

ENGINE MADE 8 MILES IN 4 1/2 MINUTES

NIGHT RIDE WITH A VETERAN ENGINEER OF NERVE ON THE OREGON SHORT LINE

CARUS, poised in the dizzy blue, must have had a bad moment when he first perceived his wings to be melting. For his own sake, I hope he felt no more uncomfortable than I did when Evan Williams proceeded to "burn her up" on engine 804, Pocastello to Glenn's Ferry, with train No. 1.

It was on the mall car that I left, Pocastello, that unlovely resting and repairing place for wounded and disabled engines and cars. The yards seemed a wilderness, not trackless, but impassable from excess of tracks. Division Superintendent Manson had courteously made out a pass authorizing the bearer to ride in the engine between Pocastello and Glenn's Ferry, and it may be added that to him is due the best thing about the ride, namely, the roadbed over which a train glides with a smoothness that is only appreciated by comparison with other tracks. In the mall car the time passed quickly enough, a never-failing supply of railroad anecdotes being on tap. Express Messenger Booth, who runs from Portland, came in for a share of the reminiscences. It seems that on one occasion he was entrusted with two young bears and a monkey. The bears were made fast beside a pile of baggage, where there seemed no opportunity for evildoing. When Booth visited that end of the car a few hours later, however, he found that the cubs had eaten every label off the trunks, and not a vestige remained to indicate their destination. The bears were promptly removed to the other end of the car, and all went peacefully for a time. Soon a most ferocious growling aroused Booth, and he rushed to the scene to find that the cubs had each a carcass torn from a case of dressed chickens, and were engaged in a lively fight over the prey. It was while removing the marauders once again that the monkey deliberately reached over, took off Booth's glasses and dashed them on the floor.

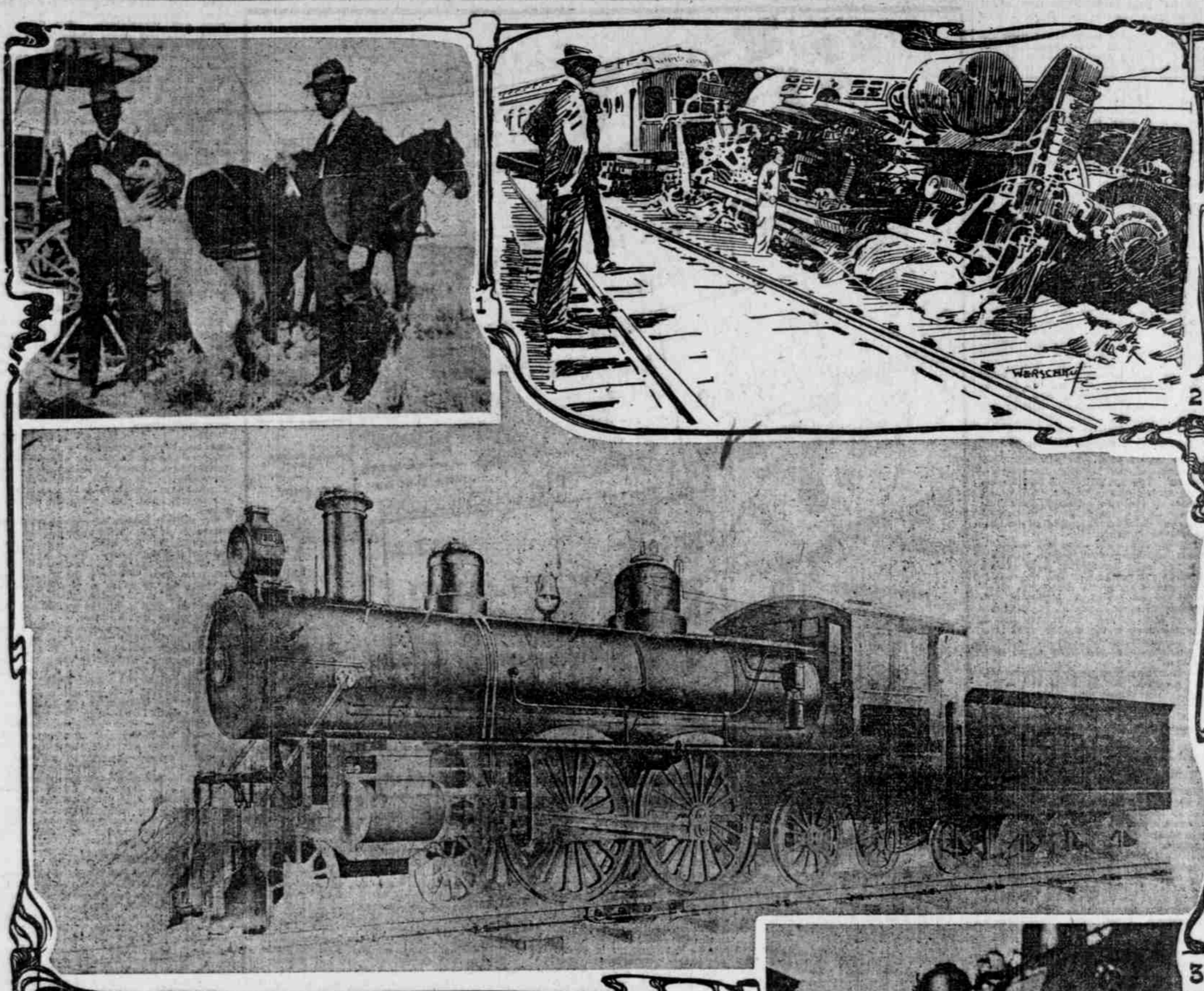
While laughing over the messenger's mishap we felt the train slow up for Minnetonka. I jumped down from the mall car, and walked along to where 804 stood puffing like a runner at rest. Clinging up the steps I stood in the cab. On one side was a wall of coal, on the other a wall of metal ornamented with innumerable gauges, cocks and indicators. A fireman stood poised on the slippery, shaky strip of metal that connected the floor of the cab with that of the engine. On either side was a tiny seat up alongside the furnace. From one of them Evan Williams turned to the glow of the open door wherein the fireman shoveled coal. His face was as like that of the late pope's as two faces could be. Lined and wrinkled, with the crow's feet that come of peering into the eye of the wind, this Welshman, whose nerve was as good as ever despite the effects of enough unavoidable wrecks and minor accidents to fill half a column in their enumeration, appeared more like a kiasy preacher than engineer who would run with the best of them.

"Lumb into the other seat," he said, "but mind that pipe—it'd take the hide off if you touched it."

Avoiding the pipe—which conveys the steam required for heating the cars—I scrambled into the little seat on a cushion of waste. The fireman closed the furnace door with a clang, remarking, "I guess he's going to burn her up tonight." Williams pulled the lever over a little, and 804, grunting like an overladen camel, pressed into the collar. We were moving. The start had been almost imperceptible, and we gained speed as gradually.

I stuck my head out of the window, for the glass in front was so obscured by smoke and steam that one might as well try looking through a waterfall. The grunting gradually died away, 804, a thoroughbred "compound," lay down to her work, and as we cleared the scanty outskirts of Minnetonka she was flying along through the night.

Away ahead of us the white gravel roadbed lay like an ordered snowdrift under the glare of the headlight. Darkness



1—LEAVING POCATELLO FOR A DAY'S SPORT—TWO OF THE O. S. L. STAFF BENT ON A DAY'S RECREATION. 2—WRECK NEAR POCATELLO, CAUSED BY A SWITCH BEING PARTIALLY THROWN OVER BY A BOY. ENGINEER EVAN WILLIAMS WAS THROWN THROUGH HIS CAB WINDOW WITH SUCH FORCE THAT HE ALIGHTED ON THE ROOF OF A BOX CAR SEVERAL YARDS AWAY. 3—NEW "ATLANTIC" TYPE OF ENGINE, WHICH WILL BE IN USE ON THE OREGON SHORT LINE BY FEBRUARY. FLAGLETS FOR WINTER SERVICE MAY BE SEEN IN FRONT. 4—READY FOR THE RUN. ONE OF THE O. S. L. "400" CLASS ABOUT TO PULL OUT OF POCATELLO.

closed around that gleaming lance of light like water around a stick thrust in a pond. Down the snowdrift lay two sparkling threads, threads of fate they seemed, as Williams "burned her up," and 804 jumped and bumped, and away, and rocked, and reeled, guided by them and by nothing else. Faster and faster we went, until we seemed to cut the night with a flashing knife. White sign posts sprang out of the darkness and were gone. Signal lights gleamed and disappeared behind us. We were burning her up. And in some miraculous way the threads of steel still

remained in front of us, and we remained upon them. Behind us swung seven cars; foolish things, mere incumbrances to an engine desirous of flying. But a few minutes before I had regarded the engine as a necessary nuisance. Now, the cars seemed the same, which is the tall and which the dog depends entirely upon, where you are riding. The fireman slapped open the furnace every minute or so, letting a dazzling flare throw the cab into sparkling relief and solid shadow, turning the banner of white steam that flew from the smoke-

stack into a streamer of red, even illuminating the shadowy sagebrush flats that bordered the track. "Hard work," I remarked, watching the bill of coal mast away. "Not bad when you're used to it," replied the grimy feeder of the fire. "Dunno any easier way of making four dollars. On some runs I've shoveled fifteen tons of coal, but it's all done a little at a time, so you don't feel it much," and he balanced himself on the slippery, sliding floor preparatory to silencing another shoveful into the maw of the monster.



IN THE SHADOW'S SHADOW A Story From Portland's Slums By Hugh Herdman

TO USE the metaphorical language of poets and thieves, he is a shadow, one of the plain-clothes men on the Portland police force. In other words, he is a detective. The shadow's shadow is metaphorical, too. It is a shadow cast, not by light, but by darkness. It is the shadow of grief, the darkest of all shadows, whispering to the worshipping heart and bid it break. And the place where this shadow's shadow has fallen is a mother's heart.

Across the street from a large office building, which stands close to the indefinite dividing line between the North End and respectability, is a narrow, little cigar store. It differs from most cigar stores, in being tidy and clean. Besides the showcase of cigars, there is one full of candied, and a small, well-polished soda-fountain. Children play in front of it without fear of the proprietor, and at times even rush inside to escape the clutches of some big play-bear or to avoid the hectorings of the messenger boys. And, strange and improbable as it may seem, they are not driven brutally out. The explanation of these phenomena is, of course, that it is owned and run by a woman.

During the past year occasion has taken me frequently to that building, and, though the little store is somewhat out of the way, I fell into the habit of going round by it. At first it was curiosity that prompted me to stop for a cigar, and then it was something else—not preference for her brands, either. Recently I have found myself going down there when I had no cause to go into the big building, and no excuse for buying tobacco. I know now, since the shadow's shadow came, that it was that little, old woman's sweet face, crowned with silver hair, that drew me.

The other day, as I turned the corner near her shop, I saw a man and a boy approaching from the other direction. The man I recognized at once as the evildoer's terror, the shadow. But the boy I did not know. He was about 18 years of age, well-dressed, and well-fed. But his face was clouded, and he had the general air of crumpled bravado that one often sees in a young criminal.

They reached her doorway, a step or two in front of me, and entered. I followed them and unintentionally saw what occurred. I might have spared her that, but I didn't know. She was polishing a glass, and looked up quickly. The color left her face, the glass fell with a crash on the floor, and her hand went instinctively to her heart. She recognized the shadow, and knew that something must be wrong. The boy hung his head. She came un-

steadily from behind the counter, threw her arms about his neck, drew his head down and kissed him. Then she began to moan and sob. The shadow turned round, gave me a glare that brought me out of the trance into which surprise had thrown me, and we both stepped outside. Then we both did as we ought—she stayed, and I didn't. I could not get that scene out of my mind. The thought of the agony that spread over that kindly old face drew me irresistibly back in the evening.

She rose from her chair when I entered and came slowly up to the cigar case. She had lived many years in the last few hours. She fumbled with the catch on the case, and had to wipe her eyes before she could see the box for which I called. As she set it out, she looked up. I suppose there must have been something in my look that told her I knew of her trouble, or she might have seen me there when the shadow's shadow fell, though I hoped that she hadn't. At any rate, she looked at me and began to weep. Then, leading the way, she motioned to me to come to the rear part of the shop, where there were two chairs and a little table.

I looked at her as she sat there, her elbows on the table and her face buried in her apron, and berated myself for a tongue-tied fool. I knew that the tearful sympathy of another woman was what she craved. At last a light dawned on my benighted mind, and I said: "Won't you tell me about it?" Presently, with tears coursing down her haggard cheeks, and her voice broken by sobs, she did tell me.

"Why is it people forget you when you're in trouble?" she asked, and then went on without waiting for reply. "I guess it's because everybody has enough to do to tend to his own. You don't mind listening to me, do you? For I must tell somebody, and I thought you might not mind. You've been in here pretty often, you know; and I sort of feel that I know you. I haven't got any friends, except the children that play around here. I've lived here a long time, but I don't seem to know anybody much. I've tried some, but you won't let me have time to visit any, and they know that this part of town is—well, it's not very good." She was gradually bringing herself round to talk of her real trouble, and I listened in patience. "I've had a hard life, and have seen some mighty sorrowful days, but I never had one like this before. Ah, it has been awful! Why didn't I die before it came? And why must I live now?" Dreading to check this despondency, I said: "But you said you would tell me all about it; won't you do that now?" "Yes, I'll tell you. But you can't help me much. It's too late now. All the help you can give is by listening to me. How old do you think I am?" She looked 60, and told her so. "I know it," she replied. "I am 45. Fifteen years ago my husband and I and our little boy lived in Chicago. We had a little money, owned our home, and he

was all a mistake, and that they would let him go in a day or two." "I know the symptoms, but tried not to let my look betray my thought. "Do you think he did it? Don't you think the detective lied about him?" she asked, leaning eagerly toward me. "Let's go and see him," I suggested in lieu of an answer. "We moved along the narrow counter, and stopped near the Captain. He was busy drawing squares and triangles on a piece of yellow scratch paper. We waited patiently for him to finish. At the end of three minutes by the clock over his head, he wheeled around and looked sharply at me from under his cap. I repeated our request, and he gave orders to have the detective brought in to see us. He gave us a change of venue instead. "See the Chief!" he decreed.

In the private office of the Chief we found him seated behind the brass railing, which represents the steps to the dais upon which he is supposed to sit, valorously, but vainly, resisting the attempts of an up-country Deputy Sheriff to get him to accept 50 cents with which to pay for a 20-cent telegram. Consequently, he was in a magnificent frame of mind when our turn came. I had told her to talk to him. "Chief," said my companion, "I would like to talk to my boy. You have him locked up here." "What's his name?" "She told him." "You're his mother, are you?" he asked, astutely. "Yes, sir." "Who's that with you?" looking suspiciously at me. "After an interval of silence, she continued. "There isn't much more to tell. I came out here, and have worked to support and educate my boy. I have done my best for him. I have given him everything that I possibly could. I have kept him in school, have provided good clothes for him, and managed to supply him with a little spending money, so he would not be sneered at by the other boys, you know. But it doesn't seem to have counted. I did so want him to be a good, strong man, and now they tell me he is a thief. It isn't so; I know it isn't; she exclaimed in her distress, but I could see that fear that it was true had gripped her heart. "That sneaking shadow came around here with him and told me they had caught him stealing. It's a lie! They've arrested him just because they couldn't find the real thief; and they've scared him into saying he did it!" "Then he confesses?" I asked. "The shadow says he does," she replied, bitterly. "What did he tell you?" "He told me not to be afraid; that it

was all a mistake, and that they would let him go in a day or two." "I know the symptoms, but tried not to let my look betray my thought. "Do you think he did it? Don't you think the detective lied about him?" she asked, leaning eagerly toward me. "Let's go and see him," I suggested in lieu of an answer. "We moved along the narrow counter, and stopped near the Captain. He was busy drawing squares and triangles on a piece of yellow scratch paper. We waited patiently for him to finish. At the end of three minutes by the clock over his head, he wheeled around and looked sharply at me from under his cap. I repeated our request, and he gave orders to have the detective brought in to see us. He gave us a change of venue instead. "See the Chief!" he decreed.

In the private office of the Chief we found him seated behind the brass railing, which represents the steps to the dais upon which he is supposed to sit, valorously, but vainly, resisting the attempts of an up-country Deputy Sheriff to get him to accept 50 cents with which to pay for a 20-cent telegram. Consequently, he was in a magnificent frame of mind when our turn came. I had told her to talk to him. "Chief," said my companion, "I would like to talk to my boy. You have him locked up here." "What's his name?" "She told him." "You're his mother, are you?" he asked, astutely. "Yes, sir." "Who's that with you?" looking suspiciously at me. "After an interval of silence, she continued. "There isn't much more to tell. I came out here, and have worked to support and educate my boy. I have done my best for him. I have given him everything that I possibly could. I have kept him in school, have provided good clothes for him, and managed to supply him with a little spending money, so he would not be sneered at by the other boys, you know. But it doesn't seem to have counted. I did so want him to be a good, strong man, and now they tell me he is a thief. It isn't so; I know it isn't; she exclaimed in her distress, but I could see that fear that it was true had gripped her heart. "That sneaking shadow came around here with him and told me they had caught him stealing. It's a lie! They've arrested him just because they couldn't find the real thief; and they've scared him into saying he did it!" "Then he confesses?" I asked. "The shadow says he does," she replied, bitterly. "What did he tell you?" "He told me not to be afraid; that it

did it. Then we'll tell the Chief, and he'll let you go. He seems to be a nice man, and I know he'll believe me." "Tom moved uneasily in his chair, and tried to draw his hand away. He looked at me and decided, evidently, that I did not share his mother's credulity. "They told me they've pinched me, and that shows they've got their minds made up." "But, Tom, dear, it's worth trying, anyhow." "No, it ain't, I tell you," he replied in a rough, curt tone, which I took to be the one that he usually employed when talking with her. "They told me this afternoon, you know, that you had confessed," she said, with an infection that implied a question. "Aw, that's the way them—shadows always do." She showed no surprise at his language. Evidently she was used to it. He saw my anger, however, and flushed slightly. He gave me a look of resentment, from which I inferred that my presence was far from pleasing to him. "Did you tell them that you did it, Tom?" she asked, beseeching with every fiber of her being a negative answer. "Of course, I didn't, ma," he answered, with a nervous laugh. She looked him in the face, and he shifted his gaze up to the barred window. I think that right then her fear of his guilt became suspicion. It came over me that perhaps she had lived over with the son a scene she was enacting with the father, and that every circumstance of it was like tearing open a healing wound. She looked at me piteously, and I tried to go to her rescue. "Look here, Tom," I said; "your mother wants to get you out of this scrape. I do, too. Now, be honest with us. Tell us all about it." "I ain't got anything to tell you," he replied. "If you want to help me out of this, you go and get— (Here he mentioned a certain Police Court lawyer, and sent him down here. That's all you can do.) He rose and walked impatiently about the room. I saw that we could get nothing more out of him, and prepared to go. I stepped outside, to give the mother a chance for a word with him alone, but purposely left my umbrella in the room. When she came out, I started away with her, but went back to get the umbrella. They had not yet taken him back to the cage, and he seemed to expect me. "You—d fool!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "Don't you see they've sweated it out of me? I'm stuck, but I don't want her to know." "But they'll send you up, and then she'll know." "No, she won't. She'll think they've lied about me. And, you bet, I won't be like the old man, and write her that I did do it."

"You know that?" I muttered in surprise. "Sure. Women don't get wise enough to burn letters. No; that was pretty tough on the old woman. I couldn't do that." I marveled at his exceeding kindness to his mother, and left him. Her steps faltered as we walked away, and I had to steady her several times. She did not speak a word, and I knew that the gloom of the shadow's shadow had settled upon her heart, never to rise. An Old Story Revived. Congressional Record, Nov. 18. Mr. Gillett, of Massachusetts, Mr. Chairman, I understand that a great majority of both parties favor this bill and I have no doubt that it will pass by practically a unanimous vote, and one of the earliest lessons I learned at the law was not to

"All right, Jack?" Williams asked, and the fireman looked out on the other side. "Right," he said. "They've given us the highball."

I made out a light swinging down the track, but the highball— "That's the high sign," explained the fireman. "All right, O. K., go ahead."

Suddenly I made out another train. It was right on our track, and we were hurtling into it at 60 miles an hour! I didn't have time to feel sorry I wasn't back on the little farm before we were upon the motionless train in front. The glare of two opposing headlights showed the other train to be on a siding, and the thread-like rails glistened in the glare. While I was considering the utter impossibility of a knife-edge of steel directing a whirling monster like 804, the knife-edge had caught the flanges and the other train was puffing as she gathered way behind us.

We began to slow up soon after this. "Trouble with the back end of the right main rod," said the fireman, as he picked up a big piece of soap and skipped down as we came to a stop. Soap! What the dickens is soap for? I wondered, and felt like asking, as an English tourist might: "Are you going to wash the blasted thing?" But the soap was only a lubricant, and the amount of it that was chewed up by 804 on her run was a wonder. Williams and the fireman were down on the ground with flaring lights, dousing the hot pin with cold water and feeding soap to steel jaws. Presently they clambered on board and we were off once more. "Old man's disappointed," said the fireman, as he swung shut the furnace door. "Wanted to show you a good run."

"Lord!" said I, "he didn't want to go any faster, did he?" "Faster! We weren't doing much better than a mile a minute. He's done eight miles in four and a half minutes on this road. Track's good, and he'll go just as fast as they'll let him. He's been smashed up a score of times, but his nerve's as good as the best. Not more than a few months ago a kid monkey with a switch near Pocastello, and there was a bad smash-up. Evan was thrown out of the cab window, and landed on top of a box-car on another track."

And this is the man who runs eight miles in four and one-half minutes, and says with his nearest approach to pride: "Running an engine twenty-six years and my first wheel to come off the track yet—through carelessness."

Again we had to slow up to soothe 804's red-hot rheumatism with cold water and soap.

"They fool the engineers now," said the fireman when we started again. "It was different when men had the same engine. Now an engineer isn't so careful in reporting small defects when he comes in from a run, as he knows he won't be taking out that engine right away."


"But these engines do about 320 miles a day, and that's going some. It would have seemed impossible not so long ago."

On reaching Shoshone there was a line down grade of 50 miles, and along this we rushed at a terrific pace, handicapped, unfortunately, by having to make frequent stops for treatment of 804's inflammation. At last we reached Glenn's Ferry, where Williams ended his run.

I got down from the engine and went back to the car. Aleck Le Rose, a grizzled old Frenchman, took us into Huntington. How he goes will be understood from the fact that from Weler to Huntington, 23 miles, around a track so curving that you can hardly tell whether the engine is chasing the last car or the last car the engine, was covered in 23 minutes, stop to stop.

A ride in the cab of an engine gives one a respect for railroad men that nothing else can. From the men who make the roadbed to the men who run over it, from the superintendent, who knows his division like a book, to the engineer, who knows his engine like a brother, they are all men of action in a world of action. WEXFORD JONES.

WHY DO YOU SUFFER WHEN The Great Chinese Doctor C. GEE WO



can cure you of any ailment by his powerful and harmless Chinese herbs and roots, which are unknown to medical science of this country. His wonderful cures throughout the U. S. alone total over 100,000. Thousands of people are thankful to him for saving their lives from

OPERATIONS

Then why let yourself suffer? This farous doctor knows the action of over 100 different remedies that he has successfully used in different diseases.

The following Testimonials from well-known people tell of the wonderful curative powers of nature's own herbs and roots:

Thomas Walsh, Tenth and Everett street, city, cured of stomach trouble two years standing.

Miss Helene Emberg, 506 Vancouver avenue, city, suffered many years with dyspepsia of the stomach and lung trouble, and was said by doctors to have incurable consumption. I am thankful to say, after five months' treatment of Dr. C. Gee Wo's remedies, I have fully regained my health and strength. I recommend all that are sick to go and see him.

Saved from operation: Mrs. Theresa George, 78 Fourth street, city—I had suffered from inflammation of the womb and ovaries and female weakness, and tried many doctors, but all said I would die if I did not have an operation. I tried Dr. C. Gee Wo's remedies as my last resource, and am thankful to say that after four months' treatment I was entirely cured.

He guarantees to cure Catarrh, Asthma, Liver, Kidney, Lung Trouble, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Stomach, Female Trouble and all Private Diseases. Hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. If you are sick with any of the above ailments, then call and see him. Consultation free. Patients out of the city write for blank and circulars. Inclose stamp. Address: The C. Gee Wo Medicine Co., 253 Alder St., corner of Third, Portland, Or.