

CAUSE OF RAILWAY WRECKS

There are times when the spirit of the law includes the letter; when individual judgment has no place in action. However broad a principle may be, its practical value is destroyed unless it is applied by the individual and demonstrated by him. J. O. Fagan, writing in the Atlantic Monthly on "The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman," illustrates this truth, and speaking as a railroad man, places much of the responsibility for railway disaster upon the disregard of essential regulations.

As far as speed and comfort go, there is little to be asked for in railroad service. But when we take into account the human lives which have paid toll to the American system, we cannot avoid the conclusion that something is wrong fundamentally. The popular discussions in regard to block signals, tried employes and faulty rules are endless and fruitless. Investigations and penalties are in effect secret, and the world remains in ignorance. It is the men who know the details of railroad life, the men who pull the signals and handle the trains, who must be heard from.

The significant facts in accidents are the personal conduct of employes, and not the nature of signals or the wording of rules. Most of the trouble can be traced to our railroad men, to our own personal behavior as railroad men.

There is a rule that a freight train must not leave a station to follow a passenger train until five minutes after the departure of the passenger train. This seems plain and positive, yet no attention whatever is paid to it by the engineers, conductors or superintendents and its violation is the cause of much loss of life. The fault lies not in the rule, but in downright neglect on the part of the men to do as they are told.

A flagman protects a train to the very letter of the rule when it is manifestly necessary, but when, in his opinion, it is not, he takes the chances. If an engineer encounters a single torpedo, the rule calls for a full stop. If he happens to have a clear track for a mile or so ahead he keeps on, and some day

THE POOR WIDOW HAT.



he finds that his judgment was at fault.

A green light with semaphore horizontal calls for caution. This should not be interpreted at will. It demands an actual, not a theoretical reduction of speed. It is not a piece of information to be stored away in the engineer's brain, to be utilized when a rear end or a broken rail is in sight. Instead, train after train runs past without reduction, provided the track looks clear. It should not make a particle of difference to the engineer whether the track was clear or not; he simply has to follow his instructions.

Practically there is no out-supervision of the American railway. Reports of employes are depended on for information in regard to violations. Unchecked negligence can be shown to be the direct cause of nearly all preventable accidents in America.

It is "up to" the management to enforce rules. It is "up to" the men to obey rules.

No practical system can enforce obedience at all times. The whole business resolves itself into a personal matter. It is up to all to do the square thing. Employes should be educated to appreciate the fact that successful and safe railroading depends, not on the multiplicity of safety devices, nor the reconstruction of rules, but on personal effort, and the conduct of conscientious, alert and careful men.

THE UNIVERSE.

Man's Plea in This Eternity of Space and Matter.

The solar system is but a fragment of the universe. Every star is a sun with a solar system. It is possible that there may be millions of planets inhabited by beings higher or lower than ourselves. What we see going on is what we call the process of evolution—from broken fragments to coherent masses and to inhabited worlds, from chaos to cosmos, a struggle upward of the universe from something lower and disorganized to something higher and organized.

As to how life originates on these planets science is ignorant at present. It is an entire mystery. I would not have you think it will always remain a mystery, nor would I have a theologian shaken in his views if science should discover something about the nature and origin of life. I want you to realize that this process of evolution is not a process which negatives or excludes the idea of divine activity. It is, I venture to say, a revelation to us of the manner of divine activity. It is the way the Deity works.

The attempt to show that evolution is unguided, that it is the result of absolute change, fails. What is pointed to is not unguided random change, but guided change. The other could not be done in time.

What we have to realize in regard to our place in the universe is that we are intelligent, helpful and active parts of the cosmic scheme. We are among the agents of the Creator. One of the most helpful ideas is co-operation—helping one another. Co-operation—this in a new and stimulating sense—co-operation with the Divinity Himself. —Sir Oliver Lodge.

The Doctor Habit.

One of the tendencies of ill health is to make one morbid. People who are constantly thinking about their ailments, worrying about their troubles, suffering pain, often develop a morbid passion for sympathy. They want to tell everybody of their aches and pains, to describe their symptoms.

Have you ever known a woman who has acquired the doctor habit, a woman who loves nothing in the world quite so well as an opportunity to tell the doctor of her ailments? She has

CZAR'S LITTLE SON.

Lively Russian Youngster Who is Constantly Guarded.

Despite early prophecies that he would grow up a sickly child or possibly die before attaining manhood, the Czarowitz Alexis, son and heir to the Czar of all the Russias, is to-day as bright and hearty a little lad as could be found in any American household.

Hedged in though he is with court ceremonial and constantly guarded against possible kidnaping by nihilists, Alexis manages to get as much fun out of life as the average boy of his age. He is never happier than when romping around the staid and sombre corridors in a game of tag with his sisters, and the silent guards stationed at regular and frequent intervals fail to attract his notice at all, except when one in



advertently stations himself in some favorite corner of the baby prince.

Alexis finds little enjoyment in the supposedly favorite game of king's son's, playing at soldiers. He finds the tin men and tiny fortresses too tedious. He wants to romp with other children and, if allowed his own way, would spend the day playing with boys in the garden, street, or anywhere, as long as he could have fun, active fun, and lots of it. Alexis' happiest moments are probably spent on his father's yacht, where, free from danger of death at the hands of revolutionists, he can romp with the loyal sailors at will

PUSS TO THE RESCUE.

Brought a Rabbit to Hungry Philadelphia Cave Dwellers.

When the first settlers came to Philadelphia, of course there were no houses ready for them, says Sel in the Cat Journal, so a good many of the men dug small caves in the bank of the river. They would dig several feet into the bank, then build walls of sod in front of the little caves. They made the roof by laying branches of trees on top, covering these with rush from the river and putting pieces of sod on the rushes. The chimney was made of stones plastered with clay.

These caves were used only until the men had time to cut timber and build the houses they wished.

One of the old families of Philadelphia owns a quaint silver tureen on which is engraved a cat seizing a rabbit. In the early days at Philadelphia Elizabeth Hard was living with her husband in one of these dug-out caves while he was building their house. The work went very slowly, and Elizabeth often helped her husband. She brought the water to make the mortar for the chimney, and even helped at one end of the saw.

One day she was very tired, for she had helped all the morning. Her husband told her to rest a while and then think about dinner. Mrs. Hard walked sadly away. The food was nearly gone. Only a few biscuits and a little cheese were left. Just then she saw her cat coming toward her with a large rabbit in its mouth. Mrs. Hard cooked the rabbit and had a nice dinner ready for Mr. Hard when he came for his noon rest. So kitty helped, although she did not know it.

We Are Fortunate.

"Each day brings some new worry," declared the pessimist. "Which enables us to forget the worry of yesterday," was the optimist's reply.—Washington Herald.

We have an idea that the women pay a good deal of attention to the hats worn by the milliners.



As we reach lower and lower depths the water becomes colder; the warm water, being less dense, remains at the surface. At about 12,000 feet the temperature is little above the freezing point of fresh water. Light gradually disappears, and at 1,400 feet, says Country Life, absolute darkness prevails; and as no plant can live without light, the vegetable kingdom is unrepresented, except by some boring algae which have been dredged from a depth of over 3,000 feet. Further, there are no currents, oxygen is scarce and uniformity of temperature prevails.

Prof. A. Herschel, in the Quarterly Journal of the Royal Meteorological Society, describes the extraordinary effects produced by lightning in the midst of an open moor in Northumberland. A hole 4 or 5 feet in diameter was made in the flat, peaty ground, and from this half a dozen furrows extended on all sides. Pieces of turf were thrown in various directions, one 3 feet in diameter and a foot thick having fallen 78 feet from the hole. Investigation showed that in addition to the effects visible on the surface, small holes had been bored in the earth radiating from the large excavation.

Many readers may recall the surprise they felt on reading Darwin's book on earthworms to find how the great naturalist had lent an irresistible charm to so apparently unpromising a subject. It led them to entertain a respect they had never previously felt for the humble boppers in the earth. It now appears that earthworms must be regarded as useful otherwise than as simple cultivators and renewers of the soil. According to E. A. Andrews, they are tree-planters also. They draw the flat seeds of the silver maple into their burrows, and such seeds, in districts too dry for them to germinate if left upon the surface, sprout from the wormholes, and grow into seedlings, which, under favoring conditions, may become flourishing trees.

Maj. W. V. Judson, the government engineer in charge of harbor work at Milwaukee, Wis., is reported by the Railway and Engineering Review to be experimenting with re-enforced concrete blocks, made hollow, so that they can be floated to place in constructing the government breakwater at that point. The proposed block of standard size will weigh about fourteen tons, but in the experiments the weight is only about seven tons. The blocks will consist of re-enforced concrete walls, inclosing a hollow space. After it has been towed to the site of the work an opening in the bottom is uncovered and water is permitted to enter the block and sink it. The interior of the block is then filled with sand and gravel, and the open space in the top is filled with concrete.

This question, always interesting for the light it throws on the past history of the earth, has had many answers. The latest is that of Dr. J. W. Spencer, who, from recent studies on the spot, finds that the mean rate of recession of Niagara falls at present is 4.2 feet per year, and this has been the rate for approximately 227 years. But owing to the fact that originally the waters of Lake Erie only were discharged over the falls, giving but one-fifteenth of the present water supply, the rate of recession was at first much lower. A sudden widening of the gorge above Foster's Flat indicates the position of the falls when the other great lakes began to discharge into Lake Erie. From his data, Dr. Spencer calculates the entire age of the falls at 39,000 years. The cutting, with the full power of the four lakes, is estimated to have lasted 3,500 years.

Chinese Faith in Ginseng.

Many of the Chinese believe that when all other remedies fail, and death is at hand, ginseng has the power to bring back health and longevity; hence, when they feel the need of it they will pay fabulous prices for certain kinds of roots. A root to be really valuable as a commodity must come from the mountains of Kirin or be reputed to have come from there. It must be bifurcated, so as to resemble as much as possible the human form, and be semi-transparent, dry, and flinty. Of course, the larger the root the better, and as it is sold by weight it is not very uncommon for a good specimen to bring as much as \$100 an ounce. The value of such a root is in its shape, its texture, the manner in which it has been cured, and the region whence it came.

The Fall Guy.

"I dropped four stories this morning without being injured." "Wh-what!" "Fact. They'd just been returned with thanks, and I dropped 'em in the fireplace."—Kansas City Times.

A man does his own love-making, but he hires a lawyer when it comes to trying to get it undone.

WHEN HE MET HIS MATCH.

New Stenographer Wanted to Find Out About Employer.

He was engaging a new stenographer, and he bit off his words and hurled them at her in a way to frighten any ordinary girl out of her wits, says Judge.

"Chew gum?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Talk slang?"

"No, sir."

"Make goo-goo eyes at the fellows when you're not busy?"

"No, sir."

"Know how to spell 'cat' and 'dog' correctly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Chin through the telephone half a dozen times a day?"

"No, sir."

"Usually tell the office force how much the firm owes and all the rest of its private business you learn?"

"No, sir."

He was thinking of something else to ask her when she took a hand in the matter and put a few queries.

"Smoke cheap cigars when you're dictating?" she asked.

"Why—er—no," he gasped, in astonishment.

"Take it out of the stenographer's hide when you've had a scrap at home and got the worst of it?"

"Cer-certainly not."

"Slam things around and swear when business is bad?"

"N-never."

"Lay for your employes with a club when they get caught in a block some morning?"

"No, indeed."

"Think you know enough about grammar and punctuation to appreciate a good stenographer when you get one?"

"I—think so."

"Want me to go to work, or is your time worth so little that—"

"You bet!" he broke in, enthusiastically. "Kindly hang up your things and let's get at these letters."

NEW WORLD JERUSALEM.

Agricultural School at Woodbine, N. J., is Turning Out Farmers.

Is the Jew essentially wedded to the commercial life, or, given the opportunity, would he again become a tiller of the soil as in the old days of the national life in Palestine? Baron De Hirsch believed they would return to the soil with proper encourage



COLLEGE AND SUPERINTENDENT.

ment and opportunity. He established an agricultural school for Jews at Woodbine, N. J. The result is a new world Jerusalem.

Woodbine is to-day the only exclusively Jewish town in the world. It has a population of 2,500, is up-to-date in municipal improvements, and is well ruled. It has none but Jewish residents. Jewish town officials, Jewish policemen and firemen; in fact, Jewish everything. Seventy-five per cent of the people own their own homes.

And, the inhabitants are showing the world at large that the Jews of to-day are as capable of self-government as they were in the days of the Judges of Israel.

Baron De Hirsch's theory is being vindicated. The school turns out graduates every year, who are scattered all over the country managing large farms or conducting smaller ones of their own. There are fifty Jewish farms scattered around Woodbine; many others around Millville, Varnel, Rosenhaym, Alliance and other southern New Jersey towns.

In every instance the Jew is proving himself a capable farmer. The graduates of the school leave it well drilled. Henry W. Geller, agricultural expert, is the superintendent. The college and its superintendent are pictured here.

Hard Hit.

"There is one thing I dread," remarked Johnson, "and that is a premature burial."

"Don't worry about that," replied Brown; "the thing is impossible. There's no danger of your being buried too soon."—Tit-Bits.

Rightly Named.

"Say, paw," queried little Tommy Toodles, "what is the bone of contention?"

"The jawbone, my son," answered the old man, with a side glance at his wife.

Others Whenever.

Some people make happiness wherever they go.—Success Magazine.

Nobody is so much alive as the dead beat.