

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1899.

NERVE OF AN ENGINEER.

DAN M'GUIRE IN MANY WRECKS BUT NEVER FLINCHED.

Was the Only Person who Escaped Unhurt From the Ashtabula Disaster—Helped to Dig More Than 200 Bodies out of Various Wrecks—Killed at Last by a Mustang.

The other day I spent a few hours by the grave of my old friend and running mate, Dan McGuire, the once famous engineer of the Lake Shore road, said Jimmy Finch, the one-legged switchman in the Pennsylvania yards at Pittsburg last night. Dan McGuire was the nerviest, the most reckless and withal the luckiest man who ever pulled a throttle. He was targled up in not fewer than forty different wrecks in his time, yet he never lost so much as a thumb nail. No other engineer in the history of railroading ever killed half so many people or rather pulled trains where so many people were killed, as did old Dan. He himself dug out and assisted in getting more than 200 dead bodies from his wrecks, yet he never had his hat more than knocked off. He was one of the engineers pulling the train which went down at Ashtabula that awful Friday night when about 170 people were killed. He was one of the four who escaped and the only man who got away without a scratch.

After all this run of what may be termed luck Dan met a most unromantic death. While fondling a little Mexican mustang in the barn lot of a friend at Erie after one of his fast runs one day Dan was kicked by the brute and died in ten minutes. I knew Dan well; it was in one of his wrecks that I lost my leg; so when I was up in Cleveland a few days ago I gathered up some of the old boys who used to run on the line with him and we went out to the cemetery and swapped yarns about poor old Dan.

He was a little wiry fellow who didn't know what fear was. That's the reason he held the fast run between Cleveland and Erie so long. I guess if he hadn't fondled that colt he might have been running the flyer yet, for I believe that Dan McGuire couldn't be killed in a railroad wreck. During the years that he had this fast run he came through some of the most awful wrecks; but you couldn't shake him. McGuire would jam into something one day and have a few people killed, but the next day would see him shooting along over the same spot at killing speed. Once you get an engineer's nerve rattled and he might as well step down off the running board, for he is no good and it doesn't usually take more than two or three good wrecks to rattle the best of engineers; but Dan never flinched. Often when we would be bounding along at his frightful speed I would glance at him and he would smile at me and give the throttle another twitch. He said he was not born to be killed on the railroad and I guess he knew, for he certainly did come unscathed out of some tight holes.

In those days under the regime of President Amasa Stone of the Lake Shore Road all the fast passenger engines were named. Very early after taking hold of his first locomotive McGuire named her Socrates and he always stuck to the name. He didn't carry the same engine all the time by any means, for he would often send her into the scrap pile; but when he mounted another engine for his regular runs he would announce that it was a new Socrates. The best engine he ever had or the one he considered the luckiest machine was the one he handled the night he pulled lead engine in the fated train which went down into Ashtabula Creek. It was a double header and behind the Socrates was the Rambler. They had a long train and were behind time. Everybody knows the story of that wreck, which numbered among the victims P. P. Bliss the sweet singer.

The heavy train swung round the curve on to the bridge with Dan hanging almost half way out his cab window. Slowly they crept across until the cowcatcher of the Socrates was within two engine lengths of the further end. Then Dan felt something give. He felt the Socrates sinking, and like a flash he tore his throttle wide open. The Socrates bounded like a rubber ball and broke her couplings, shooting away from the heavy train, which went down with the bridge a fraction of a second after Dan felt the bridge sink under him.

The Socrates landed clear on the bank, and almost before she was brought to a dead stop Dan was out, running back to peer down into the abyss where the Ram-

bler and the train lay crushed on the rocks, a most 100 feet below. His fireman was badly injured in jumping from the engine from fright after she had cleared the bridge. Dan, however, always kept his head, and he was the first to reach the train below. In the darkness he clambered down the steep bank, and worked at getting the bodies out of the wreck. He had been in some ugly smashes before, but this one, it was thought, would send him to a shifter or yard engine, where engine drivers who lose their sand are usually placed. Those who thought this figured without Dan. Within two days he was tearing along with the flyer as if he had never been in a wreck. On the night of the Ashtabula wreck McGuire advanced a theory, which was laughed at then, but since his death it has been accepted as correct. He said the bridge was blown down by a tornado formed by two currents of air meeting at the mouths of two ravines ending there. It had been a comparatively still night, but Dan insisted that the wind had struck the lower part of the heavy bridge, and this is now believed to be the fact.

Old Dan was superstitious to a certain degree. He would not get out on the road if he didn't feel right and more than once this premonition saved him from ugly wrecks. Old railroad men about Cleveland will never forget the death of Johnny Luce, who ran the opposite run from McGuire. Dan would take the flyer out to Erie one afternoon and Luce would go out the next day, meeting Dan along the road with the up train. Dan had laid off one day, and he went down the following afternoon to get his engine out for the run. He encountered Luce, who, too, had laid off. Dan looked over his engine and said he didn't feel right; so he asked Luce to take the run out for him, and in return he would carry Luce's train over the next afternoon. Luce teased McGuire not a little about being afraid of his shadow and losing his nerve, but he finally climbed on board Mac's engine and started down.

The boys at the roundhouse never before saw Dan so nervous as that evening. Instead of staying uptown with his family, as was his custom, he loitered round the place, and seemed greatly relieved when he heard from Erie that Luce had arrived on time with the train. The old engineer had felt that something was to happen to that run, and he had feared to pull out, and the next day's event showed that he was not mistaken.

McGuire got away on Luce's run the following afternoon in good spirits and miles out on the road tooted the whistle gayly to Luce as he shot by him. He never saw Luce alive again. At Collinwood, about five miles out of Cleveland, were the Lake Shore shops. Several hundred hands were employed here and it was the custom for the boys to step to the window each afternoon to see the flyer go by. Luce and McGuire always went through Collinwood at frightful speed, giving a blast from their whistles at the boys who watched them. This afternoon Luce appeared to be under greater headway than ever before, and he hit an open switch with a crash that could be heard for miles and went into a long row of cars on the sidin'g.

How many persons were killed in this wreck I do not remember. I can yet see the death of Luce, however, in my dreams. The heavy mail car next to the engine passed up over the tender and cut the engineer's head off as clean as it done with a knife. His fireman, too, was crushed to a jelly, while many others were killed or maimed. They said down at Erie that old Dan only groaned when he heard of the fate which had overtaken his friend who had taken out his run. After this the expression 'lucky as old Dan' was often heard.

It wasn't long after this that Dan had an accident about the same place. He was dashing along when the Socrates jumped the track, knocking a signal tower into matchwood and continued on her way for probably seventy feet along the ties before she went over the bank. In half a minute there were a hundred workmen at the wreck. They found old Dan standing on the track looking dimly at the scrap pile in the ditch. How he got off is a source of wonder along the road. He said he took the window when he saw he couldn't stop her, but he had nothing but ties and rails to hit, yet he hadn't a scratch. His fireman wasn't so lucky, however, and Dan helped dig his mangled body out from under the wreck.

My work in an engine cab ended one night when I was firing for Dan. We were bowling along at a fast rate making up some time, and we hit a rock on a sharp curve. They pulled me out pretty badly crushed and my leg was taken off that night. Dan was pinned down with me, but when they got to him he was found to be as good as new, didn't have his blouse torn even. One could tell stories

of Dan's wonderful escapes without number, and it does seem hard that one who seemed to bear a charmed life should be killed as he was. There was genuine mourning the day the news came from Erie that Dan was dead. He had gone out to look over some stock at a friend's farm and had caressed a little sickly mustang. The treacherous beast turned and planted a hoof in the back of poor Dan's head and he sank to the ground senseless and died soon after he was carried into the house. The funeral we gave old Dan was something to be remembered.

COMING HOME FROM DEATH.

A Woman Describes Her Joy at Finding Her Husband Alive.

It is strange how nearly extremes of feelings approach each other. A sudden exquisite joy is almost pain, and the story of it has a strain of pathos. A touching instance of this is related by Mrs. Pickett, widow of the famous Confederate general. When the war was over, Mrs. Pickett waited for her husband's return. After the Battle of Five Forks he had persistently refused to surrender his shattered force and prolonged the unequal struggle. Soon rumors came that he had been killed in a skirmish, and the rumors were corroborated by the newspapers and even by official reports. Hope seemed at an end, and Mrs. Pickett sat day after day her baby in her lap, in the quiet of despair. She can best tell her own story:

One morning I had mechanically dressed baby George, and had taken him to the window to hear the spring sounds and breathe the spring balm and catch the sunshine's dripping gold wreathing the blossoms of the dawn-winds came the word, 'Whoa, Lucy; whoa, little girl!'

Oh, those tones, those words, that voice! They thrilled my heart so that I wonder it did not burst from very gladness! Such joy, such gratitude as flooded my soul only the Giver of all good can know! All the privations and blood-stains of the past four years, and the woes and trials, griefs and fears of those last dreadful days were swept away by those blessed words, 'Whoa, Lucy!' spoken in my husband's tender tones.

How I got down the stairs I do not know; I do not remember. With baby in my arms we were both of us in my husband's almost before Lucy had been given into the hands of the hostler. I do not know how to describe the peace, the bliss, of that moment—it was too deep and too sacred to be translated into words. I think that it was akin to the feeling that will come to me in the hereafter, when I have gone through all these dark days of privation and starvation of heart and soul, and at last, safe within the golden gates, waiting and listening shall hear again the voice that said, 'Whoa, Lucy!' here, bidding me welcome there.

A Strange Race.

The Englishman, and for that matter the American, is so fond of a 'trial of speed' that he will match against each other almost any two creatures that offer themselves. A race which took place recently in Scotland was probably without a precedent. Two men who lived at Wigtown, in that shire, became engaged in a controversy as to whether homing pigeons or honey bees could fly the faster. Each was so sure of the correctness of his own opinion that they resolved to make a test of the matter.

'But how shall we know that your fast bees are the right bees, when they come in?' said the man who owned the pigeons. 'Easily enough—flour 'em,' said the other.

So a number of bees were carefully taken from a hive, near evening, so that it might be altogether unlikely that they would loiter by the way, and sprinkled with fine, white flour, which stuck to them. Then the bees and one homing pigeon were taken to a point a mile away from the pigeon-loft and also a mile from the beehive, and all were liberated. The pigeon reached its journey's end first, having flown the distance in five minutes and thirty seconds. The floured bees came in thirty seconds later—in exactly six minutes. This result did not prove a great deal, so slight was the distance, and the bee man thinks he might win on a second trial. Certainly neither pigeons nor bees were very swift. Perhaps they were slow in getting under way. Any good horse could trot the mile in less time.

A chameleon, when blinded, cannot change colour. When not blinded, and left in a cool, dark place, it assumes a greyish tint. When a light is admitted, the chameleon's color changes to brown dark green or blood red, according to the intensity of the light.

STORY OF THE KRUPPS.

NEW FACTS ABOUT THEIR SLOW RISE FROM POVERTY.

Their Struggle for Forty Years—Krupp Today Pays Wages to 41,750 Men—His Father Made Plans to Pay His Help—Success of the Cannon Kings.

The smoke clouds hovering over Essen reveal its situation long before the traveler comes within sight of its scores of tall chimneys and the trains laden with coal and iron ore moving into the far spreading grounds of the Krupp works, the greatest industrial establishment of Germany. Everybody knows that Essen supplies Europe and the world with the famous cast steel guns which made the reputation and success of Krupp, their inventor. There is only one country in Europe however, that has no Krupp guns in its armament and that is France, for the great gunmaker has refused to sell France a single cannon since her war with Germany. Krupp is best known by his guns, though they are only a small part of his steel and iron productions and the present head of the house with his father and grandfather before him, made the city of Essen what it is. Eighty-nine years ago when the first Krupp opened his little iron works, in which he toiled with rolled up sleeves from dawn to dusk, the town had only 4,000 inhabitants. Last year Essen entered the list of cities having over 100,000 residents and it is now one of the most populous towns of Prussia. The growth of the Krupp works have made Essen.

A little book entitled 'Bei Krupp,' written by Dr. Kley, has just been published in Germany. It will attract much attention because it gives a great many curious statistics and interesting bits of history connected with the rise of the Krupps that have never appeared in the numerous accounts of the great establishment. A more remarkable story of industrial development was never written. It is the history of an enterprise that had the humblest possible beginning and struggled for many years to overcome a crowd of difficulties that often threatened to stifle it; and it tells of the sudden success that came like a flood and soon made the name of Krupp known everywhere. Here are some of the most interesting facts and incidents, taken from Dr. Kley's book, that marked the growth, first slow and then impetuous, that has marked the development of the Krupp works.

The grandfather of the present Krupp was an iron worker of Essen who saved his money until he had accumulated a few thousand marks, with which he went into business on his own account by starting a little foundry in 1810. It was not his fortune to make much headway in the sixteen laborious years he spent with two or three employees in his humble building. He made a bare living, but managed to keep his small property and it was the nucleus from which the Krupp works sprang. In 1826 his son Alfred became the owner of the establishment and he tasted all the tribulations his father had known and many more for years and years, before the tide turned and carried him to great prosperity. It was only by enormous labor, endurance and pluck that Alfred Krupp was able at last to master the situation. In 1833, six years after he had entered upon the management of the enterprise, he had only nine men in his employ and this was twenty-two years after the work had started. He struggled along for a quarter of a century making good steel, good guns and other good articles all that time, but there was so little demand for his work that he scarcely kept his head above water. He had a few pieces of silver plate, family plate, heirlooms, and he was reduced to such straits at one time that he melted the plate and sold the silver in order to raise a little money with which to pay his workmen. He often said, after he became prosperous, that for fifteen years it was a constant struggle to get cash enough to pay his help. Often when things were at their worst, he found the purchase of postage stamps with which to mail his few letters a rather annoying necessity.

The trouble was that he seemed unable to secure a recognition for his products either at home or abroad. The old adage that 'a prophet is not without honor save in his own country' was at last verified again in Krupp's case. He took his steel and a gun or two to the London Exposition in 1851, and before it was over the British were calling him a great steelmaker. He emerged from the competition with the

English steel industry with flying colors and found himself talked about as a man whose technical methods were not understood, but whose products were undoubtedly first class. It may be said that there are processes in the Krupp manufacture and manipulation of steel that are not known in the trade to day, and they are carried on in buildings that no visitor or employee who does not work in them is permitted to enter.

The London Exposition of 1851 made the tide in the affairs of Krupp that led on to fortune. His own country followed in the wake of other lands, and Krupp had his hands full of business when Prussia gave him in 1855, her first order for breechloaders. His first large commissions were received from the Khedive of Egypt and the Bey of Tunis, and they did him the unusual honor of paying spot cash for his goods. Russia has been the best customer of the Krupp works. Since 1878, when the Russian Government purchased 1,800 Krupp guns as the new equipment of its field equipment, the 'cannon king' has sold to that country over 30,000 guns.

Business came in by leaps and bounds, and Krupp did not have sufficient capital to enlarge his plant fast enough to meet demands upon it. So he borrowed 30,000 marks, and with the profit of his business, in twelve years, he was able to discharge this debt. He used the borrowed money and his own not only to increase his facilities for making steel and its products, but also to render himself independent of all rings and syndicates in all forms of industry with which his business was closely connected. He began to buy coal mines, coke ovens, iron mines, blast furnaces, and so on. In 1872 Alfred Krupp owned 414 iron ore diggings, and his son and successor now has over 500, and all but a small part of the Krupp steel is made from Krupp's ore, smelted by means of the coke he makes from his own coal. It has been the policy of the establishment for many years to be entirely independent of all fluctuations in the prices of ore, pig iron and coal, and so Krupp has not only acquired the ownership to the lands which supply most of his raw material but he has also laid in large stocks purchased abroad.

For a long time four Krupp iron ore steamships were constantly plying between the north coast of Spain and Rotterdam, carrying the ore of the famous mines of Bilbao to the Dutch port, whence it was sent up the Rhine to within eighteen miles of Essen. To-day the coal and iron mines owned by Krupp, and his subsidiary blast furnaces and steel works, are scattered far and wide. His works, at Kiel alone employ 7,000 men, and those at Magdeburg Buckau, 3,548 men, and over 10,000 men are employed in his foundries. In 1858, six years after there began to be a demand for Krupp's products, he had told 1,047 men in his service. On Jan. 1 this year there were on the payrolls of the present Krupp the names of 41,750 men, of whom 25,133 were employed in the works at Essen, and the rest were scattered among his various manufacturing and mining enterprises.

Such an establishment as this affords some very interesting statistics. In 1895 there were in the cast-steel works at Essen over 3,000 implements and machines, besides 458 steam engines with a total of 36,561 horse-power. The length of the belting used in transmitting this power was over forty miles. The twelve Krupp blast furnaces on the Rhine consumed daily 2,400 tons of iron ore and produced 1,200 tons of pig iron. In the statistical year 1895 96 over 1,000,000 tons of coal and coke were consumed, or 3,650 tons a day, of which 3,500 tons a day were the product of Krupp's own coal mines. The consumption of water in the establishment at Essen is equal to that of Dresden with its 336,000 inhabitants. It consumes as much illuminating gas as the city of Breslau, which is a little larger than Dresden. Fifty miles of railroad track on the premises and connecting with the railroads outside, 36 locomotives and 1,300 freight cars, are a part of the plant. There are 322 telephones in the establishment, with about 50 miles of wire. Germany is the third greatest iron country in the world, and yet a twentieth of its entire output of iron ore comes from the Krupp mines and is manufactured in the Krupp works. Krupp also buys from an eighth to a tenth of all the iron ore and pig iron imported into Germany from foreign lands, and this gigantic enterprise is the largest producer in the German empire. The freight bills Krupp pays to the Prussian railroads make those of any other patron appear insignificant; and the man who is doing all this to-day is the son of the man who melted his silver plate to get money to pay his workmen.

Four fifths of the ships in the world are built in the British Isles.