

hope for advancement. A retarding element with most of us is that we expect to go forward too rapidly; before we have served our apprenticeship or have won our "spurs," and because we do not advance as rapidly as we think we should, or would like, we become disheartened and say, "what's the use." When a man reaches this stage he is already doomed to failure, unless he renews his mind and vigor and takes a new lease on life. Courage very largely sums up the difference between success and failure; courage to keep everlastingly at it; courage to surmount any obstacles that may present themselves, for they must be surmounted. Faith is another element that goes for success, without which success is almost impossible. Loyalty to duty is another qualification that is demanded of those who would forge ahead.

The story of the rise of the various officers of the Frisco, as told in this issue, contains the following moral: That success comes slow; that it is attended by many setbacks; that it comes only to those who have courage, faith and loyalty to duty; that we have equally as good a chance to climb the ladder of success as any of these men; and that it comes only after years of conscientious service, hard work, and determination to go higher.

Boys, this is your queue!

Falsehoods never build successes; truth is sure to create confidence, the corner stone of success.

ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTIONS

THE unsigned communication and the unknown contributor are two factors with which the average editor has to deal. Perhaps those who have not had experienced

do not know the annoyance caused by receiving such unsatisfactory missives. We know of no good reason why anyone should hesitate to sign his name and address to communications which he sends in for publication. Time-honored ethics of the "profession" forbid the use of the contributor's name where it is specified that the name not be used, and this being the case any one can feel free to sign his name to any communication he might send in.

The principal offenders are those of us who are poetically inclined, and those who want to poke fun at a co-worker without our identity becoming known. We have repeatedly called attention to this matter, but our advice is not heeded, as the volume of unsigned communications received each month holds up well and shows signs of growing.

Unless the writer is a professional, and has taken unto himself a nom de plume it is not desirable that a contributor use any other than his own name.

Always remember this, that if you do not want your name used in connection with anything you might contribute, say so, and any reference to you will be avoided, but always in submitting communications, sign your name and give your address.

JUSTIFIED

"What did the doctor say?"

"Let nature take its course."

"And he had the nerve to charge for advice like that?"

"Sure. He says if he hadn't come along at the psychological moment his fool patient might have tried to interfere with nature."—Birmingham Age-Herald.



The Engineer and the Pilot

By NATHANIEL DICKINSON

PATTERSON leaned out over the low rail of the gangway-port and surveyed the river above. It was black, as black as the pall of the sky above it, as black as the grime on the engineer's hands, as the frown on his dark face and the mood which caused it whenever the picture of the dapper young pilot, in his natty blue uniform and black-visored cap, on the upper deck, passed before his mind and stirred afresh the hate which lay smouldering in the depths of his soul.

There was something soothing, then, in the very anger of the elements to the engineer of the Sayville. The startling, vivid whiteness of the white-caps which here and there showed their teeth against the black-green of the river, the dull glow of red, half-way up the northern horizon, which marked the track of the coming storm, and the yellow-white glare of the twisting lightning which played against the inkiness in the northeast were all akin to his mood, and strangely comforting.

"We'll get it," he prophesied gloomily to himself, "and it looks like hell-fire," he vagarized, and then fell to wondering what hell was like, and if it could be any worse than his present existence.

For Patterson was in love, and only this morning he had discovered the full metes and bounds of this passion and the other great one—Hate. For the one he was indebted to a certain girl whom he had known but a month; for the other to the young pilot of the Sayville, whom he had known for years.

That it was all his own doing, this present condition of affairs, did not tend to ease his hate, or his love. Two weeks ago he an Bolton, the pilot, had been friends, and harmony reigned between the engine-room and the pilot-house. Then, in a moment of that foolish confidence which lovers have, he had taken the pilot to call on the

girl he was to marry, and this had been the beginning of the end as far as the rough engineer was concerned, for the pilot's hands were not grimy, and his voice was low and pleasant, and well in keeping with his good-looking face and active figure, and then, too, conscience and love are sworn enemies, and the girl was not without her charms. So, from a friend of both, the pilot became a friend of each, which is vastly different in such cases, and a coolness grew between him and Patterson, for his visits became too frequent, and were too obviously welcomed for the engineer to pass unnoticed.

But Patterson's pride was of a nature which kept him silent, and in silence the coolness grew between him and the girl he loved and his old friend, Bolton. And then, this very morning, had come the inevitable. When he had gone to say good-bye to his promised wife, he found her in the little garden he had grown so to care for, in the arms of another man—Bolton.

Something had seemed to snap in him, then, for he had stopped in his tracks with an expression almost of horror in his eyes. He was too dazed to be angry then. It was the going of his faith in woman and in man, and his simple mind needed time to digest this perfidy.

The girl had sprung from the arms of her new lover with a cry of alarm, and he stood ready to fight for his very life with the man he had wronged, for there was that in the other's eyes which was not good to see.

But the big engineer had slowly passed his huge hand across his eyes, turned and walked out the gate and down the street again. There was something terrible in this—more so than if he had vented his rage then and there, and it hung over the two and their clandestine love like a cloud, making her fearing instead of loving, and him strangely awkward.

Now, the cloud had passed from Patterson's brain and left him with one clear thought, and that the desire to kill. Anger which stirred him to the very depths swept over him in waves from time to time and grew on him as he dwelt on his great wrong. Beads of perspiration which were not the result of the temperature of his engine-room stood out on his forehead, and now and then in a sane moment he felt, with a queer sub-consciousness, that his nails were driven into his palms and that every nerve in his whole body was tingling.

The jingle of bells in the engine-room called him back to the present and his post. He cast a last look at the black thunderstorm, and went back to his engine as though he had said a last good-bye to this world.

When the Sayville cast off her moorings at six o'clock and swung away from her dock, the rising storm had already brought night down over the river, and the dull red in the north had faded in the approaching rain.

Up in the pilot-house they had called for full speed in spite of the narrow channel, in the hope that the steamer might run away from the storm, as might well have been the case had this storm, as many other thunderstorms, been localized within a radius of a few miles. But they were in its track, and but a few miles down-stream it overtook the Sayville and swept her decks from stem to stern with a deluge of driving rain.

Down among his throttles and levers Patterson received the signal to slow down to half-speed. The pilot had rung that bell, he knew, and to the wild-eyed engineer there was a subtle mockery in it that awoke afresh the rage in him, that his work had for the time driven out. For a moment he stood motionless, hesitating whether or not to obey the signal and then, his reason coming back to him in a measure, he slowed his engine down.

But a thought had come to him with this hesitation—a thought that widen-

ed his eyes and made his head feel strangely light, for it came to him that there was a place on the river, where, if he had hesitated even this short time, it might have meant the death of those in the pilot-house, and this was at the draw-bridge which spanned the river five miles below at Middleburgh.

The draw-men on this and the crew of the steamer were sworn enemies. Time after time the draw had been swung so tardily that the Sayville had to back at full speed to save crashing into it. Once, even, the steamer's forward deck had swept under the slowly swinging draw, and for a fascinating minute the huge structure had hung before the scared faces of those in her pilot-house as her reversed engines held her and then slowly backed her away from danger.

This incident had cost one draw-man his position, but another as inimical had come, and the feud waxed stronger, until of late it had come to be the custom rather than the exception for the Sayville to have to back her engines on entering the narrow channel between the island above the bridge, and the left bank, before the slowly opening draw.

This Patterson knew and counted on in his plan for revenge, and now he blessed these same draw-men as he had often cursed them, down in the bowels of the steamer, and waited all too impatiently in the delirium of his black hate for the time to come when he should know by the signals that they were approaching the bridge. What did it matter to him that with the guilty the innocent might be injured? What mattered it to him that he was imperilling the lives of two hundred, passengers and officers and crew of the steamer? He had but the thought for one thing, and that was the death of the pilot.

In the pilot-house all was dark but for the shaded binnacle light. Bolton stood at the wheel. At his right hand was the mate, at his left, one of the quartermasters. Far down the river,

the lights on the drawbridge twinkled red and green and white in the dark night, and the pilot breathed a sigh of relief, for the river widened below this, and it had been a wild trip through the storm, with the flashes of lightning flooding the river in brilliant light one moment and leaving it in darkness so intense the next that he could not see the forward deck below him.

But now the rain had ceased, and the thunder rumbled in the distance. The river lay black velvet through which the steamer softly crowded her way. Yet the banks were distinguishable now, for the channel had narrowed between the island, in the center of the stream at this place, and the left bank of the river.

The lights on the bridge grew, and out of the night its huge framework took form like some Titan net spread to catch the steamer. They were but a hundred yards from it now. "Give her the whistle," ordered the pilot, and the quartermaster pulled the cord and sent a hoarse blast out over the river, which sounded like the bellow of some huge leviathan, and died away in many echoes among the hills on either side of the stream.

But the lights on the bridge did not change. A bar of light from the steamer's searchlight threw the dripping structure into sudden daylight, and played along the draw, searching each nick and corner with its brilliant rays and sending a path of light down the dark river beyond. Then and only then the men on the draw tardily started to swing it.

The mate swore volubly, for the current ran strong here and even at half-speed the steamer was sweeping down on the draw at the rate of some ten knots.

"Stop her and back her!" he ordered abruptly. Bolton gave the signals, and all three waited expectantly, anxiously. The vibration of the engines ceased, and for a moment the big river-boat glided on in stately silence.

And then, with the structure of the bridge towering but the steamer's own length before it, came the vibrations

again, and the Sayville seemed fairly to leap forward, with her engines running at full speed ahead!

For a moment the men in the pilot-house were startled out of speech and action and then, with an inarticulate cry, the mate snatched the bell-cord from the pilot's hand and pulled it furiously. But still the engines pounded ahead at full speed. The steamer's forward deck swept under the draw, which had swung but a few feet, and the towering mass of the bridge loomed before the pilot-house. "Hell!" cried the mate and, his courage deserting him, he flung the pilot-house door open and sprang out, the quartermaster close on his heels.

Bolton, alone, stood at his post. Whatever else his faults, he had the courage which makes heroes. He knew now. It came to him all in a moment,—Patterson's treachery and its cause. In a way, he told himself, he was responsible for the lives of the passengers, of the officers and crew of this boat, for had it not been for him, all this would not have happened. And yet, as he faced death, a last wistful thought of what might have been came to him as the face of the girl passed before his mind's eye in that kaleidoscope of impending dissolution which comes at such a time.

For a moment he stood thus, and it seemed to him that the mass before him was hurled at his head. He ducked, instinctively. Then came a rending crash, a shudder ran through the steamer, and he was hurled to the deck. As he lay half-stunned he saw the dark mass of the bridge sweep over him, saw the deck-house swept before it like paper, and the big funnels bend and crash to the deck below, and then he saw that the black sky was above him again, and realized that he was still clinging to the wheel, and this, with its strong bracing, had protected him from the deck-house, which had gone to pieces on it. He put it hard over and headed the wreck for the soft bank.

So Patterson, the engineer, did not gain his wish after all. But that was

Bolton's last trick at the wheel. His life had been spared, but his nerve had gone forever.

Down in the engine-room they found a raving maniac where once had been

the best engineer on the river.

And the third action in this tragedy—the girl who was to marry each in turn? She is the wife of another.—Copyright Short Story Pub. Co.

Mr. Section Man: If You Were Paying the Bill Would You

Keep your stock at the minimum, making due allowances for washouts, etc.; and see that no surplus accumulated especially when you knew that you would get a supply every thirty days and with good service, and not order more than actually required, allowing the surplus to lay around deteriorating with the idea that there might come a time some day when I will find use for it. You don't buy supplies for your home consumption that way. Declaim every secondhand spike and use it rather than buy new ones, and see that every one taken out on the hand car was put in the track instead of allowing section-men to drop them along side of the track, only to be lost or hidden in the gravel or sand later to be kicked up by some inspection official.

Take a little crude oil and oil the threads of your track bolts, and keep them in your tool house, instead of allowing them to set back of the tool house in open kegs to rust and otherwise deteriorate.

Train your men to become thrifty and to pick up every scrap, spike, bolt, nut, etc., found on the section and take to the tool house at the finish of the day's work, knowing their value as scrap was worth more than \$1.50 a hundred pounds.

Only order sufficient tools to answer requirements and not cache them away under your house or in the chicken coop. You would keep a careful check of them and see that the section-men did not destroy or throw them off the "right-of-way," or in the river, just because they were not quite to their lik-

ing, expecting new ones to be furnished.

Substitute and use a secondhand article or something that would answer the purpose just as well, even though it was not just what you ordered, if you had it on hand and it had already been paid for.

Use a secondhand or repaired tool, when you knew it would cost you half the price of new and would answer requirements.

Utilize and get full service out of dry batteries, and not turn the spout when they still registered from 10 to 20 ampere.

Order a spout for your oiler and not a complete oiler when only the spout was broken.

Not permit your section-men to use new continuous joints, or angle bars for fireplaces.

Not use ties for bearings, if you had plenty of old scrap ones on the section.

Only order enough oil to carry you from month to month, especially signal oil which deteriorates rapidly and costs \$1.00 per gallon. Poor oil oftentimes causes lamp and lantern failures.

Be careful of your lantern globes and keep them in such a place as to prevent breakage, as it is an easy matter to throw away 85c by dropping a red globe.—J. E. Peery, in Railway Storekeeper.

All Over.

Hearing a crash of glassware one morning, Mrs. Blank called to her maid in the adjoining room, "Norah, what on earth are you doing?"

"I am doin' nothin', mum," replied Norah; "it's done."—Boston Transcript.