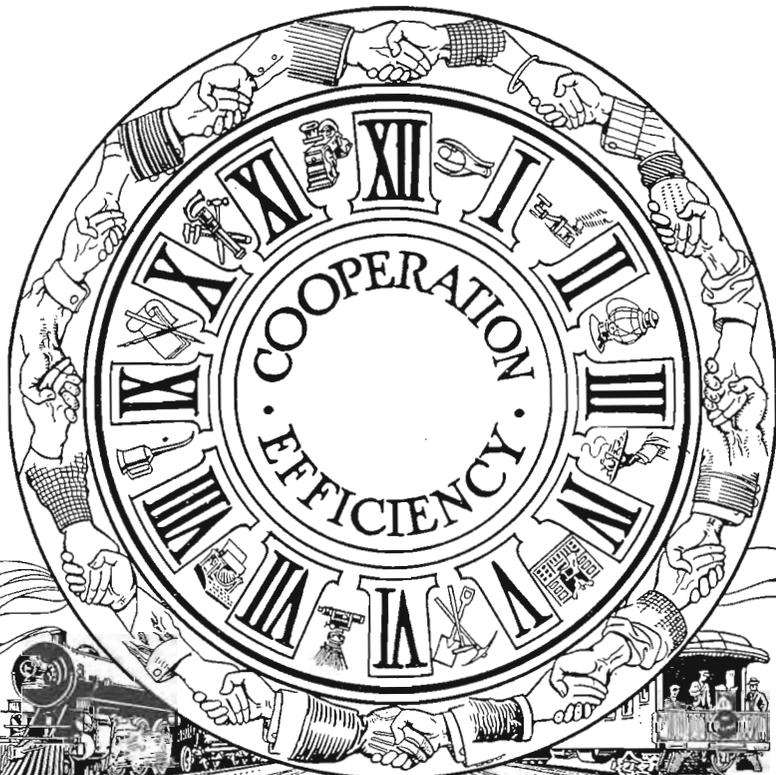


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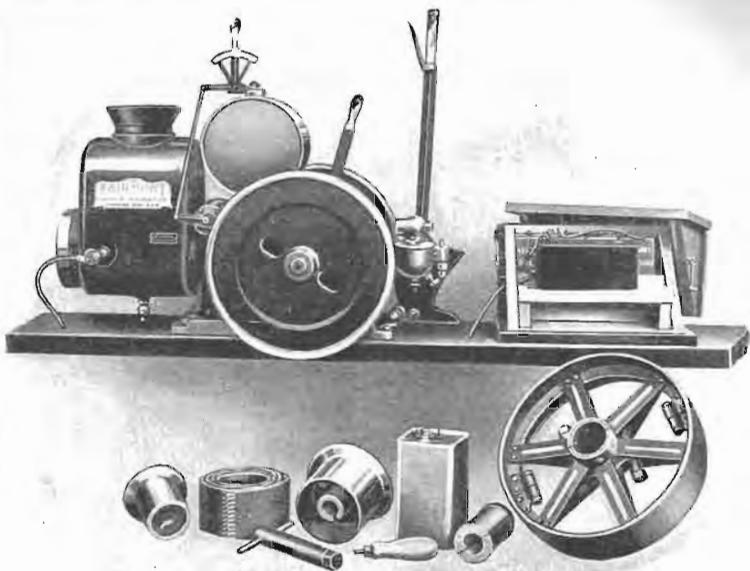
March

1916



VOLUME 3.

No. 12.



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The Bread Line and The Bank Line

Frederick L. Chapman.

In most big cities you will see frequently, but more often in winter, two different lines of people; twenty, fifty or a hundred in each rank, moving, waiting, moving. They are mostly men. Most of them are old. But in one line even the younger have their faces with the buoyant hope of youth; while those of forty and over carry the furred lines and carking weariness of age. *They are the bread line.* You cannot mistake them. Their rusty clothes, their soiled and ill-fitting shoes, their hats of various vintage, their shoulders exposed as they shiver in the cold, their faces only half covered in trouser's buttons, faces seamed with worry, furrowed with despair, vacant of iron purpose and resolution. These are the marks of the bread line. Their goal, their life line, is ten, twenty or fifty feet away—a mug of hot soup or coffee and a slice of bread.

On the blocks on, another slowly moving line files before a glass wicket. They are not uniformly well-dressed but they are comfortably clothed. Shoes are all polished but every foot is encased in sturdy leather and there is no appearance of being "down at the heels." But you will not look at these men. It is the firm well set figures, the hearty cheerfulness and assurance

in their faces that makes the difference. *This is the bank line;* business men, business women, clerks, porters, engineers, mechanics leaving a portion of their pay which they set aside as savings. If you could look at the deposits which the clerk enters in the pass books you might smile at the small dole which some leave as a hostage against the future evil day. But the bank clerk does not smile except in welcome. "Many a mickle makes a muckle." The savings depositor, however humble his hoard, is despised nowhere.

* * *

It is the sorrowful contrast between the bread line and the bank line which haunts these reflections. How explain the extremes of human conditions in a land of equal opportunity, where, as Garfield once said, humanity is not stratified, rank upon rank, class upon class; where a member of the so called lower strata cannot force his way through the granite upper crust and emerge into freedom and open air. Our life in America is rather like the waters of the ocean, restless and moving; particles which may be in the darker and denser depths today may be dancing on the billows or sparkling in the sunlight to-morrow.

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Why are so large a number submerged or at best only keeping their heads just above water, struggling, fighting, gasping for breath, always stretching their income to cover their necessities and barely maintaining life? Let us ask the bread line! Some of them will talk freely because they have arrived at the place where pride will not restrain them. Some will "pass the buck" to ill fortune, sickness, a bad start, ill choice of companions and habits which sap the foundations of character. Some of them are right, but the above are only secondary causes of failure. If you would summarize the verdict which this rank of broken men would be compelled by honesty and honor to render, it would be that their failure was primarily due to a lack of a determined purpose.

It is a safe assertion that a determined directive purpose which refuses abso-

tions he fought his battle cheerfully. He got a lot out of life besides a mere living. Hundreds of children knew him and he was to them the personification of a good fairy.

I specify these current instances of unconquerable courage to make the assertion seem not only less extravagant, but actually seem sensible and sane,—that a determined purpose must and will win success.

Purpose to do what?

First, to do something and to do it so well that you simply compel recognition and reward. A. T. Stewart, America's first merchant prince, began active life as a boy clerk. He was set to piling calico in a retail store but he determined to pile it so well, so straight and so true that the calico corner would not look like a rummage heap. His promotion to the silk counter was not long waiting; then to the managership he went, and before



The Bread Line.

lutely to be side-tracked, will insure success in spite of every obstacle which cruel fate can interpose.

I think I can hear some pessimist snarl at this, as he broods over and magnifies his own difficulties; but could anyone be more handicapped in the race of life than Helen Keller, born mute, deaf and blind? Or have you heard of James Morrison Heady who died a few weeks ago in Louisville, Ky., at the age of eight-three? When six years old a flying chip destroyed the sight of his right eye. When sixteen he fell in a scuffle striking his left eye and was totally blind for life. Nevertheless by diligence he became an expert musician. However, at forty-four he lost his hearing so that he could no longer earn his living by his music, but he found a way to compose music and books for children and the blind. Despite his serious afflic-

he was scarcely a man he owned the store. There are hundreds of men now directing great enterprises whose advancement has been due, not so much to brilliancy of mind as to a dogged purpose to register 100 per cent whether the task was keeping stock or keeping books or merely *keeping still* and sawing wood while the fellow at their side spent half his time in "soldiering" or knocking the boss or the system.

Second: Purpose to live within your income if you have to live in a hall bedroom, or if married, in a three room flat on two meals a day; so far within your income, in fact, that you can put away something every week. A dollar is not much but fifty-two of them heaped on top of fifty-two yearly for twenty years, compounded at 5 per cent, makes \$1,768.67.



The Bank Line.

It is not the money value of thrift alone that is important; it is the moral value. If the young man or woman who works for wages, or salary if you please, realized what prestige is gained with the employer when it is known that the employe has a bank account there would be a quick cutting out of the frills and follies and a converting of the little wastages into a dime a day or a dollar a week or five or ten dollars a month on the bank route. Such an employe is sure to be promoted as he is sure to be a person of influence and respect.

It is often said that the first thousand dollars is the hardest to get. Doubtless that is true. But it is also true that it is the only thousand that is hard to get, so much easier in comparison is it to secure the second, third, fourth and fiftieth thousand. If I were a young man with simply two bare hands and an ambitious calculating brain I would fight for that first thousand as I fought for the team when I played half back or second base. I would take it and flash it in the face of my banker and ask him to advise me where to invest it in a good stock or bond. I would be tickled to death if I happened to work for a company whose stocks and bonds he could recommend. I would then be something more than a hired man. I, myself, would feel, at least, that I was one of the firm. I would not speculate, but if a good investment got in my way I would not hesitate to use my stock or bond as collateral for a loan and I would pay that loan if I had to eat the food and wear the clothes of John the Baptist.

If such a pursuit of industry, frugality and thrift does not land a fellow

somewhere near the top story in the edifice called "Success," experience is no teacher and history is a lie. But the real question remains: "Is it the bank line or the bread line for you?" or will you be content with being just a colorless neutral, half way between; just living, but never quite attaining, never quite achieving?

Personals.

Charles A. Butler, formerly chief of the Tariff Bureau, has been appointed assistant general freight agent. Mr. Butler is one of the most efficient and best informed rate men in the country, and is also one of the youngest to hold such a responsible position. He is 37 years old. Congratulations, "Charlie."

H. C. Gustafson, agent at Arlington, Iowa, has invented an improved baggage and express truck. The invention has been inspected by Safety First committeemen and officials of the company, who pronounce favorably upon it. It is on exhibition now at the H. McFarlane Truck Factory on Canal Street, south of the Union Station, Chicago. Any of our readers who care to examine Mr. Gustafson's new device will find the manager of the factory glad to show it and explain its merits.

Conductor G. T. Burnham received a letter of commendation for his efforts in spotting stock cars and assisting in loading stock for the South Omaha stock train, which he was meeting at Underwood January 6. Mr. Burnham was on an east bound train which held the meeting point with the South Omaha stock train, and, had he not done the work, the stock train would have been delayed doing it.

Wm. Langdon, switch light tender, received a letter of commendation for the prompt reporting of the discovery of a piece of broken wheel which he found in Perry yard December 30. The car was located at Marion and the wheels changed before an accident resulted.

Brakeman P. W. Tighe of the Des Moines Division discovered a car with broken flange while inspecting his train at Perry preparatory to going out. The car was set out and the wheels changed.

Passenger Brakeman M. L. Peterson received a letter of commendation for his act in probably saving the life of an elderly gentleman at Defiance recently. Mr. Peterson was on 34, which had side tracked to meet No. 17, when he saw an old man walking on the track and apparently not heeding the warning signal of the engineer on No. 17. He jumped from the train and pulled the old man to a place of safety just as 17 passed. It developed that the old gentleman was very deaf and had not heard the whistle signal, and, no doubt, would have met instant death had he not been taken from the track by Mr. Peterson.

Every Knock Is a Boost?

Observer.

Having traveled far and wide, on ocean greyhounds and slow cattle boats, on railroads of this and other countries, and having observed conditions, a few well meant remarks from the "Other Side" in all their details may perchance find consideration with your editorial staff, if not for publication, perhaps for "The Tiger."

FREIGHT, the life-blood of the railroads, and for the securing of which very large expenditures are made; but what abuse is hurled at the various commodities classed as "Freight" by some of the employes of a railroad sometimes by inexperience, ignorance, thoughtlessness, criminal carelessness, etc., or worse.

A great many features enter into this subject and it is beyond my ken to even attempt to enumerate a majority of them, but by a few illustrations I shall endeavor to outline some of the abuses.

In a small terminal a flour mill places an order for three cars to load for the coast; the agent has spent considerable time during and after business hours for several days to secure the shipment, and finally the yardmaster is notified to rush the placing of the cars; after a delay of several hours, the switchmen place the cars but without giving the inspection as to fitness for loading of that commodity any thought. One car was later found to have a leaky roof, another leaky sides and doors, a third with the floor full of nails and quite dirty; complaint to the agent and yardmaster elicits the remark, "We will try and give you better cars in about four or five hours if we can, but better load them as they are all alike," and the shipping clerk is finally induced to load the cars with a promise that the leaks will be repaired as best they can, and the result is that even before the cars leave the mill, part of the flour is wet and sacks torn, which by a little effort on the part

of all would have been prevented. The agent should have given the car foreman or inspector a copy of the order for the cars, and the inspector would have given the yardmaster the location and numbers of those that were fit for loading of that commodity.

The cars are finally picked up by the switch engine and after a few side swipes and good healthy knocks which has loosened a draft iron here, pulled out a lung there, and broken a few draft timber bolts, all of which delays the cars in the yard another day, they are finally on their way in a train bound for the West. I shall not endeavor to dwell on them, but the Freight Claim Department can easily finish the story.

A large retail distributing house ships out carload after carload of L. C. L. freight for distribution over the entire continent, but finds it necessary to present claims for at least 25% of their shipment, not because their shipments are not packed in accordance with classification, but—it is either in transferring the freight or in looking for freight by way-freight trainmen that the consignments are knocked about and damaged; labels or tags torn off or destroyed and shipments, short at destination.

A wholesale grocery house ships carload after carload of L. C. L. merchandise, but finds it necessary to hire extra, special, help to look after their claims. Why? Employes in more than one department of the railroad are not making any effort to avoid damage, delay, etc. to the goods entrusted in their care; packages of glass fruit jars are unloaded from wayfreight in a "play ball" fashion, put on trucks in a manner that even a light wind could blow them off—not to speak of the movement of the truck on a cement platform. Their sacks of sugar are put into cars previously loaded with cement or coal, if not worse, and a few barrels of gasoline or kerosene in very close proximity to insure the proper flavor for the sugar. Their fruit is placed

on the floor of the car and a few shipments from the International Harvester Company or the John Deere Plow Company on top to protect the fruit from anything heavy falling on it. It is not a matter of damage to the freight, but a matter of putting the freight into that car in any old way and getting it out of the house before quitting time. Then when the matter comes up, switchmen are held responsible because they bump the cars too hard; there's nothing wrong in the loading whatever. The result is the same—the company pays a premium for handling the freight.

Hundreds of cases of personal observation could be cited and none of them exaggerated, and more words than any dictionary can ever hold, would have to be created to detail all the conditions that enter into the "Loss and Damage freight," one of the biggest leaks on any railroad, but if the agent, rate clerk, bill clerk, operator, check clerk, warehouseman (sometimes all in one person), yardmaster, switchman, car foreman and inspector, trainman, engineman and others do not understand, do not want to understand, or to realize that unless they individually and collectively give at least that part of their time to their life's work, for which they are paid, a large percentage of freight entrusted to their care cannot be carried successfully by any railroad company.

It is not only a loss of the dollars and cents covering the value of the shipments, and the freight charges thereon, but have you ever figured out the trials and tribulations of the consignee and

consignor which are the result of such inattention to duty?

Here is Mrs. Pay Cash ordering a Turkish rocker for her "Hubby's" fiftieth birthday ten days in advance of the event; Mr. Made to Order emphasizes the fact to the manufacturer that Mrs. Pay Cash lays stress on the necessity of having the rocker on the specified date, as her rival in their social circle is invited for the party and must be forced to admit that she is beaten; the rocker is shipped in time, properly packed, crated, well protected, tagged, everything as per classification. But alas, two transfers and an unloading in rainy weather at the way station from the main track, standing out in the rain until the other freight is unloaded instead of unloading it last and carrying it right into the warehouse, finally lands it there with protection torn in several places, one rocker off and broken, part of a pail of paint on the seat, and saturated through, not to speak of scratches here and there and a dent in the wood on the top. Two more days to get one by express, but one of them a Saturday and the next a Sunday; telegraph for it, manufacturer's office closes at 12 noon on Saturday, message delivered Monday, rocker shipped and arrives on Tuesday, too late, the party is over, don't want it; result, a very disappointed customer, lost to Mr. Made to Order, and one lost always means more lost. The retailer has loss, annoyance, trouble, and expense, the wholesaler also, and the aggravation in getting his claim settled, and who's the goat, the "Freight Claim Department."



Foreman William Luebke and Milwaukee Passenger Yard Force.

My experience in traveling around has indicated that the Freight Claim Department receives sometimes hazy claims.

The shipper in general, however, is not making shipments just to get a chance to present a claim; he has an order for goods, he has them to sell, and is maintaining a big Sales Department, or pays large advertising bills, postage, etc., at a great expense. One part of his territory covered by one of his salesmen is served by a railroad whose employes have gotten into a sloppy way of doing their work, and a few cases of unsatisfactory arrival of his goods, loses him the trade of several merchants whose business had been retained at quite an expense, on account of keen competition. In some cases entire districts have been lost to large houses as the few remaining merchants would not make it a paying investment to send a salesman in to that territory, and all this, not because the shipper was not an A 1, up to the minute, business man, with first class goods, at right prices, but because he had no control over the employes of the transportation company accepting his goods for transportation.

Dramas might be written as the result of inefficient service, but I shall now "ring off" by stating that unless all employes realize that only by co-operation, efficiency, and careful performance of duties entrusted to their care, can the desirable result be obtained, I shall continue to be able to observe the same conditions as they now exist, on my travels about the country.

Various Lives.

Lives of angleworms remind us
If we wish our own to bud
We should let no robin find us
As we wiggle through the mud.
—Youngstown Telegram.

Lives of bumblebees remind us
If the people of our zone
With the hives were all afflicted
How we'd know which was our own.
—Yonkers Statesman.

Lives of octopi remind us
If we had eight hands, and able,
We would not get hot-box elbows
Passing eats around the table.
—Houston Post.

Tracks of centipedes remind us
If we had those shoes to fill
We would die and leave behind us
An enormous unpaid bill.
—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Lives of brakemen oft remind us
As the boomers come and go,
The more they roam, the less their
chances
Of ever having any dough.
—Ruby Eckman.

Loyalty in Advertising.

Sted.

High grade advertisement is an Art. Take high grade advertising in high grade advertising mediums—it spells dollars and cents. Each advertisement means so many dollars and cents to the publisher and by a method employed in large advertising campaigns represents a return of so many dollars and cents to the advertiser. The minute the publisher does not produce for the advertiser—then the advertiser sets the wheels to moving in an endeavor to ascertain whether his reading matter is wrong, if his campaign was unwisely advised or whether the publisher's claims are not justified by results. It is a straight dollars and cents proposition and many times a cold-blooded, high financing operation.

But sometimes you find loyalty in advertising. The loyalty which leads the editor of a country newspaper to turn down high grade outside advertising and stick to the, sometimes, very thin picking in his home town. And another kind of loyalty is an ad which appeared in the last issue of our Magazine and is what started this. Now, the amount of money paid to the publisher of the *Employes' Magazine* for that ad, if spread over a small campaign of sharp crackling locals of the home paper, would have earned more profits in one week than a whole year of advertising in the *Employes' Magazine*, and that is not saying the Magazine is not a good advertising medium,—for it is. The advertiser I refer to was told, very candidly, by the Business Manager of the Magazine that the ad so placed would not bring him much return; and here is his argument in reply:

"I have worked for the Milwaukee a great many years. They have always been loyal employers and I hope I have always been a loyal employe—at least I have always tried to be. I have started business on a small scale, but am still remaining in the service of the Company; also I have acted since its inauguration as local correspondent for the Magazine and they have always been loyal. I fully realize the advertisement will not bring a great return, but I do believe in loyalty. The Company has been loyal to me, the Magazine has been loyal to me. I have tried to be loyal to both, and now that I am spending a little money for advertising space, this sense of loyalty bids me patronize to a limited extent the space offered for sale in the *Employes' Magazine*."

Personally—for loyalty pure and simple—disregarding all business logic and practice—I doff my panama to T. P. Horton ("One T. P.") whose advertisement appeared in the February number, and for no other reason than through a deep-rooted, conscientious sense of LOYALTY.

"EMPTY BOXES GO WEST."

By Nora Breckenridge-Sill.

Tobacco smoke preceeded him. As the outside office door slammed shut Edwards grinned up into the red face of McGaffey, but turned again to his train sheet for McGaffey was not looking and missed the grin.

Crossing to the stove he stood with his back to Edwards and his hands spread out to the fire. His short gray hair stuck out from under his cap and the light from the open door of the stove brought out many wrinkles other than those of laughter. Gloom was on his face.

At the end of Edwards' table a loose window rattled with the wind and frost was thick and white upon the glass. On the worn floor beside the door lay ice, unmelting, and outside as Sandy said: "Folks was wonderin' how far down the little red streak inside the glass tube was goin' before it busted."

McGaffey unwound the wool muffler from around his neck. "Say," he said to the back of Edwards' head, "there's a man down stairs in a fur coat. Maybe after while he might come up here an' want to ride a freight out of town. Better let him go"—and his eyes through a tiny melted spot in the frost on the window pane followed across the track the line of the old eating house roof, against the sky.

Edwards looked around at the old man beside the stove and suddenly saw the wrinkles and the gray hair and the gloom. He took a "clip" from back of his sounder and handed it to McGaffey. Sometimes Edwards thought much and fast. This time he knew that the man in the fur coat and McGaffey and the clip in his hand would if put together make a story, though perhaps of interest only to those gathered on winter nights around the stove.

McGaffey read the message in his hand and the wrinkles deepened. He took his pipe from his mouth. "That's the man," he said aloud, and looked at Edwards without seeing him. Reaching over with his foot he pulled a chair from against the wall closer to the stove and sat down in it.

"I guess maybe there's folks thinks a man's sin will find him out," he said, taking a match from his pocket. He put his pipe into his mouth and scratching the match along the round of his chair held it over the bowl and puffing dropped the burned match end into the coal pail.

Edwards looked into the fire and waited. He knew when McGaffey got his pipe going, and then if he had the thing "doped out" right in his own mind, if there was a story they would hear it. In the meantime their questions would get them nothing. So Edwards and the two brakemen back of the stove and Sandy and the call boy cleaning his lantern and the side table man with his green eyeshade pulled over his eyes smoked and waited. McGaffey smoked and the loose window pane rattled and frost grew thicker upon the glass.

"I heard a story today about a man an' his sin an' I don't rightly know if you'd say it found him out or not—" he began, "It was a hard luck story that was one, an' I heard lots of 'em in my life. They was a man tellin' me this an' he didn't rightly know the straight of it an' so I can't say just how it happened, but seems there was a feller that worked 'way back East someplace at some job he didn't get much at, an' worked like a nigger, too. He handled a lot of money on this job an' he'd been a pretty good man an' steady. He had two or three little kids an' a wife an' his wife was what you call a 'lunger.' McGaffey stopped and reaching down lifted a lump of coal from the pail into the open door of the stove where the red coals caught and devoured it.

"One time somebody comes along an' tells this feller that maybe if he could get his wife out West here some place she would get better an' might even get well." McGaffey shut the stove door and continued. "You know how a thing like that would get hold of a man an' him without any folks to help him out an' no money an' after that I guess about all he thought of was how he was goin' to get her out here an' keep them little kids' mother with them a little longer. Likely he didn't sleep nights for trying to figure out some way an' then one time he thought of all this money of

other people's that he'd handled an' then maybe how he could get some of it for her—and that's what he done." McGaffey stopped and smoking in silence watched the fire.

"Some hard luck story alright." Edwards thought and looked at the side of the old man's face nearest him. McGaffey "friend of the friendless" was apt to take things as they came. Hand out his pie book to any hobo who asked, nor cared for their tale of woe.

"Well, seems there never was any chance to cover this deal up an' this man that was tellin' me said it just looked like this feller wasn't thinkin' of anything but them little kids growin' up without any mother an' how he was goin' to get her away quick's he could"—and McGaffey looked through the melted spot in the frost on the window at the black roof of the eating house across the tracks.

"When we stopped this morning at Romona to pick up that bunch of emptys," he went on, and leaned against the wall on the two back legs of his chair. "It was the worst storm I ever seen an' I been seein' storms a long while. It was round three o'clock an' everything froze up an' them cars in on the back track an' snowed in.

"We had to switch out a bad order an' chain it up an' it was snowin' an' blowin' to beat anything I ever seen. My head man froze his face an' we was back in the caboose fixin' it up an' the other brakeman an' a couple of bos come in an' they said they'd found a man up in one of them emptys we'd just picked up."

McGaffey looked at Edwards and he thought the laughter wrinkles were coming out, but the old man turned again to the fire.

"There was a man in a fur coat got on my train back at Hatton," he went on, and moved away a little from the roaring stove. "He told me he was some kind of officer, but I didn't pay much attention to him an' forget what he said. He was lookin' for a feller he thought maybe had got out on some freight train just ahead of us an' he had a permit to ride my train, so I let him fix up a bed an' he went to sleep. When them bos an' my brakeman come in talkin' about

that bo they found up in that empty I thought about this fur coat guy right away an' stopped 'em talkin' an' looked in where he was, but he seemed to be sleepin' and hadn't likely ever heard us come in at all—"The fire was too hot for McGaffey and he opened up the door and sat looking with half shut eyes into the blaze.

"Well, we went on out an' got up in the empty an' I took my lamp an' over in one corner was a man layin' on the floor of the car. There was some straw an' he was partly covered with it an' was wrapped in an old overcoat an' had a old black felt hat pulled down over his face. We got him over to the door an' I see he wasn't froze, but pretty near it an' we got him down out of the car an' back to the caboose an' done what we could for him. This man in the fur coat was pretty warm there by the fire an' guess he didn't never wake up for I remember when we was comin' in here an' he seen the stretcher an' we was takin' this sick feller off, he was askin' my head man about him an' guess he told him somethin' about him gettin' hurt back there when we was pickin' up but more'n likely he didn't think nothin' for he didn't bother around any an' we took the bo over to them rooms up above the eating house." McGaffey put his pipe back into his mouth and then took it out again and looked at it. Sandy scratched a match on the heel of his shoe and held it out to him.

As Edwards watched the old man's face in the light of the match over the pipe bowl he saw the laughter wrinkles come back for a moment and go away and those others come to stay. The sound of the instruments on Edwards' table seemed loud in the short silence while McGaffey smoked, like voices back of you in a car when the train stops suddenly. Across the track upstairs in the eating house bright lights passed to and fro before the windows. Inside the loose window pane rattled and McGaffey smoked.

"This here feller in this message—" he said and looked at the clip he still held in his hand. "This is the bo we found in the empty this mornin' back there at Romona. He's over across upstairs in

the eatin' house now with both legs off—"McGaffey pulled violently on his pipe and smoke grew in a cloud around his head. "Most of his life he was a pretty honest feller, too, but one time he took some money from some folks that didn't need it, to keep some little kids' mother with them a little longer an' guess there's folks would say it was a sin an' found him out. Maybe it was, an' more'n likely he knew it an' guess he knew, too, they would get him an' thought he might as well try an' get out where she was before he got grabbed, for they was sure to get him sooner or later.

"This fur coat man he thinks this feller was in some freight train just ahead of us an' guess maybe he was. Gaines set that train out at Romona an' we picked it up an' there was a bo in one of them emptys, but this man back in the caboose was asleep most of the time I guess, an' that coat was so nice an' warm he never woke up an' more'n likely he wants to get right out of town an' try an' locate that freight train he's lookin' for—" and McGaffey, reaching over laid the message inside the open door of the stove and stood up stretching out his hands to the blaze from the little piece of paper. He pulled his cap down and turned up the collar of his heavy coat. "I was thinkin'," he said, winding the long wool muffler around his neck, "That maybe we—"

Edwards laughed. "Mac," he said, and reaching up turned on the light over his train sheet. "I guess you might say

they got him anyway and sin or no sin taking him now won't help or hurt him and those little kids will be better for not hearing this story about their dad. There's a lot of money in the world that has never been spent, and—" he laughed again.

McGaffey turned toward the door and the side table man from under his green eyeshade looked after him wondering "what manner of man was this they all thought they knew and yet did not."

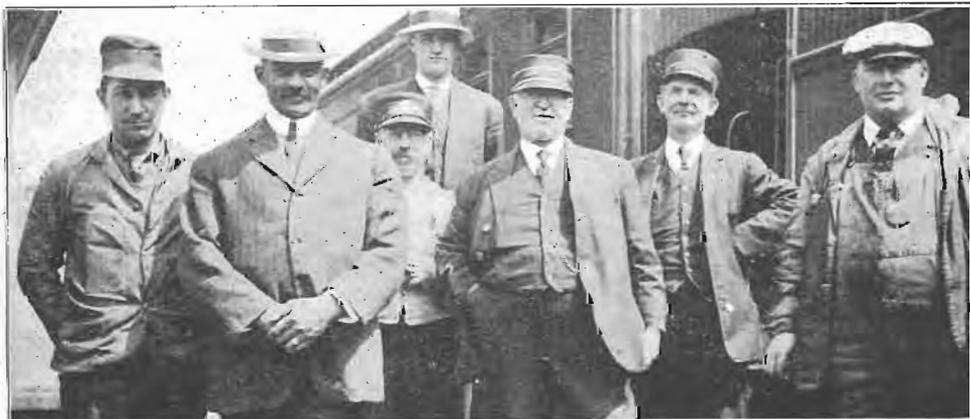
Outside a man in a fur coat leaned against a baggage truck and watched a slow moving freight train. He was warm and comfortable. "Where do they all go," he said to McGaffey, "They seem to all be empty?"

McGaffey lit his pipe. In the half-open door of a passing box car lay an old felt hat. It was partly covered with straw and snow. He followed it with his eyes. "Yes," he said, thinking of the man across the tracks. "They're all empty—now—" and added, his eyes on the approaching caboose. "Empty boxes go West."

Politeness is to do and say.
The kindest things in the kindest way.
Selected.

Look for goodness, look for gladness.
You will meet them all the while.
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.
Alice Cary.

"What are you crying for, Willie?"
"I've got a toothache and there ain't no school to stay home from."—Ex.



Train Crew of Tacoma Eastern "Mountain Flier."



The First Meeting of Veteran Employees' Association.

The Veteran Employes' Association

"It was a great meeting. I saw fellows there I had not seen in twenty years," said General Manager P. C. Hart; and engineer "Bob" Scott only said what all the rest of them were saying, "Why, I wouldn't have missed it. Some of those 'boys' there I have not seen or heard from in thirty years." And that is the way it's going to be at every meeting. Great times for 'The Days o' Auld Lang Syne."

One hundred and sixty odd men of the rail came together as the La Salle Hotel in Chicago on Saturday, February 5th, to formally organize our Veteran Employes' Association; and you see the picture of them on the opposite page. At one o'clock they took their seats at the handsomely laid tables in the big Red Room. At the head of the room, on a long table, was the well known, little working model of a C. M. & St. P. Railway locomotive, the T. H. Kane. This model, which was built by T. H. Kane, has advertised the Milwaukee Road at many an exposition and world's fair. It is a real locomotive, measuring 6 feet 8 inches from tip to tip; its boiler has been regularly steamed at 130 lbs. steam; it weighs nearly 200 lbs. and will haul about 150 lbs. on track with steam power.

Immediately following the luncheon was about a half hour "with the movies," pictures of the electrification tests which took place in December on the Rocky Mountain Division being shown, also a reel of the finest and most picturesque portions of the beautiful Scenic Mile Canyon, Montana.

Chairman Mitchell then called to order, and after briefly stating the object of this first meeting—to present the constitution which had been drafted by the Committee on Organization, and to elect officers for the year—be called on General Solicitor H. H. Field, chairman of the committee above named, who was in charge of the short program of the afternoon. Mr. Field spoke a few moments on the pleasures and benefits which members would find in such an association as the one contemplated,—offering as it did opportunities to renew old acquaintances, to strengthen old friendships, make new friends and to talk over matters in which all had a common interest, which were things that in themselves alone justified the formation of the association. The list of charter members numbered over six hundred, and Mr. Field called upon them all to give their active support and co-operation toward furthering the success of the organization. He referred to the many present who could qualify for membership at a much longer period of service than the required twenty-five years, and said the fact that he was eligible should be a matter of unmixed

pride to every man; and we would all also take extraordinary pride in the fact that we were able to start with so large a membership. Mr. Field then introduced Vice President E. D. Sewall, the speaker of the afternoon. Mr. Sewall brought the regrets of President Earling, who had expected until the last moment to be present. Mr. Sewall said:

"It is a hopeless task to fittingly represent to you the man of all men whom you most wanted to see and hear, and I can but offer you his sincere regrets at his inability to be present, as he had hoped and expected to be. "Emerson tells us that every great undertaking is but the lengthened shadow of one man,—and if that were ever true, it is certainly true of the Milwaukee Road, to which our president has given over fifty years of his life with a singleness of purpose rarely equaled and never excelled. You have seen it grow under his care and guidance until it stands today in mileage, and in all that makes for progress, the peer of any system in the country, and I invite you now to arise and drink to the health, prosperity and happiness of President Earling.

"This Company with which we have so long been identified has ever been a leader, never a trailer. We are the first to adopt the manual block signal as standard, and for a number of years had more miles of such signals in use than any other company; we were the first to equip our passenger trains with electric light; we put into service the first trains of all steel cars; and now we have set all the railway world agog by the electrification of our mountain divisions, 440 miles in all, as has been so vividly portrayed on the screen.

"Men who have been associated for years in such undertakings, in addition to the regular demands of transportation, may well congratulate themselves upon their opportunities, as they gather in a great meeting like this, to touch elbows and exchange reminiscences of old days with each other. And does not every man here present feel younger for this contact? This is no place for old age to assert itself, but for the youth of men who have passed middle life to reassert itself, that we may be boys together and call the friends and co-workers of long ago by their given names as of old.

"We hear much of the 'lure of the land', which is as naught when compared to the 'lure of the rail.' The former comes when you have passed the zenith of your activities, but the 'lure of the rail' takes possession of a man when his blood flows fast and red, when he longs for action, for a chance to show what he can do, to achieve his ambition. Then it is the rails beckon him over

dale and hill, over river and mountain, ever on and on to fame and fortune.

"True, the path has had its rocky stretches, not a few, perhaps, but it has had its pleasures, its satisfactions and its accomplishments, too; and I am sure you and I would choose no other if we could go back forty years and begin again.

"And so I offer my sincerest congratulations to every man here, whose faithfulness and ability have qualified him for membership in the Veterans' Association of the great Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry."

In introducing the next speaker, Mr. Field said that somewhere up in Wisconsin, in a fertile and beautiful country, was a town called Viroqua, where people lived comfortably and enjoyed life; a town that had produced some notable men, and that we had a representative up there who liked to come out occasionally and see the main line, and see how things were done in big cities. People were always glad to see him, because he was a "live wire," and his co-workers were always particularly glad to see him because he stood for all that made true-blue, loyal Milwaukee employes.—Mr. Lew Boyle, agent at Viroqua.

Mr. Boyle made a bit from the very start when he arose and addressed the chair as "Mr. Roastmaster," and after receiving his apparent slip of the tongue, went on to say that the Toastmaster had made a mighty fine speech, but that probably everyone knew there was always a goat in every flock, and, said he, "I'm the goat." "Now, when I was told I had to make a speech this afternoon, it made me think of the story of Deacon Jones and his calf. You probably all know the story, but let me hear someone may not have heard it, and so not know exactly how I felt. I am going to tell the story. Deacon Jones and his wife were going to camp meeting and the Deacon, all dressed up in his nice black broadcloth suit, drove up to the door to get Mrs. Jones, when that good lady appeared and said, 'Now, Deacon, it 'pears to me we'll be late gettin' back home, and I b'lieve you'd just better feed that calf now. The milk's been settin' on the stove and it's nice and warm.' The Deacon, he 'lowed 'twould be a pious idea, so he clambered out of the top buggy, got the milk and went down to where the calf was tied. Now, if there's anyone here who never saw a calf drink milk, he'll lose the point of the Deacon's remarks when he stuck the calf's nose down into the pail, and directly the milk flew all over the Deacon's nice black broadcloth suit. But, having started to make that calf drink the milk, he seized its nose and, jamming it down into the pail, he said, 'Gosh dern ye, ye little pest, I'd like to jam yer damn little head clear through this here pail, to hell and back.' I have been an employe of this company for forty years, and through their generosity and my economy I have been able to keep the wolf from the door, and I want to tell you

all that an association of this kind has been something I've wanted for a long time. I believe it will be the greatest union organization on any railroad in the world. It will help us all in our work; give us a chance to mingle with those whom we now, perhaps, know only by correspondence; it will yield a greater co-operation by getting together, co-operation among employes, as well as with the company; will make new acquaintances and friendships, as well as renew old ones. I am for it strong, and proud to be a member, proud to be able to qualify for membership, and I want to see it grow, until every man on this railroad who has been in the service the required length of time, has affiliated with us, for we have the biggest and best railroad in the world, and we should have the largest and most enthusiastic association of its veteran employes. I foresee nothing but good results for ourselves and for the company in this organization, and I believe these meetings will be looked forward to every year as a vacation, out of which we will get the greatest pleasure."

The Constitution, as framed by the committee, was then read by the Secretary and adopted, without material change. Officers as follows were elected: President, Charles W. Mitchell; Vice President, H. A. La-Roy; Secretary, Carpenter Kendall; Treasurer, Grant Williams. The four above mentioned together with Messrs. Frank M. Kelley, Robert N. Scott and Fred B. Wheeler, constitute the Executive Committee.

As provided for in the constitution, the Executive Committee will appoint sub-committees to promote the welfare of the organization. One on membership is now being organized, with the following named as chairmen:

R. W. Humphrey, H. & D. Div., Minneapolis.
 N. P. Thurber, assistant superintendent, P. du C. and Min., Ft. Devens.
 J. W. Hare, conductor, Chicago, representing C. & M. Division and Union Station, Chicago.
 Chas. E. Sullivan, engineer, Chicago, representing C. & C. B. Ill.
 George E. Layton, company office, Superior, representing R. & S. W. Division.
 J. T. Raymond, dispatcher, Hannan, representing C. & C. B. Iowa.
 J. T. Sweeney, engineer, Chisholm, Min., representing K. C. Division.
 J. J. Connors, asst. sup. M. P. Division, representing Dubuque Division, Des Moines Division and Motive Power Southern Division.
 Frank McPherson, C. C. Sup. Terminal, Chicago, representing Chicago Terminal.
 Geo. Grant, engine dispatcher, Chicago, representing Western Avenue Round House.
 B. F. Van Vliet, superintendent, Mason City, representing I. & D. and B. H. Division.
 W. J. Theile, superintendent, Minneapolis, representing River, I. & M. and C. V. Divisions.
 Horace W. Griggs, recdg. boiler inspector, Milwaukee, representing Milwaukee Shops.
 F. M. Rodger, representing Minneapolis shops and Northern Motive Power District.
 C. N. Curtis, D. F. & P. A., Sioux City, representing S. C. & D. Division.
 John Dunn, roadmaster, Green Bay, representing Superior Division.
 J. J. Murphy, superintendent, Three Forks, Mont., representing Rocky Mountain Division.
 David McEwen, assistant chief lineman, Seattle, representing district west of Butte.

Frank Rusch, assistant superintendent M. P. Tacoma, representing Tacoma Shops.

L. S. Taft, train baggageman, Milwaukee, representing Milwaukee Depot, Milwaukee Terminals and Lax Division, east.

J. W. Hancock, agent, Tomah, Wis., representing Lax Division, west; W. V., and Viroque Divisions.

Application blanks may be secured from any of the above named, and also from the Secretary, Carpenter Kendall, 1203 Railway Exchange Building, Chicago.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee, held in Chicago, February 17th, a badge of the Association was decided upon, and designs and prices upon a gold button appropriately engraved are now being sought. Each member will receive one of these buttons and it is certain that every man will be proud to wear the badge which proclaims him a loyal and efficient man in his life work.

Membership cards, in the form of receipt for annual dues will be issued upon payment of such dues.

Rush A. Eddy.

The Magazine tenders an apology to I. & D. Division Engineer Mr. R. A. Eddy for presenting his photograph in the February number without word of any kind accompanying it. The cut was used in error, it being expected to hold same until this month for the next month.

I first went to work for the Milwaukee Division at the spring of 1871, as when the road was under construction under the name of Chicago and North Western, which was at that time a branch of the Rock Island. I was employed in the capacity of a track layer, and in October, 1872, I was given an assignment to the road between Mason City and North McGregor. I stayed on that run until last April, when, on account of ill health, I took the run from Sanborn to Mitchell, on trains 1 and 8, where I am working at the present time.

"My first work on this division was with the construction company in 1868, when I drove team for the engineers in the preliminary survey of the Iowa & Dakota Division. When the track layers started work, I went with them and rode the horse on the iron car; I was thrown and hurt, and when able to work again I took charge of the boys, peddling spikes and splices. This was under Contractors Langdon and Shepherd. After one year spent in school I went to work for Mr. Manchester, and have worked under and for him ever since. I hope to be able to finish my fiftieth year under the same Grand Old Man.

"I feel that the Milwaukee is a part of me, as I have given the best years of my life to its service, and I want to finish my life of usefulness in this same service. By asking for membership in the Veterans' Association I feel that I will always be a member of the 'Big' family.

"In closing, I want to ask all of the old employees, as well as all of the new ones, that we all make a resolve to make one grand pull, all together, and boost the Company that has given us all a good living for so many years, and to help the President and all of the officers to make the old C., M. & St. P. the best and safest road on the map."

Reclaiming Scrap on the Milwaukee.

A. G. Hoppe.

After reading an article in a recent number of "The Saturday Evening Post," which treated of the reclamation of scrap as a means of eliminating waste, I thought that it might interest some of the people working for the Company, to know just what is being done in the way of reclaiming scrap on this railroad. I will, however, tell more of the actual method used, rather than to tell of the saving in money.

The business of reclaiming scrap is carried on at the Locomotive Shops of the Company, at West Milwaukee. This work is divided into two parts, the larger part being handled by A. Bennett, General Foreman of the Locomotive Blacksmith Shop, while a smaller but no less important part is under the direction of O. Epp, of the Iron House.

Because of the character of the scrap reclaimed, this article will divide itself into three separate parts.

1—How Iron and Mild Steel Scrap is Reclaimed.

All of the broken or scrapped parts of locomotives or cars, from over the entire system, are collected by the Store Department, and shipped to the Locomotive Shops at Milwaukee. Here the scrap is sorted; castings are sent to the foundry; bolts, nuts, brasses, and air hose are sent to the Reclaiming Sheds, and the remainder, which consists of wrought iron, mild steel, spring steel and axle steel, is sent to the Locomotive Blacksmith Shop. Here, under the able direction of Mr. Bennett, this pile of old iron and steel is rolled and hammered back into shape and used once more as just so much new iron would be used. The reclaimed product is, in fact, superior to the new iron and steel, because of the added rolling and hammering which it is subjected to in the reclaiming processes. The wrought iron and mild steels are reclaimed by means of a small rolling mill, and a battery of eight furnaces with their companion steam-hammers.

The rolling mill is equipped with six sets of reclaiming rolls; three sets of flat rolls, two sets of round rolls, and a set of "Emergency Rolls," which roll both round and flat without changing the rolls. The flat rolls start from 5x1¼-in. stock and roll both standard and odd sizes down to 2x5/8 in. The round rolls start with 2½ in. diameter and roll all sizes to ¾-in. diameter. The emergency rolls are used only when there is an accumulation of small scrap which is too small to be handled with the other rolls.

The iron which is thus obtained is used in the same manner as so much new iron would be used. The round iron is worked up at the forging machines into bolts, nuts, castle nuts, in fact it is used wherever round iron of the sizes rolled is called for. The flat iron is used up in the same manner. Whatever waste there is at the rolls is further reclaimed at the furnaces as will be explained later. Although



Scrap Heap and Reclaiming Shed.

very few figures showing the actual saving in dollars and cents were available. I learned that the rolling mill alone made possible a net saving of \$10,080, in time interval of a single year.

All of the iron such as totally worthless bolts, iron which is either too small or too large to be taken care of at the rolling mill, waste from the fires, and waste from the various shops, is cut up at the shears and put into piles containing about 500 pounds. These bundles are placed in a furnace and heated to a welding heat, and then beaten into slabs of a required length and width, under a steam-hammer. There are eight furnaces with their companion steam-hammers engaged in this work. Beside the small iron, parts of scrapped iron locomotive frames are also drawn out into slabs. These slabs are then put into piles of the required size, from which the large hammered iron forgings are made. Piston rods, axles, side rods, and main rods are some of the forgings finished at the furnaces, from the slabs made of the scrap iron. The parts of the locomotive frames and mud-rings are also made from the slabs, but these parts have to be set together at the fires provided for this purpose, to make the finished frame or mudring.

Scrapped locomotive and car axles are reclaimed at both the furnaces and the fires. Large crank shafts, hydraulic jacks, dies for steam-hammers and forging machines, are made from the large steel axles. The small steel axles are used for making small crank shafts, crank pins and various other steel forgings. The good parts of steel frames are also used up in the same manner. The waste from the steel axles and frames is bundled together with other steel scrap, and beaten out into follower plates. The iron axles are used up at the small and large fires, for various forgings which require a very good grade of iron. Piston rods which have seen service, but have not been fractured, are annealed and then turned down to a smaller sized rod.

Fractured and badly bent piston rods are used up in the same manner as axles are.

2—How Tool and Spring Steels Are Reclaimed.

Because of the high cost of high grade steel, the reclamation of this material is very important. The tool steels are reclaimed and re-used until the pieces are entirely used up. With the spring steels it is impossible to carry the work out to such an extent.

When a large tool such as a planer or wheel lathe tool becomes too short, it is drawn down to a smaller sized stock under a steam-hammer. When a tool made of a relatively small sized stock becomes too short for use, it is welded on to a piece of mild steel of the same size. The tool can then be used until there is no more tool steel left on it. This last method of reclaiming short tools has led to another method whereby even the smallest pieces of tool steel can be utilized. Instead of making the entire tool of tool steel, only the nose or the cutting edge is made of this material while the body of the tool is made of soft or mild steel. The sketch shows how this is accomplished. The welding operations are all done in dies made expressly for that purpose. The entire tool is then heat-treated to restore the structure of the material.



The spring steel scrap is mostly all in the shape of broken leaves from elliptical springs. Wherever possible the broken leaves are trimmed up and used as shorter leaves in different springs or even in the same spring. In this way all pieces longer than about eight inches can be utilized. Many of the broken spring leaves, however, are used up for making cutters and other tools used at the steam-hammers and Bradley Hammers. The bands

...are spinning silently—thousands of revolutions every minute; the speed and friction of the huge water-driven cylinder sends forth an element, odorless, colorless, talismanic—measured in kilowatts and volts—electricity, the stuff which the puzzled motorman years ago was asked to explain and described as “the juice.” In four of these plants is generated the juice, one hundred thousands volts of alternating current, that is sent cross-country over the heavy transmission lines of the Monongahela Power Company, to fourteen substations located on the electrified portion of the road. These substations are splendidly constructed plants filled with a maze of machinery performing what is known in the parlance of the electrician as “stepping down the current.” In other words, the 100,000 volts sent in over the main power wire, is reduced to 3,000 volts of direct current; which is carried forth on the copper sinew against which the wheels of the pantograph of the locomotive glide. The contact of the wire and pantograph (the latter performing the function of the trolley wire) sends the current through the motors and machinery of the locomotive. In this connection it will be interesting to readers of the Magazine to know by comparison what the tractive power of these electric locomotives means. To illustrate, we will say that the Bob White, the first steam engine ever owned by the Milwaukee Railway, which was built in 1848, weighed 46,000 pounds; while the 10200 weighs 567,000 pounds. The tractive effort of the old engine was about 5,000 pounds, and the new electric has a tractive effort of 85,000 pounds. This machine can handle a three-thousand-ton train up a 1 per cent grade at a speed of 16 miles per hour while it takes two of the ponderous Mallet type of steam locomotives to handle the same load at a speed varying from 8 to 12 miles per hour. The passenger locomotives are geared to haul eight-hundred-ton trains at a speed of 60 miles per hour. These comparisons made at random indicate the strength and speed of the electric machine, against its steam progenitor

both are electrically propelled. The street cars weigh from 10 to 35 tons, their motive power varies from 2-35 h. p. to 4-60 h. p. motors which are driven from a trolley wire carrying 600 volts; our new electric locomotives weigh 284 tons, are operated with 8-430 h. p., thus giving the driving axles of the machine 3,440 h. p., while its less pretentious cousin of the pay-as-you-enter type speeds through our city streets with a total of 70 to 120 h. p. per car. These comparisons, or rather contrasts will help you group a few of the points which seem startling to one unfamiliar with the highly technical phase of the project.

The completion of the first unit, between Three Forks and Deer Lodge, a distance of 115 miles of Rocky Mountain Division track, and its successful operation has attracted world-wide interest, and it is the biggest thing in constructive railroading today. It has been exploited in the Magazine and newspapers throughout the United States, as the installation of a new power which will revolutionize the transportation business of the world. Wizards in the science—men like Edison, Tesla and Steinmetz, have hastened to congratulate the builders of our line, in doing which, has been wrecked the prophecy of the New Jersey Senator; but it has fulfilled another made by General Geo. B. McClellan. History tells us that the “Little Napoleon” of Civil War fame, when but a lieutenant of artillery in the Far West, lost his heavy guns in the unfathomed depths of Lake Keechelus, which is skirted by the rails of the Milwaukee System. As McClellan gazed into the placid waters of the lake, an orderly broke his reverie with a comment on the misfortune of losing their prized cannon. But it was not of that, the young officer was thinking, for McClellan’s answer was that he was listening to the tread of the on-coming millions who would inhabit that territory. Since the Puget Sound Line was put through, many have come; and those who will follow will be taken into and through that territory on the most advanced and highly developed railroad in operation. The dark forebodings and the optimistic future foretold by another; and the electrification of the division which is and will continue to be such an active factor in the upbuilding of the territory which it occupies—makes us acclaim the Rocky Mountain Division the most notable railroad division in this country.

Superintendent James J. Murphy, who runs this famous line, is a whale of a man—a giant in stature, and as powerful as the huge dynamos which run the heavy trains over his division. He started on the Superior Division in 1889 as a brakeman, and his climb has been through the train service end, where he has served successively as conductor and trainmaster before he was appointed superintendent in March, 1913. A. H. Wilkins, trainmaster on this division, is another old-timer, originating on the Prairie du Chien Division and having served as chief dispatcher and trainmaster on the H. & D. and C. & C. B. Iowa divisions before he went to the Extension, where he has been successively chief dispatcher and trainmaster of the Missoula and Rocky Mountain divisions.



Rocky Mountain Division Dispatchers.

of ancient and modern construction. We find it interesting also to compare our new power with the ordinary street car, inasmuch as

John W. Ross, until recently chief dispatcher of the Rocky Mountain Division, came to the Milwaukee with the old "Jawbone" and is now trainmaster of the Musselshell Division. His successor as "Chief" is M. J. Welsh, who is an old line man, who came to the Rocky Mountain from the Northern Montana Division, where he was chief dispatcher.

Dispatcher Geo. Hayden supplies the Magazine with division notes. W. E. Phalen, a son of Roadmaster Phalen of the H. & D., is chief clerk. The roadmasters of the Rocky Mountain Division are John B. Fitzgerald, a Celt, who chews Swedish snuff, and Geo. Nick, the "Diamond Kid," a veritable Aurora Borealis on the landscape wherever he goes.

Last, but not least, Nora Breckenridge Sill, agent at Summit, Mont., hails from this division. The stories from her facile pen about "McGaffey," that typical railroad character, have given the readers of the *Employes' Magazine* many pleasurable moments.

We have called the Rocky Mountain the most renowned division in the world, and its employes can keep and maintain it in that position. This goes for all of them, from J. J. Murphy down to George, the Jap boy who tends to the stoves and keeps the platform clean at Three Forks.



Superintendent Murphy's Office Force, Roadmaster Fitzgerald and "The Diamond Kid."

Origin of the American Standard Railway Track Gauge of Four Feet Eight and One-Half Inches.

By a Long Time Railway Employe.

Samuel Smiles, in his life of George Stevenson, the builder of the first successful locomotive, surmises that the gauge it was fitted for, was that required by the wagons of his time—meaning evidently tram cars, as they were the only ones having flanged wheels.

Some years after Stevenson's death, which occurred in 1848, there was told

me by one who claimed he was told by Stevenson himself the origin of the four foot eight and one-half inches gauge, which was that the tram ways in and about New Castle on Tyne were of that gauge, and that decided him to build his locomotive to fit same.

He said, however, that some time previously the gauge had been several inches less and the box which was limited in width by the distance between the wheels, would hold a certain number of 100 pounds of coal, and as coal was sold by the hundredweight (112 pounds) or by the ton of 20 hundredweight (2,240 pounds), it was decided to make the distance between the wheels several inches wider so that the box would hold as many hundredweight as the ones then in use would hold 100 pounds. After this was done, it was thought that the gauge of track that would be required was four feet eight inches, and the track was so changed. After the first day's use it was found that on straight track it was correct, but on curves, the flanges of wheels pressed so hard on the side of the rail that it required a great deal of power to haul the cars around same, the order was then given to widen the gauge one-half inch, making the same four feet eight and one-half inches (4' 8½").

Three of Stevenson's locomotives were brought to America, and in time the majority of the railways of this country were of that gauge. For evident reasons, the railway companies of our country having a wider gauge, gradually changed their gauge to conform, thus making four feet eight and one-half inches the standard gauge of America.

It is probable that I am the only one living that knows that it was the original intention to have the gauge of the La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad, now of our system, six (6) feet. This I learned the day I become an employe of our system, July 27, 1853.

Several thousand cross ties were purchased, scaled for that gauge by the La Crosse & Milwaukee R. R. Company, but before track-laying commenced, the matter of gauge was reconsidered and the 4' 8½" gauge adopted.

At Home

Anna M. Scott, Editor.



C. & M. Division Conductor "Burt" Kress and Family.

Hail, the Spring Styles.

Despite the chill of winter, spring styles are here, and the new spring styles are more becoming this season than for a long time; they are not extreme, but have graceful lines, bringing out the charm of the figure to its best advantage. The skirts are still short and decidedly fuller, but not too wide. Many are made with flounces, overskirts, and overskirt effects. The tailored suits are exceedingly smart. They are fashioned along new lines which are very expressive. The coats flare, are box plaited, belted, plain tailored and military. Cape effects are to be quite the rage and are to be seen on all manner of garments; they will be on tailored suits, on coats, on dresses and in neckwear; they will appear in a variety of forms and sizes. The small cape affords many chances for renovating bodices, and it is not necessary that the material match that of the dress. For a suit, serge trimmed with black satin, is appropriate. Any of the soft silks are effective for the one-piece suit, although taffeta promises to be the reigning favorite.

The earliest showing of hats indicate the small turban still a leader. These in a burnished straw which looks like patent leather, surmounted by a fly-away bow of ribbon and a single flower of brilliant color on the close brim, are very smart, and also very practical for our windy spring days.

For the Young Girl.

A very pretty and attractive frock consists of a smock which slips on over the head, and a three-piece circular skirt. It may be made with straight or scalloped

edge. The semi-princess dresses are generally becoming to young girls. One very pretty dress I saw had a panel back and front and was held in at each side by a half belt. It had a turnover collar of white moire, also cuffs of the same. This may be made in plain serge, cashmere, or in any of the very attractive checks which the shops are showing for spring wear.

The Spring Garden.

It is full time that those who intend to have a garden should be looking up catalogues to find out what they want.

Aside from the fact that vegetables or flowers grown in your own garden seem superior to any mere hothouse or "market" article, the planting and caring for them is a real pleasure to the home gardener. Lettuce, radishes, peas and onions should all go into the ground very early. Rake the top soil for a depth of two inches and make ground fine. Make shallow drills in this and plant lettuce seeds thinly, then scrape the edges of the drills lightly over the top,—that will be sufficient covering. Radishes may be treated the same way. Peas must be planted as soon as the ground can be opened for them. Plant three or four inches apart, covering about an inch deep.

Scan the catalogues for your flower garden, and order your seeds early, so as to be sure of the choicest varieties.

Have you seen the Calendula, or the Pot Marigold? It is a royal bloomer, and as large as a Dahlia. It comes in orange, gold and white, and is an indispens-

able addition to the beauty of your bed of annuals. The extent to which cultivation of the old-fashioned snap-dragon has been carried in recent years places this annual in the front rank. The flowers are as delicate in hue and texture as the lady-slipper, and where can you find a daintier or more beautiful decoration than a tall vase filled with rose pink snap-dragons?

Study the matter of nasturtiums, for the variety of colors in the dwarf 'sturtiums is a revelation compared to the tall, leafy plants with a few flame red flowers tucked away under the luxuriant foliage. The new varieties are incomparable for borders, and if sown in a rather coarse soil, will bloom freely until frost. You must remember, however, to pick the flowers every day, if you would have flowers instead of leaves.

Get your pansy bed ready, and if you intend to raise your plants from seeds, plant them in a box in a sunny window, now. Then your plantlets will be ready to transplant when the spring is really here. Pansies, when ready for the out-door bed, do better in a somewhat shaded location. Keep the flowers well picked, else they gradually reduce in size and quantity.

Sweet peas should be sown early and rather deep. This gives them a chance to root thoroughly before they appear above ground, which, later in the summer, helps their capacity for bloom.

Have your trees trimmed in March, and if you have fruit trees, do not hesitate to pay a man to spray them when they are in bloom, you will find your money all back in the quantity and quality of your fruit.



Little Miss Dorothy Jones of Lewistown, Mont.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

Delicious Fruit Salad.

Fruit salad with golden salad dressing. One box gelatine, soak over night in two cups of cold water. Pour one quart of boiling water on gelatine and add juice of

two oranges. When this begins to set, mix in one small can of sliced pineapple, three bananas and three oranges, cut in small pieces. Set on ice to harden and serve with the salad dressing. One quart cup each of pineapple, orange and lemon juice, one and one-half cups sugar, two eggs. Beat eggs and add sugar and the juices. Cook in double boiler.

Tongue in Jelly.

After washing a fresh tongue, skewer the tip to the root. Cook until tender in boiling salted water. Remove the skin; trim and tie it in good shape. Season two quarts of soup stock highly with salt, pepper, herbs and with wine or lemon. Clear it with eggs and stiffen with gelatin. Pour a little of this jelly into a mold; when cool, lay in the cold tongue, and slowly add the remainder of the jelly. (Very good.)

Sour Cream Pie—1 cup sour cream; 1 small cup sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg; yolks of three eggs, one white; use other two whites for frosting.

Raisin Cookies—The filling: $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of chopped raisins; two-thirds cup sugar; one cup hot water; one tablespoon flour. Cook until thick, then set aside to cool.

The Cookie—One cup sugar; one-half cup butter; one egg; one-half cup sweet milk; one teaspoon vanilla; one-half teaspoon soda; two teaspoons baking powder; sufficient flour to make a soft dough. Cream the sugar and butter; add egg which has been beaten; add the milk and vanilla and soda; add part of the flour and mix well; and lastly the baking powder with more flour. Roll dough very thin and cut with a cookie cutter. Cover a cookie with the filling and place another on top of it. Bake in a moderately warm oven.—Mrs C. G. Bleichner, Lewistown, Montana.

Filling for Loaf or Layer Chocolate Cake—Two cups powdered sugar; one rounding tablespoon butter; mix, add enough cream to make smooth; one cake of chocolate melted may be used.—Mrs W. K. Wise, Miles City.

White Ginger Bread—Four cups flour; two cups butter; two cups sugar; mix like pie crust; "save out one cup," then add one cup sour milk, one teaspoon soda, dissolved in one cup sour milk; two eggs; one-half teaspoon cinnamon; one teaspoon ginger. Sprinkle the cup of flour and sugar in bottom of pan and over top of loaf before baking. Nice with coffee.—Mrs W. K. Wise.

Mock Angel Cake—One cup of milk, scalded and quite hot; beat in one cup sugar and one cup flour, sifted together three times. Fold in one teaspoon baking powder and the whites of two eggs well beaten; flavor to taste.—Mrs E. J. Kay

Surprise Cake—One egg, one cup sugar, one large tablespoon butter, one cup water, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon flavoring, one-half cup chopped nuts; can be baked in layers or loaf.—Mrs. E. J. Kay, Wheaton, Minn.

The Children's Page

Jennie B. Ginet.



March.

Ah, passing few are they who speak
 Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
 Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
 Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to Northern lands again,
 The glad and glorious sun doth bring;
 And thou hast joined the gentle train
 That wear'st the gentle name of spring.

—Wm. Cullen Bryant.

Homing Instinct in Animals.

All animals have a faculty or power within themselves which guides them back to their homes or places where they were born. This faculty is called instinct.

We all know that the birds which went South in the fall are now coming back to their homes in the North again.

A pair of fan-tailed pigeons which were raised in New York State were once given to friends who lived in Michigan. They found their way back to New York, having traveled about two hundred miles.

The salmon which are hatched in rivers in the North, in the spring, go out into the deep ocean in the fall. But the next spring they find their way back to the river where they were hatched. There they in turn lay their eggs.

A Persian cat, named Rusty, was owned by a family in Springfield, Mass. He was given to some friends who lived in Boston, Mass., one hundred miles away. After spending just a week with his new friends he suddenly disappeared. Five months later he came walking into his old home in Springfield, hungry and tired and very thin.

Is not this a wonderful universe where even the dumb creatures show such wisdom?

If you smile, another will smile and soon there will be miles and miles of smiles, if only you will smile.—Selected.

Puzzle.

How Can This Be?

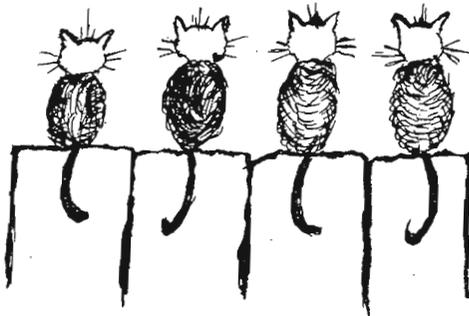
Every lady in this land
 Has twenty nails upon each hand
 Five and twenty on hands and feet
 And this is true without deceit.

—Selected.

Answers to February Puzzles.

Notice on Fence—Post No Bills.

Word Square—Clock
 learn
 oasis
 cabin
 knock.



Pussy willows on the fence,
 We hear you sweetly sing,
 "Wake up! Wake up! Boys and girls!
 Don't you know 'tis spring?"

How to Make Them.

When you see the first pussy willow, take some branches home. Get a piece of white cardboard or very stiff paper, five inches long and four inches wide. Across the center draw a board fence. Now take four or five "pussies" from your pussy-willow branches and glue them on top of the fence. Then add a head and tail to each pussy as you see in the picture and write the little verse below the fence. Take it to your teacher and see how delighted she will be.

J. B. G.

The Spokane Terminal

Vol. I.

No. 1

Editor Sted—Others
Associate Editor.....Others—Sted

In offering for your consideration the initial issue of the Spokane Terminal, we feel an apology is due the long-suffering reading public, but as we have never accomplished anything worthy of apology—just forget it.

This periodical is published in the interests of the Spokane Terminals, a lively hamlet in the heart of the great, golden west—beautifully situated on a prominent foundation on a height of land. It is bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis; on the east by the Chicago offices and a high pressure; on the south by the Chinook wind, and on the west by the Seattle offices and a general humidity. The foregoing is supposed to be a heavy editorial. It is. Accent on the heavy.

What makes a chicken run across the street? Because it has not cultivated the near-side-stop habit.

There are slathers of toilers in the Terminal Belt—among others we mention Chief Clerk Clark of Agent McCann's bailiwick. Clark dropped into our sanctum the other day and deposited the price of a year's subscription. He is taking a long shot, as we have placed a six months' limit on its appearance. Nevertheless we will accept yearly subscriptions from now until the end of time.

When the compositor set up our heading, he forgot to give the time of publication. This is to give notice that the Terminal will be published
EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE.

The newspaper game is a new sport to us, but if you will bear with us a little spell you will soon learn we don't know anything about it at all.

Flo Greer, assistant cashier at the Terminal freight office, is back at her desk after an enforced vacation due to illness.

No births were recorded in the Terminals the past month. We will try to have some for the next issue.

Also the compositor forgot to show the date of issue of this paper where it should properly appear on all first class periodicals, such as this, and it should have been shown by the composition as the issue of
March, 1916.

An editor has an awful lot of trouble and worry trying to watch the compositor and the pretty girls passing the editorial windows at the same time.

Also the marriage bans seem to have become chilled the last cold snap. We are aching to try our hand at writing up a nice wedding. Of course we would have to be a guest at the affair in order to write up the banquet and other minor details.

Little flakes of whiteness,
Little drops of snow,
Make the mighty blockades
So the trains can't go.

That sounds pretty nifty, don't you think so? We will endeavor to have something just as interesting in each issue.

There are lots of overpaid employes in the Terminals, but they do not seem to be able to pull off anything meritorius enough to break into white paper and black printer's ink. We mean the ink is black, not the printer. All applicants for local notoriety should do something out of the ordinary to get on this page, as we will not accept dead material, even for an obituary.

Just because Washington has gone dry is no reason why the Terminal should be a dry member. Watch for it at the news stands on your way home from church and lick up.

What makes a dog's tail wag?
The dog.

We could write a sonnet about the beautiful snow, but every one from San Diego to San Francisco seems to know all there is to know about the Beautiful, since the recent winter. We would write that kind of stuff all day if the public would stand for it. But we will write an exquisite couplet on Spring, Beautiful Spring. It will appear in the next issue. Every one should try to read it. That is all any aspiring writer should expect.

We intended the last quarter of this page for the local advertisers, but they seem unwilling to advance the interests and bank account of a budding editor and infant industry.

We were over at Dolby's the other day looking for an ad, and he told us he had opened up a tailor shop in connection with his gents' furnishings. He showed us all through it, and it is some tailoring establishment. I'll bet he has fifty girls and some suiting patterns in it. He showed us one suiting pattern, and there is a girl works on a sewing machine that has fancy looks. His spring styles are almost as nobby as the girl I noticed pressing a pair of pants. He has a large selection of patterns, and the girls are the finest I ever saw in a tailor shop. He sells them \$15.00 up. That is, his suits are that price. He has all kinds of cuts showing the latest styles, and some of the girls are as pretty as I ever saw. I go every day now to see Dolby's samples. I have also noticed that nearly every one else in Spokane has formed the same habit.

We have never met Mr. Van Noy—Inter-State, but he certainly serves good eatings. His wife must be a lovely cook. Bet she uses the Milwaukee Magazine Cook Book.

It has taken two weeks to get out this issue, and the supply is limited. It takes an awful bunch of money to edit a paper. Any one can run one if he has the money. It doesn't require scarcely any brains.

Josephine: \$5.00 plus one box of candy, plus Leap Year equals?

Our Foreign Correspondents.

Any time after 8 a. m. and until 4 p. m. East End. Train despatcher after taking a chance and giving a freight train a straight meet with the 'Olympian' at a blind siding. Twenty minutes and no 'OS'.
Train despatcher "Well say something. Any 'OS.' Did that fellow ever get out?"
Lady operator. "No sir they got a drawbar and the conductor says—"

T. D. "???"&&%\$\$\$
" @ @ @ @ H - - - - ?
L. O. "Mercy such language."

Dear Editor: Will you kindly tell me of what the fireman's duties on one of the new motors now being used on the Rocky Mountain Division consist? I have been told they "oil around" every three thousand miles, but what do they oil? Have also been told the fireman sleeps in the "far" end of the motor and when the engineer wants him to adjust his foot warmer he calls him by pushing a button. Is this true?

In the "hints to housekeepers" in the January number of the Magazine notice: To keep doors from creaking apply a cake of soap or a feather dipped in oil to the hinges. Seems this might not be a bad idea for some of our west end brothers who don't get home 'til morning. Might carry a small bottle of 3 in 1 and a feather. (No, Sted, it need not be a chicken feather) in the pocket. On second thought, a stick of shaving soap might not
(Continued on page 30.)

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Gas-Electric Locomotives

M., St. P., R. & D. Electric Has Largest Gas-Electric Locomotives.

The Minneapolis, St. Paul, Rochester & Dubuque Electric Traction Company, operating what is popularly known as the "Dan Patch" electric lines, has recently placed in commission three 60-ton gas-electric locomotives for freight, passenger and terminal service. These are somewhat similar in design, although heavier than the 57-ton gas-electric locomotive which has been in successful operation daily on the company's lines for the past year or more from Minneapolis to Mankato, Minn. The four gas-electric locomotives, as well as thirteen gas-electric motor cars which the company has purchased to date, were designed and built by the General Electric Company. It is interesting to note that this is said to be the first railroad in the world operated entirely with gas-electric service.

The railway extends south from the company's terminal building in Seventh Street, Minneapolis, a distance of 107 miles, to Mankato. About midway of the line a branch runs northeast from Northfield to Randolph, 7 miles distant. Another extension is contemplated from Faribault southeast to Owatonna, Waseca, Geneva, Albert Lea, Austin, Dodge Center, Rochester and beyond, having Dubuque, Iowa, as its objective terminal point. The fine rolling section of Minnesota thus traversed, with productive grain fields, dairy and truck farms, and numerous thriving towns and cities of varied industrial activity, is one of the most prosperous in the state.

Four through trains daily each way, one of which is a limited parlor car train, constitute the normal passenger schedule of the road. The limited makes the run of 107 miles, including four stops, in 3 hours and 25 minutes, while the other trains require 4 hours and 5 minutes for the trip. This service is supplemented by local trains between certain points of the line and the terminals, and by excursion trains during the summer season as occasion requires. One 70-foot gas-electric motor car, seating 80 passengers, normally makes the run; when travel is somewhat heavy a trailer is added to this, and for excursions and extra heavy traffic a train is made up of trail cars drawn by a 60-ton gas-electric locomotive.

The new 60-ton locomotives are double-ended and are built with the box type of cab extending nearly the entire length of

the underframe and have all the weight on drivers. Each locomotive is equipped with four motors. The power plant consists of two generating sets similar to the one used in the gas-electric motor cars.

Taking up the electrical equipment, each of the two gas-electric generating sets for the power plant equipment is composed of a 175-h. p., 550-r. p. m., 8-cylinder, 4-cycle gasoline engine of the "V" type, which is direct-connected to a 600-volt, commutating pole, compound wound electric generator with an outboard bearing supported by brackets bolted to the magnet frame. The cylinders are 8-inch diameter bore by 10-inch stroke. Ignition is accomplished with low-tension magnetos and the sets are started by air pressure, the same way as in the gas-electric motor cars, with the additional feature that after one set is running, the second may be started from the first electrically. The control is so arranged that either one or both of the generating units may be used to operate the locomotive from either end, in accordance with the requirements of the trailing load.

Compressed air for starting is taken from the main reservoirs of the air brake system, which are built with surplus capacity. The two main single-cylinder air compressors are driven from the crankshafts of the main engines, have a displacement of 22.5 cubic feet of free air per minute at the rated speed and are fitted with automatic governors to maintain a constant pressure. Greater flexibility of control and economy of operation result through electrical transmission of the energy. The engines can rotate at normal speed, irrespective of the speed of the locomotive, and deliver their maximum power, a feature of great advantage on grades, in case of snow storms or other emergency conditions involving sudden, heavy current demands.

There is also an auxiliary gas-electric set, the function of which is to furnish power for lighting the cab, headlights and train coaches, and for pumping an initial charge of air to fill the tanks and start the main engines.

Mounted on the axles are four 600-volt, series, commutating pole, railway motors having an hourly rating of 100 h. p. each. All four are therefore driving axles. The motor are ventilated by a special vacuum system in conjunction with the engines.

(Continued from page 28.)

cause so much comment from friend wife, in case she was looking for car fare sometime.

Another "hint": How to get a cork back into a bottle— But that would hardly be of much interest. How to get one out now. That would be something like. SKIP.

Why the Claim Agent Is Anaemic.

Dear Sir

About month ago the engine of the freight train (I will ask the number and write you) stroke my cow she has been seriously bruized I took care her and spend a good deal about a month she was unable to be recured.

Although she has been hurt outside of the fence and have no right to offer you a claim: she was a good healthy larg size \$100 worth jersey cow: I bought her about 3 years ago she was making our family livings (we are 4 members in the family)

We have no more any cow besides her: if the whistle would be seconded my cow would be spared or escaped: she didn't.

Will you spare me a price of a cow to buy one to help us some way?

Yours very truly

Gossip, gossip, fills up space,
Read it with a smiling face.

Josephine married? Sampson, I think you're kidding me. She never told me about it, anyway. Too bad if it is true.

"Sted," write me if you want any information on lung-testers and sleep-busters. I have an 18-carat one at my house.

While I was meditating on the propriety of asking for a lost, strayed or stolen correspondent's letter, the janitor came up the stairs lugging a bundle of manuscripts, and after unwrapping the same the fact was disclosed that it was the long-lost letter.

Perusal of same enlightened me to the fact that a majority desired to journey to Spokane for the purpose of holding a convention some time this coming summer. All the unmarried feminine correspondents voted for Spokane, and methinks they are under the impression that "Sted" is still on hand uncalled for.

All the correspondents should make their plans so they can go to Spokane, and should signify their intentions of so doing by writing to Sted at Spokane, so we can decide on a date and other arrangements. Maybe you can keep Sted so busy he won't have time to go out and get snapped while skiing.

Anyone who regularly dispenses hot air from month to month, making up his column out of ozone, is eligible to make the trip to Spokane, provided he can scrape up the necessary wherewithal and wants to have the requisite number of days deducted from his monthly or bi-monthly pay check.

Out in Deer Lodge lives a guy
Whose scribbling handle now is "Sigh."
Be it "Sigh" or what you will,
He surely helps to fill the bill.

Blanche is a funny name for one so Manly.
Must be the girls are getting jealous of you,
Josie, the way they are getting to be correspondents.

The more the merrier, especially at Spokane, for I am going to leave my frau at home. Wouldn't be a vacation if she went along.

Josephine called me fickle. Maybe so, maybe so.

V. B. R., your suggestion is a good one. Let the wives write up the news for one month.—One T. P.

Around the Railway Exchange with Boy Waugh.

W. H. Duley, rate clerk in the general passenger department, Chicago, left the company on February 5 to go with the Hump Hair Pin Mfg. Co. Bill was with the "Milwaukee" for eighteen years. His friends in the general offices wish him success in carload lots in his new position.

W. E. Cooper, chief rate clerk in the general passenger department, spent the second week in February in St. Louis, representing the Company at a rate meeting held by the

Southwestern Passenger Association Lines. Walt reports an objection entered on behalf of the railroads which is unusual and unique. One of the rate men representing a Colorado road, while arguing a question of divisions which were calculated to give his road better than a fifty-fifty break, became so excited that his set of false teeth and his conversation got mixed. While his words banged against the ear drums of his auditors, the teeth banged on the table, lighting on a new tariff. Walt saw serious complications in this and warned the speaker that the "Milwaukee" would not stand for the gentleman from Colorado cutting any of our rates with his false teeth. You can chew as much as you like about our rates, but don't cut or bite them when W. E. Cooper is on the job!

H. W. Siddell took Princess Pauline to the Epworth League meeting one evening last month.

The most outrageous occurrence ever perpetrated in the Railway Exchange Building occurred last month. The Editor was "touched" for her pocketbook. The culprit is hereby warned to keep away from the Editor's cash. If there is any "touching" to be done, the Staff will attend to it, and we don't yield to anyone when it comes to pulling off a deft "touch."

A. J. McCarthy, chief clerk for General Passenger Agent Hibbard of Seattle, is the proud father of a nine-and one-half pound son. We can see Mac now, fox-trotting to the child's music, as he is lulled to sleep in the arms of the fanciest dancer on the Milwaukee road.

"Gene" Shelley has been promoted as rate clerk in the general passenger department, taking the place of W. H. Duley, the hair-pin magnate.

Clarence Deacon has been appointed cashier in the general passenger department. We like to make this announcement, so that the world will know that there are "Deacons" in the traffic department.

News from the C. & C. B. Iowa Eastern Division.

J. T. Raymond.

Miss Ruby Eckman of Chief Dispatcher Losey's office at Perry was a recent visitor at Marion, transacting business in the superintendent's office. Miss Eckman is well acquainted with the office employes at Marion and receives a very cordial welcome each time she comes. Her interest and efficiency in the interest of the Employees' Magazine is often commented upon and is highly appreciated by all the employes of the C. B. Iowa Division.

Conductor Chas. E. Mitchell, Davy Gordon, Morgan J. Hildreth, Walter H. Applegate and the writer, all of Marion, attended the Veterans' luncheon at Chicago, February 5. There were also a number of veterans from C. B. Iowa Division, Perry. The committee's arrangement for the occasion was thorough in every respect. They were ably reinforced by a large number of Chicago veterans, who left nothing undone in the way of giving a cordial reception to the out-of-town veterans. The atmosphere was one of delightful sociability, and all felt amply repaid for any inconvenience or sacrifice they had made in order to be present at this first meeting of the "Milwaukee Veterans." The speeches of Mr. Field, Mr. Sewall and Mr. Boyle were fine features of the meeting, all were intensely interesting, and a good many of us hope that they may be programmed for more extended remarks at some future reunion. The interests of the organization are committed into worthy hands and any arrangements made are sure to have the hearty support of the "Grand Army of the Milwaukee." On the train returning to Marion, in conversation with Engineer Davy Gordon and Morgan Hildreth concerning the meeting, we observed that these gentlemen found it somewhat difficult to find superlatives adequate to express their admiration for the "Milwaukee" officials.

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