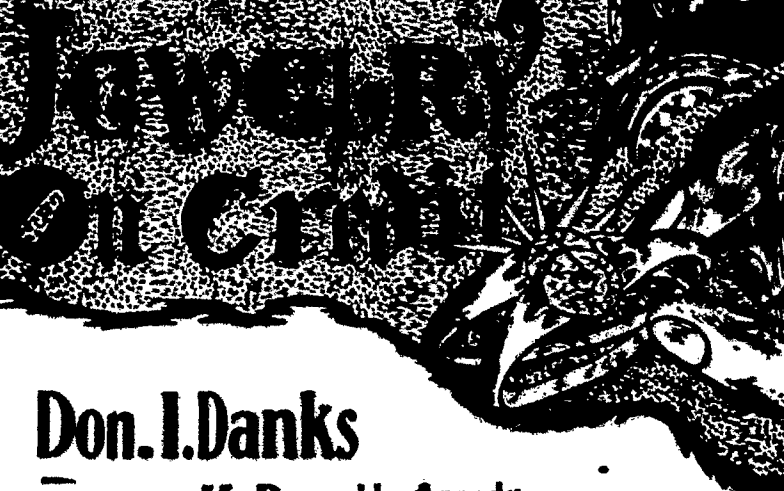


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RAILWAY EMPLOYEES

Facts About Them from Great Britain and Ireland.

580,000 ARE AT WORK

Of the Various Grades the Mechanics Bulk Largely in the Total. Owing to the huge works maintained by the Railway Companies at Crewe, Swindon, etc.

The total number of railway servants employed on the railways of Great Britain and Ireland is well over 580,000, this figure including men of all grades in the service, from the humble lamp-lad to the engine-cleaner with his few shillings a week to the chief officer or general manager with his thousands a year.

Of the various grades, the mechanics bulk largely in the total, owing to the huge works maintained by the companies at Crewe, Swindon, Norwich, York, etc., at some of which as many as 10,000 men are employed, and he town is one vast railway colony. Over 84,000 men are thus employed at the various works, engine sheds and workshops of the railways.

Next in order of numbers come the permanent-way men, who have the care of the vast network of steel lines which stretch from end to end of Great Britain. Every yard of line is walked over at least once a day, a loose bolt or defective rail which might mean disaster to an express, is detected and at once put right. These permanent-way men, whose hardest day's work is often on a Sunday, on which most of the larger alterations take place so as to interfere as little as possible with the ordinary traffic, aggregate nearly 87,000. In time of fog the greater portion of these are on guard at the various stations and junctions armed with fog signals to protect the passage of the trains.

Sixty-five thousand clerks, men and boys, perform the heavy clerical work involved in the working of the various railways. These are distributed through the length and breadth of the land, and vary from one clerk of all work at a wayside station to the many hundreds employed at the large terminals or headquarters of the companies.

Labors to the number of 55,000 find employment on the various lines, where both skilled and unskilled labor is constantly in request. Porters follow them closely with a total of 55,000, although one constantly hears complaints at a station that a porter cannot be found.

Twenty-eight thousand signal men control the working of the vast number of trains from place to place each day, the work being of a highly skilled nature and requiring intelligence as well as practice to insure its success. The comparative freedom of British railways from accidents, from year to year speaks volumes for the training and discipline of this class of men. The drivers, however, who number more than 25,000, should share in the credit bestowed for this excellent state of things.

An engine driver's post in these days of high speed and long runs is no sinecure, but while many passengers remember the guard on a journey, the driver is invariably forgotten. With the drivers must be included their mates, the firemen who number over 15,000. The enormous locomotive and heavy train loads of late years have added much to the labors of the fireman, who on a long journey is kept constantly at work shovelling tons of coal into the engine furnace. Engine cleaners number some 18,000, and as this is the first stop on the road to driving an engine, every driver or fireman has had to get a cleaner before he reached his present post.

There are two kinds of guards—the smart, obliging officer, who looks after one's comfort on a journey, and the brakeman, who has charge of the numerous goods and mineral trains which, on busy lines, at all events, usually travel at night. The former guards number nearly 8,000 and the latter over 15,000. Inspectors there are of various sorts and grades, who are the warrant officers of the railway service. Inspectors of permanent way, who have charge of a district and several gangs of men, number over 1,000, while platform inspectors, goods inspectors and others total nearly 8,000.

Station masters number over 8,000 and vary from the third class officer in a country station to the top-hatted and frock-coated individual who controls the traffic at one of our large London termini.

Carmen and van-guards number more than 16,000 men and nearly 6,000 boys, and may be seen at any hour of the day and in almost any street of our great towns collecting or delivering goods or parcels. Carriage cleaners to the number of 6,000 clean and wash the coaches preparatory to their being used on the various trains.

UNIVERSITY DOMITORIES

How the "Gold Coast" Has Changed Harvard.

It is a little continent, North America, not one-tenth so wide as it used to be. Railroad and telephone service has contracted it until now a boy comes from San Francisco to be educated at Harvard, and there is nothing more notable in the fact than there was fifty years ago when a youth from Minnesota or Mississippi entered the institution.

This was the gist of President Eliot's recent talk at Detroit, when he showed that parents have no occasion for worry even if their sons were at school a thousand miles from home.

"If at any time they get anxious about the boy on his journey," Dr. Eliot said, "they can talk with him frequently as he goes across the continent. Moreover, there are thousands of parents scattered all over the region within a thousand miles from Cambridge who can talk with their boy at any time and any hour, recognize his voice and know that he is doing well. The continent has shrunk to an incredible degree and is still shrinking. It is therefore going to be far easier to carry on a national university in the seaport of Massachusetts than it would have been thirty years ago at the very centre of population of the United States."

The university president's reference to the ease with which the college boy of to-day could be reached by telephone called attention to the recent phone development in the student life at Cambridge. It is an exceptional dweller in the newer dormitories who has no telephone service in his room nowadays.

For several years the New England Telephone Company has been particularly busy in Cambridge installing its service in students' rooms. Most of the older Harvard dormitories are equipped with pay stations, although the university management has not yet reached the point where the venerable structures are wired throughout. None of the new private dormitories, however, has been built without complete telephone equipment; as soon would their owners think of omitting hot and cold water, steam heat, or electric lights.

Along the "Gold Coast"—the name the students have given the more luxurious habitations of the wealthier boys, grouped in Mount Auburn Street—an elaborately furnished suite without telephone service could not be rented. Each of the four or five dormitories on the "Coast" has its own private branch exchange, with a special operator on duty.

What is true of Harvard applies to other universities. At Yale the service is complete, and a graduate of Brown University said recently after a visit to his old haunts of student days:

"When I was at college we had to put up the best we could with some conditions that, compared with the facilities in vogue nowadays, were decidedly primitive. I remember in particular, how we had to foot it down the hill and up again—and going back was always the worst of it—whenever we wanted to buy something or if we wanted to make a call. It was all right if the store happened to be open or if the person you wanted was at home; but half the time it seemed we used to trot back disappointed."

"Now it's easy for the boys. I happened to be in Rockefeller hall the other day when one of them was called out of the smoking room (no such luxury as that for the old-timers) to answer a telephone call. Somebody in New York wanted to say 'How do you do?' to him; I suppose. It made me smile to think what excitement the idea of such a thing would have caused thirty years ago."—N. Y. Post.

"The Uncle of Europe."

Is entertaining in the same month two Queens and an Emperor who are respectively his daughter, niece, and nephew. King Edward has probably established a record in Royal hospitality. It is doubtful if any sovereign has been more closely linked by ties of blood with the great reigning Houses of Europe than his Majesty, who is father to one Queen, uncle to an Emperor, an Empress, and another Queen, uncle by marriage to the Czar, brother-in-law to two Kings, and cousin, more or less remote, to almost every other European Sovereign. Apart from more recent relationships it is a curious fact that all the principal Sovereigns of Europe to-day, with the exception of the Sultan of Turkey, have a common ancestor in our own James I. The Kings of Spain and Portugal are lineally descended from Charles I., the rulers of Belgium, Austria and Italy derive descent from James through his grandson Charles Lewis (Elector Palatine) and the Sovereigns of England, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Greece, Russia, and Holland come literally from Sophia, Electress of Hanover, granddaughter of the first Stuart King of England—Westminster Gazette.

Male children, with a birth record more than double.

A POSSUM-TATER TARI

Happy Lot of Negroes Down in Macon, Georgia.

ALL ARE CARE FREE

Most Popular Events—Those Showing Familiar Objects—Fine Work in Sewing and Cooking—A Word About the "Mourning Dove" and Marcus Tallies Cider Mill.

The annual State Fair of the negroes of Georgia opened with a great display of brass bands and a long line of "floats" which covered several blocks. Those representing the doings of the natural old-time negro gave the most pleasure.

There were gaily bedecked floats with Cleopatra and Mark Anthony reclining on pink cushions, while canopies of yellow and red waved lazily over their heads. The polar region inhabited by brown teddy bears and sprinkled with four, was another scene. Aurora and her gorgeous attendants were received with small favor, as were also the fierce shagreened driving two stoked looking mules. A pine tree hung with bananas, apples and small bags of ground peas caused cheerful comment.

Then something came in sight that caused the pulse of the crowd to quicken. The car moved on and from around the base of the green, grass-covered mound, surrounded by the tall white Gontedate monument, rumbled the object of larger interest—a float on which a flaming forge was arranged.

The tones of the gale gave way to yells of appreciation, when the big blacksmith drew a piece of iron from the fire, and the broad-faced, good-natured striker, made the sparks fly. The onlookers were descending from the saw and lofty idea of what was fit for the peasant, and coming to what they were accustomed to see each day—old friends. The little log cabin followed next, and the old man sat on the front steps under the vibrating shade of the palmetto tree, and plucked in sweetest strains on the banjo, "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Run, Nigger, Run, De-Patter, role Will Keith Yab."

The crowd became more and more good natured and contented, and on the appearance of the old player.

"Lawdee," murmured a "poor looking country boy, "Dus yab an, Jal'us, dat dat is a rare old man. Seems tuh me like his 'at' is older on his sides."

"I'm gwine to tell Mammy when I goes home to-night, of—"

Simon never finished saying what he was going to tell, for along came the fleet of palmetto trees, the branches of which fairly bristled with fat possums and frosted sweetened fruit.

Ten little beasts hung to limbs and swung down with curled tails. And underneath were the blunder with a pack of long-eared hounds, ready to make the woods ring with their deep baying. "Look Maury," "South," "Rage," "Queen," "Tiger," every blessed one there—every one an expert in hunting. "Suck a pig and yell as you go up," "Possums are a vision of 'sweet taters' to go with with them. It was a pay night."

Two old darkeys were leaning against a telephone pole when one exclaimed: "Ef I jes had one o' dem possums I wouldn't be a-sleepin' 'till I had a blamed old brick yard in de woods 'till two weeks."

"Look Maury, Miss, don't say no 'bout dat possum, one ev'ry time in my 'ud is 'till de boat in my mouth. I jes hatchedly want one o' dem beasts so bad."

The joy of this possum dream almost gave way, as there came into view an ox cart with two steers and a load of long, blue-crowned soldiers piled high on the back of a tree, while the faithful father trotted contentedly under the wagon.

From McIntosh, especially, were interesting hats and hats woven of palmetto, pink convoluted shells and wood carving. On the wall hung a piece of linen, brown with age, with square, curiously wrought letters, which still retained a faint coloring of pink and blue. On this was the following inscription:

Sarah Ann Spencer is my name
Georgia is my nation
Bavannah is my dwelling place
Christ is my salvation
When I am dead and gone
And all my bones are rotten
This you see remember me
That I may never be forgotten
The roses on the wall are green
The days are past that I have seen
And when the church the bell does toll
The Lord have mercy on my soul
Onside with the wind sweeping up the riverbed, the crowd surging past the "Mourning Dove," the "King of the South," the "Blue Bird" and Daughters of Babel and Jacob" as the sheet music blared from the "hot coffee, brown and butter" and Uncle Sam's old song of the past.

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