

# Machinery Supercedes Mules in Building of the Modern Railroad



LOADING DUMP WAGONS FROM GRADER.



MACHINE THAT HAS REVOLUTIONIZED RAILROAD BUILDING.



BREAKING GROUND TO LOCATE STEAM SHOVEL.



DRAGGING AWAY CHUNK OF DYNAMITED DIRT.



BEGINNING OF THE BIG FILL.

**S**OME of the dead and gone railroad builders achieved wonders in their days, but it can easily be doubted if their most stupendous undertaking approached in magnitude some of the things that are nowadays deemed trivial by the men who change the face of nature in order that the Iron Horse may have a smooth road over which to scurry. A slight difference in mechanical development had a great deal to do with a divergence in railroads between America and Europe that has not yet been entirely overcome. In England, when the earlier experiments with locomotives were going on, the builders were unable to make them climb a grade of any considerable activity, and it was consequently determined to build roads as nearly level as possible. A similar idea in connection with the construction of the engine resulted in the building of the tracks as nearly as possible in a straight line. English experience was largely adopted on the continent; it is even related that a Dutch engineer heaped huge mounds of earth over frame-work in order that he might have the tunnels he found on the English line he was sent to copy. In America quite a different practice resulted from a difference in the construction of the locomotive.

**American Type Wins Easily.**  
First of all, the four-wheel coupled engine was able to climb grades the English type could not possibly surmount. This was most conclusively proven after the American type had been so successful as to challenge British attention. An American locomotive was taken to Liverpool and set up on a track there. At almost the very outset of the run was a hill over which no British locomotive had ever hauled a train. It was the steeper of the line, and required such attention as the Union Pacific used to bestow on Sherman hill in Wyoming, or the Santa Fe in crossing the Raton range between Colorado and New Mexico. When the day for the test came the American engineer asked to have a normal load coupled in behind his machine. It was a load as heavy as the British make had a hard time in dragging over the hill. The Englishmen stood by ready to exult at the prophesied failure, but to their astonishment the Yankee-built four-wheeler whisked the train up the hill at a good rate of speed. It was simply the increased tractive force, due to the better distribution of the weight on the drivers and the consequent adhesion to the rail. This was the first of American triumphs in the engine building line.

**Curves as Easy as Hills.**  
Another signal advantage of the American type of locomotive was its flexibility. Not that a locomotive is built limber as a piece of whalebone, but it is so constructed as to be able to compensate in balance for ordinary inequalities in the surface of the rails, and to turn curves of a degree so small that at that time they were thought impossible. This permitted a variance in the construction of the roadbed. Whereas, the early English roads were laid out as closely as could be to the crow's flight, the American roads followed the line of the least resistance, and wandered around the country in a vagarious sort of way. Bad hills were dodged where it was possible; easy grades and good river crossings were searched for and adapted when they could be, and other stunts were done that violated in every way the European canon. This was particularly true in the west, where a tremendous activity in railroad building came with the development of the country in the late '50s and '60s. Here no more grading than was absolutely required was done, and many a mile of track was laid on a bed but little raised from the surface of the surrounding country. This sort of road building served its purpose well, and furnished railroads that did a work that cannot be estimated in the growth of the central western empire.

**New Conditions Bring Change.**  
Growth brought new conditions, and these could be met by the railroads only with new construction and new equipment. New lines could not achieve the relief needed, and the old lines had to be reconstructed and brought up to modern standards. This worked a revolution in the methods of construction, for the demands made on them excelled anything ever achieved by the early builders, and not only did they have to do more work, but it had to be done in a shorter time. Within the last ten years every one of the fifteen lines running out of Omaha has been practically reconstructed throughout its entire length, and some feats have been accomplished that are still being debated in the technical

## Pioneer Nebraska Minister Honored by Neighbors

**R**EV. HARRISON PRESSON, probably the first Methodist preacher to deliver a sermon in Nebraska, is still living at Auburn, having passed his 90th milestone on February 15. The sermon was delivered on what is now the site of the Douglas house in Omaha and was listened to by a crowd of about 300 emigrants, who were on their way to the Pacific coast in prairie schooners and a handful of Indians. This was in 1850 and he, too, was on his way to the coast with a large colony of emigrants. The emigrants stopped over Sunday on the present site of Omaha, and as he was a duly ordained minister a pulpit was made from a cast-off government wagon box and regular church services held. The Indians who listened to the sermon were greatly perplexed at the actions of the white man and the chief and the interpreter held a council with those who heard the sermon and returned with protestations of friendship. "Indians no hurt white man who preach Great Spirit," they said, shaking hands with the white men. After this incident Rev. Mr. Presson went to Minnesota to live and took up a claim in the wilds of that state. While there he became friendly with the great Indian chief, Ojibway. At the time of an Indian uprising he recalls that it was this chief who saved the lives of a large number of white



REV. AND MRS. HARRISON PRESSON OF AUBURN, NEB.

people by warning them of a massacre the savages had planned for that night. The inhabitants of the town of Henderson were the intended victims, but owing to the warning the people were able to flee, though the town was burned. During his entire residence in the state he was never molested. His long and eventful life began in the state of Maine February 15, 1816. It is related that he was converted to Methodism at the early age of 6 or 7 years, and he has been connected with that church since. He was married at the age of 20 to Mary Elizabeth Russell, at that time 16 years old. He then emigrated to Illinois, where he was first licensed to preach by Rev. Peter Cartwright, presiding elder of the central conference of that state. It was after he had spent several years in Minnesota that he came to Nebraska permanently to preach. This was forty years ago, and he has been a resident of the state ever since. Weighed down by his long years of service he asked eight years ago to be placed on the supernumerary list and his wish was granted, though he occasionally fills the pulpit yet. Mr. and Mrs. Presson are still enjoying good health in spite of their advanced age. They were the parents of fourteen children, eight of whom, five daughters and three sons, are still living.

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supper, for I have made animal cookies on purpose for my little guests." And if you'll believe me, Dorothy's handkerchief never waved on the stick at all. Mrs. Wright cried and the twins cried when Aunt Mollie got well and the children could go home with their mamma. "I would like to borrow them and never bring them back," said Mrs. Wright, but mamma could not spare them. "We'll come next summer and let you borrow us again," cried the twins, waving their hands good-bye. "We like to be borrowed."

**When Not to Cry.**  
There are millions of little boys and girls in the world who want to do just the right thing and the very best thing. But they do not always know what just the right thing is, and sometimes they cannot tell the very best thing from the very worst thing. Now, I have often thought there are little boys and girls who cry, now and then, at the wrong time, and I have asked many of the older people, but none of them could tell me the best time to cry. "I would like to borrow them and never bring them back," said Mrs. Wright, but mamma could not spare them. "We'll come next summer and let you borrow us again," cried the twins, waving their hands good-bye. "We like to be borrowed."

**Pointed Paragraphs**  
It's not good for lovers to be too good to be true. Many a man who knows his place has his eye on a better one. Strange to say, the speaking likeness of a woman goes without saying. Be sure you are right—don't be too sure that everybody else is wrong. Our idea of a fool man is one who waits for the bartender to tell him when he's had enough. Many a man looks upon a marriage license as a blotter with which he expects to blot out the past. It frequently happens that a woman who was proud of a man as a beau is ashamed of him as her husband. Some states have a law requiring women to remove their hats in a theater—and Roosevelt family separated in early days, one branch locating on the Hudson and the other across the river in New Jersey. The Iowa family belongs to the New Jersey branch, William Roosevelt, came to Iowa in 1870 and located in this county. The family was and is possessed of considerable money. The senior Roosevelt died in 1888 and was survived by two sons, Theodore and Van Vorst. The latter was born in 1847 and the former in 1856. Van is married

**Poor Richard, Jr., Philosophy**  
A straight life is the shortest distance between honesty and honor. Of the five senses, common-sense and a sense of humor are the rarest. Those who get into society can't rub the price-mark off the admission ticket. The marriage relation would take care of itself if it were not for the married relations. A man who settles into misery and calls it philosophy is an optimist standing on his head. The letters marked "personal and confidential" are the ones the private secretary opens first. If George Washington were to come back and see congress he would lose no time delivering another farewell address. When a man tries to drown troubles on his way home, he always finds them sitting and grinning on his doorstep like drenched cats.—Saturday Evening Post.

**Entertaining Little Stories for Little People**

**Master Wag.**  
THERE was not another dog in the village so smart as Dr. John's "Wag"—"Master Wag," people called him. He was as homely as an English bulldog as you would care to see, but he took part in everything that was going on in such an intelligent way, and was so polite and well bred, and knew so many interesting tricks to utter that the doctor's horse as well as to think of his personal appearance. Besides standing on his hind legs and catching a ball in his forepaws, giving a rump or moving from side to side to not miss it, and rapping at the door so that even Dr. John would think it was a person that wanted to come in, Master Wag miffed the doctor's horse as well as a boy could have done it. When Dr. John drove round to see his patients, Master Wag always sat upon the seat beside him, looking very intelligent and dignified, bowing whenever Dr. John bowed to a person and listening with a great air of taking part in the conversation whenever the doctor spoke. When they came to a house where he had to make a call Dr. John would get out, throw the lines to Master Wag, and the horse always seemed to understand perfectly that he was in Master Wag's charge. But one morning when the horse was brought out of the stable and was left to wait before the office door for the doctor and Master Wag to come out, he became frightened at a string of exploding firecrackers in the hands of some little boys and started on a run down the street. Dr. John rushed out bareheaded, but too late to stop the horse. Master Wag, however, was quicker, and had hopped into the buggy and out on the shafts, and there everybody saw him standing with his forepaws on the back of the horse as he tore along grasping one line in his mouth and barking sharply as if calling "Whoa! Whoa!" But Master Wag couldn't stop him—the horse was too frightened—and they all tore headlong down the street, horse, dog and carriage. Dr. John, bareheaded, running and panting behind, woman and children screaming as they sought to get out of the way, men staring as if they had lost their senses, until a man with more presence of mind than the others sprang out into the middle of the street farther along and grabbed the bride, giving the horse's head such a firm shaking that he was brought to a standstill. And then Master Wag jumped down and ran back to meet the doctor, barking and whining and even growling, in the most earnest way, as if assuring his master that he had done his very best. "And you could see for yourself," he said, "that I

didn't leave him until he was caught!" Dr. John understood. He stooped and patted the dog's head before he went over to the carriage. "Yes, Wag," he said, "you did your whole duty. You always do."—Mary Dameron in Little Folks.

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