

# THE TRAIN BABY.

Her Presence Saved the Passengers From Death.

By WILLIAM ALFRED COREY.  
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The shrill cries of the motherless child arose above the roar of the train and the labored coughing of the two big mogul engines as the Overland limited slowly climbed the steep grades between Salida and Marshall pass. Do what she would, the woman the train crew had installed as nurse could not pacify the poor little waif. It had been supplied with everything a baby could be imagined to need or want. Indeed, the nurse had a suspicion that this overattention and overfeeding were what ailed the infant in the present crisis. Too much and too many kinds of candy from people who could think of no other way to show their interest had brought on colic. "Come back and see Pacifica, Bill," said the conductor to the engineer of



"HI, THERE, YE LITTLE FURREIGNER!"

As the train stopped for water a short distance below tunnel No. 5. The night was very black, and the storm beat and roared about the train like an army of demons. The trainmen, incensed in their long raincoats, flashed their lanterns about, examining boxings, testing air brakes and otherwise making ready for the next run, when suddenly Pacifica's baby waif from her car just back of the mail car arose above the noise of the storm.

It reached the ears of the engineer walking back by the tender, and straightway, instead of the screaming wind and pelting rain, he heard the voice of his own child calling to him from a new-made grave in Los Angeles, and instead of the two glistening rails stretching away from the headlight into the gloom he saw the pleading eyes and outstretched arms of his dead boy. And the heart of the brave man came up in his throat, and he felt coming over him the weakness that for days had incapacitated him after his loss.

"Oh, my God!" he muttered to himself as the plaintive cry again smote his ears. "That sounded like little Bob." And then Engineer Rogers did an unprecedented thing. Telling his fireman he would return in a minute, he sneaked back through the storm to where Pacifica lay crying and refusing to be comforted. Dripping with storm water, he edged his way through the circle of attendants and bent over the train baby's crib. The crying instantly ceased. Whether it was the play of the car lights on his wet raincoat or the hypnotism of love in his presence, there was no telling. But the plaint stopped and was not resumed until he had toyed with her for a moment and turned to go.

Then the wailing began again, for did it cease until the engineer turned and again smiled down into the big blue eyes. The moments followed each other unnoted, and the Southern Pacific Overland limited was being held while her engineer played with an orphaned emigrant child. Again and again he turned to go, and again and again the baby arms were held out in irresistible appeal. Suddenly the roar of the storm outside was interrupted by a deeper and more significant roar, mingled with rending, crashing sounds, followed by a concussion which shook the whole mountain side.

A landside! Not a trainman but recognized these ominous sounds. Instantly a handcar was manned and sped forward to reconnoiter. A mile up the track they found the mouth of tunnel No. 5 completely barricaded by a vast mass of huge boulders and earth and tree trunks, swept from their anchorage on the heights above. Rogers held his watch in the light of a lantern. "According to schedule," he said calmly to the grim-faced man about, "my fireman and I ought to be lying under that pile of rocks and earth, and you fellows and 200 passengers ought to be furnishing fuel for your own cremating down yonder at the foot of the grade. But I disobeyed orders to play with a sick baby, and death missed us by five minutes." And twenty-four hours later, when the belated Overland crossed the divide, emerged from the storm into the sun flooded valleys to the south and reached its destination, Pacifica, the train's good angel, carried a purse of \$500 and thanked in all the languages to the sad hearted Russian father who, with a large contingent from the foreign quarter, waited at the Arcade station.

# AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

How It Was Prevented From Blowing Up a Ship.

By SALLIE MENDEM.  
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A party of travelers was assembled on the upper deck of the ocean liner Eric, four days out from Southampton, England, bound for New York. Walter Rieker had met and traveled with Miss Eugenia Floyd. They had become engaged and were returning to their homes to secure their parents' sanction to their union. The ocean during the voyage had run smooth, but the course of true love had not. An Englishman who permitted the fact to leak out that he was the eldest son of an earl and was going to America in search of a wife paid considerable attention to Miss Floyd, much to the annoyance of Mr. Rieker. The name under which this scion of British nobility traveled was plain John Mervale. He wore a checkered suit with golf cap to match and was the best shuttleboard player on the ship.

Mr. Mervale had settled himself into a steamer chair beside that of Miss Floyd, while Mr. Rieker was chatting or trying to chat with other young ladies of the party. His attention was not given to the young ladies, but to the compliments the Britisher was paying his fiancée and the pleasure with which she received them.



THE CAPTAIN HESITATED.

Now comes a deck steward with a wireless telegram in his hand, which he delivers to Mr. Mervale. The gentleman reads it, starts, and his hand trembles. He rises at once, seeks the captain of the ship and hands him the message, signed by the Southampton superintendent of police.

"One of your pieces of baggage was left on the dock. There is every reason to believe that an infernal machine with your name and address on it was shipped in its stead by anarchists with the intention of blowing up the ship." The captain turned pale. "Where is your baggage?" he asked Mr. Mervale.

"Part in the baggage room and part in my stateroom." "Can this thing be in your stateroom?" "No." "Very well. We must get out what you have in the baggage room immediately." The captain, attended by Mr. Mervale, went down on to the main deck and, entering the baggage room, ordered all the Britisher's baggage pulled out. There was a suspicious looking box about which the latter seemed very uncertain. He said that his mother had done his packing and he was not sure whether this box belonged to him or not. One of the men present put his ear to the box and distinctly heard the ticking of machinery. This was enough. The captain ordered the box thrown overboard.

"One moment," said Mr. Mervale. "I'm not sure but that's a clock in my mother asked me to take over and give to her sister, my aunt, who is living in America." "We can't take any risk," said the captain. "Heave the box overboard." "But, captain," persisted the Englishman, "if that box is really mine it contains several articles of great value. My mother spoke to me about it, but till this moment it had escaped my mind." "The ship and cargo are worth too much money to take any risk, and the lives of the passengers certainly cannot be jeopardized." "Nevertheless I protest against my property being jettisoned, and I am not sure but this box is mine and contains family heirlooms of great value sent by my mother to relatives in America. I think it quite probable that some one on the dock heard the ticking of the clock and informed the superintendent of police that the box was an infernal machine, hence the telegram. Suppose we open the box and find out." "Not on your life!" said the captain.

which was towed at the end of a 200 foot line. The matter was not permitted to get out among the passengers till after the infernal machine was in tow, and then it was no longer possible to keep it secret. People gathered on the stern clamored to know why the boat with its cargo was being put out, and when it was at a safe distance those who knew admitted that there was a box in the boat which might contain an explosive. Immediately the news spread that anarchists had endeavored to blow up the ship and it had been saved only by a wireless telegram from the chief of the Southampton police.

Mr. Mervale, who had received the telegram and among whose baggage the anarchists had placed the explosive, at once became the most important man aboard, not excepting the captain. Passengers crowded around him to learn every detail. He endeavored to calm them, telling them that he believed a mistake had been made and that the box simply contained a clock and other family heirlooms.

As distinguished men find their value enhanced by always keeping themselves before the public, so Mr. Mervale gained with Miss Floyd by his prominence, even if it were only on account of having had among his baggage that which might blow the ship and passengers sky high. Somehow Rieker, who had seemed to her quite a man when pulling her in a boat on Lake Como, now appeared equally tame in comparison with this earl's son, who had become the center of attraction for the whole ship. The former gradually gave way to the latter, and Miss Floyd, instead of walking the deck or sitting in a steamer chair all day in company with Mr. Rieker, merely began these sociabilities with him and continued them with Mr. Mervale.

Meanwhile the infernal machine bobbed up and down on the waves. Knots of passengers constantly loitering on the stern looked at it and swapped opinions whether in case of an explosion it was far enough from the ship to avert any damage. Then came the approach to port, the handling around of custom house blanks on which to make declarations of dutiable baggage, the filling in of articles purchased abroad and handing them to the purser. Mr. Mervale said that if the box being towed was what he supposed it was the duty on the articles it contained was considerable. The question as to whether it was a box of heirlooms or an infernal machine must be settled by the custom officers. He rather thought they would pass it free of duty.

The evening before reaching port Miss Floyd was sitting with Mr. Mervale on the upper deck, where they were not so liable to interruption as they would be lower down. He was telling her of the family home of his father, the earl, and his mother, the countess. Then he told her how they had sent him to America, where rich wives were to be had by British noblemen for the asking, that he might marry a wealthy American girl and build up the family estates when he came into the title. But he had been captured before his arrival. He had no sooner seen Miss Floyd than he had succumbed to her, rich or poor.

Miss Floyd told him that, as to means, she would have on the death of her father a large inheritance. But a complication had arisen in the matter of Walter Rieker. There was an engagement that had not been approved by her parents and might not be approved by them. She would be pleased to have Mr. Mervale call on her in New York. That was all a young lady who had recently accepted one man could say to another whom she wished to replace the first.

But she said nothing of this to Rieker. Miss Floyd was taking home a number of valuables that were dutiable. Her father was ready to pay the duty on them, but there is a fascination in "beating" the government on customs that attacks even young girls. Mr. Mervale told her that he had a way of getting goods through the custom house and if she would bring them up to him he would smuggle them into port and send them to her immediately afterward. She brought him up several thousand dollars' worth of goods, then bade him good night, showing by a slight pressure of the hand that he might hope.

Soon after the parting between Mr. Mervale and Miss Floyd fire island light was sighted, and in the morning the Eric was steaming up New York bay. No one ever found out how the "earl's son" got the box which, besides a clock, contained \$100,000 worth of diamonds ashore. He doubtless took Miss Floyd's valuables in the same boat and smuggled them in, as he had promised, but Miss Floyd never saw them or him again.

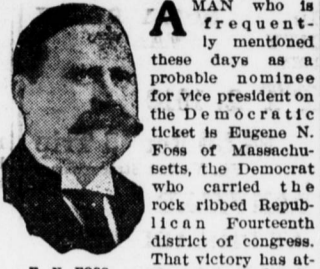
Look Up. We dig and toil, we worry and fret, and all the while close over us bends the infinite wonder and beauty of nature, saying: "Look up, my child! Feel my smile and be glad!"—G. S. Merriam.

Very Different. Mrs. Bronson—My husband is plain spoken. He calls a spade a spade. Mrs. Woodson—So does mine, but I must decline to repeat what he calls the lawn mower.—Boston Globe.

Caustic. The Girl—What's your opinion of women who imitate men? The Man—They're idiots. The Girl—Then the imitation is successful.—Cleveland Leader.

Where to Begin. "Look here," said the reforming husband, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where everything is kept." "With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should very much like to know where they are kept."—Stray Stories.

# Sketches Of People In Print

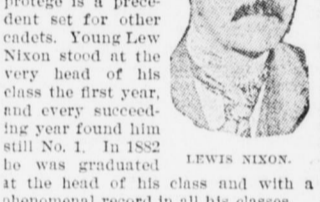


E. N. FOSS.

A MAN who is frequently mentioned these days as a probable nominee for vice president on the Democratic ticket is Eugene N. Foss of Massachusetts, the Democrat who carried the rock ribbed Republican Fourteenth district of congress. This victory has attracted wide attention to him in the past year, and it is now believed that if he can keep himself in the public eye he will be practically certain of a place on the Democratic national ticket in 1912.

Foss is the sort of business man that every politician welcomes into politics until he gets in. It's on the level with him. He doesn't care about being elected to hold an office is bound to interfere tremendously with a dozen or so business enterprises—but he dearly loves to fight. He is a dynamo in breeches. He began life as a lumber salesman and put a prohibitive tariff on the pursuit of happiness for his competitors. Finally he was taken into the opposition firm, married the opposition's daughter and has been putting into practice a number of highly original ideas ever since.

Why do some men succeed so tremendously, while others just plod along and fall to get out of the rut? Well, take the case of Lewis Nixon, the famous shipbuilder, who has just been appointed chairman of the committee for the betterment of steamship service by the pan-American conference.



LEWIS NIXON.

At Annapolis Lew Nixon more than "made good." In fact, he justified his appointment to such an extent in the estimation of the nation that to-day the record made by General Eppa Hunton's protégé is a precedent set for other cadets. Young Lew Nixon stood at the very head of his class the first year, and every succeeding year found him still No. 1. In 1882 he was graduated at the head of his class and with a phenomenal record in all his classes.

"How did you manage to do it?" he was once asked. To which he replied: "I just worked. I knew what I wanted, and I just rolled up my sleeves and worked to get it."

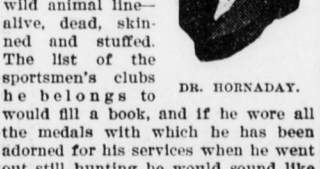
And it was by rolling up his sleeves and working that brought his later successes.

You will see the name of Thomas L. Hiseen of Massachusetts mentioned frequently in the dispatches from now on, for as president of the independent petroleum marketers he is going to lead the fight that organization now proposes to make against the Standard Oil company. Mr. Hiseen was born in Petersburg, Ind., on Nov. 26, 1858. His father was a German, and Thomas was the fifth of eleven children. At the age of sixteen he went to Albany, N. Y., where he became a clerk in a clothing store.

Time his father had experimented with a formula for the manufacture of axle grease, but which the father could not make a commercial success. Later the sons established a small factory and manufactured the grease for sale.

The business is now large and successful, and it is said that the Standard Oil company once offered \$600,000 for the plant.

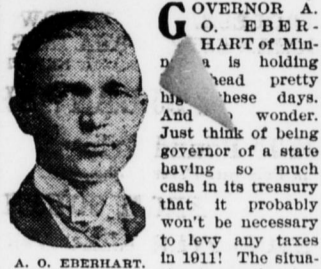
Dr. William T. Hornaday, who has been engaged in a controversy with Secretary Nagel over the destruction of the seals on the Pribilof Islands, became the head of the New York Zoological park because he was the one man on the continent who ought to be at its head, and he is staying there for the same reason. He was born in Plainfield, Ind., in 1854, and with the exception of one period of error, during which time he dabbled in the real estate business, he has been in the wild animal line—alive, dead, skinned and stuffed.



DR. HORNADAY.

The list of the sportsmen's clubs he belongs to would fill a book, and if he were all the medals with which he has been adorned for his services when he went out still hunting he would sound like a tin shop falling off a hip roof. Dr. Hornaday has published a dozen or so books of real scientific value and has hunted big game everywhere.

# Governors In the Limelight



A. O. EBERHART.

GOVERNOR A. O. EBERHART of Minnesota is holding his head pretty high these days. And no wonder. Just think of being governor of a state having so much cash in its treasury that it probably won't be necessary to levy any taxes in 1911! The situation is one that has likely never before occurred in Minnesota or any other state.

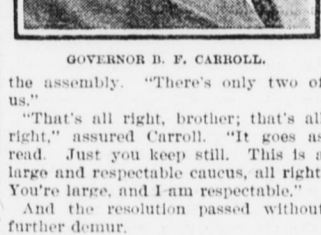
At present the treasury is groaning under the burden of a surplus which has never been duplicated. On Oct. 1 there will be nearly \$4,000,000 in the state treasury. On Oct. 1, 1909, there was approximately \$2,000,000. The unusual surplus has arisen through the successful settlement of cases which have netted the state large sums of money. The largest of these items came from adjusted lumber cases, the gross earnings tax cases, the inheritance tax cases and others.

Not only have large sums of money come into the treasury through them, but there will be a constantly augmented stream, so that Minnesota bids fair to become a state unique in the history of taxation.

Governor B. F. Carroll of Iowa, who was recently indicted for criminal libel, tells many amusing political experiences. Once at a caucus the only attendant besides himself was a citizen of very tall stature and ponderous build. Mr. Carroll had some resolutions to pass which began by representing that they were presented to a "large and respectable" gathering of voters, and he proceeded to read and vote them on to the records of the caucus.

"Hold on!" cried the other man. "We can't pass that, for it ain't true."

"What isn't true?" demanded Carroll. "It ain't a large and respectable caucus," objected the other member of



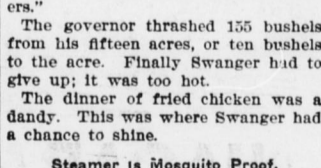
GOVERNOR B. F. CARROLL.

the assembly. "There's only two of us."

"That's all right, brother; that's all right," assured Carroll. "It goes as read. Just you keep still. This is a large and respectable caucus, all right. You're large, and I am respectable."

And the resolution passed without further demur. The indictment of Carroll is the outgrowth of an investigation by the grand jury of affairs at the Iowa Industrial School for Girls at Mitchellville. It is alleged in the bill that the governor made libelous statements concerning John Cowane, former chairman of the state board of control, in an article published in the Des Moines Capital of May 24, in which the governor set forth at length his reasons for demanding the resignation of Mr. Cowane.

If you imagine that a governor doesn't know what real hard work is you should visit the farm of the chief executive of Missouri. When a bunch of politicians swooped down on Governor Hadley at his farm recently they found him shy of hands and facing the thrashing of his wheat from fifteen acres.



H. S. HADLEY.

"A ha!" exclaimed the governor. "You've just in time! I'll feed you all if you work. I need hands just now more than I need advice. Is it a bargain?" "Sure!" John Swanger, bank examiner, and Mr. Lee, insurance commissioner, responded gayly. "Here's where we make a hit with the farmers."

The governor thrashed 155 bushels from his fifteen acres, or ten bushels to the acre. Finally Swanger had to give up; it was too hot. The dinner of fried chicken was a dandy. This was where Swanger had a chance to shine.

DEEP SEA WATER. Bottles With Which Samples Are Taken From Ocean Depths. The water bottle for getting water for analysis from selected depths in the ocean is a cylinder of brass, German silver or other metal which resists the corrosion of sea water, generally about two inches in diameter and twelve or fourteen inches long, with upward opening valve at the top and bottom, connected together on a central stem. Lugs are cast on the side of the cylinder for conveniently securing it at any point along the length of the line by which it is to be lowered into the sea. During the lowering of the line the valves of the bottle are kept unsealed by the passage of the water through the cylinder during its descent, but when the motion is reversed the valves seat themselves and are locked by the descent of a small propeller in the framework above the upper valve, which rides idly on a sleeve during the lowering of the bottle, but descends along a screw thread to press the valves upon their seats when the line commences to be hauled up. A specimen of the water at the depth to which the water bottle has descended is thus brought to the surface confined within the bottle, and a series of specimens from different depths may be obtained at one haul by securing a series of water bottles at the required intervals along the sounding line.—Scientific American.

The Gentle Game of Golf. On one occasion an old lady was in the same railway compartment as a party of golfers. "I found fearful trouble this morning," said one. "At the first I fell right into the middle of a prickly gorse bush, and at the second I was stuck up on the top of a tree. I pitched out of bounds into the farmyard at the third, got caught by the wire at the fourth. I stuck fast in a deep hole at the fifth, found myself buried in mud at the sixth. I was lying in a heap of rough flints at the seventh, got lost at the eighth and finished up at the bottom of that dirty ditch at the last hole."

Acquiring a Reputation. Archbishop Howley, who lived in the eighteenth century, most unjustly got the reputation of swearing like a trooper. The explanation is that the Duke of Cumberland, who fought the battle of Culloden and who was unspeakably profane, once went in quest of the primate to get his assistance about a certain bill which he disliked. He returned to the house of lords, saying: "It's all right, my lords. I've seen the archbishop, and he says he'll vote for the — bill!" As a matter of fact, all the profanity had been supplied quite in the ordinary run of conversation by the duke.—London Tatler.

Some Pay More. The man was looking over the family bills as his wife glanced through the paper. "Oh, John," she said, "it tells here of a young fellow who was fined \$6.80 for filching."

ROSE WINE 289 YE RS OLD. Germany's Most Celebrated Vintage. Kept at Brems. The most celebrated of all the wines of Germany is known as rose wine, and, according to a French contemporary, it is jealously preserved in the town hall of Brems.

The wine has been in the vaults since 1621, when the conscript fathers had six great vats made at Johannsburg and six others at Hockheimer. Each received the name of one of the apostles. It is an unwritten law that as soon as a bottle of wine is drawn from the vats a similar quantity of the same vintage is put into the tank; consequently they are always full.

Each of the tuns or vats in the town hall at Brems cost originally 48 and their capacity is 204 litres, or about fifty-seven gallons. Our French statisticians come to the conclusion that each time a bottle of this wine is drunk it represents a sum of over £50.

During the war of 1870 the French occupied the town, and the officers, braving the anger of the council of Brems, made free with their precious wine, and it was said that the town of Brems paid more to France than all the other towns in Germany. At the time of the crown prince's wedding was further learn that he was allowed one bottle and one only.

An Advantage. "So you prefer servants who speak English imperfectly?" "Yes," replied the housewife. "If I don't understand what they say I am not obliged to dismiss them so frequently."—Exchange.

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