

STUDY AND PRACTICE OF ENGLISH

EDITED BY SARAH B. HARRIS

The following story has been entered in the Courier's contest for juveniles:

"KINDNESS AND ITS INFLUENCE."

Roy Townsend was fifteen years old, but was small for his age.

He lived in Barton, Ohio, and his parents were the wealthiest people in the town. I can also say the most popular, as Roy's father was the mayor of Barton.

Roy lived in a beautiful house and was surrounded by beautiful things.

His mother was the kindest and gentlest lady in the world, (so he thought).

His father was a kind and just man, much beloved by all.

William Bradford Sullivan is a very fine name, but its owner was a ragged little urchin familiarly called "Billy."

He was well known in Barton as not possessing too truthful a character.

His father and mother were dead, and he got his food, and clothing by begging, and slept in boxes.

Oh! How he did envy rich Roy Townsend.

He would sometimes say to himself, "Ef I was as rich as that there Roy Townsend p'rap's I might be a better boy."

But richness was not what he longed for. It was love.

All his weary little life he had never known love.

And this is the way Billy got the love for which he so yearned.

The Townsend family had gone to D— to spend the winter and there poor little Billie Sullivan had followed them. One afternoon Billie crept out from

behind a building to try to find something to eat.

He had had nothing to eat since the day before and was now nearly exhausted. He crept along the street and then all at once fell in front of a pair of handsome bay horses.

The driver saw the boy, but it was too late. One of the bays planted her fore-foot right on little Billy.

A crowd gathered around the carriage and one of the occupants opened the door. We can see now who is in it. It is Mrs. Townsend and Roy.

When they found out what was the matter Mrs. Townsend had the little body raised gently and put in the carriage. Then she had the coach-man drive home.

A doctor was at once summoned. He said the case was hopeless, but that he would do his best.

He did his best and much more added to it and in the end saved Billy's life.

When Billy was a convalescent Roy and he had many good times together.

One night while Roy was sitting with his parents he said, "Mama what shall I do when Billy will have to leave us? Mr. and Mrs. Townsend smiled for they had a secret.

It turned out to be this, "Will you agree to have Billy stay here and have this for his home?" asked Mrs. Townsend of Roy. Roy said yes, and when Billy was asked he jumped up and down for joy.

Mrs. Townsend took Billy's training in hand and soon had him as truthful and good boy as Roy himself.

ELSIE ACKERMAN, 1748 B st.

To know women, love them; to know men, flatter them.

Making up a Passenger Train

When a Lincoln man starts on a trip down the line it probably does not occur to him as he enters the well groomed coach what labor and pains the railroad company and its employes have taken to insure him a safe and comfortable journey.

Some of the main line trains and all others that leave Lincoln on the different branches are made up in the local yards. The regular passenger trains run on schedule time and are governed by a time card, which is issued as often as it is found convenient to change the arrival and departure of trains. When a special or an extra is sent over the road the orders come from the chief dispatcher's office, and are inspired by some higher authority. Otherwise trains run by standing orders.

A baggage, express, mail and passenger coaches are coupled to an engine. The engineer and fireman sit in the cab waiting for the signal to pull out. The conductor in his natty blue uniform and brass buttons stands, watch in hand, ready to say "go" when time is up. A neat-looking brakeman is busy helping a fat woman, two band boxes and a bird cage off the platform.

The watch points to the hour, it is time to be off. The conductor darts a sharp look in the direction of the cab, gives a peculiar swing to his arm, the engineer pulls open the throttle, the big iron monster goes "puff, puff" and the train with its precious human freight is gone.

The traveler saw or perhaps he did not see a perfectly equipped train placed at his service. He certainly did not think of the labor and time expended by willing hands to put that train in shape for its journey down the glistening steel rails.

A coach switched off some incoming train or perhaps assigned to a regular run is standing in the yards—if it belongs to no regular run it is there awaiting orders. But this particular coach is put in condition every trip, unless sent to the shop for repairs, for a certain branch train. It is now being cleaned and inspected. Two car inspectors, hammer in hand, tap the wheels looking sharply for flaws in the running gear. The oilers, who come next, raise the lids of the boxes on the wheels, stir up the waste and pour from a long can a part of the contents on the axle. While this is going on other workmen are engaged in cleaning the sides of the car. The floor is mopped, seats are brushed and the interior woodwork rubbed. A man puts fresh water in the cooler and drops in a chunk of ice. Somebody is busy knocking the dust out of the cushions. The coach is now ready for service.

Down at the roundhouse an engine is being overhauled on a short track located in the building. A fire is built under the boiler and steam generated. Machinists are engaged in making necessary repairs. When this is done the big machine is run out onto the turn table and placed on a short stub. The wipers then appear with bits of waste and begin cleaning the jacket, tender, cab, pilot and brass work.

When all this labor is done the engine is taken to the sheds and coaled up. It is now in shape to go out on its regular run. The engineer and fireman, in response to standing orders, appear clad in neat overalls and take their posts in the cab. The machine starts for the passenger yards.

Meantime the switch crew has not been idle. The fussy little switch engine is engaged in pulling the coaches and cars intended for this train from the side track to the one on which the train is made up. As the coaches slowly run down the track the switchmen couple them together. The engine from the roundhouse has arrived, backs up and the making of the train is completed.

There is bustle and activity at the passenger depot, travelers are beginning to come aboard the waiting train, the conductor and brakeman stand at the steps helping people on and nod-

ding now and then to some friend or acquaintance. The mail clerk, who has been hard at work on the side track some hours ago, is taking on his last load of mail, the handling of the express and baggage is about finished and the engineer is watching for the old familiar signal. It comes and off they go.

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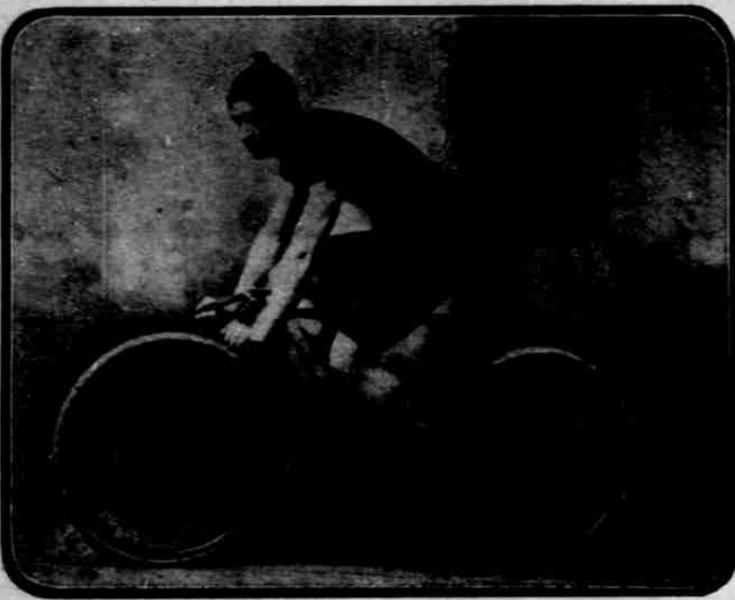
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EDDIE SNOW ON HIS NATIONAL.

EDDIE SNOW, WINNER OF TIME PRIZE IN THE Lincoln Annual Road Race held this week over the College View Course, is one of the most promising young riders in the west. His racing career dates from three years back, and in that time he has distinguished himself in competition with the speediest riders in this and adjoining states. Two

years ago at Omaha he took second place in the Omaha-Blair twenty-five mile road race, being one of seventy-two starters, and riding the last four miles in the mud on a flat tire. In another Omaha road race he won time prize. In the big race meet at Omaha last year he won first place in the most important race on the board track. He took first place in the mile open at the State Fair two years ago, and second in the half. At Aurora last year out of six races entered he won five.

Mr. Snow is twenty years of age, and has been in the employ of the H. E. Sidles Cycle Company, of this city, during the past four years. His mount in this last road race was the National, and the time for 12 miles was 33:32, a very creditable mark, considering the roughness of the roads and the hilly course.



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