

RUSSIAN RAILROADS

Trying to Go the States One Better

Ordering Steam Locomotives With a Speed of One Hundred Miles an Hour.

London, Sept. 13.—Comparisons are odious and "we Yankees" hate to be outdistanced, at the same time we are apt to be, in more ways than one, unless the pace is kept up that we have established. Just as the great American railroads are congratulating themselves upon the establishment of a twenty-four hour trip between New York and Chicago, an order has been received at the Cassel Locomotive Works for steam locomotives to run at a speed of one hundred miles an hour by the Russian government. The locomotives are to weigh seventy-eight tons and are to be capable of hauling a hundred tons at the rate of speed fixed. With a load of only ninety tons they must be capable of a speed of at least 125 miles an hour. The railway question is one of the most important in Russia, and in view of the necessary development of the empire, will be given the first thing requisite in the mobilization of Russia's vast army. Independently of this point the future of Russian railways is bound to be almost up to that of the American.

I am inclined to doubt that this high standard can be reached so speedily, for, in discussion with the chief mechanical engineer of a large American railroad whom I met at the Savoy a day or two ago, this gentleman said: "I believe that American engineers will be able to keep ahead of the rest of the world, for, although general technical education has not reached the high standard in the United States that it has in some parts of the continent, the American engineer is still ahead. Of course, improved speed will be made on American roads, especially after our roadbeds have been improved for long distance runs. In what direction the changes will be made it is hard to tell. Many things suggest themselves, of course, to the imagination, but they are beyond the range of practicability at present.

In fact, the idea of sustaining a greater speed with any degree of comfort involves many intricate problems. Yet every year finds us building larger engines and making greater speed on all our most important routes. The increase is so gradual that it is looked upon as a matter of course. The mechanical masterpiece of the age is a train of sixteen cars which has been taken from Albany to New York at the record-breaking pace of a mile a minute. Between Yonkers and Dobbs Ferry the run of this train has been made at a pace of sixty-six miles an hour. It is composed mostly of sleeping cars and its total weight is 960 tons. The locomotive weighs 270,000 pounds and the train is about half a mile long.

With more powerful engines it is impossible to say how much the speed of such trains as this can be increased. There are so many possibilities to consider, from improvements that would eventually mean revolution to small changes which also have in the long run a mighty bearing on the speed of the train.

It would not surprise the average person to learn how much the decrease is made in the time of the run by the simple improvement of taking on water while the engine is running, which is the result of one of our minor improvements. To pass from small to great things, there is, of course, the ever present possibility that a change of motive power for heavy engines may be made. But as this is not in sight it does not come within the practicalities of railroading.

Our engineers are more likely to find the difficulties solved in a different manner. Experiments are now being made with the purpose of using coal direct from the cylinders, in which case it would be exploded so as to produce the steam direct without the use of boilers.

This seems more likely to become possible of realization than that any other motive power will succeed steam for long journeys. Compressed air is a competitor which steam may have to face, but we do not look upon it as yet within the realm of practicability for heavy railroad purposes. In the first place the cost of installing the plant would be fabulous. The main objection to the use of compressed air would be the danger of a breakdown which would involve the entire system.

Now the worst accident that could happen only involves the substitution of another engine.

Our metallurgists are confident that within a short while new metals will be made which will possess enormous tensile strength compared with that of those already in use.

Some discovery in this direction and a further means of avoiding friction on the wheels would lead to a positive increase of speed because it would remove the risk attending more rapid revolutions.

"My opinion, nevertheless, is that the increase of speed and, in fact, all changes will be the result of gradual changes unless unsuspected developments surprise us.

"As speed is a necessary adjunct of luxury in traveling and is the fundamental point in railroading, I have taken up that side of the question first.

"It would seem, so far as actual comforts go, that little could be added to make a transcontinental trip more comfortable.

"The train is now a solid mass from end to end, preventing any possibility of vibration where the roadbed is perfect, a condition which obtains on the best transcontinental systems.

"The modern drawing-room car lacks little of the convenience attached to the best hotels. With its electric lights and fans, its electric heaters, observation cars with either in or outside seats, its barber and its stenographer, its library and its news ticker, it leaves little even to be desired.

"I have often been asked if we shall not soon carry a doctor on each train. The fact is I never yet knew a train to leave our depot without a doctor aboard. This remarkable fact has been demonstrated so many times. In cases of sudden sickness a doctor has never failed to appear from among the passengers when needed.

"So complete is the arrangement of the buffets that it has lately become a fashionable fad to give dinner parties on board trains. On special occasions arrangements are made to have these served by well known caterers."

Missa Being Knighted

London, Sept. 13.—According to information received from good authority, it appears that William Waldorf Astor, Sir Thomas Lipton and Sir Ernest Cassel, the Hebrew philanthropist, were partly responsible for Lord Salisbury's row with King Edward and his absence from the coronation. The aged ex-premier has been suffering from no other incapacity than increasing avoidpous, and increasing loss of memory. Despite the reports that he was seriously ill, he was quite able to leave for the continent three days after the coronation.

Trouble had been brewing between the king and his prime minister for some time, but it came to a head when the king sent back Lord Salisbury's list of personages who were to receive titles in honor of the coronation with several notable additions, including peerages for Sir Thomas Lipton and Sir Ernest Cassel, and a knighthood for William Waldorf Astor, who was said to have exerted lots of influence in the Carlton Club in his own behalf, and who has been giving a good deal of money of late to public institutions.

According to my informant, the premier objected forcibly to these additions. He maintained that the present system of recruiting the English aristocracy from ranks of persons who had no qualifications beyond heavy money bags, was becoming pernicious, and he told his majesty that he had too great a respect and admiration for the memory of the late queen to be a party to such abuse of the royal favor.

The king agreed to make Lipton and Cassel baronets instead of lords, but the modification was not sufficient to satisfy Lord Salisbury whose resignation already had been handed in, and he took the fresh opportunity of indirectly showing his anger by absenting himself from the coronation.

Since the death of the late queen there has been a movement on foot among members of the old English nobility to stop indiscriminate conferring of royal favors, but King Edward is a man of iron will, and it is believed he will succeed in breaking down the prejudice in favor of those of his friends in whom he takes a personal interest.

Immense Problem.

London, Sept. 13.—The report of the London county council, just published, furnishes some striking figures indicating the immensity of the municipal problem with which London authorities are confronted.

According to the census of 1901 the population of the administrative county of London was 4,536,511, while Greater London, immediately surrounding the county, showed an additional population of 1,500,000.

The lunary statistics of the administrative county show an increase of 50 per cent. in the last ten years, the total number of lunatics being 21,369, for which drink and business and domestic troubles were accounted to be largely responsible.

The problem of housing the working people is dealt with on a large scale, the council acting as landlord to a population of 12,546, housed in cottages, block dwellings and various other structures. The year's working showed a net surplus of \$11,565 for these dwellings, compared with a deficit of \$5,785 for the previous year.

The city debt statistics show a discouraging increase, the total debt outstanding being \$231,364,355, equivalent to 124.98 per cent. of the rateable value against 194.65 per cent. when the London county council came into existence.

The tax rate now amounts to about 86 per month sterling.

The Filipino Outlaw.

By Albert Sonnenchen.



Carefully He Lifted Reddy to His Shoulders.

A company of soldiers marched down the main street of Bangued. From the windows of the huts that lined both sides of the thoroughfare, black and yellow faces started at the passing blue-shirted figures, some scowling, for Tino's friends were many. With a quick, swinging gait and a regular crunch-crunch-crunch, the company followed its commander, and soon reached the little creek that separated the town from the jungle. Through the shallow water they splashed, regardless of wet feet, for they knew that many times before their march was ended that day would they long for another such wetting. Soon the last set of fours disappeared around a bend in the road.

On the town side of the ford stood two small figures—two ragged little American boys, wistfully eyeing the departure of their countrymen. Slowly, moodily, with drooping lips, they seated themselves on a fallen log, neither speaking to the other. Before them stretched the cool, inviting jungle, the luxuriant foliage forming mysterious nooks and recesses, where monkeys and gaily feathered birds sent the hanging creepers swinging by their restless playfulness.

But this paradise was forbidden ground to the two. Not yet in their teens, these children were wards of the regiment, mascots, picked up from a vagabond life in San Francisco's streets, and their precious little lives must not be endangered by insurgent bullets as were those of their older comrades. Strictly had the colonel drawn the line at the creek—to wander further meant disobeying orders, and the colonel was a terrifying man when angry.

These restrictions were not with out reason. Out in those inviting jungles and thickly wooded hills roamed Tino and his guerrilla bands—Tino, the insurgent desperado, the Tagalog chief, famed as Gilmore's cruel captor.

"Reddy" said one of the two, after a long silence, "we don't never have any fun, do we?"

Reddy shook the mop of copper-colored curls that gave him his name. Another silence—both boys stood in the water, prodding the pebbles with their bare toes. Dick, the eldest, took a step forward—Reddy made two. And so the temptation overcame them.

Hurrah! The chains were burst. With cries of exultation they scampered in under the lowering trees and wild banana groves. To them the colonel's anger was now only a vague possibility. What cared they for colonels? They themselves would be colonels—aye, generals, if they pleased.

Hurrah! They would hunt and capture Tino themselves. Whole companies, battalions, regiments, armies, sprang up behind them—in fantry, cavalry, artillery—all eager for battle, for Tino's capture.

For hours they fought their imaginary battles. But shortly past noon a shakiness about their waists reminded them of the dinner hour—and their disobedience. With a feeling of fear they noticed that the sun had passed the meridian and was sloping away westward. Hurriedly they turned and stumbled to reach the town. In half an hour they halted, staring blankly into each other's eyes. They had lost the way.

Now they thought of Tino—the real one. While crossing a dry river bed, Reddy tripped over a boulder, wrenching his leg as he fell. A cry came to his lips, but it died into a frightened gasp as he realized his inability to walk another step. Dick's help, he managed to hobble to the embankment, where the two sank helplessly to the ground, ready to burst into tears.

Suddenly a man came leaping from boulder to boulder across the river bed. At first the boys took him to be one of the score of Maccabees

souls that garrisoned the neighboring town of San Quintin, for, like them, he wore a suit of light brown khaki and tan boots. But as he drew near they failed to recognize the dark boyish features, shaded by a broad-brimmed hat of sinamay straw.

As the stranger reached the middle of the stream his eyes were caught by the two little figures on the embankment. With a nervous start he halted. Again he approached, with wondering eyes.

"Hello," he cried, in broken English when fairly over them. "What you do here?"

"Reddy" replied by pointing mutely at his swollen foot. The native stooped to examine it. From the injured limb his eyes wandered to the boy's face. A barely perceptible frown lightened his brow. For some time he stood regarding them. Reddy ventured to steal a glance upward, and met the dark brown eyes. The brows relaxed. The young man was smiling.

"Very bad," he said, shaking his head. "Out here many insurrectos; many bad Filipinos."

Both boys gave a sigh of relief; he must be an amigo. Again Reddy looked up.

"Do you know," whispered the lad in serious confidence, "we was a huntin' Tino for to take him prisoner. Company D went down to San Quintin after him, and we came this way."

For a moment the young man looked astonished, then burst into a long laugh.

"What!" he cried. "You no catch him?"

Reddy shook his head solemnly. "No," he said. "We didn't catch him; couldn't find him."

"What you do with Tino?" asked the young man, smiling. "Tino got many soldiers and you no got gun."

That was true. They hadn't considered that. They didn't purpose to follow up the trail, anyhow; they wanted to go home. Perhaps he might be so kind as to help them.

The native thought a moment; yes, he would help them. Stepping into the bushes, he presently returned with a handful of green leaves. From a pocket of his coat he drew a white handkerchief, which he folded diagonally on the ground as he seated himself on the bank beside the injured boy.

He rolled the leaves between his palms until he had bruised them into a damp, soft mass. This he spread on the handkerchief and carefully bound to the boy's ankle. Almost immediately it relieved the pain.

"Good," he cried rubbing his hands as he finished. "by and by all right. Come, vamos!"

Carefully he lifted Reddy to his shoulder with an ease hardly to be expected from his slight, boyish figure, and so he carried him, while Dick trotted beside. A subtle magnetism, quite independent of his kindness, served to draw the children closer to him; with the utmost confidence they chatted to him, as they went along, of their life in the town, their longings to join the scouting parties after Tino and a full account against that daring bandit.

The young man encouraged them laughingly he drew them out, and spared not Tino in doing so. It was not long before they heard the waters of the creek, for in spite of their wanderings the boys had not strayed far from the town. Their Filipino friend evidently knew the straight to the outskirts of the village.

turned to command, by the other in whining accents of cringing respect. The laborer nodded, lifted up his arms and carefully received the injured boy from the young man's shoulders.

"Good by," he said, taking one of their hands in each of his, "I go home now."

"What?" they cried, bitterly disappointed. "Ain't you coming with us?"

He only shook his head somewhat sadly, turned as if to go, but instead reached out his hand and stroked the golden curls on the injured boy's head.

"Very good," he said softly, with a smile the child never forgot. A moment he lingered in an undecided way, then motioned the peasant on. From the opposite bank they tarried to wave him a last farewell. He still stood there, a dark silhouette against the sinking sun, but when they turned a moment later—he was gone.

In the colonel's office sat the two culprits trembling before that great official himself. Whatever uneasiness he might have felt for the safety of the two little motherless waifs he now concealed under a stern glance of disapproval.

"Disobeying orders, eh?" he growled. The accusation was unanswerable; but the old soldier dared not speak, for he knew that his voice would betray the sympathy their bedraggled little figures excited in the bottom of his old heart. So he glared savagely at them over the tops of his spectacles.

"Humph," he muttered, at last, "you young imps—where've you been all day?"

There was no time for an answer. The door flew open and the adjutant entered hurriedly, his face flushed with excitement.

"Colonel," he cried, "Company D has just come in with three men wounded. They ran across Tino down and gave him half an hour's good scrap—scattered his whole band—killed fifteen and almost bagged Tino himself—he had his horse shot under him, and only escaped by making for cover."

The two boys were entirely forgotten. The colonel's head was one of the coolest in the army, but this news interested him.

"Can't we get hold of that scamp and his band of cutthroats?" he cried fiercely, turning toward the adjutant.

"That's a mighty hard proposition, colonel, he sneaks through the country in amigo clothes—all the natives are his friends, and only a few of us know him, even if we do meet him."

The colonel took an envelope out of his desk. From the letter which it enclosed he drew a small card.

"Here, major, here's something General Young sent me today for this very purpose. Take it around and let every man look at it."

But the old soldier's fingers were clumsy, and the card fell to the floor. For an instant it lay in the red light of the setting sun. Before the colonel could recover it the two boys had seen the photograph. With startled glances they looked into each other's eyes. The words of the two officers melted into a distant jumble.

Suddenly their wandering thoughts were recalled by a bang of the colonel's fist on the desk.

"Major," he was saying, "I'd give a year's pay to know whether he made for the pass or up the mountain—I would, honestly, in cold, hard cash."

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King is Convalescent London, Sept. 13.—With the arrival of King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Balmoral, his majesty's convalescence is officially declared to be complete. The fact that the king has already engaged in deer stalking, and is now busy with grouse driving, coupled with the departure of the queen for Copenhagen next week, indicates the confidence of those in attendance upon him that his health is fully restored. Indeed, the king is enjoying better health than for years.

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