again."

Harry's jaw dropped. "Are you going away, Miss Prissie?"

"Yes, I'm going back home. Didn't I tell you? This is only a summer school, you know, and we close next week."

Harry helped her down from the cab and up into her saddle without a word. And on all the long day's run to the Butte the fireman remarked that he never laughed once. A week later Harry had another interview with the superintendent.

"You said awhile back that you'd like to put the '19 on the mail," he began.

"So I would if I didn't have a set of superstitious fools for runners," snapped old man Bence.

"Well, I've been thinking it over and I'll try it, if you want me to," said Harry. Then he made a condition. "I'd like to put in the rest of the week on the accommodation, if you don't mind."

"The rest of the week" carried him past the close of the school in the swale beyond the Jepson house, and, as good luck would have it, the closing exercises were on the Thursday evening, which was the night of his lay-over at Lone Pine. So he went to the little shack school house and sat through the exercises in a dream of bliss and afterward had the ineffable joy of walking back to the Jepson ranch with Priscilla.

It was a beautiful night, starlit and as still as if the wind had never blown across the brown wastes; a night of all nights for the saying of such things as were clamoring for speech within him. And yet for the life of him he could not say the thing he had determined to say. Every time he tried to formulate that unspeakable question the terrible distance between the schoolmistress with a Wellesley diploma and an engineer with calloused hands widened to a chasm impassable—from his side, at least. So he took her home and bade her good night and the thing was left unsaid. Afterward, by way of penance, he scamped his bed, breakfast and morning farewells and went to the station to sleep what sleep there was for him on the comfortless cushions of the day coach.

The mail run was to begin for Spencer and the 1019 on the following Monday, but on Friday the 1006 broke a side rod and was laid up for repairs. So it came about that Harry went west on his first mail run Friday noon, passed Lone Pine in the night and doubled back with the east-bound mail two hours late on Saturday.

Lone Pine was not a stop for the mail, but when you try to make up lost time with five heavy mail cars it takes steam—and steam takes water. Harry knew he would have to get water before reaching Arroya, so he told the fireman they would fill the tank at Lone Pine. It was not because he had any further interest in the lonely prairie station, save for its memories. If Miss Cartwright's plans had not miscarried she was at this moment trundling eastward on No. 2, which train the faster-flying mail would pass at a siding an hour's run beyond Lone Pine.

The 1019 was behaving beautifully that morning, and she slid up to the water tank at Lone Pine and stopped with nice precision under the tank spout. Harry was down in a twinkling with his oil can, and had made half the lubricative circuit when there was a rustle of starched skirts beside him and a sweet voice said:

"Good morning, Mr. Spencer."

Harry looked up and promptly dropped the oil can.

"You?" he exclaimed. "Why, I thought you were on No. 2."

Miss Cartwright's laugh was of chagrin. "I meant to be," she said. "And my luggage is on No. 2. But I insisted on telling them all goodby at the house and walking over. So I had the pleasure of seeing the train run away from us."

"But what are you going to do?" demanded Harry, utterly oblivious to the fact that the tank was full and that he was losing precious seconds of the hard-earned time.

"Mr. Mann says I can go on the way freight," she explained. "I am waiting for it."

"The way freight! Why, it will take you all day to get nowhere!" The 1019 had a daring flashlight of an idea, and in the dazzle of it promptly broke one of old man Bence's ironclad rules. "There are only mail cars on this train, Miss Prissie, but if you'll trust the cab of the 1019, I'll carry you to Arroya, where you can catch 2 as she comes along. We pass her this side of Arroya."

Miss Priscilla Cartwright was not of those who dwell in the valley of indecision. On the spur of the moment she accepted his offer, was lifted, first to the footboard, and then to a seat on Harry's box, and five minutes later the Lone Pine station was a mere blot on the brown plain, and the big flyer was pitching and rolling as only a high-framed camel-back can when it is turned loose under the hand of a man whose nerve is all that it should be.

For the first few heart-rending miles of it Priscilla was frankly terrified. For this cause she shut her lips tightly, knowing that if she opened them it must be to scream. Then by slow degrees the terror of it slipped into admiration for the calm-eyed young fellow at her side, the man who was responsible for all this pandemoniac rush and roar and demon-clatter. Just here she had a glimpse of the ideal manhood, the something which is above all education and refinement, and is apart from either, the thing which is able to stand in its own strength, and which has called the woman at all times and tongues in commandings not to be denied.

As for Harry, apart from a warm glow of triumphant satisfaction, born of the nearness of her, it is to be feared that he was more of the engineer than the lover just then. The mail schedule was recklessly fast, and it was a point of honor among the men to make its time—to make up the time when it was late. Hence, Harry was pretty well occupied in getting the last possible wheel-turn of speed out of the 1019; and when the chattering exhaust deepened to a steady roar, and the endless line of telegraph poles became a reeling progession past the cab window, he was still coaxing the big flyer with added little jerks of the throttle.

It was on the great fill on Dump mountain that the end came. At this point the C. & G-R. rounds the western slope on a level grade, turns the northern shoulder on a long curve with a slight descent, and then pitches sharply down to cross a 1,000-foot-deep ravine on the huge fill. What Harry saw on turning the shoulder of the mountain aged him ten years in half as many seconds. Just beyond the center of the fill was the passenger train which he had been gradually overtaking—and it was standing still. Three car-lengths in its rear a displaced rail broke the double line of shining steel. And 100 yards nearer a flagman was racing up the grade, making frantic signals to the onrushing mail.

What there was to be done was done instantly and to little purpose. In the turning of a leaf Harry had the 1019 in the reverse motion and had given her the air. Then he realized that the 1019's demon was once more in possession. Something was wrong with the air brake and it failed to respond. With a quick yell of warning to his fireman he gave the whistle signal which calls for the application of the brake by the train crew, and the result of this was immediate and logical. With the sudden checking of the train, brought about when every mail clerk in the five cars jumped for the cords of the "automatic," the coupling between the engine and the nearest car snapped with a report like a pistol shot. Then, freed of the train drag, the demoniac 1019 shot away joyously for the plunge at the broken rail, regardless alike of reversed steam and Harry's frenzied efforts to make the driver brakes take hold. He desisted when he saw it was no use and looked up into Priscilla's face with a smile that for all her icy terror she saw and remembered.

"She's going to kill us," he said coolly, "but if you love me as much as I do you we'll fool her and go together."

She was too terrified to speak, but her answer was in her eyes and in a quick out-reaching of her arms to him. He saw and understood, and at the catching of a breath snatched her from the box, backed out of the cramped cab to the running board and leaped with her out into space when the broken rail was no more than a short car length away.

It was the rear brakeman of No. 2 who witnessed the subsequent events.

"Say, it looked to me like she was hittin' it a mile a minute when she struck the break, but I guess I was some rattled. She h'isted up on one side when she found the rail gone, give a grunt, and went rollin' down them there thousand feet o' dump with her drivers a-spinnin' in the back gear like Fourth o' July fireworks.

"No; there wasn't much left o' her worth pickin' up when she landed 'mongst the rocks at the bottom o' that gulch, you bet. And when we'd all swallered once 'r twice we looked to see what had come o' Harry and his girl. Say, they wasn't hurt no more'n I was—n'r half so bad scairt. The dirt train 'd been workin' on their side o' the dump, and it was all soft and slidey-like where they hit it.

"Harry helped the schoolma'am up, and they stood and looked down at what was left o' the '19. The girl sort o' shivered, but Harry he jest laughed and said, 'I told 'em I'd smash her if she ever tried to kill me, and I guess I've done it right. And she didn't get the mail, n'r she didn't get us. Old man Bence 'll give me thirty days for it, on gen'ral principles, I s'pose, but I don't care, Prissie, if you don't. I'll put in the time goin' back home with you and gettin' acquainted with your folks.'"

And that is precisely what he did.

## EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

### Advice to Mothers in the Matter of Training Daughters.

The respective merits of women's colleges and co-educational institutions for the training of girls are being freely discussed at the present time. A woman's club recently wrote to Mrs. Eva D. Kellogg, who is a well known writer on educational matters, for advice in the matter of training a little girl from childhood to graduation.

Her reply, later given in "Primary Education," was, in part, as follows:

First, I would make sure that my little girl was a good, healthy animal before I put her at school anywhere. A stock of physical vitality is a far richer possession for your child than any early stimulated brain. Let her live as close to nature as you posibly can manage, even if you have to move into the country to do it. Let her "run wild" as far as safety and good sense will permit.

Don't begin to teach her "her letters" in the mistaken idea that you are helping her to read. Teach her to use her eyes to see things—to see what Burroughs calls "the fine print" in nature. Do your utmost to keep her close to nature by keeping there yourself. Help her to fall in love with everything beautiful about her and to believe that every object in nature is worth learning about. Make every tree, every blossom and every bird note a joy to her.

Stories? Yes, lots of them. Not too many fairy stories, nor too many myths, but pure, sensible selections from both.

If she were physically strong enough at 4 years old I would send her to a kindergarten; if not, I would wait till she was 5. A good kindergarten is the very gate of heaven.

Public schools after that? Of course. Do you shrink from the contact of a miscellaneous public school for your little girl? She is born into a miscellaneous world.

But what if her teachers are not of the right kind? Then, my dear woman's club, it is your duty as an organized body of earnest, intelligent mothers, to agitate the matter till they are.

But, a warning. Don't take a word of hearsay as to the lack of worth in these teachers. Go to the schools yourselves and find out. Go with kind hearts and an honest desire to be just and helpful to a sister woman.

When this little girl reaches the age of 12 or 13 years give her most careful consideration. Is she tired, restless, nervous, capricious and inexplainable to herself? Take her from school. Give her ever to freedom and nature again. To push her through, or allow her to be pushed through a graduation at this time, if she is not normally well, is a moral wrong. It seems almost unbelievable in this day when children are being studied hygienically with an X ray scrutiny that our girls are urged through their graduating year by the keyed up, nervous prodding of per cent examinations. No influence can do as much to change these conditions as the concentrated effort of a woman's club. Any sensible measure concerning the schools which a club, composed of the best women in the community, would launch and tactfully push forward would not fail. When enough influential mothers unite in protest against the wrongs in our present school curriculum these wrongs will be righted, and no one will suggest that such effort is not within the "sphere" of your womanhood and motherhood.

Shall my daughter go to high school? Yes, if she is equal to it physically. But a year of complete rest between the grade school and high school would often be a wise course. With firm health she can do a great deal of hard study and valuable work in a high school. But, I beg of you, keep her out of "society" at this time. Encourage sensible athletics, early bedtime and proper food. These will tide her over the hard places.

Her reading? So much of her future tastes and ambitions depend upon her reading at this time one shrinks from recommending any course. Let her temperament decide somewhat. If she is fanciful and imaginative, offset this tendency with the literal and practical; if prosaic and matter of fact, give her the poetic and imaginative. But strive that her reading be real literature rather than the ephemeral book of a day.

Our little girl has grown up. Can you send her to college? Where? To a "co-ed" university or a woman's college? In the sense that co-education means equal advantages for the sexes on the basis of right and justice, why, amen to co-education; but when it means that the sexes shall pursue the same studies as a preparation for life, that admits of discussion. I think there should be equal opportunity, but a different goal. The omission is vital. Some day a college course for girls may come to mean, first, the science of health. Not athletics to excel some rival team and to give mannish yells, but for the sake of a sound body. Every subject taken up by college girls should be taught with an eye to her training as a future homemaker. To be an intelligent, accomplished woman and hold one's own in and out of a well managed home means much. Above art, science, literature or philosophy she needs to know herself. Then, in her study of life, every subject should include her needs in the future home. Is science any less science because it embraces the chemistry of cooking? Let me say just here that every young woman needs a year of kindergarten training as pupil-teacher before her marriage. Nowhere is the Froebelian philosophy more needed than in a home of little children.

But if my daughter wishes to follow one of the learned professions? Then she must take her place side by side with men in co-educational institutions and forfeit the benefit of a separate woman's college. But I would not have her enter upon the technical training of a profession under 20 years of age, and only then if health were sound, principles firm and temperament fitted to stand alone.

I speak from a close personal observation of a large popular co-education university when I say that the dormitory life there for four years is injurious to the average girl. Entering at the unformed age of 17, she at once becomes a law unto herself and independently elects everything—her study course, her men and women friends, her way of spending evenings, her attendance upon receptions, dances and theaters, and is as much a guide to herself as if she were steering a craft alone on the broad ocean. She can neglect and break, unchided, every physical law and ruin her health through late hours, night "spreads" and eternal "fudges." A chafing dish is a college idol.

Do you ask why this regime? What is the reason for permitting such unwise freedom? Why, they are learning self-government and developing "self-reliance." Yes, at a price that no young girl should be allowed to pay. Some wisdom costs too much. They tell us that this is a woman's age, that it is the era of her opportunities; let us never forget that a woman is not a man. Let us teach our girls that to be a broad, cultured, womanly woman is the highest goal for which they need to strive.

## EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

E. S. Converse of Malden, Mass., has given $125,000 as an endowment fund to the Malden Public library, which he and his wife originally gave to the city as a memorial of their son, Frank E. Converse.

Friends of the University of Alabama are urging that General Joseph Wheeler be elected its president, but it is not yet surely ascertained that the little soldier hero would care to be shelved permanently in this manner.

Congress does not approve of home study for growing children, and, in accordance with its recommendation, the Board of Education of the city of Washington has decided that there must be no home study in grades below the sixth.

Dr. John Kost, a physician of Adrian, Mich., who has several times made liberal donations to educational institutions, has given to the College of Medicine and Surgery of Chicago a museum of zoological specimens valued at $150,000. The articles filled five freight cars when prepared for shipment.

The president of the San Francisco Board of Education for the next year will be a woman. She got in by the somewhat irregular lottery of drawn straws. By a previous agreement, made a year ago, the director who was to go out this year was to be decided by lot, and the one who drew the short straw for the short term should be presiding officer. Now Mrs. Kincaid is wondering what her title will be.

Through the generosity of a former student, who wishes his name withheld for the present, the grammar school of Racine college is enabled to equip a large and well-appointed reading room in connection with the old college library. It will be located in Taylor hall and will contain the best magazines and other periodicals in addition to the libraries of the institution, embracing 11,000 volumes. It will be furnished with library tables, chairs and lounges, as well as such other comforts as go to make up an ideal library. This wise gift, making accessible to the attendants a large number of valuable books, will give the grammar school the best library equipment of the secondary institution in the west. The benefit to the students will be incalculable. The authorities of the school feel greatly gratified and unite in warm thanks to the donor of this noble gift.

## LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

Georgia sends thousands of peach trees to South Africa.

The engines of a first-class British man-of-war cost about £175,000.

A servant girls' union has been formed in Watertown, N. Y., on a basis of hours from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m., and $4 and $5 per week as wages.

Chicago union carpenters will not give up the Saturday half-holiday during the winter months. The referendum vote which is being taken shows that the proposal to abolish the half-holiday will be defeated by a two-thirds vote.

According to a report from Mount Carmel, Pa., the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron company last week mined 11,500 cars of anthracite coal. This is the largest amount of coal mined in an equal period in the history of the Reading, and shows that they are pushing things for all that there is in it to meet the demand for fuel.

During the past year there have been issued 24,660 original patents by the patent office, an increase of 2,264 over the previous year. A total of 2,758 design patents were issued, which is a decrease of 381 over 1899. There was a decrease of eleven reissues, the exact number for the year being 81. There was a total of 1,721 trade marks allowed, an increase of 72, while there were 296 more labels issued than 1899.

The Baldwin Locomotive works of Philadelphia reached high water mark in the point of production in the year 1900, having turned out 1,427 locomotives, as against 915 in 1899, the largest number ever built in any former year. The additional number does not alone show the greater output of the works in 1900 over that of 1899, for the locomotives of 1900 exceed those of ten years ago in weight and drawing power by nearly or quite 50 per cent. If the hauling power of the engines turned out in 1900 was expressed in locomotives of the same size as those built ten years ago it would have required 1,900 engines, or nearly double the number constructed in 1899.


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