

THE LAND OF MAGIC.

By Edith D. Osborne.

There's a wonderful land where I go by myself
Without stirring out of my chair;
I just take a book from the library shelf,
Turn its pages, and presto! I'm there.
In that wonderful country of Yesterday,
Where "tomorrow" is always the "now,"
Where the good ship Adventure is spreading her sails,
While the sea-foam breaks white at her prow.
Where the desert sands burn in the African sun,
Where the North shivers under the snow;
Over the mountains and valleys, where strange rivers run,
With hardy explorers I go.
I share, too, in the magic of fairies and gnomes;
I have followed the ways of the sea;
I have studied the fish in their watery homes,
And the bird and the ant and the bee.
I have followed the trail of the first pioneers
Over prairie and mountain range;
I have lived with their dangers and shared in their fears
In a country so new and so strange.
And then—just like magic—I'm high in the air
In a glittering aeroplane!
Swooping in bird-flight now here and now there—
Up, up through clouds and the rain!
O ship of adventure! your sails are spread wide
As they fill with the winds of the West;
Restless and swaying, you wait for the tide
To bear you away on your quest.
With you I will sail for a year and a day,
To the world's most unreachable nooks,
For there's nothing to hinder the traveler's way
Through the wonderful Country of Books!
—St. Nicholas.

DRIVING THE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED.

"Is it worth while being a railroad man?" In the old days, my early days on the line, I'm not so sure that it was worth while; but today it's different. Today hours and compensation are compatible with the work that a man has to do and there is a lot of romance and pleasure in it. Some of the men look back upon the early days of railroading, the days of hand brakes, crude machinery and cruder methods as "the good old days." To my mind, looking back twenty years or more they were far from "the good old days," all things considered. Why I've seen the time when I have spent fifty-six hours on a freight train, working all the time. That was before there were any regulations as to the amount of time a railroad man should work in a single stretch.
The speaker was Evan R. Morris, a gray-haired, keen-eyed, deep-chested locomotive engineer of the New York Central—one of the "top notchers" of that "top notch" railroad—the man whose hand had moved the throttle of the Twentieth Century Limited, the speediest and most famous train in the world. I had the good fortune to find Mr. Morris in the engine dispatcher's office of Tower A, where he was getting ready for one of his regular runs. He looked as if he might be the dean of all locomotive engineers, for there is that about him that railroad training for precision, and errorless judgment, leaves on men who follow that calling faithfully.
I asked him whether he would tell the boys of the country, through the pages of Boys' Life just what those of them who were interested in railroading as a vocation, would have to face in the way of difficulties before they could attain the reputation and distinction he had attained.
"I'll tell them mighty briefly what they are facing if they hope to make progress as a railroad man," he assured me with a smile. "They are facing WORK spelled out in capital letters. But if the romance of railroading gets a grip on them it will be work with plenty of pleasure and thrills in it, plenty of life, action, excitement, and if they are ambitious, and study, and take fair advantage of every opportunity that presents itself, there will be plenty of money in their occupation too. Some engineers of good trains make as much money as Governors of many States do. And to the ambitious fellow the job of engineer—even the engineer of the crack train of the line—will not be the height of his achievement. He will go on and be road foreman, division superintendent, and climb still higher up the ladder until he attains the position of an officer in the company. There are no barriers for the combination of brains, ambition and hard work."
"How does a boy start in railroading?" I asked this man who could be calm and collected while driving his train at the speed of 70 miles an hour.
"Well I can illustrate that best by telling my own story of how I started. First of all I had the love for railroading born in me I guess. Every time I heard a locomotive whistle I thrilled with a desire to be at the throttle. It was only natural then that when the first opportunity presented itself, and I had done with my school work and was prepared to go out into the world and earn a living, that I found employment on a railroad. I was a husky young fellow as you may believe and my first job was that of fireman on a freight train.
"There was hard work for you. In those days a fireman was responsible for the care of the engine and it was a regular thing for me to appear at the roundhouse at four o'clock in the morning and get my engine ready for a seven-forty-five run. I had to clean it up and oil it, start my fires, see that my tools were all on boards, have the tender and water tanks filled, polish up copper and brass meanwhile and then start backing down from Mott Haven roundhouse, five miles into the city to pick up our train and

start for Albany. I have shoveled a good many thousand tons of coal over the route between Albany and New York, keeping engine fires hot.
"Yes, I have worked as many as fifty-six hours without rest or time out except for the few minutes I could snatch from meals. I have been on the road between Albany and New York twenty hours and have picked up between forty and fifty freight cars on the way, and dropped off as many more. I have come home so tired that I could hardly open and close my eyes, they ached so. Those are the kind of runs that are heart-breaking to a young man, and unless he has the right sort of grit and stick-to-it qualities he will find that the railroad is no place for him.
"I spent ten and one-half years at that sort of work, firing on freight engines before my chance came. Then I was switched over into the passenger service, firing passenger engines. I got the assignment of firing the famous No. 51 known to the public as the Empire State Express. It was a great train in those days, as it is today.
"Five years of my railroad life was spent in firing in the passenger service. Then after fifteen years of hard work I was believed to be qualified to have charge of an engine of my own and my promotion came again. Back I went into the freight service, but this time as an engineer. That is the path of progress for a young man in this branch of railroading. First he is a fireman on a freight engine, and when he knows his work he is promoted to firing on a passenger engine, which is a harder job in a great many ways, for the fires need more careful attention. His next promotion is to engineer but he is shifted back into the freight division again, nor is he given a passenger engine until he is considered a "top notch" driver.
"My first job with the railroad brought me in \$19 a month, but as I said before those were in the old days when a man's efforts brought him far less money than they do today. Firemen now earn good wages, and engineers can earn as much money as the average professional man earns, all things considered.
"The training that a railroad man gets is one of the finest trainings in the world. First of all he learns to have respect for time. Every minute, yes every second, counts in a railroad man's day. There are two letters, "O. T." (on time), that mean everything to him. He must learn to be on time all the time. Schedules, train movements, indeed the entire railroad system is governed by those two words, "on time." The system can be wrecked, countless dollars lost and human lives sacrificed by a man who has not learned perfectly the value of being "on time." It is the biggest thing in a railroad man's life and unless a boy has a thorough respect for the quality of punctuality he will never do as a railroad man.
"That is the advice that Evan R. Morris, the man who has driven the Twentieth Century Limited thousands of miles and on many a run, would give to you fellows who read Boys' Life and who are interested, as every boy is, in railroads and railroading. But there is much more he might have told you about himself that he did not mention. Mr. Morris has the enviable reputation of never having had a train he has been in charge of in a wreck of any kind; he has never cost the company he has worked for more than twenty odd years, a cent of money in the way of damages. To be sure he has had many thrilling and hair-raising escapes—escapes where inches counted. That is only natural when his trains go thundering through the night roaring down the steel rails and eating up distance and space at terrific speed. But then engineers are selected with the idea that they will not get into wrecks and will not cost the company money in the form of damages.
"So perhaps, after all, that is the reason why Mr. Morris was given such a high rating among locomotive engineers, and the responsibility of such valuable property and so many human lives as are represented in every run that the Century makes.
"Speed? Nothing short of an airplane has developed the speed that some of Mr. Morris' trains have attained. Here is just one of his record runs. Several years ago, a four-car special was made up in Troy to carry the President to New York to make connections with a train going south on another line. Time and distance were at a premium. It meant that the 148 miles between Troy and New York had to be covered in less time than it had ever been covered before. It had to be a record run. Evan R. Morris was called to the throttle of the locomotive, the dispatcher started clearing the line as best it could be cleared and Mr. Morris was given his orders.
"We went so fast," said Mr. Morris, "that I couldn't see the stations go past. Indeed I couldn't see anything but the track ahead. Frightened! Of course not. I'd be a fine man at the throttle if I were frightened or even nervous. I had just one purpose in life then. It was to make speed and get the President to New York safely and on time.
"Mr. Morris did it. He made the 148 miles in two hours and twenty minutes, 148 miles in 142 minutes and that is speed when it is considered that the run had to be made through cities like Troy, Hudson, Poughkeepsie, Peekskill, Tarrytown, Yonkers and New York city itself, where speed was impossible. There is no question but that during certain stretches of the run that special was making a mile in twenty-eight to thirty seconds. The President made his train, and made it safely."
Plant 551,000 Trees.
Five hundred and fifty-one thousand trees were planted in the State forests during 1923, officials of the Department of Forests and Waters announced recently. The total cost of planting amounted to \$5,207 or an average of \$12.12 an acre, Robert Y. Stuart, chief forester said, pointing out that the planting "converted about 500 acres of idle mountain land into productive forest land."
—Get your job work done here.

FLIRT MEETS HIS WATERLOO

Demure Young Lady Passenger Knew the Best Way to Rout "Gay Blade."

Awaiting her train, she sat demurely, reading a magazine in the waiting room at the Union station. Across from her sat a "gay blade." His every action denoted a desire to flirt. The demure one apparently saw him not, remarks the Kansas City Times.
Nothing daunted, he walked over in front of the young woman and asked, "Didn't I see you get on the train at Sedalia?"
"What did you say?" replied the young woman, cupping her hand behind her ear.
"Didn't you get on the train at Sedalia?" came back the query in a slightly louder tone.
"I beg your pardon; I can't quite hear what you are saying."
By this time the flirt was rather flabbergasted. In a voice heard several seats away, his face a violent red, he shouted, "Did you get on the train at Sedalia?"
"Not that I remember," she answered.
The not so gay "blade," the cynosure of a grinning crowd, made a quick getaway.
A few minutes later a redcap approached.
"Your train is here," he announced, in a mild tone.
"Thank you," she replied.
Her hand was not at her ear, either.

"NEVER-STOP" TRAIN SYSTEM

Continuous Passenger Service is Demonstrated on Experimental Track in England.

A demonstration was recently given at Kursaal Gardens, Southend, London, of the "never-stop" system of continuous passenger service on a full-size railway, 300 yards in length, containing a 1 in 20 gradient. The line consists of two parallel tracks about six feet apart from center to center and the cars travel continuously round the circuit. The coaches, which hold 12 passengers, are propelled by a revolving spiral, laid between the tracks and carried on spokes projecting from a massive steel tube. From the underframe of the coach depends an arm carrying two vertical rollers that engage with the spiral. At the stations the pitch of the spiral is very fine and between stations the pitch is very coarse. The result is that the coaches pass through the stations at a speed sufficiently slow to enable passengers to enter or alight from the car in the same way as they now board or leave an escalator. As the car leaves the station it can be rapidly accelerated up to a high speed and then smoothly but swiftly decelerated as the next station is approached. The cars pass through the station slowly and continuously, but on leaving they spread out and travel at a great speed until the station is again reached. The claim that under the system there is "no waiting" was justified, as during the demonstration the station was never without one or more cars passing through it.

Danger in Electric Storms.

Professor McArdle of Harvard university recently made public a list of suggestions for action during severe electrical storms. One point that he emphasized was that, contrary to the belief of some people, thunderstorms really are dangerous. He advises people to get under cover but not to stand under a tree during a storm. The human body is a better conductor than the tree and hence would attract the lightning.
His advice consists largely of a series of "don'ts." Don't stand in an open doorway or at a window near a chimney. Lightning follows air currents to a great extent. Disconnect your radio aerial and ground it before the storm comes. Farmers should not tie cows and horses to a wire fence nor to a tree. He observes that it is unwise to stand in an open doorway and watch the lightning play.—Los Angeles Times.

Solar System of Atom.

An interesting account of the modern theory of the atom is given in a recent work by Prof. J. A. Fleming. Briefly, it is a solar system in miniature. "The nucleus," says Professor Fleming, "corresponds to the central sun and the negative electrons to the planets circulating round it. If we desired to make a model, say of a helium atom, we might place a sphere, say the size of a football, at a certain position to represent the positively charged nucleus.
"Then at distances of about one and a quarter miles we should have to locate two golf balls to represent the two negative electrons and to assume that these were revolving round the football. The actual size of the atoms is so small that a million placed in a row, like marbles in contact, would occupy length less than the thickness of the thinnest sheet of tissue paper."
—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Guilty Linotype Again.

A Canadian paper, describing the active life of a farmer during the growing season, remarks:
"He hurries away to the barn or fields, returning at noon for half an hour in which to eat his lunc tain tain mirdl mfw hrddilwau."
This, says Punch, would seem to be one of the new patent foods. Or else, as the final word suggests, a Welsh dish—perhaps a Welsh rabbit.—Youth's Companion.

RAISE BAR AGAINST WOMEN

Laws in Many of the States Still Deny Them Equal Rights With Men.

A survey of laws has established the fact that every discrimination complained of by women in 1848, except in the franchise, still exists in some parts of the country today, and that many of them are practically universal, writes Carol Rehfisch in The New Republic.
Except in the eight community property states, the services of the wife in the home are the property of the husband; in all but twelve states, prostitution is the act of the woman only and not of the man; practically everywhere women are paid less than men for the same work in both public and private employment.
In Georgia and Maryland, a father may will the children entirely away from the custody of the mother, and in Alabama he has the right to will away the child from the mother after it has reached the age of fourteen. In a number of states the father has a greater right than the mother to the control and guardianship of children, and to determine their education, their religious environment, etc.
In Vermont and Georgia a married woman's earnings belong legally to her husband, and not to herself and may be seized by her husband's creditors to meet his debts. In Florida a husband is entitled to manage and control the wife's property. In Kentucky and Texas the husband can obtain a divorce more easily than can the wife. Examples of similar discriminations against women might be multiplied.

WOMEN GROWING ROBUST

University Statistics Show Marked Physical Improvement in the Sex in America.

Let pessimists stew in their own bitter juice; the American woman is steadily growing taller, healthier, and more robust, more fit to take her own part and to mother a strong race.
Doctor Mosher of Stanford university, in a note reprinted from the California State Journal of Medicine, shows that the average height of Stanford women has risen from 62.4 inches in 1892 to 64 inches in 1921. That of Vassar women has risen from 63.2 inches in 1900 to 64 inches in 1921; that of Smith college women from 62.8 inches in 1892 to 64.2 in 1921.
Doctor Mosher gives some very interesting correlations between the increase in height and the increasing width of waist, the diminishing length and width of skirt, and physiological normality. The cause of the improvement, almost certainly, is the increased freedom of physical movement demanded by athletics and reluctantly licensed by fashions in women's clothes.
No man, it is written, may add a cubit to his stature by taking thought. The average woman has proved that she can add at least inches to her stature by taking exercise.—New Republic.

Mexican Agricultural Pests.

Explorations in Mexico for the purpose of securing information regarding the existing federal horticultural board quarantines restricting the entry of products from Mexico on account of pests which they might carry to this country were conducted during the spring by the United States Department of Agriculture. The explorations were conducted chiefly in relation to fruit and vegetable pests, particularly the fruit flies, the pink bollworm, and the cotton-boll weevil and the related Thaurberia weevil. The object was to determine the present status in Mexico of these pests as a basis for possible amendment to American quarantines.

For Richmond Hill Monument.

The Greenwich Village Historical society of New York will erect a memorial tablet to mark the site of the famous Richmond Hill mansion, erected in Greenwich village in 1760. During its long career the Richmond Hill mansion once served as Washington's headquarters. Its approximate site is that now bounded by Macdonough, Spring, Varick and Charlton streets, occupied now by the Butterlick company.

Riding Eiffel Tower Steps.

Riding from the first platform of the Eiffel tower, in Paris, to the ground on a bicycle was the daring achievement of a young Frenchman. In the first leap the bicycle covered 40 steps. The remaining 316 steps were covered at the rate of from 15 to 20 in each jump. In less than one and one-half minutes he had covered the entire distance of 90 yards and was only slightly scratched on one leg as he rounded a post at the bottom.

Going Too Far.


"What are you growling about?" "Aw, the memoirs of a fellow who cries hard to link himself with the great and the near great. He even inserts an anecdote about Julius Caesar."
"No harm in that. Anybody is entitled to relate an anecdote about Julius Caesar."
"Yeah, but he tries to convey the impression that he knew Julius Caesar."
Restoring Laysan's Vegetation.

Restoring Laysan's Vegetation.

Scientists of the United States Agricultural department are introducing plants on Laysan island of the Hawaiian game preserve in an effort to restore vegetative conditions completely destroyed by rabbits.

Shoes. Shoes.

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