Get in Touch With 25,000 Readers Daily. Use The JOURNAL Want Ads.

The Pensacola Journal.

12 Pages Today

Section 2--Pages 9 to 12

VOL. XI.—NO. 149. PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1908. PRICE, 5 CENTS.

THE MAN WHO THROWS THE SWITCH

The Big Responsibility Which Rests on "The Human Scrap Heap" of Railroading—$47.50 to $50 a Month the Average Pay of the Switchman Crippled in the ....Railroad's Service—A Day in "The Shanty."

"Reg'lar B. and O. number 6, the right main" shouted switch-tender Griffin through the telephone. It was a verification of the order he had received and the little shanty by the side of the track seemed almost to burst with the volume of his tones. Anyone who spends twelve hours of the twenty-four in a railroad switching yard must accustom his voice to a never ending contest with a bedlam of whistles, bells and rushing steam.

Jamming the receiver on its hook and opening the little door, Griffin bent his six-foot frame through the opening. His lantern swung from the stump of his right arm, which had just enough of an elbow to make a hook for it. Successive bars of yellow light at every slant and angle glinted in the darkness as the renection came from one track or another in the tangle. He picked his way across them and stopped to throw the switch. Scarcely had he straightened up, when out of the night rushed "number 6". It clattered past the shanty, thundered over the high iron bridge and then like a spent sky rocket, it could be seen slowly bending its stream of light around the curve before the last straight stretch into the white glare of the train shed.

"You see," said Griffin, as he shoved the door shut an gave the stove the only housekeeping attention which the shanty demanded of him, "there's two o' them mains. One's the right main and the other's the wrong main. They're the two tracks across the bridge. The right main goin' toward the depot is the wrong one coming out. But sometimes if the right one is blockaded we have to send the trains in or out by the wrong main."

"Suppose," said I, "another train was coming out on its right main at the same time you might be sending B. and O. number 6 in its wrong main. Wouldn't something happen?"

"Sure. They'd clean it up with ambulances, and you'd hear the kids yellin' extry. That's the thing we've got to look out for."

His frankness was a relief. It showed one thing certainly, that Griffin was keenly aware of his responsibility. In fact, I felt a sense of assurance in discovering Griffin's motto nailed to the wall beside a Sunday supplement picture. There was an elment of dead certainty about its strong language. It read, "Live every day so that you can look any damn man in the face and tell him, 'go to hell,'" a vigorous way, to be sure, of saying, "Be sure you are right," but one, nevertheless, that gave you a comfortable sense of double riveted security, with error not even among the possibilities.

"Job important? Well, you can size it up for yourself. The magazines have had a big lot of hot air about the engineer. All their railroad yarns tell about the trainload of pasengers whose safety rests with the man in the cab. What in heaven's name would he do, I'd like to know, if we fellers didn't keep the switches right? Guess the lives of the trainloads depend on the man in the shanty too."

I was not in a mood to dispute the statement as Griffin caught sight of light in the distance, which rapidly swelled to a full moon. "Great Western, number 3," he was hollering through the 'phone. "All right, Tom, the wrong main for her," and it seemed as if he had scarcely gone outside of the shanty when the full moon, backed up by eighty tons of pounding iron, and clouds of choking steam, rushed by, trailing half a dozen sleepers that looked like one elongated car.

As I accustomed myself to the surroundings, however, I began to think of the things to find out which I had stumbled down the wet and rickety steps from the viaduct and made my uncertain way across and along the tracks. I had heard that a large proportion of switch tenders were crippled. I wanted to find out how they came to be so, how they got their jobs, what their wages were, and what, if any, efforts were under way to better their conditions. Already I had become impressed with the fact that a switch tender must be "all there" all of the time, even if his "all" did happen to include less than the normal total of limbs and digits.

"Sure, we're the human scrap heap in this business. There's about as many of us maimed as able bodied. Look down that row of white lights to the right of the nearest track. Each one of 'em has a shanty and a switch tender. There's me and Bill Williams—he's my day partner—in this shanty. Both of us lacking a right arm. Dave, in the next shanty, he's got no left hand. Next fellow's all sound. But the two after him—neither of them can count more'n about six al ltold on his fingers. Out of twenty in this yard there are seven maimed, and among the 700 or thereabout in the city, I expect there's between a third and a half handicapped. Dunno how you would find out for sure."

"How did we get chopped up? Well, mostly all about the same way. You see, we're all of us trained and experienced railroadmen. This is the only kind they can use in this job. No feller that's maimed outside the railroad service could work in. Fact is, most of us were regular switchmen—the boys that ride around on the engine foot boards and couple cars. Some day or other it happened to the rest of them just about the way it did to me. I lost that there hand making as good a coupling as ever bumped together. Just put my hand in, and when I went to pull it out the train had it 'stead of me. Done so quick I never knew how it happened."

"Don't you never call us cripples, young fellow. We're down and out so far as the wages go. We may be human scrap heap—they pay us as if that was the company's thought anyway. Don't you know they've got to have men posted on railroading for these jobs. If they didn't take us, they'd have to pay the switchmen's regular scale, thirty-seven and one-half cents per hour. But they have us handicapped—all we can do is to take what's coming to us and look wise. We get somewhere between $45.00 and $60.00 a month for twelve hours a day, seven days a week. I just had a raise from $47.50 to $50.00. That was when the switchmen got their last increase.

"Fifty dollars is mighty little for a man with a family. But it comes tough for those of us who have been used to twice that sum—and nearly all of us maimed chaps have. There's Jim, he's the president of the union we're just forming. Jim's getting fifty-five and a few years ago out west he was yard superintendent drawing $200 a month. Of course when the accident comes, we usually get a lump sum settlement from the road, but that only makes a nest egg for the time when we'll have to quit altogether.

"How then do you get these jobs?" I asked, interested to learn if anything like a bureau for the handicapped was maintained by the industry responsible for the injuries. It proved to exist in the human kindness of an individual.

"Tom, the yard superintendent, king o' has a look out for us fellers. He knows that if a chap has one arm off that's no reason why he's not likely to keep his head on his shoulders even better than an ordinary chap. So the boys know they stand a good show by just going around to see Tom. In fact, Tom told me yesterday if I knew any feller than had been up against it, but who was steady and had had experience in the ways of the road, to send him around and he would take care of him."

The telephone bell rang sharply. "B. and O. number 4 is thirty minutes late," repeated Griffin in verification. "Sure, Tom, I'll look out to send her down the right main." I left the shanty wondering by what process of divination it was possible to pick the head light of "number 4" engine from the maze of lights and signals in the distance. As I made my way toward the viaduct and its rickety stairs, I heard Griffin's voice call after me "drop in and see a feller whenever you chance to be down this way."

The Big Head

is of two kinds—conceit and the big head that comes from a sick headache. Does your head ever feel like a gourd and your brain feel loose and sore? You can cure it in no time by acting on your liver with Ballard's Herbine. Isn't it worth trying for the absolute and certain relief you'll get?

Sold and recommended by W. A. D'Alemberte, druggist and apothecary, 121 South Palafox street, Pensacola, Fla.

Fearful Tortures.

Some years ago I was a teacher in Afghanistan, and during my stay in that country I was often an unwilling witness of some horrible exhibitions of torture. Here is one they use in the case of women to extract testimony. It consists in prying off the finger nails by means of a small chisel or brad awl, which is shoved in slowly, but firmly, from the finger tip downward under the quick of the nail, which is then lifted up and out.

This is another that I once saw used in the case of a small child who would not own up to some petty theft: Sticks were thrust between its fingers and the fingers then squeezed together, so that the sticks crushed into the bones. So much for women and children. Here is a method of eliciting information from an unwilling man: The culprit is stripped to the waist, and then boiling oil is flicked on to his back. This seldom fails to find the man's tongue.

The above are the chief forms of "fahana," or torture, for the purpose of eliciting information, but it must be stated that such inflictions as nipping of noses, tearing out tongues or splitting eyeballs do not come under the heading of "fahana," they being punishments rather than tortures.—London Standard.

Subscribe for The Journal.

DIARRHOEA

There is no need of anyone suffering long with this disease, for to effect a quick cure it is only necessary to take a few doses of

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy

In fact, in most cases one dose is sufficient. It never fails and can be relied upon in the most severe and dangerous cases. It is equally valuable for children and is the means of saving the lives of many children each year.

In the world's history no medicine has ever met with greater success.

PRICE 25c. LARGE SIZE 50c.

DR. J. H. MOCK

DENTAL SURGEON

Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty. Painless Extracting of Teeth. Moved to 310 Brent Building. PHONE 1077.

Hats Cleaned and Blocked

Panams 50c. Felt Hats, 35c; Derbys, 25c; Straws, 25c. Satisfaction guaranteed.

C. KARPTIN,

14½ E. Intendencia Street, Opposite Journal Office

Duchesse and Anarchist.

Upon one occasion the Duchesse d'Uzes and Louise Michel met at the bedside of a poor sick woman whom they were mutually aiding. They met here frequently for a brief period. The woman died. Louise Michel, who was present at the death, wrote to the duchesse: "Madame—Our poor friend is dead. I have looked among her few belongings for a souvenir for you. Here is a small piece of passementerie done by her hands. Accept it." A few days afterward Mme. la Duchesse d'Uzes, nee Mortemart, went to the home of Louise Michel, the anarchist—a bizarre abode at Levallois where the poor found always both a good word and a piece of bread—to thank the "red virgin" for her letter and her gift. A friendship so was cemented between the oddly assorted pair that was later not without result in the operation of the most gigantic charity of the Duchesse d'Uzes—Boulangerism.—Harper's Bazar.

Subscribe for The Journal

THE CRITICS ON RECENT FICTION OF THE PENSACOLA LIBRARY

"THE BROKEN ROAD," by A. E. W. Mason.

Mr. Mason is a very well-bred novelist; he interests and never offends. Never, affirms H. B. Marriott Watson in the Daily Mail (London) is he in danger of melodrama, even when you think he is running a risk. "Above all," he says, "his work is sympathetic." This is true, especially of a newly published and widely discussed Anglo-Indian story, "The Broken Road." The theme would have been handled in quite another way by Mr. Kipling. The latter would have rendered it vilonet, forceful, impassioned. Not so Mr. Mason. Says the reviewer:

"This story is not in the least discomposing. One reads, thrilling but unalarmed. Perhaps it is even open to the objection that its action halts in places. Mr. Mason's methods are so deliberate and well-mannered. The opening is a demonstration at once of Mr. Mason's power of compelling sympathy and of his certainty of touch. A group of English officers with native regiments are beleaguered in a fortress in Chiltistan. One follows the action with zealous interest, though one is not yet acquainted with the men. But one gets acquainted with them. That's the difference between the superior story-teller and his lesser brethren.

It is of a broken man rather than of a broken road, a reviewer observes, that people will be thinking when they read Mr. Mason's story. The broken man is an Indian prince who receives his education in England. Racial inequality is what F. Taber Cooper in the Bookman calls the "germ idea" of the plot. An Englishman and a Hindoo prince love the same woman, and are both rejected by her. The ultimate outcome is that the Englishman grips his destiny in both hands and achieves success while the Hindoo loses his grip on life and sinks into degradation. It is Sheri Ali's, the young Khan's, proudest ambition to complete a road that is to open his country to civilization. Young Linforth, the son of the man who gave his life for the road, is his companion of Eton and Oxford; both vow to devote their lives to the completion of the monumental work. And then the woman enters. He realizes that although he is treated as equal in London, no English-bred woman admits the possibility of 'marrying a nigger.' Embittered, he returns to India to find that in spite of his princely title, he is merely a doll in the puppet show of the English administration. He reverts to barbarism, is hunted down by Linforth and exiled to Burmah, where his latter days are given up to low dissipation. "What," asks Public Opinion (London) "is the key to the problem? Does it lie in the spread of such institutions as the Mohammedan College at Aligarh? It is perhaps, too early yet to say. But whether the reader is drawn or not to this aspect of Mr. Mason's book, 'The Broken Road,' remains a work of very remarkable human interest." The racial problem involved is not unlike a phase of our own negro problem.

The reviewer in the Daily Mail (London) lays stress on Mr. Mason's delicate portraiture of women. Mrs. Flora W. Peattie, however, is of a different opinion. She says (in the Chicago Tribune):

"The atmosphere of the book is as convincing when the scene is Indian as when it is English, and there are a number of stirring masculine characters, but Stevenson himself hardly could have done worse with women. There is the Amelia-like mother of Linforth, perfectly innocuous and surfeiting; and there is the Becky-like heroine, who doesn't get all she deserves—and there is no one else—no woman to represent her sex fitly. This makes a depressing hiatus and leaves the hero unrewarded for his intrepidity, and the victim, Shere Ali, unconsoled for his misfortunes. There may be realism in this, but a womanless book is a dreary thing. It reminds one of those terrible western towns 'that ain't got a petticoat in the place, where the men guffaw when they mean to laugh, and curse when they ought to pray, and 'die with their boots on,' because that's easier than dying in beds of their own making.

"To be sure there is one all-pervading woman in 'The Broken Road,' but she is of the tribe of vampires, and so counts only as a destructive agent. The rounded out novel must have women in it, playing their true parts. Aside from this defect—or deficit—'The Broken Road' is one of the best pieces of work Mr. Mason has done."

We have hardly seen a single unfavorable review of 'The Broken Road.' The Athenaeum (London) judges the novel to be the author's best since 'The Four Feathers.' "The lights and shades are cleverly put in, and the narrative, in Mr. Mason's hands, becomes a veritable fragment of Doom." Mr. Cooper concedes to the book "a certain definite bigness, a deep understanding of racial types and fundamental human relations."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"THE CRUCIBLE," by Mark Lee Luther.

This is a remarkable book for its strong grip on human life, remarkable also for its somewhat amateurish commingleament of romance and realism. Its plot is decidedly novel. "When," says the San Francisco Chronicle, "such books issue from the press, one must plead skepticism to the theory recently put forth by a distinguished critic that there are precisely thirty-six situations possible in fiction and in the drama, and that all plots are made up of these or their combinations. Nothing in any way resembling this novel has ever been presentted to the public." Mr. F. T. Cooper, in an article on "Plots That Count," also speaks in most favorable terms of Mr. Luther's book. The plot depends fundamentally upon development in character. It is a study of the influence of a reformatory upon a high-strung, proud and sensitive girl placed there by a miscarriage of justice. In quarreling with her sister she caught up a knife threateningly, which accidentally grazed the flesh of the latter. Then follow three long years of prison routine, interrupted by one romantic escape. On that occasion she meets a young artist who advises her to return to the reformatory and then to begin with a "clean slate." Her real expiation, however, begins after she re-enters the world. The ghost of her prison term appears again and again in the most embarrassing moments. In the end she reaps her reward and becomes the wife of the young man who had advised her to return to jail. Here Mr. Luther is incurably romantic, or perhaps it is the fault of his publishers, who may have insisted on a happy ending. The author dwells fearlessly upon the seamy side of life. He is at his best in descriptions of the underworld, and he is most successful in his protraiture of characters in the lower strata. The Mirrior (St. Louis) says of this point:

"The life in the cloak stores and big department stores for the girl alone in the world is only too true to the facts in some establishments. The suggestion that girls have to eke out their pay with other resources is strongly put. Jean Fanshaw comes through the milling all right, but Amy Jeffries falls by the wayside through her amiable susceptibility and comes to a tragic end. A character somewhat coarse in fibre, but good-natured and upon the whole well-meaning, is Dr. Paul Battlett, who was to marry Jean, but, finding her to have been a reformatory girl, proposes a loose arrangement. Stella Wilks is the villainess, somewhat overdrawn as a type that is a cross between a variety star and a street-walker. Craig Atwood, the society artist, is not very clearly limned, though he is wholesome and sound and eventually rises to the necessity of the situation and backs up his wife against the malice of his fashionable female relative and stands by her in the nasty mess made by Amy Jeffries' murder of her putative husband for his infatuation with Stella Wilks."

The melodrama of the closing chapter, including a murder and a suicide, mars, what in Mr. Cooper's opinion, is otherwise a book of serious intent. The Brooklyn Eagle likewise regards the first half of the tale as the best. "Had," the reviewer continues, "the novelist been able to maintain the strength and quality which make the earlier pages pleasing, 'The Crucible' would have been a tale of unusual merit." The Boston Herald approves of the eventual triumph of the heroine's endeavors in Mr. Luther's book. "He has given us," the reviewer remarks, "a powerful story of life in its laws of right and wrong, one in which human sympathies are often combative with the exacting demands of the straight and narrow way, but which hopefully as well as courageously points the better way, regardless of the cost."

If the book fails to convince, it is because of the auther's compromise between realism and romance. When Mr. Luther attains the courage of either he will be a force to be reckoned with in American fiction.

BOWEL TROUBLES CHILDREN TEETHING

Dr. Biggers Huckleberry Cordial

Never fails to relieve at once. It is the favorite baby medicine of the best nurses and family doctors. Mothers everywhere stick to it, and urge their friends to give it to Children for Colic, Dysentery, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Wind, Foul-Stomach and all Stomach and Bowel Ailments. You can depend on it. Don't worry, but take Dr. Biggers Huckleberry Cordial. 25cents at drug stores or by mail. Circulars free. BALTIMANGER TAYLOR DRUG CO., Atlanta, Ga.

CURES STOMACH-ACHE IN TEN MINUTES

New Method Laundry. PHONE 186.

Satisfactory Work
Prompt Deliveries

BUILDERS AND BUILDING MATERIAL

Who they are and where they may be found. If you are going to build anything, consult The Journal's Building Directory.

E. W. PEAKE,
Expert Electrician and Electrical Contractor.
Bids on all kinds of jobs. Office in Star Laundry Building, West Garden street. Phone 936.

F. M. Williams,
Contractor and Builder,
Windmills, Pumps, Road Graders.
Office, 204 Blount Bldg. Phone 970.

JOHN N. DAY,
Real Estate, Rents, Loans.
City and Country Lands Bought and Sold. Phone 784.
No 6 West Romana.

H. H. WICKE & CO.,
PLUMBERS.
All kinds of bath tubs, gas, steam and electrical fixtures.
Bids furnished on any size jobs.

Thos. F. Wrighton,
The Old Reliable
PAINTER AND PAPER HANGER
Been in business here for over 25 years. No job too big, none too small. Prices reasonable.
No. 4-6 W. Romana. Phone 302.

Plans Submitted on Short Notice.
H. PAULSEN,
Contractor and Builder,
P. O. Box 568. Pensacola, Fla.

A. V. CLUBBS,
Contractor and Builder,
Dealer in
Lime, Plaster, Hair, and Cement. Both Louisville, and the best grade of Portland Cement.

C. H. TURNER & CO.,
CONTRACTORS AND PLUMBERS
Brus and Garden. Phone 345.
Bath Tubs, Cabinet Mantels, etc.

W. R. TAYLOR,
will put a new gravel roof on your building on short notice. He also sells brick, lime, tar, cement, etc.
209 E. Garden. Phone 328

S. F. FULGHUM,
General Contractor and Builder,
Pensacola, Florida.
Phone 889.

Saunders Mill Co.,
31 E. Garden st., Phone 72.
Sash, doors, blinds, and all kinds of builders' hardware, paints, brushes and building material.

GOING! GOING!! GONE!!!

HERPICIDE WILL SAVE IT. HERPICIDE WILL SAVE IT. TOO LATE FOR HERPICIDE

(N. B. These drawings are protected by U. S. Trade Mark.)

SAVE YOUR HAIR

with

NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE

The time to save your hair, is while you have hair to save. Newbro's Herpicide kills the germ that causes dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair, after which the hair is bound to grow as nature intended (except in cases of chronic baldness). Herpicide stops itching of scalp almost instantly.

I find that Herpicide will do all you claim for it. I am now on my second bottle and it has cleansed my head nicely and I can now see new hair coming in. It also stopped my hair from falling out and I am well pleased with it and will and do recommend it to all.
(Signed) R. L. LEIGH.
Hopkinsville, Ky.

I wish to say that I have used part of the bottle of Herpicide that you sent me and I think it is a good tonic and have recommended it to quite a number of my friends. I believe it will cure dandruff and it is a splendid and delightful hair dressng.
(Signed) H. J. FORSDICK.
Memphis, Tenn.

I have given your Herpicide a thorough test. I can cheerfully say that it is the best Hair Tonic I have ever used. It will be one of our household remedies from now on and will surely recommend same to all my friends and acquaintances.
(Signed) PETER PEHL.
Sedalia, Mo.

You very kindly sent me a bottle of your Herpicide and I gladly answer your inquiry as to its qualities. I have used it now for some time and know it to be the best thing for the hair I have ever used and it keeps my hair free from dandruff and as soft as silk. I have induced several of my friends to use it and they are pleased with it.
(Signed) W. M. SHOOK.
Nashville, Tenn.

Two Sizes: 50c and $1.00 at Drug Stores.

Send 10c in stamps to The Herpicide Co., Dept. L., Detroit, Mich., for a sample.

Be sure you get Herpicide. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 915.

W. A. D'ALEMBERTE,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
121 South Palafox St. APPLICATIOSS AT PROMINENT BARBER SHOPS. SPECIAL AGENT.

The Weekly Journal is a valuable advertising medium.