

ONE WOMAN'S NIGHT RIDE

Anne Hathaway's Thrilling Experience on An Express Train's Locomotive.

MYSTERIES OF "THE PENNSYLVANIA"

While Speeding through the Darkness the Engineer Relates Gruesome Experiences, and Anne's Courage Gravitates toward the Zero Point—Her Slender Hands Grasp the Big Wheel and She Learns the Terrible Duties of the Fireman—"Engines Have Moods," Says the Captain of the Cab, "and Sometimes They Sulk"—Scoping Up Water for the Boiler—Night Scenes and Incidents—The Arrival in Washington.

"Take a night ride from Baltimore to Washington on an engine."

"That is the assignment the managing editor of The Times suggested to me one day last week.

"Do you dare do it?" was the question he asked.

"Dare? I dare do all that does become a newspaper woman," I answered. "Who dares do more, is wiser."

So that is how it came to pass that a certain late train that pulled out of Baltimore Saturday night carried me in its cab as the engineer's assistant. On that trip I rang the bell, I blew the whistle, I turned water into the boiler, I threw sand on the track and had my hands on the throttle. I even tried to fire and kept a keen lookout ahead for the lights along the track. Perhaps I could not pass an examination for an engineer's license, or diploma, or degree, or whatever it is an engineer is obliged to have before he is allowed to take charge of a passenger train, and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers might not be willing to accept me as a member in good and regular standing, but on a pinch I feel sure I could run an engine and not run it into anything, either. I might not be able to stop my train with quite the exactness of an old hand, and very possibly I should give my passengers some unpleasant jerks now and then, but on the whole, I feel sure that if necessary I could bring my train safely into the station, for I have helped run a locomotive and I know just how it is done.

But to go back to the beginning. "What road shall I take?" I asked myself as I left The Times office, my head full of the new scheme. Three years ago three of the best newspaper men in Chicago, I remembered, were killed while taking just such a trip as I proposed, and since then the railroad is all over the country least allowing persons to ride on the engine. On many roads the thing is positively prohibited under all circumstances. On other roads a man may now and then be allowed the privilege of a ride in the cab, but a woman, never.

"What road shall I try?" I thought, and the Pennsylvania line naturally suggested itself, inasmuch as that railroad is known all over the country not only for the excellence of its roadbed, rolling stock and management, but also for its friendly and unpretentious people. Accordingly I wrote the general manager of the Pennsylvania road that I applied for permission to ride on the engine of an express passenger train from Baltimore to Washington.

There was a great deal of red tape to be gone through with, and for several days the fate of my undertaking hung in the balance. However, on Friday I received the following document, dated at the general offices of the company in Philadelphia:

"To the conductor of train between Baltimore and Washington, to whom this order may be presented.

"Please permit the bearer, a representative of The Washington Times, to ride on the engine of your train from Baltimore to Washington, and return this order to your superintendent as your authority for so doing.

"F. M. Parsons,"
"General Manager."

This was the "open sesame" which, through the power of the press, was to procure for me what neither love nor money could obtain.

I dressed myself in a gown that was no longer in its first youth, but on an older which had seen service in many another night excursion, and with the precious pass in my pocket, I started on my early evening train for Baltimore.

The old train, the station agent told me, was fifteen minutes late at Wilmington, and I had the best part of an hour to walk to the Union Station in Baltimore, which is, by the way, just about the cleanest place I was ever in in all my life. It is unusually clean, like a hospital, and is all one piece of glazed brick, terra cotta, and stained glass.

I was not alone in the station. A country bride and groom, he with light "stare" clothes, she with sparkling shoes, sat hand in hand in the waiting room, under the amused gaze of two gentlemen in black. An impossibly person with an atmosphere of rouge and jewelry was chatting noisily with two men in black. A tired-looking little woman in the corner held a frail-looking, sleeping baby. Outside on the platform two college men were walking up and down, gazing at the latest warblers. I had little attention, however, to give to any of these persons, for my mind was set on getting through the gate first.

And I was first. The train had not come to a full stop before I was beside it waiting for the conductor, Isaac M. Colboe, to step down.

"I am to ride on your engine," I said. "Here is my order."

Mr. Colboe examined the paper carefully and looked me over with equal care. Satisfied, I suppose, that I was neither an impostor nor a hunch in disguise, a twinkling smile came into his brown eyes.

"All right," he said, "come along. I'll take you down to the engine."

"Here, Joe," he called to the engineer as we stood beside the great sleek-looking engine, "here's a lady wants to ride on the engine."

The engineer, a distinctly handsome man, with keen gray eyes and a pointed beard, tinged with gray, came down from among his mysterious nozzles and spoked wheels and shook hands with me. I introduced myself as Anne Hathaway, and he, too, lives a little more definitely, and his name, he told me, was Joseph N. Middleton, and his home was No. 422 West Sixth street, in Wilmington, Del.

It is time for the train to start. The fireman snatches a rag from some nook

and dusts off his seat at the left of the boiler for me. I look at the steep steps that lead up to the cab despairingly, when, before I realize what is going on, the engineer has me by one arm, the fireman by the other, and I am lifted into the cab and stowed safely away beside the boiler. There is barely room to sit be-

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I AM LIFTED INTO THE CAB.

I have settled myself comfortably, I hear somebody shout:

"All right!"

There is a hiss of escaping steam; a great



ANNE ATTEMPTS TO FIRE.

throb goes through the engine, and with a hunch we are off.

As we roll out of the station I lean from the window and watch the lights. There are the electric lights, looking like great chrysantheums pinned on the sable robe of night, a faint that pleases me much that the whiteness of red, white, and green lights are passing through slits into insubstantial

beside it. Across the track hang three rows of red lights, and on the other side of the boiler I can dimly see the engineer, his face grave, his eyes taking in the position of the lamps, which to me are so meaningless, but to him mean life or death.

"We're beginning to go faster, and street lamps are flying by, when there is a sudden deafening roar and the lights all go out. I fall back against the window, wishing with all my heart that I was safe at home. The fireman leans over me and shouts:

"We're going into the tunnel now."

I look out through the narrow window in the front of the cab. The headlight throws a cylinder of light on the damp rock walls of the tunnel, and just above the smokestack I can see the stream of sparks and smoke strike against the roof and flatten out. Ahead the walls seem to dwindle and narrow, till I could fairly scream at the idea that we are running into the narrowing end of a tunnel.

The fireman reaches for the bell-rope, which lies along the boiler beside me, but I have it first and pull with a will, relieved to be doing something. I cannot hear the bell, though I remember that back in the train I have often heard it ringing as we rode through tunnels. The roar is deafening, the air of the tunnel stifling.

Suddenly straight ahead shines the headlight of another engine. I turn and scream out at the engineer, but the next instant over me with shame at thought of my needless terror, for I see that the light is on the other track.

"What train is that?" I yell to the fireman, who is just behind me. His reply is lost, though he repeats it twice. He is a jolly, boyish-looking fellow, with an honest, reliable, American face under his grime, and two merry eyes, the brighter for the surrounding soot and dust.

As we leave the tunnel, he jumps down to the tender, and begins to shovel coal into the furnace, an operation he repeats about twice in two miles. The glare from the open furnace throws a ruddy glow on the cloud of white smoke streaming back over the track. A great bar of light strikes back on the coaches swaying along behind us. The fireman there bending to throw on coals has a diabolical suggestion about him. I am reminded when he becomes human again and comes back to sit by me.

"What is your name?" I ask, half expecting to hear him say Beelzebub or Satan himself. Just then we plunge into the second tunnel, and I fall to ricing the bell again. His name, I discover, when he re-emerges into the night again, is William F. Hayes, and he, too, lives a little more definitely, and his name, he told me, was Joseph N. Middleton, and his home was No. 422 West Sixth street, in Wilmington, Del.

"We are passing Wiman's Hill now," he says, and I look out to see a cemetery swimming in the moonlight. Baltimore now lies well behind and we are roaring and lurching along across the quiet country. Over to the left I

see a light in the upper window of a farmhouse and my mind conjures up visions of the farmer's wife, worn out with the week's toil, sitting up late on Saturday night to make ready the children's clothes for church tomorrow. Or perhaps one of the little ones is sick and the mother wakes. But even as I look the light goes out and I know that the tired woman has gone to rest. The dark fields seem to swing on a great wheel, the axle somewhere in the middle ground, and across the silence the big train roars along. We pass a little village and one of the houses is ablaze with light. Somebody is giving a party and I picture John and Jenny passing by the window to watch the train go by, little thinking of the woman on the engine who is wondering about them.

NOTES OUT OF THE QUESTION.

The fireman sets a funny little lamp with a painted red chimney on top of the boiler, and puts a smoking light beside it for me to take notes by, but notes are entirely out of the question, for even if there were light enough to see by, the jar of the engine would make writing impossible. So I point to every part of the engine within sight and ask its use. There are three dials on the boiler to indicate the steam pressure and the water supply. The fireman explains that from the boiler a steam pipe runs into the tender, where it registers the amount of steam it carries away, and so on back into the train to keep the passengers warm. He seems to take it for granted that I understand just how the whole thing is arranged, though it is about as clear to me as a page of Sanscrit.

At the left side of the boiler is a pipe with a lever at the top, which, at the fireman's order, I turn. He tells me to put my hand on the pipe. It is hot, but suddenly it grows cold, and I realize that water is running into the boiler. A similar pipe is at the engineer's left hand.

"We're going to take water now," the fireman says, coming back after filling the furnace with coal again. "Come down on the tender."

I wouldn't for worlds confess how afraid I am to move. It seems impossible to step from the cab to the tender without being thrown off into space. My heart comes up into my throat. I cling to the rods at each side the cab door.

"Don't let go of me," I beg of the fireman. "If you fall I'll fall, too," he says, gallantly,

and I shut my eyes and find myself safe on the tender.

The fireman moves what looks like the gripman's lever on a cable car. It is at the right side of the tender. There is a hiss of flying water, and back of the coal I see a fountain of spray flung up into the air. We have scooped up water from the long shallow trough on the track between the rails, and have replenished the tank without even slackening speed.

FIX UP THE HEAVY SHOVEL.

The fireman climbs back over the coal and shuts the lid of the tank, and then comes to help me into the engineer's side of the cab. But I want to fire a bit, and pick up the heavy shovel. A sudden lurch of the engine, however, throws the shovel from my hands, and once more I am thrown from the engine.

The engineer gives me his seat, and puts a box under my feet. This is the important side of the engine. At my left is the fireman, the throttle, the lever that reverses the engine, the handle of the sand-box, and goodness knows what else. I lean out the window to look along the track. A blast of cold wind snatches my cap, and the engineer rescues it just as it tugs at the last button. Looking from the narrow window in front of me I can see the engine's number, 214. The headlight throws a surprisingly dim light.

"How far can you see?" I shout in the engineer's ear.

"Not fifty yards," he answers. "The headlight is no good to me. I can't hold its position to avoid running into anything after the headlight shows it."

I begin to feel uncomfortable.

"How do you know when the track is clear?" I ask.

"By the block signals. Do you see that light way down the track?"

"Yes."

"What color is it?"

"I peer at it anxiously. "White," I answered.

"Well," says the engineer, "that means that the track is clear. We have those lights every three or four miles. If that light were red, I should stop, but if it's white I go on. In daylight there's an arm that swings across the track when another engine is in the block. I can see those lights two miles and a half."

"That's a great system," I remark.

NEVER HAD AN ACCIDENT.

"That's the answer. I've run an engine on this road nineteen years and never had an

accident. Sometimes an engine breaks down. Now, to-night, we left our regular engine at Wilmington with a hot pin, and took 214, but I've never been in a real smash up."

I began to feel proud of my superior experience, for I have been in a smash up.

"Would you jump if you saw a collision coming?" I ask.

"Yes. Wouldn't you?"

I look at the great sleek, soulless engine that is pulling us, at the tremendous driving wheels, the great boiler, and the cruel looking cow-catcher, and decide that I would most assuredly jump if I saw such another bearing down on us.

"I'd pull the sand-box handle," I say, "put on the brakes here, reverse the engine, and jump."

The engineer's approval of my idea emboldens me to ask if he thinks women would make good engineers. No, he does not think so. It is not a woman's place. It requires actual strength, endurance, and nerve, and women couldn't do it. However, I can't imagine a woman wanting to be an engineer, as I feel the clinders in my hair, and blink my eyes to get the dust out. A white post tears a gash of sound in the night as we pass it.

"Whistle," says the engineer. "That's a whistling post. Whistle for a crossing."

The crossing whistle in the code is two long blasts, followed by two short ones. I reach up to the whistle rope which hangs above me and give the required signal. The whistle sounds appealingly loud.

"How fast are we going?" I ask.

"About forty-five miles an hour."

I pull the throttle wide open, and we fly along at the rate of a mile a minute. I cling to the window sill. The jarring and roar are terrific.

I look back at the first car and see the conductor peering through the door at me. I wave my hand and then give one short toot with the whistle. That is the whistle for brakes, but as it is not repeated the conductor knows that it is only a woman at the whistle. By and by the engineer bids me

to a standstill. Before I can get down there is the fireman, who has shed his overalls and grime in some miraculous way, ready to help me down. The conductor and brakeman are just behind him, and altogether I feel distinctly important. I want to stop to talk with the engineer, but he must hurry off to back his engine out of the station.

The conductor walks to the station gate with me, and then he, too, has work to do. Two-thirds of his time are spent off the road, he says, and each run is only a bit over three hours, but after each trip he is obliged to suit his accounts.

"Three forty-nines" they call it, from the number of the form on which the report is written, and from that report the auditing division of the road will know where every tick he collected was sold, to what place it read, how many mileage books were on the train, and how many passes.

He walks with me to the station door and, as he bids me good night, he says that he hopes I will choose his train if I ever try to ride in an engine again. For my part, I think one try at it is enough, and I shall never ride on a night train again without thinking of the man up in the engine on whose skill and fidelity so many lives depend. There is scarcely any other position so full of responsibility, but, between you and me, I prefer to ride in a parlor car. It is more exciting on the engine, but I prefer comfort, and I don't mind telling you that my first ride on an engine—even although on the great Pennsylvania system—is likely to be my last.

ANNE HATHAWAY.

TICKET CHOPPER WAS POLITE

A Passenger Forgot to Deposit Her Ticket, but He Didn't Shout at Her.

"We hear a good deal about the discourtesy of elevated road employes, and sometimes we witness examples of it," said a lawyer the other day to a New York Times man, "but I am coming to the belief that if a fair census was taken an equal number of instances of kindness and courtesy would be discovered. The other day I quite admired the bearing of the ticket chopper at Fourteenth and Sixth avenue uptown. A young woman of striking appearance, with copper hair and a brilliant color, passed through from the ticket window with a ticket in her hand. She did not drop it in the box, and still holding it, passed far along the platform and stood waiting for her train.

"Now, according to the theory most commonly exploited, the chopper should have shrieked after her and compelled her to deposit the ticket. It was his business to protect the interests of his employers, and to do that he should have got the ticket, even if he had to wrest it from her by force. But he said nothing, quietly sat, occasionally turning to glance at her. She stood, quite unconscious, watching the approaching train, when she suddenly started with surprise, finding the ticket still in her hand. She hurried back to the box and dropped it in and apologized to the chopper.

"Excuse me," she said, "I am but just back from a long summer in the country and quite forgot to drop the ticket. I have become unused to city ways."

"The chopper made a fumble at his cap. 'It's all right, ma'am,' he replied, pleasantly. 'I knew it was a mistake on your part, and as soon as you found it out you'd put the ticket in the box.'"

"What I admired was his power of discrimination between the willfully and the absent-mindedly negligent, and his readiness to adapt his manner to the latter class when he perceived it. To a real deadbeat he might have gone in for rhetorical bilgewater, but he was able to discriminate, and he exercised that ability in the most judicious manner. I think I can go far toward making one a gentleman."

Wouldn't it use false keys

The notion that alcohol may do good because, for a moment it seems to do good, was well answered by a physician's response to a man who was somewhat too much given to the pleasure of the table. This man had said to the doctor:

"What do you think of the influence of alcohol on the digestion, doctor?"

"I think that its influence is bad," said the physician.

"But a little whisky taken just before a meal is the only key that will open my appetite, doctor."

"I don't believe in opening things with false keys, sir," answered the other.

This response was particularly applicable, for a falsely stimulated appetite is a sure prelude to indigestion.—Youth's Companion.

Parker's Pride.

"Parker uses a great deal of cologne, it seems to me. Awful bad form!" said Hawkins.

"It would be in you," said Hicks, "but it's family pride with Hawkins. He comes of old colonial stock."—Harpers P-News.

Pleasant Entertainments.

Washington Saengerbund to Give a Series of Talks and Tournaments.

The Washington Saengerbund