

RIDES ON A PASS

THIS DOG A PET OF TRAINMEN AND TRAVELERS.

For Years He Has Been Traveling to and Fro on a Pass Issued by the President.

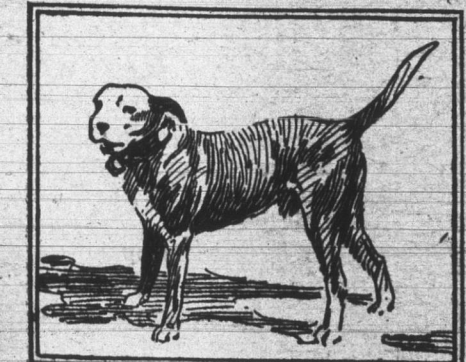


There is a dog on Long Island that nobody owns and that does not want any one to own him. At the same time he probably has more friends than any other dog in the United States, and he is believed to be the only dog in the world that owns a railroad pass, says the New York Sun. His name is Roxie, and upon his collar is a brass plate with an inscription which sets forth that he is an employee of the Long Island railroad and which commands all conductors to "pass Roxie between stations."

It is said that this pass was issued to Roxie by order of the president of the road because a brakeman had tried three times to kick Roxie off the president's private car. When the president and his party inquired into the cause of the trouble between the dog and the brakeman they soon learned the dog's history, and not only was the dog made welcome to a seat in the private car at once but the pass was issued to prevent any further interference with Roxie's peregrinations.

Roxie's occupation in life is railroad traveling. How he came to take his first ride and whom he belonged to before that time are both disputed points. Roxie himself is silent on the subject, although he can express his opinion of men and things very clearly and can make his wants known.

Curiously enough Roxie will never make a return journey with the same train crew. After he has spent a day



Roxie.

or so with one of his acquaintances along the road, perhaps a station master or a signal tower operator or a switchman or the postmaster or the hotel keeper, he will suddenly take a notion to go down to the station and meet a certain train.

As soon as his train comes along Roxie jumps on board and appropriates any vacant seat he can find. If he cannot find a vacant seat he will curl himself up on the floor and dose quietly until he arrives at his destination. The moment his station is called he will jump up and get to the front platform ready to make off.

After a visit of what he considers the proper length he quietly boards another train and proceeds to some other station. It is considered lucky to have a visit from Roxie. Sometimes he goes back in the direction from which he came; sometimes he goes further along the road. He has been at every stop on the road from Montauk Point to Flatbush avenue hundreds of times during the last ten years, but he has never been known to go the entire length of the road in one journey.

As a passenger Roxie's tastes are very democratic. He does not seem to care much whether he rides in the cab with the engineer, in the baggage car, in the smoker or in the day coaches, but he seems to have some doubt about the validity of his pass for the parlor cars and seldom ventures into them, although he will enter the president's private car with the utmost assurance that he will be welcome wherever an officer of the road is to be found.

In the Cab for Fifty Years.

Michael Kirby, engineer, for fifty-eight years in the employ of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, has voluntarily left his locomotive cab and gone on to the retired list. Mr. Kirby claims to be the only person living who struck one of the blows which drove the gold spike in the cross-tie at Rosey's Rock, West Virginia, on Christmas eve, 1853, marking the completion of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad to the Ohio river at Wheeling and the establishment of the first trunk line on the American continent.

Thrilling Rescue of Child.

There was a thrilling rescue recently on the line at Cambers, Northumberland, England. A child wandered on the North-Eastern railway and walked on to the permanent way. The engine driver tried to stop the train in vain. The fireman, Coombes, rushed along the footplate, climbed on a buffer of the engine, and swiftly hooked up the child with his legs, and then climbed back along the footplate to safety.

THEY LAUGHED AT HARRIMAN

Railroad Men, However, Later on Gladly Adopted Far-Sighted Policy of Transportation King.

When E. H. Harriman obtained control of the Union Pacific railroad his first move made him the laughing stock of nearly the entire railroad world. Later other railroad magnates ceased to laugh. They recognized Harriman's genius and began to do exactly what he was doing. Today his far-sighted policy of better railroad construction is being universally adopted.

Harriman's first move was to spend millions of dollars improving the roadbed. Steep grades were eliminated and sharp curves straightened. Permanent and substantial bridges and culverts were built in place of the old wooden ones. Heavy rails were substituted for lighter ones and were ballasted with rocks.

The methods of roadbed construction employed today differ as radically from those employed in the early days of railroading as the huge locomotive with which we are familiar differs from the antiquated type of engine behind which our grandfathers rode. The freight trains of today, weighing from 1,500 to 3,000 tons, have been made possible by a more substantial track. New York to St. Louis in 24 hours would be a myth were it not for a roadbed capable of withstanding this rate of speed.

The first railroad track was nothing more than parallel wooden rails laid along the highway. The first step in advance was the adoption of iron rails spiked to wooden cross ties. These in turn were supplanted by steel rails in 1867, when the adoption of the Bessemer process decreased their cost and facilitated their manufacture.

The steel rails used at that time weighed 50 pounds per yard, but as the weight of locomotives and cars has increased heavier rails have been found necessary, and today the average weight is 90 pounds per yard, the weight varying according to the volume of traffic and the physical conditions of the country through which the road runs.

OUR GREAT RAILWAY VALUES

Total Estimate of Their Property Last Year Placed at Over Seventeen Billion Dollars.

Figures prepared by the Interstate commerce commission for the fiscal year ending June 30 give the total single track railway mileage in the United States as 236,868 miles, an increase over the previous year of 3,125 miles. The total number of employees on the payrolls of the steam railroads of the country was 1,502,823, an increase of 66,548 over the previous year.

The par value of railway property was \$17,487,868,935. Of this amount \$13,711,867,733 was outstanding in the hands of the public, representing a capitalization of \$59,259 a mile of line. Of the total capital outstanding there existed as stock, \$7,684,273,545, of which \$6,218,382,485 was common and \$1,467,891,060 was preferred; the remaining part, \$9,801,590,390, represented funded debt.

The number of passengers carried during the year ended June 30, 1909, was 891,472,425. The corresponding number for the year ended June 30, 1908, was 890,009,574. The number of tons of freight was 1,556,559,741, while the corresponding figure for the previous year was 1,532,891,790, the increase being 23,777,951 tons.

The operating revenues of the railways in the United States were \$2,418,077,588; their operating expenses were \$1,599,443,410. The corresponding returns for 1908 were: Operating revenues, \$2,393,805,939; and operating expenses, \$1,669,547,376. Operating expenses averaged \$6.865 a mile of line.

Development of Signals.

The development in railroad signaling in the last few years has been tremendous, chiefly along electrical lines, and the plant installed for the use of the Pennsylvania tunnel and terminal is the largest single installation of its kind ever made in this country. Millions of feet of wire and conduit have been made use of in this instance. Complete signaling and interlocking of a double four-track road require a large amount of electrical apparatus, and the introduction of electrical propulsion complicates the situation.

Railroad Construction Figures.

The amount of railroad built in the United States during 1909 was 3,374 miles. Of this, Texas claims 666 miles; Nevada, 303 miles; California, 247, and Washington, 162. But ten of the other states were provided with as much as 100 miles of new road. Canada built 1,487 miles of railroad, Mexico 281 miles, and Panama nine miles. The fact that 48 miles of railroad was built in Alaska is notable.

New Line into Mexico.

The Southern Pacific railway, building along the Mexican west coast, is expected to reach Guadalupe in about eighteen months. It has reached the Santiago river, and the line from Acaponeta, to the river is being opened to traffic.

Audible Fog Signal.

An audible fog signal for railroads, the invention of a retired Dutch naval officer, explodes a cartridge behind a megaphone automatically whenever a train enters a block in which there is another train.



Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 194 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

It was predicted not so very long ago that the popularity of the bungalow would be short-lived, that it was a fad that would soon die out, but such has not been the case. More bungalows have been built this year than ever before, and it is probable that next year there will be an increase over the number of this year. It is not difficult to find the cause for the popularity of the small house. The bungalow appeals to that instinct in us that yearns for cosiness. That is about all there is to it. Palaces and mansions attract and they are grand. But the human heart warms to the cottage. It is not going without the bounds of truth to say that there is probably more real happiness in one bungalow or in one cottage than in a dozen palaces where you have to put on your dress suit every night before you come down to dinner.

You take human nature the world over and it is about the same whether it is clothed in full dress or blue jeans. It is safe to say that the Fifth avenue millionaire in New York often dreams of living in a cottage bereft of care and the responsibility of keeping a corps of servants from ruining him. The man who comes to his bungalow at night is met at his door by his wife and children, he kisses them, takes

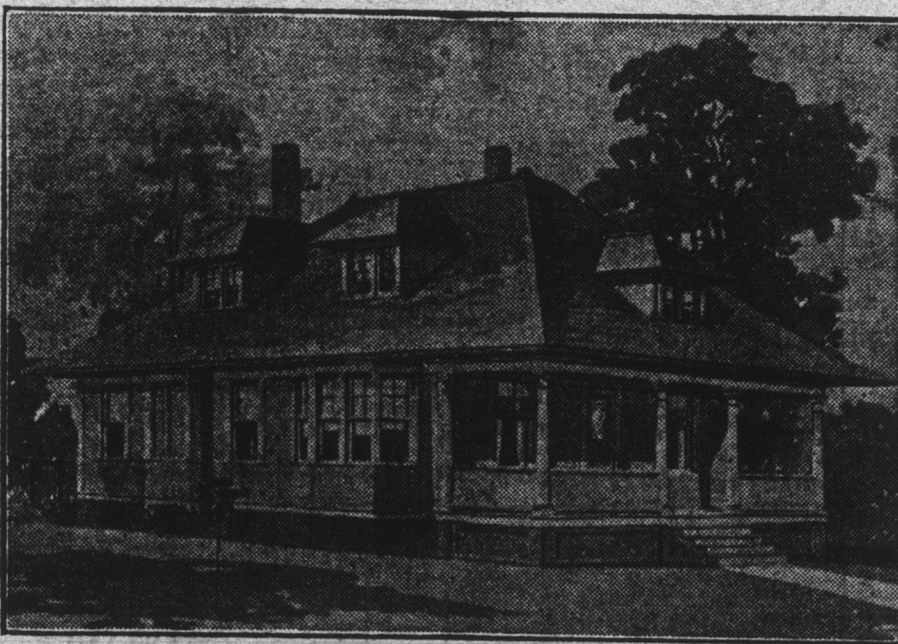
rules and a place as near heaven as we can get and still be on earth.

The bungalow we show here has a charm about it. The simple fact about it is that it is homey and gives the impression of simplicity and comfort. An abundance of light is offered from bay windows and the arrangement of other windows about the structure. This bungalow is 31 feet wide and 40 feet long. All the rooms are on one floor and there are no stairs to climb. This fact will appeal to the housekeeper who has to take many steps up and down stairs during the day. Yet there is no crowding and the rooms are arranged with the special idea of convenience. As a matter of fact, any house should be planned first with the view of ease in taking care of the house work. The house should be planned from the inside and not from the outside. There is a good-sized parlor opening off the vestibule and back of this is the dining and living room. The kitchen is back of the dining room and here a cupboard can be provided in lieu of a pantry. There are two chambers and the bathroom is conveniently located between them.

BJORNSSON'S IDEA OF AMERICA

"A Dangerous Stepmother—Rich and Beautiful" Said the Gifted Norwegian.

Bjornson lectured in America in 1880, and has always had friends and admirers in this country. Bernard Stahl, who has lately published in New York a translation of "Wise-Knut," one of Bjornson's most charac-

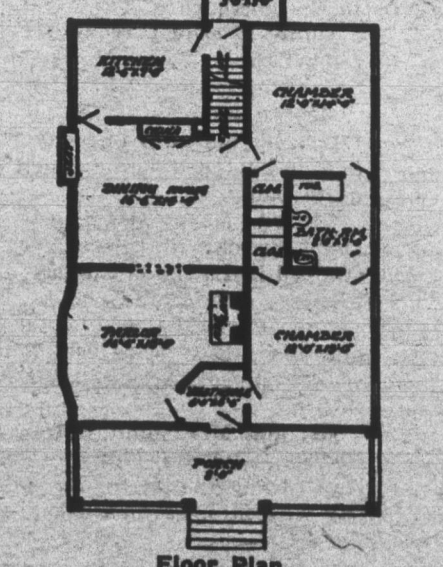


teristic tales, gives an interesting account of his last meeting with "the master" in Christiania in 1902, says Current Literature. The occasion was a birthday banquet held in honor of Bjornson's seventieth anniversary.

There were two main tables. At the head of one sat the guest of honor, at the other Nansen, recently returned from his memorable trip to the north. "Many a merry jest," Mr. Stahl records, "drew from one table to another; and though it might be difficult, at a glance, to tell which of the two giants looked the younger, it was easy enough to determine which of the two swords beat sharpest. The author had the reader wit."

Mr. Stahl's narrative proceeds: "The famous master had a cordial handshake and a cheerful word for all. I was introduced to this uncrowned Norwegian king by his son Bjorn Bjornson, who at that time was director of the new National theater, for which the old master had done so much. I have met many a big man whose thoughts have been far away while apparently speaking with interest to his listener, but not so with Bjornson. If he spoke or listened at all he put both his soul and body into the subject so to speak."

Architects have been devoting their time and talents of late years to developing this type of house to its highest perfection, and all their endeavors have been along the line of expressing



the true home instinct. That is true architectural art which develops in tangible form the emotions of the human heart. The architect, therefore, is now almost telling us the character of the man who lives in the house designed by him. You take the average man who lives in a bungalow and you will find he is a home lover. That means he is good to his wife and family. They are not on his pay roll. He is one of them and with them. His children have no father, but the man who might be the father is to them a sort of elder brother. The wife has no husband, but a pal. They put in their Saturday afternoons together in the garden or in sports together. Maybe they work together trimming the shrubbery. That is your bungalow family—an ideal existence where love

HER SORT OF MAN

SOCIETY GIRL GIVES LINE ON WHAT SHE WANTS.

Man Must Be Successful, With \$7,000 Income and Good Prospects—Must Not Get Drunk in Public.

"What sort of a man would I marry? Well, in the first place, he'd have to be successful. Not terribly rich, though, because I have money of my own. Say five thousand a year and good prospects. Don't care how he makes it, but he must be a good spender and have plenty of small talk. Dress? Why, of course, the men in our set have to dress well or the girls wouldn't look at them. As for his principles and so on. I'm not awfully straight-laced, you know. What I absolutely insist on is that he does not get drunk in public."

The speaker, Miss Winnie M., says Robert Haven Shauffler, in Success Magazine, was a popular member of the Smart Set in the large Northeastern city which she called home. She was tall, slender, animated, with a charming figure, light, curly hair and extraordinary flashing blue eyes. She was the only child of a millionaire and barely twenty-three.

"Of course I'd like him older," she continued. "About fifteen years older would do. The elderly ones can give a girl a better position, and I wouldn't mind if he were a widower—either grass or sod. I know lots and lots of divorced people. And of course, if I didn't like it off with my husband I'd not be long about getting a divorce."

"Would I prefer remaining single to marrying a man I didn't love?" The great eyes opened in naive astonishment. "Why don't you know that after a few years, if a girl doesn't marry, she simply has no position? Love's all very nice, of course, but it isn't really necessary for marriage. . . ."

"Children! Oh, yes. I'd want one or two, but no more. . . . Heredity? Now what does that word mean anyway?"

The average income demanded by the Smart Set girl, on which to start married life, is \$7,000 a year and excellent prospects. Besides that, as a rule she expects to have money of her own. "I simply couldn't be happy," declares a spoiled child of fortune in the middle west, "without certain luxuries such as opera seats, trained servants to care for me, and beautiful surroundings. I simply couldn't ride in the trolley cars. It may seem snobbish, but it's a fact. I hate crowds, and one cannot have privacy without money."

When to Buy Books.

"When is the best time of the year to buy books?" was the question asked of the man who presides over a second-hand book stall by a regular customer. "Well, replied the seller, 'the best time of the year to buy and the time of the greatest opportunity to pick up bargains is right now. Why? Well, strange as it may seem, there are a lot of folks in this big city who sell their books in the summer time to get the money for a trip out of town, a week's vacation, and sometimes because their business stagnates with the coming of hot weather and they need the money. Most of them are the kind of people who never think of the pawnshops. That's a sort of disgrace with them. But they have books that they have read and have no further use for. They get to picking out a lot of them and bringing them to me. It's cash for them, and as for me, my stock is always best and there is the choicest picking about this season."

International Peace No Dream.

It is a testimonial to the vitality of the peace idea that it should appear with undiminished vigor after every disappointment and every setback. Where ten years ago a solitary—and strangely incongruous—voice for disarmament spoke up in the czar's palace, today the limitation of armaments is a subject of thought and discussion in every chancellery of Europe. It is in the permanency and universality of the interest which now attaches to the subject of international peace that we find the clearest indication of its strength. It no longer manifests itself in isolated congresses, dealing specifically with peace. It breaks out in 'sovereigns' meetings, ministerial conferences, scientific congresses, labor congresses, and Socialist congresses. If international peace is indeed a dream, it is being dreamt so persistently and so widely as to take on for practical purposes the aspect of reality.—New York Post.

The Fisherman's Test.

"How do you know," this man asked of the man hauling on the seine, "whether the fishes you catch are up to the limit fixed by the law? Have to put a tape line on some of them?" "Well, no," said the fisherman, "we don't exactly have to go to that trouble. We have an easier way of measuring them than that."

"Every fisherman has saved in the seat of the boat little notches of the right distance apart to indicate the lawful length at which fish may be taken, and when he takes out of the net a fish that doesn't look much too long he lays its nose against one of these notches and its tail against the other."

"If it touches the notches, why, into the basket goes the fish; but if it doesn't, why, then the fish goes overboard."

HOME OF ANDRE AT BATH

Historical Personage's House Is Still Standing, and Oddly Enough It Is No. 23.

Bath, England, is a city of ancient mansions, so Major Andre's house is still standing in the Circus, which consists of three blocks, in which every house has at some time been occupied by some historical personage. Oddly enough Andre's house is No. 23. It is exactly like all the other houses in the Circus, where every building is the exact duplicate of the other, red brick, with weather-stained white cornices, dilapidated window boxes filled with sickly geraniums that rarely show a blossom, and the inevitable ivy trained over the front. An air of profound melancholy and musty gentility broods over these crumbling mansions, each one of which can tell a tragic story of fallen greatness. They are tenanted by people in a state of decayed gentility, mostly retired army and navy officers, or their widows, with a sprinkling of professors, doctors and music teachers.

At the end of the Circus and facing up the street is the house occupied by Napoleon III. through part of his exile. The interior is partly burned out and full of rats. Louis XVIII. resided near, in a house afterward the abode of Lady Hamilton, and said to be haunted by her ghost. Nelson and Charles X. of France also lived in the Circus.

Just at the gates of Lord Dudley's park, near by, is another haunted house. It was owned by the first earl's brother, a fighting, drinking, swashbuckling guardsman, who when in his cups and hard up for money to pay his gambling debts, sold his beautiful young wife to the earl. The house is a fine old red brick structure veiled in ivy. The guardsman's unholy revels are said to be repeated there nightly, and carriages are heard rolling in and out of the weedy old garden until the "wee sma' hours." Andre's house also is reputed to be haunted, not by the British officer, but by a veiled woman in white, who walks the halls at midnight wringing her hands.

St. Chad's Well Rediscovered.

Another interesting link with the past is brought to light by the recent discovery of the exact spot where lies St. Chad's Well, once a famous Chalybeate spring in King's Cross. In the eighteenth century people came here to drink the waters, which were supposed to be especially useful in cases of dropsy, scrofula and liver complaints. Gradually, like all fashionable spas, St. Chad's was deserted, and residential houses, then warehouses, were erected on the site of the well.

A few days ago the builders in laying the foundations for a new structure in Gray's Inn road discovered an arch some 20 feet underground, and this has been identified as forming part of the old well. From the arch to a spot 30 yards away stretched the waters once famous for their medicinal properties. It has been ascertained that the spring still exists, and it would be decidedly worth while to have the water analyzed and find whether it still retains its pristine virtues.—London Daily News.

Stopped Rattles' Battle.

H. E. Jones was walking through Carlisle Cove, about six miles southeast of the city, when his attention was attracted by the peculiar rattle which it is said one never mistakes for anything but the music of the rattler, even though one may sometimes mistake the song of the dryfly and other sounds for the rattle of a snake.

He looked—it may be said that he lost no time in looking—and there, very close to the path, were two large rattlesnakes, with heads and tails raised, evidently angry with each other and only waiting until they finished their defiant war songs to engage in deadly conflict.

Mr. Jones did not wait for this conflict to take place. He unmercifully slew them. One was a black rattler with 17 rattles, showing him to be 17 years old. The other was yellow and had 13 rattles. Then Mr. Jones skinned them and took off the rattles.—Asheville Citizen.

Where Abraham Fished.

Mrs. Victoria de Bunsen in "The Soul of a Turk" relates a legend concerning Abraham which will be new to many readers. She learned of it while at Edessa, the traditional Ur of the Chaldees. She was shown there a large oblong tank of water so filled with fishes resting just below the surface of the water that their fins and backs seemed almost wedged together so as to form "an almost solid layer of silvery life."

"The guardian of the mosque throws some meal into the water and the fish jump high to catch it, a great living pyramid, of which those who jump the highest form the pinnacle. The tradition is that Abraham, as a child, fished in the tank. Hence the fish were considered sacred. No single one has even been caught or killed to this day. Indeed, death would overtake the man who transgressed this law."

A Nickel.

Turn which way one will, the five-cent piece bobs up at every turn as the most necessary coin of the realm. Its discontinuance would inevitably increase the cost of a thousand things of every-day life, which no dealer now has the daring to change because of riveted custom. There is no likelihood that the government will soon consider the elimination of this coin, as such action would result in a howl of disapproval, nation-wide.