

## MAIL CLERK A HERO.

Saves Letters and Then Plunges Into Fire in Effort to Escape.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—Railway mail clerks frequently undergo serious experiences in the line of their duties, but few more thrilling accounts of escapes from death ever have been chronicled than that given in an official report to the Post Office Department by John M. McCroskey, a railway mail clerk on the Washington, Oroville & Spokane Railway.

On the morning of Aug. 21 last the train of which his car was a part ran into a burning bridge about two miles south of Dart Siding, Washington. Much of the train was destroyed by fire, but through McCroskey's heroism some of the mail was saved.

"I had no warning of the approaching accident until the engineer applied the emergency brakes," says McCroskey in his report, "just before the engine plunged down through the burning bridge. The mail car followed the engine, sliding up over the tank, crushing the cab and stopping on top of its back. I regained my feet in a few seconds and went to the door to find that the car was 40 feet above the creek and on fire.

"Just then some part of the engine exploded, blowing fire, gas, and steam in every direction, and making escape for me impossible at that time. I returned to the letter case and gathered up what letters and registers I could find, placed the letters in a pouch, and threw them out of the car. The registers and dater, pad and type, I put in my handbag and threw it into the creek.

"I saw it was up to me to make my escape as best I could without aid, for the car was a mass of flames, and the heat was so intense no one could get near enough to the burning wreckage to be of any assistance to me. I tried to leap clear of the wreck, but that was impossible, and I alighted among the burning timbers of the bridge that had been knocked down as the engine crashed through the bridge. I was rescued from further danger by a special agent of the Great Northern Railroad Company."

## SAVED CHILDREN FROM DEATH.

Newsdealer Drags Two from in Front of an Express Just in Time.

While playing with a toy automobile on the outer edge of the railroad platform of the Murray Hill Station on the North Sacre Division of the Long Island Railroad yesterday morning, Willie and Lucille Johnson, 6 and 4 years old, children of William Johnson of Amity and Percy Streets, Flushing, were saved from death by Newsdealer Albert F. Drollinger, who sprang over his news counter and caught the children in his arms just as the Bay-side express tore by at forty miles an hour.

Affrighted passengers on the platform screamed and closed their eyes as Drollinger and his two little charges were lost in the whirlwind of dust that followed in the wake of the train, while splinters of the wrecked toy automobile were showered through the air. They thought that Drollinger and the children had been drawn under by the suction of the train.

It was all over in half a minute, but some of the women waiting on the platform were so overcome that they were unable to take the next train when due, and went back to their homes. Neither of the children appreciated the incident, and they looked ruefully at the shattered splinters of their toy automobile, parts of which were afterward found a block away from the station.

## IN THE AUTOMOBILE TRADE.

A Side Line Occupation Disclosed by a Hallway Waif.

A middle-aged spinster, whose early experience as a trained nurse gave her a better than ordinary knowledge of human nature, being forced by her health to find a less arduous calling, started a restaurant not long ago in one of the apartment houses in the neighborhood of her home in Harlem. Last week her cook failed her, and she had to superintend the preparation of breakfast herself.

Coming down stairs from her flat at daybreak she was surprised to see what she took at first for a bundle of rags lying in the entry way of the ground floor between the inner and outer doors. Closer inspection showed her a boy huddled upon the tiled floor sound asleep, with his head on a mop, which the janitor had left behind.

"What are you doing here?" the housekeeper asked as she shook the boy awake.

The youngster roused himself at his leisure, looked over his questioner coolly, and then said:

"Came in here to sleep, of course. I had to sleep somewhere."

"You see," he continued, "times were pretty hard for me yesterday and I only made 10 cents. I spent a nickel for coffee and I had to have something for breakfast. I came by here at 11 o'clock last night, and as it looked pretty comfortable, I rang one of the bells, and when they pushed the buzzer I came in and made myself at home."

"Weren't you afraid of the janitor?" the housekeeper asked.

"No, ma'am," said the boy. "Janitors are all right. Once in a while nigger hall-boys are tough to get along with, but I can most always handle janitors."

Asked how he made a living, the youngster declared proudly that he had a trade.

"You see, ma'am," he said, "I used to peddle papers, but it's hard to get a good stand, and I didn't make much. One day in the Spring I was standing in front of the Waldorf when a swell automobile came up. There was lots of ladies in fine clothes in it, and as it stopped an old darky ran up to open the door. As they stepped out he took off his hat and made a low bow. I saw one of the ladies give him half a dollar, and I said to myself if he could get money as easy as that, I could. After that I used to practice making bows like him and now I've got a regular trade.

"It's better on rainy days, though, and as we've had quite a dry spell money's been coming in slow. Then I took some of my money to buy a sweater, because it's getting pretty cold."

The housekeeper took the boy to her kitchen, and after he had washed himself gave him a meal. One of the women who had heard of the housekeeper's find decided on an experiment. She wanted some trifles from a department store and made out a list, giving the boy the money, something under a dollar, to pay for them. Those who witnessed the transaction smiled skeptically, but to their surprise the boy returned in good season with the goods.

An offer of steady work didn't appeal to him, though. He knew "jobs," he said, and didn't want one, and he was soon off on his wanderings again.

## LABOR DAY RUSH FROM TOWN.

Exodus by Train and Steamship Said to be Unprecedented.

It was said last night that the exodus from New York on account of Labor Day excursions is without precedent in this year's holidays. The Lehigh Valley Railroad is operating several sections of all its regular trains and running a large number of special trains to Niagara Falls, Gettysburg, Cayuga Lake, and other places.

So great a demand was made this week upon the facilities of the Old Dominion Steamboat Company for the week-end trip to Old Point Comfort and other Virginia shore resorts that the steamship Monroe, which was scheduled to sail yesterday afternoon, proved to be totally inadequate for the service, and the company added the steamship Jamestown. Both steamers sailed for Old Point Comfort and Norfolk, Va., at 3 P. M.