

# MUSICAL CRIES OF DEPOT CALLERS.

Chants of Chicago's Railway Station Guards While Announcing the Various Trains.

WHEN the impressarios who manage the great opera companies are out of singers and are looking for a few choice tenors and baritones to stop the gaps in their troupes they might do worse than gather in some of the men who make a living by calling trains in the various railroad depots of Chicago, says the Sunday Chronicle. These have voices of strength and power and penetration, and although they are probably unconscious of the fact their announcements of trains are musical to a degree.

The train caller has a peculiar position, and he is a necessary adjunct to the railroad business only in a city like Chicago, which is the initial point of the trips of all trains. That is, no train arrives at this city and continues on its journey. This is the end of the road for all of them, and passengers wishing to go further in any direction must change cars. This usually necessitates a wait of more or less duration either in the depot at which the passenger arrives or at one in some other part of

is no need of a caller. But it is to the tired traveler who is going across the country, the woman with half a dozen children, the tourist who never before took a journey of over ten miles that the caller comes as a boon and a blessing. After sitting perhaps for hours in a big depot, watching with wide open eyes the hurried coming and going of the crowds of people, the starting of dozens of suburban trains, fearful that each one is the train that he should take, the man who never saw Chicago before and haply never wants to again after his tiresome experiences on the road, sees a man in uniform stroll into the waiting-room, lift up his voice, and in slow resonant tones begin to call out an announcement about the next through train that is to leave.

Every word he utters is eagerly listened to by the tourist, who anticipates hearing the name of the road over which he is to travel or the city to which he is bound. If he does not hear them he sinks back in his seat satisfied. That is not his train. He is all right thus far. In half an hour or so

fall in regular cadence, and doing this day after day it becomes as natural for him to sing the calls as if he were chanting a popular dirge of the hour. It is largely unconscious music on the part of the caller. He does not stop to think about the tune he is chanting, the key in which he sings or the pitch of his voice. His business is to let people know about the trains and not to beguile their weary moments with song. But he is a picturesque and welcome feature of a very prosaic and humdrum place, the big depot in a big city.

"Chicago and Grand Trunk train going east. All aboard."

He does not vary the theme particularly, and while his rendition may be lacking in color it certainly is full of atmosphere. His voice is round, and what might be called, for want of a better term, comfortable. He seems at peace with all the world, except probably the farmer who insists on smoking a villainous pipe in the ladies' waiting-room, and for him there is short shrift. The officer says that the number of duties he is called upon to per-

## CUBA REVERES HER MEMORY.

Beautiful Patriot Who Gave Her Life in Her Country's Cause.

A name which is dear to every patriotic Cuban, one which will be handed down in Cuban history as long as the present race exists, is that of a beautiful woman who heroically gave up her life in the cause of her country, Mathilde Agramonte y Varona.

She was a beautiful girl of the purest Castilian lineage, but her family was a Cuban family and went with the patriots in their struggles. Her father fell first, then her beloved and only brother was taken by the red hand of war. Not satisfied with taking away all she loved, Spanish hatred found further gratification by destroying the orphaned girl's home before her eyes.

This last outrage roused her to the fighting point. She revolted and thirsted for vengeance, sought out Gen. Maceo and offered her services as a soldier. Although a woman and a young and beautiful one, her desire was granted and she became an officer under the noted mulatto warrior. In a short time she had the opportunity to display her courage and skill. She suc-

## "WILD WOMAN OF BORNEO."

Largest Orang-Outang Ever Captured Now in England.

The largest captive orang-outang in the world has arrived at Liverpool. The animal stands about 5 feet 3 inches, each arm is 5 feet long, the hands measure 1 foot each and some of the fingers are 7 inches in length. When hands and arms are extended this magnificent monkey can stretch ten feet. It could wrestle with five men at a time, and the chances are that this handsome specimen of their ancestors would get the better of the encounter.

Judged from man's standard of beauty, the new arrival cannot be said to



WORLD'S GREATEST ORANG-OUTANG.

have an attractive physiognomy. The nose is sunk deep in the face and the massive top lip is shot out to a length prodigious even for an orang-outang. It is an experience to see the animal yawn. When captured the orang-outang was in the company of a baby ape. This latter the hunters shot and placed in a cage. The grown-up orang had no more sense than to follow the corpse, and was surprised to find that there was no exit to the cage.

On the way from Borneo, whence hails the world's champion orang, the brute nearly escaped from the ship by scratching and chewing a hole in the side of the cage. As the orang is a female, she may not inaptly be called "the wild woman of Borneo."

## PORTRAIT MADE BY A RIFLE.

Admiral Schley's Picture Drawn by Nearly 800 Shots.

Adolph Toepperwein, the champion shot of the world, has been giving interesting advice to the rifle experts who are to contend next year for the Queen's prize at Bisley, England.

"The first thing to keep in mind," he says, "is the fact that one cannot give the gun too much attention. Above all things, clean it after emptying the magazine. The beginner should shoot at a bull's eye say twenty feet away, firing just as soon as he gets the sight immediately under the lower edge of the disc. The bull's eye should be at least two inches in diameter at first. In a few days you will find that you can hit the mark ten times out of fifteen. Then decrease the distance gradually until you



MADE BY BULLETS.

get the size down to half an inch. You will be surprised to find that you can pump bullets into it at a surprising rate. Learn to shoot with both eyes open. You will see the advantage of this method by pointing your finger at an object, sighting over it with both eyes open. It will be evident that you cannot only see the object itself, but all around it as well. The effect is startling at first, but you will profit by it. The first sight is the best. It is only a matter of time before your finger will work in unison with your eye, and the moment the sights find the object your finger will press the trigger automatically."

Young Toepperwein is an expert picture shooter, and with his rifle can draw a man's head in less than five minutes. For Admiral Schley's picture which he daily draws on the target before admiring audiences nearly 200 shots are required.

## Happy Named.

How the late Prof. Cohn, of Breslau, would have opened his famous lectures on botany had his name chanced to be Jones or Jenkins is left to the imagination of the readers of this story from the New York Tribune.

"The four chief constituents of plants," the distinguished botanist was wont to say at the beginning of his course, "are carbon, C; oxygen, O; hydrogen, H; nitrogen, N."

Then, writing down these four letters, with apparent carelessness, on a blackboard, COHN, he would smile, as he observed:

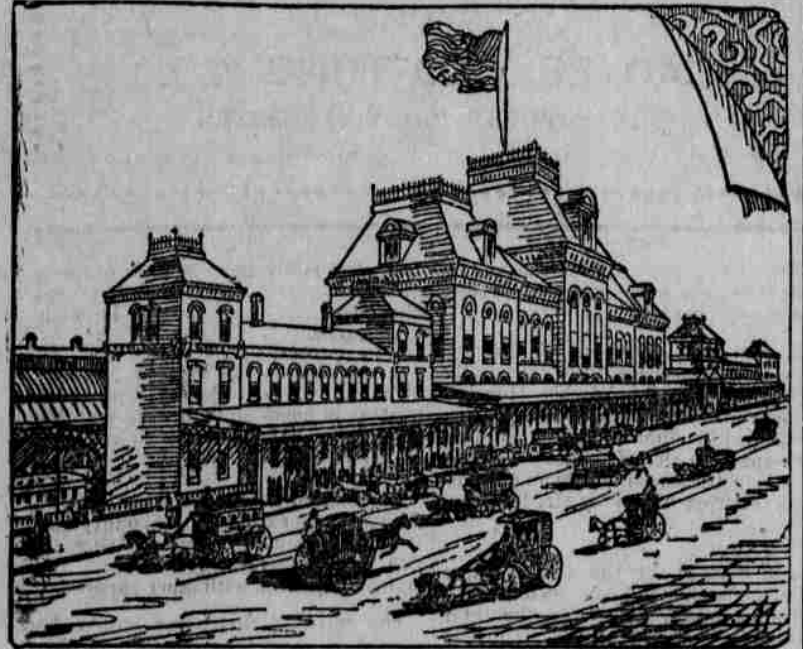
"It is clear that I ought to know something about botany."

## Knows Shakespeare by Heart.

Garrison Y. Shall, a convict in the Connecticut State Prison, knows all of Shakespeare's plays by heart, having learned them during the past fourteen years of his imprisonment.

In every party there is some guest about whom all the other women are wondering how on earth she broke in.

Some people are so complimentary that they are untruthful.



Pos Sen gers for the Rock Is-land and Pacific  
ROCK ISLAND DEPOT.

The man who does most of the calling at the Union depot is young and good-looking and possesses a splendid voice. His name is Tom Kennedy, and he seems to be as happy as is possible amid the depressing surroundings of tired passengers, crying babies, misent baggage and late trains which serve to make life miserable for most of the employes around a railroad station. He has four big railroads to keep tab on—the Burlington, Alton, Milwaukee, and Pennsylvania—and they manage to send out a good many trains every day and evening. This gives Kennedy little opportunity to make money on the side or tell funny stories to the bus drivers, for he is kept fairly busy watching the clock and remembering what train is next on the list to be announced. Shortly after 8 o'clock every evening he enters the ladies' waiting-room of the depot, and in a sonorous monotone he chants this melody:

"Panhandle, Pennsylvania train is ready. Passengers going south and east for Logansport, Kokomo, Richmond, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, Columbus, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington. Train leaves down-stairs gate No. 4."

His voice rings through the lofty room and is echoed from the vaulted ceiling, and as he rests after enunciating the name of each city there is no opportunity of mistaking what he says. The latter portion of the announcement, referring to the train leaving downstair, is delivered a minor

third lower than the other part in a sad, heart-rending way, as if Tom Kennedy deeply regretted the necessity of having that train go out.

In direct contradistinction to Kennedy, at least as shown by the tone of his voice in calling, is the fat, jolly policeman who makes the announcements at the Dearborn Station on Polk street. While the Union depot man sings in a minor the policeman pitches his voice in a major which seems to express fully the content with which he views the world, and even in his position as arbiter of all troubles that come to the traveling public. His job is even more trying than that of the man in the Union depot, for he has more roads to look after. The Erie, Grand Trunk, Santa Fe, Eastern Illinois, Wabash and Monon Roads are under his care, so far as announcing the trains is concerned, but he manages to keep plump and good-natured, and it is reflected in his voice.

He has manifold duties, for he is depot policeman in addition to being caller, and when he is not telling people what train to take he is stopping somebody from smoking in the waiting-rooms or directing some luckless stranger to a hotel or a theater. He keeps an eye on the clock, however, and never misses his turn at announcing the approach of the time for the departure of a train. When the minute hand reaches the proper hour in the evening he walks to the center of the waiting-room, and, without striking a pose or putting on any grand opera airs, he chants the following:

"Chicago and Erie train—going east. Huntington, Marion, Columbus, Niagara Falls, New York, Boston and all points east."

At another time he makes this simple announcement:

New York and Intermediate points. Train leaves track 9 in fifteen minutes."

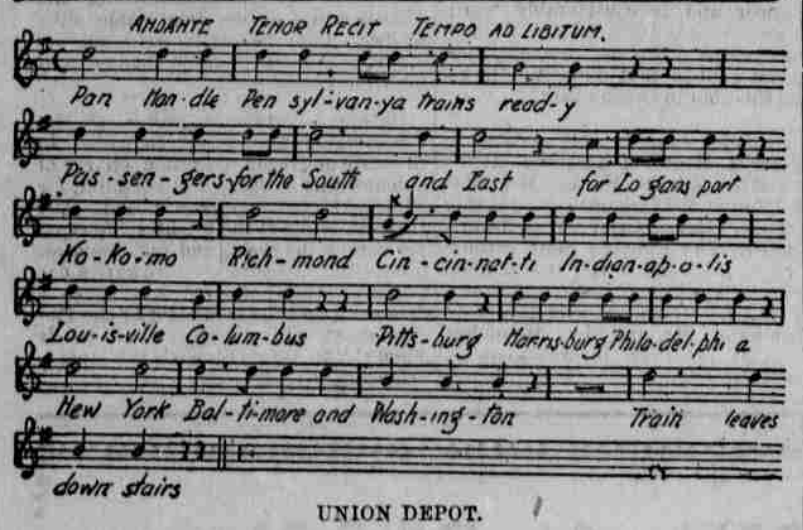
All this is delivered in a true, clear baritone voice, which he uses well. Every word is pronounced clearly and distinctly, and after the name of every city he rests long enough for the mental impression produced by the pronunciation of the name to sink into the minds of the listeners. The voice is full of melody and is under complete control of the caller. Were Glimberling to take up music for a while he would not have to call trains any more.

At the Rock Island and Lake Shore depot the caller does not pay much attention to the musical part of his work. He calls the trains in a jerky way, using one theme, which he makes fit all announcements, regardless of what he says. He does not chant, but rather speaks, and his voice is not musical. It needs cultivation to bring it up to the standard of Kennedy and Glimberling and the big policeman at the Dearborn station. The theme he uses might well be employed for a waltz melody when he makes this announcement:

"Passengers going on the Rock Island and Pacific train. Rock Island and Pacific all aboard."

He does not call loudly and reverberantly, filling the waiting-room with his voice, but prefers to walk to different parts of the room and make the announcement in rather a low tone, which fits well with the subdued hum of voices in the waiting-room.

Altogether the callers at the depots form an interesting study of voice culture, or rather lack of culture. Each of them chants in a different key and uses a different theme from the others, and probably none of them ever stopped to think that he was really singing what he said.

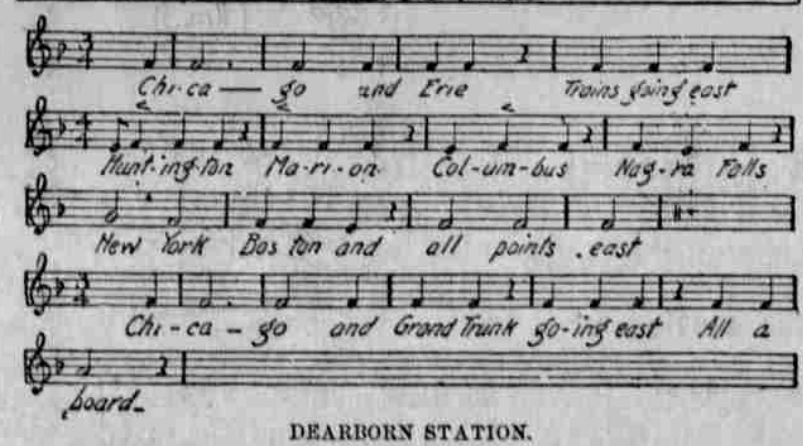
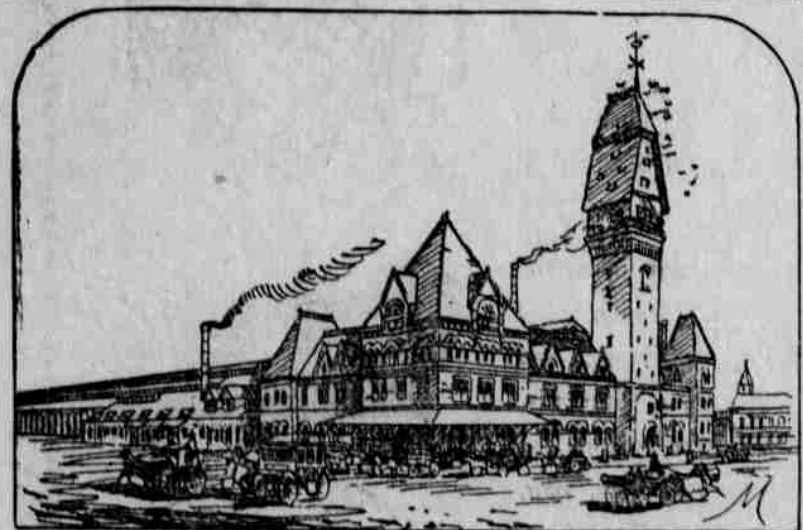


UNION DEPOT.

perhaps the caller walks leisurely into the big echoing room again, and he is watched and listened to by every one as he begins his slow chant. It is the train of another road this time, and as he announces the name of the road the people who have tickets for that line begin to gather up their effects, straighten out their children and put on their coats. As he concludes with the welcome news that "the train is ready" a small procession hurries out the door toward the train shed and the disappointed ones settle back in their seats to wait the glad moment when their trains shall thus be announced.

## Develops a Chant.

In the course of time naturally the announcer develops a chant or song to which he fits the announcements. It comes easier than a plain recitation of the name of the road and the principal



DEARBORN STATION.

Journey he, of course, knows what road he is going over and what hour and minute the train leaves, and times himself to arrive at the depot a few minutes before train time. For him there

stations at which the train will stop. He is obliged to speak loudly and clearly enough to be heard in every part of the waiting-room, and to accomplish this end he causes his voice to rise and