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.007

BY RUDYARD KIPLING



NOW, a locomotive is, next to a marine engine, of course, the most sensitive thing man ever made; and No. .007, besides being sensitive, was new. The red paint was hardly dry on his spotless bumper-bar, his headlight shone like a fireman's helmet in a street parade, and his cab might have been a hardwood-finish parlor. They had run him into the round-house after his trial—he had said good-by to his best friend in the shops, the overhead travelling-crane; the big world was just outside and—the other locos were taking stock of him. He looked at the semicircle of bold, unwinking headlights, heard the low purr and mutter of the steam mounting in the gauges, scornful hisses of contempt as a slack valve lifted a little, and would have given a month's oil for leave to crawl through his own driving-wheels into the brick ash-pit beneath him. .007 was an eight-wheeled "American" loco, but a little different from others of his type, and as he stood he was worth \$10,000 on the Company's books. But if you had bought him at his own valuation, after half an hour's waiting in the darkish echoing round-house, you would have saved exactly nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-eight cents. A heavy Mogul freight, with a short cow-catcher and a deep fire-box, that came down within three inches of the rail, began the game, speaking to a Pittsburgh Consolidation, who was visiting.

"Where did this thing blow in from?" he asked, with a dreamy puff of light steam.

"It's all I can do to keep track of our makes," was the answer, "without lookin' after *your* back-numbers. 'Guess it's something Peter Cooper left over when he died."

.007 quivered, his steam was getting up, but he held his tongue. Even a hand-car knows what sort of locomotive it was that Peter Cooper experimented upon in the far-away thirties. It carried its coal and water in two apple-barrels, and was not much bigger than a bicycle.

Then up and spoke a small, newish, switching-engine, with a little step in front of his bumper-timber and his wheels so close together that he looked like a broncho getting ready to buck.

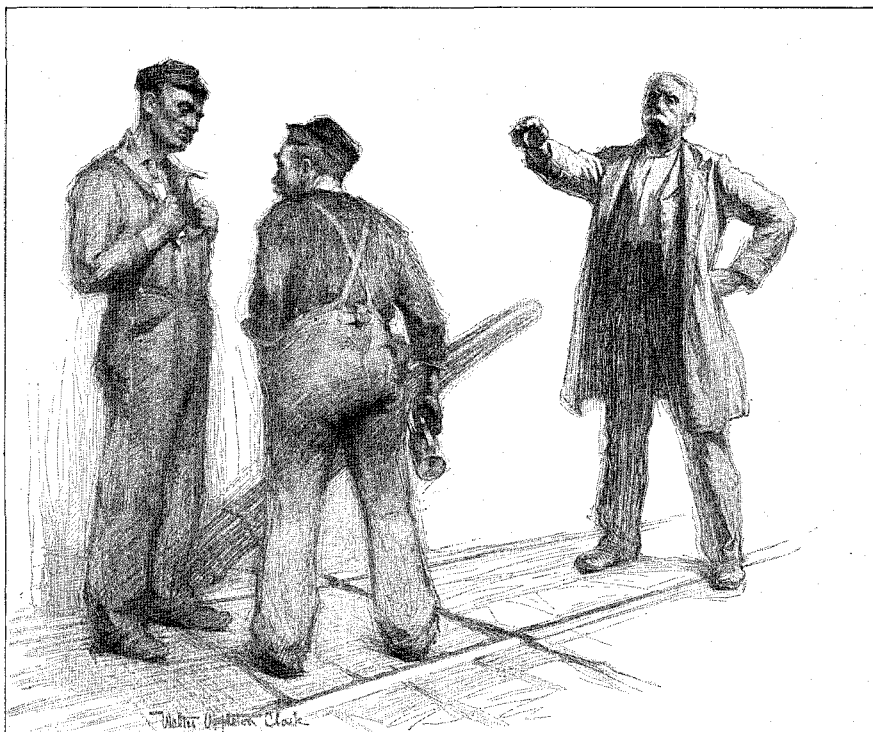
"Something's wrong with the road when a Pennsylvania gravel-pusher tells us anything about our stock, *I* think. That kid's all right. Eustis designed him, and Eustis designed me. Ain't that good enough guarantee?"

.007 could have carried the switching-loco round the yard in his tender, but he felt grateful for even this little word of consolation.

"We don't use hand-cars on the Pennsylvania," said the Consolidation. "That—er—peanut-stand's old enough and ugly enough to speak for himself."

"He hasn't bin spoken to yet. He's bin spoke *at*. Hain't ye *any* manners on

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A man in a black Prince Albert, without a collar, came up . . . and said that what *he* said went.—Page 139.

the Pennsylvania?" said the switching-loco.

"*You* ought to be in the yard, Poney," said the Mogul, severely. "We're all long-haulers here."

"That's what you think," said the little fellow. "You'll know more 'fore the night's out. I've been down to Track Seventeen and the freight there— Oh, Christmas!"

"I've trouble enough in my own division," said a lean, light suburban loco, with very shiny brake-shoes. "My commuters wouldn't rest till they got a parlor-car. They've hitched it on just ahead o' the caboose, and it hauls worse'n a snow-plough. I'll snap her off some day sure, and then they'll blame every one except their fool-selves. They'll be askin' me to haul a vestibuled next!"

"Made you in New Jersey, didn't they?" said Poney. "Thought so. Commuters and truck-wagons aren't any sweet haul, but I tell *you* they're a heap better'n cuttin' out refrigerator-cars or oil-tanks. Why, I've hauled——"

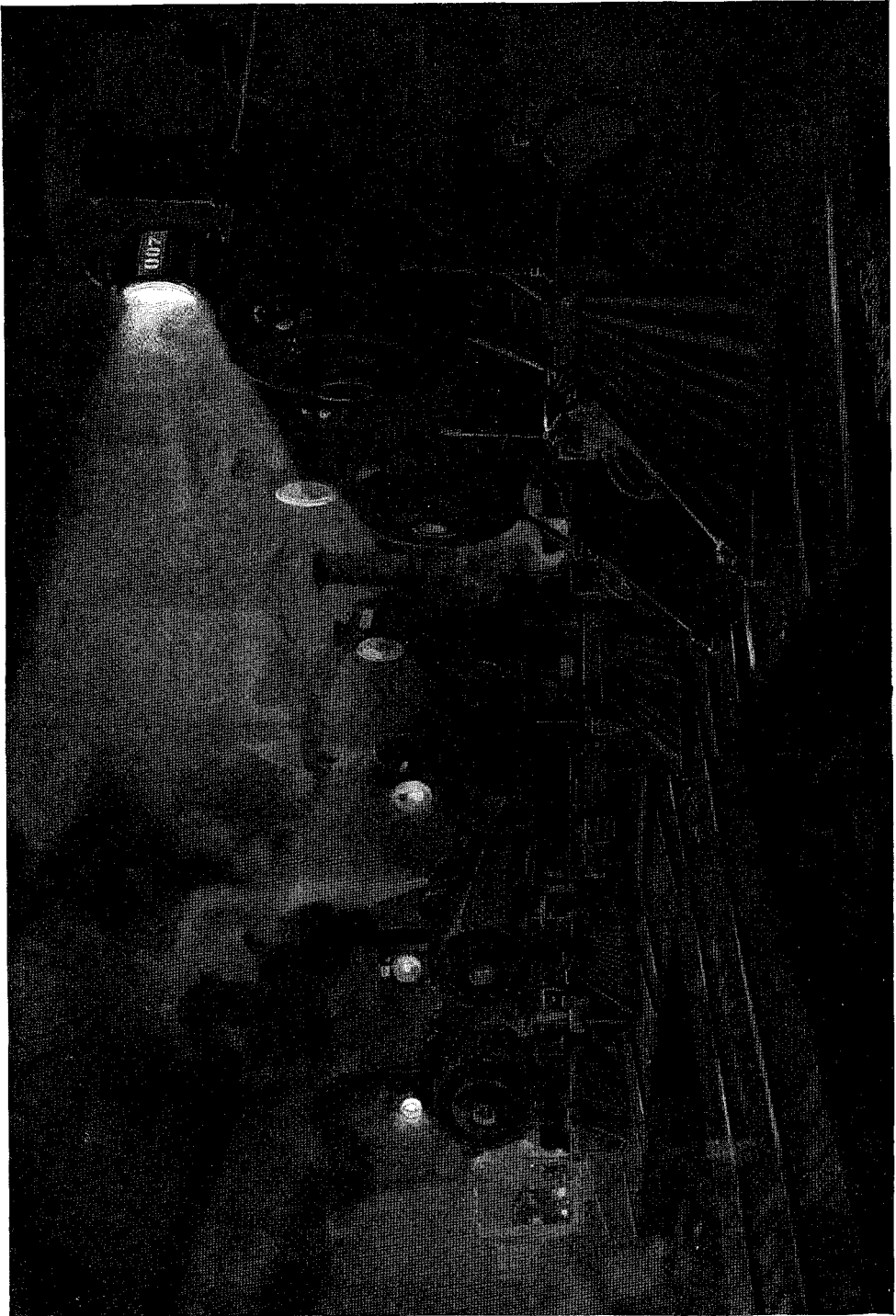
"Haul! You?" said the Mogul, con-

temptuously. "A heap *you* haul! It's all you can do to bunt a cold-storage car up the yard. Now, I——" he paused a little to let the words sink in—"I handle the Flying Freight—eleven cars worth just anything you please to mention. On the stroke of eleven I pull out: and I'm timed for thirty-five an hour. Costly—perishable—fragile—immediate—that's me! Sub-urban traffic's one degree better than switching. Express freight's what pays."

"Well, I ain't given to blowing, as a rule," began the Pittsburgh Consolidation.

"No? You were sent in here because you grunted on the grade," Poney interrupted.

"Where I grunt, you'd lie down, Poney: but, as I was saying, I don't blow much. Notwithstandin', *if* you want to see freight that is freight, moved lively, you should see me warbling through the Alleghenies with thirty-seven ore-cars behind me and the brakemen fightin' tramps till they can't attend to my tooter. I have to do all the holdin' back then, and, though I say it, I've never had a load get away from me yet. No, sir. Haulin's one thing, but



Then .007 put both drivers and his pilot into it, as the saying is, for he asked what sort of a thing a hot box might be?—Page 138.

judgment and discretion's another. You want judgment in my business."

"Ah! But are you not paralyzed by the sense of your overwhelming responsibilities?" said a curious, husky voice from a corner.

"Who's that?" .007 whispered to the Jersey commuter.

"Compound — experiment — N.G. 'Bin switchin' in the B. & A. yards for six months when she wasn't in the shops. She's economical (*I* call it mean) in her coal, but she takes it out in repairs. Ahem! I presume you found Boston somewhat isolated, madam, after your New York season?"

"I am never so well occupied as when I am alone." The Compound seemed to be speaking half way up her smoke-stack.

"Sure," said the irreverent Poney, under his breath. "They don't hanker after her any in the yard."

"But, with my constitution and temperament—my work lies in Boston—I find your *outré*—"

"Outer which?" said the Mogul freight. "Simple cylinders are good enough for me."

"Perhaps I should have said *farouche-rie*," hissed the Compound.

"I don't hold with any make of *papier-maché* wheel," insisted the Mogul.

The Compound sighed pityingly and said no more.

"Git 'em all shapes in this world, don't ye?" said Poney. "That's Mass'chusetts all over. They half start an' then they stick on a dead-centre an' blame it all on other folk's ways o' treatin' them. Talkin' o' Boston, Comanche told me last night he had a hot box just beyond the Newtons, Friday. That was why, *he* says, the Accommodation was held up. Made out no end of a tale, Comanche did."

"If I'd heard that in the shops with my boiler out for repairs, I'd know 'twas one o' Comanche's lies," the New Jersey commuter snapped. "Hot box! Him! What happened was that they'd put an extra car on, and he just lay down on the grade and squealed. They had to send 127 to help him through. Made it out a hot box, did he? Time before that he said he was ditched! Looked me square in the headlight and told me that as cool as—as a water-tank in a cold wave. Hot box!

You ask 127 about Comanche's hot box. Why, Comanche was side-tracked and 127 —(he was just about as mad as they make 'em on account o' being called out at ten o'clock at night) took hold and snapped her into Boston in seventeen minutes. Hot box! Hot fraud! That's what Comanche is."

Then .007 put both drivers and his pilot into it, as the saying is, for he asked what sort of thing a hot box might be?

"Paint my bell sky-blue!" said Poney, the switcher. "Make me a surface-rail-road-loco with a hardwood skirtin'-board round my wheels. Break me up and cast me into five cent sidewalk fakir's mechanical toys! Here's an eight-wheel coupled 'American' don't know what a hot box is! Never heard of an emergency-stop either, did ye? Don't know what ye carry jack-screws for? You're too innocent to be left alone with your own tender. Oh, you—you flat-car!"

There was a roar of escaping steam before anyone could answer, and .007 nearly blistered his paint off with pure mortification.

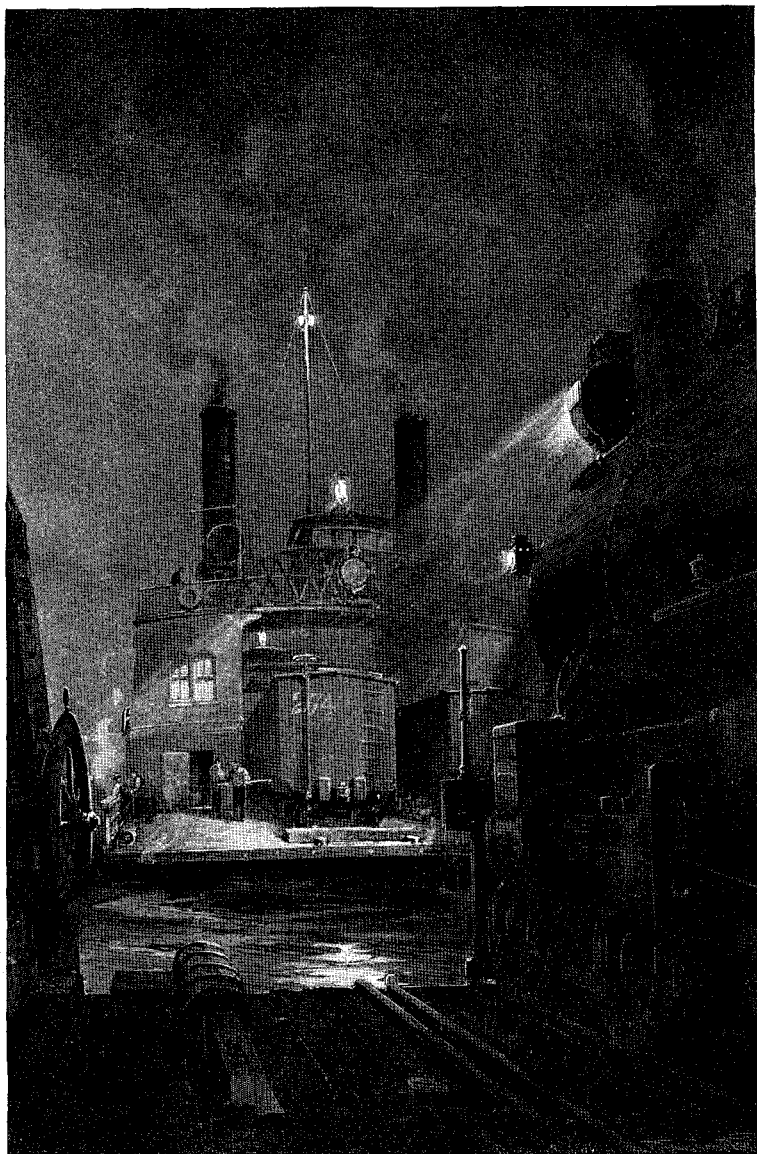
"A hot box," began the Compound, picking and choosing her words as though they were coal, "A hot box is the penalty exacted from inexperience by haste. Ahem!"

"Hot box!" said the Jersey Suburban. "It's the price you pay for going on the tear. It's years since I've had one. It's a disease that don't attack short-haulers as a rule."

"We never have hot boxes on the Pennsylvania," said the Consolidation. "They get 'em in New York—same as nervous prostration."

"Ah, go home on a ferry-boat," said the Mogul. "You think because you run on steeper grades than our road 'ud allow, you're a kind of Allegheny angel. Now, I'll tell you what you—Here's my folk. Well, I can't stop. See you later, perhaps."

He rolled forward majestically to the turn-table, and swung like a man-of-war in a tide-way, till he picked up his track. "But as for you, you pea-green swivelin' coffee-pot (this to .007), you go out and learn something before you associate with those who've made more mileage in a week than you'll make in a year. Costly,



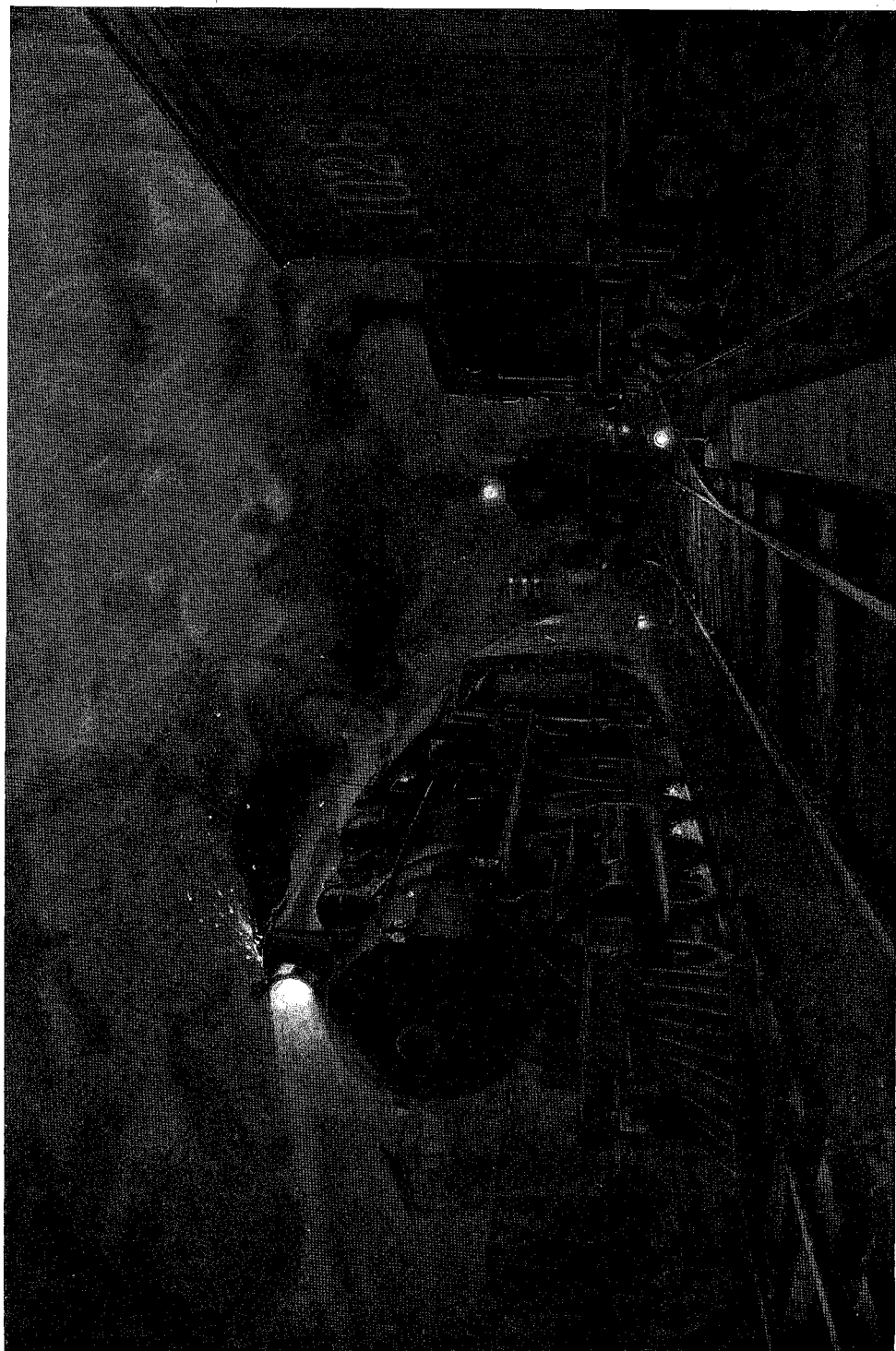
He had never seen deep water before, and shivered as the flat drew away and left his bogies within six inches of the black, shiny tide.--Page 145.

perishable, fragile, immediate—that's me ! S'long."

"Split my tubes if that's actin' polite to a new member o' the Brotherhood," said Poney. "There wasn't any call to trample on ye like that. But manners was left out when Moguls was made. Keep up your fire, kid, an' burn your own smoke. Guess we'll all be wanted in a minute."

Men were speaking rather excitedly in the round-house. One man, in a dingy jer-

sey, said that he hadn't any locomotives to waste on the yard. Another man, with a piece of crumpled paper in his hand, said that the yard-master said that he was to say that if the other man said anything he, the other man, was to shut his head. Then the other man waved his arms and wanted to know if he was expected to keep locomotives in his hip-pocket. Then a man in a black Prince Albert, without a collar, came up dripping, for it was a hot August night,



But .007 had caught one glimpse of the superb six-wheel-coupled racing locomotive who hauled the pride and glory of the road.—Page 146.



The yard-master never even looked up from his bundle of freight receipts.—Page 145.

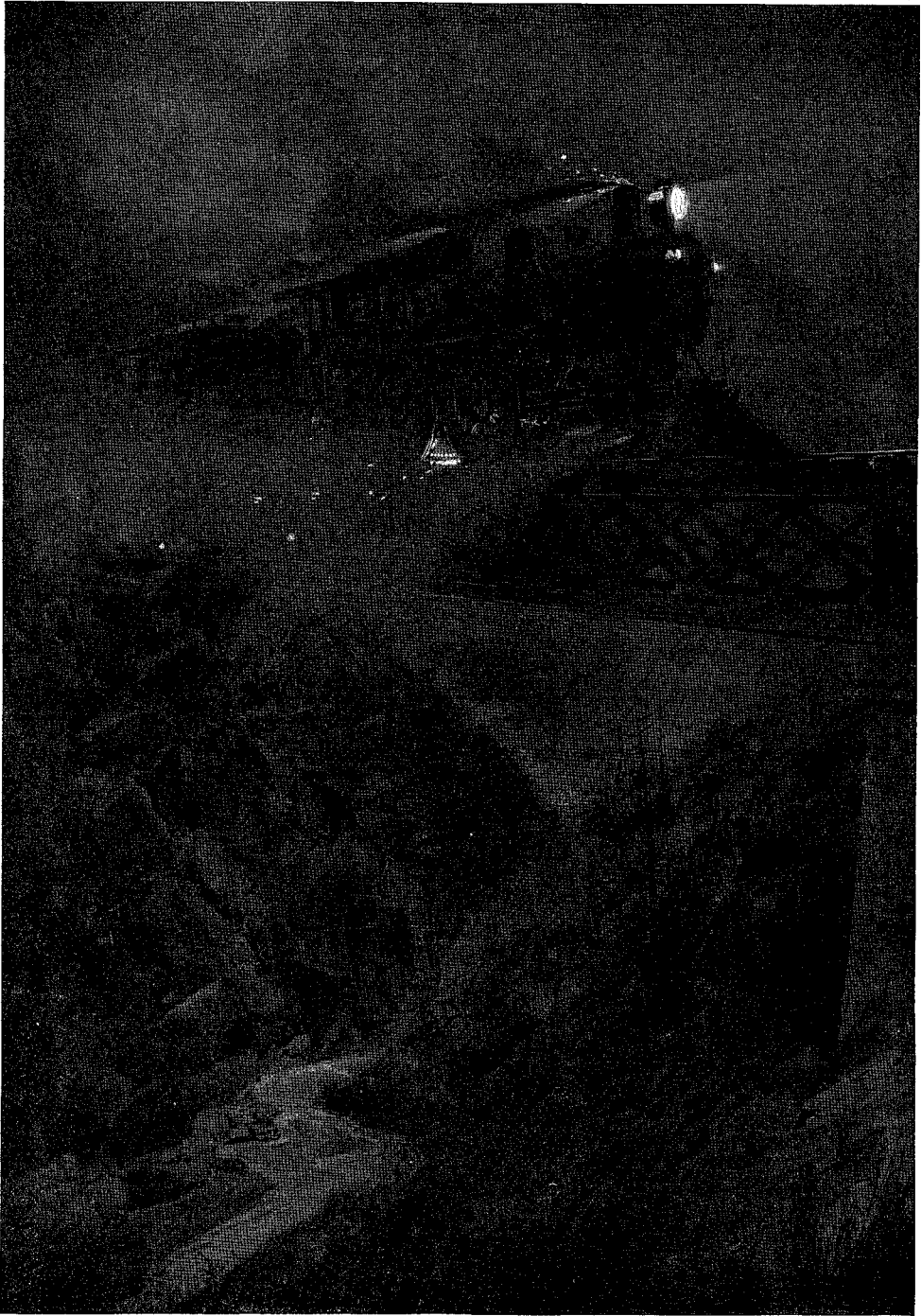
and said that what *he* said went ; and between the three of them the locomotives began to go, too—first the Compound ; then the Consolidation ; then .007.

Now, deep down in his fire-box, .007 had cherished a hope that as soon as his trial was done, he would be led forth with songs and shoutings, and attached to a green and chocolate vestibuled flyer, under charge of a bold and noble engineer, who would pat him on his back, and weep over him, and call him his Arab steed. (The boys in the shops used to read wonderful stories of railroad life while .007

was being built, and .007 expected things to happen as he had heard.) But there did not seem to be many vestibuled fliers in the roaring, rumbling, electric-lighted yards, and his engineer only said :

“Now, what sort of a fool sort of an injector has Eustis loaded onto this rig this time,” and he put the lever over with an angry snap, crying : “Am I supposed to switch with this thing, hey ?”

The collarless man mopped his head and replied that, in the present condition of the yard, the engineer would switch and keep on switching till the cows came home.



He took the eighty-foot bridge without the guard-rail, like a hunted cat on the top of a fence.—Page 147.

.007 pushed out gingerly, his heart in his headlight, so nervous that the clang of his own bell nearly made him jump the track. Lanterns waved or danced up and down before and behind him; and on every side, six tracks deep, sliding backward and forward, with clashings of couplers and squeals of hand-brakes, were cars — more cars than .007 had dreamed of. There were oil-cars, and hay-cars, and stock-cars full of lowing beasts, and ore-cars, and potato-cars with stove-pipe ends sticking out in the middle; cold-storage and refrigerator cars dripping iced-water on the tracks; ventilated fruit and milk cars; flat-cars with truck wagons full of market-stuff; flat-cars loaded with reapers and binders, all red and green and gilt under the sizzling electriclights; flat-cars piled high with strong scented hides, pleasant hemlock-plank, or bundles of shingles; flat-cars creaking under the weight of thirty-ton castings, angle irons, and rivet-

boxes for some new bridge; and hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of box-cars loaded, locked and chalked. Men — hot and angry — crawled among and between and through and under the wheels; men took flying jumps through his cab, when he halted for a moment; men sat on his pilot as he went forward, and on his tender when he went back, and regiments of men ran along the tops of the box-cars beside him, screwing down

brakes, waving their arms and saying curious things.

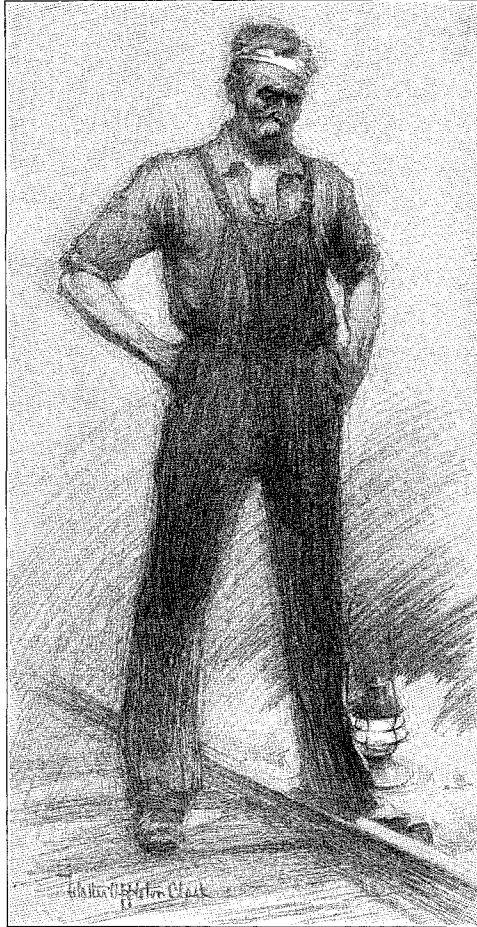
He was pushed forward a foot at a time; whirled backwards, his rear-drivers clinking and clanking, a quarter of a mile; jerked into a switch (yard switches are *very* stubby and unaccommodating), bunted

into a Red D, or Merchant's Transport car, and, without any hint of the weight behind him, started up again. As soon as his load was fairly on the move, three or four cars would be cut off, .007 would bound forward, only to be held hiccupping on the brake. Then he would wait a few minutes, watching the whirled lanterns; deafened with the clang of the bells, giddy with the vision of the sliding cars, his brake-pump panting forty to the minute, his front coupler lying sideways on his cow-catcher, like a tired dog's tongue in his mouth; and the whole of him covered with half burnt coal-dust.

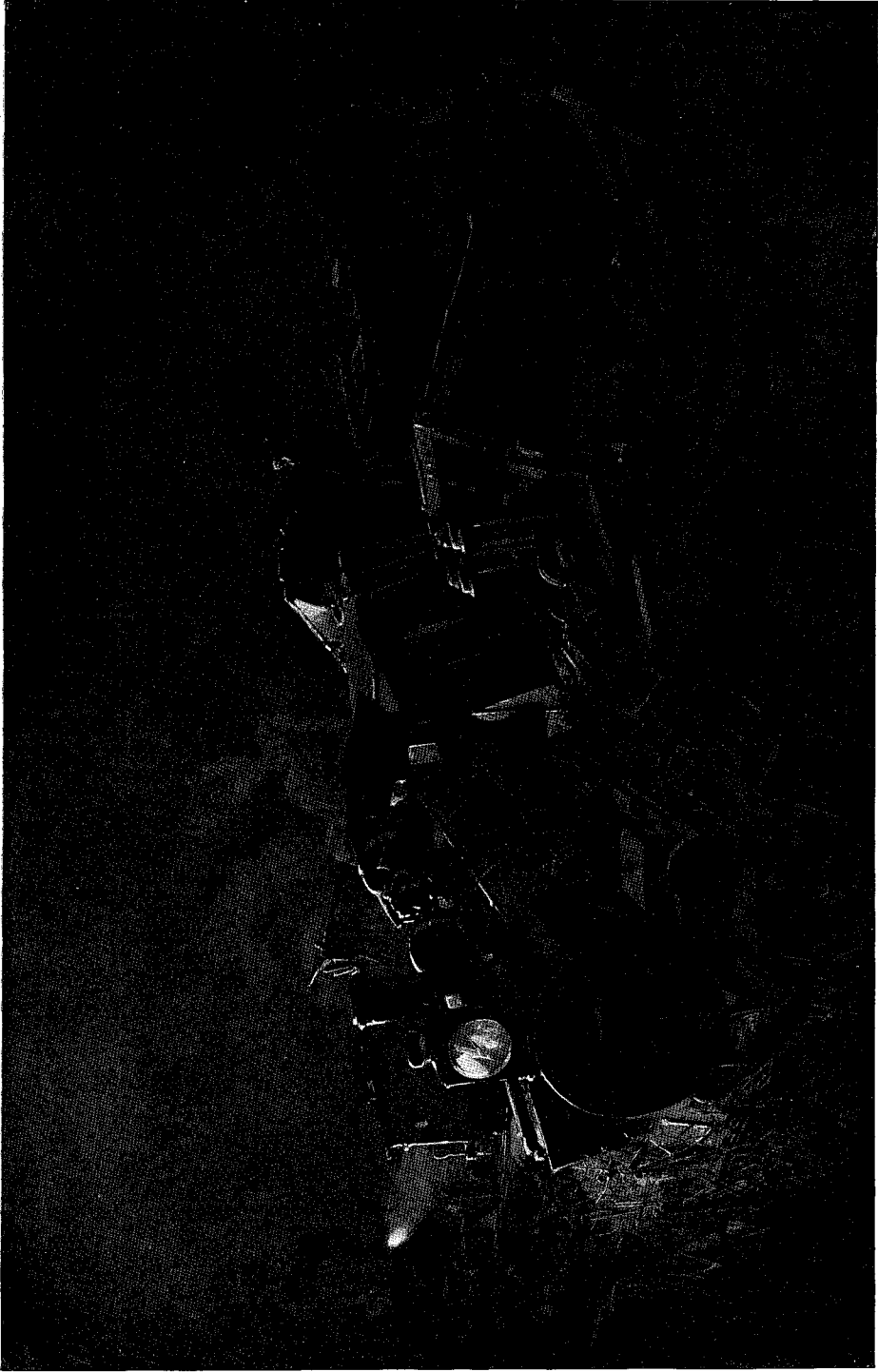
"Tisn't so easy switching with a straight-backed

tender," said his little friend of the round-house, bustling by at a trot. "But you're comin' on pretty fair. 'Ever see a flyin' switch? No? Then look at me."

He was in charge of a dozen heavy flat cars. Suddenly he shot away from them with a sharp "*Whut!*" a switch opened in the shadows ahead; he turned up it like a rabbit, as it snapped behind him, and the long line of twelve-foot-high lumber jolted on into the arms of a full-sized road loco,



"'Tweren't even a decent sized hog," he said. "'Twere a shote."—Page 147.



His tender had thrown coal all over him, and he looked like a disreputable buffalo.—Page 148.

who acknowledged the receipt with a dry howl.

"My man's reckoned the smartest in the yard at that trick," he said. "Gives me cold shivers when another fool tries it, though. That's where my short wheel-base comes in. Like as not you'd have your tender scraped off if *you* tried it." .007 had no ambitions that way, and said so. "No? Of course this ain't your regular business, but, say, don't you think it's interestin' ? Have you seen the yard-master? Well, he's the greatest man on earth, an' don't you forget it. When are we through? Why, kid, it's always like this, day *an'* night—Sundays and week days. See that thirty-car freight slidin' in four, no, five tracks off? She's all mixed freight, sent here to be sorted out into straight trains. That's why we're cuttin' out the cars one by one." He gave a vigorous push to a west-bound car as he spoke; and started back with a little snort of surprise, for the car was an old friend—an M. T. K. box-car.

"Jack my drivers, but it's Homeless Kate! Why, Kate, ain't there *no* gettin' you back to your friends? There's forty chasers out for you from your road, if there's one. Who's holdin' you now?"

"Wish I knew," said Homeless Kate. "I belong in Topeka, but I've bin to Cedar Rapids; I've bin to Winnipeg; I've bin to Newport News; I've bin all down the old Atlanta and West Point, an' I've bin to Buffalo. Maybe I'll fetch up at Haverstraw. I've only bin out ten months, but I'm homesick, I'm just achin' homesick."

"Try Chicago, Katie," said the switching-loco; and the battered old car lumbered down the track, jolting: "I want to be in Kansas when the sunflowers bloom."

"Yard's full o' Homeless Kates an' Wanderin' Willies," he explained to .007. "I knew an old Fitchburg flat-car out seventeen months; an' one of ours was gone fifteen 'fore ever we got track of her. Dunno quite how our men fix it. 'Swap around, I guess. Anyway, I've done *my* duty. She's on her way to Kansas, via Chicago; but I'll lay my next boilerful she'll be held there to wait consignee's convenience and sent back to us with wheat in the fall."

Just then the Pittsburgh Consolidation passed at the head of a dozen cars.

"I'm goin' home," he said, proudly.

"Can't get all them twelve on to the flat.

Break 'em in half, Dutchy!" cried Poney. But it was .007 who was backed down to the last six cars, and he nearly blew up with surprise when he found himself pushing them on to a huge ferry-boat. He had never seen deep water before, and shivered as the flat drew away and left his bogies within six inches of the black, shiny tide.

After this he was hurried to the freight-house, where he saw the yard-master, a smallish, white-faced man in shirt, trousers, and slippers, looking down upon a sea of trucks, a mob of bawling truckmen and squadrons of backing, turning, sweating, spark-striking horses.

"That's shippers' carts loadin' on to the receivin' trucks," said the small engine, reverently. "But *he* don't care. He let's 'em cuss. He's the Czar—King—Boss! He says 'Please' and then they kneel down an' pray. There's three or four strings o' to-day's freight to be pulled before he can attend to *them*. When he waves his hand that way, things happen."

A string of loaded cars slid out down the track, and a string of empties took their place. Bales, crates, boxes, jars; car-boys, frails; cases and packages flew into them from the freight-house as though the cars had been magnets and they iron filings.

"Ki-yah!" shrieked little Poney. "Ain't it great?"

A purple-faced truckman shouldered his way to the yard-master and shook his fist under his nose. The yard-master never even looked up from his bundle of freight receipts. He crooked his forefinger slightly and a tall young man, in a red shirt, lounging carelessly beside him, hit the truckman under the left ear, so that he dropped quivering and clucking on a hay-bale.

"Eleven, seven, ninety-seven, L. Y. S.; fourteen ought ought three; nineteen thirteen; one one four; seventeen ought twenty-one M. B., and the ten west bound. All straight except the two last. Cut 'em off at the junction. An' *that's* all right. Pull that string." The yard-master, with mild blue eyes, looked out over the howling truckmen at the waters in the moonlight beyond, and hummed:

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lawd Gawd, He made all!

.007 moved out the cars to deliver them to the regular road - engine. He had never felt quite so limp in his life before.

"Curious, ain't it?" said Poney, puffing on the next track. "You an' me, if we got that man under our bumpers, we'd work him into red waste and not know what we'd done, but—up there—with the steam hummin' in his boiler that awful quiet way. . . ."

"I know," said .007. "Makes me feel as if I'd dropped my fire, an' was getting cold. He is the greatest man on earth."

They were at the far north end of the yard, now, under a switch-tower, and looking down on the four-track way of the main traffic. The Boston Compound was to haul .007's string to some far-away northern junction over an indifferent road-bed; and she mourned aloud for the ninety-six pound rails of the B. & A.

"You're young, you're young," she coughed. "You don't realize your responsibilities."

"Yes, he does," said Poney, sharply. "But he don't lie down under'em." Then, with a side-spurt of steam, exactly like a tough spitting, "There ain't more than fifteen thousand dollars worth o' freight behind her anyway, and she carries on as if 'twere a hundred thousand—same as the Mogul's. Excuse me, madam, but you've the track . . . She's stuck on a dead-centre again—bein' specially designed not to."

The Compound crawled across the tracks on a long slant, groaning horribly at each switch; and moving like a cow in a snowdrift. There was a little pause along the yard after her tail-lights had disappeared; switches locked crisply and everyone seemed to be waiting.

"Now, I'll show you something worth," said Poney. "When the Purple Emperor ain't on time, it's about time to amend the constitution. The first stroke of twelve is—"

"Boom!" went the clock in the big yard-tower, and far away .007 heard a full, vibrating *Yah! Yah! Yah!* A head light twinkled on the horizon-like a star; grew an overpowering blaze and whooped up the humming track to the roaring music of a happy giant's song:

With a michnai—ghignai—shtingal!—Yah!

Yah! Yah!

Ein—Zwei—Drei—Mutter! Yah! Yah!

Yah!

She climb upon der shteeple,

Und she frighten all der people,

Singin' michnai—ghignai—shtingal! Yah!

Yah!

The last defiant "yah! yah!" was delivered a mile and a half beyond the passenger depot, but .007 had caught one glimpse of the superb six-wheel-coupled racing locomotive who hauled the pride and glory of the road, the gilt-edged Purple Emperor, the millionaires' south-bound express, laying the miles over his shoulder as a man peels a shaving from a soft board. The rest was a blur of maroon enamel, a bar of white light from the electrics in the cars, and a flicker of nickel-plated hand-rail on the rear platform.

"Ooh!" said .007.

"Seventy-five an hour these five miles. Baths, I've heard; barber's shop, I know, because I've seen the coons; and a library and the rest to match. Yes, sir, seventy-five an hour! But he'll talk to you in the round-house just the same as I would. And I—cuss my wheel-base!—I'd kick clean off the track at half his gait. He's the Master of our Lodge. Cleans up in our house. I'll introdooce you some day. He's worth knowin'! There ain't many can sing that song, either."

.007 was too full to answer. He did not hear a raging of telephone-bells in the switch-tower, nor the man, as he leaned out and called to .007's engineer, "Got any steam?"

"'Nough to run her a hundred mile out 'o this, if I could," said the engineer, who belonged to the open road and hated switching.

"Then get. The Flying Freight's ditched forty mile out, with fifty rods o' track ploughed up. No; no one's hurt, but both tracks are blocked. Lucky the wreckin' car an' derrick are this end of the yard. Crew'll be along in a minute. Hurry! You've the track."

"Well, I could jest kick my little sawed-off self," said Poney, as .007 was backed, with a bang, on to a grim and grimy car like a caboose, but full of tools—a flat-car and a derrick behind it. "Some folks are one thing and some are another; but *you're* in luck, kid. They push a wreck-

ing-car. Now, don't get rattled. Your wheel-base will keep you on the track, and there ain't any curves worth mentionin'. Oh, say ! Comanche told me there's one section o' saw-edged track that's liable to jump ye a little. Fifteen an' a half out, *after* the grade at Jackson's crossin'. You'll know it by a farm-house an' a wind-mill and five maples in the door-yard. Wind-mill's west o' the maples, an' there's an eighty-foot iron bridge in the middle o' the section with no guard-rails. See you later. Luck !"

Before he knew well what had happened, .007 was flying up the track into the wide dark world. Then fears of the night beset him. He remembered all he had ever heard of landslides, rain-piled boulders, blown trees, and strayed cattle ; all that the Boston Compound had ever said of responsibility and a great deal more that came out of his own head. With a very quavering voice he whistled for his first grade-crossing (an event in the life of a locomotive) and his nerves were in no way restored by the sight of a frantic horse and a white-faced man in a buggy less than a yard from his right shoulder. Then he was sure he would jump the track ; felt his flanges mounting the rail at every curve ; knew that his first grade would make him lie down even as Comanche had done at the Newtons. He whirled down the grade to Jackson's crossing, saw the wind-mill west of the maples, felt the badly laid rails spring under him, and sweated big drops all over his boiler. At each jarring bump he believed an axle had smashed and he took the eighty-foot bridge without the guard-rail, like a hunted cat on the top of a fence. Then a wet leaf stuck against the glass of his headlight and threw a flying shadow on the track, so that he thought it was some little dancing animal that would feel soft if he ran over it ; and anything soft underfoot frightens a locomotive as it does an elephant. But the men behind seemed quite calm. The wrecking crew were climbing carelessly from the caboose to the tender—even jesting with the engineer, for he heard a shuffling of feet among his coal and the snatch of a song, something like this :

Oh the "Empire State" must learn to wait,
And the "Cannon-ball" go hang !

When the West-bound's ditched, and the tool-car's hitched,
And it's 'way for the Breakdown Gang (Tara-ra !)
Way for the Breakdown Gang !

"Say ! Eustis knew what he was doin' when he designed this rig. She's a hummer. New, too."

"Snff ! Phew ! She *is* new. That ain't paint. That's ——"

A burning pain shot through .007's right rear driver—a crippling, stinging pain.

"This," said .007, as he flew, "is a hot box. Now I know what it means. I shall go to pieces, I guess. My first road run, too !"

"Het a bit, ain't she?" the fireman ventured to suggest to the engineer.

"She'll hold for all we want of her. We're most there. Guess you chaps back had better climb into your car," said the engineer, with his hand lightly on the brake lever. "I've seen men snapped off——"

But the crew fled back with laughter. They had no wish to be jerked on to the track. The engineer half turned his wrist and .007 found his drivers pinned firm.

"Now it's come !" said .007, as he yelled aloud, and slid like a sleigh. For the moment he fancied he would jerk bodily from off his underpinning.

"That must be the emergency-stop, Poney talked about," he gasped, as soon as he could think. "Hot box—emergency stop. They both hurt ; but now I can talk about 'em in the round-house."

He was halted a few feet in the rear of what doctors would call a compound-comminuted car. His engineer was kneeling down among his drivers, but he did not call .007 his "Arab steed," or cry over him as the engineers did in the newspapers. He just bad-worded .007 and pulled yards of charred cotton waste from .007's axles and hoped he might some day catch the idiot who had packed it. Nobody else attended to him, for Evans, the Mogul's engineer, a little cut about the head, but very angry, was exhibiting, by lantern light, the mangled corpse of a slim blue pig.

"'Tweren't even a decent sized hog," he said. "'Twere a shote."

"Dangerousest beasts, they are," said one of the crew. "Get under the pilot an' sort o' twiddle ye off the track, don't they?"

"Don't they?" roared Evans, who was

a red-headed Welshman. "You talk as if I was ditched by a hog every fool-day o' the week. I ain't friends with all the cussed half-fed shotes in the State o' New York. No, indeed! Yes, this is him—an' look what he's done!"

It was not a bad night's work for one stray piglet. The Flying Freight seemed to have flown in every direction, for the Mogul had mounted the rails and run diagonally for a few hundred feet from right to left, taking with him such cars as cared to follow. Some did not. They broke their couplers and lay down, while rear cars frolicked over them. In that game, they had ploughed up and removed, and twisted a good deal of the left-hand track. The Mogul himself had waddled into a corn field, and there he stood—fantastic wreaths of green twisted round his crank-pins; his pilot covered with solid clods of field, on which corn nodded drunkenly; his fire put out with dirt (Evans had done that as soon as he recovered his senses) and his broken headlight half full of half-burned moths. His tender had thrown coal all over him, and he looked like a disreputable buffalo, who had tried to wallow in a general store. For there were, scattered over the landscape, from the burst cars, typewriters, sewing-machines; bicycles in crates; a consignment of silver-plated imported harness; French dresses and gloves; a dozen finely moulded hardwood mantels; a fifteen foot naphtha-launch, with a solid brass bedstead crumpled around her bows; a case of telescopes and microscopes; two coffins; a case of very best candies; some gilt edged dairy-produce, butter and eggs in an omelette; a broken box of expensive toys; and a few hundred other luxuries. A camp of tramps hurried up from nowhere and generously volunteered to help the crew. So the brakemen, armed with coupler-pins, walked up and down on one side, and the freight-conductor and the fireman patrolled the other with their hands in their hip-pockets. A long-bearded man came out of a house beyond the cornfield and told Evans that if the accident had happened a little later in the year, all his corn would have been burned, and accused Evans of carelessness. Then he ran away, with Evans at his heels shrieking: "'Twas his hog done it—his hog done it! Let me kill him! Let me

kill him!" Then the wrecking crew laughed; and the farmer put his head out of a window and said Evans was no gentleman.

But .007 was very sober. He had never seen a wreck before and it frightened him. The crew still laughed, but they worked at the same time; and .007 forgot his horror in amazement at the way they handled the Mogul freight. They dug round him with spades; they put ties in front of his wheels, and jack-screws under him. They embraced him with the derrick-chain and tickled him with crowbars, while .007 was hitched on to wrecked cars and backed away till either the knot broke, or the cars rolled clear of the track. By dawn, thirty or forty men were at work, replacing and ramming down the ties, gauging the rails and spiking them. By daylight, all the cars who could move had gone on in charge of another loco; the track was freed for traffic; and .007 had hauled the old Mogul over a small pavement of ties, inch by inch, till his flanges bit the rail once more, and he settled down with a clank. But his spirit was broken, and his nerve was gone.

"'Tweren't even a hog," he repeated, dolefully. "'Twere a shote, and you—you of all of 'em—had to help me on."

"But, how in the whole long road did it happen?" asked .007, sizzling with curiosity.

"Happen! It didn't happen! It just come! I sailed right on top of him around that last curve—thought he was a skunk. Yes, he was all as little as that. He hadn't more'n squealed once 'fore I felt my bogies lift (he'd rolled right under the pilot) and I couldn't catch the track again to save me. Swivelled clean off I was. Then I felt him sling himself along, all greasy, under my left leadin' driver and, Oh, Boilers! that mounted the rail. I heard my flanges zippin' along the ties an' the next I knew I was playin' 'Sally, Sally Waters' in the corn, my tender shuckin' coal through my cab, an' old man Evans lyin' still an' bleedin' in front o' me. Shook? There ain't a stay or a bolt, or a rivet in me that ain't sprung to glory somewhere."

"Umm!" said .007, "what d'you reckon you weigh?"

"Without these lumps o' dirt I'm all of a hundred thousand pound."

"And the shote?"

"Eighty. Call him a hundred at the outside. He's worth about four'n a half dollars. Ain't it awful. Ain't it enough to give you nervous prostration? Ain't it paralyzin'. Why, I come just around that curve—" and the Mogul told the tale again, for he was very badly shaken.

"Well, it's all in the day's run, I guess," said .007, soothingly. "An'—an' a cornfield's pretty soft fallin'."

"If it had bin a sixty-foot bridge, an' I could ha' slid off into deep water an' blown up an' killed both men, same as others have done, I wouldn't ha' cared, but to be ditched by a shote—an' you to help me out—in a cornfield—an' an old hayseed in his nightgown cussin' me like as if I was a sick truck-horse. . . . Oh, it's awful! Don't call me Mogul! I'm a sewin' machine. They'll guy my sand-box off in the yard.

And .007, his hot box cooled and his experience enlarged, hauled the Mogul freight slowly to the round-house.

"Hello, old man! Bin out all night, hain't ye?" said the irrepressible Poney, who had just come off duty. "Well, I must say you look it. Costly—perishable—fragile—immediate—that's you! Go to the shops, take them vine-leaves out o' your hair an' git 'em to play the hose on you."

"Leave him alone, Poney," said .007 severely, as he was swung on the turntable, "or I'll —"

"'Didn't know the old granger was any special friend o' yours, kid. He wasn't over civil to you last time I saw him."

"I know it; but I've seen a wreck since then, and it has about scared the paint off me. I'm not going to guy anyone as long as I steam—not when they're new to the business an' anxious to learn. And I'm not goin' to guy the old Mogul either, though I did find him wreathed around with roastin' ears. 'Twas a little bit of a shote—not a hog—just a shote, Poney—no bigger'n a lump of anthracite—I saw it—that made all the mess. Anybody can be ditched, I guess."

"Found that out already, have you? Well, that's a good beginnin'." It was the Purple Emperor, with his high, tight, plate-

glass cab and green velvet cushion, waiting to be cleaned for his next day's fly.

"Let me make you two gen'lemen acquainted," said Poney. "This, is our Purple Emperor, Kid, whom you were admirin' and, I may say, envyin', last night. This is a new brother, worshipful sir, with most of his mileage ahead of him but, so far as a serving-brother can, I'll answer for him."

"'Happy to meet you," said the Purple Emperor, with a glance round the crowded round-house. "I guess there are enough of us here to form a full meetin'. Ahem! By virtue of the authority vested in me as head of the Road, I hereby declare and pronounce Number .007, a full and accepted brother of the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Locomotives, and as such entitled to all shop, switch, track, tank and round-house privileges throughout my jurisdiction, in the degree of Superior Flier; it bein' well-known and credibly reported to me, that our Brother has covered forty-one miles in thirty-nine minutes and a half on an errand of mercy to the afflicted. At a convenient time, I myself, will communicate to you the song and signal of this Degree whereby you may be recognized in the darkest night. Take your stall, newly entered Brother, among Locomotives!"

Now in the darkest night, even as the Purple Emperor said, if you will stand on the bridge across the freight-yard, looking down upon the four-track way, at 2.30 A.M., neither before nor after, when the "White Moth," that takes the overflow from the "Purple Emperor," tears south, with her seven vestibuled cream-white cars, you will hear, as the yard-clock makes the half-hour, a far away sound like the bass of a violincello and then, a hundred feet to each word:

With a michnai — ghignai — schtingal! Yah!
Yah! Yah!
Ein—zwei—drei—mutter! Yah! Yah! Yah!
She climb upon der shteeple
Und she frighten all the people
Singin' michnai — ghignai — shtingal! Yah!
Yah!

That is .007 covering his one hundred and eighty-six miles in two hundred and one minutes.

THE UNQUIET SEX

FIRST PAPER—THE WOMAN COLLEGIAN

By Helen Watterson Moody

I



THE woman collegian, both as a graduate and an undergraduate, is a very serious young person. So is her brother, but he is serious about different things. As an undergraduate he takes his fraternities and his societies and his clubs and his Alma Mater's record in athletics with great gravity; he takes his particular college very hard indeed; he is a Yale or a Cornell or a Harvard man, and that is about all there is of him for the first year after graduation. Then he gets over it. But his sister thinks more of her education than she does of her college, and her choice of electives is of more importance to her than her choice of societies. When she gets out of school, even after several years—when her brother has digested all his importance as a collegian and thinks only of his college training as a good thing to have had in order that he might know how little it was worth, after all, except to set him on an easy level with other fellows, and give him an occasional interest in athletics and put him into a university club—the woman collegian does not succeed in sloughing off her scholastic habits of thought. She goes in for serious reforms and postgraduate knowledge. She has convictions beyond her unschooled sister, and is, even yet, caught writing papers on the careers of college women, and listening while others discourse upon what college women owe the world. All this makes her a trifle *posée*, overassertive, too conscious of herself and her type. Thus she has attracted to herself a certain interest, which is not all admiration, as one may get the attention of a drawing-room by an awkward and self-conscious entrance. Her learning is distinctly an acquirement and not a part of herself, and not infrequently fits her badly, like a suit of ready-made

clothes. It is still customary, even in polite circles, to make distinct mention of "collegiate advantages" whenever a young woman is present who has been fortunate enough to enjoy them, in order that the unwary stranger may have his cue. While everything in Tom's life after Harvard is calculated to take the nonsense out of him, and to put the man collegian on a level with the rest of us, everything in Harriet's life in college, and out of it, marks her as one set apart. And all this after thirty years of college training for women, and with thousands of women graduates, whose lives and achievements bear witness to the fact that a woman may undertake the utmost severities of what is still politely known as the "higher" education, without giving the least indication then or thereafter of remarkable ability of any kind.

"And a very good thing it is, too," as Mr. Punch says in answer to the sentiment, "There's no place like home." It would be sad, indeed, if a young woman who asks no more than the indifferent equipment for life that a college training gives should be made to pay the penalty of extraordinariness therefor, when to be ordinary is so much more wholesome for the individual and so much more desirable for the world in general.

There are several reasons why this unfortunate solemnity attaches itself to Harriet's education, some of which will be easily dissipated, no doubt, as the results of education inhere in the physical and mental constitution of women. When one's grandmother is known to have been a bachelor of the liberal arts, a master's degree for the fourth descendant is a matter of simple assumption. But some of these reasons will not disappear until certain defects in the college training for women shall have been remedied. I suppose we all agree that the ideal education for women does not result from segregating them, since the segregation of either