

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1890.

PEOPLE WILL RIDE.

Enormous Increase in Street Travel With the Advent of Rapid Transit.

WHAT STATISTICS SHOW.

Pittsburg Has Liberally Rewarded Every Enterprising Step.

LOSERS TURNED TO GOLD MINES.

At Some of the Down-Town Corners Three Cars Pass Every Minute.

PROGRESS IN THE DECADE NOW ENDING

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

street, where the Pleasant Valley cars cross Penn avenue coming from Allegheny, where the west-bound Citizens' cable cars continue on down Penn, and where the Citizens' cars bound eastward wheel around from Seventh street, there I counted exactly 25



FEDERAL AND OHIO STREETS, ALLEGHENY.

cars in ten minutes, or five cars in every two minutes. On Liberty street, between the foot of Fifth avenue and Sixth street, where the Pleasant Valley line's curve; the Pennsylvania Railroad locomotives puff up at right angles, and finally the electric cars disappear around another sharp curve on to Sixth avenue, where in a few feet more they have to cross the Transverse Railway on Wood street; the Central Traction line just at that critical juncture crosses both lines on a remarkable curve to get into the middle of Wood street for its onward course toward Fourth avenue.

When you come out from the organ recital in Carnegie Hall some Saturday afternoon it is a good time to pause for a moment at the corner of Federal and Ohio streets, well over to the Postoffice side, for it is market day and there are extra cars on. Now watch! From up Federal street come the cars that wheel around both to right and

667 passengers. The hard row it was hoeing in those years is shown by the expenses, which were only \$66,038, and the receipts, which were only \$66,038. In ten years I find their traffic had increased so rapidly that the report of 1886 showing 1,600,447 carried.

THE PAYING PROPERTY LAGGED. The Pittsburg and Birmingham Railway has always been considered good paying property. In 1871 it carried 1,428,531 passengers, and in 1886 this had increased to 2,422,210, with expenses only \$78,561, and receipts \$120,039. In 1888-89 the passengers carried numbered 4,200,857. Yet the little Central Railway, with its traffic of less than 1,000,000 passengers, built a traction road, and the prosperous Birmingham road is still driving horse cars, though building an electric line.

The Pleasant Valley electric lines used to run one-horse horsecars in 1876, when they only carried 945,721 passengers, carrying about \$15,000 clear of expenses. In 1880 ten years had only increased this to 1,538,009 passengers, yet the little Pleasant Valley had audaciously introduced electricity. Last year its cars carried 4,683,900 passengers, the receipts were \$231,379 and the expenses only \$103,644.

A very curious case is that of the late lamented Transverse Railway, from Lawrenceville to the city. It began business in 1882 and it was predicted there was not enough business for two parallel lines in that field. In 1882 the Transverse carried 1,650,509. In the same year its rival, the Citizens' Line, carried 4,126,362, while the previous year, before the Transverse began running, it carried 4,063,640. In 1883 the

transit based on the report of 1888, which showed 1,062,236 passengers. THE CITIZENS' RAILWAY. In 1876 it carried 1,600,447 passengers, and in 1886 this had increased to 2,422,210, with expenses only \$78,561, and receipts \$120,039. In 1888-89 the passengers carried numbered 4,200,857. Yet the little Central Railway, with its traffic of less than 1,000,000 passengers, built a traction road, and the prosperous Birmingham road is still driving horse cars, though building an electric line.

But in 1887, after it assumed its new name, the traffic at once jumped to 2,045,706; in 1888 to 2,800,000, and for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890, to 2,229,809. The expenses in the last year were \$308,912, and receipts \$646,986. The Citizens' Railway was always a paying institution. In 1876 it carried 2,905,887 passengers and its cash exhibit in 1879 was a fair specimen of all other years. That showed expenses \$68,815 and receipts \$147,824. That paid, didn't it? Well, every year's report from 1876 showed a steady increase in the number of passengers carried. In 1886 it reached 5,490,372. Yet with all this difference, it was the poorer Oakland line that was first made a cable road and the Citizens' was second in the race. But when the Citizens' Company did start it boomed things. In 1888 the number of passengers carried was 6,932,131, but last year this was swollen to the great total of 10,832,192 passengers in one year. Fifteen years ago they carried less than 3,000,000. Last year the expenses were \$308,912 and the receipts \$646,986.

The Central Railway (Wylie avenue) once had a stunted financial career, which, however, is only a memory now. In 1876, 308,777 passengers rode in its cars. The difference between its annual expenses and receipts was hard to distinguish. As late as 1881 the number of passengers carried had only increased to 377,459. With its new traction line the company is now carrying about 2,500,000 passengers. The last report is not yet in, and this figure is an es-

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LIBERTY AND SEVENTH STREETS.

Transverse had increased its passenger traffic to 2,144,038, and in the same year the Citizens' reached 4,308,896. Both lines had increased. Add the two together and it shows that actually 2,389,822 passengers had ridden between Lawrenceville and the Old City who had not ridden prior to the building of the Transverse. L. E. STOFFEL.

"And would he were here with us now," they said. "The sun in our face and the wind in our eyes." Dick could not sleep that night, partly for pure joy, and partly because the well-known Catherine wheels inside his eyes had given place to crackling volcanoes of many-colored



A NOVEL DEALING WITH LIFE IN LONDON AND EGYPT. BY RUDYARD KIPLING. Being the First Serial Story From the Pen of the Gifted Young Author of "Soldiers Three," and Many Other Popular Sketches of Army Experiences in India.

CHAPTER X. There were three friends that buried the fourth. The mold in his mouth and the dust in his eyes; And they went south, and east, and north. The strong man fights, but the sick man dies. There were three friends that spoke of the dead. The strong man fights, but the sick man dies.

"Spout away," he said aloud. "I've done my work, and now you can do what you please." He lay still, staring at the ceiling, the long-pant-up delirium of drink in his veins, his brain on fire with racing thoughts that would not stay to be considered, and his hands crissed and dry. He had just discovered that he was painting the face of the Melanconia on a revolving dome ribbed with millions of lights, and that all his wondrous thoughts stood embodied hundreds of feet below his tiny swinging plank, shouting together in his honor, when something cracked inside his temples like an overstrained bow string, the glittering dome broke inward, and he was alone in the thick night. "I'll go to sleep. The room's very dark. Let's light a lamp and see how the Melanconia looks. There ought to have been a moon." It was then Torpenhow heard his name called by a voice that he did not know—in the rattling accents of deadly fear. "He's looked at the picture," was his first thought, as he hurried into the bedroom and found Dick sitting up and beating the air with his hands. "Torpi! Torpi! Where are you? For pity's sake, come to me!" "What's the matter?" "Dick clutched at his shoulder. "Matter! I've been lying here for hours in the dark, and you never heard me. Torp, old man, don't go away. I'm all in the dark. In the dark, I tell you."

Torpenhow held the candle within a foot of Dick's eyes, but there was no light in those eyes. He lit the gas, and Dick heard the flame catch. The grip of his fingers on Torpenhow's shoulder made Torpenhow wince. "Don't leave me. You wouldn't leave me alone now, would you? I can't see. D'you understand? It's black—quite black—and I feel as if I was falling through it all." "Steady, does it?" Torpenhow put his arm round Dick and instinctively began to rock him gently to and fro. "That's good. Now don't talk. If I keep very quiet for a while this darkness will lift. It seems just on the point of breaking. H'sh!" Dick knit his brows

and stared desperately in front of him. The night air was chilling Torpenhow's toes. "Can you stay like that a minute?" he said. "I'll get my dressing gown and some slippers."

Dick clutched the bed-head with both hands and waited for the darkness to clear away. "What a time you've been!" he cried, when Torpenhow returned. "It's as black as ever. And what are you banging about in the doorway?" "Long chair—horse blanket—pillow. Going to sleep by you. Lie down now; you'll be better in the morning." "I shan't!" The voice rose to a wail. "My God! I'm blind! I'm blind, and the darkness will never go away." He made as if to leap from the bed, but Torpenhow's arms were round him, and Torpenhow's chin was on his shoulder, and his breath was squeezed out of him. He could only gasp "Blind!" and wriggle feebly. "Steady, Dickie, steady!" said the deep voice in his ear, and the grip tightened. "Elio on the buller, old man, and don't let them think you're afraid." The grip could draw no closer. Both men were breathing heavily. Dick threw his head from side to side and groaned.

tightly, and in half an hour had fallen asleep. Torpenhow withdrew his hand, and, stooping over Dick, kissed him lightly on the forehead, as men do sometimes kiss a wounded comrade in the hour of death, to ease his departure.

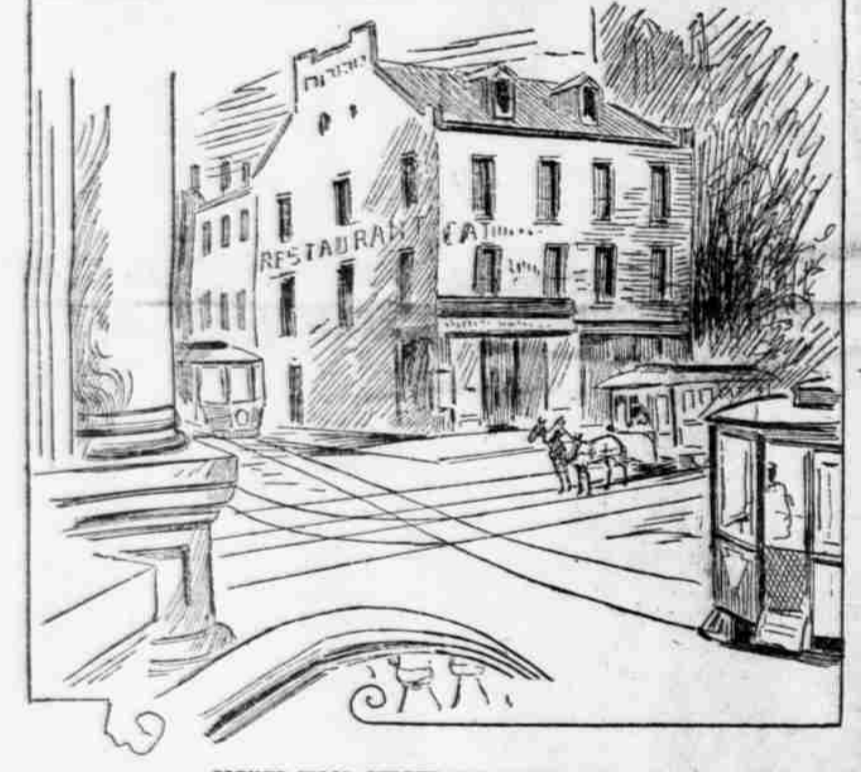
In the gray dawn Torpenhow heard Dick talking to himself. He was drifting on the shoreless tides of delirium, speaking very quickly: "It's a pity—a great pity. But it's helped, and it must be eaten, Master George. Sufficient unto the day is the blindness thereof, and, further, putting aside all Melanconias and false humors, it is of obvious notoriety—such as mine was—that the queen can do no wrong. Torp doesn't know that. I'll tell him when we're a little farther into the desert. What a bungle those botaners are making of the steamer ropes! They'll have that four-inch hawser chafed through in a minute. I told you so! There she goes! White foam on green water, and the steamer slowing round. How good that looks! I'll sketch it. No, I can't. I'm afflicted with ophthalmia. That was one of the ten plagues of Egypt, and it extends up the Nile in the shape of catarrh. Ha! that's a joke. Torp, Laugh, you gaven image, and stand clear of the hawser."



TORPENHOW HELD THE CANDLE WITHIN A FOOT OF DICK'S EYES.

"Let me go," he panted. "You're crack- ing my ribs. We—we must—we—all the powers of darkness and that lot!" "Lie down. It's all over now." "Yes," said Dick, obediently. "But would you mind letting me hold your hand? I feel as if I wanted something to hold on to. One drops through the dark so."

Torpenhow thrust out a large hairy paw from the long chair. Dick clutched it



CORNER WOOD STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE.

has grown to be in the delta of the three rivers, and what an intricate system of curves and cross-outs, "loops," switches and slots! Cars of all colors, shapes and sizes meet and pass each other in the oddest turns and crooks.

SEEN AT A CORNER. Stand at the corner of Smithfield street and Sixth avenue and in five minutes you will become almost bewildered. I mean if you are one of the old-time Pittsburghers without metropolitan growth in your ideas. From down Sixth avenue rumbles a Central cable line car. Two Birmingham cars going in opposite directions meet it on Smithfield street, and just at that moment a



SIXTH AVENUE AND SMITHFIELD STREET.

Pleasant Valley electric car buzzes around the Smithfield street curve from down Sixth! A confusion of gongs, whistles and bells, and then suddenly rushes past an East street electric car from the Postoffice! What excitement! What curious mixing up of cars of different lines from all different directions! And out of it they all come, heavily freighted with humanity, without a collision. Strange! The snap-shot camera loves such situations, and so it happened that I got some instantaneous photographs of well-known street-car corners in Pittsburg and Allegheny this week. On Monday at 12:45 I stood at Sixth avenue and Smithfield street and in two minutes counted exactly 20 cars that passed the corner, an average of two every minute. At Penn avenue and Seventh

left before you. From down Federal street glide the cars that sweep around to Ohio back of you. Out of Western avenue jog the car horses, whirling around into Federal below. From Ohio street in the same moment come Troy Hill cars turning down Federal street and electric cars turning up Federal street. It is a system of graceful curves. The cars do not come straight at you, but wheel around on all sides of you. It makes your poor head turn round too, for in 10 minutes of a busy Saturday afternoon 26 cars have revolved around that corner, more than one in every half minute.

Next to taking snap shots in such whirling situations, I have a fondness for statistics. So later in the week, while in Harris-

burg one day, I dropped into the Department of Internal Affairs and began looking over the annual reports of Pittsburg street railways for the past 15 years. They showed by comparison some marvelous facts. One was the enormous increase in the habit of riding in a street car. The other was that the railway companies first to make a bold dash into the cable and electric field, and thus revolutionize the business and build up Pittsburg and Allegheny suburbs, were not the wealthy corporations, but they were the weakest and poorest paying lines in the city.

INCREASED EIGHT HUNDRED PER CENT. Here are the facts: In 1876 the Pittsburg, Oakland and East Liberty Railway (now the Pittsburg traction) carried only 1,062,236 passengers. The hard row it was hoeing in those years is shown by the expenses, which were only \$66,038, and the receipts, which were only \$66,038. In ten years I find their traffic had increased so rapidly that the report of 1886 showing 1,600,447 carried.

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