A TRIP OVER THE SISKIYOUS THE DIVISION BOSS

THAT THE SUPERINTENDENT SEES AND DOES, TOGETHER WITH BRIGHT SIDELIGHTS ON A FORCEFUL PERSONALITY.

as your train alld smoothly down untain grade, a yellow flame the ill up the bank for a few yards around mayhap-from the platform-have a red flame sputtering in front of the engine and have wondered why the train had stopped; or, from the rear platform of an observation car, you have watched the semaphore lights blinking and have found satisfaction in noting the swift change from red to green. If you know anything about raffroading you ar sharing, in your degree, a pleasure with

"Just to sit here and watch the lights Shasta division of the Southern Pacific one morning last week. "If I live an other hundred years, that will still be my ideal of an unmitigated happiness." He settled his huge bulk in a stout, un cushioned arm chair, braced his against either side of one of the rear vindows of his car, and, tilted on two legs of the chair, swayed with every Sump and roll of the cur.

For it was not the luxurious private car of a railroad magnate in which the divis-It was a private car, but one which blushed at the designation carned since its change from a work car to the traveling abode of the superintendent. The superintendent's name is Whalen, and he is out of his environment Whalen came out to the Pacific Coast two months ago, to take the place of Thomas Abern, transferred to the Cons division, as superintendent of the Shasta division. For the eight years before his coming he had been superintendent of a prairie division of the Chicago & North-Vestern, crossing lows.

Where Cars Reeled Like Drunkards.

"Yes, this is different," said Whalen, ering intently through the window a the blackness without. It was not yet clock in the morning. The chill of dawn penetrated the ex-work car. The guest took on faith the statements as to the nature of the country over which the car was drunkenly reeling, and pondered on the nature of the man as Whalen continued:

On this division, from Red Bluff, in California, to Ashland, in Oregon, there are is bridges across the Sacraments There are 51 miles of curve, and most of these grades are 514 degrees. Back where I come from a 7-8 grade is the maximum, and the cury are few. But I love the change, and I hope you don't find this car too uncom fortable. I came out here to run a rail road division; not to travel in a private

The car lamps had been extinguished as the train fulled out from Dunemula for the run north, and the figure of the Division superintendent loomed vastly and dimly before the pondering guest.

Division superintendents are evolved from all sorts of material. They emerge usually from one of the operating departments, and their experience may first been gained as engineer or con Whalen started as a boilermaker and machinist, in which trades he passed his examinations in his early 20s. Then he played baseball for a space. two seasons he was a National League He pitched for Detroit. Then was back in the railroad service. (Further. Whalen is now 46 years old, stands 6 feet, 5 inches, and weights 300 pounds. He does not look fat, but pretty substantial.) From bollermaker he became lotive fireman, then locomotive engineer. His next step was to the position of traveling locomotive engineer, and after that he was roundhouse foreman. master mechanic, trainmaster, road foreman of engines, air brake instructor, and, eight years ago was made superintendent of the Iowa division of the Chicago & North-Western. He still loves baseball, is a friend of Chautauqua circlos and a close student of politics.

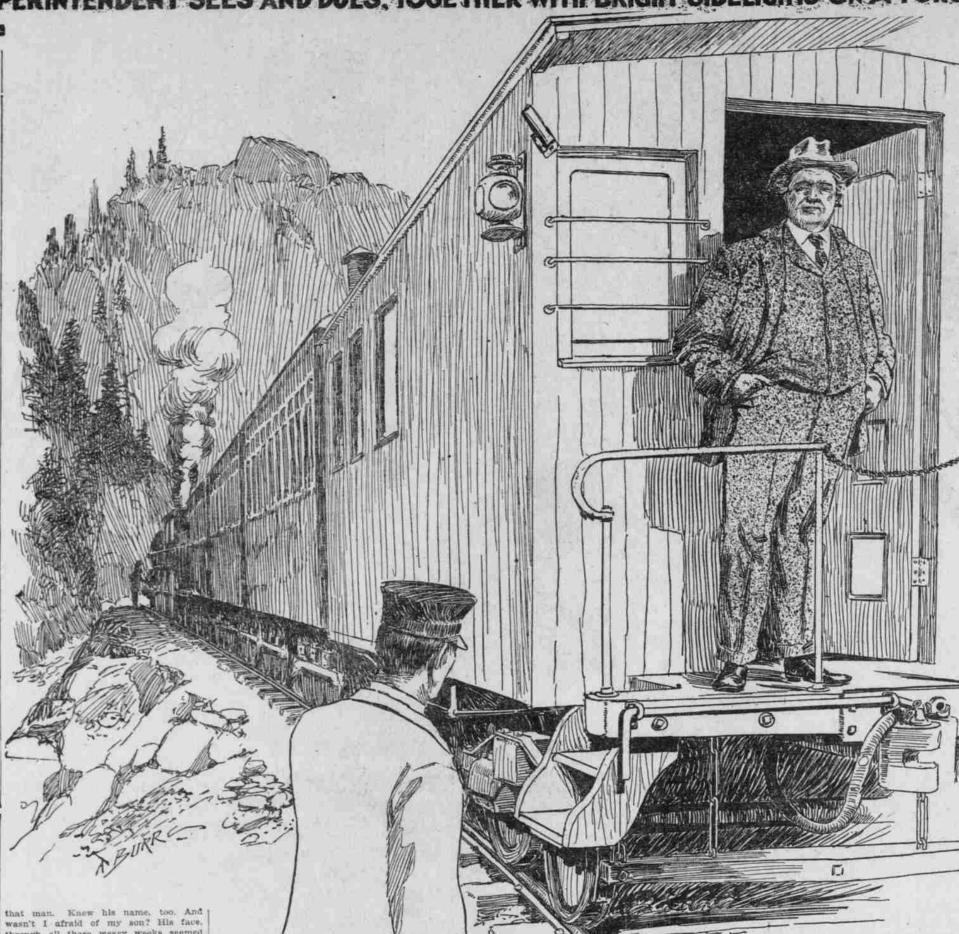
When He Was Stabbed by a Loco-

"I don't know if my nearly losing my life last year affected a measure before a close call, for the measure and for Whaten's reminiscences told in the gloom er ungodly ratiroad affaire that it is side of an interesting character.) "In Degislature to explain things about a another official were also present, but things so shaped themselves as to make it necessary for me to talk. I talked for measure. Then I returned to my division headquarters at Boone. The next day, as I was standing on the track in the yard, an engine came up behind me and

A Big Boy Interfered.

'My son-he's 22, in his inst year at There was moisture on the eyeglasses. My son countermanded the order for the undertaker as too premature, followed sourcely beating now and you mustn't my boy-the surgeons sewed up a few son for the first time. He had been the ern heard of it the next day and asked only man that could handle me in those me how my nerves felt.

mouths. My mind was a baby's mind. I



he taught school for three years. He through all those weary weeks seemed was not 30 years old, however, before he familiar but I couldn't place it, and when I would raise up in bed and storm for the man that hit me with the hatchet, and my son would say 'Lie down there or I'll put you down,' I did lie down and the sweat rolled off me. I intended to lick him every day, but I was afraid I was not yet strong enough. "Well, the day before the locomotive

changed things for me I had been up before the Iowa Legislature. The day after that appearance, the Legislature passed resolutions of sympathy for my family in its supposed loss and the rate bill was defeated by a vote of 58 to 3. Was it my talk or the accident? The bill seemed certain of passage only 24 hours before that locomotive pitched me into the water.

Nearer Death, Yet Not Injured.

"I have been nearer death, though, without suffering an injury. It was back the lowa Legislature, or not; but it was in '94. When the great railroad strike ose call, for the measure and for was on I was roundhouse foreman in said Whalen. (It is not day, yet. Chicago for the Chicago & North-Western. The troops had not come. The of the work car were of politics and oth- railroads and the municipal and state authorities seemed powerless. well to know when traveling with a di- ting in the roundhouse at Forty-eighth vision superintendent, and they show a street when the telephone rang and the voice at the other end was from the February of 1907 I was up before the down town office, five miles away. It said, in effect: 'The police have ordered rate measure that looked as if it would us to run our stock cars out into the surely pass. Our company's attorney and country. Get them out if you can.' (The stock was dying and rotting in the cars for many days, then.) 'Get help-if you can.' There was more of the telephone 4 hours and 15 minutes against that talk. I got help-one man. He was the only raffroad man besides myself in that roundhouse. The rest of them were 'out.' mob of a thousand men, and I climbed stabled me in the back. If I were not so up into an engine and talked. Without lengthy, it would have caught me in the telling you all I said that morning, let ribs and driven some of them into my me assure you that I realised that my life hung on a hair trigger. I told the was pitched from the track into a pool boys that we had elected to take opposite water. They sent for the Coroner, and sides; they to go 'out' and I to remain 15 minutes after the engine stabbed me with the company; but that that should no one had though of a doctor or of pick-not interfere with our personal feelings ordered the removal of the postilence breeding stock cars; that I was fully aware that I could do nothing without Ames College and pretty near as big their permission. A man-I never was as his father—arrived then. He lifted able to find out his name—shouted 'Throw my head out of the water, found my eye- a brick at him.' I demanded his name glasses and placed them before my lips. and warned him that there were too many friends of mine in that crowd for a brick-thrower's life to be safe, and asked for help from the strikers in me to the hospital, forbade the surgeons coupling the cars to my engine. Two using an anaesthetic—'His heart is strikers responded and a number of others cleared a passage for the train put it entirely out of commission, says through the crowd. That's a story, along with a few others, that never appeared in uts and operated upon a fractured skult, the papers at the time, but the vicepresident of the Chicago & North-West-

"There she goes to the green!" exconvinced that a man had hit me "There she goes to the green! ex- train was yet within the next block, and, a hatchet and I wanted to reach claimed the division superintendent, soft- under the circumstances, the second sec-

ly, as the slowly descending semaphore arm that had been protecting the front of the train showed that the block just passed was clear for the passage of a train coming the other way, and the semaphore's light changed from red to green 'It makes a man feel good, I tell you, to see the signals operating smoothly; to

The sun was not yet up, but there was light, and mountains and canyons and, when a sharp curve showed the front of the train through the side windows, the two giants, stertorously breathing engines, showed clear and distinct.

"There's a yellow fusee in the bank," said the superintendent. "You know what that means? 'Proceed cautiously. The first section of this train is not far ahead, and the brakeman has thrown the fusee. It will burn five minutes after toward each other; that the police had throwing. Now, if that were a red fusee speared in the bank, our engineer would have stopped the train and sent a flagman ahead to find out what was the matter. Now what's the troube?

Guarding the Train.

The superintendent leaned far out from the window to look ahead, as the train slowly came to a stop. A mountain side on the right, a precipice on the left, glooming and lowering on the presumptuous steel monsters that puffed and panted in resentment at their stopping. The arm of the semaphore on the right of the engines stood at the horizontal. That meant that the next block of 2000 feet was not clear. The flagman went forward, was gone five minutes and then, upon the enginear's five whistles of recall, came back at a dog trot. The first section of the train was yet within the next block, and,

tion could only proceed under protection; The present contractor is running dirt of a flagman. A train proceeding under and rocks on a spur track from the north protection of a flagman runs at a speed end of the treatle. Nearly a million cubic of less than six miles an hour, a quarter of a mile behind that functionary. a flagman is sent to the rear of the train -which is the explanation of most of the delays between stations over which the average passenger idly and sleepily pon ders-he goes back a quarter of a mile and places one fusee, yellow or red, ac the following train proceed cautiously under control or to come to a stop. times he goes another quarter of a mile and places two more fusees; sometimes still another quarter of a mile and places still two more fusees. But that is only it case of an accident to his train, of which it is desired to convey the fullest warning to following trains.

Changing a Bad Alignment. The division superintendent's guest saw

some disciplining of a train crew before the day was quite over, but first he went to Ashland and almost back to Dunsmuir. It's a crooked road. An elongated letter "S" is formed many times by the railroad in crossing the Siskiyou Mountains, and at several places the rail road track may be seen at three different altitudes. A few miles south of the Oregon state line an engineering problem that broke one contractor and is making a second contractor sweat blood is being solved. The Bailey trestle, 1500 feet long, wishes it to carry the trains 20 feet nearer the mountain side. The first contractor endeavored to scoop the mountain
side down into the space that must be
bridged. He went broke. The mountain
side looks as if it had not been touched.

It you are ordered back, certainly,
curtly responded Whalen.

The flagman took a few hesitating
that the nest was located seven
years after the first photograph had been
taken, after a two days' search. For all
that the nest and the environment
showed no human being had been there
since the Chicago man left, and the nest
wentured again, and the other man on
the platform, in his ignorance, thought
the platform, in his ignorance, thought

end of the treatle. Nearly a million cubic yards of dirt and rocks will be thrown into the cavernous maw of the Bailey trestle. Further south, between Montague and Weed in California, Black Butte, a steep mountain approaching 10. 000 feet altitude, is being quarried for railroad ballast. No shoveling is done. The mountain is simply torn down and run by a chute into the cars below. Ballasting from Black Butte costs the railroad only 22 cents a cubic yard, laid on the road. Other ballasting costs nearly 70 cents.

There was a fog on the California side of the Siskiyou Mountains. Descending to Ashland the fog was left behind, and at 11 o'clock, when the start was made for the south again, there was no hint

of mist even in the mountains. At 6 o'clock in the evening the second section of the train, to which was still attached the division superintendent's car, was approaching Shasta Springs above Dunsmuir. The train came to a stop and the engineer blew the whistle ordering a flagman to proceed a quarter of a mile to the rear of the train. The flagman, a boy of not much more than 20 years, stood irresolutely at the end of the train before he spoke to the division superintendent, who stood on the platrm eyeing him.

"Am I to go back, sir?" he finally

"If you are ordered back, certainly,"

out turning his head to the flagman "The engineer'll not call me back," insisted the flagman, but taking a few more steps, nevertheless, from the train "There, I told you so." The train had started, and the flagman ran after it. He stumbled as he catight at the raff and Whalen reached out a mighty arm and scooped him in. By this time the other man on the platform had vaguely surmised that something was happening that was not unexpected by the division superintendent, who listened with unmoved counte nance to the further explanations of the

face turned to stone. It is a fine cleanly cut face surmounted by a shock

are ordered to do." said Whalen, with-

of thick, snow-white hair.)

boy flagman. man back from the second section," ha said, "while the passengers on the first section drink the mineral water at the springs; but he never calls him to the He don't expect the flagtrain agam. man to go. It's the custom." The boy's apologetic voice trailed off into silence under the effect of Whalen's own silence.

Learning the Block System.

In a few minutes the train had reached Shasta Springs, and then could be seen something of train discipline; not a great deal for there were but few words spoken by the division superintendent or by the engineer and train crew whom he called before him. Apparently the englneer was excusing his work and shielding himself under the orders of the trainmaster. It further developed that besides the lack of protection given the rear of the train, the front of the train had not been properly protected by a flagman. It had been the custom, said the engineer. The superintendent derided the custom, and averred that the engineer had no right to take an order from the highest official of the Southern Pacific Company that was in conflict with the trainman's book of rules. And the engineer was ordered to appear the next morning in the office of the division superintendent to explain.

What happened further to the engineer the division superintendent did not disclose the next morning when escorted his guest to the Southern Pacific examination car, that, for the first time tem, examining all train crews as to their knowledge of the book of rules by which all trains in the United States are run. But several things were made clear

What the block system is that protects trains is shown by a working model representing six miles of single track and feet apart. Miniature semaphores raise and lower their arms as miniature trains pass. With an adjustable time table, the examiners put hypothetical questions to the trainmen as to when trains may be started; and with charts, they are examined as to their knowledge of what entitles trains to precedence. All of railroading is brought out in the examination, and even the novice may learn something from the discussions that intersperse the questions. The present tour of the examinat the entire Southern Pacific system, will that annihilation would be the doom of the entire Sout the boy. The division superintendent's last 14 months.

Goes 60,000 Miles After Birds

A FTER eight years of preparation, in ald a variety of things in building her nest, including a buffalo's horn. This, too, in a section where Mr. Chapman times and traveled altogether more than 60,000 miles on land without going out-side of North America, Frank Michler Chapman, ornithologist of the American Museum of Natural History, and a warm personal friend of President Roosevelt, has now the satisfaction of watching his

work blossom into completion. The task set for Mr. Chapman nearly a decade ago was to present in the museum every important bird of the American continent, nearly 1000 in American continent, nearly 1000 in number, surrounded by its natural en-vironment. Some appreciation of what this means in the way of work may be gained from the very fact that though he had been engaged upon it so long, aided by skilled men in their peculiar lines, the results are just beginning to be seen.

be seen.

Mr. Chapman has brought shrubbery, grass and soil from the Everglades of Florida as a setting for the various birds of the heron type which he obtained there. From the Rocky mountain peaks he brought the stones and the settle which an earle had built. sticks with which an eagle had built its nest. And so, wherever he has found the bird he has brought with it for the final picture the nearby shrub, stone or soil, and often all three and more, that the setting might be true

More than that, wherever he has traveled he has had a competent artist at his back to paint in the native background. Mr. Chapman is making what he calls a "habitat group." Not only are the soil, the shrub which grew in it, and the leaves which fell from it, transported from the other side of the continent as the chief set-ting of the picture, but the artist, on the spot when Mr. Chapman shoots a bird, makes a sketch and photograph of the exact surroundings of the bird when it is killed, so that those who behold it mounted see it as nearly like the ornithologist found it in the depths of the forest as it is possible

depths of the forest as it is possible to make it.

Seven years ago a friend of Mr. Chapman showed him a photograph he had made of an eagle's nest high up on a ledge in the Rocky Mountains. It was pleturesque, and Mr. Chapman determined to obtain it if possible. The opportunity never came until a short time ago. The nearest railroad station was scores of miles from the place, and this distance was traveled by Mr. Chapman and his artist in a prairie schooner. When he reached the vicinity of the place they learned that the guide whom they expected to engage was 100 miles away, rounding up cattle. Mr. Chapman's friend had given him a number of photographs of the section, and with the nid of these the nest was located seven years after the first photograph had been

says there has not been a buffalo in

says there has not been a buffalo in 20 years.

Not only can that nest, with the sticks and all the rubbish which the eagle had employed, be seen in the museum, but the ledge on which it was found has been reproduced, and the artist has painted in the background.

Mr. Chapman prides himself on a certain grouping of reed birds. The scene this time is a marsh in Virginia. There are the wild oats, the cut lemon, the tuckahoe and through it all runs a tiny stream of scummy, marsh water, a typi-

stream of scummy, marsh water, a typical marsh drain or sluice.
Two or three days ago several young women were passing, but, attracted to women were passing, but, attracted to the birds in the marsh, stopped in front

the birds in the marsh, stopped in front on the group. "That's pretty good," said one, "but I don't see why the museum authorities allow that dirty water to stand there like that. You can smell it clear through the glass case, and I should think it would be unhealthy." She was speaking of a collected presention was as a water celluloid preparation used as a

celluloid preparation used as a water substitute which has no odor at all. The wild turkey group from the moun-tains of West Virginia is particularly at-tractive. Not only are there fine speci-mens of wild turkeys there, near their nest, but the decaying pine log, the light-

mens of wild turkeys there, near their next, but the decaying pine log, the lightwood knots, the pine tags, the yellow leaves of dogwood, and everything, just as the collector found it, have been transported to the museum. About this the artist has painted as a background the more distant scenery.

Mr. Chapman was cogaged lately in putting together a much twisted and simited tree which he recently brought from the Florida Everglades. He had to cut it into a number of pieces for transportation, numbering each joint so that it could be put together as it grew, and assistants were joining the several sections by means of stout iron bolts. The several species of heron found in the Everglades will be mounted against this background when it is complete.

Mr. Chapman has one of the finest photographic collections of birds in America and has been unusually successful in his comera studies of them. But for the habitat series he had to snoot with the shotgun rather than with the camera, and he has a sone of them.

habitat series he had to shoot with the shotgun rather than with the camera, and he has again shown himself a good marksmen, where often great ingenuity had to be employed to get within killing distance of his quarry.—New York Times.

Lady, when you spear spagheit!
Mingling sweetly skill and grace.
You are not uncliquettey.
Though I cannot see your face.
When asparagus you flotcher.
Scorning spoon and fork and knife,
You are beautiful, you betcher
Sweet young life.

When you take a cob of corn up
And you sweetly musticate
Till the kernels all are torn up.
You are perfect—you are great.
But when steamed claus make your menyon.
Then I guit—I can't be leal.
Sweetheart, then I cannot pen you
How I feel.
—New York Evening Mail.