

THE HORRIBLE SUBWAY DEATH

PROVIDED BY NEW YORK'S SUBTERRANEAN RAILWAY

IS MORE SWIFT, GRUesome AND

Fearful than Any Conceived in the Imagination of Edgar Allen Poe.

"Two killed in the Subway."
"Track-walkers run down by trains."

Every day or two such headlines as these appear in the New York newspapers.

Who are these track-walkers whose lives are sacrificed at the rate of three or four or more a week?

The track-walker is the human safety device of the great Subway system, who faces constant death in the dark for twenty-one cents an hour.

His duty is to patrol night and day every foot of the four tracks over which two express trains and two local trains are speeding past any given point in the gloomy tunnel every few minutes in opposite directions. He carries a wrench with which to tighten any loose bolts and a sledge hammer to drive back any loosened spikes which threaten a thousand lives in those rushing trains.

Every minute or two, in front or behind him, comes this roaring death in a cloud of dust, if his mind is one instant confused.

Much has been written of the great Subway that tunnels under the city of New York and the five hundred thousand passengers a day that it carries swiftly the length of the great city down among the cellars, flying like an arrow under crowded thoroughfares where there is scarce room for man or beast.

Pages have been devoted to the engineering feats that have been performed to dig this huge trench under the busiest arteries of the metropolis, of the \$40,000,000 the Subway cost, of the block system and of the emergency train stop on each platform. The public knows that if the motorman should fall dead at his post the brakes would be automatically applied. It regards the motorman as the man most responsible for the safety of the passengers and surrounds him with a sort of glamour. It pictures him in his little cage, his hand on the lever, tensely watching the signals as they fly past, and peering out ahead into the twilight of the Subway on the alert for danger.

MOST IMPORTANT SAFETY DEVICE.
But almost no mention has been made of the most important safety device used—the track-walker, who earns twenty-one cents an hour.

The slightest error on his part, a moment's carelessness, the least inattention, and nothing else can avail to save some flying train with its hundreds of passengers.

At home there is the wife and her children. They must be fed and clothed. Twenty-one cents an hour will not provide a brownstone palace, nor silks, nor jewels, nor automobiles, but it keeps the wolf just outside the threshold of a humble home.

Soin the gloom of the Subway this toiler of the darkness wends his weary round, week after week, lantern in hand, risking his life six hundred minutes every day, for the meagre means of livelihood.

The track-walker doesn't consider himself a hero, and the public doesn't consider him at all. Yet in the safety of half a million lives every day he is far and away the most important factor. The least flaw in a rail, a broken bolt, a spike bent ever so little out of its place, a bit of car framework loosened from its fastening and lying with one end on the third rail and the other across the traffic rail; let his eye miss any one of these, and scores of precious lives may pay the penalty of his momentary relaxation.

Step down with him into the great underground highway and follow him in his task. Patiently plodding, a ways toward the oncoming trains, he pursues his silent course. Here he is tapping at some rail that strikes his eye as doubtful, now stopping to tighten a bolt with a long wrench he carries, and again with ready sledge driving home to its place some spike that has started from its bed in the sleeper.

Walled in on either side by cliffs of cement, his vista one perpetual colonnade of steel pillars, overhead

the roar and rumble of the surface cars and trucks, and ever flying past him, like huge dragons in a dusky cavern, long trains that rush at lightning speed, bearing thousands of human souls. In safety—or to disaster? It all lies with the trackman.

The first sensation as one stands on the bottom of the Subway is a feeling of surprise at the size of the excavation. It seems suddenly to have grown twice as deep as it looked from the station platform. And as it grew deeper, it must have grown narrower.

ROAR LIKE AN AVALANCHE.
Here comes a "local," rumbling its steady way down toward Brooklyn Bridge. Its red and white lights glare fiercely and it rushes along with an impressive air of irresistibility. With a sudden sense of smallness, a feeling that the cars must suddenly have grown much larger, you shrink into the narrow space occupied by the long line of pillars that divide the local from the express and wonder if the train is interminable. It really seems as if it never would pass.

And just as you realize its last car is near there is a sudden shock, a roar like an avalanche, a swirling whirlpool of air that almost throws you off your feet. You cling to a pillar, wondering with a sudden numb, curious sensation in the brain, what awful catastrophe has happened. Surely it must be a wreck.

Scores of times it happens to him each day. Whenever he steps out of the way of an incoming train and the ears are beaten and buffeted by the roar, his eyes must do duty to guard him from the ever-present danger of the express from the opposite direction, flying at forty miles an hour, lest it dash down upon him unseen and unheard and shatter him in fragments.

So with every sense alert he plods steadily along in the dusk, his head bent as he scans the rails, keenly alive to his surroundings, the danger and the darkness.

He is not careless, for the price of carelessness is death. He is not talkative, for the roar of the Subway soon begets silence. Above ground he walks bent-shouldered, for long hours of careful scrutiny in the depths of the Subway have made it a habit. The lines of his face deepen, and strengthen. Around the eyes come those tiny wrinkles that betoken keen sight, striving to pierce the dark—such eyes as are given to pilots and engineers. Tense nerves soon show in the face, and the anxious look begot of ten hours a day soon becomes the fixed expression.

The strain shows. Darkness and danger and death—at twenty-one cents an hour—soon write their story on the human countenance, and the man becomes for all lifetime what he is for those terrible ten hours a day—one long, living agony of suspense.

DEATH HOVERS CLOSE.
In daylight it would be bad enough, but in the semi-darkness the strain is almost beyond comprehension. For the fear that comes with darkness is an inheritance from all the ages, and the man of to-day is descended from the man who lived in a cave, and worshipped the sun for its heat and light, is exactly like his prehistoric ancestor. He could not tell you why, but he, too, is afraid of the dark. Like prehistoric man he fears, yet knows not what.

Death hovers so close to him that by-and-by he becomes accustomed to the constant companionship of the grim spectre, and his mind and body act involuntarily. He does not feel the strain. He will not even admit that his occupation carries with it any responsibility, but all unknown the strain is there.

Only a few days ago some track-workers were at one of the stations when a local train stopped at each platform. The men were on the express tracks in the center when, just as the locals had drawn almost to a standstill, an express from up-town dashed thunderously around a curve. The men jumped for the other track and were almost run down by an express coming from the opposite direction, which they had not heard because of the noise of the first.

They had just time to leap between the pillars separating the expresses and cling for safety.

The suction between two trains is terrific. Standing on almost any station platform there is a rush of air noticeable as a train approaches,

pushing a huge wave ahead of it. Imagine two trains driving into a station at the same time, and then two expresses passing each other exactly between the locals, and you will have some faint idea of the terrible atmospheric swirl set up between the flying expresses.

A few years ago a party of eight workmen were all killed in the New York Central tunnel that brings trains to the center of New York city. The track-workers in the Subway had a narrow escape from a like fate.

Only a few weeks since Charles Koepke and T. S. Nicholson were fellow-employees in the Subway. One night in February they were together at their task when Nicholson, busily employed in some trifling repairs, found himself prone on the track with an express within a few feet of him. He could not save himself, but Koepke seized him and by main strength dragged him from under the flying wheels, which grazed Nicholson's feet. Both men were almost overcome by the occurrence, but resumed their work after a few moments' rest.

Such things are a part of the trackman's life, and within an hour or two the first shock had worn off and the men were joking over the escape. Little did they foresee even the most immediate future. Barely six hours had elapsed when the men were again together at One Hundred and Twenty-second street. This time Koepke was on the fatal track. With a cry Nicholson sprang to his aid. His hands touched his jumper when the train struck Koepke, and tore him from his grasp. Before Nicholson's eyes lay the bruised and torn body of the man who had, less than six hours ago, saved his life from the same ever-present danger.

On January 3 Louis Schmidt, a young man of 28, was testing the tracks at Seventy-sixth street. The south-bound express speeding from Harlem dashed down upon him. With Henry Taffe, a fellow-workman, he leaped for safety. In the roar of the Bridge express they did not hear the other avalanche of destruction, and Schmidt was crushed. Taffe barely escaped, the cars grazing him as he threw himself back toward the protecting line of pillars that separated the expresses.

Just a week before Koepke met his death in the Lenox avenue branch of the tunnel, Patrick Flynn, another trackwalker, dazed by the glare of headlights in the gloom and the rush and racket of trains, made the fatal misstep and lost his life at Eighty-seventh street.

The express ran clear down to Seventy-second street before it stopped to find whether he was dead or alive. The accident was then reported, but Flynn's body lay three-quarters of an hour where it had been thrown by the train before any one went to search for him.

Even if prompt aid could have saved his life, the rules of the Subway wouldn't have allowed him to live. Schedules must be lived up to, no matter whether the twenty-one cents an hour man who risks his life ten hours a day wins or loses.

SAVED AND THEN LOST.
The gallant soldier, the gallant fighter by land or sea, is sure of praise from the populace. But what of the other man—the man who toils in the shadow of the valley of death? Underneath the ground he plods his way, every sense strung to the final point of strain, facing for ten hours each day the dread presence and, oftener than he cares to think about it, evading the grim hand by barely a hair's breadth.

There comes another train. What of it? It is almost upon him, but he knows full well he has time to strike yet once again, and his task will be done. Why wait for the train to pass. One more blow, and he leaps lightly to the other track.

A glare of light blinds him. Rush! Roar! and the express tosses his mangled body against the Subway wall. No stopping. The station is a scant three-quarters of a mile away. Time enough. It is only a track-walker.

In a little East Side tenement a broken-hearted woman wonders how she shall fill the mouths of the babies, but the man who gave his life for twenty-one cents an hour is easily replaced.

Walking sticks were the fashion in Greece.

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The "Mountain Parsonage."
[Rev. W. M. Harden, in Southern Christian Advocate.]

Dear Advocate: Perhaps it will be of some interest to write a few lines as pastor from this parsonage, as some mention was made of it by Brother S—and Mrs. Rogers last week. Some may not know exactly where this parsonage is situated; some of our preachers even know but little, if anything, about Walhalla and West Union. Having always lived in the lower portion of the State, we could not expect them to know. Perhaps there are some more of our good laymen who would doubtless be willing to assist in finishing up this last payment if they but only knew the location, etc.

Walhalla circuit has seven preaching places, including Walhalla and Newry Cotton Mills. West Union is nearly east of Walhalla. A stranger would suppose it was a portion of the same town. There are two distinct incorporations, where the laws are very rigidly enforced; where, if a man is seen intoxicated on the streets, he is put in the guard house at once.

The Mountain Parsonage is situated near the West Union depot. There are about two and one-half acres in the lot, with a good garden. The house has eight rooms, is good throughout, well under-pinned, and the timbers all in good condition. I am now trying to fence the entire lot, and hope to be able to do this soon. The fruit trees have nearly all been nicely pruned, and we are looking for a good crop.

We found the parsonage without any furniture, but have been able to get some. We can now take care of our friends.
It is proper that I should in a public way acknowledge the amounts paid in by each church and those contributed by friends outside the work as follows: The church at Walhalla Mill, \$15; Whitmire, \$7.80; Fairview, \$7.35; Oconee, 25 cents; Zion, 40 cents; Double Springs, \$9.40. In addition to the above I have collected as follows: Bishop W. W. Duncan, \$20; B. G. Collins, Conway, \$5; W. M. Jones, Spartanburg, \$2; G. C. Butler, Farmer, \$1; M. M. Stanley, Farmer, \$1.

We hope to get all things in good shape this year—all collections in full.
Now, Brother Rogers, you have for a long time left a promise unfulfilled, viz: to visit my work. Now, this is the year, and we want Sister Rogers to pay us a visit in our fruit and melon season [How about spring chickens?—Eds.] and see this parsonage for the purchase of which she has done so much. The people and pastor will always show their appreciation by taking special care of the house, furniture, and premises.

Cuba's immigration last year was 20,000. Three-fourths were Spaniards.

John Parks Black, the 5-year-old son of Mrs. John Black, of Charlotte, died last week as the result of burns received a few days before. The boy, with several playmates, was striking matches for sport. His clothing caught fire and before assistance could reach him he was fatally burned. He died in great agony.

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Time Table No. 8.—In Effect Jan. 9, 1905.

EASTBOUND—	12 10 6 8 18				
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Lv Walhalla.....	8:40	3:00
Lv West Union.....	8:40	3:00
Ar Seneca.....	8:58	3:05
Lv Seneca.....	2:00	4:12
Lv Jordania Junction.....	2:00	4:10
Lv Adams.....	9:14	2:16	4:11
Lv Cherry.....	9:17	2:19	4:35
Lv Austin.....	9:25	2:26	4:54
Lv Arthur.....	9:32	2:33	5:03
Lv Denver.....	9:39	2:40	5:12
Lv West Anderson.....	9:55	2:53	5:27
Lv Anderson—PassDep.....	10:00	3:00	5:33
Lv Anderson—PassDep.....	10:03	3:03	5:38
Lv Anderson—FrtDep.....	10:03	3:12	5:43
Ar Belton.....	10:25	3:35	3:35	6:10	4:45

WESTBOUND—	11 9 5 7 3				
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lv Belton.....	3:55	10:45	10:45	6:30
Lv Anderson—Frt De.....	4:20	11:05	11:05	6:55
Lv Anderson—Pass De.....	4:22	11:07	11:07	6:57
Lv Anderson—Pass De.....	4:22	11:11	11:11	6:56
Lv West Anderson.....	4:40	11:21	11:21	6:51
Lv Denver.....	4:47	11:26	11:26	9:00
Lv Austin.....	4:52	11:32	11:32	9:25
Lv Pendleton.....	4:59	11:39	11:39	9:35
Lv Adams.....	5:03	11:42	11:42	9:39
Lv Jordania Junction.....	5:18	11:54	11:54	9:57
Ar Seneca.....	5:21	11:57	11:57	10:00
Lv Walhalla.....	5:21	11:57	11:57	10:00
Lv West Union.....	5:39	1:20	1:35
Ar Walhalla.....	5:44	1:25	1:40

*Flag stations.
Will also stop at the following stations to take on and let off passengers: Phinney's, James' and Sandy Springs and Tokaway.
Nos. 11 and 12, first class passenger, daily; Nos. 9 and 10, daily, except Sunday; Nos. 5 and 6, Sunday only; Nos. 4 and 7, second class, mixed, daily except Sunday; Nos. 3 and 8, second class, mixed, daily.
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