

## ALL IN A DAY'S RUN

By William Harnden Foster

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

**L**HE yardful of locomotives lay for the most part silent, except for the sputtering of an uncertain safety-valve or the occasional clanging of a bell as an engine moved drowsily forward in the afternoon sun to the "water-plug" or coal-chute. Some engines had gangs of greasy wipers polishing cross-head or side-rod. A big H 18 stood over the ash-pit while a grimy man crawled between her drivers and banged and poked away at her ash-pan, amid clouds of steam and hot cinders.

As I moved down the line of iron steeds purring contentedly, I came upon the engine I was looking for, No. 8000, a big Atlantic-type flyer, and crouched upon the connecting-rod and probing into her link motion with a long-nosed oil-can was Windy, one of the crack runners of the road—Windy, the man who takes eleven Pullmans ninety-six miles in an hour and forty-six minutes.

He got down and came back to the gangway.

"Climb up," he said, looking at his watch; "we'll have to be going in a minute or two."

I climbed up and found the fireman sprinkling down the coal.

"Goin' down the line with us?" he asked.

I told him I was.

"Only my second trip in this train," he said; "bid the job off last week. This mill steams like a fire-engine, though, so I guess we'll get there all right."

Windy took his oil-cans and went over to the round-house for his allowance of oil for the run, while the fireman turned his attention to the fire. The safety-valve sputtered and then popped with a roar. The fireman left the fire-box door open and came and looked out the gangway. A little, slim old man with a ragged jumper and a dirty golf-cap, and who needed a shave sorely, was carrying half a bucketful of rivets over to a turn-table that was being repaired.

"Hello, Daddy," shouted the fireman.

Daddy waved a jet-black hand.

"That's Daddy," explained the fireman; "he's a peach. Nobody'd ever think he was one of the oldest engineers on the Road, would they? Yes, set up in '69—been running ever since. Good man, too—everybody likes Daddy; but he does look like a hobo, don't he? He's always working around at some odd job like that. Other day some of the fellers over to the other house sent over a bundle of overalls for him. They addressed it, 'For Daddy, the man that digs cellars daytimes and runs a Trilby nights.' Hasn't any watch, either," continued the fireman;

"at inspection he gets one of his boys'—they're all trainmen."

"Daddy's somethin' of a sport too. Other day he raced Humpty clear to Tower G. Him runnin' local, and Humpty had one of the through sections. Daddy stuck just the same, but I don't believe either of 'em had mor'n a grate left when they got there."

Just then Windy set his oil-cans on the shelf and climbed up.

"Well, let's be moving," said he. "Have to take the Y now, while Daddy builds us a new turn-table."

He lighted his pipe, glanced out of the window, dropped the reverse lever down into the corner, and reached for the throttle. The fireman gave the bell-rope a pull, and soon, with her connecting-rods clanking and her seventy-six-inch drivers banging over rattling switches, the 8000 swung through the lines of locomotives. As we would go by an engine, her driver would wave to Windy from the cab or from beside the drivers, and shout something and grin. Now we were on a track about at right angles to the one on which I had found the 8000. With a groan of the brake-shoes she stopped just beyond a switch, guarded by a dwarf signal.

"All right," said the fireman as he gave the bell-rope another pull.

The reverse lever came over. Windy leaned out of the window, and soon we were rattling and booming out on the main line. Under bridges we swept and through short tunnels, in which the exhaust of the engine sounded hollow and uncanny. Apartment houses flanked the track on either side. Then we charged into a long tunnel in which the smoke and steam filled the cab and obscured the view ahead.

"All right," said the fireman as soon as the first glimpse of daylight showed ahead.

"All right," responded Windy.

"All right on the next one," said the fireman.

"All right," said Windy.

Then the 8000 hit the ladder and went diagonally across the maze of tracks that are the approach to the big terminal, the crew recording signals at intervals. We passed by the big tower, met suburban trains coming out, and went in by the River Division Flyer, waiting for the signal. Then with clanging bell the 8000 backed down on the

blind baggage of the train that stood waiting and which the passengers were already boarding.

A man with a hammer made the coupling, and soon the little whistle beside the engineer's seat sounded shrilly. Windy applied the brakes. It whistled again, and he released them. Then he got down and, with his oil-can and wrench, went around the 8000 to put on the finishing touches before the run.

Soon the conductor came up, and, after a comparison of watches, Windy went up on the front of the engine to change the train numbers in the headlight. Then they stood talking until the signal dropped at the end of the train-shed.

"Trot along, Windy," said the conductor as he started back toward the first vestibule. Windy climbed the steps, and the 8000 started ahead, shooting up heavy-artillery exhausts that swirled and churned in the roof of the train-shed.

The throttle came open a little wider and the reverse lever came up a little nearer the centre. Now the 8000 was rattling over switches and under signal-bridges at a merry rate.

As we got out of the yard limit the fireman got down.

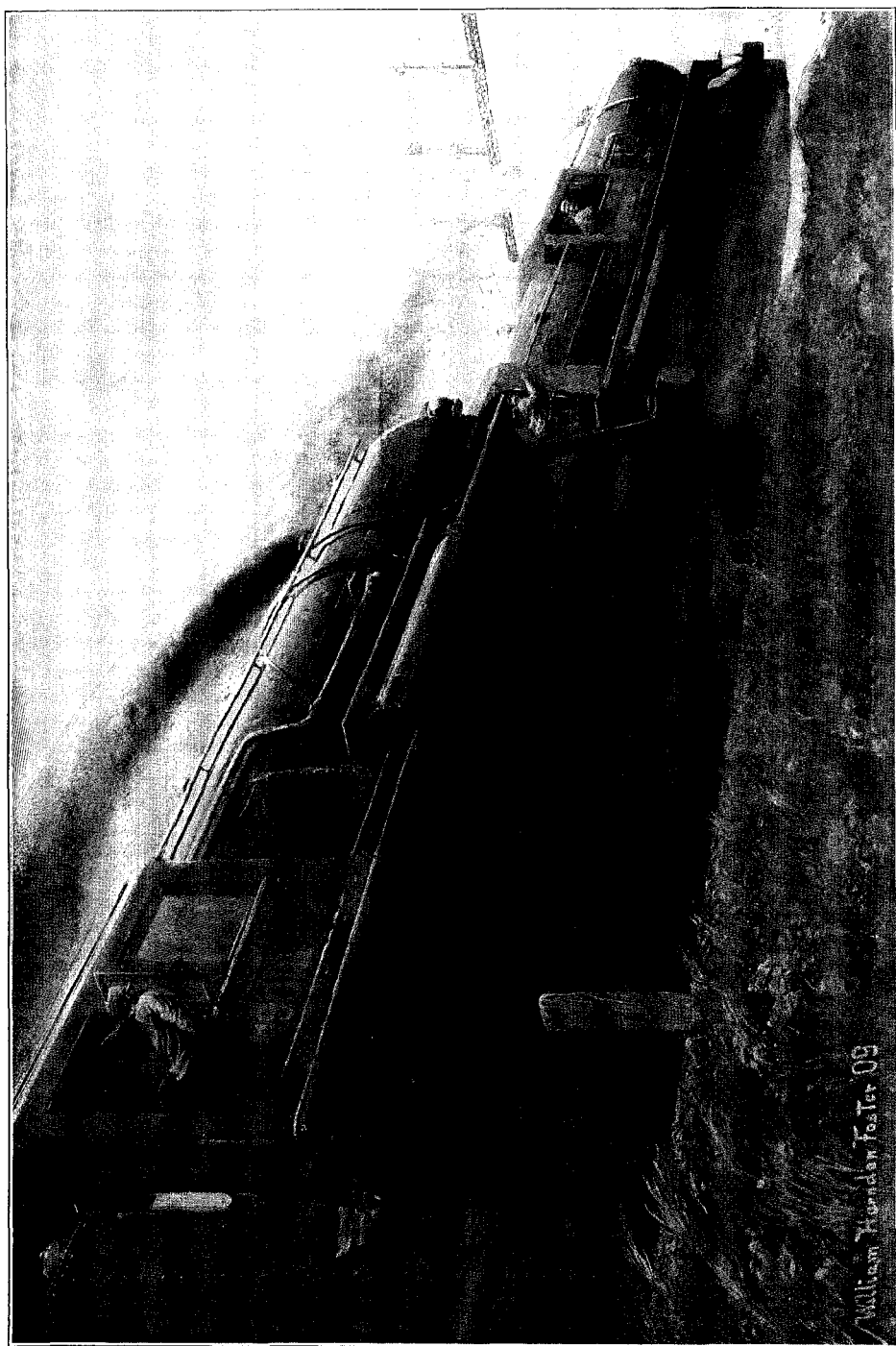
"You can have the seat all to yourself now," he said; "I've got something else to do."

Then he opened the fire-box and began to apply that science of keeping up steam on a heavy, fast train. Just then we overtook a freight pulling slowly out on the next track. We tore by the caboose and along the line of jolting cars. Apparently they might well have been standing still or even going backward. Then we came to the engine—a big compounder. The fireman stepped to the gangway.

"Come on," he yelled; but we were by, and only got an answering grin. Still we could hear the exhaust of the compound above the roar of our own engine. Windy nodded toward the freight.

"I can't help it; I can't help it; I can't help it," he shouted, in imitation of the accented first and even three exhausts of the freight engine.

We were now several miles out and travelling at a fifty-mile gait. The big 8000 rocked and swayed as she banged over switches and lurched around curves, her



*Drawn by William Horden Foster.*

A race.



exhaust coming in a steady roar. The crew for the most part paid strict attention to business. The fireman danced between tender and fire-box, stopping now and then to glance ahead. Windy had lighted his pipe again, and was now settled down to watch the signals and switches that fled by

shut the fire-box door, and climbed up on the seat behind me.

"This don't happen many times on this division," he said; "five miles right down-hill now, and they'll run just as fast as you want 'em to without any steam. Have to fight 'em from running too fast most always."



Began to apply that science of keeping up steam.

in rapid succession, occasionally shifting the reverse lever a notch one way or the other or to regulate the throttle a trifle. Now and then he would wave to a crossing-tender or a tower man along the road, and often he would indicate something along the line by a jerk of his thumb, and shout something over to me—something that I could not hear.

Being well out of the suburban towns, Windy caused the 8000 to "pound the joints," as the fireman called making speed. Suddenly Windy, who had been riding with his left hand resting loosely over the top of the reverse lever, and his right firmly grasping the window-frame, reached over and shut off. There being no scheduled stop thereabouts, I looked ahead for the cause. The train was on a big curve, and was running smoothly and fast. The fireman looked up, gave the fire a little repairing,

Our speed kept increasing until I felt sure that the fireman's statements were true. We crashed over switches that sounded loose, and shot through towns that were a confusion of buildings along the track, and a glimpse of a square with electric cars in it. Then out through open fields again and over hollow-sounding bridges.

"Like shooting the chutes, isn't it?—only fun we have on this run," said the fireman in my ear. Windy began to apply the brakes gently and at intervals; but still the 8000 tore along, rolling and pitching. It was hard work sticking on the smooth leather seat, and I clung to the window desperately. Windy looked over and motioned for me to take a seat behind him.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

I liked it all right, and asked him how fast we were going.





Windy.

"Fast!" he repeated. "We're not going very fast."

I raised no argument, but felt that there must be some mistake.

Windy applied the brake from time to time so that our speed did not seem to increase.

He hung out of the window and the engineer's valve hissed at intervals. Then the engine listed to one side, and there came a series of lurches and bangings as we struck the curve at the foot of the hill.

"There's where Duckfoot went off the iron," said Windy, pointing to the hollow at the bottom of the embankment as we swept by.

"His train ran away," he continued. "Fifty-seven loaded box-cars and refrigerators—told him when he took 'em that there was forty cars of air, so he didn't begin to touch 'em up until he got half-way down; then he couldn't hold 'em. Whole bunch went right off and landed at the bottom of the fill—engine turned bottom-side up. Killed? Duckfoot wasn't, but every one else was. Found him in the brook."

The 8000, with straight track under her drivers and the throttle open, again caused

the landscape to float by rapidly. Just after going through a small town, Windy shut off and the fireman went back to lower the scoop. Soon the long, narrow troughs of water caught the reflection of the sky ahead, and there was a sound of rushing water heard in the tank. This suddenly became full, and the surplus poured off the top of the tender over the front of the blind-baggage. The scoop was raised and the roar of the exhaust recommenced.

"Never scoop water," said Windy, "but I think of the feller I saw get off the blind-baggage at the Junction one night—Irish feller, I guess—and wet—say, he was near drowned. Late in the fall, too, and cold. When we stopped he came up side o' the fire-box to get warm. "Fine night," I says "How 're you enjoyin' your ride?" "Ar," says he, shiverin', "'twas all right, but yiz went through three lakes."

Far down the track ahead could be seen a complicated net-work of track, a station, a branch train, and a crowded platform. Windy pulled a long blast on the whistle and shut off. I got down and went over to the fireman's side as we rolled into the

Junction. With the squealing of exhausting brake-cylinders the 8000 came to a stop. Windy got down and, with oil-can and wrench, made a hurried détour of the engine. He had just reached the cab again when the conductor gave the signal, and the 8000 was again on her way. Just outside the Junction we met the East-bound express. The crews greeted each other as they passed.

"Go it, Pop," said Windy half to himself, as he reached for the whistle, "you're two minutes late."

He whistled "grade crossing," and waved to the fat man with the yellow flag in the road. Soon he whistled again on a curve through a rocky cut, and shut off the steam. His left hand rested on the air-brake until we dashed between the white fences, and then the throttle came open again.

"He always shuts off there," said the fireman. "Last spring he hit a baker-cart—killed the baker and the horse, and smashed the cart to kindling wood. They said there was cake and pie all over the engine. Never runs through there now like he used to."

"We had a close call one day at a grade crossing back in the Hill. We were about thirty yards from it and Gusty on Eighty was just the other side and coming some too. All of a sudden something brown shot out by the boiler like a big jack-rabbit—thought it was for a minute—but it was only a feller on a moter-cycle, and he was surely leanin' some."

After going through a few more small towns, over bridges, under bridges, and through isolated freight-yards, we approached the city. Now suburban trains loomed out of the gathering dusk and with a twinkle of the headlight whisked by. Signals became more numerous, and the fireman stood in the gangway and kept look-out. After going under several bridges close together, and through a short tunnel, we skimmed around a big curve and came in view of the dark, sombre train-shed in the distance, behind clouds of escaping steam and volumes of black smoke.

"All right," said the fireman.

"All right," said Windy.

"All right on W."

"All right on W."

"All right all the way in."

"All right in."

The 8000 was now rumbling into the shed, her safety-valve roaring. Within ten feet of the bumper her pilot came to a stop, the reverse lever came into the back corner, and Windy looked over and laughed.

"Well, we're here again," he said.

Soon after a switcher took our train out and we followed them a way, then swung off to the round-house. It was now quite dark, and the net-work of rails caught the reflection of a thousand lights—red, white, and green. Trains moved to and fro, and engines backed in and out with clanging bells. We left the 8000 in the hands of the hostlers and started over to the round-house. On the way we passed one of the River Division Graballs limping in on one side with a broken connecting-rod. Both Windy and the fireman hurled over some remark about crews who let their connecting-rods break.

"Every time I see a broken connecting-rod I think of one time when I was firing for Redney," said Windy. "We had the only packet you could call an express on the North Branch. One morning while we were hitting the grit through one of the small towns the side-rod on my side broke and the ends went 'round like a couple o' flails. Things happened pretty rapid just about then. First the ends would stick in the ground, cuttin' the ends off the ties, and the old engine would lift clear off the rail on that side, and then come down again, 'bang!' Then the ends came around and cleaned the side o' the engine off pretty well. I was sittin' on the seat when it broke, and near went through the roof. When I landed Redney had me, and told me to stay on—I thought we were in the ditch, and was going to jump. Well, after we tore up the track pretty much for a couple o' hundred yards, we stopped right on the crossing, and Redney he got down to view the remains. Just as he was coming around the end o' the pilot he met a fat, red-faced grocer who kept a store near the crossin'—all out o' breath. 'I seen your train comin' along,' he gasped, 'and—and all to a sudden two things on the engine begin to go round like a couple o' pin-wheels, and I knew I ought to come over and tell ye 'bout it.' 'My Gawd!' yells Redney, and chases the fat grocer all the way back into his store with a Stillson wrench. Then the grocer stuck his head out the back

door and told Redney he didn't think he knew how to run an 'engin' anyway."

Duckfoot was what they call a fast-freight artist, and a fast-freight artist is one to be worshipfully respected. Fifty cars ninety-five miles in two hours and thirty-eight minutes. Duckfoot was about the only man who could run on that schedule, but he had it down to a science. He knew just when to get a start and when he could coast a little; when he could give the fireman a chance to get a good fire and just when he had to plug her. Forty miles an hour is fast time for a freight.

A switcher had given us a start out of the yard, and we were now bowling along at schedule time. Duckfoot was a big man, and as he sat with his left hand on the throttle, leaning slightly forward, he nearly filled the window. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as the train rumbled by the bogs we could hear the frogs peeping above the noise of the train. The fireman had all he could do uphill and down. He was big, and the two men seemed in keeping with the big, ten-wheeled "Bougledagger."

We had passed through several small towns, by little, one-horse freight yards, and over numerous grade crossings. Duckfoot had whistled regularly, the deep barytone of the "Bougledagger's" chime carrying far into the still night. Just as the big engine thundered into a cut, Duckfoot whistled "grade crossing" very long and deliberately, with generous pauses between the blasts. Sure enough, there was the white fence ahead, but the fireman left the fire-box door open and stood in the gangway behind the engineer. Then, in the glare of the firelight, they both waved, and in a window a hun-

dred yards from the track a figure waved back—a figure of a woman silhouetted against the lamplight of an interior. The fireman closed the fire-box and came over and stood behind me.

"That's Duckey's wife," he said. "The kids are abed, but they'll be out there when he goes by in the morning. She never fails him, and when he whistles that way she knows he is all right. That night he went

over the banking at the bottom of Five-mile she got to the Junction and rode down on the wrecker."

Duckey had been running like a man who thoroughly knew his business. The throttle opened and closed by notches, and the reverse lever swung between centre and corner. The pop-valve was always silent, but the black hand of the steam-gauge hovered around the two-hundred mark. On several occasions he had looked back at the train.

"Somethin's hangin' back," he announced at last.

The fireman leaned out the gangway and looked back. An orange flame that flickered under a car told the story.

"Warm one 'bout twenty-five cars back," he said.

"Bad?" asked Duckey. "Well, then, let her drag, so long as this old sled will pull it. I'm not going to stop fifteen minutes side o' some brook just for one hot box. Wish they'd get some one that knew how to pack a journal right down the line."

The fast freight had just struck a long reverse curve, and from the attention the crew were paying it was evident that signals were to be expected.

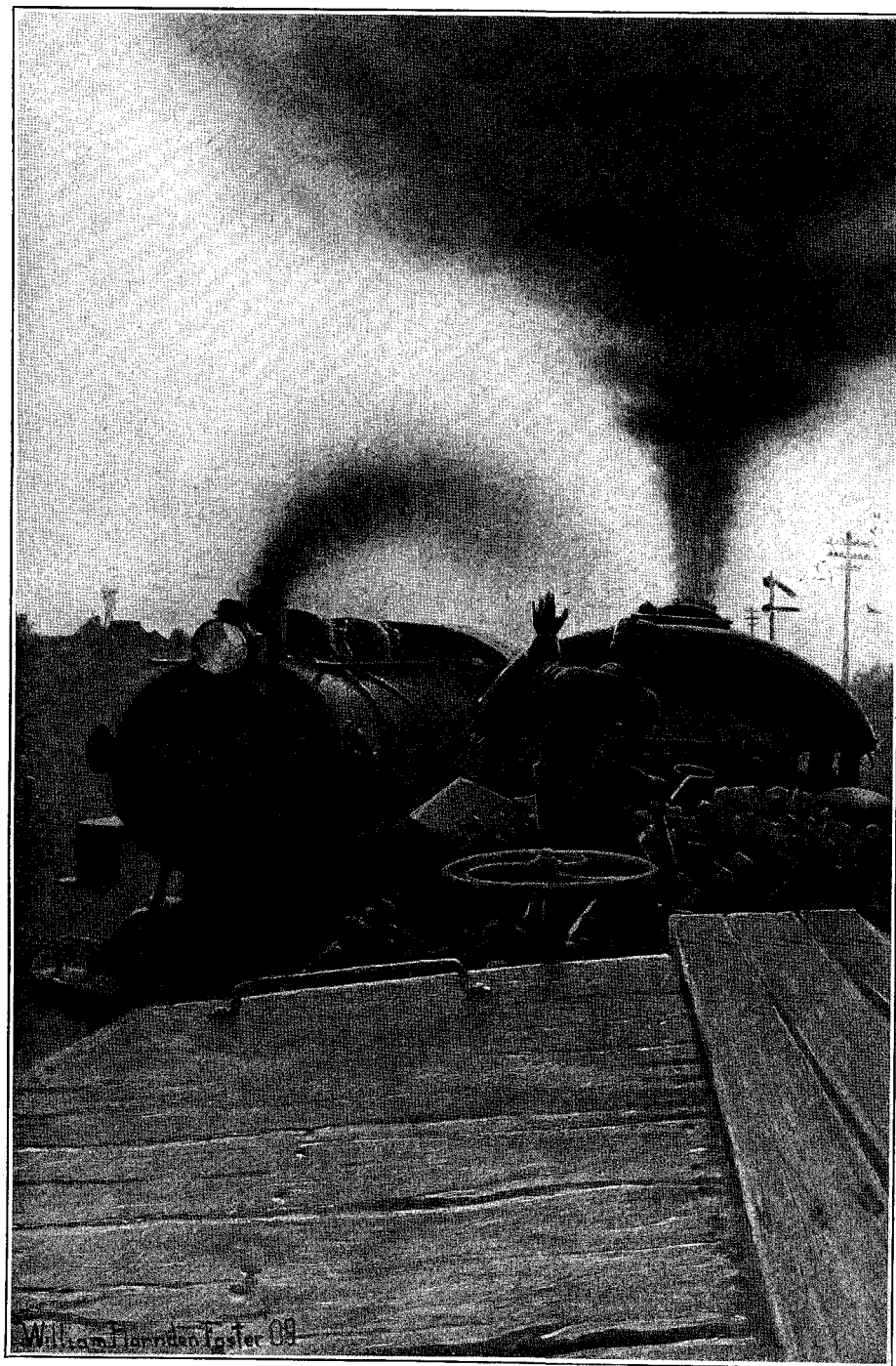
"Red eye," shouted the fireman.

"Red eye," grumbled Duckfoot, and shut off.



Duckfoot.

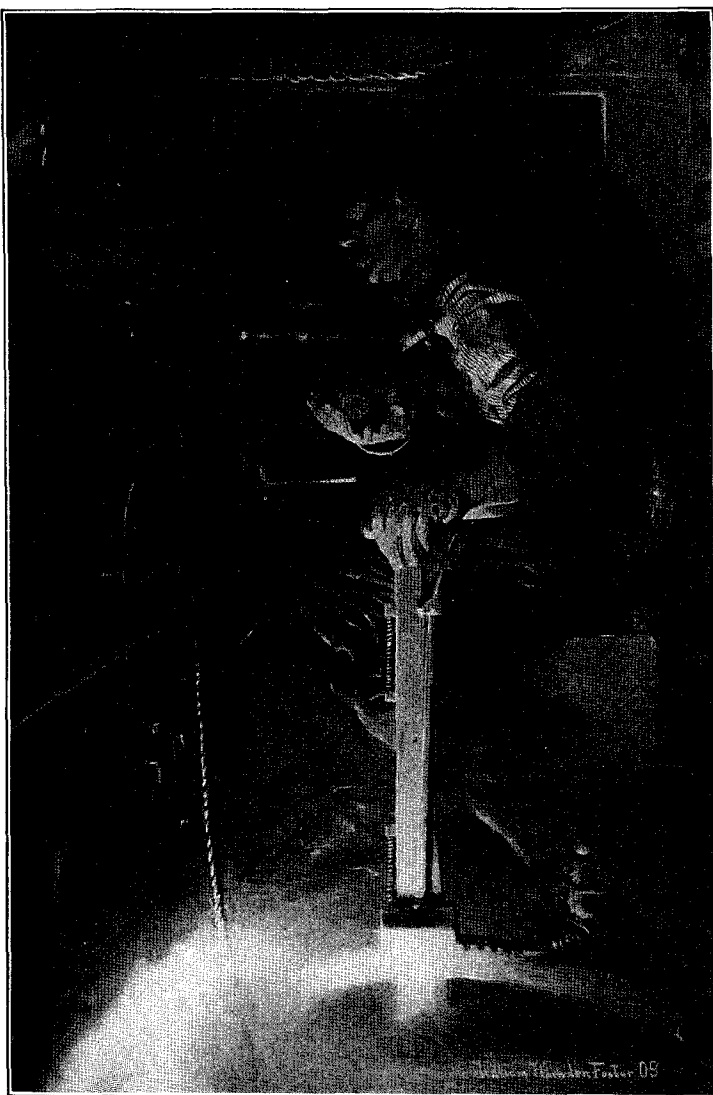




*Drawn by William Harnden Foster.*

Meeting the Limited.





He knew just when to get a start and when he could coast a little.

"Too bad they can't give a man a clear line when he's runnin' a string like this on passenger time."

Duckey had the train under good control, and the offending signal was still three hundred yards' distant, when it turned white.

"All right," shouted the fireman.

"All right," answered Duckfoot.

He released the brakes gradually and made room for me on the seat behind him.

"Have to be pretty delicate about the way you handle a bunch like this. If you pinch 'em too hard at first they'll buckle.

If you don't hold 'em quite hard enough, they won't fetch up for three miles. If you release too quick, they'll break apart, and if you let 'em stop dead you might just as well knock fifteen minutes off your time afore you get 'em rolling again."

Now we were "whooping it," as Duckfoot called it, along a straight track. Occasionally a switch-light or a semaphore would flicker in the darkness ahead and flash by.

"Almost there," announced Duckey after a pause, and far ahead could be seen

the arc lights of the big freight yard and beyond it the city. Signals became more numerous, and now and then we overtook a switcher laboring along with a string of box-cars—men with lanterns walking on top. There was a rattle in the tender behind us, and the conductor slid down through the coal.

"On time again," he said. "Hope they'll have the iron ready for us. S'pose, though, some switcher 'll have the cross-over with 'bout sixty more cars than she can pull. Bum bunch o' junk down this end."

The train had now come to a groaning stop under the string of arc lights, and the forward brakeman was coming up to cut the engine off.

"This old junk 'll be goin' into the shops before long," said the fireman; "can't get steam enough now to blow your hat off."

"Oh, come off!" said the conductor, as he backed down the steps; "you can't draw twenty-eight extra mileage every night and expect to fire a Trilby on the 'Loop.'"

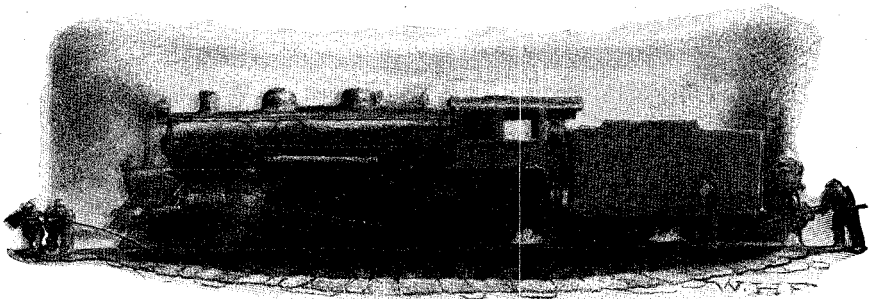
"Move that wheezin' old coffee-pot out o' the way," yelled the forward brakeman, "so's we can get at the train."

We were soon rattling into the round-house, leaving the train to the care of a big shifter.

"That finishes us," said Duckfoot, as he shut an injector and pulled the lever into the centre. "Now for some sleep. Tell

you what, railroading is a thankless job. Bad work, bad weather, and bad hours. If I were a young man again I'd never go near a locomotive. There was a time when one man was a little better'n another, and the good man got the good 'gine and the good job and kept 'em both. Now a man is just a little interchangeable piece of a big machine—works when and where they tell him to, and sleeps when he gets a chance. No credit for what he does right, but the minute he slips up a little the office hollers, 'Thirty days' or somethin'. That's the kind o' thanks you get."

I left the fast-freight artist washing off the grease at a long tank in the round-house. I went out into the dimly lighted yard, and as I passed between the line of purring, simmering locomotives the light fell on a familiar number-plate. No. 8000, sure enough; there was my acquaintance of yesterday. She did not look like the tail-truck comet of mile-a-minute pace as she stood still and solemn in the night. A torch flickered on the corner of the tank, and from the cab came the sound of the shaking of grates. They were at work grooming her for to-day's performance, a race across the stage of the Division and back, a performance in which every actor has to play his part well—and woe to him that forgets it—a performance in which every moment is dramatic and danger is real.





# THE HERMIT OF BUBBLING WATER

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHAN



SMALL portable house for living quarters and workshop combined, a long shed sheltering two aeroplanes, and the poles stretching a Marconi web threw their lone shadows across the Nevada desert. At this central station Danbury Rodd was in touch with substations, which spread zones of flight from the Mexican border to the Selkirks in British Columbia.

Yesterday a squall had hung the Idaho man's machine on the limbs of a scrub pine near the timber line of a peak, and the Arizona man's machine, caught by a "hot ball of wind," had turned turtle among the cacti.

"Tell them to cheer up and not to forget to mail full details of the action of the gyroscope attachment," he bade the operator. "Hello! A visitor!" he added, as his restless eye saw through the open door an object the size of a fountain-pen cap rise out of the line where the metallic, pebbly sheen of the sands and the velvet depths of the sky met.

"From the way he is riding," said Walker, the local assistant, looking through the binoculars, "it must be a case of a hurry ambulance call for an aeroplane."

Here the wireless began to sizzle with good news from the Spokane man. He had been slightly frost-bitten, but had found again the same constant wind by certain passes, which was another promise of regularity of service for the proposed two-day special fast mail route—fifty cents for an ounce—between New York and Seattle.

"Tell him he will have the new electric-heated wind shields in a few days, and he'll be as comfortable as if he were riding in a Pullman," Rodd said, and turned to a study of the big ledger of records, in which he was immersed, when he heard a skurry of hoofs before the door. A young man, in accentuated cowboy rig, threw his leg jauntily over the saddle pommel as he reined his horse skilfully to an abrupt

stand-still and addressed himself to Rodd with a directness which completed the impression of haste.

"My name's Ed Kimball," he said, "and I wouldn't have come if I hadn't heard how good-natured you are. You can do me the biggest kind of a favor in a matter of life and death—but this explains."

He passed over a telegram which he extracted from the breast pocket of his blue shirt, where he had anchored it with a wadded red silk handkerchief.

"Eyes opened," Rodd read. "Sick. Want to see you while I am alive. Hurry." (Signed) "Uncle Peter."

"I don't know how to tell you, except I feel I've got to see Uncle Peter before he dies," Kimball went on, "and it's plain there's no time to be lost. He lives in the south-eastern corner of Wyoming, on a ranch he calls Bubbling Water, and it takes two days' switching back and forth by rail, and two days more on horseback to get there."

"Yes," said Rodd, mechanically, his daily trip over the Sierras in mind. He was used to ruses which had a flight in the *Falcon* as an object. The number of dying relatives who could not be reached promptly by train was astonishing.

He studied the telegram. It was written on a routine form and seemed genuine. He looked sharply into eyes which were of a mild blue, at once good-natured and frank.

"Come in," he said, leading the way past the cots of the living-room to the chart-room, where Kimball saw, on a linen-back sheet across a table-top, a section of the Rocky Mountain region in relief.

This told the story of the soundings for reefs, shallows, and drifts in a new world of travel; of the work of a pathfinder in analyzing and surveying the atmosphere. The barrier of a continent's backbone did not end with the summits of the passes which the early explorers had found for the argonauts. It rose heavenward against the westward progress of the empire of flight