

RUNNING THE OAKLAND LOCAL

BY
MADGE
MOORE.

THE Southern Pacific had a new engineer a few days ago, and rather a strange one at that. When the scurrying mass of people rushed from the boat I ran as fast as I could, and between the clangs of the bell fairly shouted to the engineer that I had an order from headquarters to run the Seventh-street local train.

The engineer was a little doubtful about my statement being true, and scrambled down to see with his very own eyes that he was to be sidetracked for the time be-

at the first station of the Seventh street run.

Two ladies who had just left the salt water baths came rushing forward as fast as they could. Their long skirts and an armful of small packages, which they were vainly trying to stuff into a tiny grip just large enough for a handkerchief, a powder box and a curling iron, didn't seem to help them along very rapidly.

On they came in a great flurry, and when every gate but the one which they were headed for was closed the grip burst

up like the Maine if I didn't stop laughing and pay strict attention to business.

"Now, you keep your weather eye on the lookout for 'After the War,'" said my shoveling friend.

"Who is 'After the War' and how in the world did he ever succeed in getting that name? Tell me where to look for him," and again the story was uppermost in my mind.

"We'll slow up here a little, 'cause Death's curve is a mean place. All right, go on a little way. 'Now turn off the air; that's right."

"That old flagman has been here for years, and he's a standing joke with the trainmen. Has the most convenient pain you ever heard of."

"During the strike some fellows told him to make a sneak or else he'd find himself

more if he had owned the whole Southern Pacific.

The Broadway people got off on the run, and didn't stop running until they had caught their various cars.

"Holy gee, Mike; get on the new engineer," piped a small ragamuffin.

"Say, be yer runnin' the train cheaper 'n the other guy? Aw, go on, Miss, and tell a feller what yer perched up thar fer. Aw, say, honest now, is you runnin' the engine? No lik."

By this time all the people about were curious, and I was glad when it was time to go on. Still I heard, "Say, Miss, comin' back this way? We'll wait fer—"

A general racket about that time drowned his shrill voice.

From Broadway to Fruitvale it was all work and no play. As we neared the

breeze they nearly broke their necks getting the rest of the family to see the woman in the cab.

Wonder upon wonder!

When the fireman wasn't shoveling coal he had his eye on me. I rather think he doubted my mechanical ability.

"It's 'bout time to give the Seventh-street screech, isn't it, boss?" and he grinned in a knowing way.

But I knew what that whistle was and I knew that I had to pull something from the ceiling somewhere, so I made a bold bluff, but when I heard the terrific blast I nearly tumbled out of the window. The three toots gradually melted into one long one.

My next trouble was the switching at Fruitvale. It seemed to me as if I ran half way to East Oakland before I could

I made up time between stations and went so fast that I nearly bounced out of my seat. It isn't nearly as smooth riding in the cab as it is in the cars.

Mr. Man heard us coming and had to run and this hurt his dignity very, very badly. As he passed the engine he gasped, "You are running ahead of time. I know it, as I have taken this train for years. I won't have it. The idea of making me run when I left home in plenty of time. Let's see, 1903."

When he looked for the number he saw the new hand and that stopped his sputtering. Instead of being praised for being on time I was lectured.

The engine gets thirsty about 5:30. She wants coal and plenty of oil and the burned cinders let out of the stove. In fact, she wants a rest before doubling up time.

By the time I had attended to all her wants I was as black as the ace of spades and if I hadn't possessed the seven lives of a cat would certainly have burned myself with the torch.

I don't believe the engine had as much oil on her as I did, but as we were to run together it didn't make much difference. At any rate bot couldn't call the kettle black.

I nearly ran over a pot light half a dozen times. They are stationed all about the yards, and when they shine red it means sixty days to pass one.

When the pot light showed white we picked up six extra cars and got all ready to take the 6 o'clock people out.

From that time on there was no loitering. People were too hungry to be sociable and too much in a hurry to get a

is getting mighty cold and supper time comes late these nights."

Was I ready? I could hardly wait until he poured it into the cup.

At 9 o'clock we doubled up. That is, only our engine was on the road, and we covered sixty-one miles of the day's run or 115 miles after nine.

No matter how late it was there were always some people who were later than we and who had to run like Sam Hill.

"Ah, those people don't count; they are always running." Some people are late every morning in the year. It's all a habit, and a mighty poor one at that. Before the gates were on there was an average of one accident a day; now there is one in six months. The gates were put on for lazy folks and kids."

My friend didn't care how many people broke engagements. Let them be on time.

The work got dreadfully monotonous and I got terribly hungry. I had to didn't make any difference. I but to see the signals just the same and remember that there were people in the train depending on me.

The hostler didn't come for the engine until 1:40 a. m., and I was so cold that I could hardly crawl down the ladder to resign my place to him.

The coming woman wants to do all that man does, but if she will take my advice she won't try to be an engineer. There are plenty of other places where she can shine and be more comfortable.

There have been many cases on record of animals dying of "broken hearts," usually dogs and horses, and sometimes birds. Not long ago a young lady living in London who owned a Gordon setter that was very fond of her, was married, and moved to the country, says Golden Penny. The dog was left behind, and at once became inconsolable. He would eat nothing and stood looking out of the window for hours at a time, whining and moaning pitifully. The dog was wasting away from exhaustion.



ing. After reading the order he said: "Climb up there in a hurry and poke your head out the window and watch for the conductor's signal."

So I climbed right straight up in the air, regular Jack-in-the-Beanstalk fashion, and landed in the coal bin. I was a little bit aristocratic at first, but it took just one run to take all that feeling completely out of me.

When the conductor gave me the signal to pull out I was told to open the throttle until I felt it in me that it was enough, and then to pull down the reversing lever. Greek, every bit of it. But the fireman showed me which was which, and the train went out with the same old motion, the same clanging bell and the same hissing noise. The first tower-house was passed successfully, and then there was nothing to do but watch a hikeman, who was using the train as a pacer. Fortunately there was a fence between us, and I didn't have to wonder whether he would be added to the list of twenty-four that engine 1203 has sent to the happy hunting grounds.

"Now, don't dream about your grandmother and forget about the semi-a-phore, 'cause you might run into a freight train or find a switch out of place," reminded the fireman, as he shoveled coal into the blazing firebox.

As I turned my head around and got a good olly whiff it brought me back in a hurry.

The long automatic arm waved us by and within a few seconds and with a turn of the air pump which furnishes the air to stop the train, we came to a standstill

open and forty-eleven articles flew in as many directions. When the gate slammed and the train pulled out it left two angry women, who sputtered in between stoops. "Nasty things, not to wait a minute when we were right here," and "I don't see what ailed this beastly thing to act so when we were in such a great hurry; it never did it before, and it has had ever so much more of it."

The poor, long suffering valise had gone on a strike.

I was so interested in the little by-play that I forgot to keep my eye on the water dial and was warned that I might blow

in the bay. He nearly died with a pain then. Had it all during the strike, but when things were straightened out and the first local went through he was at his post. Said he felt better, but wasn't quite well. The men nicknamed him at that time.

Sure enough, there he was, bowing, scraping and waving us by with all the pomp imaginable. Even as I looked he called out to some teamster: "Look out, there! Where's your eyes? Don't you hear the train a-comin'? I ain't here to tend to such a youse, but to pass this 'ere train." He couldn't have puffed up

long bridge I knew that there would be something or somebody to pass us.

There didn't seem to be anything, but when the entire length of the engine was upon the bridge a long arm flew out and beckoned us on, and at the same time flew a danger signal to everybody else. When the last car was off the arm fell down in a listless fashion, as if perfectly satisfied with its work. The farther away from the mole we got the more interested the people became. They would rush to the door or window, strike a pose and act as if they had never seen a train; but if they spied my red necktie flying in the

seat to fuss about any little thing.

Only once did I think about the people, and that was when I heard, "Oh, dearie, I'm so glad you are home again; it has been so lonesome without you," and I saw a happy pair start off rejoicing.

Everybody has time to eat excepting the trainmen. It was horribly tantalizing to see people sitting at the table as we whirled by in the cold night air. Even the men sitting on stools in a cheap restaurant were much envied.

About 8 o'clock the fireman said, "Are you ready for a cup of coffee, Miss? It

Those who knew him said he was dying of a broken heart. When it was seen that he would die if he could not see his mistress he was taken to her. His joy at seeing her was extravagant, and he at once got better. His mistress soon came to town for a two weeks' visit, and left the dog with the servants in the country. When she returned she found him dead, lying on one of her garments. The poor brute, thinking himself again deserted, lay down to die, and could not be driven or coaxed from his place, neither would he eat nor drink.

A horse belonging to a brewery had been driven for years by a man to whom he had become much attached. One day the driver failed to appear at the stable, and another man was put on the wagon. The horse, however, refused to be driven by any one except his old friend, and after many trials he was put back in the stable and another horse took his place. The horse continually watched the stable door for his master to enter. He refused to eat the hay and oats placed before him. Day by day he grew thinner and weaker. At last he fell down and could not rise, and died before his friend and driver returned to duty. The veterinary surgeon who attended him said he died of a "broken heart."

Monarch Who Helped Unmake Two Empires.

THE report that Leopold II, King of the Belgians, is to abdicate the throne because the duties of a monarch interfere with his personal pleasures is again current.

Although this mad monarch has never wittingly done anything great, he helped to unmake two empires, one in the Old World and one in the New, and decided the succession to the Austrian throne.

Fate sometimes uses fools to accomplish great things.

Leopold's connection with the fate of French intervention in Mexico is a matter of fact, though not of history. And it is now generally conceded that the downfall of the Napoleonic dynasty at Sedan in 1870 was due to Louis Napoleon's intervention in Mexico.

Leopold is the oldest brother of Carlotta, ex-Empress of Mexico, and while she and her husband, Maximilian, were away trying to found an empire in the New World, he squandered in African speculation the fortune which his father, Leopold I, had left to her.

When in 1868 it became clear that force alone could maintain the imperial Government in Mexico, Carlotta set out for Europe to get help. She relied upon her inheritance, for with money she could have secured an army large enough to protect her imperial husband.

At the time there were thousands of recently discharged rebel soldiers in the United States who would have been willing to enlist in the Mexican enterprise for hire.

But when the unhappy lady went to Brussels to get possession of her fortune she was dismayed to learn that her royal brother, who was then King, had spent it all in the Congo Free State in West Africa. He brutally refused to make the loss good or to aid her in any way.

It was during this stormy interview with King Leopold that Carlotta first lost her reason. But she was not entirely incompetent till after she had tried in vain to get help from other sources.

From Brussels she went to Paris, where, after many heartbreaking delays, she gained an interview with Napoleon III. She entreated him to at least keep the promise which he had made to Maximilian to keep eight thousand French soldiers in Mexico for six years. But the French Emperor could neither send more troops to Mexico, nor even refrain from withdrawing the French soldiers which were already there.

The civil war being over in the United States this country had time to enforce the Monroe doctrine, and Lieutenant General John M. Schofield, U. S. A., was sent to the French court "to get his legs under Napoleon's mahogany and tell him he must get out of Mexico."

This was a mission of delicacy and one which required tact. Although the people of France were not in favor of the intervention in Mexican affairs, their national pride would not permit the Emperor to yield to menace even from the United States, or allow French troops to be driven from Mexico without an effort to maintain them there. A public threat by

the American people would have precipitated a war between this country and France. But General Schofield was able to fulfill his mission without the loss of the friendship of our former allies—the people of France.

Napoleon withdrew his troops and the death of Maximilian ended the imperial Government in Mexico.

But this defeat in Mexico showed that Napoleon III did not possess the foresight with which he was credited; that he was not the great man he had been supposed to be; that he could err in judgment. If he had not been engaged in Mexico and in imminent danger of becoming involved in difficulties with the United States, Prince Bismarck would probably not have struck the decisive blow in 1870.

After Napoleon turned a deaf ear to Carlotta's appeal she went to the Pope. His power is spiritual, not temporal, and he was unable to help her. The dark frenzy of the maniac then came upon her, never to be desisted. Her younger brother, the Duke of Plandera, took her back to her old home at Miramar, near Trieste, on the Adriatic. In this beautiful castle Maximilian and Carlotta had the blissful years of their married life until the arrival of the deputation from the Mexican Assembly of Notables, who came to offer Maximilian the throne and title of Emperor of Mexico.

In this quiet retreat Carlotta began to recover, and Leopold, knowing that disgrace would inevitably follow if she recovered, sent his wife to Miramar to fetch Carlotta to Belgium, where he might see her occasionally and aggravate the malady. The sight of her brother threw her into the most violent condition.

The Queen took Carlotta to the palace of Servieren in Belgium, where she has been all these years.