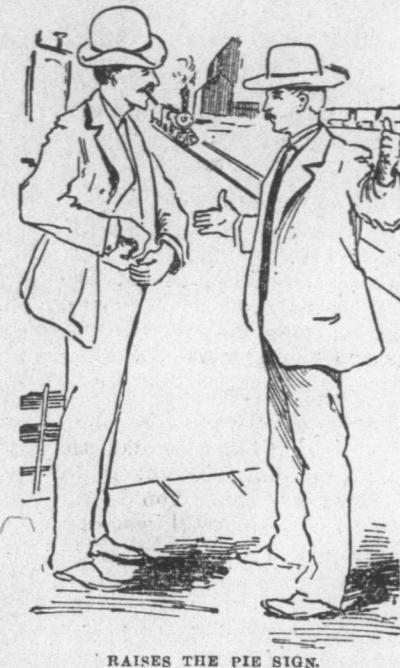


WORK IS HARD TO GET

HOW EMPLOYMENT EVADES ONE WHO SOUGHT IT.

Travelled Fifty Thousand Miles Looking for Labor—From the Mississippi to the Pacific and Then to the Atlantic—In a "Side-door" Pullman.

Tale of a Traveler. It is a wide country, but a man seeking work may apply for it in every town in the United States between Bangor and Benicia and not find it, says a writer in a Chicago



paper. Of course, employment may be found at once, but the chances are the other way. Herewith is given a specimen case. A railroader reached Chicago four days ago without money enough to pay for a meal. The stranger had been working in one of the railroad yards at East St. Louis until the hard times of '93 had thrown him out of work, and since that time had been, to use a phrase common among railroad men, "jumping sideways" all over the country.

He was educated and intelligent, and had kept his eyes open during his trips in search of, as he termed it, "an office." He carried a very creditable letter of recommendation from Chesapeake and Ohio officials for a long term of service on the trains and in the yards of that railroad. In the story he told are many points of interest, chief of which is the fact that since he started on his so-far fruitless search for work he has been in every State and Territory in the United States, has compassed a journey of 50,000 miles by rail on a capital so slender that it would have given a professional tramp the blues. Here is his story in his own words:

"I lost my job in East St. Louis a year ago last June through a little law trouble. I fought the case because it was an endeavor made by a 'shark' lawyer to steal my wages, but in the end I lost both the law case and the job. I succeeded in proving to the superintendent the fact that I was right in fighting the case, and he recalled the order for my discharge, but I found out that my reinstatement meant the laying off of a man who had a family, so I told him to keep the job. I could hustle for one easier than he could for a half-dozen, and I thought if I tried I could find a job somewhere. Now I believe that I overestimated my ability as a hustler, for, while I have had clothes to wear and have stayed off starvation, I am still 'short' on the job."

"I had sunk my small capital in getting my experience of the law as she is writ, and had it not been for a friend I would have left the 'Queen city of Egypt' broke. The friend lent me \$5, however, and I started West."

"I tried Kansas City, but it was full of railroad men waiting for business to pick up, so I kept on west to Denver. There were no signs of any improvement there, but the boys said: 'Keep on west; you'll catch on in the mountains sure.' So I decided to keep on. I went up to Cheyenne and got there at midnight, put up my last half for lodging and breakfast and in the morning hit the superintendent for a job, but was told there were enough idle railroad men in Cheyenne to stock the division if need be. I was just a little blue. It was a toss-up which way to go, so I struck out for the west coast."

Surprise was expressed at his undertaking such a journey under such conditions. The railroader laughed and said: "It is no trouble to do



IN A NEW ENGLAND HAY FIELD
that in the west if you belong to anything. As far as traveling is concerned the local lodges of the railroad organizations all have contracts with the companies that, in addition to fixing the rate of pay, provide for the transportation of brothers who may be traveling looking for work. The west is almost perfectly organized, and a man will hardly get into a town before he is 'flagged' (giving the halting sign) by some of the boys, and they never let him go hungry."

Now the re-sign.
If they are a little slow and the distance between meals gets too long for comfort the stranger can 'hoist the 'pie sign' (distress signal), and if

there is a brother in the crowd it brings him forward.

From Cheyenne I went to Ogden, Utah, where I struck the Central Pacific, and over that straight to the Golden Gate. I found from the trainmen I rode with that there was no show for work on any of the divisions on the way, so I kept right along. Sacramento, Oakland and San Francisco were as bad as any of the places I had been in. The railroad men were hanging together and hoping for better times, but it was trying business, as most of the men at work, and they were few enough, were holding up from one to three idle brothers, hoping that in the near future business might revive and there be work enough for all. I saw plainly there was no use staying in any of these places so I went down to Los Angeles on the Southern Pacific. The conditions there were no better. Railroad business in the West was completely paralyzed. I couldn't go any further west, so I started back east over the Southern Pacific eventually landing in New Orleans after having interviewed every superintendent and trainmaster between the two points on the subject of work.

"I came up over the Louisville & Nashville to Cincinnati, and from there made side trips into Kentucky, West Virginia, and Ohio, to points where I thought there might be work, but it was 'no go,' and I was getting awfully tired traveling in the way I had for the last three months.

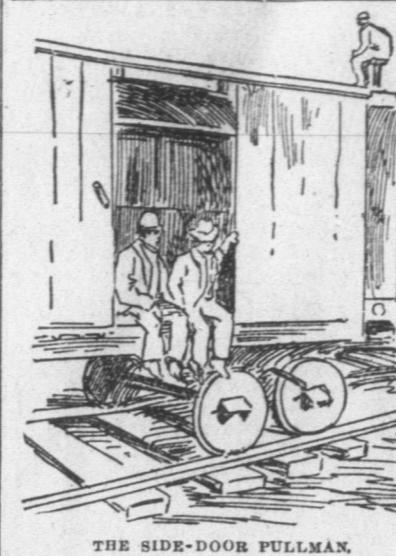
"I started out over the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, intending to go through to Toledo, but at Hamilton, O., I ran across an old friend, and I stopped off to see him. I told him my story, and he laid off a few days to let me make a stake. I worked two weeks, and with the proceeds got me a cheap suit of clothes and a pair of shoes, but I was never again when I started for Toledo.

"There was no chance for work there, so I went to Detroit, from there to Saginaw, and from the latter up through Northern Michigan, across the 'Soo,' and after a trip across Wisconsin arrived in St. Paul. I could find no encouragement either in St. Paul or Minneapolis, and just because I did not know which way to go I started west again over the Northern Pacific.

"I tried Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland, Ore., but the search was in vain. The winter had set in, and the unemployed were almost starving

but it was in a side-door Pullman—a box car.

"We got through to Rotterdam Junction, New York, and from there over the New York Central to Buffalo, where I left them and went through Western Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh, but that city was no



THE SIDE-DOOR PULLMAN.

good, so I came on here over the Panhandle.

"I started a year ago last June, and since then have been in every State and Territory of Uncle Sam's domain. I have ridden over somewhere near 200 railroads, have made applications for work in the offices of over 600 superintendents and trainmasters, and if I could have traveled in one direction all the time I would now have been fairly started on my third lap around the globe. I have tried to keep clean and so far I haven't starved, though I shudder to think of the many meals I have 'run by' and I have not slept in a bed for over two months now; haven't had my clothes off only when I could strike a river where I could take a bath. In my riding part of it has been on passes, part on 'card' or letters, and in a few instances, through the East, a box car."

Curious Census Lessons. Slowly the public is getting some intelligible ideas from the census compilation of four years ago. The clerks have at last figured out that there were then just 7,992,973 "home families" in the United States, which means probably that there were that many groups of persons living together. Of these almost five-eighths

MURDERER CASEY'S DOVE.

A Snow-White Bird That Had an Affection for Bad Men.

"I can recall a strange incident that has never found its way into print," said a member of the New York congressional delegation. "It happened in Long Island, in the Queens County Jail, and, to say the least, is tinged with strangeness. Patrick Casey, a Long Island City policeman, was an inmate of the jail, under the sentence of death for the deliberate murder of Sergt. Cumisky. The present representative in Congress from the First Congressional District, New York, James W. Covert, was Casey's counsel, and succeeded in having the sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. On the day Casey was sentenced to death a pure-white dove flew in the court window and alighted on his shoulder.

"The dove refused to be moved, accompanied Casey back to his cell, and became his constant companion. At the same time Charles Rugg, the notorious negro murderer, was also an inmate of the jail, awaiting trial for the murder of Mrs. Lydia Maybee and her daughter. Just previous to the day set for his trial Rugg escaped from the jail, but two days later was captured and returned to the jail. The day of his capture was the day set for Casey's removal to Sing Sing to serve out his life sentence. As he was being taken from the jail and while in the sheriff's office being prepared for his journey Rugg was led in by his captors. All this time the dove had been perched on Casey's shoulder, but as soon as Rugg was led in the dove flew from Casey's shoulder over to Rugg's, alighting on his shoulder, cooing as if it had found a long-lost friend.

"All efforts on the part of Casey to call it back again were in vain, as Rugg was led back to the cell from which he escaped the dove went with him. It remained with him to the morning of the execution. On that morning, as Rugg marched up to the scaffold, the dove was perched on his shoulder and remained there until the black cap was drawn over his face. As soon as that was done the dove flew out of one of the jail windows, and was never seen around the jail again."

RARE RELIC FOUND.

Pipe of Onyx Once Smoked by a Cave Dweller in Utah.

This pipe was found in San Juan County, Utah, during recent explorations of the caves and cliff houses of Utah and Arizona. It was incased in a neatly tanned beaver skin, which served as a pouch. This also contained some of the original smoking material, which consists of the inner bark of the red willow and leaves of the kinnikinnick plant, both of which grow in great abundance in the canyons of southern Utah. The bowl is egg-shaped, being 1 1/2 inches in diameter and 2 1/2 inches long, is composed of Mexican onyx, and highly polished. The cavity of the bowl is lined with a black mineral cement and contains the ashes of the last puff the smoker enjoyed. The stem is 3/8 of an inch in diameter and 1 1/2 inches in length, and is composed of jet highly polished and cemented to the bowl with pinon gum.

The pipe was excavated from a depth of four feet beside the head of a remarkably well-preserved male mummy. The pipe was undoubtedly his property during life. How it was used is a mystery, as the lips of the smoker and the hot ashes in the bowl would come into close contact, and his mouth would seemingly be burned. It is evident that the pipe had to be held in an upright position while being used. The Navajo Indians, who once occupied the country where this pipe was found, are unable to give any information concerning it, and know nothing of its

matter with her and the sickening conviction that her garter has slipped her. Then she remembers and her horror passes, but the discomfort remains.

Of course, socks are chilly. Of course, they make the wearer keenly uncomfortable. She dreads a windy day as she would a deluge. A step to a carriage or from a train assumes a proportion which horrifies her. But she has the gratifying consciousness that she is wearing what fashion demands, and that is sufficient to sustain most women in almost any emergency.

Startling Visitor. A case of ball lightning has been observed in the Oderberg postoffice, Prussia. During a violent thunderstorm a telegraph post about 1,600 yards from the office was struck by lightning, and at this moment three clerks round a table in the office saw a few inches above the table, a ball of fire as large as a man's fist, of blinding brilliance, which immediately exploded with a loud crack, but did no damage. One observer said that the ball descended from the ceiling and rebounded from the table.

The value of the timber annually destroyed by fire on this continent is estimated at from \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000. In the alchemy of nature nothing can be lost, and, in distant epochs or cons, this may be recovered; but practically it wipes out that amount of wealth from the world with no compensation. Cut down and worked into the thousand utilities for man's comfort and convenience, or to keep him warm, cook his food and run his machinery, its original value, by means of his skill, is returned to him fourfold; but to be burned up in the heat of summer, with nothing to show but a heap of ashes, and to carry with it houses, farms, implements, crops and even the very soil, which it renders unproductive, is, humanly speaking, an absolute loss. Were it not destroyed it would shelter, or warm thousands of human beings and administer in scores of ways to their varied wants. In consequence of this destruction, sooner or later they must give more of their labor to securing the shelter, warmth, fuel and the like which these abolished forests would have furnished them.

Apart, therefore, from the indirect loss caused by alternate flood and drought, which the loss of timber aggravates, there is a direct and remorseless wiping out of so much natural wealth in a highly available form.

We shall never, in all likelihood, grow to share the French taste for edible snail, though the big escargot is common enough in many parts of England, where tradition says they were introduced by the Romans, and still live on round the sites of their villas.

The escargot is really at its best when taken in the vineyards at the end of March and the beginning of April. They live on the shoots of the vines, and during the winter bury themselves in the ground, during which time, like the souls hung up to air in hades, they are purged of

skillful jewelers.

The jewelry found recently in an excavation near one of the pyramids of old Memphis, Egypt, exhibits about as much skill in working gold and precious stones as now exists, although the articles found were made 4,500 years ago.

The night I started from Boston there were two 'Brotherhood' engineers and an O. R. C. man (Order Railway Constructors), who had been trying all day to get out over the Fitchburg railway. We all wanted to come West, and we finally got out,

all gross humors before they return to enjoy themselves in the Elysian fields in spring.

Cooking the snails is not an easy matter. They are drawn from the shell, which is then carefully scrubbed and washed. Their heads are cut off, and they are well soaked in salt and water, then returned to the shell, which is stopped with parsley batter and laid to simmer in a hot dish over the fire. An enthusiast sent the writer some dozens taken at the right season, from his vineyard in Burgundy, with a few bottles of red and white wine (Corton) made from the juice of the grapes from the vines on which they had fed, in order, as he said, that the snails when eaten might find themselves en pays de connaissance.

The combination was excellent, and, though there may be two opinions about the flavor of the escargot, there is no doubt that both in taste and substance it is an edible unlike any other known. The Wiltshire people, especially the population of Swindon, eat the large garden snails as a common dainty.—The Spectator.

NOW SHE WEARS SOCKS.

The Latest Fad in France—Long Stockings Given Away.

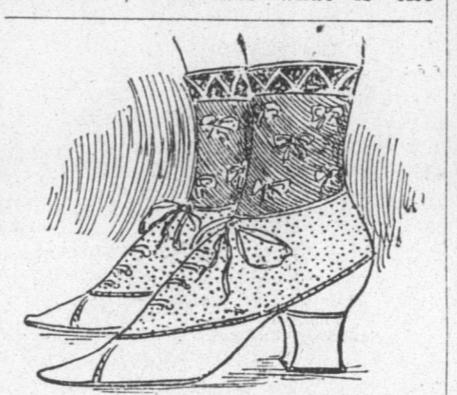
The latest danger which woman's feet threatens her is the sock. In Paris, according to a high fashioned authority who has recently



SOCKS FOR LITTLE ONES.

returned from there, the long stockings of women are the latest fad in France. Boys and girls in short trousers and skirts display a waste of pink flesh between the top of the sock and the bottom of their garments. There is, of course, not this same display in the case of the grown-up wearers of the sock, but there are sufficient other disadvantages to make up for this.

The agonies of the woman who is wearing these things for the first time are untold. If, in a moment of absorption in other things she forgets the fact that she has discarded stockings, she is promptly recalled to a sense of her loss by the keen discomfort of her feelings. She cannot, for an instant, remember what is the



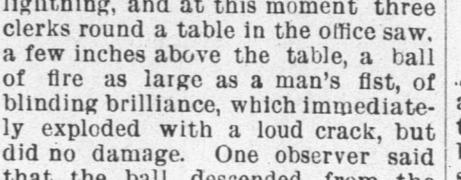
THE PROPER THING.

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forward, perpendicularly in front of the body, the ball rolling off the end of the fingers as the hand is twisted suddenly downward.

Very few but professional players every master the drop curve. Almost all amateurs throw instead the "out-drop," which, as its name indicates, is a curve half way between the out and the drop. This is not at all difficult to pitch. The ball is grasped



POSITION FOR OUT-CURVE

as for the out-curve, but in throwing the hand passes diagonally across the body from a little above the right shoulder to about the height of the belt on the left side. The ball is released when directly in front of the ceiling and rebounded from the table.

The sins of the father, etc.: Tommy (studying his lesson)—"I say, pa, where does the Merrimac rise, and into what sea does it empty?" Pa—"I don't know, my son." Tommy—"You don't know? And to-morrow the teacher will lick me on account of your ignorance."—Harper's Bazaar.

Mr. MECKER—It grieves me sorely, my son, to learn that you tell untruths. Take Washington, for example. He never found it necessary to lie. Junior Meeker—I know it, father, but in his day there wasn't anything to lie about. He never tried to trade an air-gun for a bicycle.—Boston Courier.

Made it manifest: "Yes," said the eminent clergyman. "I nearly left the pulpit once to embark in a mercantile business, but the Lord wished me to continue his work." "How did you know He did?" "My congregation offered me \$8,000 a year—and that was \$2,000 more than I was offered in business."—Brooklyn Life.

In all policies of life insurance these, among a host of other questions, occur: "Age of father, if living? Age of mother, if living?" A man in the country filled up his father's age, "if living," 112 years, and his mother's 102. The agent was amazed at this, and fancied he had secured an excellent customer, but feeling somewhat dubious, he remarked that the applicant came of a very long-lived family. "Oh, you see, sir," replied he, "my parents died many years ago, but 'if living' would age as there put down."—Tid-Bits.

Aquatic Spiders.

The "raft spider," found in Terra del Fuego, is a most extraordinary insect. It derives its name from the fact that it constructs a raft of matted leaves and pieces of wood, which it uses to prey on the water.

Raft spiders travel in fours. They make their oars out of twigs and generally row a thirty-two stroke, although they have been known to thirty-six.

The Bee Bee.

The bee works harder than most people would believe. There are about sixty flower tubes in every head of clover, and only a tiny morsel of honey in each. In order to get enough sugar for a load, the bee must visit about 6,000 different flowers, and each bee must make, on an average, twenty trips a day.

Harriet Beecher Stowe should

not be held personally responsible for the numerous "Uncle Tom" compa-

nies now devastating the country.

Prof. Tyndall is said to have been

the first man to ever attempt to pro-

duce an artificial rainbow—this in

1883.

He Made a Rainbow.

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