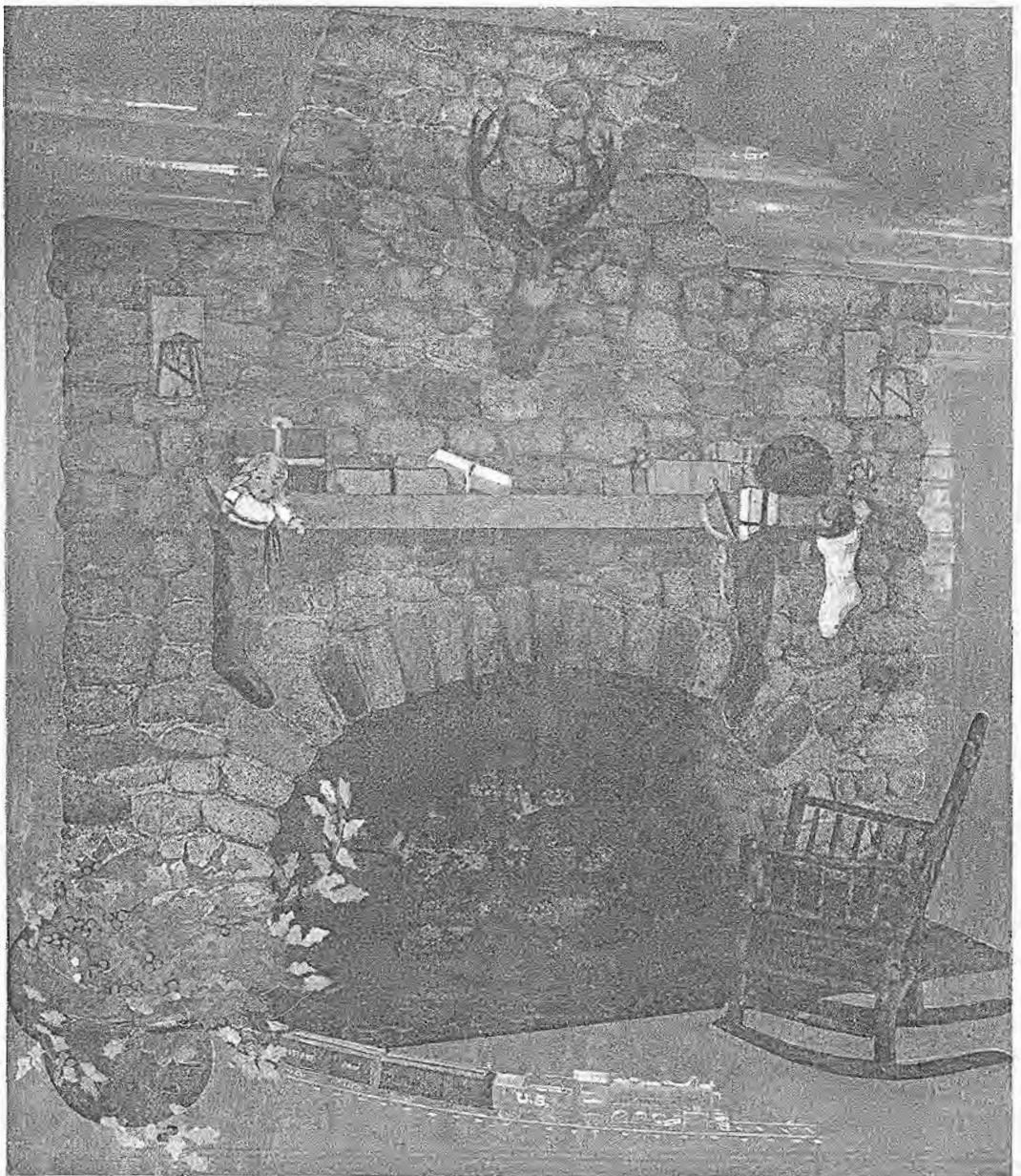


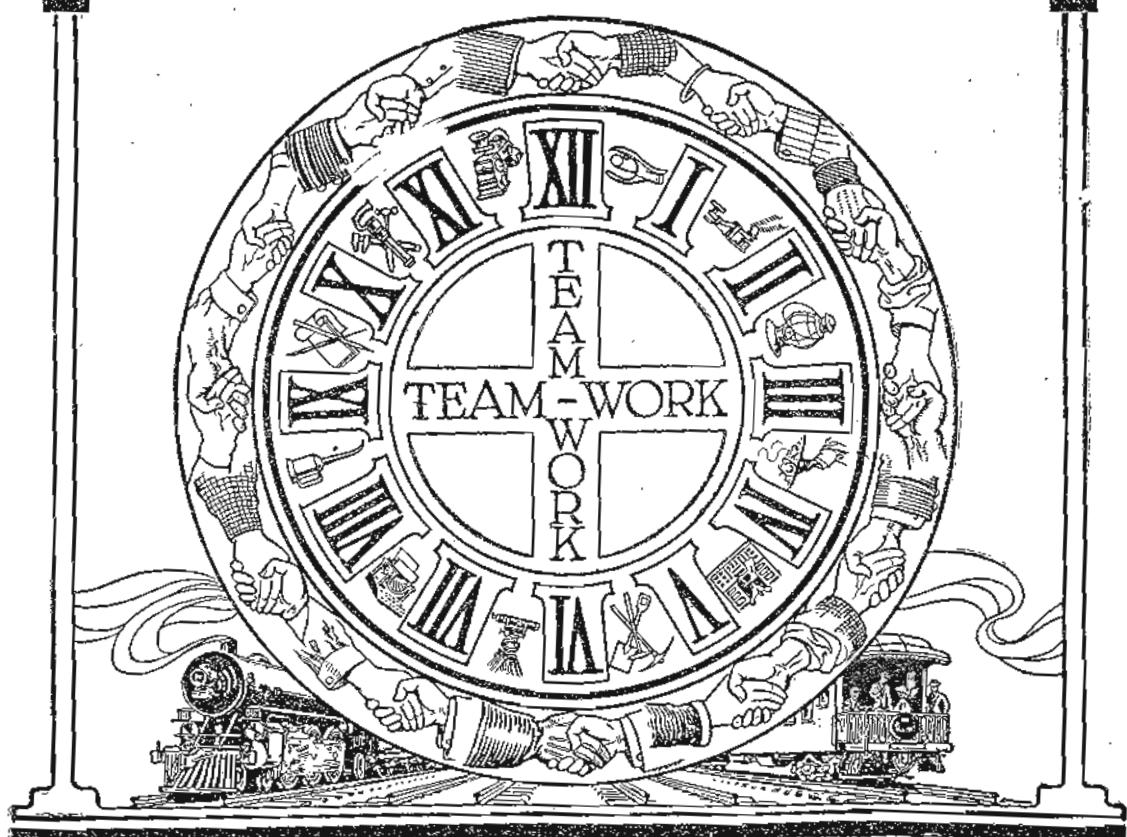
# THE MILWAUKEE EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE



*December, 1921*

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THE  
**MILWAUKEE EMPLOYES  
MAGAZINE**

Railway Exchange Building, Chicago

Published monthly, devoted to the interests of and for free distribution among the 65,000 employes of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway System.

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## Holiday Greeting

The Milwaukee employes, through their Magazine, extend to the Executive and Supervisory Officers of this Company the Season's Greetings, with all good wishes for the future of this great railway system.

Milwaukee employes are proud of their unblemished record of loyal service, and they pledge for the New Year the same loyalty and co-operation that has characterized their service in the past, fully believing that in hearty co-operation of management and employe, and in unified effort one with the other, lies the road to prosperity.

Greetings also to all employes throughout the System, with best wishes to all for

A Merry Christmas  
and  
A Happy New Year

### The Story of a Boy

Elsewhere in this number of the Magazine is the story of a boy who started out on his business career at the age of thirteen years, beginning as office boy, in a printing office, or as he himself termed his job, "printer's devil", and by industry, thrift, hard study and hard work, climbed to a foremost position in the railroad world. This boy who was, is H. E. Byram, the President of the Milwaukee Road.

Prominent men a-plenty have written of their beginnings which were as humble as this "boy" of ours, and of their getting on toward the top,—but none have told their story with more of human and compelling interest than Mr. Byram, who allowed a writer for the American Magazine to interview him, and tell his story.

The writer was most successful in catching Mr. Byram's happy human way of "just talking", so that even if one were not especially interested in the matter, still the manner of the telling would captivate because it is so human and so earnest. But being interested as we are, every employee of this railroad and every reader of this magazine will follow the narrative with eagerness and understanding. In it he will learn how this boy achieved success by mastering every detail and by taking advantage of every opportunity to acquire information about his work. Was he "printer's devil",—he used his spare moments in reading copy and learning to set type; a call boy on a railroad, he "listened in," on the railroad talk going on about him and he went among the railroad men as far as his duties called him, always in quest of knowledge; an executive's secretary, he lost not a single opportunity to make himself competent and valuable, so that when bigger jobs were offered him, he was fitted and ready for them. And that is the point to be gained in reading this story, by the boys just beginning—the boy who never knows enough about the work in which he is engaged until he knows all there is to know; the boy who never watches the clock, who does not study the schedule, or is not afraid of doing more work than his pay

check calls for; the boy who is willing to sacrifice something because he wants to learn all he can, is the kind of a boy who will be a leader when he steps into manhood and its responsibilities.

### "Let's Help Sted"

Readers of this Magazine will learn, with pain, that Mr. E. K. Stedman, better known to us all as "Sted" is in failing health, and the rest of his life is to be in the shadow. Sted endeared himself to employees of the Milwaukee through his contribution to the Magazine. A man who can write something to make the world laugh is sure of his place in the heart of that world, and so, now that the call comes that we of the Milwaukee should do something to help relieve the stringent financial situation in which his family find themselves, the answer is quick and sure. During November, tickets were sold for a benefit for Sted, but there were not enough tickets sold to fill the demands, and now the Magazine desires to announce that the Editor will receive donation of any amounts, from ten cents up, and will turn over the fund to Superintendent F. G. Hill of the Idaho Division, to be added to the proceeds of the Benefit. At the Benefit, which took place November 30th, one of Sted's favorite rifles was drawn as a prize, and the January issue will contain full particulars of the event.

Remember, all who did not have an opportunity to contribute to the Benefit Fund, may donate whatever he or she desires, and the money may be handled to the local correspondent for the Magazine, who will forward same to the Editor. It is desired to raise three hundred dollars additional, to the Fund, and so "Let's Help Sted."



Assistant Superintendent N. A. Meyer, Chicago Terminal.

The Milwaukee Road Club held its first meeting on October 19th at 495 Thirty-fifth street, Milwaukee, Wis., at the K. of P. hall. The opening address was presented by L. B. Jenson, president of the club. The balance of the program featured vaudeville, followed by a buffet luncheon. The first affair proved a huge success.

# The Cry Baby

*Nora B. Decco*

An imp of mischief whispered to Edwards as the girl opened the door of the chief's office, but he kept his eyes on his train sheet.

Without looking he saw her cross the room and go down stairs. Little and lithe she was and he smiled to himself remembering, yesterday eyes flashing, with heightened color and stamp of small foot she had said "she would hate him forever." Again the imp whispered.

Jarring into the silence sound of insistent...os'...os'....from a far off desert station and Edwards recalling the times of late when with thinking of the girl he had left ink to dry unblotted on his otherwise neat readable train sheet, reached for his key and filed in the blank spaces slowly—for Edwards was the nice looking second trick train dispatcher in chief dispatcher Coombs office and he had called Marie Coombs a cry baby.

The prosaic commonplace trappings of romance!

To north and south low sagebrush covered foothills where scrub pine showed black against the sky. In the west a dark cloud lay in wait for the sun went up to meet it, pulled it under and spread widely. Slate horizon came down to meet dun edge of earth. Christmas time in Nevada may or may not mean snow.

Outside the pat of a wind driven bit of down that melted and trickled against her face. Inside, the office door shutting out the night, Marie with her back to the glowing fire, her eyes on the signal lights in the tunnel and the music of Edwards' "Morse" from the sounder beside her in her ears.

Something blacker than the surrounding blackness. Inch by inch a body raised itself from the ditch across the track. Inch by inch arose to its feet, another and then another.

The room filled with a sudden chill. Marie could feel the flesh creep palpitating along her spine for outside the window an oath from the darkness, a voice in quick Spanish and she knew that he of childhood fairy tales, myth of the hills, had come to wake her start up from future slumbers in dreams of him—the Wolf.

She leaned heavily against the table. "Who could have foreseen such an ending." They were talking of the special, of what could be done with her and again the voice of the Wolf—"al villano con la aveliana"—the fool receives according to his folly.

Marie was scared, there was no doubt of it. More frightened than she ever had been before in all her short life. She could think of but one thing, the door, but with the

thought, others were there before her. But she must not let them know she was afraid—over and over she kept saying to herself—"she must not cry."

Across the small area of light beyond her window pane a white flake drifted and another. Then it was as though her soul stood apart watching unemotionally but approvingly what her mind and body were about. For God himself had lent his ear to learn her need.

"You cowards," she cried to those whose evil eyes were upon her. "You cowards." and weeping, flung herself, arms outspread, upon the table.

Such weeping, such grief, the Wolf had never seen, he who had brought so much of it to others, for life to him was a simple thing, the Wolf knew no law but the law of possession.

Outside, over the low Nevada hills came the great descending charity of snow and fell like a cloak to cover the nudity of that which once had been green and blooming and now was bare.

"Tobacco and a good coal fire  
Are things this season doth require."

McGaffey laughed. "Seems too bad when a train dispatcher does make a good schedule an' is lucky enough to get a first class crew to live up to it an' have it all go to pieces like this one"....and he looked at the back of Edwards' head, where with telegraph wires and train sheet he followed the special on the last lap of its journey across the desert division.

That special which came from none knew where. Like a ghost in the night with swift and silent engines and car of gold, guarded, protected, and until it was safely off each division neither trainmaster, superintendent or dispatchers ate or slept in peace. So while McGaffey smoked and the train and engine men around the stove waited for the tale of the capture of the Wolf, Edwards worked over his order book with perhaps more than half of his thoughts on the other side of the door across the room.

McGaffey leaned back against the wall on the two unsteady legs of his chair.... "When I got called for that money train I had a bunch we was out for trouble...." he began and there were smiles around him. McGaffey was noted for those bunches of his. "An' when we left Carlin seemed like there was trouble in the air. There was plenty of us aboard more'n likely to handle anythiv' that come along but I always want things over with an' get ready for the next you might say," and he put his pipe back in his mouth.

"Long in there where the railroad runs close to the river," he went on, taking it out again...."I was standin' in the baggage car door lookin' at the lights in the water as we went by. Sandy up ahead wasn't doin' nothin' but run an' all you could see was a string of sparks racin' with the mile posts. It was black an' cloudy lookin' an' I remember I was wonderin' if we was goin' to have snow this year for Christmas," and he smoked in silence for a time.

"Marie an' Edwards here," he continued presently, in a lower tone. "was on the outs again over somethin' like they always are" the men about the stove smiled broadly....this love story was a tempestuous affair and well known to all...."you know how spoiled she is bein' the ol' man's only girl an' not havin' any mother an' I made out from what I could hear she blew up one day an' told 'em she was goin' to show 'em what kind of stuff she was made of an' was startin' in right then to earn her own livin', an' guess she was the ol' man's daughter all right for I think more'n likely she didn't give him another peaceful minute 'til with the special comin' an' a lot more troubles be give in to her. He says 'there ain't no sense to a reasonin' mule, they won't neither lead or follow. Guess he thought he'd give her enough once an' for all so he sent her to Beowawe." McGaffey laughed.

"You know there at Beowawe is a little telegraph office an' water tank, nothin' else"....he reached for a match from Sandy. "Beowawe on the S. P. side at the west end of the tunnel an' Imlay on the Western Pacific side at the east end...." he scratched the match along the arm of his chair and held it over his pipe bowl.

"The signals was clear's far's I could see," he continued his pipe going, "an' we was right at Imlay before I saw a red light an' Sandy stopped like he run into a brick wall," and McGaffey grinned at the old engineer beside him. "What that operator there told us made us set up an' take notice an' I knew then I was right in havin' that hunch," and he smiled again, "so when we left Imlay we wasn't lookin' for trouble we was ready an' waitin' an' we found it....almost," and he pushed the door of the ash pan shut with his foot.

"I was on the head end out of Imlay an' was as sure we was goin' to be stopped when we come through that tunnel as I am that my name is McGaffey," and he looked across for a moment towards Edwards. "I guess ol' man Edwards here had his mind on that end of the division most of the time though an' his ears on that Beowawe wire an' I think more'n likely his time was halfway divided between what he was goin' to do with the special and what he was goin' to do with Marie"....and the eyes of McGaffey twinkled as he smoked.

"When we picked her up, she said she was scared when she landed there that day, she was scared when it got dark, and

at the tunnel an' scared at that gang of Mexicans an' at everythin' else I guess, but when the Wolf looked at her it was all off'. She see there wasn't anythin' left to do when they walked in on her an' that money train about due an' guess she forgot how brave she was an' what she was goin' to show her father an' Edwards here an' she just give up an' cried like the little cry baby we always called her," and McGaffey's face had the look of a father bragging of his first born.

"But when she was cryin' there on that telegraph table an' them Mexicans lookin' on she was about as busy as she ever will be I guess," and McGaffey's eyes held more of tears than comes of tobacco smoke. "Edwards said if it had been a man he might have thought he was drunk, but guess he made more out of her sendin' than the rest of us could have done for he got that operator at Imlay just as we was showin' an' bad us over them Western Pacific tracks quicker'en you could figure out what was goin' on," and he looked across again at Edwards.

"I must say though that for a gang with a record the Wolf's bad, there wasn't much of a fight an' maybe it was us comin' in on the other tracks sudden like we did an' them not knowin' for sure if we was the train they was looking for, but most of us made for the other side of the Humbolt mountains an' a few shots an' even exchange of cuss words was about all we got out of it." McGaffey kicked the stove door shut as if venting his wrath upon an inanimate object for the lack of something better. "Anyway," and he grinned in remembrance, "we walked right in an' grabbed the Wolf, he was makin' eyes at the lady operator."

McGaffey smoked. Across the room the side-table man worked at his "mill" the tinkle of the little bell breaking in now and then on the steady sound of the type against white paper.

Taking out his watch, McGaffey looked "When we got started again we was some late on our schedule," he went on and put the watch back into his pocket. "But we got in altogether. We tied the Wolf with the rope he had for Marie an' brought 'em both in for Christmas gifts to Edwards. Guess from what I hear ol' man Coombs has decided Marie had enough experience for a while....gettin' it all in one night you might say," and he laughed again.

Edwards looked up as the chief dispatcher's door opened and Marie came out into the room. Across the top of her head the kindly eyes of her father smiled toward him. There were many self conscious glances from those around the stove. Marie turned to the outside door and McGaffey, taking his pipe from his mouth, emptied the burned out tobacco into the coalpile. And the cheeks of the girl flew vivid flame colored flags which in Youth's signal code is a variable sign, meaning almost anything.

# A Railway President Who Began as a "Printer's Devil"

*By Allan Harding*

(Reprinted by special permission from November  
number of American Magazine)

In Galesburg, Illinois, a little over forty years ago, the employees on the local paper, the Galesburg "Republican-Register," used to sign the pay-roll every week. At the top of the list was the business manager's name, with the amount of his salary—twenty-five dollars a week. At the bottom of the list was the name of the office boy, or printer's devil. His wages were one dollar and a half a week.

The name written there, at the bottom, was Harry E. Byram. But the printer's devil of those days is now the president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, a system comprising ten thousand miles of track and with sixty thousand employees when operating with a full complement of men.

He was thirteen years old when he quit school and got his dollar-and-a-half job on the paper; and he did this because even that small extra income was welcome in the Byram household. His father was a working man; and all wages, in those days, were low. The home was small and boasted no luxuries. But if you think that the boy pitted himself then because he had to go to work, or that he looks back now with any regret on that score, you are mistaken. He was sitting at a very important looking desk, in the New York office of his railway, when I asked him something of the sort; and his answer was a laugh, unmistakably sincere.

Then he said: "If I were a boy again and, knowing what I know now, could choose the conditions under which I was to grow up, I would choose the very ones under which I did grow up. I was thirteen when I went to work. The average college man is nearer twenty-three when he goes to work. I am not saying anything against a college education. I believe a college education is a great asset. But it is a fact that those ten years, from thirteen to twenty-three, are the ones in which we learn most easily, rapidly and enthusiastically. That is the time when we absorb knowledge unconsciously and almost without effort. If a boy is poor, and has to begin early to earn his living, he can hardly help knowing more about work and about business when he is twenty-three than the man who is just leaving school at that age. We talk about educational advantages; and they do exist. But there is more than one kind of education. And when it comes to a practical education for a practical business career, the poor boy gets a good many years' start, simply because he is poor. As a printer's devil, I had a chance to learn a good

deal. The news of the world came into the office and I picked up a lot of information. I learned to set type; and that taught me accuracy in spelling. After a while they let me set up the 'dead stuff,' stuff that we took from other papers and kept on hand to use when we needed it. I read it as I set it up, and that added to my general information. So I was getting some knowledge as I went along.

"I worked there three years, by which time my wages had risen to three dollars and a half a week. Then, when I was sixteen, I got a job as call boy with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad at sixteen dollars and fifty cents a month. I worked all night: a twelve hour shift seven days a week. All boys seem to love a railroad, and I was no exception. There were no telephones then, so I had to go around to the homes of the men who did not have regular runs, and notify them whenever they were to take a train out. Sometimes I'd have twenty-five calls to make during the night. It was rather spooky sometimes—especially when I had to go by the cemetery. We had board sidewalks in those days: and in winter the cold would make them crack like a pistol shot. In a big storm, or with the thermometer below zero and a blizzard raging, it wasn't any fun for me.

"I stayed on that job over three years, and I learned a good deal about railroading. Any wide-awake boy would. I watched the movement of trains, heard the men talk matters over, saw the orders they received, found how they were carried out. I learned many things, then, as call boy, that are useful to me, now, as president of a road. Most important of all, I knew the men, knew their families, had an understanding of their conditions and their point of view; because their conditions and their point of view were my own. As a result, I know now the difference between shiftlessness, laziness and incompetence, on the one hand, and industry, ambition and frugality on the other.

"My father never received high wages. But he and my mother brought up four children, gave them an education, and saved enough to have a home. And every one of their children has—well, has amounted to something, thanks to the example and the training we had at home.

"Can anyone regret that kind of poverty? People sometimes look at a little cottage and say, 'I'd hate to have to live there!' But you can't tell, by the size of a house, how much happiness there is in it. It sometimes

seems as if the happiness were in inverse ratio to the size of the house.

"Well, while I was acting as call boy, I was doing some looking around, and it seemed to me that the fellows who understood shorthand had the best chance to get ahead. So I bought a book about the Ben Pitman system and began to study it. I had a few lessons, but I did most of the work by myself, at odd times; and after a while I became proficient enough to get a position as secretary to one of the railway officials in Chicago.

"The work of a railroad executive is peculiar in one respect: he takes his office with him wherever he goes. If he is out on the line, he is constantly receiving telegrams and letters dealing with matters which must be handled at once. So he must have his secretary with him. In this way, I traveled around with my superior officer, and had a chance to learn more all the time.

"Just why I broke away from it, I don't know. At twenty-one, or around that age, a young man is pretty likely to think he isn't getting along fast enough. He wants to make a big jump of some kind. Maybe I had an attack of that kind of restlessness. At any rate, I quit the railroad, took a little money I had saved, and went into business for myself."

Mr. Byram stopped at this point; then he smiled and shook his head reflectively.

"Did you ever notice that very few railroad men ever quit railroad work?" he asked. "If they do, they don't stay quit. In the first place, there is a great fascination in railroading. It appeals to the love of adventure and of romance which most men carry over from their boyhood. Almost every man wants to get up and go somewhere once in a while. To a railroad man, that is part of his job. Even when he himself isn't going, he is moving trains, or watching them move. And these trains are carrying people and goods from all over the world. When I was stationed up in the Northwest, I liked to go into the Puget Sound freight terminals and look at the piles of stuff that had come from across the Pacific, or was on the way there. A railroad man misses all that if he quits.

"But there is something else: On a big road he is used to thinking in big terms. He has thousands of employees, or fellow employees. Money is being spent in great amounts. If he starts a little business, as I did, has one or two clerks, and has to figure on how he can save a nickel here, or make fifty cents there, it doesn't interest him. He has been used to figuring, or to seeing other men figure, how to save a million nickels, how to make a million half-dollars.

"I did well enough in business; but I wasn't happy. And a young man who isn't happy in one kind of work ought to do what I did and get into the job where he is happy. In my case, that job was railroading.

"By a fortunate chance, I went with the Great Northern, at that time; fortunate,

because it led to my association with J. J. Hill. I owe a great deal to Mr. Hill. If he came across a young chap who seemed bright, energetic, and ambitious, Mr. Hill would place the boy where he would be trained for advancement. He called this his 'Kindergarten.'

"I was a clerk in the office of Frank Ward, who was assistant to Mr. Hill and afterward general manager of the Great Northern. And somehow I attracted Mr. Ward's notice."

"Wait a minute!" I interrupted. "Just how did you attract notice? That's what young men are always asking."

"Well, I've often asked myself that question," said Mr. Byram. I don't know exactly. I was very much interested in my work. I suppose that was one reason. I remember that closing time at the office meant nothing to me—and it seemed to mean more than anything else to some of the boys there! Often I was given something to do, and told that a certain man would like to have it all finished at nine the next morning. I generally had to work pretty late to get it done. But I felt pride in being able to lay it on the man's desk, completed, at the time he had set.

"The fact that I did this resulted in my having a good many such jobs put up to me. But that didn't bother me. The more important the work I had to do, the faster I could learn. Since that time, I've had to pick a great many men for promotion. And I know that I look for the men whose whole heart is in their work, and who have the habit of seeing a job through."

"Well," I said, "I think you've answered my question as to how you attracted notice."

"I don't know about that," he laughed. "But, at any rate, I got into Mr. Hill's kindergarten. According to his custom, he sent me to one of his division superintendents, with instructions to give me a chance to learn things. My berth happened to be at Duluth. Sometimes my 'boss' would tell me I'd better go out and watch the switching in the yards. I'd ride around then, all night, on the switch engines. Or he might send me out to the steam shovels. The working capacity of a steam shovel depends on the rapidity and regularity with which cars are provided. And so I learned about that feature.

"After a year of this training I was made assistant superintendent of the Montana Central, a subsidiary of the Great Northern. And the next year I was appointed division superintendent of the Cascade division of the Great Northern, with my headquarters at Everett, Washington.

"It was in my territory that the road crossed the Cascade Mountains: zigzagging up one side and down the other, by a 'switchback' twelve miles long; for they didn't have the tunnel then.

"The mountain division of any railroad can develop more kinds of trouble than there are words to describe them. We used to have one hundred and thirty-five feet of snow there during the winter, measured as

it fell. We had snow slides, earth slides, floods, washouts, and all the trimmings. Everything fell except the heavens; and sometimes they seemed to want to join the procession, and we'd get a cloudburst.

"But, whatever happened, it was up to me to keep the road open! Day or night, a division superintendent must be ready to handle any emergency. And he must make his decisions himself. Even if I had wanted to 'pass the buck' to somebody else, I couldn't have done it. When there was a slide, some of those great trees, two hundred feet tall, would fall across the wires and shut us off from communication the very first thing. It wasn't my business to ask somebody what I ought to do. But I couldn't have asked them, anyway. And so I learned self-reliance.

"By the way, I want to say something, right here: There is an extraordinary sense of duty among railroad men of all classes. The idea that the line must be kept open, that the trains must be kept moving, is a point of honor with them. And this is true, not only of the officials, but of all the men from the top to the bottom! Many a time when we were out there, fighting to clear our tracks, I marveled at the way those men worked, almost beyond the limit of human endurance.

"There isn't any glory in it for a man shoveling snow, or cutting away trees, or digging away at tons of rocks and dirt. Nobody is going to pin a medal on him for it. He isn't going to have his name mentioned in reports. He isn't going to read about himself in the papers. He does it from that sense of duty, of obligation, which is so common among railroad men that you might call it universal.

"Of course, in the case of the workmen out there, they could go off and get a good rest after we had dug out the line. But the superintendents couldn't do that. A few hours of sleep, and I had to be on the job again. I had three years on that division, and it was invaluable experience for me.

"The ability to make decisions, and to make them quickly, is something that has to be acquired somehow, if one is to succeed in an executive position. That mountain division gave me plenty of practice. The decisions I have to make now are of a different kind; but the necessity for them comes on just as short notice as a snow slide does.

"I've been called up at three in the morning, and been given until seven o'clock to decide a matter involving hundreds of thousands of dollars and the possible demoralization of business on the road. You can't hesitate, and drift, and side-step, in an emergency like that. You've got to come up to the scratch, and decide. The self-reliance I gained out there on my first division has helped me to do that.

"Well, after I had been with the Great Northern six years, I made one decision which I think was a mistake: The opportunity came to me to go to the Rock Island road, in a better position and at a higher

salary. I took the offer and left the Great Northern. I wanted to come back to the part of the country I was familiar with. I also wanted to advance. And I thought that if I went to Mr. Hill and told him about this opportunity, it would look as if I were trying to get a raise out of him. I can see now that my reasoning was mistaken; but I was sincere at the time. So I resigned and went to the Rock Island.

"I had been there a year or two when the management of the road changed. The new president brought some of his own men with him, as is often the case, and I was let out.

"That in itself, was one proof that I had made a mistake in leaving Mr. Hill, who had done so much for me and who, I might reasonably have expected, would continue to be interested in me. When I found myself out of a job, I went to St. Paul and asked to be taken back on the Great Northern. And then I received more evidence along the same line.

"Frank Ward gave me a division with headquarters at Minot, North Dakota. But when he told Mr. Hill about it, Mr. Hill said that I had not treated him fairly, and that I couldn't have the position. My trunk was packed, and I was going to leave for Minot that night, when Mr. Ward told me the thing was off.

"He suggested that I go down to Chicago and see Daniel Willard, who was then vice president of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road. At that time, I felt pretty bad; for I realized that I had made a mistake in leaving Mr. Hill; that my reasoning had not been right. But here is what happened: I went to Mr. Willard, and he made me general superintendent of the Nebraska district. So I received a better appointment than the one I had just missed getting in Dakota.

"But that isn't the whole story. I found later that Mr. Hill had been back of the whole proceeding. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy was controlled by the Great Northern. Mr. Hill was still interested in me and in my future. He felt that I had not treated him fairly, and he saw to it that this fact was brought home to me. But at the same time, without my knowing that he had anything to do with it, he had me sent to Chicago, and through his influence I was given a better position than the one he had refused to let me fill. I think that was a striking example of his wise kindness.

"I was back now on the very road with which I had started as call boy twenty-two years before. But now I had charge of four thousand miles of the line. I had known every foot of the five hundred miles of my old Cascade division. To know four thousand miles as intimately as that was impossible; but I set to work to learn it as thoroughly as I could.

"I doubt if the public understands how railroad men study their lines. The property is strung out over thousands of miles of territory, and includes everything; from a little station with one man in charge to

a big city terminal. Night and day I traveled up and down the line; just as scores of superintendents are doing constantly. I examined hundreds of buildings, large and small; poked into the corners; went around to the back doors; studied every detail. It has been more than twelve years since I left that district. But I can visualize to-day a score of little stations; see the buildings and the tracks, where the cross-overs are, where the signal towers were located, and so on.

"In the regular line of railway promotion, a general superintendent becomes a general manager and finally a vice president. I skipped the general manager position, and after five years out in Nebraska became Mr. Willard's assistant. A few months later he became president of the Baltimore and Ohio and I took his office as second vice president of the Burlington.

"This brought me some rather curious experiences: If the employees of a road have any complaints, or differences, which they fail to settle with their division or general superintendent, they may appeal to the vice president in charge of that territory. In this case, they send their own committee to take up the matter at headquarters.

"On certain of these committees, which came to me as vice president, were some of the very trainmen to whom I had gone as a call boy almost thirty years before! They knew me and I knew them. I had known their wives and families, had been in their houses over and over again. I understood their conditions, and they knew that I did.

"Across the conference table, they called me 'Mr. Byram'; but when business was over, I was 'Harry' to them, and we were simply old friends and acquaintances. But this never stood in the way of their purpose. They would push their point as vigorously as if they never had seen me before. But I am sure that our knowledge of each other made it possible for us to discuss things on a basis of mutual understanding and sincerity. And this helped us to settle matters in dispute.

"The fact that I began as a poor boy, knowing by actual experience the working-man's problems, has been of greater value to me than any other one thing. Anybody can study the other elements in railroading—train schedules, maintenance of way, rolling stock, operating costs, and so on. But you can't learn the human problems of a workingman except by being one!

"Of course a multi-millionaire may be, and usually is, the hardest kind of a 'working man.' But I am using the word in its usual sense. I did learn those human problems as the son of a working man. And any boy, who has a chance to learn them as I did, may find that the experience will be priceless to him, just as I have found it priceless to me.

"And there is something else to be said in this connection: The real financiers of this country are not the bankers, or the

captains of industry, or the men of Wall Street."

Mr. Byram smiled and enforced his next statement with an emphatic gesture.

"The real financiers," he said, "are the wives of men who are making their way in life. I know; because I've seen how my mother managed, and how lots of other capable, thrifty, energetic women have managed. The husband brings his pay to his wife and turns it over to her—except that she probably lets him have a little spending money, for tobacco or something like that. Then she pays the bills. She has done a deal of figuring, and planning, and scraping, to keep those bills down, so that she can put aside something as savings. I have a profound respect and admiration for those women. They mean more to this country than any other class of its citizens.

"But I don't want you to misunderstand me when I say that I don't think of them with pity. You see, I never have felt that people need to be pitied because they had to work hard. The worst hours I have ever spent were those when I couldn't work! Hours when I had to submit to enforced inaction; sitting at a desk, for instance, looking out of a window and twirling my thumbs—because there was nothing else I could do at the moment.

"Work is the greatest joy in life, especially if it is work that accomplishes something worth while. And these wives and mothers are accomplishing the finest thing in the world. They are the foundation of their homes. They keep the work of the world going, because they stand behind the men who are doing the work. And, by bringing up their sons and daughters in an atmosphere of industry and of thrift, they are giving the country the men and the women who are to be its leaders.

"If we could look ahead fifty years, and see the people who will then be the important factors in the progress of the nation. I believe we would find that many of them are now growing up in just such homes as I have described. It is strange, but it is true, that poverty in youth, coupled with energy, ambition, and thrift, is practically invincible.

"That is why Bolshevism would be a greater disaster to the poor man than it would be to the rich. The rich would lose the material wealth they have to-day. But the poor would lose the best thing anyone can possess, and that is Opportunity. This is very personal: but do you suppose my father and mother would have taken a somewhat larger share of material comforts and luxuries in exchange for the opportunities for achievement which existed for their children? I don't. And I wouldn't have wanted them to do it."

"Well," Mr. Byram went on, with a deprecatory smile, "that's quite an interruption to my story, isn't it? But the only reason for telling that story at all is that there may be things in it that will give someone else a little light on his own problems. And what I have just been talking about seems

to be the thing of greatest importance, so far as my life can concern anyone else.

"There is one phase of the next step I took, which I think may be of interest to young men. In October, 1917, I became president of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road. Here were thousands of miles of tracks, a system that was new to me. But a good deal of the line paralleled the Great Northern, so I was familiar with the territory through which it passed. And because of my early experience in the Northwest I knew many of the business men in the cities up there, and was familiar with the conditions and needs of that territory.

"This earlier knowledge became useful to me now. That is the point I want to make. You never know when and how one experience is going to help you in some new undertaking. Any work that is done carefully and whole-heartedly has a way of reaching over and lending a helping hand when you have to tackle a new proposition. I have never known this to fail.

"Why, I can go back to my very first job—the one in the printing office—and see how it has had a direct influence on my later work. Because I had been in a newspaper office, I knew something about newspaper men. I had their point of view. And this is important to me now.

"I know business men who are afraid of reporters. I know some who treat a reporter as if he were some kind of an enemy, trying to steal their secrets. I don't think I would ever have been guilty of that brand of folly, anyway; but perhaps I shouldn't have had the sense of fellowship I do feel for newspaper men, if I hadn't been in a newspaper office myself for three years. That experience has helped to make my relations with reporters frank and friendly to-day.

"The railroads have no secrets nowadays, to be sure. But a newspaper man can be so thwarted that he can't get the truth—and so irritated that he doesn't care whether he does get it! I'm glad I had my dollar-and-a-half job in a printing office. It is worth a lot more than that to me now. And that is the way I feel about any job. You can't reckon the ultimate value of it by the amount opposite your name on the pay roll.

"You asked how a young man can attract the attention of his employer, or of his superior officer. I've been asked that by others, and the only way I can answer it is this: The man who attracts notice is the one who does his work so well that it sticks up like a sore thumb! Every man who has people working under him will know what I mean.

"Mere faithfulness won't do it. A great many men are faithful and industrious. Integrity alone won't do it. The vast majority of men are honest. It is rare to find a man who is dishonest about money. And most men would be honest about giving a fair return of work for their pay, if their ideas about this kind of honesty had not been undermined and twisted by some unscrupulous or misguided leaders.

"No, there are thousands of honest and

industrious men in every great organization. But there are very few whose work stands out above that of their companions like the sore thumb I spoke of.

"Once in a while, though, you come across a man who not only accomplishes more himself than others do, but who has the faculty of energizing the men around him. That shows that he is fitted to be a leader. If, at the same time, he shows an inclination to find better ways of doing things, is eager for more things to do, and puts through whatever he attempts—well, if you were looking for a helper, wouldn't you go after such a man as that?

"I have often noticed that the able men, in any group, seek the hardest work of that group—the positions of greatest responsibility. I found this out, back in the Cascade division. There is a seniority rule on railroads which permits the engineers to choose their runs, in the order of their length of service. That switchback over the range was the hardest part of the whole division. Trains were divided there, and two engines would take a few cars at a time over the mountains. They went back and forth, over that twelve miles, and it was gruelling work.

"An engineer, named Tommy Burke, was one of the oldest, in point of service, on the division. (We called him 'Tommy' because he was small of stature.) He might have picked out a nice, easy run for himself. But did he do it? Not for a minute! The switchback was the most difficult run. It called for the greatest amount of skill. And Tommy Burke kept that run because it appealed to the fighting man that was in him.

"In an army, you find the bravest, the most daring and most able soldiers, asking for the dangerous missions. They want to be where the fighting is hottest. It is the same with men who have to combat the forces of nature, as out there on the switchback, or in a hundred other kinds of work. It is the same in business, where men struggle against other forces, take responsibilities, and measure themselves against other men. One indication of a man's ability is whether he seeks the hard tests, or hunts for the easy spots.

"Mere asking for a promotion isn't always an indication that a man really wants to do bigger work. It may mean simply that he wants to get a bigger salary. I never in my life asked for a promotion. I don't mean that a man should not ask for one, but I don't think the asking would make much difference, as a rule. The way a man does his work, and does more work than he is obliged to do, makes a better bid for promotion than anything else does.

"I suppose every man has his limitations; but as a rule he doesn't seem able to recognize them himself. But his employer can see them; and, much as he would like to promote one man, he may have to pass him and choose another. Perhaps the commonest limitation among employees, who may average about the same in other respects, is in

## THE MILWAUKEE

their ability to handle other men; and as this ability is of vital importance in all executive positions, the lack of it may keep an otherwise good man from getting to what we call 'the top.'

"And here is another point: When one gets to 'the top' one has a different kind of man to deal with. You then have to handle, not the rank and file, but the men who themselves are executives, even if only minor ones. They are in important positions—and sometimes they have a very decided sense of this importance! Dealing with them may be a delicate and difficult business.

"I remember getting a rather severe jolt to my pride when I was a minor executive myself. It was when I was division superintendent Out West. On one of my vacations I went back to Galesburg to visit my family; and I frankly confess that I expected to create quite a ripple among my old friends. When a young fellow about twenty-five years old has achieved any success at all he is pretty likely to exaggerate its importance. So I guess I thought I was going to make quite a splash.

"The first time I went down-town, after I got home, I met one of my old friends who was in the grocery business; and he wanted to know what I was doing. I thought he was going to be quite impressed when I replied that I was a division superintendent with the Great Northern Railway. But instead of regarding me with the admiring awe I expected, John said:

"'Let's see! The Great Northern? Where does that run?'

"John didn't know that there was a Great Northern Railway! much less that I was one of its fifteen division superintendents. It was a lesson in humility that I have never forgotten. And it has worked both ways. It has helped me to realize that what I do isn't half as important to anybody else as it is to me. And it has also helped me to understand that what another man does is probably very important to him. In other words, it helps, in dealing with others, to get their point of view about you, and their point of view about themselves. That is one of the most important things in any business.

#### "The Old Shack"

*Lucille A. Elson, Agent, Hutchins, Iowa*

Take me back to Peaceful Valley.  
To moonlight rambles on the track;  
To the joys and hopes enkindled.  
To the Old Shack! Take me back.  
Take me back to Dear Old Giard,  
To the jingle of the bell—  
That meant to me a chat with "Torment"  
And a joy—I cannot tell.  
Oh! the memory of that night job,  
And the shattered joys of Life;  
Oh! how sweet and yet how bitter,  
Is the struggle and the strife.  
Take me once again to Giard,  
To the joys which now I lack;  
To the cozy Box-Car Cottage,  
To the Old Shack! Take me back.  
Take me back to Beautiful Giard,  
To that Little Railroad Shack,  
Where the birds sang me their ditties,  
To the Old Shack! Take me back.  
Back where the flashing headlight,  
Of the fast approaching train.  
Made me hustle with the Orders,  
Out into the drenching rain.  
Back to where I hand up Clearance,  
To the crew—both C and E,  
Where I sometimes gave Permissives.  
To Number One and Number Three.  
Back to where the gleaming Red-Light—  
From the Semaphore, up high,  
Gives to all the sign of "Danger"  
As the train approaches nigh.  
Then sometimes the Signal changes,  
When the train gets very near;  
All at once there comes a message.  
"Give that "Special" now a "Clear",  
Fate of heaven please do guide me,  
To that sacred spot—Oh, back—  
To the Little Railroad Box-Car,  
To the Old Shack! Take me back.

#### Turn Out the Light

Anyone who has traveled over the line and is at all observing must have noticed many cases of the trainmen lighting the coach oil lamps in the afternoon while the sun is streaming through the windows.

Instances have occurred of the lamps burning for two and three hours earlier than necessary. This is true in a lesser degree of lamps being allowed to burn after broad daylight has set in in the morning. If the careless trainmen would stop and try to figure out the amount of Mineral Seal Oil at fourteen cents per gallon the eight or ten lamps in a coach burns in an hour, he would, no doubt, make an effort to remember to put them out as soon as they are no longer necessary.

It is an absolute waste to allow lamps to burn when their light is not needed by the passengers.

The same attention should also be given electric lights. The fact that the current is generated in the baggage car or by the axle device, does not by any means imply that it does not cost anything. Consider that electric bulbs are capable of giving light only a certain number of hours and when these lamp hours are exhausted the bulb is worthless. Then there is the wear and tear on the machine, and it is a costly proposition to keep our dynamos and storage batteries in order. The company pays out over three hundred dollars per day for bulbs and this could be reduced materially if, not only the trainmen, but men in offices, freight houses, shops, and all other places where electric lights are used, would heed the slogan—

**"Turn Out the Lights When Not In Use"**  
Reclamation Committee



Oliver Brown of Jackson, Minn.

**Fifty Years of Service**

Oliver Brown, veteran roundhouse foreman at Jackson, Minn., was born in Horten, Norway, in 1842. In 1867 he shipped in the American man-of-war "Canandaigua," under Admiral Farragut; made a cruise around the world, landing at Brooklyn Navy Yard in the latter part of 1870. He spent a short time in New York City, Jersey City and Newburg; then went to Chicago, and was in that city during the great fire of 1871. He came to Milwaukee in 1872 and commenced work in the shops of the C. M. & St. P. Ry. In 1877, with the assistance of a partner, he completed the steam yacht "Alice," the first pleasure yacht on the Milwaukee River.

After commencing service under General Master Mechanic Davis, February 18, 1872, he was placed in different capacities at machine, bench and erecting work, until the North Milwaukee Shops were moved to West Milwaukee. The old Milwaukee Shop was remodeled as an additional car shop and fitted up with many new machines. The blacksmith shop was also supplied with modern tools. He was subsequently promoted to the position of supervisor in erecting new machinery and also building the first mail cars at that point, under Master Car Builder Kittredge, until the new car shop at West Milwaukee was finished. This latter facility, it will be remembered, burned down about two years ago.

In 1884 Mr. Brown was appointed roundhouse foreman at Fulda, on the S. M. division, under General Master Mechanic Lowry. Subsequently, he served at Wells, both as mechanic and night roundhouse foreman, and was finally moved to Austin when the shops were put in operation at that point. Here he supervised the placing of machinery and tools and served as night roundhouse foreman.

At the time the roundhouse at Madison, S. D., was opened he was promoted to roundhouse foreman and served from January 10, 1887, until June 14, 1887, at which time he was transferred to take charge of the roundhouse at Jackson, Minn., and was in continuous charge up until April 8, 1921, when he was relieved from active responsibilities, but still retained at that point.

On February 18, 1922, Mr. Brown will have completed fifty years of continuous service with the C. M. & St. P. Ry.

Mr. Brown was married, in Chicago, September 21, 1871, to Miss Ovida Bay, just two weeks before the Chicago fire.

On September 21, 1921, Mr. and Mrs. Brown celebrated their golden wedding. Their five daughters were home to enjoy the memorable and happy event with them and to share in the appreciation of many gifts and messages of good will.

When the special train, bearing President Byram and a number of the directors, passed through Jackson the evening of October 9th. Mr. Byram congratulated Mr. Brown upon his loyal and faithful service to our company and arranged for him to take a trip to Los Angeles, California, this coming winter, which will result in giving him great happiness and tend to show, in concrete form, the sincere and well-founded appreciation of Mr. Brown's past record.

All who have had to do with Mr. Brown as a co-worker have found him faithful and beyond reproach. This fact is constantly borne out by the many friends who, through long years of acquaintance, have come to admire and respect him.

*So. Minn. East**I. McCarthy*

Agent Riordon of Fountain is taking a two months' leave of absence, on account of illness. Edward Siemassen of Alden is taking his place.

Ronald Evenson, assistant accountant, and Herbert Norgorden, chief carpenter's clerk, of Wells, spent the week-end in Minneapolis.

O. H. Karr has resumed work as operator at Jackson, after a few weeks' vacation on account of an injured arm.

Nellie Satterloff, stenographer in the superintendent's office, spent a few days in LaCrosse visiting friends, and had such a good time that she almost missed her train. Guess that she forgot that it was an S. M. train and always on time.

Marcella McShane and Rose Krulish of the superintendent's office spent a few days in Chicago. Miss McShane visited friends in Des Moines, Milwaukee and Winona before her return. We are glad to report Agent Luogen of Grand Meadow back to work after his recent illness.

Engineer Herrmann has gone on a hunting trip. We wonder what kind of a license he carries.

Operator Hoff of Lanesboro is taking a three months' leave of absence and spending the time in Minneapolis. John Hanson of Hayward is taking his place.

Augusta Sprague, chief clerk in the master mechanician's office, attended the homecoming at the university.

Dispatcher Aughey has moved into his new home on Fifth street.

Eleanor Moran of the superintendent's office spent a few days in the cities shopping. We are convinced that she went to shop, for she came back with a beautiful new coat.

Chief Clerk Wunderlick says that he isn't only busy in the day time but walks the floor all night with the baby. It's no wonder he forgot what November 11th is.

Mrs. Leon Comeau, wife of Engineer Comeau, and two children visited relatives in LaCrosse.

Little Rolland Comeau had the misfortune to break his arm while playing football.

Mrs. Dan McLaren visited her mother in LaCrosse. Her mother is reported as very poorly.

Fireman Mark Jorgenson is looking for a girl with pretty feet and a graceful walk.

John Iverson has moved from Wells to Austin. Too bad he is so far from Mankato.

Edward Horrigan, chief clerk in the store-keeper's office, has returned from Chicago and Milwaukee, where he spent a few days visiting home folks and friends.

## Current News of the Railroad

### New Equipment

On November 1st, an order was placed for 2,500 steel, gondola, 50-ton capacity coal cars; 1,500 with the Haskell & Barker Company at Michigan City, Indiana, and the remaining 1,000 with the Bettendorf Company at Bettendorf, Iowa. Delivery is to commence January 1st, 1922. Approximately 50,000 tons of steel will be required in the construction and the cost will be about \$1,000,000. Including the equipment recently acquired in the purchase of the C. T. H. & S. E., we now have 17,000 coal cars.

### Distinguished Company

Marshal Foch, the Generalissimo of the Allied Armies, in America at the invitation of the American Legion as one of its honored guests at the annual convention at Kansas City, is making a tour of the West and used our Line between Butte and Seattle, November 28-30, also making the trip from St. Maries to Spokane down the shadowy St. Joe River and across Lake Coeur d'Alene.

### Railroads—American and Other

The longest continental piece of railroad track in the world is on the Trans-Siberian between Moscow and Petrograd, Russia, on one end, and Vladivostok and Port Arthur, Manchuria, on the other, a distance of 5,600 miles.

There are in the entire world about 640,000 miles of railroad, of which the United States has forty per cent or approximately 245,000 miles. China with an area of 3,341,000 square miles and a population of 342,639,000 has about 8,000 miles of railroad—in 1875 it population of 7,5 unbroken stretch less area than C mileage.

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*J. H. F.*

### Impudence+Resentment×Recklessness —Caution=Tragedy

A Ford automobile stealing upon a Packard led to a burst of speed which caused both cars to crash headlong into one of our freight trains at Terre Haute, Indiana, in the darkness of the early-morning hours of November 1st, resulting in the death of one person and serious injury to six others.

Moral: A freight car cannot be pushed off the track by an automobile.

### Do You Know?

That the Milwaukee Railroad was the first road:  
 To link Chicago with the Twin Cities;  
 To operate all steel trains between Chicago and the Twin Cities;  
 To connect Chicago and the Twin Cities with a double track;  
 To electrically light and steam heat passenger trains;  
 To operate all steel trains between Chicago, Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma;  
 To install "longer, higher and wider" berths in its sleeping cars?

**Ancient History**

The Line to Omaha was constructed in sections as follows:			
Chicago—Elgin	36.07		
Elgin—Byron	52.40 miles		1873
Byron—Kittredge	27.50	"	1874
Kittredge—Lanark	3.60	"	1880
Lanark—Savanna	17.90	"	1861
Savanna—Sabula	8.00	"	1862
Sabula—Preston	20.00	"	1880
Preston—Delmar	13.00	"	1870
Delmar—Marion	54.00	"	1871
Marion—Council Bluffs	260.00	"	1872
			1882

**The Original Line to Kansas City**

Marion—Cedar Rapids	5.00 miles		1865
Cedar Rapids—Ottumwa	91.00	"	1863
Ottumwa	121.00	"	1887

## "No Other Engineer Available"

*Harold C. Breckenridge*

'Twas Christmas eve; Three Forks was comfortably wrapped in its great, thick blanket of pure white snow; "Nora," the telegraph operator, at the little station, was copying a message, the sound arm was bouncing up and down merrily, as it formed the dots and dashes, which spelled out the following message:

XN 710 PM HO BN Olympian Enroute.  
Dec-24th.

Engineer O'Andy,  
Three Forks.

Olympian reach Three Forks 8:30 PM.  
Be sure and be on hand, as there is no other engineer available. Present crews 16 hours will be up on reaching Three Forks.  
Summerfield.

Nora smiled. "If Mr. Summerfield knew Engineer O'Andy as well as I do he wouldn't have sent that message," she reflected.

O'Andy's home was a happy home, and why shouldn't it be, for he had a wife, Nancy, who was the dearest little mother in the world to his three children—Dorothy, who was the oldest, now eighteen; Jimmy, Jr., and the baby, Mary.

Daddy was playing Santa Claus, handing out the many presents from the brightly lighted little tree. Mary had three new dolls, two of which could close their eyes, a fur lined coat and little red mittens, a washboard and tub, just like Mother had, that she might keep her dolls' clothes clean; but best of all a Kiddie Car, to exercise those plump little legs of hers.

Jimmy, Jr., had just received an air rifle, made in the U. S. A., and was now hunting about the room for a snow-shoe rabbit, although he had hopes of finding a big black bear.

Dorothy, who had been trying a new sheet of music, was now opening a little package, which Santa had handed her. It was a wrist watch, and a beauty too. She snapped it about her wrist, where she was viewing it from all angles, thinking how jealous the other girls would be of her.

Nancy was glancing over the pages of a new book which she had always wanted; Santa was now handing her a large box of fresh cut flowers, just to show her he loved her now as much as in their courting days.

A certain little boy was all eyes and ears for Santa was lifting a good sized package to the center of the room.

"Oh! is it for me?" asked Jimmy eagerly.

"Yes, it is for you, Jimmy, and just you wait until you see what it is," answered Santa gaily.

By this time the package was partly unwrapped, exposing a section of brightly nickel-plated track.

"Oh goody, goody, it's a toy train," cried Jimmy ecstatically.

The package now completely unwrapped, exposed a toy train sure enough, but not one of the usual types, for O'Andy had spent his spare time for several weeks in its making. It was a model Olympian in every detail, a motor built just like the monster 3,000 horsepower machines that pull the Olympian over the Continental Divide, with C. M. & St. P. printed in little white letters just under the cab window and a train consisting of mail and baggage cars, smoker, chair car, dining car and sleepers, not even forgetting the observation, with its little round sign Olympian on the rear railing.

O'Andy glanced at his watch, as is a way with engineers. It was just 8 p. m. "I must go and dress for the run," he said, arising from the floor and going into the adjoining room.

In what seemed to be but a minute he had returned, dressed in the inevitable blue denim overalls and jumper of the engineer, with a comfortable, though certainly not stylish looking, sheep lined coat flung over his left arm and the amber stem of a prettily carved French briar pipe, a present from Nancy, between his even white teeth. He walked over to the window to look at the thermometer.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, "some drop since 7 o'clock."

"How cold is it?" asked Nancy.

"It is just exactly 27 degrees below," he answered, as he felt in the right pocket of the sheep lined coat for matches and tobacco, also to make sure that his old corn cob pipe was there, for he intended to smoke it the minute he was out of Nancy's sight.

As he was standing there watching the little snow flakes dancing about merrily in the gale, which was now almost a blizzard, just a shadow of worry flitted across Nancy's motherly little face, for she hated to see her husband go in such a storm. Yet she was consoled by the thought that he would be back on the morrow in time for the good old-fashioned Christmas dinner she intended having, and she was deeply grateful to the corporation which made it possible for them to have so many nice things.

"I am going to try to make up a little time tonight," he remarked, as he pulled a big easy chair—his own chair—up close to the fireplace and leaned back comfortably to rest and smoke a few minutes before going over to the little station.

"You had better be careful, even if you don't wake up any time," said Nancy nervously, always frightened at the thought of sleep.

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The Olympian was gliding smoothly, almost noiselessly, along the rails, like a male deer running to safety. The locomotive gave one long, powerful shriek, which echoed and re-echoed in the mountains nearby.

Perhaps the big chair was too easy; it is within the range of possibilities that the new pipe might have tasted better than O'Andy had anticipated, but, what is more than probable, the Olympian was making up time. At any rate, as the long shriek of the locomotive could be heard plainly, though somewhat faintly, he jumped to his feet, crying excitedly, "What's that?" Then staggering forward, he fell heavily on the floor.

Nancy screamed, little Mary started to cry, Dorothy—dear little Dorothy, she always thought of just the right thing to do—was at the phone, calling madly for the doctor, who was there in a few minutes, and quickly examined Mr. O'Andy.

"He had a stroke of paralysis," he said sadly, adding, "he may walk, but he will never talk again."

It was now 8:25 p. m., and the whistle of the air could be plainly heard, as the Olympian came to a stop in front of the little station. O'Andy looked at Dorothy, trying to speak, the tears running down his cheeks. She knew that he had heard the train—his train—and of what he was thinking, the message from the general manager, the words, "No other engineer available." seemed to ring in her ears. She took her daddy's great, strong hand in hers.

"Daddy, I am going to pull the Olympian for you tonight," she said simply, adding, "I know the road, I understand the locomotive as well as you, and I know the book of rules; if the general manager will let me I know I can do it." She kissed her daddy good bye, slipped on his great sheep lined

coat and was running for the station before Nancy scarcely realized what had happened.

The general manager burst unceremoniously into the office, saying, "What's the matter with the engineer?"

"I don't know, Mr. Summerfield, he said he would be here. I have tried but I am unable to raise him on the phone." Nora answered rather nervously, at the sight of so big an official.

"Don't you know the company is losing hundreds of dollars every minute that train stands there?" he asked, as if Nora was to blame.

Dorothy had by now reached the station and hurried to the telegraph office window. "Oh Nora," she cried breathlessly, "Daddy had a stroke of paralysis, and—" "What's that, no engineer to pull this train?" asked Mr. Summerfield, brusquely.

Although Dorothy had never seen Mr. Summerfield before she knew that this must be the general manager and her heart almost failed her. Could she do it? Would he have faith in her? The blood rushed to her cold, white cheeks, making them scarlet, and her bright little eyes seemed to throw fire, as she answered, "Yes, Mr. Summerfield, I will go in Daddy's place: I have ridden with him often and I will take you through safe."

The G. M. had a sporting spirit—that was the way he had climbed from a telegraph operator to the position of responsibility which he now held. At the moment he wished he knew more of engines and less of telegraphy, for as it was he was helpless. However, Mr. Summerfield was a man of quick decisions and he knew his own mind.

"I like your spirit, little girl, and I believe you can do it," he said encouragingly, adding, "Don't forget there are human lives depending on you; be careful, but make the time if possible."

As she stood alongside that mighty machine, with its sixteen huge drivers restless to be on their way again pulling that beautiful all-steel train over the Rocky Mountains, its mighty body towering high above her, like a skyscraper to one on the street, she felt little and frail.

The manager helped her up the slippery steps to the cab. "Keep your nerve and you will be all right," he said, as he hurried back to the warmth of the train.

Dorothy handed her orders to the fireman, who immediately dropped them to the floor in his astonishment. Dorothy paid no attention for she had plenty to think about just now. She gave two short blasts of the whistle, released the air, pulled the throttle back three notches. Instantly the splendid machine moved forward and she pulled the throttle back three notches more, but the drivers started slipping on the icy rails as if in protest to this quick application of power. Dorothy quickly turned on a quarter of a pipe of sand and now they were gripping the rails, putting every ounce of their matchless energy into the forward movement of the train.

Glancing at her new wrist watch—the watch which her daddy had given her—she saw that it was just 8:31 p. m. She had been steadily pulling the throttle back, until now it was within four notches of the limit that the motors would take. The speedometer needle now registered 55 miles per hour.

The road between Three Forks and Piedmont has fewer curves and less grade than from Piedmont to Butte, and Dorothy intended taking advantage of it. She pulled the throttle back to the last notch; the great monster, the acme of scientific skill and knowledge, seemed suddenly animated; and thrilled in every splendid muscle it leaped forward, hungrily licking up the miles of track ahead as if they were but rods.

Dorothy had ridden with her daddy many times, but it was different now. It thrilled her to know that thousands of horsepower were at her very finger tips; that the all-powerful, yet mysterious, force, electricity, was being generated at the beautiful Rainbow Falls and sent to her under a pressure of 100,000 volts, at the speed of lightning. They were now flashing by the little hamlet of Willow Creek. Dorothy looked at her watch—they were making up time. The speedometer now registered 70 miles per hour, and the little ammeter needle was pointing to the red line, showing that the motors were taking an over-load. Dorothy knew that this wouldn't hurt them on so cold a night.

The dim lights of the Sappington tower, flickering feebly through the blinding snow, were now showing. The little engineer knew that it was here she would have to cross the tracks of the Northern Pacific. Supposing a switch were open, or the operator at the tower was asleep. These thoughts flashed through her mind and almost as quickly were gone, for they were now past the tower, over the tracks and lost again in the darkness as they skimmed, almost flew, along on the rails as if they were on the wings of the wind.

The Olympian that night might have put one in mind of some great pre-historic dragon, as it sped smoothly, gracefully, yet with great speed, along the banks of the Jefferson. "My God, what's that?" cried Dorothy, as an object appeared on the track some 200 yards ahead. In the same instant and to her great relief that the creature wasn't human, she saw that it was a cow, standing there buddled up in the cold, with its back to the storm, and made her think of Russell's great painting, "The Last of Five Thousand." She didn't try to stop, for she knew it would be folly to try and stay that terrible momentum in so short a distance. The monstrous electric locomotive gave one long, mighty shriek from its powerful throat, which when carried and changed by the wind could well be likened to that hideous, unearthly cry of the female cougar in search of food for her young. The critter jumped, but too late. Dorothy could scarcely feel a vibration of the steel monster's mighty frame as the beast went

flying in the air, alighting in the snow several hundred feet from the tracks, stark dead.

Ahead were the lights of Piedmont, the little station at the bottom of the hill. Soon they would be climbing the Continental Divide. Dorothy had to smile as she thought of the old steam days when the Olympian always stopped at Piedmont for coal and water and to get the help of a mountain mallet.

Mr. Summerfield was sitting in the observation car, talking to a kindly looking old gentleman with white hair and beard, which looked the whiter in contrast to his piercing black eyes. He was evidently of foreign birth. Mr. Summerfield had been telling him of the brave little girl who at that very moment held their lives in her hands.

The old gentleman seemed more than mildly interested, and turning so as to face the general manager he said, "My name is Marcello. I am a scientist from Naples, Italy, and I have made an electrical discovery which I believe will cure that little girl's father if I can reach him in time."

Up to this time Mr. Summerfield had not made his identity known. "I am the general manager of this road. I will arrange to have a special train ready on reaching Deer Lodge to take the girl and you back to Three Forks," he said excitedly.

The Olympian was now rounding the Horse-Shoe Bend between Vendome and Cedric, climbing up, up, up, ever higher and higher, into the clear blue sky, out of the storm swept valley below, above the misty clouds and the driving snow, where the mellow, silvery light of the moon fell softly, reverently, among the rocks and pines, standing there in their awful loneliness, on top of the world, the back bone of the continent.

Something of the solitary beauty of all this reached Dorothy and she murmured a little prayer, "All merciful God, Thou who art the Creator of all this beauty, I ask Thee in Jesus' name, Thy will not mine always being done, to help Daddy, to make him well again."

The switch lights of Donald were twinkling brightly, showing that the way was clear. They had reached the top of the mountain. Dorothy could already see the operator standing in front of the little station, ready to hand them the staff which they must have to go through the tunnel. She slowed up to forty miles per hour, so as to be sure and not miss it. The fireman was on the steps to catch the hoop which held the staff. "Let her go," he shouted, as he slipped his arm through the hoop.

The little engineer decided not to regenerate any current as the locomotive tipped its nose down the west side of the mountain, rushing into the ink black tunnel like some frightened animal hunting its den. Down, down, down they dropped, nearer and nearer the bottom, through tunnels, over trestles, around curves this way and that, the flanges of the huge drivers grinding angrily against the sides of the rails. But

Dorothy knew her motor and she knew what was a safe speed for that splendid, all-steel train. She glanced at her watch. It was now 9:55 p. m., and the lights of Butte were ahead. She pulled into the station at 9:59, just thirty-four minutes late.

A messenger handed her a telegram, stating the condition of her father was unchanged. Tears came into her eyes, but she quickly wiped them away. Was there a God anyway? she thought. "What is the use of prayer?" she murmured to herself; but sometimes God works in peculiar ways.

The conductor was giving a high ball. She looked at her watch as she pulled back on the throttle. It was 10:01, and they were due in Deer Lodge at 10:40 p. m. Dorothy shut her lips tightly as she grimly determined to pull into Deer Lodge on time. She knew that she would have to make well over a mile to every minute, but she had the machine to do it with.

As they whirled by the station at Sinclair the general manager pulled out his watch. "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed excitedly, "we are only ten minutes late. If they can all go like this one I think we had better put women on the right side of the cab."

The Olympian pulled up in front of the station at Deer Lodge, on the fastest run she had ever made from Three Forks, at exactly 10:39 p. m., one minute ahead of time.

Mr. Summerfield jumped down from the head car and hurried toward the motor, with Marcello following closely. "You're a world beater," said the general manager, adding: "Here's a little Christmas present," handing her a check for a thousand dollars. "But best of all," he continued, "here is Mr. Marcello, a doctor from Naples, Italy. He thinks he can cure your daddy. I have arranged for a special to take you back and—" Bob, a dispatcher, who had been a captain in the aviation corps during the war broke in unceremoniously, saying. "I will take you back in my plane and get you there in an hour."

"That's fine," cried Marcello. "One hour may be the difference between life and death."

"Come on," said Bob, as he grabbed Dorothy by the hand and half dragged her to the little shed where he kept his plane.

The doctor hurried along behind, keeping up as best he could, carrying a grip in his right hand.

Bob was used to quick action. He had Dorothy and the doctor strapped in the plane before they had gotten their breath from the run. He gave the propeller a quick spin, opened the throttle wide open, at the same time tilting the planes upward. A short spin on the snow and they were off. Up they went in the darkness, higher and higher. Dorothy wiped the snow from her goggles and looked over Bob's shoulder at the altitude-meter. It registered 8,223 feet. She was relieved, for she knew that would easily clear the Continental Divide. She knew they must be going, and that at a

terrific speed, but it seemed to her in the darkness as if they were standing still.

What were all those lights down below? Could it be that they were still over Deer Lodge? No, it was Butte and they had left Deer Lodge just nineteen minutes ago. Glancing at the speedometer, Dorothy was shocked to see that it now registered 138 miles per hour. Even now they must be passing over the Great Divide. She wanted to speak to Bob, but the deafening roar of the powerful engines made it impossible. It seemed almost super-human to her that he could pilot that plane to its destination in the awful darkness, and she was further thrilled by the knowledge that Bob loved her. She knew he did, for he had told her so many times.

What was he doing now? She had a feeling in her stomach like the time she went down in the Butte mines. He was dropping. She wondered if he had control of the plane. Was it possible, were they coming to Three Forks? Yes, there they were. It had stopped snowing and he was making a landing. They skimmed along the snow, coming to a stop with a jolt, as the plane ran into a fence post.

Bob jumped out, helping Dorothy down into the deep snow. The doctor had already scrambled from the machine, and they hurried to the house, where Nancy met them at the door. She had received a telegram they were coming and was watching for them.

"How is Daddy?" asked Dorothy, as she threw her arms around her mother's neck.

"He is about the same," answered Nancy. "Would you like to see him at once?" she asked inquiringly, turning to the doctor.

"Yes I would, minutes mean hours in a case like this," he said quickly.

O'Andy was sound asleep, breathing heavily. The doctor opened his case which contained instruments somewhat similar in appearance to those used in wireless. He connected several peculiar looking tubes on the end of long cords. "Here," he said, turning to Dorothy, "hold one of these to each foot." He then placed one of the tubes near O'Andy's head and held another in his left hand, turning a switch with his right. A buzzing sound came from the instruments in the case and the bulbs or tubes glowed with a dull red light. The doctor pushed the switch back farther and farther, and the tubes changed from one color to another. The buzzing became louder and louder, sharper and sharper, until now it was a whistle. Then all was silence. Dorothy knew the vibrations were now so rapid that they were beyond the scope of the human ear. The tubes glowed with a violet ray.

Suddenly the doctor pushed the tube which he held in his left hand against O'Andy's mouth. Grabbing the tube near his head with his right hand, he pressed it tightly on O'Andy's forehead. O'Andy suddenly straightened up in bed, grabbing one of the tubes and throwing it against the wall.

"Where am I, what are you doing to me?" he cried wildly.

Dorothy threw her arms around his neck, sobbing. "Oh Daddy, Daddy, you can talk again!"

\*\*\*\*\*

O'Andy was sitting in his big easy chair, close to the fire-place, after a Christmas dinner, the like of which Three Forks will never see again.

"Come here a minute, Dorothy," he called, and whispered in her ear. "Go and get my old corn cob pipe out of the right hand pocket of that sheep lined coat you wore last night." And he added, "If mother asks about the French briar, tell her you lost it."

As Dorothy was returning with the pipe, she heard O'Andy saying. "Bob, my boy, I don't know how I am to ever repay you for all you have done for me."

"I do," said Bob, with a sparkle in his eyes, as he pulled a large diamond ring from his vest pocket.

"Well, I guess I haven't much to say about that," said O'Andy, smiling. "She's of age, you know."

#### Progress

Progress is the cogent watchword.  
Push ahead with manly stride;  
When by others overtaken,  
Strike their gate or step aside.

You are working for advancement,  
Honors not to be denied;  
But when you have reached that limit,  
Keep the pace or step aside.

Power that impels promotion,  
Energy, both true and tried,  
Find in action their vocation,  
When you're idle, step aside.

Halting at the point of conquest,  
Where new force should be applied;  
Makes a victim, not a victor.  
And you're asked to step aside.

There's no royal road to fortune.  
Some succeed without a guide;  
Others need a little coaching,  
Either boost or step aside.

Since the world is full of failures,  
Simply drifting with the tide;  
Pull your boat with vim and vigor  
Up the stream, or step aside.

W. W. Ellis.  
St. Maries, Idaho.

#### Autumn

Oh' the touch, the tang and glory  
When Autumn comes around  
It sings a sweet glad story  
Which no other time can sound.

When the Autsmn leaves are falling  
And the sumac's in the red  
'Tis then sportsmen hear the calling  
Of the wildwood dimly spread.

When the gold is in the tree tops  
And the meadow is in the brown

When the farmers gather in their crops  
And the ducks come gliding down

'Tis then my heart throbs wildly  
As I take my dog and gun  
E'en the chill winds blow but mildly  
As I hit the trail for fun.

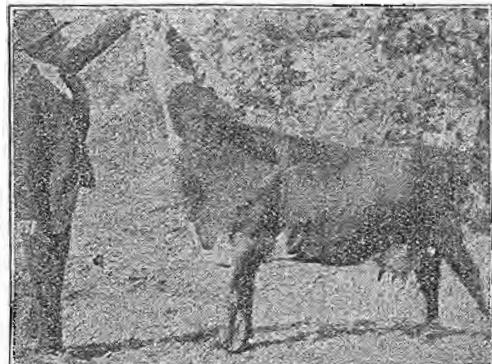
I've camped along a rippling stream  
And lis't to the night owl's cry  
I've seen the camp fires skyward gleam  
And watched the embers die.

Thank God! I'm not a weakling  
From the dust blown streets of town  
Or the prison slave of commerce  
Where outdoor pleasures are not found.

But an open road where I can roam  
Or watch the sinking sun light gleam  
O'er western ones of seething foam  
Or hear the wild geese scream.

I've slept out in the open  
With head pillow'd on a stone  
And boughs that were bent and broken  
And a soul I can call my own.

—A Bent Rail.



Iowa Division Operator R. L. Merrill and His Favorite Playmate.

#### "Tommy" Fox's Choice.

You kin have your passenger, as it's standin'  
there,  
With it's shiny paint all bright,  
With it's brasswork new, and the engine too  
And the tires all sound and tight  
You kin speed it up like a frightened pup,  
Till the engine purrs and whines  
But the downright joy in the test, old boy.  
It's the wayfreight, the 2358 for mine.

Of course you go, like a streak I know  
As around the curves you wind  
And the engine hums, with a soothin' strum  
As you leave the miles behind,  
You open her wide and let her slide  
When the rails are smooth and fine,  
But after all tho', she seems to crawl,  
It's the wayfreight, the 2358 for mine.

No, I won't deny, you kin fairly fly,  
When drawing the yellow cars,  
And the grades you climb in quicker time,  
With scarcely a jolt or jar,  
But with due regard for your engine. Pard.  
With it's glimmer, speed and shine,  
But the thing that's best in the grand old test  
Is the way freight, the 2358 for mine  
(Bill)

## SAFETY FIRST

*A. M. Smallen, G. S. S.*

# JUST AS LONELY AS HE LOOKS



### The Boy Who Lost His Leg Flipping Trains

No more skating for him. No more baseball or swimming. Just a lonely one-legged boy watching the other fellows having fun.

37,714 Boys and Girls Were Crippled or Killed  
Flipping Trains or Walking on Tracks in 28 Years



## From the Bureau of Safety

After eight years of endeavor, I believe the employees of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company will be happy to know of what has been accomplished in Safety on this great railroad, especially in what has been accomplished in reducing accidents that have resulted in deaths. Using the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1913 as the basis and each succeeding year thereafter until 1917, when the figures were based on the calendar year, the number of deaths have decreased as follows:

July 1st, 1912, to June 30th, 1913, killed, 423;  
 July 1st, 1913, to June 30th, 1914, killed, 368;  
 July 1st, 1914, to June 30th, 1915, killed, 321;  
 July 1st, 1915, to June 30th, 1916, killed, 323;  
 January 1st, 1917, to December 31st, 1917, killed, 296; January 1st, 1918, to December 31st, 1918, killed, 210; January 1st, 1919, to December 31st, 1919, killed, 167; January 1st, 1920, to December 31st, 1920, killed, 166.

It must be self-evident to the most skeptical that this could only be brought about through the serious thought and cooperation of every employee on this railroad from the

president down to the call boy. It assures us that perfect harmony with the work must exist between employer and employee, as the minutes of safety meetings show almost a one hundred per cent attendance year after year, also the number of employees who attend as visitors are continually increasing.

Considering the remarkable reductions that have been accomplished, and appreciating that as the accidents decrease our efforts must increase. I do not believe there is a better time in the whole year than at Christmas and New Years to call upon employees to make further resolutions that 1922 will drive this figure down several notches further, and knowing the spirit of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul employes. I have no fear whatever, but what the death cases will be reduced beyond my expectations.

A. W. Smallen, General Supervisor Safety and Fire Prevention.



Milwaukee Base Ball Team, Miles City, Mont.

### Milwaukee Team Wins the Cup

The Milwaukee Clerks baseball team of Miles City won the 1921 championship and the loving cup of the City Twilight League. This team won also in 1919 and 1920, this making the third consecutive victory, and

the cup now becomes permanently the property of the team.

Twelve games were played, ten won, one forfeited and one lost during the season.

Two errorless and one no-hit no-run games were played by this team.

## At Home

*Hazel M. Merrill, Editor*



Herbert, son of Aberdeen Division Trainmaster's Clerk, W. H. Hohensee.

### The Christmas Fairy N. B. D.

Do you believe in Santa Claus? Do you remember when Peter Pan turned to you, out there in the darkness, from where those bright footlights divided you from that wonderful land where you dwelt for a few short hours, and asked: "Do you believe in fairies?" And you did then, didn't you?

Perhaps now you say it was because the play was so real. Well now comes Christmas time and what more natural thing, than to imagine once more you believe in fairies and with them Santa Claus for of all good fairies surely he is the best. Perhaps though you are one of those fortunate persons who have never lost faith in this one and list him not with those others of gauzy wings, who one by one have drifted reluctantly into the rainbow mists of memory.

Remember those childhood days, no sound since has so been filled with magic, as that sound (you almost heard), of his reindeer hoofs, upon the roof. No face ever so jolly as the round red face (you almost saw), peering out of the glowing grate. No gifts since so romantic, so filled with charm as those fashioned by the hand of Santa Claus. You would wait up long after dear mother had gone to sleep, you would see him this time, you were very earnest, very patient, but somehow after all, when morning came . . . . those stockings hanging there in a row, were filled and when, you could not tell.

Do you believe in Santa Claus? Have you quite lost faith in him? . . . . On this Christmas eve go out and lift your face to the stars. Your faith in the Babe remains and with the tale of the manger is it not true comes the tinkle of sleigh bells . . . . with the white beauty of the Star and the story of the shepherds, comes thought of gift laden fir trees? In your memory are

not the gifts to the babe brought by prancing reindeer from the North and not gifts of the desert borne by patient camels?

Have you lost your faith in Santa Claus? . . . . no, you can not lose. So long as the story of the birth is a living breathing truth to you, thank God the happy fairy of childhood will be very real, for to memory all things are real, and you believed in fairies.

### Fashion Note

I know we are all too busy with Thanksgiving and Christmas to devote much time and attention to style (?); but this is just a line to let you know that, although the beginning of the season promised to be one of coats and wraps only, goodlooking suits will never be out of vogue. There are many black ones, very neat and plain, possibly worn with fur scarf; they are generally unfitted at the waist line, coats reaching to hip length. Of course, there are also many bright colored ones, which are usually muchly fur-trimmed.

### Have a Sun Room

If your home has not a sun room, why not convert the sunniest room you have into a veritable sun-room? This is also a good time of year to pick up "bargains" in outdoor furniture. There are such good-looking patterns of linoleum on the market which would make a beautiful floor covering, and small rugs may be used over the covering as decoration. The furniture, of course, is of reed, with bright, figured chintz for cushions. Striped linen or linene, made in roller shades, makes good window draperies. To make the sun-room comfortable, there should be several wicker chairs, a chaise longue, a tea-wagon, work basket, book rack, writing shelf between the windows, lovely pottery, ferns and plants in fancy painted pots, and at least one hanging-shelf of books. An upholstered box-spring, with several goodlooking pillows, makes a rather unique addition to the sun-room, and is very comfortable. If the room is fortunate enough to contain a fire-place, the box-spring may be placed near the fire-place and forms a very "comfy" lounging corner. Choose a room that may be made as light as possible, dress it up in gay tones and it may also serve as an ideal nursery. The accessories should be unbreakable, and there should be deep drawers, concealed under window benches possibly, to put things away in.

### Gift Suggestions

In the November number, we gave suggestions for those who make their gifts and consequently need more time. Here are a few notes for those, perhaps, who are more crowded for time, and purchase their gifts ready to send.

A handsome fruitbowl of cream-colored Italian pottery makes a pleasing gift for the housewife, and fruit seems to hold first place as table decoration. There may also be had individual breakfast sets; silver plated casserole, with engraved Pyrex lining, hand-woven mercerized cotton bureau scarfs; there are wonderful vases in nickel or gilt thermos bottles; nickel-plated hot serving platter with china plate; after-dinner mint compotes of cutglass. A combination of three brushes, hearth brush, cleaning and polishing brush and feather duster makes a pleasing and useful gift; set of kitchen knives; an aluminum egg-slicer, which makes a beautiful salad. There are tin cutters to give sandwiches a variety of pleasing shapes; a unique gift for a friend who has a fireplace is a carton of driftwood crystals, which turn the flames to green, orange or purple; accessories for travelling bags make pleasing gifts for both ladies and gentlemen, magazines and good books for our friends who love to read.

#### GOOD THINGS TO EAT

##### Apple Crystals—A New Christmas Confection

Select good, sound apples, preferable of the Jonathan, Spitsenberg, or Winesap varieties. Make a syrup of two cupfuls of granulated sugar and one cupful of water. Stir over a very slow fire until the sugar is dissolved, then bring to a boil. Have ready one medium sized apple, pared, cored, quartered, and each quarter cut into three slices. Drop the twelve pieces into the now boiling syrup, and allow them to cook gently until they are all transparent and tender and easily pierced with a straw. Remove from kettle, drain, and place on waxed paper or platter. Allow them to remain 24 hours, then roll in granulated sugar; roll twice again at intervals of 24 hours. If moisture accumulates on waxed paper, renew it. Allow the fruit, after third rolling, to remain on platter until so dry that no moisture exudes from the apple crystals, and they have a dry crystalline appearance. Then pack carefully into flat boxes, and keep in a dry, cool place until you wish to send them out or use them. The amount of syrup stated, will make about five dozen apple crystals cut as directed above. It is best not to try to make more than one dozen at a time, because they must be carefully watched and removed at the exact moment when they are ready. After removing each batch of the crystals, add about one-fourth cupful of hot water to the syrup in order to maintain a uniformity in the density of the syrup. Syrup must not get too thick or the crystals will look leathery. Different shapes may be made and coloring added to give a pleasing, festive appearance.

##### Good Housekeeping.

**Baked Egg Plant.** One large egg plant; two grated onions; two cups bread crumbs; two tablespoons butter; one tablespoon chopped parsley; one tablespoon vinegar; one teaspoon salt and pepper.

Peel and dice the egg plant; put in saucepan with one-quarter pint of boiling water and simmer gently about fifteen minutes, or until tender. Drain in colander and press out as much water as possible. Fry the onions in one tablespoon of butter and mix with the egg plant, parsley, pepper, salt, and one tablespoon of vinegar. Place in baking dish, cover with bread crumbs and dots of butter and bake 25 minutes in a hot oven.

#### Household Helps

**Disguised Apple Sauce.** Good Housekeeping has this: Green apples, or any apples which are rather tasteless, can be made delicious by the addition of red cinnamon drops. Add the cinnamon drops when starting to cook the apples, and by the time they are done, the color will

have permeated the sauce, and imparted a delicious flavor. Add sugar in the usual manner.

**Frosting Cakes.** Most cakes frost better when cool. If however, it is necessary to frost before they are cooled, sprinkle the top with a little flour or corn starch. This prevents the icing from running.

Shut a boiler of steaming water into a room from which wall paper is to be removed.

Cornmeal rubbed on grease spots in the carpet will cause the spots to disappear.

A very easy and good frosting for cake may be made by adding maple syrup to confectioner's sugar until of the right consistency to spread on cake.

Streaks on a polished table may be removed by rubbing vigorously with camphorated oil.

#### To Clean Silver

Use one tablespoon of baking soda (or sal Soda) and one tablespoon of ordinary salt to a quart of hot water. Place piece of zinc or aluminum about 2 x 4-inch in large enamel kettle or dish pan, making sure that the enamel is not chipped off anywhere. Add solution and then put in silver after the soda and salt are dissolved. Be sure that at least some of the silver is in contact with the zinc, and that all of the silver is in contact with each other. Leave for two or three minutes depending on the condition of the silver. Remove to hot, soapy water, and then rinse in boiling water and dry. As much silver as the pan will hold may be cleaned at one time, making sure that it is all covered with the solution, and that the pieces are all in contact. The water must be as hot as possible to get good results. Sometimes have to repeat the solution to bring to right temperature.

**Caution**—The above will not do for oxidized silver, as the oxidation is a form of tarnish and will be removed by the process.

**Note**—This process does not leave silver with a high luster, but more like a satin finish, but a light rubbing with a polishing cloth produces the more brilliant polish.

**Note**—Before using the zinc plate the next time, clean it up with a bit of sandpaper, as the process deposits a coating on the zinc, which interferes with its working properly.

#### CATALOGUE NOTICE

Send 15 cents in silver or stamps for our UP TO DATE FALL & WINTER 1921-1922 CATALOGUE, containing over 500 designs of Ladies', Misses and Children's Patterns, a CONCISE AND COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESSMAKING, ALSO SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE (Illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable to the home dress maker.

Address Miss Hazel M. Merrill, Room 1241, Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

3822-3838 Ladies' Costume—Blouse and Bloomers 3832 cut in 7 sizes: 24, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Skirt 3795 cut in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. The width of skirt at foot, is 46 yards. Jacket 3838 cut in 7 sizes: 24, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make this suit for a medium size, will require 5 yards of 44 inch material for the skirt, and jacket. The blouse will require 2½ yards, and the bloomers 2¾ yards, of 36 inch material. THREE separate patterns 10 cents EACH pattern.

3817. Set of Bags for Many Uses—These two models are cut in One Size. No. 1 will require ½ yard of 32 inch material. No. 2 will require ¼ yard of 24 inch material. Price 10 cents.

3797. **Dolly's New Dress**—Cut in 5 Sizes: 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in length, and will require ¾ yard of 24 inch material off an 18 inch size. Price 10 cents.

3779. **Ladies' Gown**—Cut in 7 Sizes: 24, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 5½ yards of 40 inch material. Price 10 cents.

3789. **Ladies' House Dress**—Cut in 7 Sizes: 24, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5½ yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is about 2½ yards. Price 10 cents.

3800-3895. **A Stylish Gown**—Waist 3800 cut in 6 Sizes 24, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Skirt 3895 cut in 6 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. To make the costume for a 38 inch size will require 7½ yards of 32 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2¾ yards. TWO separate patterns 10 cents EACH pattern.

3812. **Misses Dress**—Cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 4½ yards of 27 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 1½ yards. Price 10 cents.

3794. **Girl's Dress**—Cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size will require 1½ yards of 27 inch material for the jumpsuit and 3½ yards for the dress. Price 10 cents.

3801-3793. **A Charming Design—Gimme**—3801 cut in 7 Sizes: 24, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Dress 3793 cut in 8 Sizes: 24, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46.

Regular Special Commendation Will occupy this page as usual, in the January Magazine.

### Third Annual Convention American Legion Kansas City

One hundred thousand Legionaires assembled in Kansas City during the three day period, October 31st, November 1st and 2nd. Several extra sleepers were handled on train 25 and in addition extra coaches on trains 3 and 31. A special train consisting of eleven cars with delegations from Chicago and Wisconsin points left Chicago 10:15 a. m., October 30th, arriving in Kansas City 1:30 a. m., picking up a few delegates from points on Illinois Division and Kansas City Division between Danverport and Ottumwa Jct. To handle the legion men from Cedar Rapids, a five-car, all-steel, electric lighted special left there at 7:00 p. m., Sunday, October 30th, with C. L. Sherwood, ticket agent at Cedar Rapids, in command. This train picked up at points on the Marion line and at Ottumwa a steel coach and two sleepers were added, leaving Ottumwa station at 10:45 p. m. At Moravia, a delegation of about 25 from Albia and at Mystic between 45 and 50 from Centerville filled the train, which arrived at Kansas City as advertised at 6:00 a. m., with the only all American Legion crew of any of the specials of the 12 different roads. The engineer who pulled the train into Kansas City Union Depot, was Dan Carroll, who was an engineer in France for thirteen months. Fireman Hodges, ex-Doughboy, Conductor J. B. Calvert, ex-Gob, who served with the naval aviation in France, Brakeman D. Dooley, formerly with the 35th Infantry and Brakeman R. Gladson, of the 91st Division. As flagman, R. S. Cooper, ex-Gob, was detailed to pull up anchor whenever the engineer gave him the proper signal. The electricity was furnished by Dynamo Baggage man G. A. Larkin, of the Iowa Division, a member of Hanford Post American Legion at Cedar Rapids. From Ottumwa to Kansas City and during the stay in that sector, Major T. P. Horton, formerly with the 13th Engineers, acted as commanding officer. The sleepers were occupied at Kansas City being parked in Broadway Yard and taken care of ably by Mr. Clark and his efficient force. A third special left Chicago as 2nd 25, arriving in Kansas City, 9:15 a. m., October 31st. Everyone who attended the convention expressed themselves as well pleased with the treatment they received from the people of the city and a resolution was passed thanking the railroads for their excellent service. The largest crowd ever handled in the Union Depot assembled between 11:00 p. m. and midnight, Wednesday, November 2nd, but they were finally started on their homeward journey on trains running from 2 to 5 minutes apart. In addition to the regular trains 35 special trains were required of which number the C. M. & St. P. ran three as 2nd, 3rd and

4th sections of No. 26, Southwest Limited. These specials were all steel, electric lighted trains equal in every respect to the first section which was the regular train. Those who traveled the Milwaukee way expressed themselves as well pleased with the equipment and the services rendered and their only regret is that the Milwaukee does not run into New Orleans so that they can take that line next year.

"One T P"

### Dubuque Division Supervisors and Clerks Form Booster Club

At a meeting held on Thursday evening, November 10th, at the Dubuque shops offices of the C. M. & St. P. Railway Co., the committee which have been active in arranging what has been known as C. M. & St. P. "Get-Together" parties in the pastyear, formed a club which is called the Dubuque Division Booster Club.

Dubuque Division Accountant Geo. A. Ehmer was elected president; Store Accountant John Kile, sec. and treas.; and Lucille Millar, press representative.

All supervisors and clerks in the employ of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co., who are carried on the Dubuque Division payroll are eligible to membership in the Dubuque Division Booster Club. This club is for the purpose of boosting the C. M. & St. P. Railroad, and holding social gatherings from time to time, to which functions the wives and families of all employees eligible to membership in this club are invited.

President Ehmer chose his committees for Committee on membership cards, printing, etc., F. Fernstrom, W. Doran and E. Kiesel.

General committee and departments they represent: Car: C. A. Kennedy, L. Moore, Miss Hazel Ryan; Store: G. T. Richards, Lou Schwartz, Miss M. Kiebler; Mechanical: F. Fernstrom, Miss Olive Romig, Miss L. Millard; Transportation: Miss M. Clifford; Traffic: Miss M. Cantlon; Accounting: H. Prior; Yardmaster: E. Kiesel; Freight: W. Doran.

The first entertainment to be given by the Dubuque Division Booster Club will be held the coming year as follows: early in December at the Dubuque Elks Club. Committees for this affair: Music, L. Moore and Miss M. Cantlon; on getting up invitation, Lucile Millar; tickets and distribution of invitations, G. T. Richards, Miss M. Kiebler and Miss O. Romig.

It is the hearty desire of the officers and entire committee of the Dubuque Division Booster Club that all employees eligible to membership will give this club their hearty support by their cooperation.

"Some people are always grumbling because roses have thorns; I am thankful thorns have roses."—Karr.



### Car Staff Meeting at Milwaukee

Officers from all over the System attended the Car Staff meetings held at the shops Nov. 7th and 8th. Mr. Silcox was with us but not Mr. Gillick this time. One item is well worth remembering, and that is the improved refrigeration proposal saving much ice and better service. It has brought out that this Company paid out a million dollars last year on account of frozen apples alone, maybe if much of this could be eliminated, apples might be cheaper.

Mr. Silcox was unable to attend the Locomotive Department meetings the 14th and 15th, being called to Philadelphia, Pa.—we sure missed him. Our Mr. C. H. Bility, M. E., was the chairman of the meetings and filled the honor admirably. Mr. Frank Rusch was here from Tacoma with his familiar beaming countenance. Prof. Kinsey, of Hoboken, N. J., read a paper on Oxy-Acetylene Welding. Mr. C. H. Kohyl on Feed Water Treatment, Mr. J. A. Anderson on Proper Shop Scheduling of Locomotives Thru Shop, Mr. H. W. Williams on Power Plant Operation, Mr. Lamberg on, Shopping Engines. Mr. J. W. Wright on, Bi Polar vs. Geared Electric Locomotives. Mr. F. P. Miller, Increasing Drivers on F5 Locomotives. Mr. Wanderberg on, Flue Work. Mr. Culbertson on, Tender Maintenance. Mr. McFarlane on, Spark Arresting Devices. Mr. Novak on, Boiler Washing.

The meeting closed Tuesday P. M. after presenting prizes for best efficiency to Mr. Hoppe of Aberdeen and Mr. Dimmick of Austin. Tuesday papers were by R. W. Anderson on Round House Organization, Papers by Messrs. Elder, Brautigam, Gardner, Radiske, Passage, Emerson, Jones, C. H. Bility. Circular Letters, P. L. Mullen, W. W. Bates, T. M. Kirby.

A banquet at the Plankinton Hotel at 6:30 p. m., the 15th closed the meetings. They say some rousing entertainment was furnished also. Well, the boys needed it after those brain racking papers. A rally around the flag at noon for picture taking was another pleasing feature.

### Oldest Dining Car Conductor in America

One day last summer, Dan Healy entreated an angel unawares,—“a chiel takin’ notes,” as ‘twere. A lady, of course—being an angel, and Dan fed her as only he knows how to do, and both the lady and Dan went on their ways rejoicing. Dan to feed more hungry thousands in his own inimitable and unapproachable way, and the lady to write a story about Dan and Dan’s car. Now this railroad, and all of its employes are inordinately proud of the Pioneer Limited, and they assume airs of proud ownership whenever the Pioneer in its glorious entirety, or Dan Healy, and his diner are talked up or written about. So, therefore, when Miss Frances Boardman, the “angel” whom Dan entertained one evening last summer on his dinner, published in the St. Paul Daily News an im-

mortalization of the Pioneer dinner service, with Dan, as the Great Immortal, the Magazine “clipped” it and saved it for the Holiday number, because the Holiday number is mostly about “us folks,” and it is the season of the the year when compliments are passed around. Miss Boardman says:

“You probably know Dan Healy. And you doubtless feel confident that Dan knows you. Maybe he does. If he hasn’t, you’ll never find it out, for he’ll contrive to keep you thinking that he and your father were bosom friends, and that you’ve inherited his devotion to the family. He’ll confirm your belief in this personal attachment by such substantial attentions as a plate of perfect griddle cakes (that you didn’t order, and won’t be asked to pay for) served at the psychological moment when he feels that your breakfast on the Pioneer Limited calls for just that addition. For it’s on the Pioneer Limited train of the St. Paul road that Dan Healy practices the combined arts of hospitality and diplomacy.

“Dan Healy is the oldest dining-car conductor in the United States, in point of service. Certainly he’s the most famous. It was Dan Healy who took the first dining car out of Chicago, back in 1877, when he was employed by the Northwestern road, which he served for 16 years. In 1893 he joined the St. Paul road, and since that time has been as solidly identified with it as—well, comparisons have a way of failing at the crucial moment. But there is no doubt more people could give you the name of the railroad’s president.

“To call him by his bare official title does not convey the ideal at all. In every literal and figurative sense he is the interested and interesting host of everybody who patronizes his car. He has contrived, mostly in subtle and unobtrusive ways to give it that atmosphere. When you sit down at one of his tables, you are being entertained—not merely served. You are a guest not just a passenger.”

Miss Boardman’s story tells of Dan Healy’s resourcefulness, of his diplomacy in handling, not only his patrons, but his employees; he has had one chef sixteen years, and most of his waiters are of the “old guard”. And when it comes to his ability to conjure delicacies up from nowhere at all, she says his genius approaches legerdemain.

People of world-wide prominence, and people from every corner of the earth ride the Pioneer because of Dan and his wonderful dinners, and they spread his fame and the fame of the great train all over the world: “To mention just one of his distinctions—he has served all the Presidents of the United States since President Hayes, except President McKinley. He made such a bit with President Roosevelt that on more than one occasion he was commandeered by T. R. for special trips and expeditions. Dan recalls the size of the Grover Cleveland appetite, and speaks with glowing appreciation of the Taft geniality and sunny disposition. But Presidents are but few of the notables in his collection. He has entertained royalty; members of the diplomatic corps, prominent churchmen, men of letters and artists of all sorts.” That Dan likes to please people, she concludes is one of the great secrets of his success, and another is that he has developed a job into a profession, and then elevated the profession into the ranks of art; but she concludes: “It’s easier after all, not to try to explain—just to accept, enjoy; and to be very glad that the supposedly chilly world of commerce is warmed, here and there, by such personalities as Dan Healey’s.”

Charles Dana, one of our old-time popular trainmen, died at his home near Glendive, Mont., about the first of the month, following an operation for appendicitis. Charlie gave up railroading about twelve years ago, when he moved to Montana, and since that time prospered as a farmer, and his untimely taking off is regretted by his many friends on the Dubuque division. His remains were brought to Aurora, Iowa, for burial, his brother, Conductor O. E. Dana, and W. W. Graham, attending the funeral.

## On the Steel Trail

### Auditor of Expenditure Hodge Podge

The regular monthly meeting of the Milwaukee Action Club was held at the Elk's Club, Wednesday evening, October 19th, 1921.

Mr. Welch, Asst Comptroller, being one of our guests, made a very encouraging speech in regard to the progress made in the Auditor of Expenditure's office within the past year. Other guests were Prof. Gilman, Messrs, Tabb and Richards of the International Accounting Society. A very interesting speech on "Net Profit" was presented by Prof. Gilman.

The wild duck dinner was more than appreciated by all present and we wish to extend our thanks to the members of the Club who did the hunting. Sorry they couldn't all be present to enjoy them with us.

Mr. Barry, Chief Clerk Saida, Traveling Accountants Waters and Netwig and General Accountant Whitney spent the week end on the Upper Peninsular Michigan hunting deer. Mr. Barry was very fortunate, being the only member of the party who was successful in killing a buck. The "one buck" law works a big disadvantage to the hunter, due to the fact that does and fawns cannot be killed.

Our friend Whitney spent two days longer than the rest of the party. Either his eyesight is bad or he is a very poor shot. We have just seen the deer tag he still carries in his pocket. Hope he can use it this year yet.

Mr. Barry certainly had a hard time keeping on his feet in his new "packs."

Marie nearly lost Billie. A lone timber wolf rather liked his looks and followed him a mile or so.

We neglected to mention the fact that Mr. Netwig is now a benedict.

Helen Brown, this must stop.

Winsome Mr. Winningham is leaving us for balmier southern skies again.

Harriet Lloyd had a very interesting trip to Kansas City judging from snapshots taken there. Harriet loves the farm. She even put her arms around the calf's neck and kissed her good-bye.

Elizabeth Clark is having quite a time in placing the proper initials in the lower left-hand corner of the letters she transcribes—thus: E. C. should be E. B. However, we hope she will overcome this soon. Elizabeth was married to John Burke October 26th.

We are glad to note that Lawrence Kellar is in our midst again.

Did you see Robinson Crusoe this noon?

All the Traveling Accountants were called in two weeks ago for a special meeting. Everyone was glad to see the boys, especially Ike and Mike from the west coast.

Mr. W. M. Harvey took a hurried trip to Ohio the first part of November.

Hazel knitting ties for whom?

Prescott has moved lately. When is it coming off?

Miss Winifred Kennedy took a trip to Kansas City. It is rumored that it was for good reasons. We wonder who the best man is?

The Auditor of Expenditure's Office wishes everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

### Sioux City & Dakota Division

H. E. Olsen

HERE'S WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS—to happiness and prosperity anew; may our optimistic spirit radiate around the earth as we greet the glad NEW YEAR of NINETEEN TWENTY-TWO.

Conductor Chadwick took a few days off and got his quota of ducks, Conductor Walter Shadle relieved.

Miss Hannah Granning, bill clerk, Sioux Falls, spent the week end with home folks at Canton. Conductor "Billy" Lane and wife spent a few days at Denison, Ia. with friends while Conduc-

tor "Jim" Butler relieved on the Patrol run between Canton and Sioux Falls.

Chief Dispatcher W. C. Givens made a trip over the north end recently and was a most welcome visitor at Sioux Falls as well as many of the other points visited.

Again the popular "MILWAUKEE" was selected as the official line when the American Legion chartered a special sleeper out of Sioux Falls enroute to Kansas City, where the Legion held its ONE BIG convention.

Norman Capwell, cashier Sioux Falls Freight, with his wife, spent a few days visiting friends at Lake Preston.

Improvements around the Sioux Falls Round House will soon be made whereby a large boiler will be installed to take the place of one of the road engines now used for the purpose.

Dispatcher Harry L. Hoskin attended the American Legion Convention at Kansas City and reports a most enjoyable time, but ask Harry if he can tell all that happened there.

Let "SAFETY" be your watchword in everything you do.

Misses Marie Hanson, steno, and Hildress Kenna, car clerk, Sioux Falls, spent the week end at Dell Rapids recently.

Conductor and Mrs. Will Opperud are entertaining Mrs. Sulzer and son, Hubert, at their home in Sioux City. The party spent a day at Madison Lake with the "finny tribe."

Agent G. E. Ferguson, Yankton, finally got the "Elk's" tooth. Nuff sed.

Mr. G. H. Rowley, chief clerk in the superintendent's office, and Miss Mae Bashaw, of Savanna, Ill., were united in marriage at Mt. Carroll, Ill., on October 25, 1921. Of course everyone in Savanna supposed a wedding of such interest would be at Savanna, but Mr. and Mrs. Rowley gave them the slip. They were not quite so fortunate when they arrived at Sioux City on No. 11, for the "bunch" from the office showered them with rice and shoes. Mr. Rowley said he did not see why they did not just hand the rice over to them, for it would have made enough pudding to last all winter.

On November 8 the "gang" from the office gave them the one big surprise, for here, I must add, the newlyweds were in the midst of their first washing. Can't you just see Glenn with that big apron on putting clothes through the machine and Mae marching around giving orders? However, each member of the gang were laden with good things to eat and OH, SUCH SANDWICHES, salads and cake, only those who were present knew how good they were. After the lunch had been served the boys pitched in and washed the dishes, in which Martin Strelf claims the championship and Clyde Downing for drying them. Everyone had a glorious time.

Mrs. Rowley was formerly employed in Superintendent Lollis' office at Savanna. The entire division wish to congratulate the newlyweds and wish them every bit of happiness and success.

"Jim" Graham was married November 9. Our Jim is gone—never thought that of him, but the best will fall. We all wish you happiness, Mr. and Mrs. Jim.

Our veteran conductor, Henry Conly, has resumed work after spending some time on his ranch in Colorado, where he harvested a heavy crop of fine apples.

Cupid is still throwing his darts in the superintendent's office, for Miss Fae Dietrick is sporting a beautiful sparkler on the well-known finger on her left hand. Suppose the next dart will be aimed at the timekeeper's department; who knows?

Endeavor to get every shipper who loads a car to make it a maximum load.

Superintendent C. H. Buford has left the S. C. & D. division and has been appointed superintendent of the C. T. H. & S. E., newly acquired line purchased by the company recently.

In a great measure through Mr. Buford's abilities, the service of the S. C. & D. division has advanced to the highest standard for which

it is distinguished, and his genial personality made itself felt through the employees in the entire intercourse of the company with the public. Mr. Buford has not one enemy on the division, every man and woman would fight for him, and it is with deepest regret he has left us, yet the promotion given him is well worth the while and the entire division wish him the very best of success in his new undertaking.

We welcome Mr. E. F. Rummel, formerly assistant superintendent of the Chicago Terminals, to the S. C. D., as our new superintendent and who comes to the division highly recommended. Every employee will give the same service and stand by with every effort to keep up the high standard of the division—conditions have been and are most trying, but with each of us with our shoulder to the wheel we will win.

"Perfect Package" movement, which was in effect during the month of November, no doubt will bring about the desired effects, for all lines are concerned in this movement and when shippers co-operate with the railroads in properly packing their shipments it's going to mean a big saving to the carriers and shippers as well.

#### Twin City Terminal Division *Molly "O."*

The men's bowling team had better look to their laurels, as a new team has just been organized among the girls, and we hear with a little more practice they will be ready to issue a defi to the Terminal club, consisting of Geo. Rancer, James Tobin, F. W. Quirk, S. J. Farley and Earl Davis. The girls' club consists of Alvira Ecklund, Alice Hemsey, Georgie Perry, Margaret McGrath, and Agnes Spychala.

E. C. Blanchard, who has been chief clerk for Division Storekeeper George A. Carr, recently severed his connection with the Milwaukee in order to accept a better position with the Soo Line. We all hate to lose Mr. Blanchard, but wish him the best of success in his new field.

When is a holiday not a holiday? Ask the accounting department.

One of the most successful and enjoyable meetings of the season was held by the Railway Business Women's Association on October 23 at the "Commodore" St. Paul. The meeting was conducted by the Northern Pacific girls, and the banquet was served by N. P. chefs in true N. P. style. The "Big Baked Potato," each one of which contained a souvenir spoon, occupied a prominent place on the table. Each girl also carried home an additional souvenir in the form of a traveling case furnished by the N. P. management as a surprise for the girls. Mr. E. T. Dakin, general auditor of the N. P., gave a very interesting talk on "Efficiency of Women in Railroad Work." He urged upon the association the necessity of an effort to bring up the efficiency of all girls in railroad work, and of instilling the idea of more women working for promotion, stating there was no position in railroad offices that could not be filled as creditably by women as by men.

The idea seems to prevail that the association is not accomplishing anything worth while, and that it is merely a meet for "eats" and then rush home. This is an erroneous impression. Of course, it takes time to get a society of over three hundred people in working order. At the September meeting, which was in charge of the "Soo" girls, the question came up of establishing a recreation and rest camp for sick and disabled soldiers, and the suggestion was made by Mrs. E. P. Pennington, wife of the president of the Soo Line, that the old Indian Mission on Cass Lake, Minn., would be an ideal location. This mission is no longer used by the government. A petition was immediately circulated by the railway women asking the government to set aside this mission for the recreation camp. Nearly sixteen hundred names were secured to the petition and it was taken to Washington personally by Mrs. Pennington and presented to Secretary Fall. If the recreation camp is established on beautiful Cass Lake among the pines, it will be due entirely to the efforts of the Railway Business Women's Association.

Miss Katherine Wright, of the C. M. & St. P., is secretary and treasurer of the association, and has devoted a great deal of time and energy towards making a success of the meetings. We hope to see more of the Milwaukee girls present in future.

#### S. M. West Notes *Roy Hoffman*

The president's special, of five steel coaches, carrying President H. E. Byram, and accompanied by Vice President Greer, J. T. Gillick, general manager; W. H. Penfield, engineer M. of way, and a number of other officials, passed over the S. M. West recently on a tour of inspection. After giving us the once over, they seemed to be well pleased with conditions as they found them, both in regards to track and buildings in general.

Edw. Westby, section foreman at Madison So. Dak., section 53, has been granted six months leave of absence and has left for Tacoma, Wash., where he will spend the winter with his son, Emil Westby, returning in the spring to resume his work as section foreman at Madison.

A. Peterson, district adjustor, from the Aberdeen office, was at Madison recently, settling a number of claims. Call again, Mr. Peterson, we are always pleased to have you with us.

Mr. O. A. Laugen, our new agent at Madison, is taking hold of things in fine shape. Mr. Laugen has had considerable experience as station agent. He is a very pleasant and alert man, and is fast making friends in his new work here at Madison. We feel sure that he will make a success and extend to him a cordial welcome to the S. M. West.

E. A. Auge, chief carpenter, and men have gone to Bryant, So. Dak., on the M. & B. branch line, where they will dig a new well at Davis Tank. Mr. Auge usually gets what he goes after, so we feel confident that the company will soon have a good well at this place, which will take care of all our needs.

F. J. Holmes, train master, came up from Austin last week and spent a number of days at Madison. We are always glad to have Mr. Holmes with us.

Joe Ashenbrucker, our lineman, has received settlement of his claim for injuries sustained. Ashenbrucker was seriously injured last spring, while engaged in his regular work as lineman

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## THE MILWAUKEE

for the company. We are pleased to state that Joe is back on his old job again and working hard as ever.

Hans Hanson, blacksmith foreman at Austin, was at Madison recently for a number of days, welding engine frames at the Madison round house.

G. F. Calahan's crew of steamfitters from Milwaukee have been at Madison the last few weeks repairing the steam heat lines at the round house. After finishing their work at Madison they left for Jackson, where they will also do some work at the round house.

John Lange, machinist, has just returned from Haigler, Nebr. We understand he was best man at his brother's wedding, and anyone contemplating marriage, we believe, can now get a few pointers from John. He advises that he stayed longer than he expected to. What was it, John, women, or hunting jack-rabbits by the moonlight?

There seems to have been a war over pencils here at Madison, between the car department and the local store department. From lately received reports, the store department seems to have gotten the best of the argument, and also all the pencils.

The car department is having a fresh coat of paint put on the inside of their office, and Mr. Washburn, the foreman, advises that things sure will shine when the job is completed.

H. F. Putney and Dan Lawler, passenger conductors, accompanied by two other men, spent a day of hunting at Dry Lakes, a few miles from Willow Lakes, So. Dak., recently, and report great duck shooting. In fact, all parties solemnly declare that they bagged a total of 97 ducks. It was a great day for hunting, they say.

One of the local town sages states that one of our most important railroad problems is beating an express train over a crossing.

August Kortz, section foreman at Wessington Springs, has had the misfortune of having his little daughter die of diphtheria, and we extend the heartfelt sympathy of the employees of the S. M. West to him in his sorrow.

During the last month the company has handled nearly five hundred carloads of potatoes over the M. & B. branch line of the So. Minn. West. division, the following number of cars being shipped from some of the larger potato shipping points on the M. & B. Line: Elrod, 46 carloads; Garden City, 41 carloads; Naples, 70 carloads, and Oldham, 168 carloads.

We believe this to be a record, and it indicates that this section of South Dakota is rapidly developing into a great potato growing country. Incidentally it might be added that South Dakota grown potatoes took the sweepstakes prize in the open competition at the Kansas City Potato Show. No wonder that eastern writers have grown out of the way of referring to South Dakota as the "wind swept prairies and the land of blizzards."

Both Roadmasters McGee and Crabbs have taken advantage of the excellent fall weather and made use of every minute's time in putting their tracks into first class shape for the winter. The section foremen have worked hard with what help has been furnished and we wish to state that they have their tracks in fine shape and are ready to go into the winter months.

J. H. Foster, general superintendent, accompanied by E. A. Meyer, superintendent, passed over the S. M. West recently on a tour of inspection and we understand he was well pleased with track conditions and things in general.

#### Notes from the Docks, Tacoma

The vacation season still being on, our own Duchess, Her Grace Miss Erickson, took a vacation trip to Port Townsend, over on the Olympic Peninsula, the early part of October, and then went ostensibly on a two weeks' vacation October 17. However, the deductions of our famous detective bureau under the personal guidance of that unrivaled sleuth, Thomas Emmett Maloney, our athletic wharfage clerk, again proved to be correct in forecasting October 19 as an eventful day in Miss Grace's career, for in spite of all attempts to keep it dark, the entire Milwaukee family here knew in advance that on October 19, at 4 p. m., she was united in marriage to Mr.

Charles J. Rohrs, well and favorably known member of the Tacoma detective force and brother to our own Minnie Rohrs, now Mrs. Powels. The wedding took place at the parsonage of Westminster Presbyterian Church of this city. None of us were permitted to gaze upon the bride but we feel quite positive that she looked even lovelier than usual. The happy couple left on the Interurban at 5 p. m. for Vancouver and Victoria and Mr. and Mrs. Fay Powels of our staff saw to it that the passengers on the entire Interurban train were made properly aware of the presence of a bridal couple on the train. All the Milwaukee folks united to present the bride with a splendid silver tea service. The bridegroom being so well known in the city, the newspapers gave the nuptials proper publicity, commenting in heavy headlines on the detective's daring in capturing a bride singlehanded and within a few days after his return from the wedding trip he was—doubtless in recognition of this brave exploit—presented with an additional wedding gift in the shape of promotion to be a sergeant of police.

Since Miss Erickson's departure Miss Margaret Bolander, long a member of the dock force, but of late employed at the local office, has again shed the light of her gracious presence over us at Dock Two and we hope to be able to bask in her sunny smile and to hear her musical laughter for some time to come. Miss Margaret is a living proof that smiles and laughter can well go hand in hand with the swiftest and most efficient work.

On the day of Miss Erickson's wedding at 4 p. m., Brother C. S. Ebbesen, our tall chief accountant, proposed that in memory of the departed the entire office force should observe strict silence for five minutes. His proposal was adopted and carried out to the letter, although Bernie Bartels and Emmett Maloney nearly succumbed under the unaccustomed strain.

Mr. Alleman, our esteemed agent, and Messrs. Hennessey and Powels of the Dock forces, went to Yakima with the Shriners at the time of the fair there. We regret to report that our representatives, coming from our little village to the metropolis of the Yakima Valley, became lost and were found wandering around the streets, dazed and bewildered. No, your suspicions are entirely unfounded.

One of the hydroplanes carrying passengers on pleasure trips over the city and sound and lakes hereabouts has lately been paying frequent visits to the Milwaukee waterway along these docks, taking officers from the Japanese steamers and other passengers up into the air. Rumor has it that Captain Kirby, our famous truck oiler, also went up one day but became sick up in the air and had to be landed on a roof over in the city. Captain Kirby, it is but fair to add, indignantly denies the rumor.

We regret that Ed Collins, our popular chief clerk, has been sick at home for over a week at this writing, but we hope that he may soon be with us again. Things don't look right around these docks without him.

Even Ray Powels, that brawny doughboy and now our timekeeper, has been on the sick list of late but is on the job again.

The washout at Dock One has at last been repaired and the end of the dock has again resumed its normal appearance. One hundred and seventy-five new piles were driven and 80,000 yards of rock were dumped to protect the fill from washing out again. Nothing would please us better than to see business pick up sufficiently so that Dock One could be opened again.

Mr. M. B. Mortensen of Mr. Dietrich's office at Chicago was here on October 24, marshaling his forces for the famous damage suit arising out of the damaged silk in the wreck of the Canada Maru in August, 1918. On October 27 a large number of us went to Seattle to appear as witnesses in the Federal District Court and for three days we sat and listened to expert testimony on silk and on spontaneous combustion until we fairly slopped over with chemical knowledge. The matter hinged so largely on technical points that most of us never got into the witness chair at all, much to our relief after seeing how other witnesses perspired under the cross-examination of the lawyers. The case will not be decided for some time, but to a man up a tree our company seemed to be having the best of it.

Mrs. Ebbesen left on October 17 for a visit to Berkeley and San Francisco and returned again November 2. During her absence Brother Ebbesen led a gloomy and melancholy existence, such as grass widowers usually lead, deepened by having to do the cooking and dishwashing himself, but we are pleased to note that he has perked up considerably since her return. What Mrs. Ebbesen said to the accumulation of unwashed dishes we have not learned.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Williams, both former members of the Dock forces (Mrs. Williams being none other than Coral Frost) are the happy parents of an eight-and-a-half-pound boy, born on Sunday, October 9. Congratulations!

A recent item by "Suds," of "Signal Department Bubbles" fame, was brought to the attention of our elongated timekeeper, Ray Powells. Ray was considerably puzzled by the allusion to the Roxboro incident of construction days, but a recent visit to his brother Verne in California threw light on the subject. It was a case of mistaken identity, Verne being the one involved in the incident, as he was in the Signal Department before moving to California. Ray, however, has come to the conclusion that "Suds" must be a "regular guy," to judge from Verne's accounts, and he hopes to have the pleasure of meeting him sometime on his travels from the West to the East. He likewise thanks him very cordially for his congratulations on his marriage.

#### Dubuque Shops Jingles

"Ooste"

#### SYMPATHY

An old familiar face has gone,  
'Twill be seen 'round here no more,  
Jack Henney, who was loved by all,  
Has passed to the Other Shore.  
But be leavies behind a memory,  
This man who was on the square—  
You'll not meet a man exactly like Jack.

If you search on this earth everywhere,  
(The above is a eulogy to Mr. John Henney,  
who died of apoplexy on November 12. Mr.  
Henney was employed at Dubuque Shops for 32  
years, as a tinsmith.)

#### CHRISTMAS SOON AGAIN

With Christmas season comin' on, upon us  
some sweet mem'ries dawn—go back with me:  
And think of them there olden days, how at the  
boss we useder gaze, tryin' to get up nerve enuf  
to hand out some real red hot stuff (such as)  
"Don't you think I'm worth some more, to you  
now than heretofore?" (Answer) "NO, YOU  
CAN GO!"— But we really never went to  
the place where we were sent.

And then another page we turn, of days when  
we had cash to burn—when back-pay checks to  
us did swarm, gee whizz, but don't it make yuh  
warm to think them times has all gone by—  
reminiscences allus makes us cry. Moral: What  
did we do with it when we had it?

You have heard of people stealin' little things  
like hammers and such, but I want to tell the  
whole world that it surely beats the dutch how  
anyone could be so doggone small and mean to  
take our little rose-bush, the prettiest you've ever  
seen. This here bush it was gobblin' from  
our conservat'ry, and I HOPE the one that took  
it, a rose on it will never see. (Radie sez he's a  
watchin' for it.)

Buck Kolbe, he's all right, face a-shinin' always  
bright, some job he's got—it is a peach,  
his title, now I'll have to reach into the file and  
look him up, but guess he's what you'd call a  
"sup"; anyways he "breaks 'em in" just one by  
one, and do you know what? I'll tell you what—  
he makes the MONE.

#### HIS MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT

Clarence comes in the door on high—  
And then looks up, just awful shy;  
For who came in the other door, but,  
Someone he had SEEN before.

The machinists had a dandy hop on the 20th  
of last month, music was fine, excellent crowd—  
in fact, it was simply tip top.

Mr. Horsfall, do you know, that song you  
always sing—has something fooey 'bout it, to  
folks' eyes it doeth bring—tears that are not of  
gladness, must say they are caused from pain—



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C. E. BROOKS  
188 E State St., Marshall, Mich.

oh please, oh please, Mr. Horsfall, don't sing that CHUNE again!

(Request of the C. D. offices.)

I saw J. K. a-lookin' in a window the other night—

'Twas a jewelry store man's window and the stones were mighty bright.

(Remember, John, the four years aren't up yet.)

Fanny sez for me sum time to make 'bout her a HI rime—then too again sez sum to me, their names in print don't want to see; keeps me guessin' to know just who to talk about—it do, it do.

Fred and Harry went a-hunting

On the Waukon Line.

Got some dandy nice fat rabbits—

I hear they tasted fine!

#### MY PUP

My pup, he went a-fishing with some of our shop boys' gang, and when he got back was in such bad shape, he wasn't worth a hang. I asked him what they had fed him, and he never blinked an eye—but when I said, "Any drinkin'?"—You should have heard him sigh!

Mildred and Mattie had some fine vacation—  
Saw some real classy cities—they did,  
New York, Atlantic City and Washington,  
Then came back to our village and hid.

Lou Schwartz, our first class songster, who takes Caruso's place, with his sweet wife went traveling, they sure had some vacash. (Their daughter Margaret did NOT accompany them.)

#### YE OLDE TYME CRISMUS

Christmas time a-sneakin' pretty close once more,  
Seems its comin' faster'n it ever did before;  
Guess its 'cause we're gettin' anxious for to see  
Twinklin' lights, pretty and nice, and the Xmas tree:

And the kiddies' faces, shining awful bright—  
Oh, but ain't that jist the gloriousest sigh?

Scot back now in mem'ry just a year or two,  
To the days when Xmas meant the world to you:  
Wouldn't you give millions and everything galore  
To believe in Santy, for just one night once more—

Picture yourself a-waitin' for it to get dark,  
When it did, oh, goody, wasn't it a lark?

Mother then would lead you to your little nest,  
With a goodnight kiss and hug, goily weren't  
you blist?

Then you'd lay there blinkin', trying to stay  
'wake,

Finally old Sand Man you with him he'd take:  
But soon 'twas Christmas morning, down the  
steps you'd slide  
To find out just exactly what Santa Claus did  
hide—

Down in your big stocking (borrowed from your  
Paw)

And when you saw your presents, you'd yell Haw,  
Haw, Haw—

Call the neighbor kiddoes to see what you had  
got;

Try out all the toys and games—then, of course,  
the spot  
What grown-ups call their tummy—filled up to  
the brim,  
Them days are only mem'ries now, GEE WHIZZ  
ain't it a sin?

#### M. C. B. Gossip

##### Aby

All sorts of things have happened since our last appearance. To begin with, on October 12th the stork paid a visit to Adam E. Jasicki's house and left a baby girl. Our congratulations, and we hope the baby is getting along fine.

Geraldine Nelson went to Chicago to attend a baseball game. Didn't know baseball fascinated you so, Gerry, or was it the company you were in?

F. P. Brock, assistant chief clerk, was away from the office about two days on account of being ill.

Once in a while a blonde girl visits our office (she works in another department), but the surprising thing about her is that she makes poor Bob Geller's heart pound loud and furiously. Really, we don't hear it, Bob, so your secret is safe.

Leona Schultz is beginning to shine as a solicitor. One day she solicited membership in the Milwaukee Road Club, a club just lately organized for the purposes of co-operation, entertainment and relief, which any employee of the road may join. However, I understand the only member of our office attending the first meeting was Clarence Feltz, casting no reflection upon Leona. Following that, Miss Schultz again turned solicitor when the drive for the Centralized Budget of Philanthropies was on.

J. A. Holub, our chief clerk, must like Hegewisch; he was there again October 14th. J. A. Dene was in Chicago November 1st and Minneapolis November 3d. E. P. Brock was gone two days checking cars at Minneapolis.

It seems we are forging ahead socially also. Some of our oldest inhabitants will remember Mrs. Berneau, formerly Grace Campion, who worked in the M. C. B. billing department. She entertained several of her friends, among them members of our office, at her home, and Lillian Skobis, Gertrude Haas, Norma Lutzenberger, our late friend, Izetta Ester, Mae Berry, Bernice Kruse and Edna Haslam were present. The next morning it was discovered that they had eaten too far beyond the state of comfortableness.

And here is another. Emil Polaszek of the M. C. B. billing office was guest of honor at a Hallowe'en party given by a young ladies' club on October 28th. Another honored guest was Monk Fuller. What's the answer to this; we are full of curiosity?

Eva Anton was home for a few days sick with tonsilitis. We hope the tonsils have stopped giving trouble, Eva.

One Monday morning Eleanor Bartz came to work with a happy face and a brilliant finger. The Saturday previous her engagement to William Boyle was announced (she calls him "Bill," of course), and incidentally it was her birthday. Having a birthday is nice enough, but when you get a diamond ring in addition—well, words fail us. We extend our heartiest congratulations, Eleanor, and our best wishes.

Speaking about birthdays, Jerry Rosar was another year older October 19th, and celebrated the fact by treating the bunch with a beautiful box of candy. We always knew he was "all right."

Just at present the entire feminine contingent is in the throes of a great affliction. A severe epidemic of pongee hankerchieftis is spreading. Well, if everybody in the city does not get a pongee handkerchief for Christmas, it certainly won't be their fault. Apparently no one is immune from this disease, and I hope there won't be any fatalities.

#### Wisconsin Valley Division Notes

Lillian

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Whitmore, a nine-pound baby girl, October 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Milne have returned from a trip through Canada.

Brakeeman A. F. McDonnell, while on the extra list, has been selling an electric washer and we are pleased to note that he has been very successful as a salesman. He will be glad to go into the matter with any one who may be interested in his line of goods.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Nowitzke, a baby boy, November 3rd.

Tom Callahan, who has been indisposed for sometime past, is again able to be around, and is canvassing for a splendid line of men's shirts. If you want to dress with class, SEE TOM.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Conklin, Jr., on November 7th, a baby boy, Donald Hugh.

B. P. Godard is taking a forced vacation on account of illness.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reilitz, during the month of September, a baby girl, Ruth.

Ralph Hintz displayed an act of heroism when he rescued a little white kitten who had found its way up into the tree tops. The kitten had been up in the tree for three or four days, and its cries for help softened the heart of its rescuer.

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### Signal Department Bubbles—Lines East

*Suds*

Chas. Mattes made a trip to Kitchner in Ontario, Canada, where he went to meet his mother who had been visiting with relatives and friends there and accompanied her back home.

Bob Bentley spent a short vacation at Waupaca. Maybe Bob is interested in the raising of "Spuds" for when one hears the word Waupaca one thinks of "Spuds."

John F. McConahay has been appointed inspector filling the vacancy left by Neal Simpson. His duties at present will be mostly installing the new battery saving scheme on the Iowa Division.

Johnny Dunn paid us a visit recently and had quite a lengthy chat with L. B. Porter. Johnny sure killed about six birds with one stone while here.

Elmer Muckerheide has accepted a position with the Rock Island Ry. as leading draftsman in the office of C. M. Duffy, assistant signal engineer with headquarters at Des Moines, Iowa. Elmer will now learn to understand the meaning of Corn Fed.

Joe Munkhoff made a hurry up trip to his home at Iowa City and also attended the Iowa-Illinois football game.

H. W. Chevalier and wife spent their vacation at Hampshire and report a very pleasant trip. Philip Linderoth is occupying the chair left vacant by Frank Hallada who, according to his letters, is having some time in the East.

Calvin Schiroer is the new stenographer who pounds the keys where Phil gained his reputation. Calvin has such nice wavy auburn hair. Oh, girls!

While writing about stenogs I must mention that Miss Brown of the mechanical valuation department was with us a week assisting Mr. Seemuth to dispose of some of his correspondence. Gene was away on his vacation that week so Miss Brown missed a treat, but Phil performed in a creditable manner. I really believe Miss Brown would have liked to have stayed longer.

John Ellefson made us a short visit lately while attending the Knights Templar Conclave here. We also saw Jack Horne of Wausau in the parade.

Martha came down to the office last week fanning a sparkler so we can prepare for wedding bells sometime in the near future. Congratulations, Martha. Next in line is Gene.

L. B. Porter passed around the cigars a short while ago, the occasion being the welcoming of a large baby girl. Congratulations from the bunch.

S. V. Bassett's crew has been disbanded for the winter. Sheldon has since been assisting Chas. Mattes.

Gene and a party of two others motored up to the Manitowish chain of Lakes (for Bill Seemuth's information wish to state it was in a Buick) where they spent a week or the simple life. While fishing was not very good, landing only one Muskie, Gene claims that is the only place for a real vacation.

The correspondent and wife made a trip to the Dells recently enjoying a pleasant day.

Geo. Fleissner assisted John Bishop in the Laboratory for thirty days helping John catch up a little on the work that has been steadily piling up.

Will Joe Munkhoff kindly let us know what kind of a job Martha made on the torn pocket of his vest so we may be able to inform a certain Walter?

This Department joins in wishing all the employees a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

C. M. & St. P. Bowling League standings to date are as follows:

	Won	Lost	Avg.
Milwaukee Shops	19	5	\$13
Janes	17	7	\$26
Telegraphers	15	9	\$41
Signals	15	9	\$66
Cashiers	11	13	732
Special Agents	11	13	776
Milwaukee Terminals	6	18	734
Chestnut Street	2	22	712
First ten bowlers: F. Derrifus, Average 390; A. Epp, 188; C. Klug, 182; E. Johnson, 181; C. Horlively, 177; Marsh, 177; R. Will, 174; E. Brock, 173; F. Windle, 173; H. Richter, 173.			

Since the organization of the League, three years ago, there has been a steady improvement in the averages of the bowlers with the result that the C., M. & St. P. League is one of the strongest in Milwaukee. With the season but one-quarter advanced the following are the high scores bowled by various teams and individuals: Five Men, High Single Game, 1048; High Three Games, 2880; Singles, High Game, 256; High Three Games, 678.

#### Kansas City Terminals

L. E.

Miss Brown is our new telephone operator in place of Miss Casey who accepted a position with the Bell Telephone Company.

Lucile Emmons is spending her vacation in Burr Oak, Iowa, with her parents. Flossie Lipp from the roundhouse is taking her place while she is away.

Mrs. J. T. Clark was called to Sioux City, October 12th by the illness of her daughter-in-law.

J. T. Clark is spending a few days attending a Staff Meeting in Milwaukee.

J. F. Anderson and wife returned from their vacation October 20th.

Mrs. H. Sevedge was called to Laredo by the serious illness of her mother. We are hoping for her speedy recovery.

George Tawson of the car department has been of the last few days attending an American Legion all his own.

The girls at the local office had a dinner party during the American Legion convention, November 1st.

Sympathy is extended to Katie Hammom in the loss of her father after being home one week from a tour with her father, mother and sister through Germany and other parts of Europe.

The B. & B. Department are on high, painting the elevator at Coburg. They are making good progress.

C. L. Hopwood is appointed assistant roundhouse foreman at Coburg. We also have several new faces at the Liberty St. freight house. Frank McPherson, file clerk, Ross Fuller at the car desk and also Mr. Greenleaf, clerk, is back with us again. Welcome home, Mr. Greenleaf.

J. Boyle, storekeeper, has the pleasure of announcing that he finally has a clerk in his department, Mr. Wheeler.

Mr. Boyle took another trip to Davenport last week. We are wondering what is so attractive there as these "visits" are becoming quite frequent.

#### News Items from the Northern Division

Hazel E. Whitty

Will Strange is picking up all stray papers and carrying them home in his coat pockets to line his chicken coop with.

Of course, the big thing is the Beaver Dam fire. On October 15th, pay day, the freight house at Beaver Dam caught fire about 6:00 P. M., evidently caused by a spark from the F. Rassman Mfg. Co., which is located next to the warehouse. The fire started in the rear of the depot in the roof. It had gained quite a little headway before being noticed by the residents nearby. Very prompt action of the fire department avoided

complete destruction of the building. Through very heavy smoke, Miss Olga Linde, cashier; Fred Dussel, car clerk, and Arthur Gergen, warehouse clerk, salvaged four years of station records complete. With the assistance of four draymen and a like number of firemen, approximately \$20,000.00 worth of merchandise was saved, consisting of knit goods, hosiery, overalls, ranges, etc. Most of this merchandise was loaded in St. Paul car 38010, loading of which had just been completed and the car was ready to move forward. The car was on the house track and caught fire immediately. This merchandise was all removed from the car without experiencing a bit of damage from smoke or water, was returned to the factory that night, was repacked and on its way to its destination in first class shape the next day. Two cases of silk shirting consigned to the Beaver Dam Overall Co. was carried through the fire and salvaged with no damage to speak of resulting. These were billed on an order bill of lading, the bill of lading was taken up that night, goods delivered and unpacked, consignee accepted same without complaint.

The only bad results of the fire is a badly charred warehouse, and a smoky and streaked office, which I am sure we all hope will be repaired at the earliest possible date to repay these heroes for their noble work, for heroes they are as far as bravery is concerned, but the main thing, that which stands paramount over everything, is the spirit that was behind it all, the C., M. & St. P. spirit that should be with all of us.

Conductor Schultz's little daughter, Gladys, suffered a bad fall recently, injuring her arm severely.

November 4th, engine 5615 was derailed at the Prison track, Waupun, and Conductor John Coe and Engineer A. B. Clark promptly went there and re-railed the engine. This was a very good movement on the part of these boys and is highly appreciated by both superintendent and trainmaster.

P. Jenny of the engineering department announces the birth of a son on October 24th. The name Johnny has been selected for the little man. No, they are not imitating the Duffs.

Agent Englis went to Picketts recently for a good duck hunt but failed to see any. He says he will wait now until the water rises.

Agent Anderson of Randolph spent three days at Chicago recently, Raymond Fischer filling the vacancy.

Wm. Jones, the oldest agent on the Division, whose service date is April 1st, 1881, lately returned from his four weeks' vacation at Pittsburgh, Pa. On his return (through Chicago) he met former Trainmaster Miller, Supt. N. P. Thurber, and Trainmaster E. H. Baunon. Who bought the treats, Wm?

Heide Arndt had the misfortune to tear the muscles of his back while unloading freight at Randolph on the 20th. He sent an S O S to Andy Englis who came and relieved him.

Henry Lodde has been appointed yardmaster at Granville. No delay to the beats now.

Byron D. Leaman, veteran St. Paul bagman, having been employed at the Light Street crossing at Oshkosh for 17 years, died at his home

VAUGHAN

•

P. & M.

•

HENGGI

•

YARDLEY

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## THE MILWAUKEE

after an illness that extended over a period of six months. Mr. Leamon was a Canadian by birth and when a young man came to the United States where he followed the trade of a Barber for over 25 years. When he came to Oshkosh he gave up that profession and entered the service of our Road where he has been employed ever since. The remains were taken to Winneconne for interment.

Perhaps some of you noticed the little send off that "K. C. B." gave the engine men in one of his recent write-ups and in case you did not, I will put it down so that you can see that there are some that think you are a kindly bunch after all.

ONCE THERE was a little girl,  
WHO LIVED on a farm.  
AND THE old farm house  
WAS NEAR the tracks,  
WHERE TRAINS went by,  
AND EVERY day,  
FROM THE very same window,  
THIS LITTLE girl,  
WADED BOTH her hands,  
TO THE Engineers  
AND THE firemen  
AND THEY waved back,  
AND WHEN night came,  
SHE'D PUT a light,  
ON THE widow sill,  
AND THE Engineers  
WOULD WHISTLE past.  
AND THE engine men  
FOUND OUT one day  
THAT THE little girl  
WAS AN invalid.  
AND THEY made a purse,  
THAT BOUGHT for her,  
THE BEST there was  
OF DOCTOR'S skill.  
AND SHE got well,  
AND IT seems to me  
THAT THE engine men  
ARE THE nicest men in the world.

I THANK you.  
And again the old, old wish. That our Editor, fellow correspondents, all who pass each other on the Steel Trail enjoy the Merriest Christmas that they ever had, and that some echo of it will linger to brighten their way through the long winter months to come.

## Minneapolis Shop Happenings

James Nelline

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all. Former Machinist Edwin Moore, now employed in the shops at Milwaukee but an old timer in those shops, was shaking hands and renewing acquaintances during a visit here on October 12th. He appeared well and his old acquaintances here were glad to see him.

Chief Electrician Crowley was a business caller here on October 18th, appearing well and all his old friends were glad to see him.

General Superintendent of Motive Power L. K. Silcox stopped over between trains on October 21st on a return trip from the coast and called at the shops.

Former Coach Shop Foreman Carl J. Lundquist, now on the sick list, visited the shops on October 21st, having a word or two with his

former associates and all wishing him a speedy recovery of his health.

Motor Car Inspector Harold H. Rupp made a hasty call here November 4th appearing in his usual good health, the inference being that the old world is good to him.

Miss Jane Williams and Allan Templeton have been transferred from the accounting department to the store department where they were formerly stationed and it seems quite natural to see them back in their old haunts.

Traveling Engineer A. Z. Cowles and wife have taken their departure for California to spend the winter there.

Boilermaker Thos. Dowd is absent on the sick list and the shop surely shows a vacancy and his fellow workers hope he will be about again soon in his usual lively way.

Mrs. Edw. Nelson, wife of Dispatcher Ed. Nelson, is visiting in California.

There is wonderment as to the outcome of such frequent use of the telephone in the office of the shop superintendent during the noon hour, by one of the young men in the office of the store-keeper. Wonder what it can be? Better be careful, lad, for to a man who has been through the mill they would prefer to fall in a well than to fall in love again, for in a well there would be some show of getting a kick at the bucket.

MOTORING ON THE MILWAUKEE  
Up and Down Hill on the Rocky Mountain Division

Nora B. Decco

Merry Christmas to all. That is the first time I could ever think of it when I wrote the notes in November. Wonder why we can't know instead of waiting so long whether we are going to have turkey for Thanksgiving or not, but suppose by this time in December we will be wondering just as bard what "we are going to get from Santa Claus.

To start the happy round of news Ted Burrows is in the local hospital where he was operated on for appendicitis and is reported improving very fast. Think the shock of getting back on the local after the slump in business was too much for him. Cheer up Ted it won't make you sick again, because from the looks of the slow board the local must be in the ring.

Engineer Bob Chambers who plays baseball without his uniform, —ahem— and got hit by a ball thrown by some wicked arm, is now out of the hospital. He wants to go to Missoula but is afraid he will get pinched for not being quite sober, for he wobbles when he walks yet. All this happened at Piedmont and he is never going back there again.

Mrs. H. C. Rector, wife of our pleasant agent, and three children were out to the coast for a week, but Dorothy could remember nothing but her Dad's good qualities and the gum machine; so they came back to keep peace in the family.

Mrs. Kilpatrick wife of brakeman Kilpatrick and two children one of whom is named after me, (not for me tho, and is the smartest nicest looking child I ever saw) have left for St. Louis for the winter. They got away from this north pole just in time, too, for the winter has arrived good and plenty right here where I am this minute and I have to stay up all night long, to keep the fires from getting lonesome, poor things.

## THE RAILROAD MAN'S COMPANY

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I am employed by the MILWAUKEE SYSTEM

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Please send me information in regard to your health and accident policies such as are carried by hundreds of my fellow employees.

My age is.....

My occupation is.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Continental Casualty Company Chicago

H. G. B. ALEXANDER  
President

*CARD OF THANKS*

Words cannot express how we wish to thank the many friends who contributed toward flowers and in deeds of kindness during the illness and loss of our dear son Harold.

*Mr. and Mrs. Roy Frederick.*

*Chicago Terminalis*

*Guy E. Sampson*

There was a man in our town,  
And he was wondrous wise—  
He jumped into his rubber boots,) )  
And gazed into the skies,  
And as he gazed into the skies,  
His wife did say to him:

"Open wide that mouth of yours  
And let the 'MOONSHINE' in."

The old saying that "Talk is cheap," doesn't refer to talking of "strikes," for we find that when there is talk of a strike (as the recent miners' trouble) that that kind of talk is very expensive to everybody. Our coal business had to fall off, which meant that less men found employment in the terminals.

Carpenter Foreman H. J. Wyckoff informs us that his wife and son are enroute from Clinton, Iowa, to southern Florida, where they will spend the winter on account of the lady's health. He will go later in the season to spend a few weeks with them.

Freeman Nutt, chief engineer at the C. M. & St. P. railway power house at Bensenville, gave us all a great surprise the latter part of October, when he dressed himself in his "Sunday best" and quietly took a train to Elgin, returning with a housekeeper who had just promised to love, honor, and, and, and—swear for said Mr. Nutt. We all congratulate the newlyweds and wish for them a smooth journey through life.

Illinois Division Trainmaster Frank Allard surprised us a few days ago by stepping off from an engine that had just arrived from Savanna. Glad to see you, Frank, wish you could have stayed a few hours, but we know business in your line does not allow one much time for pleasure.

A certain switchman who resides at Elgin had a good joke pulled on him recently. A pleasant voiced lady called him on the phone and asked to meet him, or, in other words, made a date for that evening. Our young switchman was on the spot on time and might have been seen walking up and down the street within sight of the designated meeting place until about 10:30, when all hopes of a pleasant evening vanished and our hero went home whistling, "There'll come a time some day."

A yard phone has been installed in the old police office at the Puzzle switches for the use of yardmasters working at this point and all we need now is to have electric lights installed to make it a first-class Y. M. office. Hope they are not long in coming, as writing by a switchman's lantern is uphill work.

What was that message that one of O'Brien's clerks received from Toledo, Ohio?

Owen McNerney, veteran yard policeman, has gone to Helena, Mont., to spend a couple of months with his son, who is wire chief for the Western Union Telegraph Co. at that place. Officer O'Brien is taking his place during his absence. Mac sure has earned a vacation, and if they use him good he should stay until the flowers bloom in the spring.

It seems that we have overlooked the fact that we have with us Miss Florence Donohoe, who took the place of Miss Ella Cikanek in Mr. Rummel's office last August. However, better late than never, so here's GREETINGS, MISS FLOR-ENCE.

Mr. Dave Williams spent a week in Detroit last month visiting his son, and while there he attended the Ohio-Michigan football game at Ann Arbor. Whether or not Mr. Williams crossed the river we have not been able to determine. By the way, Dave still resides at Mont Clare.

Mr. Ed Johnson has been ill for four or five days but we are glad to report at this time that Ed is back on the job and feeling pretty good.

Mr. E. F. Rummel has been made superintendent of the Sioux City Division and is leaving Chicago Terminalis November 15. We regret to see Mr. Rummel leave the Terminalis, as we all enjoyed working with him; however, we congratulate him and wish him a world of success in his new capacity.

*The*  
**Massachusetts Bonding  
and Insurance Company**

will contract with four ex-railroad employees who can devote their full time and several who can devote part time to soliciting applications for our "Paramount" Accident and Health Policies from the C.M.&St.P. Employes

All of our representatives are making a good income selling our "Paramount" Policies. If you are a "salesman" you can do the same.

*General Offices  
Accident and Health Department  
Saginaw, Michigan*

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THE Merchants Loan Monthly Statement Savings Plan saves you the trouble of going to the bank every time you make a deposit and puts the whole matter of saving on an efficient business-like basis.

This plan has proved to be a practical aid to systematic saving and is meeting with continued favor. Circular giving full particulars will be mailed upon request.



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**112 W. Adams St., Chicago**

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out of each pay check should  
be your Savings Account.  
You owe it to yourself.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK  
MILES CITY MONTANA

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MILES CITY, MONT.

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Special Attention Given to Savings  
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## First National Bank

Lewistown, Montana

THE BANKING HOME OF  
"MILWAUKEE" EMPLOYES

Resources : : \$3,500,000

CAPITAL \$1,000,000	RESOURCES \$15,000,000
<b>SPOKANE &amp; EASTERN TRUST COMPANY</b>	
OFFERS A	
Complete Financial Service	
Commercial Banking	
Mortgage Loans	
Investments	
Insurance	
Savings	
Trusts	
Spokane	Washington

Mr. N. A. Meyer, assistant superintendent of transportation, is appointed successor to Mr. Rummel. We welcome Mr. Meyer to our midst and assure him that he will receive the co-operation and support of everyone in the Chicago Terminals.

### Pebbles from the Musselshell 5-11-44

Mrs. W. S. Biddeson, wife of Conductor Biddeson, visited relatives and friends in Ismay a few days ago.

The Miles City high school basket ball team recently went to Forsyth via special train for basket ball game; result of said game was very much in Miles City's favor. Superintendent Bowen gave the use of his business car to the team members.

The Rocky Mountain Division recently gave us a special stock train of forty-five cars from the west end, which were fed at Miles City and sent on to the eastern market in record time.

Superintendent Bowen and Chief Clerk Draughan were recent Chicago visitors.

Mrs. Charlotte Parker recently enjoyed a vacation, which was spent with friends in Wyoming. Charlotte returned with roses in her cheeks and a bright sparkle in her eyes.

Miss Elizabeth Coleman has resumed her duties in Superintendent Bowen's office after several days' illness.

H. E. Riccus was a recent Milwaukee visitor. Chief Clerk C. F. Goodman, of the assistant general manager's office, was a recent Miles City visitor.

Ellis Schultz, traveling engineer, has been transferred to the K. C. division, at Ottumwa Junction. Mr. Schultz has moved his family to the latter place.

Quite a lot of lumber is now moving from the coast, giving the extra men a good deal of work. J. S. Dyer, general manager of the Southern Pacific, was a recent Miles City visitor, leaving here on No. 17. Mr. Dyer is very much interested in the electrification.

Mrs. T. H. Hanrahan, wife of Conductor Hanrahan, was a recent Chicago and Minneapolis visitor.

E. J. Rippberger and wife spent a vacation in Chicago and Milwaukee.

Thomas Grogan, of the Miles City shops, was a recent business visitor in Tacoma.

### Splinters from the Wooden Shoe "Red"

The greatest commotion caused around Channing for a number of years was the recent marriage of Engineer Bill McNulty. The chivareeing bunch loosened up Bill for a five-spot on the start and the windup netted about twenty-five. It seems some of the women got William's watch and pawned it—a few more dollars added to the fund. Willie also bought Mrs. McFarland a new dishpan.

Engineer Jas. Grant's family was increased by an eight-pound baby boy.

October the 15th we noticed Thos. Pluck with his light-colored checkered suit on. What did you do with the straw hat that day, Tom?

Can anyone around Channing give us any advice on McNulty's stove? Bill and Packey started to put it up but found that there was no place to run the stove pipe.

Brakeman Fred Breger was injured when his train broke in two.

General Foreman W. A. Bender attended the meeting of General Foremen at Milwaukee. Walter gave a little talk on economy and efficiency.

Boilermaker Jos. Burns got into the boiler of the 2425, but found it a little different getting out. After Joseph got some of his clothes off he finally came out with a wrenched knee.

Congratulations to Fireman Elmer Hansen—a new baby boy. Go after the miles, Elmer.

Mike O'Neil is looking around for a job dispatching at Green Bay. There is a little running left for you yet, Mike.

Fireman Jos. Dremia and E. Landry are out of a job at Menominee. They may come out on the main line. We are not sure just yet.

Jess Hammett successfully passed the engineers' examination. He is now about twelve times out on the fireman's reserve list.

Miss Myrtle Bersie of Assistant Superintendent's Office consented to honor and obey a young gentleman from Iron River. The caller says he will miss your voice over the phone, Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_.

Miss Elizabeth Scheller has taken a leave of absence, intending to spend some time in Florida.

#### Iowa, Middle and West Ruby Eckman

Brakeman Lewis Mathis, of the West Iowa Division, who has been at Denver, taking vocational training in one of the government schools, has returned to Perry to resume work on the trainman's schedule list. Lewis left the navy listed as partially disabled but feels that he is able now to resume his work on the road.

Nick Slater, one of the veteran employees at the round house, was off duty for some time in November on account of his wife being in a Des Moines hospital for an operation. Mrs. Slater is the mother of Conductor Joe Slater of the Middle Division and Car Inspectors Peter and George Slater, of Perry Yard force.

A. G. Elder, a train dispatcher in the Soo City office, was in Perry November 12th and 18th to visit with his parents.

Motor car 5902 has been ordered from Minneapolis for service on 34 and 35, between Perry and Manilla.

Switchman Ward Baker of Perry Yard force suffered a stroke of paralysis the fore part of November. His entire right side was involved and it was some days before he began to show improvement.

Conductor F. L. Tice enjoyed a short vacation from his work the latter part of July. He spent the time in Omaha, his family having accompanied him there.

Mrs. J. B. Cartwright, wife of the chief caller at Perry, tripped on a rug at her home October 27th and fell, striking her head and cutting a tumorous growth thereon. It was necessary for the family physician to remove the tumor. She has been getting along nicely since the operation.

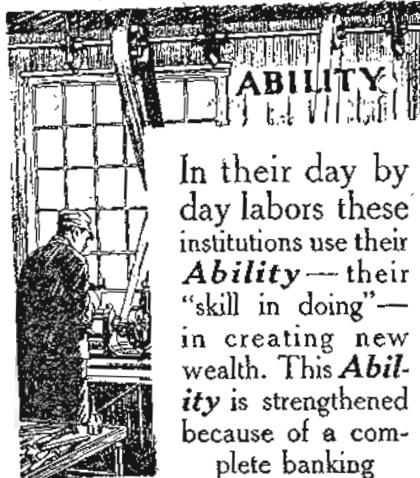
Fireman Fred Schloe, who has been sick for some time, was taken to Ames November 13th for examination by the General Examiner of the B. of L. F. & E. with a view of entering a tubercular sanitarium. Fireman Kirkendahl accompanied him to Ames.

Master Mechanic E. L. Notley, Traveling Engineer J. P. Lutze, Engineers D. Jones, P. Anfinson and H. Colburn, with Machinists George Fenner, Frank Hoes, Fred Dollarhide, Arthur Yates and Emmett Callahan, Dispatcher A. J. Krohnke and Dr. S. P. Free were in Adel the second week of November in attendance at the district court. The men who are mentioned were all witnesses for the company in a lawsuit.

Dan De Voy, section foreman at Bouton, and Mike Thornton, a laborer on the section force, were fatally injured Sunday, November 13th. They had come from Bouton to Perry to attend early church and were returning to Bouton on a motor car about 11 a. m. When a mile east of Perry their car jumped the track and both men were seriously injured. They were taken to the Kings Daughters' hospital at Perry, where Mr. Thornton died about 3 o'clock and Mr. De Voy died at 7 o'clock the following morning. Mr. De Voy was one of the oldest track men in the service, having come to the Iowa Division from the Kansas City Division. His remains were taken to Cameron, Mo., for burial. Thornton had worked at various times in the last ten years, only recently having re-hired to the company.

A ten-pound daughter was born to Engineer and Mrs. Harold Stoner at the Kings Daughters' hospital in Perry on November 8th.

Conductor I. E. Connors was in service about two weeks, piloting a Western Union line crew on the Middle Division. The gang has been busy constructing a private line which, when completed, will connect New York with San Francisco, this being the first line of the kind to be built for private parties. Conductor Frank Dow had charge of the crew on the Western Division.



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## THE MILWAUKEE

John McIntosh resumed work at the round house the latter part of October after having spent a few weeks at Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Fireman Walter Callahan and Irma Baldwin, of Perry, were married on October 20th at Cedar Rapids. After a short wedding trip they returned to Perry to make their home.

Conductor F. H. McDevitt and Conductor Phil Aek were off duty the latter part of October to attend the celebration of the golden wedding anniversary of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. McDevitt, which was held at the home of a daughter in Jamaica.

Engineer Earl Baker, who has been in poor health for some time, was in Rochester, Minn., the latter part of October to consult the Mayos. Earl's wife and her sister accompanied him and the sister, Miss Zoe Dyer, had a slight operation performed.

Engineer Billie Caldwell has been laying off for a few weeks on account of sickness. He returned to work about November 12th.

A number of the Perry railroad men were in Kansas City to attend the American Legion convention and report that they were royally entertained at the home of Superintendent J. F. Anderson, formerly of Perry. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson opened their home to eight Perry boys and did everything in their power to make their stay in Kansas City pleasant.

A number of railroad men's wives and daughters were in Soo City the latter part of October to attend Grand Chapter of the Order of Eastern Star. Miss Katherine Hardy, daughter of Engineer George Hardy, was elected to one of the offices in the Grand Chapter.

P. Conboy, of Milwaukee, has been helping the Iowa and Des Moines Division linemen the last few weeks during a rush of work.

G. H. Lang, a machinist who came to Perry from the I. and D. Division recently, tells us that he had agreed to buy gas for a new Ford which some of the office girls in the round house office intended purchasing. When he found there were a couple of new jitneys standing idle for want of gas in Perry, he thought best to transfer his pledge to the Iowa Division.

A number of new machinists and boilermakers were added to the force at Perry during October.

Margaret Zion, who works in the store department at Atkins, was in Perry November 6th for a visit with friends.

Conductor Wm. Simonton and wife spent the first three weeks of November visiting with relatives in Northern Michigan.

#### Kansas City Division Billie

George Parish, formerly conductor on K. C. Division, died very suddenly in Milwaukee November 2nd. Engineer Joe Parish went to Milwaukee and accompanied the remains to Ottumwa where burial took place November 7th. Yardmaster A. C. Dimock, wife and daughter, of Cedar Rapids, attended the funeral.

R. J. Coker, lineman, has moved his family from Oxford Junction to Ottumwa.

Ross D. Adkins, agent, Chula, Mo., has returned from a month's hunting trip in Wyoming. He brought back a choice elk head as proof of his success.

Harold F. Burnaugh, trainmaster's clerk, and Martha Williams, formerly stenographer to Chief Clerk J. W. Sowder, were married at the First M. E. Church, Ottumwa, October 25th. They spent their honeymoon in Chicago and are now at home on North Fifth street. The offices at Ottumwa Junction enjoyed a treat of candy and cigars.

Operator L. M. Boughtin of Excelsior Springs has been assigned third telegrapher, Chillicothe, Mo.

Brakeman John Worman has resumed work on passenger trains 103 and 104 after a long illness.

Catherine Gohman, assistant timekeeper, entertained the girls of Ottumwa Junction offices at a taffy pull on Halloween, which was most thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Dispatcher H. G. Barnard attended the Legion convention in Kansas City, and from there went to his home in Le Mars, Mo., where he is now visiting. He is being relieved by J. V. Tuomey.

Chief Dispatcher E. J. Klahn and wife were

called to Charlton, Iowa, November 4th by the death of their niece.

Conductor J. A. Tomlinson returned to work last week. He and Mrs. Tomlinson have, for the past two months, been traveling through the Northwest.

Our "snappy" weather has arrived, the kind of days Dispatcher J. G. Upp has been patiently waiting for, 'cause the fish bite then.

Asher P. Lutz, bill and voucher clerk, left Saturday night for Los Angeles, where he will spend his vacation.

Operator Martha Browne has returned to first trick, West Yard, after a six weeks' vacation in Colorado, Nebraska and Muscatine.

Hazel Nation of the round house force is again on the job after spending her vacation at various points of interest to tourists.

Yard Foreman Parker has gone on second trick lead engine after holding down the outside job for the past six weeks—this on account of business dropping off.

Matt Quinlan of the Car Department, who has been first trick inspector for the past five years, has gone on second trick. Matt says the reason is he wants to go to church once in awhile.

Car Inspector John Hunt, who has been on the sick list for the past year, is again on the job. Glad to see you.

"Fussy," the old faithful mascot to Brother Neylon, has decided to stick it out here for the winter. We all claim Fussy is the only dog, and he certainly can tell good pork chops when he sees them.

#### La Crosse Division

C. W. Velser

First of all, we are pleased to mention that Chief Dispatcher Blossingham and Conductor Ray Long have returned from their annual hunting trip to South Dakota, bringing home with them ninety ducks. What did the ducks ever do to you, Ray?

Operator Chas. Peters and family have moved to Kilbourn, where Mr. Peters has accepted the position of day operator. Good luck, Charlie.

Agent W. H. Whitecomb, who has been the station agent at Poynette since 1873, passed away at the family residence on October 15. Our heartfelt sympathy is with the bereaved family.

We may now see the smiling face of Operator F. A. Learmouth at Kilbourn working the second trick and Operator Kohlhaas now holds down the third trick job.

Mr. and Mrs. U. Budzien have returned from their trip through the South, visiting in Dallas, St. Louis, Kansas City, and Washington.

"Scoop" Smith, former leverman, has been doing the extra work in the dispatcher's office at Portage, mainly distributing cars. Scoop claims he can find cars 'most anywhere. Empty your pockets.

Assistant Chief Dispatcher Dewey Brown was the guest of Mr. A. J. Farnham at a burlesque show in La Crosse recently. Is that the reason you have that matines smile, Dewey?

Engineer Chas. Dulcea will take the east end way-freight, after being on the Viroqua Branch for the past five years.

Signal Maintainer Klamp, of Portage, better known as Diamond Eye, was recently married and soon after gave a cellar party at his new home. To be sure, Sam Cadman was there.

Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Byrne, engineer on No. 39 and 31, spent several days visiting with friends in Portage. The old town looks pretty good, don't it Pat?

Captain Otto Ristow, yard conductor of the La Crosse Terminal, went deer hunting. John and Henry Brinkman and Earl Butterfield accompanied him as his bodyguard. Dizzy, you be careful, and remember the law—and don't shoot a doe.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Moulding were called to Chicago on account of the death of Mr. Moulding's cousin.

Station Baggageman Rude, of Westby, made a trip to La Crosse where he is having his auto overhauled.

Brakeman Aribur Shafer has been taking cartoon lessons and is making quite a splash in La Crosse.

Car Foreman Harry Moran, of New Lisbon, is sure hitting the ball. He is a good man in a

## THE MILWAUKEE

good place. Better look out Harry or Ann will get lost in the big city of Portage. We know all about the Sunday you and she were there.

Martin Knutson, car inspector at passenger station at La Crosse, who has been laid up due to having suffered a stroke of paralysis, is improving, which we are glad to hear, and hope he will soon recover.

Mrs. H. R. Jones, wife of Car Foreman Jones at La Crosse, made a trip to Milwaukee October 13th, where she visited friends and relatives.

Carman Joseph Ott, who has been off sick for the past three weeks, is much better now and expects to be back on the job soon.

We are going to have a cold winter, boys. You tell 'm. Car Foreman H. R. Jones has a new sheepskin coat.

Our blacksmith helper, George Jolivette, who has been laid up with a sore hand, is now back on the job.

Mr. F. L. Shumway, storekeeper at LaCrosse, has returned from an extended visit to the coast. Mr. Shumway took in all the big towns out there and says he had a good time.

Jacob Heiser, of the Car Department, had his left knee injured November 7th. Jake says his knee is pretty sore, but will be back to work in a day or two, as no bones were broken.

Car Inspector Wm. Butterfield will leave soon for his annual deer hunting trip. The Car Department employees are contemplating a big feast when Mr. Butterfield returns. How about it, Bill?

We are sorry to hear that Car Clerk Wm. Wais of the Yard Office is laid up with pleurisy. Mr. Wais has been sick now for some time, but we hope he will soon recover and again be back on the job with us.

Earl Bokkun, car clerk on second shift at Yard Office, is holding down the position of left tackle for the La Crosse High School. La Crosse surely has a good team, having won all games so far.

Charlie Higgins, first shift operator at La Crosse, has been visiting at Watertown, also his old home town, Richmond. Mr. K. D. Smith and family of Portage have been staying at the Higgins home here and looking after things during Charlie's absence.

Switchman Ed Kessler has just returned from a deer hunting trip. Ed says the deer will be here in the morning.

Bob Weber, J. Saley, H. F. Brinkman and El. W. Brinkman of the Yard Force at La Crosse were rabbit hunting yesterday and returned with all they could carry. They didn't say how many they could carry.

Switchman Anton Saley of La Crosse looks for a big crop of strawberries next year. Mr. Saley unloaded manure from four stock cars and had it hauled to his farm in Onalaska.

Engineers Woodman, Tessman and Montieh of the La Crosse Division have returned from a duck hunting trip at Oldham. Must be lots of ducks around that place according to the strings they brought home.

#### Milwaukee Shop Items H. W. Griggs

Mr. S. P. Bush, one time superintendent motive power of this road, called at the shops October 21st. We missed getting a glimpse of him, but those who saw him say he looks healthy and just like he did some years ago.

Mr. Sanhueber, chief car draftsman, had a two weeks' vacation after October 31st. Sanhueber hauled in some big ones while he was away but neglected to bring a photo of them.

The Car Department flag has been raised out of the flat mud and put on a slope, where it can be seen to better advantage. The MM staff meeting rallied around the flag the 15th and had their pictures taken.

Prof. Kinsey was at the shops recently, taking educational films of motion pictures of the acetylene welding and other processes.

Mr. T. P. Saveland, loco machinist, went to California with his wife November 5th for a two months' stay.

The shop section of the Veteran's Association now meet regularly the first Wednesday in the month at 2:30 p. m. in Mr. Anderson's office. The last meeting, November 2nd, was a rousing one. Applications for membership are to be

approved by the joint committee at the following meeting.

Veteran Wanter Toman has been laid up some time from being struck by an automobile. He is gaining as well as could be expected, and it is lucky that he was not more seriously injured. He was hit by a careless driver when alighting from a street car.

Mr. L. K. Silcox was at the shops the 11th, also the 7th and 8th.

Mr. Chas. Jarcho, our old time terminal engineer, has been off sick for the last three months, and at last account was slowly on the mend, which we hope will continue until he is with us again.

Miss Marie Mitchell, chief steno for Mr. Blity, has been in the hospital a week after an operation for tonsillitis.

Mr. W. Lyons is back from California where he has been with the Government Valuation Section, and the next swing is towards Washington, D. C. for awhile.

The Milwaukee Road Club had their first dance of the season at the K. P. Hall, 35th and Cherry streets, Wednesday, the 23rd. A rousing good time was in evidence.

The papers mention the death of Mr. C. H. Prior of Minneapolis. The man was the pioneer railroad builder, and that means the Milwaukee Road west of the river. He laid out the city of Aberdeen, S. D., and was a prominent figure in the Northwest for many years. He died at the age of 88 years. In his day he was a great co-worker with Mr. S. S. Merrill up to 1885.

The front cover on the November magazine is another dandy—doing well, doing well. The slogans at the bottom of the pages are good, as is that dandelion wine receipt that Nellins mentions.

"When not in use turn out the lights" is another good one. We recently noticed three office men at one place working with the whole room full of lights—over a dozen lights.

#### Northern Montana Division

##### Anna B. Goff

John Kuzara, has been on the sick list for the past week. Caught a bad cold and his wife had a hard time straightening him up. However, he is back on the job again as fine as ever.

Weddings and more weddings! :: :: Cupid picked out a fireman this time. E. W. Brasch of Lewistown, left here last Sunday for Reno, Nevada, and upon arrival there he will be married to Miss Norton. Understand the bride-to-be is just recuperating from a serious sick spell—typhoid fever. After the honeymoon the couple will make their home in Lewistown. We wish them much happiness.

Harry Lindsley the boy with the whistle is now employed in the superintendent's office as clerk and stenographer. No trouble to get up a Minstrel show now, fellows. Harry is sure there.

Jessie B. A. Murray, superintendent's stenographer attended a swell wedding the past week, and was so impressed, is thinking seriously of trying it herself sometime in the near future. Jessie and Barney also attended the Bingville Ball and she has been Bingling ever since.

John Walters, machinist at the roundhouse and Miss M. Leiner were married November 3rd, at the bride's home in Lewistown. The happy couple are now on their honeymoon.

Miss Nancy Reed is now clerk in the roadmaster's office, replacing Al Weiby who is in the hospital with a nervous breakdown.

The new Roundhouse Foreman Herman F. Belitz is on the job. Mr. Belitz was formerly roundhouse foreman at Dubuque, Iowa, which position is now filled by John Wiklund, transferred from Lewistown roundhouse. Mr. Wiklund has written his friends here to the effect that he has already taken a "bath" (annual) in the Mississippi.

Claude D. Hall met with a rather serious accident recently. His automobile tipped over, I understand, and Mr. Hall was in an unconscious condition for several hours. We hope he recovers speedily.

Roadmaster J. C. Kidneigh attended the Road Master's Convention in Chicago, reports having a fine time, and J. C. can lecture on the life of a tie without fear of contradiction.

We are rather lonesome since "Sufferin' Tomato Cans" left us. His absence is only temporary, we are glad to state. He has gone to Oregon to renew his acquaintance with his family (wife and children). We expect a box of Hollywoods Special Brand (candy) when he comes back.

Mr. Lieb has gone back to the Main Line. We miss his smiling face terribly. Well, Mr. Shaw is still with us so we have something to be thankful for. Can anyone recommend a hair tonic that is guaranteed to give quick results? Cold weather will soon be here and I fear the "bald patches" will suffer.

E. B. Cornwall, chief dispatcher, substituted for Supt. Gillick, during his absence on account of sickness. Trick Dispatcher Hansen taking Mr. Cornwall's place. Mr. Gillick is now back again feeling fine.

Chief Clerk Frank E. Wharton was on sick leave for a few days, but is back on the job again.

**Jessie's Little Corn**  
It was a little corn on Jessie's toe,  
So to the doctor she did go.  
Advice was not what the doctor gave  
But told her that she must be brave,  
A knife into his hand he took  
And nearly amputated her little foot.

But it was just a little corn.  
"OH, BARNEY."

**"Piped"**  
Who piped the pie from Pipestone?  
Ask Rose if you would know.  
For she at one time lived there  
In the long, long ago.

**Jack:** Oh, Jack: Where art thou?  
We've not heard from you of late.  
And quite naturally are guessing  
Be the 1921 Hop Crop's fate.

Of course, we have our suspicions.  
Now please don't get in a stew.  
For we won't tell anybody,  
(Come across with a bottle of Brew.)

#### Prairie Waves Joyce

Everyone is back on the job and—well—this isn't the time of the year for Cupid to be out with his piercing arrows and so very little news have we.

Autumn days are here and with them comes the beautiful leaves in different hues. We wish to express our sympathy for the people on the Dakota prairies, who cannot enjoy the woods at this time of the year.

Ross Harrison has taken up the duties of ship foreman on the second shift. This is a little but time flies.

Miss Florence Paulin, clerk, recently returned from Breckenridge, Minn. She had a most enjoyable time.

We wish to extend our heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Eli Kellroy. May their lives be filled with sunshine.

John Horan was a business caller at Mitchell. Mitchell is the proud possessor of a paint shop. In fact, it really looks like Cupid's work shop.

The new Corn Palace attracted many visitors from all parts of the state. It is a building to be proud of.

Miss Hazel Hodges, daughter of G. P. Hodges, D.M., spent a few days at Mitchell last week. She intended to visit her sister, Elsie, but arriving at a very busy time she was readily put to work.

Traveling Engineers Johnston and Beebe were at Mitchell, S. D., last week.

Ole Anderson has been trying his luck at fishing once again. He returned with some fish this time. He must have found a new way to carry them.

Ed. Wright and Roundhouse Foreman H. H. Stewart were out fishing one day a short time ago. We thought we would have to send for a steam derrick to pull the fish in.

#### Iowa (East) and Calmar Line

J. T. Raymond

Engineer George Haines, who held the mixed freight run between Davenport and Maquoketa,

was killed and his wife seriously injured, in an auto accident Sunday, October 23rd. Mr. and Mrs. Haines, who recently purchased a new Studebaker car, had driven to Maquoketa for a few hours' visit. They started back to Davenport at 3 p. m. and when a short distance from Davenport they met two other cars driven by relatives of Mr. Haines. When the cars met they stopped and visited a few moments and then all three cars started for Davenport, the fatal car in the rear. After going a short distance the car driven by Mrs. George Haines pulled around and drove past the second car, and then attempted to pass the first. In doing so, it is stated by witnesses that the car seemed to swerve from one side of the road to the other. The brakes were applied too hard and the sudden stopping caused the car to turn completely over, throwing the occupants to the ground. Mr. Haines was unconscious when picked up and was taken to Mercy hospital where he died at 11:30 p. m. Sunday. Mrs. Haines suffered a broken arm and was badly cut about the head and body. Three daughters by a former marriage, his wife, his mother, four sisters and two brothers, all residents of Davenport, survive. Mr. Haines had been in the service of the company for a number of years and was well liked by the officials and his fellow employees. The news of his untimely death was received with deep regret. The bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathy of all in their great loss.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bisby spent several days visiting in Excelsior Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Marl Marchant spent a couple of days visiting in Chicago.

Mrs. Hazel Sheldon, stenographer in Division Accountant's office, has been confined to her home several weeks with pneumonia.

Miss Coral Grosinger spent another week end in Savanna with her parents.

L. G. Hewitt and W. K. Lothian took in the Iowa-Indiana football game at Iowa City November 12th.

W. L. Farrell, conductor, Monticello-Davenport way freight, is off for a few days, Conductor Frank Lafferty relieving.

An additional switch engine was recently put in service at Cedar Rapids to help handle the large volume of business being done at the Penick & Ford plant.

E. C. Merrill, of Davenport, visited a few days at the home of his brother, R. C. Merrill, at Marion the early part of November.

Mr. Merrill was agent for the C. M. & St. P. at Davenport for a good many years, resigning about five years ago to enter other business.

Engineer Harry S. Scampton, who is pulling the daylight service train between Marion and Atkins, has been enjoying a little vacation, Engineer M. J. Curran relieving.

Frank Brown, the veteran that handles the crossing gates so efficiently at Savanna, was off duty on a brief vacation recently. We did not learn whether Frank was out shooting ducks or just putting up his winter's sauer-kraut.

It gives us much pleasure to chronicle the fact that Chief Carpenter Edward McGuire is again able to be around and on duty.

Chief Clerk Otto Lamberton of Cedar Rapids freight house was off several weeks on account of an operation for appendicitis.

Yard Master A. C. Dimock of Cedar Rapids Yard was off a couple of weeks on his vacation. Henry McNabb had charge of the yard during Mr. Dimock's absence.

Master Mechanic E. L. Notley of Marion was taken to the hospital November 11th, being threatened with pneumonia.

We have just recently learned of the death of Locomotive Engineer W. J. Emerson, one of the staunch type of Milwaukee pioneer employees. Mr. Emerson began service with the company in the year 1876 and retired from active service about four years ago. At that time he was pulling a passenger train between Savanna and Cedar Rapids. He was an efficient, conscientious employee and was held in high esteem by all who knew him. After leaving the service he was engaged in fruit raising in Michigan, but later, through persuasion of his son, William, he moved to Poulsbo, Washington, near Tacoma, where he resided until his death August 2nd. He is survived by his widow, son William T. Emerson,

traveling engineer, Idaho Division, and a daughter, Mrs. Carrie Sittler. On behalf of his old comrades on the Eastern Division we extend heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

Conductor J. A. Hensley, who was braking on 95 and 96 October 19th, had his foot injured while switching at Monticello, not a very serious injury, and he is on duty again.

Superintendent C. H. Marshall was away on a brief visit with Mr. and Mrs. Hubert C. Deming and family at El Paso, Texas. Mrs. Deming is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Marshall. Mrs. Marshall has been there for a more extended visit and returned home with Mr. Marshall.

Miss Esther M. Hitchcock and Alex C. Whittemore were married at Maquoketa October 20th. Mr. Whittemore is employed at the depot at Sabula and is relief man on Sabula bridge. We extend hearty congratulations and best wishes for a happy, prosperous life.

**Idaho Division.**  
R. C. P.

Now you are doing it: Fine; Just keep it up. The way the items have been coming in the last few days, one would think this is a regular family affair. It sure is the proper spirit. We all like to take a peek into this magazine to see what our friends back east are doing and don't doubt for a minute but what they will be glad to learn what we are doing, so let's tell 'em.

Seems like everybody has been hunting. Some had success and some had unsuccess.

Engineer Bob Nelson, of St. Maries traveled far into the Idaho wilds after making elaborate preparations—pack mule, etc., and equipped to take on anything from an elephant to a squirrel. He hunted and tramped for many days, returning home without even a cotton-tail. Hard luck I calls it.

Then we have Brakeman Wm. McCaffery on the St. Maries, Elk River local. He was sunning himself on the rear platform of the caboose while his train was on a siding to meet the flyer when he heard a rustle in the bushes near by.

He took a small 22 (short) ride from the caboose and went to investigate. He had taken only a few steps when out jumps a fine young buck. Mac. lets fly, hitting the deer on the nose. It must have stung him just hard enough to itch because he stopped and wheeled suddenly facing Mac. as if to invite him to come over and scratch it. Mac. fired again. This time the bullet caught the buck right in the eye and he dropped. Is that what you would call a "bulls eye"?

Chief clerk J. T. Sleavin and Division Accountant Clark were at it too. They brought home the same kind of game that Bob Nelson did.

So did Don Hays of the Chief's office and Operator Schlatter of Manito when they returned from the Okanogan country. This is the wildest country on earth. We were all surprised at their performance. Don says that Schalt. was too heavy on his feet. That he would pound through the brush like a full grown hippo' and the season being dry it sounded like a herd of elephants on the stampede. Schalt, however, blames Don. Don, he said, spooked so danger loud in the tent at night that all the game were scared out of the country the first night. I don't know which one to believe.

The champion deer hunter is Lineman Montgomery on the St. Maries branch. While inspecting his line on a speeder a fine buck crossed the track just ahead of him. Monte took right after him and brought him down. He did it with a 22 cap pistol. Asked him how he did it and he told me confidentially that he sprinkled "moonshine" on the trail.

Conductor Frank Noble threw a monkey-wrench into the machinery. Just after we report his having moved east to care for his dairy farm, he bobs up reporting for work. What do you know about that?

Somebody tipped him off to the fact that Jim Murphy was giving up the Spokane helper to take the Couer D'Alene local and Frank couldn't get back here quick enough to grab the helper

### Railway Electrification in Chile

The Chilean State Railway electrification is the most important railway electrification since the war, as well as being the largest ever undertaken by an American firm outside of the United States, the contract having a total value of seven million dollars.

The zone to be electrified extends from Valparaiso, the principal seaport, to Santiago, the Capital of Chile, a distance of 116 route miles, as well as a branch line of 28 miles running to Los Andes.

The electrification of the main line from Valparaiso to Santiago is the first of two important zone electrifications to be undertaken by the Chilean State Railway. Both the proposition of increasing the steam equipment and the use of electric motive power were considered. From the investigations made it was found that the steam equipment could be increased to handle the traffic demand but with a corresponding increase in the consumption of coal.

The availability of large amounts of water power, together with the great saving in coal, which, though available, is very costly, prompted the decision to electrify.

A total of 30 electric locomotives are to be furnished for this electrification, including:

6 120-ton, 250 h. p. express passenger locomotives, of the 2-6-0+0-6-2 type.

15 113-ton, 1880 h. p. road freight locomotives, of the 0-6-0+0-6-0 type.

11 80-ton, 1500 h. p. local passenger locomotives, of the 0-4-0+0-4-0 type.

7 65-ton, 480 h. p. switching locomotives, of the 0-4-0+0-4-0 type.

The power for these locomotives will be supplied by a 3000 volt D. C. overhead contact line, fed by 5 4000 kw substations. Regenerative braking will be used on the express, passenger and road freight locomotives. The most severe grade encountered is a 11 mile 2.25 per cent.

The manufacture of the apparatus on this order is now under way at the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., at East Pittsburgh.—Adv.

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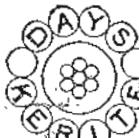
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CHICAGO

job. All you guys that have been itching to go farming, think it over.

Brakeman Harold Linehan of Malden is serving on the jury at Colfax.

They tell me Oscar Olson, Linehan, has the world beat when it comes to canning fruit. He canned enough this Fall to do for several families for several years.

Roundhouse Foreman, E. F. Waterstrat is on his vacation. He wouldn't tell any one where he was going.

Car foreman, F. J. Maxwell and wife, who was formerly Miss Helen Smaby, of Malden, are visiting in California.

F. J. Washburn has purchased the John Korte house.

Poor Fred is living alone these days as Mrs. Washburn is visiting relatives in Portage, Wis., and will remain there until after Thanksgiving. Anybody that knows how Mrs. Washburn can cook can sympathize with Fred. Eating out is telling on him. He's so grumpy of late there's no working with him.

Our old friend Al Hutchinson was up to see us the other day. So were Chas. Donovan and K. K. Keel. The two latter stayed only a minute, promising to return in a short time with a couple smokes, but they must have been kidding me.

Operator Bloodgood of Lind says as how:

It takes only 18 nerves to form a smile, but 36 to make a frown.

Operators White of Lind and Helmer of Spirit Lake are on a hunting expedition in Northern Idaho, and we suppose, real close to the Canadian line. Whitey is driving his recently purchased Studebaker coupe. They intend to specialize in big game only and should their ammunition play out, they intend using Canadian Clubs to finish.

Agent Vickers, Warden, expects to move to his ranch on the Coast in early Spring.

Operator Swazey, Plummer Jct., has been on the sick list but is now back on the job.

The lady O. R. C. of Malden gave a hard time party at Odd Fellows Hall on Armistice Day evening, husbands and friends invited. All were dressed in hard times clothes.

A jolly good time was had, with a dance, speeches and supper after. Mrs. Snapp won first prize for ladies and Conductor Geo. Perry first prize for gentlemen. They do say George looked entirely natural.

Fireman Felix Schumaker is building a garage in that dear old town. Nobody has seen anything to put in it as yet. Brakeman Bubel is overseeing the work.

Agent Pease has a new garage. Also a penalty in the form of a very sore thumb. He evidently never heard of the old, old saying—strike the nail on the bead."

Superintendent's Office—Coast Division  
*Mutt & Jeff*

We are all curious to know what Mr. Hill's middle name is. He insists that H stands for handsome, but we know of another that begins with H.

Our genial joint facility clerk has recently become a crank on the "Henry" of locomotion, and is now engaged in writing a book entitled "Troubles of a Motorist" or "Up Hill and Down in a Ford". He has also instituted free jitney service between the office and all points north and reports business as very good.

Margaret Frank spent Sunday at her home in Morton the first of the month.

Our long clerk was confined to his home several days recently with an infection in his head. Who said nothing would grow in Archie's head?

Rose Lindquist our material clerk, spent Thanksgiving with relatives in Portland. (At least that's what our Rose told us.)

Mutt & Jeff have promised not to write about Millie this issue, but we can't help but wonder if Millie has learned the dance that goes with the new car rings.

Our chief timekeeper, who among other duties, furnishes smokes for the accounting department, was much pleased to learn of the illness of the AFE Bureau. His pleasure was short lived, however, as the Bureau was soon repaired and is now back on the job.

We wonder if Clara has anything on Margaret when it comes to tea towels and making trips to the baggage room. Nuff said.

Mrs. Lamberger has remembered the girls with a large box of "Divinity" on a number of occasions and we certainly appreciate her thoughtfulness. It's the best ever. Henry—tell her how much we enjoy it and to "come again". Chas. Littlehales, formerly car stenographer, sailed the 5th of November for Japan aboard the "Keystone State". We are in hopes, Charles, you don't fall for any Geisha girls as there are plenty of girls left in Tacoma.

They say silk kimonos are very cheap over there and if that is so maybe he will bring one back for each of the girls in the superintendent's office, as a souvenir.

Millie brought down her "Dream Book by Alexander" and each morning there is a wild scramble for her desk. Usually Dick (Mr. Wende we mean) is there first. He can tell our horoscopes without referring to the book—he has read them so often.

Dick Wende celebrated his birthday on October 31st. When asked how old he was, he claimed 41 summers but had forgotten how many winters.

1922 is almost here, Miss Bligh, and we are still waiting for the bells. You didn't play a joke on us and muffle them, did you Eloise?

Mrs. Algood has outgrown the common ordinary street cars now that they have an "inclosed car" in the family. She says sometimes it goes and sometimes it don't, but they usually get there just the same.

#### Othello

Whalen states it's the oil used by Ben Root and Fred Brothel when they are using his Royal typewriter. No decision until the arrival of Chief Perishable Inspector Doyle.

Clerk Cole refuses to ride home in clerk Larson's French Ford. A few trips between Othello and Spokane by auto would reform the most ardent advocate of "go by auto."

Cashier Fay Smith proud possessor of a Baby-Romington. Fay says all WBS in the future will be made out by typewriter.

John Smiley didn't say much on Saturdays when PLH holds 94 for tonnage, but Kelly, Terrian and Boyer make up for it.

Conductor Freeman all same as grave yard, take any thing in order to turn. Conductor Collings on trouble shooter, no chance to be shy any way bills or switch list.

Round House Foreman Kidd forgot the round house duties and attended the dance Armstic evening.

Operator Coburn has asked for a lay off to attend the Mystic Shrine.

It's lonesome at the yard office since Conductor Felton went to the east end taking a course as Kid Biggs instructed operator at St. Maries.

B & B Foreman Reed and crew have been doing some repair work at Othello Station the week. Can any one assist us to send some material for our electric lights. Who said juice? Every where there's lots of juice, but not a bit for station use.

Account match companies closing down business on the POR line not very heavy. October was a very good month. Panhandle Lbr. Co. shipping one hundred and forty cars lumber mostly far East loads, from Spirit Lake.

Clyde Medley, general car foreman, has moved his office from Tacoma to Spirit Lake. W. E. Smith, general shop foreman at Spirit Lake, is taking a couple weeks vacation in the East.

J. A. Frazier, machinist has been appointed night shop foreman at Malden. M. A. Walsh, machinist was sent to Marmath as night foreman.

Last couple months the east end has been handled with one crew, instead of two. At present Conductor MacIntyre has assignment for ninety days. Spokane to Spirit Lake turn around. Switch engine at Spirit Lake, Joe Anderson in charge.

Conductor Meeks holding 293 and 294 Sunday lay over at Spirit Lake and Conductor Schurch on the opposite run.

Agent W. R. Russell is off to the Coast for a few days visiting H. E. Dotson, former chief dispatcher.

Several of the mills closed down until spring altho the planing mills are running, also most of the lumber camps closed down, may open up later on tho, as the lumber business is picking up, one inquiry the other day, two million feet.

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**BOSS NUT COMPANY CHICAGO U.S.A.**

This would mean about 135 cars. Order was turned down account price, but shows that lumber is wanted.

Ponderings from the Pend O'Reille  
"THEY DO SAY THAT"

Hart at Rathdrum won't lose as much time on his next lay off as he did this Summer.

Helmer at Spirit Lake won't go out after deer any more unless there is some snow to see tracks by, as he doesn't know where to look for them. Behnen at "F H" says he wishes the lumber companies would send their letters by U. S. Mail and not by Continental telegrams.

W. R. Russell at "SY" did not tell anyone he was going to make a short excursion to Vancouver or Victoria B. C., which are both considered "Seaport" towns.

Tom Threlkeld said that if he was not so fat he would go out and try and get a deer, too, but he was sure he would have the same luck as Helmer.

Martin at Newport says if it was not for pole orders he would be able to take life easy once more.

That Sprinkle at "WR" says he will keep on buying typewriters till he gets the one that he likes the best and will then quit.

Kelly Hudson at Dalkens does not loan his Auto any more. He says "Once" is plenty.

Frank Sever at Usk says if they cut Cusick this winter he will not have time to trim his whiskers all winter.

Fred Seal, our agent at Cusick, says the next time there is a car of stock to pick up at J & O spur he will see that Conductor No. 294 gets all there is in the bill-box.

Pat Murnane at Blue Slide says if he had not vowed years ago he would be an old bachelor, he'd be darned if he would not get married and have some one to share his burlied life with him.

Tommy Stephens at Lost Creek says match block lumber looks good to him as thereby some short R R agents have an office all to themselves selves.

Howard Lambert at Ione says life at Ione consists in working all the time you are awake and sleeping all the time you are asleep.

That John Viets at Metalline Falls says when he dies and goes up above he hopes St. Peter won't ask him to straighten out any Cement sacks that are short one or two bundles and account for two or three that are over.

If R C P lets this get by his official censorship will try and think of something new next time, look out for it.

Freight Auditor's Office  
Rein and Rott

Before the next issue of this worthy magazine goes to press another welcome Christmas and New Year will have passed. None of us are getting younger, in fact, even railroad folks get old; some are so old that their service date can be almost identified with that of the infancy of this great system. However, regardless of length of service and age, it seems only natural, keeping the spirit of the occasion foremost in our minds, that a great measure of thought and deliberation would be given to the material and moral accomplishments gained during the past year. Was it a gain or loss? Did you forge ahead or go back? Have you done anything to help a fellow being? Give the last question careful consideration. It is the dominating principle of the most important crisis of today and that is the policy of the world of tomorrow. The goodness of the heart and the willingness to do its bidding is the greatest religion of a human being. There is an old proverb "Help others and you will help yourself". Let's start the New Year off with a good word for everybody and a determination to help our fellow-beings which can only result in betterment of mankind.

As a starter, the Freight Auditor's office wishes a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous and Happy New Year to the entire system.

We wonder why Olson has a liking to the name of Ruth. Let us in on the secret, Roy.

George Rennhack has been appointed assistant bureau head of the revising bureau. Good luck to you, George.

James Landrigan has left our midst being transferred to E. B. Finegan's office.

Sleeping sickness has affected the statistical

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122 South Michigan Ave. CHICAGO

bureau. Roman Smeja, Ben Schakowski, be careful.

Everybody is asking questions. Who is the dressed-up gentlemen in the Statistical Bureau? For your information, A. Gentzke.

B. E. Reinert has been seen on the Avenue in a jewelry store. Christmas is near.

Has anybody noticed the Powers sisters, Dorothy and Kate?

Bill Rosenka, assistant head clerk, tracing bureau, spent his rather late vacation in a hospital, taking additional treatment for his ailment of last year. We sincerely hope that Bill is fully recovered as flowers are very high this year.

(P. S. When Bill got his bill, he wrote back for the deed to the hospital. He thought they sold him the place.)

Each girl stepped out in her best to a dancing party given by Helen Flot on Thursday, November 3rd. Tom Kingswood and his famous ten piece orchestra entertained us with strains of jazz and syncopation. Our office boy, Ray, with Ida Ruehlman, won the toddle contest. Miss Amelia won the honeymoon contest. Refreshments were served and a good time was had by all.

Things must be getting serious. Stella Paris, Catharine Maney and Helen Evenson have been investing in a few new cook books. How come?

A bunch of girls, (no names mentioned) were overheard discussing various plays and one of the young ladies remarked that she saw the play "Abraham Lincoln". Another one promptly said that she saw the play with the "original" cast a year ago! How dumb!!! Abe Lincoln is dead longer than a year. If we remember correctly, it must be a dozen.

Overheard at the Crystal Bowling Alleys:

O'Reilly—"Bob, do you play football?"

McPherson—"Goodness no. But I do love the strain of a stiff game of dominoes."

O'Reilly—"Oh, Bob, why do you endanger yourself so?"

McPherson—"I don't care even if I fall down and dirty myself, I don't cry."

O'Reilly—"Bobby, let's play guillotine. I'll be the rope."

McPherson—"Is it dangerous?"

The Interline Department misses the smile of Irene Nobles who was recently transferred to Mr. Bowlus' bureau.

STOP, LOOK and LISTEN. No, this is not a railroad crossing but we want to let you know that the C. M. & St. P. Fullerton avenue office league has actually become a reality, thanks to the cooperation of the various bowlers and say, you should come over to the Crystal Bowling Alleys on Tuesdays and watch the boys topple the maples. We want the combined enthusiasm of the entire building to make the initial season a howling success and insure the future success of the league. There have been no world's records broken to date but we might say that E. P. Heyn, of freight claim, piled them up for 246, while Mohr, of the Interline bureau, cracked them for 232, second high. Pollack, of the switching bureau, leads for three games getting 604, while Treskett, of car accountant No. 1, holds second and third place with 602 and 595.

Following are the team standings ending November 15th. Please note that there is only seven games difference between the leaders and the cellar team which makes things interesting every Tuesday night.

Team	Won	Lost	P. C.
Car Accountant No. 1	14	7	.666
Switching Bureau	13	8	.519
Revising Bureau	11	10	.523
Interline Bureau	10	11	.476
Railway Exchange	10	11	.476
Freight Claim	10	11	.476
Car Accountant No. 2	9	12	.428
Overcharge Claim	7	14	.333

Trans Missouri Gossip  
M. F. H.

Harold Jennings spent Armistice Day at Vermillion and saw the football game between So. Dakota University and State college.

Machinist Ray Martin is back to work after having been off on account of an injured finger. Mrs. Dora Anderson has taken the place of

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## THE MILWAUKEE

Joe Bamberry in the Mobridge freight office as Billing clerk.

Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Shields and small son spent a few days at Des Moines and vicinity during the past month.

Night round house foreman Boller has returned from his vacation.

C. W. Cory, of McLaughlin, was a business visitor at Mobridge recently.

Freeman M. Tashady, of Marmarth, has returned after spending ten months on the coast.

Roadmaster O. A. Johnson recently moved into his new home at Mobridge.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Clark, accompanied by Mrs. Mae Clark, are spending a few weeks at Coast points.

Cecil McNeely, of the Mobridge freight house, returned to work recently after being at the hospital for several weeks.

J. F. Robertson, of Mobridge relay office, has been serving on the Federal jury at Aberdeen the past week.

Several distinguished visitors have passed through during the past month on their way to the Disarmament conference at Washington, D. C. Two special trains of Japanese delegates have gone besides a great number of Chinese delegates.

C. K. Todd, operator at Hettinger, has gone to Seattle to spend several weeks.

Thos. McFarlane attended a staff meeting in Milwaukee during November.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Price attended the football game between Milbank and Mobridge, at Milbank, Nov. 11th.

C. M. Bone and Wm. Donahue attended political meetings at Selby this month.

George Williams, who has been filling the position of assistant division accountant for the past three months, has returned to his home at Des Moines. J. R. Price has been assigned to this position permanently.

George Hilton visited with friends at Vermillion recently.

Herman Wahl, car clerk at Mobridge, has returned from Chicago where he has been receiving medical attention for the past two months. He is much improved and is able to resume his work.

W. J. Hogan is attending a staff meeting at Milwaukee.

Emil Kaiser, machinist at the local round house, has returned after a three month's leave of absence.

R. W. Mook, time inspector, has been at Mobridge for the past three weeks.

There is considerable business on the Cannonball line caused by the great amount of coal being hauled, over 1000 cars being taken from Leith station during the past month.

Puzzle: Who put the iron in Earling's grip?

Porter Holt and mother have returned from Iowa to make their future home at Mobridge.

It is with regret that the death of William Wendt is noted. He had been sick but a short time and was taken to the hospital where it was found that he had developed influenza. His condition was so serious that he died within a short time. He had been employed as car inspector at the Mobridge yards for several years. He leaves a wife and two small children and his parents in Minnesota.

Cbs. James was taken sick on No. 17, a few days ago; was removed from the train and taken to the hospital at Miles City, where he is recovering at the present time.

C. C. Haynes and Ed. Sandals have gone to the Black Hills looking for deer!! Are there any deer in the Hills?

Yardmaster J. L. Caldwell certainly can run when he gets excited. Ask him about the day his house caught fire.

### East Wind Mile a Minute

They say, "No news is good news," so this column is going to be par excellence this time.

Mary Stafford, stenographer in the motive power department, received a beautiful wrist watch from Mr. Smith on her 19th birthday, Tuesday, November 15th. We imagine she will get the sparkler for a Christmas present and the "big band" will no doubt follow soon.

Miss Stickney, secretary to Mr. Calkins, has

just returned from a three month's vacation spent in the west.

N. A. Meyer has left the general offices to take up duties as Assistant Superintendent of Terminals, vice E. F. Rummel, who was made superintendent at Sioux City. Congratulations and best wishes from Mr. Meyer's many friends are extended him in attaining the success we know he will.

Mr. Buckley has completed his new home and, no doubt, invitations for the housewarming in Forest Glen will be out very soon.

Familiar saying---"It's not my Saturday to work."

Congratulations are extended to Mr. Fowler in his new appointment, that of Assistant Superintendent of Transportation. We wish him every success.

Frank and Fred, the two office boys, commenced to smoke. Result, Frank and Fred 'phoned the office, "Unable to come down. Sick."

Max Miller comes to Mr. Whipple's office from the R. & S. W. Division. We welcome Mr. Miller to the Railway Exchange ranks.

Henry Williams, secretary to Mr. Earling, of Seattle, was here last month. The only thing we didn't like about his visit was the shorthair.

Madge Gaine, advertising department, is going to Tacoma on a short vacation during December. We will have to tell you more of her trip when she returns.

Gladys Chamberlin, Mr. Duke's office, is back to work after a short leave because of illness and is wearing a new ring. We are pleased to have Gladys back and our congratulations are extended.

Miss Beymer, alias Pettie Dink, never saw so many stencils to cut in one office in her life as Bill Giel gives her.

Myra Edwards observed Jimmie Stafford walking down the hall with a girl, apparently carrying on no conversation at all. She came back to the office with the news that Jimmie and that girl must be married, because they weren't talking. She later discovered that it was Jimmie's sister.

Miss Grimm, in Mr. Caldwell's office, has just returned from a vacation which she spent in New York. She reports everything fine in the East.

Mr. Reid succeeds Mr. Fowler as chief clerk, in Mr. Whipple's office, and accordingly everyone moved up a notch. They have all become established in their new positions and things are running along in the usual good order.

Johnnie F. Stipp is wearing a fraternity pin. Another one on our matrimonial list.

We understand Gus Peterson took a trip to Minneapolis and "had a good day for rubbers". He can't account for the fact that they were in his bag when he neared his destination unless the young lady with whom he got acquainted on the train was responsible. Anyway, he had a pair when he opened his bag and we are waiting for him to explain more in detail. We also understand the young lady is short a vanity case.

Wallie Swanson is still on the sick list, but says he is improving daily and expects to be back on the job in Mr. Gillick's office very shortly.

The new system put into effect in the office of the G. S. M. P. has resulted in all of the stenos working constantly from the opening of the office until the closing, and has also kept the file clerks unusually busy.

Jim Denike passed out samples of fudge he made to some of the girls in the office. Not so bad, eh!

We wish you all the very merriest kind of a Christmas and a Happy New Year.

### MINNEAPOLIS CAR DEPARTMENT "Slivers"

I wonder if we can't squeeze in for a few items in this magazine. I'm sure we think we're important enough to take up some space.

C. G. Juncau, master car builder, was a Minneapolis car department visitor for two days this week.

Ella Siegler is now in Mr. Palmer's office, having filled Nettie Miller's vacancy. Sure seems funny without "Tiny" in the large office.

Louise Heitzman is the new stenographer. Lou ought to know Heitz for she sure can talk. Keep it up Heitz, we enjoy it.

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Marie Kukla is at her desk again having been on a leave of absence the greater part of the summer. It seems to have agreed with you, Marie.

Thomas Holloran, you know "good old Tommy," has been on the sick list for a couple of days.

Some sporting office this is! You ought to hear the betting that's being done on the Yanks and the Giants. The Liberty football team also coming in for a little discussion.

It sure seems good to be back on six days a week. First time since the first of the year. What do you suppose we'll do with all the money?

Good thing our old timepiece stops once in a while so one of our clerks gets some much needed exercise. It's an easy matter for Lloyd to reach up and start that old clock going.

Mr. Miller, our chief clerk, moved his family down here but they didn't seem to care much about our Minneapolis. Too bad, Mr. Miller, the twins don't like the city as we would like to see them.

What's the matter with Barney? Anybody got some pictures they don't want. Be sure they're ladies, otherwise Barney won't be interested.

Grace Tuttle spent the week end at Cumberland, Wis. Grace doesn't think small towns are half bad.

Mr. Larson, general car foreman, visited points on the River Division this week. Gust is quite a familiar figure around these points.

### **Shocks From The Electric City** *Betty—Agnes*

Greetings! Did anyone miss us last month? Not willful neglect on our part, but business before pleasure, you know.

We have all kinds of weather in Great Falls, mostly bad, but for the last few days Old Sol has been shining pretty steadily, although a few gentle zephyrs do blow, occasionally, and, of course, we must have our regular snow, to start the winter off o. k., but this year it was a wee bit early.

Once more has the office force settled down to steady work, our cashier returning from his vacation, last but not LEAST, that is, smallest, I mean.

E. B. Cornwell, our chief dispatcher, spent a few hours in this bright little burg last month.

The special train carrying the president and party arrived at Great Falls, October 12th, at six bells and left again for the coast at 8:20 p. m.

*Page Mr. O'Donnell*

Hanover to Dispatcher—"Who is the skinny guy that got on the president's special?"

Dispatcher—"What does he look like, dark and thin?"

Hanover—"Yes, that's him."

Dispatcher—"Oh, that's O'Donnell."

"Red" Poppelwell was on the sick list a couple of days last month on account of being injured when he fell from a car. However, he is back on the job once more.

Kennie has a new house—now, almost out in the country. He hopes to prove up and move into town some day.

Miss Stella Martin has returned from Missoula where she spent three weeks recuperating from typhoid fever. We are glad that she is back on the job again.

Ask Agnes and Betty about the sewing circle. Good game for a scandal league. (kitty, kitty)

Is Bill Thompson married?

J. H. Bixler, ticket agent at Great Falls, is relieving the ticket agent at Lewiston. K. C. Stewart, of our force, is taking Mr. Bixler's place at the ticket window.

That's all now. See you again next month—maybe.

### **Des Moines Division** *Frenchy*

Superintendent B. F. Van Vliet, Chief Dispatcher F. S. Bauder, Chief Clerk L. L. McGovern, Traveling Inspectors E. J. Sullivan and E. De Garmo, Chief Carpenter E. Collings, and Roadmasters L. Anderson and J. Flanagan visited stations on the line several days in November in the interests of claim prevention. Two meetings were held at Rockwell City to dis-

cuss O. S. & D. matters which were well attended by agents and train enginemen.

General Superintendent W. M. Weidenhamer visited the Division during November.

Superintendent B. F. Van Vilet and Chief Clerk L. L. McGovern attended an O. S. & D. meeting in Dubuque the early part of November.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Olson are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby daughter, born October 26th.

Brakeman Wm. Redding and W. B. Storey have been recently transferred to positions on the Dubuque Division.

Mr. E. L. Sinclair, assistant engineer, spent several days on the Des Moines Division during November.

We regret to announce that Train Baggage man W. F. Trotter is still on the sick list. His position is being filled by Brakeman W. S. Ferguson.

Although "Izzy" has a couple of girls, he would not take them out recently as it was so muddy he couldn't live up to his reputation of driving 30 miles per hour.

Agent Ray Farran went duck hunting Armistice Day, but rumor has it that there were no casualties among the feathered tribe on that account.

Brakeman Chas. Lemley and wife took a trip recently to Decatur and Gibson City, Illinois, where they visited relatives.

We have it on good authority that Agent Hull of Lytton has a new Oakland sedan.

Conductor Chas. Meyers and wife are mourning the loss of a small daughter who died the latter part of October.

Brakeman Joe Foster has returned from Minneapolis and is again on duty on the Des Moines Division.

Relief Dispatcher Jas. W. Corbett and wife left recently for an extended trip through the west. They expect to stop awhile in Seattle and later go down into California. They will visit Mrs. Corbett's parents while there.

We have the following from Rockwell City: Operator Joe Pope spent Sunday, November 13th, visiting friends in Manning.

Conductor W. M. Jacobs beseeches us to use the columns of this magazine as a collection agency in order to recover a chicken dinner from Miss Florence Nelson and \$1.25 from Paul Black, which he claims are due him, but inasmuch as he has not promised to give us any commission on these collections, we hope he does not get them.

Pat Padden has been gone so long from his regular run that we thought he must have gone back to Ireland on a visit. However, he says he has been sick, so we are glad to report his recovery.

The station force at Rockwell City have gone nutty over duck hunting, that is, all except Izzy. Even the agent has the fever. So far it is mostly fever. While we are ashamed to tell how much of his salary he spends for ammunition, he does not seem to be able to hit any ducks. Ammunition defective. Recently the boys wounded a duck and put it in the baggage-room. To morrow Mr. Farran is going to try to hit it. If he does not hit it Dispatcher Dickman is going to get the duck. Five bucks that Dickman gets the duck.

Anyone wanting adding machines repaired, please see "Bones" Owens. Results not guaranteed, however.—Adv.

Since Izzy's bicycle has been out of commission Fireman Walker has not been able to take his regular morning exercise riding it backwards around the platform. It is a good thing the Hagenbeck-Wallace people did not see him when they were here last summer or the C. M. & St. P. would be minus a fireman.

W. J. Stout, formerly agent at Lavinia, was in the city a few days ago.

#### C. & M. Division News By "Buck"

Brakeman Roger Coleman deserves honorable mention for discovering disc broken on arch bar at Wadsworth which possibly prevented a derailment. Such discoveries are only made by "live wires" and are certainly appreciated by the management.

Various violations of Rule 940 have occurred during the past few weeks and all brakemen

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should get in line, as this is a very important rule. It should not be necessary to call anyone for violating this rule again as everyone should be familiar with all standard rules.

The class held on the first Sunday of November proved to be a wonderful success—104 present, including train and enginemen. Trainmaster Bannon has held classes at various points on the C. & M. and Northern Divisions and has certainly been very busy with the reexaminations. The regular classes will be continued on the first Sunday of each month and all should try to be present as no harm is done in trying to brush up on the rules. None of us know it all, boys!

Dispatcher HCC spent his vacation in Ohio. Judging from the number of postcards sent, Hal is quite popular with most of us.

Engineer W. J. Harper avoided a delay to 165 October 10th by changing steam gauge from an idle engine at Libertyville when his own went out of commission. Very good work. Another knockout for Kid Overtime.

Room 10 boasts of a floral painter, but like all artists she has a failing—keeps her paintings for herself.

Our present force of Redcaps are certainly a courteous lot. They believe in polite treatment of our lady clerks as well as our passengers. 'At-a-boy, Lloyd, a smile goes a long way.'

Now I will tell you: they took a few trees to plant some new ones, but keep it a secret, please.

A time card will soon be in effect on the C. & M. Division eliminating two of the Dinkies, but by changing service somewhat, the same good service is given to the Chicago suburbanites. Very good management, say we.

We understand from good authority that Dispatcher WCZ went duck hunting recently and found the swimming rather cold at this time of the year. Brrrrr.

Did anyone say—"Let's move a few desks"?

We have a young man, O-ho,  
We had a young girl, O-ho,  
Her hand he did seek,  
His thoughts he did speak:  
And the lady did NOT say "No."  
O-ho!

Mistaken Identity—A Drama in Two Minutes:  
Mr. C.—Hello, is this Number so and so.  
Lady—Yes.

Mr. C.—Have you got any money?

Lady—Sir!

Mr. C.—Who is this?

Mr. C.—(Hangs up, blushing).

"Fortune smile upon me: the baby needs a pair of shoes." No, friends, Hub is not kidding. He is a proud father of a little baby ball player.

There was a young lady named Eleanor May  
Who limped in the office all day.  
But each night that she had the chance

To take in some high-class dance—

Her foot was perfectly O. K.!

Step up, one and all! Andy is giving away  
Lunch these days. Free!  
Welcome, Santa Claus!

### Dubuque Division

J. J. Relihan

Miss Berg, ticket clerk at Dubuque passenger station, is on a three months' vacation. Her place is being filled by Miss Margaret Ruddy, of Marquette.

Chief Clerk H. A. Cameron, of the superintendent's office, took a two weeks' well-earned vacation last month. Accountant Geo. Ehmer took Mr. Cameron's place during his absence, and he found Harry's chair just about wide enough for his portly frame.

Baggageman Jonassen is back on the road again after an absence of over four months. Pretty soft now. "Scoop," not so many cream cans to handle.

Frank Meyers, of the B. & B. department, was married at Harper's Ferry on September 28, to Miss Anna Powers, a former school teacher of that place. "Slim" is one of our old-time faithful employees. 100 per cent every day in the week. After a two weeks' honeymoon the happy couple

returned to Harpers Ferry, where they will reside for the winter.

Agent Edward Hurley had a slight surgical operation performed on his neck, and while he was recuperating he and his family visited relatives at Edgely, N. D. Your's truly relieved him while he was gone, and the Junior took Dad's place at home.

Conductor Charles Veit acted in the capacity of pilot for the Western Union gang who reconstructed the telegraph line from La Crescent to the Minnesota state line. "Chuck" is now a professional line man, and can do any of the work from climbing a 60-foot pole to making a splice.

The platform at La Crescent has been extended to the north, and electric lights have been installed in and around the station. This makes a wonderful improvement and goes a long ways towards helping "Safety First."

Telegrapher Joe Kretz, of Spechts Ferry, has been laid up for about a month, suffering from rheumatism. He resumed work again November 1, and his many friends hope that he is permanently cured. Joe Robertson worked second trick at Spechts during his absence.

John Markwardt has been appointed section foreman at Waukon Junction, on the branch, effective November 1. John is one of our old-time employees and has put in over twenty years in track service, and is number one in that department.

Conductor John F. Hanley went to Chicago last month, where he underwent an operation at Grandview Hospital. A card received from him since that time states that he is getting along fine and that he will soon be back unloading packages and doing the switching. "Spike's" many friends hope for his speedy recovery and that he will soon be back with us.

Night Chief W. F. Marshall has been running around not wearing a hat as a remedy to prevent his hair from falling out, but since his father attended the Loss and Damage and Claim Prevention meeting Fiske has again taken to wearing his old.

Conductor V. K. Clark has given up the time freight and took a south end run. "Happy" Schwartz is at present on the "Red Ball" run.

Operator Sam McClave, of Bellevue, met with an accident while cranking his "Lizzie" when she kicked him in the wrist, which put him out of commission for a week or more.

Martin Whalen's extra gang have completed their work on the Waukon line, leaving that branch in main line condition. They are now finishing up the season's work in the vicinity of Lansing.

Frank Luke has been in charge of a work train on the Preston Line, hauling gravel from Isinours for road work in the vicinity of Preston and Harmony.

Operator V. G. Drumb resumed work at Marquette passenger station November 1, after being quarantined for nearly two months on account of infantile paralysis in his family. His oldest daughter, Olive, aged 15, died, and the next oldest girl was in a serious condition, but we are pleased to note came out all right. Mr. and Mrs. Drumb have the sympathy of every employee on the division in their sad bereavement.

Conductor H. J. Smith is confined to Mercy Hospital at Dubuque, where he underwent an operation for hernia. "Hook's" many friends hope for his speedy and permanent recovery.

Operator J. C. Freyhage took a week's vacation after being relieved on first trick at Marquette before resuming work at the yard office.

Conductor G. W. Belknap went to Lead, S. D., and brought the remains of his brother, Father Belknap, who was murdered there, back to Dubuque for burial. The press at that time gave all the particulars in regard to Father Belknap's tragic death, but up to this time the assassin has not been captured.

G. R. Hibbard, one of our most popular Conductors, died Monday, October 31, after a short illness. George had not been in very good health for some time, but worked up until about two months ago, when he went to Rochester for treatment, and at that time the physicians at the Mayo hospital had no hopes for him. Mr. Hibbard was born in Galena, Ill., May 6, 1868, and had been in the service of this com-

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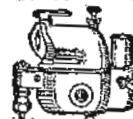
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## THE MILWAUKEE

pany for thirty-seven years. He had been in passenger service for a good many years until about two years ago, when he gave up his run and re-entered freight service on the north end way-freight. Mr. Hibbard had a large circle of friends, not only among railroad men, but he was popular with the public in general and his death caused much sorrow among those who knew him. He is survived by a wife and eight children, one sister and one brother, L. M. Hibbard, formerly a conductor on this division. The heartfelt sympathy of the Dubuque division employees is extended to Mrs. Hibbard and family.

The latter part of this month the Dubuque Division Safety First Committee will hold their last regular meeting for the year. In reviewing the past year all practical suggestions that have been brought up at these meetings were favorably acted on by the officials and a great deal has been done to further the movement on this division. Some time during the next month a new committee will be elected for the year 1922, and as it is the desire of the company that a NEW committee be elected, so that all employees will be given an opportunity to be educated along the lines of safety, each employee is earnestly requested to give this election their earnest thought and vote for some one in your own department who will make a creditable showing, and make a representative that you can be proud of. But don't overlook the fact that a NEW committee is to be elected.

By the time the items get to press it will be approaching the time of the year to extend season's greetings. I wish to thank the several employees on the division who have helped out on notes, and although we were not always fortunate enough to get a full 100 per cent writeup, in the language of the editor, "64 pages is 64 pages," and she couldn't be condemned on account of being forced to use the blue pencil at times. This writer wishes all the employees on the system a Merry Christmas and hopes that you will all be happy and prosper during the year 1922.

**Signal Department "Wig Wags"—Lines West**  
F. F. Seeburger  
**TIMELY TOPICS**

We wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Just about the time the city of Deer Lodge put a nice new concrete sidewalk in front of Supervisor Mallanny's office he had to move to the superintendent's office. Be careful next time you go to see him that your boots are clean and take off your hat. Mallanny had the last clerk of any of the west end supervisors (notice I said "had") and now "Christy" only has to take care of the office work for Roadmasters Nick and Miller, and in his leisure time helps J. T. M. out.

Andy Ayres is back to work at Easton, after a serious operation on his throat. Herman Gullberg has gone back to Corfu, helping Jeffery. Thorp Stephens is still laid up with rheumatism, and Jim Sprague is helping Andy until Thorp returns.

One gas welding outfit for welding bonds and enough Ohio Brass Company's seven-inch weld type bonds to install about one mile has been received. So far the application is being delayed until new steel is laid. Mike Biddle and Edwards are rebonding the Snoqualmie Tunnel, and Mike discovered a rare bird near Rockdale. Don't know where he got the name, but it is called, so Mike says, a "Whiffenpoof." Wonder if he was over around Whittier? How about it, Mike? Shorty Sautter, who used to help A. Cecile Biddle at Butte, is now section foreman at Whittier, under Roadmaster Sam Wilson.

A note received too late for last issue informs the world that "Jeff" at Corfu is the proud father of a nine-pound son, who came October 1, 1921.

The Coast Division may not have as much business as some of the others, but they sure hold all that does come their way. A passenger left his baggage on the platform at Seattle and mounted the trusty Olympian, then discovered the loss when a few minutes out of town. No, he didn't have to get off; the switch engine brought it out to Argo, and everybody was happy.

October 6th a log fell off a car on Signal 229 at Maple Valley, and Bob Hart, Dave Williams, Dill, Alieu, et al. were busy a few days putting it back, and it didn't rain a drop while they were doing it.

Art Skinner is back to work after touring Missouri and reports a fine trip. Stanley Sumner, who relieved Skinner, is back to Warden, helping Bates.

Supervisor Westermark came in to Tacoma for a "between trains" visit, and says everything is normal on the Idaho Division.

General Inspector Tyler made a gas car trip from Sorrento to Avery, getting the necessary information for Valuation Engineer Seemoth that his road bounds overlooked on their high-speed trip.

O'Dore's crew removed the signal wires from the lead cables near Deer Lodge and are changing impedance bonds from Sinclair west. Steed says that from the way Tyler has of accumulating things, William Randolph Hammond, J. Timothy Mallanny, and others, better take a vote and transfer the "P. R." part of Weaver's title to Tyler.

Ben White, who is helping Ringhausen at Gold Greek, was laid up for a few days. Ben says there is no use going to the hospital any more, as they didn't even offer him a drink.

Renewal of the Allentown overhead bridge necessitated taking Signal 9-0 down and hanging it on a pole. That's one nice thing about U. S. & S. Co.'s light signals; they can be put, or hung, on anything.

Warren Young of the Kerite Co. paid us a few days' visit, told the new yards brought from New York direct, and further said "business was good." This last part has been rare with the peddlers we have seen the last few months.

E. Bouchet, signal storekeeper at Tacoma, has resigned to go into business for himself at Portland. R. A. Long, now in the same position at Deer Lodge, has bid on this place, and F. C. Miles, maintainer at Ellensburg, has a bid on the Deer Lodge position, but at the present writing no assignments have been made.

W. E. Dill, traveling maintainer on the West End, was off on a few days' hunting trip, but he only reports getting well.

In the November issue we reported that O'Dore had his hair marcel waved and that George Hessel like it so much that he was going to have the same thing done. This was a mistake, as George just likes the "hair" and would be satisfied without the "wave."

**Dubuque Store Department Briefs**  
S. A. Matter

Herbert Baumhofer, our genial declamation expert, is of an inventive turn of mind. He is at present working out an idea which when perfected will revolutionize the entire popcorn industry.

Joe Armodoo, the author of a well known phrase, "Put it in the scrap," has just returned from Chicago, where he spent his vacation.

Alley Knoll, popularly known as Alagazam, and better known as C. M. & St. P.'s youngest executive, took a trip to Farley. We always predicted that Alagazam would leave his home town some day and he did.

Our popular B. & B. foreman, C. C. Arendt, is making numerous trips to Durango these days. We cannot understand what attraction the place holds for him unless the home brew there is of a high voltage.

Ira Doty, L. A. Wiedener, Joe Miller and Clarence Horsfall have just returned from an exciting rabbit hunt. Ira came back home over-loaded with four rabbits and a grin. The victims of L. A. W. reached the exact total of three, while Joe came back with one rabbit and a huge grouse. Clarence states that one of his rabbits had a pink ribbon tied around its neck. Nothing surprising, Clarence, as probably the animal was a tame one (and the pet of some farmer's child).

Does the moon shine still? Ask Bert. He knows.

L. V. Schwartz, his wife and (?) have just returned from a trip to New York.

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H. C. CONLEY, Supt.

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R. R. R.

Greetings, folks, did you eat too much turkey?

A. L. Pentecost has gone east to attend an important business meeting, after which he is going to the sunny southern clime to enjoy a much-needed and faithfully earned vacation. We hope to see Al looking well and feeling fine after the sojourn, and we're all looking forward to bear "Is everybody happy?"

Oh, folks, do you know who is back to stay? P. R. II., of course, and that accounts for the extra smiles from Mary.

J. J. Dorsey is now among the football stars, having made an eighty-yard touchdown from a kick-off, and brought home the fame from Elkhorn, where he played opposite his brother. Dorsey admits he had a hard game to play.

J. E. Brady is right up to date with all the class in motor row here now; came down in a new Buick. However, J. E. still drives within the speed limit, because he can still see everybody from the front seat.

Another addition to the charming girls of the store department is Miss Vernie Munter. Hope you'll stay with us a long time, Vernie.

Mr. McDonald, J. A. Wright and Mr. Laak were in charge of Motor 10237 at the recent electrical exhibition. Thousands of people were shown through the motor each day and were pleasantly impressed by the new form of motive power.

Leo Keihnel certainly made a good showing at the fair in the races. He came in second, riding a stock machine against experienced riders on racing machines. Considering these odds, we are sure Leo will be among the best racers of the day.

H. L. Snyder won two first prizes at the fair for his rabbits. Harvey is some stock man. This makes the second year he came home with the bacon.

E. B. Crane, engineer auditor of Chicago office, came in to see us one day last month for the first time. A pleasing surprise. We hope to see Mr. Crane again sometime.

The girls of the car department are the "Happy Charter members" of a new club recently formed here. Now we know this charming set, pre-bound for the best of good times this winter.

H. A. Esborg was the latest new member to join the newlyweds' club, having taken a charming lady to help him pilot the ship of "happiness" through the sea of "wedded bliss." Best wishes for happiness and success for you and the Mrs., Harry, from the bunch.

Mrs. George Pyette, wife of Shop Accountant Pyette, is enjoying a trip in the east, among relatives and old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Williams are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a beautiful baby boy.

Mike Brummel of the car department is suffering from an infection in his thumb, caused from pounding the typewriter so strenuously. He is recovering rapidly, and we hope to see him back on the job soon.

Rumor has it that Miss Ethel Thompson of the time department is the next one to take a trip up to the city of good spirits, Vancouver, B. C.

A. C. Bienert is holding his head mighty high these days. The reason is his new birthday gift, an opal tie pin. You don't know who gave it to him. Well, of course, you all can guess. I think the party's name begins with an "S."

Mrs. R. Haines (nee Elizabeth Steiner) came in to see the bunch the other day, and she looks just fine and allowed us to see a picture of her baby boy.

Miss Marguerite Conley is still taken the weekend trips to Seattle. Somehow there seems to be no attraction in our city to interest Marguerite, but who can tell, we may some day be able to persuade her that it's Mr. Tacoma.

G. E. Cessford is back with us again at the shops, having returned to us from Bellingham, where he had been for the past few years.