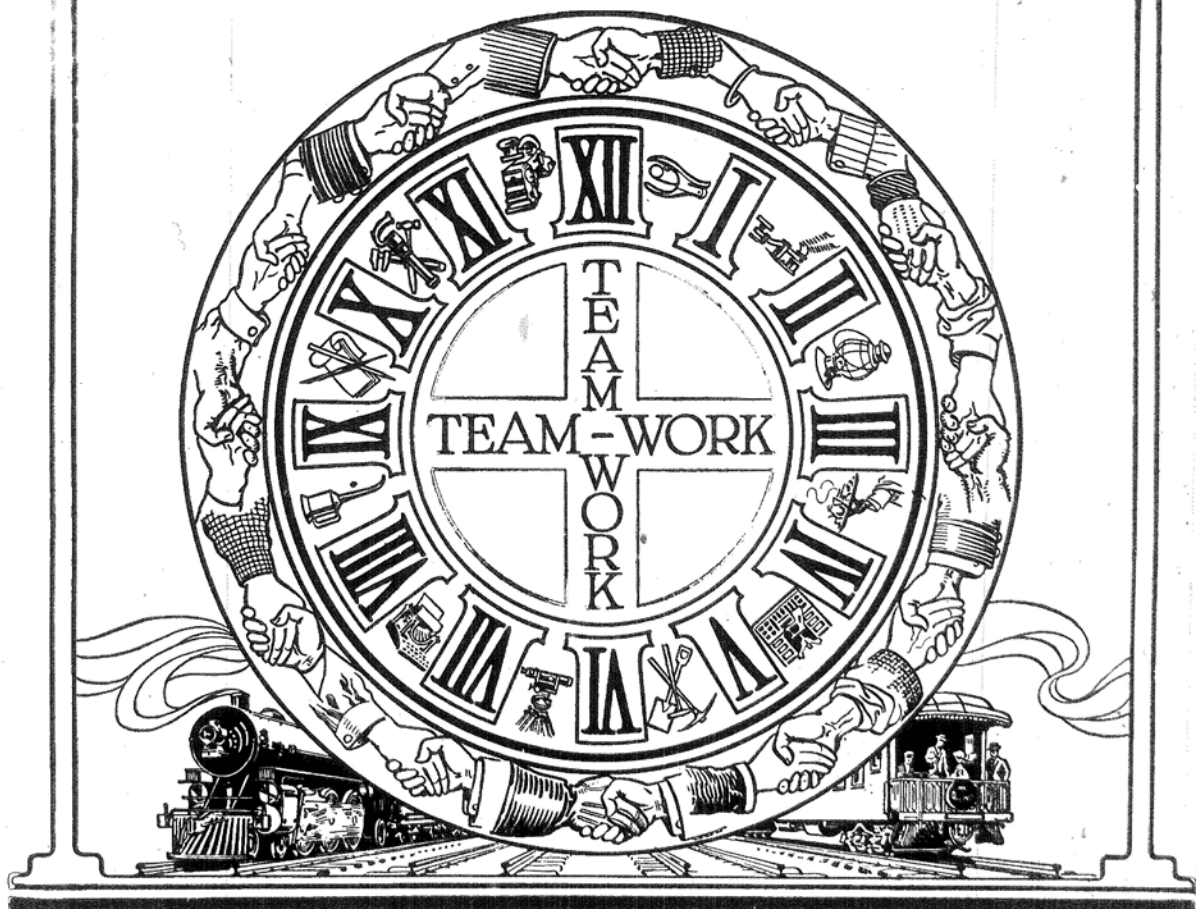


THE MILWAUKEE EMPLOYEES MAGAZINE

February

1920



VOLUME 7

No. 11

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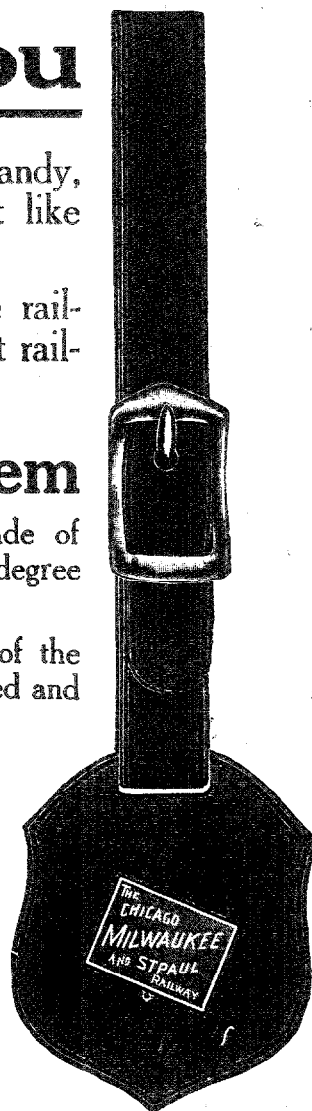
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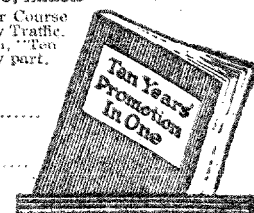
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THE MILWAUKEE EMPLOYEES MAGAZINE

Railway Exchange Building, Chicago

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VOLUME VII

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Bellingham, Washington

Bellingham is the northernmost city of the United States. Does that make you draw up to the fire and wonder how deep the snow gets up there? If you don't know the rare and lovely climate of the North Pacific country you will vision a city hung with icicles and buried in snow drifts during a long winter; with a short, hot summer and the other two seasons missing.

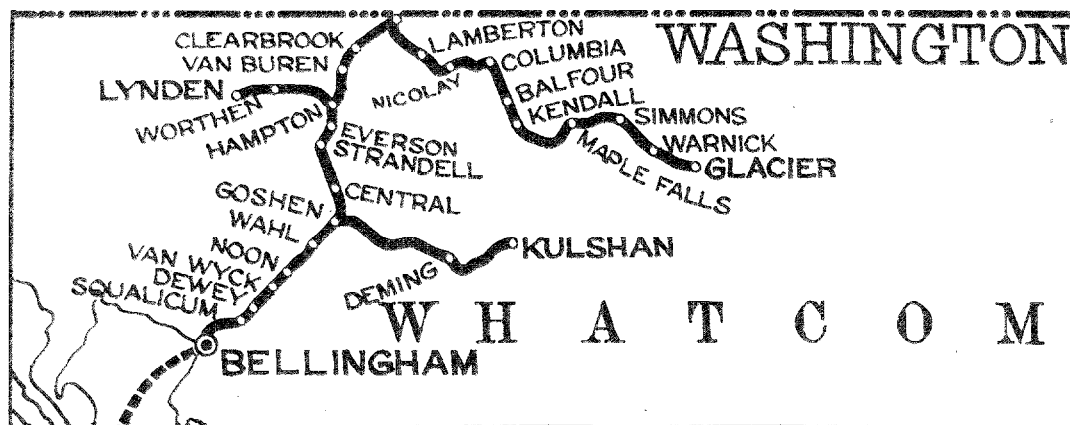
But not so. That mysterious agent of the tropics, the Japan Current, brings the breath of the south in with the tides of the Pacific, disseminating geniality all along its way and sending warm winds across the land from coast to Cascade Mountains. Therefore, in Bellingham, close to the 48th parallel and the northern international boundary line, roses bloom in November and there's never a snow drift,—but, on the contrary, growing things in field and on hillside the entire year round.

It is a beautiful little city,—this Bellingham that Milwaukee employes, perhaps, have hardly come to associate intimately with this railroad and its interests, because it has not been in our family very long and because in a measure it is isolated from the trunk line and its adjacent branches. It rises on the slopes of Mount Baker's foothills, from the shores of

Bellingham Bay, at a point where the outlook over the water is peculiarly fine. The Bay waters sweep out to the Straits of Georgia, washing round the rock-bound confines of wooden islands,—while out beyond these and looming into the mystery of the upper silences, the great white-crested, jagged wall of the Olympic Mountains is thrown against the southwestern sky. To eastward, the fir-mantled foothills climb up and up to meet the Cascade Range, while upstanding as if on guard over all, is Mount Baker's lone ice peak, ten thousand feet high, three thousand feet of its splendid height being shrouded in perpetual snow. Between the foothills and the water's edge is a broad, sloping plain, where every agricultural and pastoral pursuit thrives as if this were indeed the Sunny South instead of a northern latitude under the influence of the warm ocean current.

In such a setting lies Bellingham, with remarkable resources of forests, fields, ores, the riches of the sea and the advantages of its location contributing to its growth and wealth.

If you regard the age of cities through the vistas of old world halls of time,—if you think of their pioneer days as related to generations long gone, then "early days" when applied



Map Showing Location of Bellingham Division.

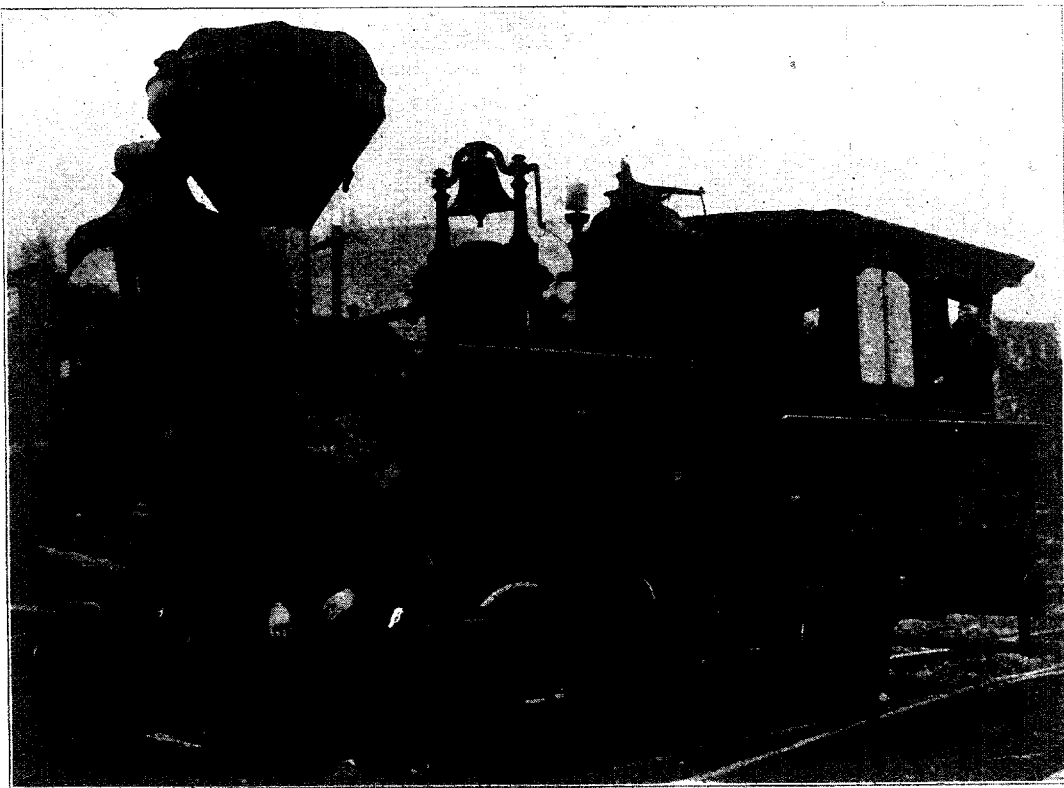
to a city of Bellingham's years, are as the primer class to a child not yet out of the grammar school; but events move swiftly in the far west,—white men went into that section in numbers, toward the middle of the last century, and founded the County of Whatcom in 1852, then a settlement grew where is now the city of Bellingham that was also called Whatcom. Timber, which came down the hills in solid phalanxes of giant fir, first drew settlers here, and timber is still one of the substantial sources of Bellingham's wealth; but the clearings have marched up hill and inland and there are farms now where once stood great forests. Coal mines, fisheries and fish canneries, and other industrial activities developed in the rapid succession of the west, so that many of the people who went in there when it was practically undiscovered country, are there yet, hale and hearty, enjoying the fruits of early toil; seeing, now, a handsome metropolis where once they looked on a trackless forest and an uncharted sea.

Now should you look up the Bellingham Division, that is a part of our P. S. Lines, on the map, seeking its junction point with the main line, all you would find is a dotted line drawn through the expanse of Puget Sound water, between Bellingham and Seattle, representing a steamer line plying between those points. But, none the less, the Bellingham Division is an integral part of the Milwaukee System, with a large and flourishing traffic to

its credit. This division began its career as an individual railroad, under the name of The Bellingham Bay & British Columbia R. R. (scoffers of its construction days dubbed it "They Began Building Before Christ"). It was built originally to get out coal from mines that were opened in the hills where a part of the city now stands, and its rails were the first laid in the State of Washington. It carried along for a number of years as a coal and logging road, while fertile farming lands were developing in the valleys northward. These, demanding rail service, it was extended into the valley of the Nooksack River, to Sumas, on the International Boundary Line; thence in a southwesterly direction to Glacier at the foot of Mount Baker, and subsequently it branched northwesterly from the main line to Lyndon to reach a fine agricultural district; and when, in 1912, it became a "Milwaukee" line, it had nearly seventy miles of railroad. In negotiating for equipment of the B. B. & B. C., its early owners, with boundless belief in their project, but not much money, bought in San Francisco, a sturdy little locomotive that had seen years of service around San Francisco Bay and that had made its trip from eastern shops to the Pacific Coast, in 1852, in the hold of a sailing vessel that came around Cape Horn. Its last sea voyage was made in 1885, when it came by boat from Frisco to Bellingham. It is told that the promoters of Bellingham, anxious to make an impression of big

business, steamed "Engine No. 1" up to full head whenever a ship appeared in the offing and when it made port, the locomotive with its ears of whatever and all characters, was to be seen racing madly to and fro over the rails and making a great demonstration of switching, etc. It probably worked all right, because the little bay shore towns grew rapidly. Beginning with Whatcom, at the mouth of Whatcom Creek, a second was founded a few miles farther south, which was called Sehome, and later, a third called Fairhaven. Whatcom and Sehome consolidated under the name of New

tropolis. In 1918 there were 48 miles of street paving, thirty-three miles of this being asphalt: twelve miles concrete and two and one-half miles of brick. This makes ideal motoring and everyone motors of course. The residence district lies well up on the hills, with wide streets and beautiful homes of the type usual in the "Sound Country,"—bungalow or semi-bungalow, whose walls are covered with trailing vines and trellised roses and surrounded by shrubs and flowers. These hill-side homes overlook the bay, which is one of the most beautiful bodies of water to be found anywhere in this re-



Engine No. 1.

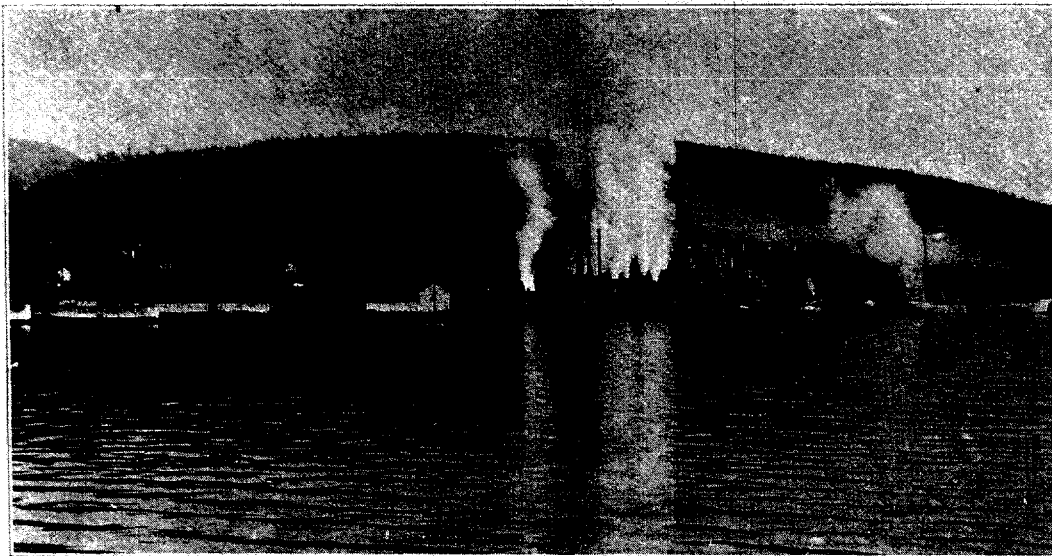
Whatcom; and this, in 1903, united with Fairhaven, and became Bellingham.

The city now has a population of approximately 40,000 and the amount of business, transacted in 1918, which are the latest returns obtainable, amounted to \$25,000,000. Its industrial pay-roll for that same year was \$5,549,369.00, its bank deposits, \$9,173,054. Its business buildings are modern in type and construction and its business streets have all the appearance and attributes of the real me-

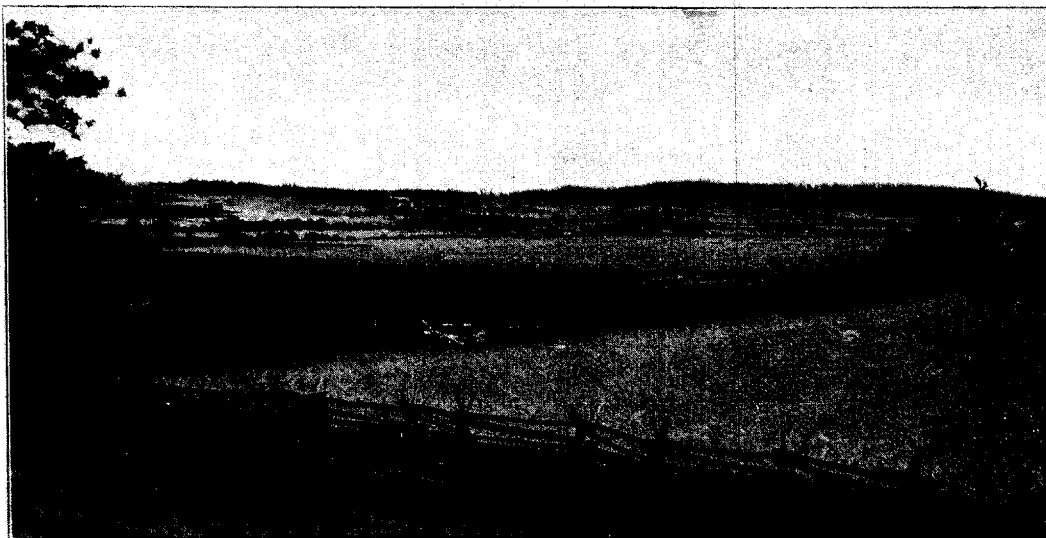
gion. It is about twelve miles long and five miles wide, is navigable for sea-going craft of any size and is a safe harbor at all times. At the summit of one of the city hills is a lovely park, with flowering shrubs and beds of colorful bloom set in broad green lawns, with winding pathways and drives leading to advantageous viewpoints and beautiful vistas. Whatcom Lake, a few miles from the city, and reached by trolley line, is a favorite picnic spot for Bellingham folk. It has a wonderful natural beauty, the



Orchard Scene Near Bellingham.



Bellingham Water Front.



Farm Scene Near Bellingham.

lake is surrounded with green hills and commands a wonderful view of the great white dome of Mount Baker. There is also a fine hard road from Bellingham to Glacier, at the foot of Mount Baker, from which point the ascent of the peak is undertaken by mountaineers sure of foot and of great endurance.

As you stand at the head of one of Bellingham's business streets and look off over the bay and the shore line, a lively moving picture spreads before you. The shore is closely built up for miles with immense industries, and the bay waters are busy avenues of commerce. The railroad is built through one of the main streets of the city and extends down to the docks on the water front, where

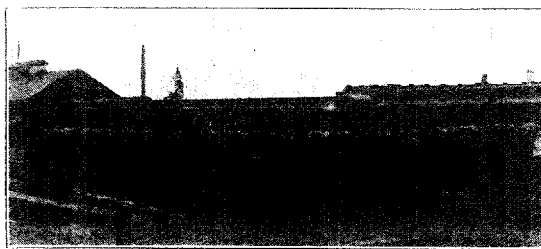
the smoke of many factory and mill stacks floats out over the waves. There are ten lumber mills, showing a daily output of 960,000 feet of lumber, 165,000 feet of box stock and

1,345,000 shingles. The salmon canneries are next in importance among Bellingham industries. There are twelve of these scattered through Whatcom County, and their pack for 1918 was 219,000 full cases of forty-eight pounds to the case, all of which is tributary to Bellingham. One of these fish canneries located directly in Bellingham, is the largest establishment of its kind in the world. This canning company also operates a large shipyard at this point. Fruit canning is also an important feature of industrial Bellingham,—the largest one of these having a capacity of one hundred cars a day during the canning season; and their product enjoys a nation-wide reputation.

While coal has always been a potential resource of this locality, it has recently come into special prominence because of the opening of a large new mine in 1918, within the limits of Bellingham city. The veins run directly under the city, and are of unexplored extent. In time, the ground under the streets of Bellingham may be expected

to become honeycombed with mines and tunnels, even as is the ground under the streets of Butte, Montana, with the winding underground avenues of copper mines. This new coal prospect is being pushed extensively, it now having a capacity of 15,000 tons a month and the product is pronounced to be a very fine article of semi-bituminous coal. Another mine is being developed in the Glacier district, a region directly tributary to the Bellingham Division, and which will yield to it a large tonnage as the development continues.

No finer agricultural country lies out under the blue vault than the beautiful valleys that lead back from the shore line into the hill country.



Just Showing the Way They Grow Around Bellingham.

This is all logged off land which has been cleared, and turned into splendid grain, hay, fruit and poultry farms. Whatcom County records a total of 250,000 acres of logged off lands, of which 150,000 acres is arable

land; 250,000 acres is pasture and 3,000 acres are in fruit lands. There are about 10,000 acres in grain and the 100 acres in bulbs, 1,000 acres in garden tracts, and the rest is devoted to orchards and general farming.

The mildness of the climate is excellent for dairying and poultry raising, there being some of the finest dairy and poultry farms in the state in close proximity to Bellingham and reached by the rails of the Bellingham Division.

Of interest and importance is the fact that this climate and location has the potential elements of a linen industry. Everyone knows of the wonderful linen produced in Ireland and certain portions of Scotland, where the climate is especially favorable for the manufacture of this fabric. In the country around Bellingham similar conditions exist, and it has been positively stated by those who are familiar with the requirements of linen production, that this textile may be manufactured here

as successfully as in the most favored locations of Ireland and Scotland.

Such briefly is the principal terminal, and such the country that originates and requires the traffic of the Bellingham Division.

H. G. Selby is superintendent and general agent, G. E. Cessford is district master mechanic, and the headquarters are the old "General Offices" of the B. B. & B. C. R. R. in Bellingham.

Superheated Locomotives

Maximum Efficiency Accomplished.

A. J. Harner

The author of this article, Mr. A. J. Harner, is mechanical engineer for the Galena Oil Company. He was formerly a locomotive engineer with twenty years' road experience, and having given the subject of the super-heated locomotive thorough and careful study in addition to his practical experience, he writes authoritatively. Milwaukee enginemen will read Mr. Harner's article with much interest and benefit, both because of the general attention now being directed toward the efficient and economical handling of motive power and because of the great amount of valuable information it contains.

The benefits obtainable from superheat are beyond question, but the successful overcoming of destructive elements has been productive of much experimenting, numerous appliances, such as various types of lubricators, vacuum breakers, release valves, valve and piston rod extensions, drifting valves, superheater oils, etc., have been tried out with little or no success with the result that this question has evidently baffled the entire locomotive mechanical world.

The power of the Superheated Locomotive is at present underestimated, due to the fact that maximum efficiency has been handicapped by improper locomotive handling. Locomotive supervisors and engineers have not kept pace with the development of the machine.

Hitherto constant lubrication of the valves and cylinders of this type of engine has been considered a great difficulty. This can easily be accomplished without any changes in construction, alterations or additional equipment on engines equipped with the Walscheart or similar types of valve gears. Steam generated in a locomotive boiler is the same as steam generated in a stationary boiler. Superheat is steam heated to a temperature higher than that of the water in the boiler.

Lubricating stationary or marine engines

is a simple matter. A set of marine engines will run night and day for a week with less oil than the average superheated locomotive at the present time receives in a minimum (8 hour) day, and this proves beyond the question of a doubt that the successful economic operation of the superheated locomotive has been neglected.

Compare the cost of operation per 1,000 miles between the superheated and saturated locomotives. Increases in weight of machine, tonnage hauled, price of labor and materials, pooling of power, etc., are some excuses offered; the principal factor, however, is **wrong treatment.**

The locomotive is the only engine that is susceptible to draw in the gases that should be ejected out of the smoke stack, and is the only type of engine that, irrespective of release valves and other methods of dealing with the sudden shutting off of the steam, harmfully creates a vacuum. The locomotive also runs with the internal workings of valves and pistons working for long periods without steam at great velocity, and the vacuum thus created draws into the valve chambers and cylinders, air, gases, and cinders which are detrimental to successful results. The lubrication of the locomotive undergoes a sudden change when running without steam (just after throttle is closed) and this is the period wherein a reliable remedy is required.

A modern superheated locomotive properly fired, pumped, and handled, hauling maximum tonnage at proper cutoff is an economical power plant, and remains so as long as steam is kept in valve chambers and cylinders; if throttle is closed and air enters the cylinders, lubrication is immediately destroyed and the efficiency of the engine is greatly reduced—this is particularly noticeable when trying to start train, valves and cylinders are dry, nothing remains of lubrication but dry walls and so-called carbon deposits.

Trains starting from initial terminals usually move easily, taking slack is unnecessary and engine starts without jerk. Engines moving light from store tracks to train sheds do not develop enough superheat to affect lubrication.

The cause of bad lubrication is drifting. Subject the valves and cylinders to steam pressure at all times while engines are in service and the difficulties that have hitherto arisen in the lubrication of the superheated locomotive will disappear.

The final analysis is that to obtain a perfectly lubricated engine, wherein the susceptibility of foreign substances being drawn into the valve chambers and cylinders is possible while drifting, it is necessary to avoid vacuum, by admitting steam to the valve chambers at all times while engines are in motion, this will exclude air, gas and cinders, and will produce the necessary distribution of the lubricant during the passage of the steam through the engine.

I am aware that some good results are being obtained by the cracked or partially open throttle. Just how much steam you are

allowing to enter the valve chambers and cylinders is not known, this method thereby is uncertain and not reliable, it is a difficult proposition to keep a throttle cracked, they will at times automatically close when in the just cracked position.

The designer of the Walscheart valve gear unintentionally placed on engines so equipped the device which, when properly handled, will, through the instrumentality of steam, positively prevent valve chamber and cylinder vacuum regardless of speed or type of locomotive. The Walscheart valve gear is composed of two motions, viz., the eccentric or crank motion, and the crosshead motion. When the reverse gear or lever is placed at either end of quadrant and engine is in motion, the valves will travel at maximum stroke or cutoff. As the reverse lever is moved towards the center of the quadrant, cutoff is changed accordingly. By placing the reverse lever in center of quadrant, the radius bars move to the center of the links and become stationary. There is positively no eccentric throw transmitted to the radius bars while they, the radius bars, are in the center of the links.

Therefore, the action of the eccentric motion is destroyed, the travel of the valves is now controlled by the crosshead motion through the combination of lap and lead lever, the valve travel thus derived, produces a cutoff which will supply just enough steam to the cylinders to prevent vacuum; therefore, when handling a superheated locomotive, either in passenger or freight service, approaching stations, slow-downs, stop signals, etc., instead of easing off or closing throttle, leave the throttle open and place the reverse lever or reverse gear on center and the Walscheart, or any other valve gear with constant lead, will adjust just enough steam to cylinders to prevent cylinder vacuum.

This method insures the prevention of gases being drawn into the valve chambers and eliminates the possibility of dry cylinders and carbon deposits, insures circulation in boiler all the time engine is in motion which reduces boiler contraction and expansion. It eliminates the necessity of release valves, drifting valves, or vacuum breakers of any type, and valve rod and piston rod extensions, and I know when my method is practiced all valve rod and piston rod oil cups, also valve and piston rod swabs are useless, expensive, excess baggage and should be removed.

My method eliminates wrong treatment, insures constant lubrication, which increases the life of main valve and cylinder packing, furnishes a positive piston cushion which reduces to a minimum box knocking and rod pounding that cannot be taken up by tight crossheads or connecting rods. The cushion will bring the pistons gently to their terminal point although they may be moving at a high rate of speed, and the knock will be eliminated and a considerably smoother running and easy riding engine will be the result and perceptibly noticed.

Our "Milwaukee Girl" in the Liberated Zones

Before starting with Miss Salmons and Miss Howard on their journeys into the liberated zones, I am taking a few passages that are purely of a "human interest" from some letters of a date earlier than those in which she tells of the devastated French territory that she visited. On January 6th, 1919, she writes of meeting an American boy attached to the staff of correspondents in Paris attendant on the Peace Conference; and of President Wilson's talk to the A. E. F. at Chaumont on Christmas Day:

"It rained here again Sunday, so we did not go to one of the suburbs, as we had intended to do. We went to church in the morning and as we walked home afterward, J—— appeared on the scene. We were surprised to see him, as we supposed he was in Italy with the other press agents who accompanied the President's party; but he had not been well enough to go on. He is better now and leaves for some place up near the front, the end of this week. He told us that when he listened to Wilson's talk to the boys at Chaumont on Christmas Day, he was so affected he had all he could do to keep from weeping. He said he would never lose the picture—the great plain filled with soldiers looking up into the face of this one man from home, speaking to them from a full heart, as he has never been known to speak before. J—— said he had heard the President talk in the presence of kings and queens in the big places of the earth—but here the MAN spoke, and it almost seemed as if he were the "Man of Sorrows," as he talked. He said it was worth it to have lived to be there at Chaumont on that Christmas Day, and that there would never be another such a day."

"On January 21st:

"Since the first of January our department has narrowed somewhat in its work in Paris, but on the other hand, extended it over the whole of France and Miss Bojeson is now chief of the Bureau of Emergency Relief for that territory. The warehouses are scattered over the zones—more in the devastated portions than elsewhere and the material relief is drawn from the warehouse nearest to the district to be relieved—but the work is all handled from this office in Paris. There seems so little to tell you about and yet my time is so filled. Yesterday I went out to find a hospital for a little twelve-year-old wanderer found by a 'Searcher' some distance from Paris. His story was that his mother had been killed by the Germans, his father killed in the army, his brothers gone, he knew not where; and he himself wandering from place to place as mascot for the American soldiers, as the Divisions moved on. He had a bullet wound in his face, which he said he got while with the American soldiers; and when he was found he was about half sick, but is now very nicely taken care of awaiting a run of pneumonia in the hospital, where he is finding more comfort and tenderness than he has known for the last two or three years. At the Y. M. C. A., the other day, where we went for lunch, there was another boy, about thirteen, with a piece of his tongue and his right hand cut off, such dreadful things that I could not tell you the details of, we come across in the relief work daily.

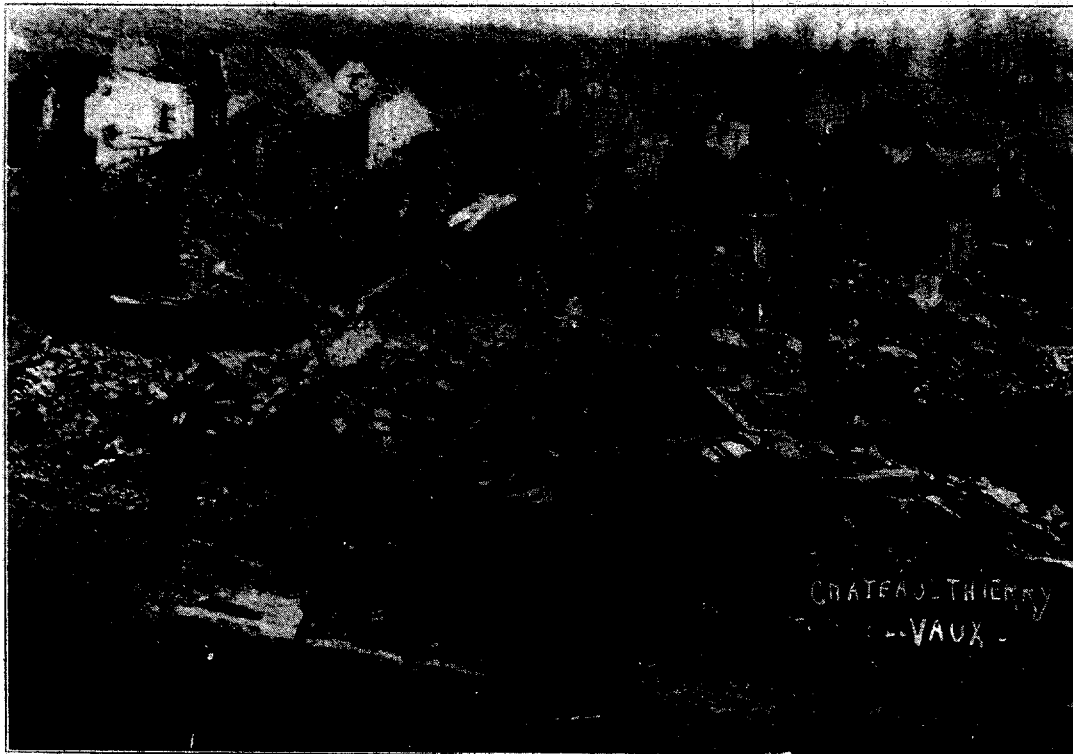
I don't think I told you that one of our refugees was at one time the companion of the Countess Tolstol, whose husband wrote those books I have on war and peace. She is a protegee of the Duchess de Cholsel, who has done a lot of won-

derful work in the contagious disease hospitals since she started, and who has used up most of her own money, so that she had to bring the woman, Yvonne, to us for aid. The little woman is very superior, as she would have to be, to occupy a position of companion in a household like that of the Tolstois. She married a soldier, who came to Russia to train troops and who was killed. She, with her tiny baby, was taken prisoner by the Germans and humiliated and terribly treated, until she finally made her escape and came to Paris—the journey from Russia taking over a year.

February 10th.

Last Saturday morning, too early to be guided even by the gray of dawn, we started out for our trip to the Front. An army officer and two Red

able to realize that this was ever a city; dazed as if we, too, had been hurt; standing reverently aside to give place to the returning refugee, bare-headed, without coat, the barren pack on his shoulder all he owns of this world's goods, but rich in the undaunted spirit that is urging him back to find a corner in the only place that can ever be a home to him. Already some of the returning prisoners are making homes by placing fallen blocks of stone, one upon another, to reach a remnant of a roof. Farther on we meet a woman with swollen, red hands, trudging doggedly along with her heavy pack, looking with dull eyes from side to side, forgetful of the three little children in their black aprons, leaving the road to jump from stone to stone among the ruins. It looks so hopeless for her and I wonder if she



After the Marines Went In.

Cross doctors occupied the compartment with us, and enlivened the dreariness of the morning with lunches which they administered to us at frequent intervals. For two hours, as the train made its deliberate way, we amused ourselves with watching the landscape, not unlike America under its mantle of snow; watched the bunches of mistletoe nestling like huge birds in the tree-tops; the inevitable ornamentation on even the least pretentious dwellings—then suddenly all such things are forgotten. Look at those splintered trees—what a storm must have passed this way. Was it a storm? Ah, yes, but not such a storm as we have ever known, and there is a pile of stones—why that was a building. We have entered the devastated area; already we see the trenches, acres of barbed wire in intricate mazes; buildings with scarcely a wall standing; on the hill at Corcy, the remnant of a spire reaching up out of the destruction at its feet; at Vierzy, nothing but desolation; on up through Berzy-le-Sec, not a house standing all the way up to Soissons. Here we leave the train and walk through what is left of the station, into the city. It must have been a City of Dreams—those piles of huge square stones where once stood houses in their pride; sometimes a wall is left; here a corner of a room; very rarely a good part of a room with a piece of roof clinging to old associations; here a few square feet of floor to an upper bedroom holds, unhurt, a lovely pale-blue cradle with a dainty net canopy; for the most part, nothing whole. Up long streets that have been cleared of debris by German prisoners, we walk, scarcely

can ever smile again, but one thing is sure, she will find some corner and begin immediately to cover it in, to make a nest for these babies she had forgotten for the moment. Oh, why do they come back to this desolation? Yet come back they will, there is no turning them aside. And so the Red Cross, that you are all supporting so earnestly, is providing transportation for these returning refugees and prisoners, and when they find a place for the soles of their feet, the Red Cross sends from the nearest warehouse, the prized material for making a new start in life. We finally reach what is left of the hotel where we are to have lunch. Here two or three rooms have survived, and rear themselves out of the surrounding ruins, and we have a very good hot lunch in a windowless room with the walls absolutely riddled with holes. Afterward we walked over to the once stately cathedral, and there, over the remains of the once magnificent portals, seemingly untouched by the demon of demolition, is a statue of the Christ crucified—and how crucified here, again and again. I thought as I looked at it, these demons have not destroyed the stone figure of the Christ, nor have they touched the great love that will heal even those wounds. My eyes wandered from this stone figure to the ruined steeple pointing strongly steadily upward to the clear brightness of the sun, undimmed like this Great Love, and how I yearn for them to feel it. How I want them to find happiness again.

Back to the hotel and bundled up in all the clothes we could bring along, we are at last in the big machine and on our way, past hundreds



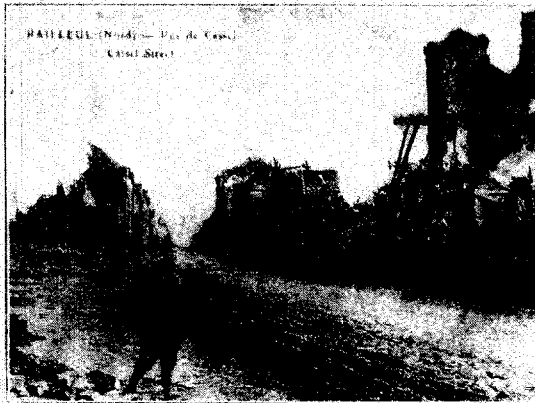
A Street in Reims.



The Banks of the Aisne River, Soissons.

and hundreds of these homes in complete demolition—garments, draperies, furniture, splinters, revealing themselves among the stones in places. On to the road to Laon, down an avenue of what were once fine, large trees, cut down by the enemy for their own use—only the stumps to mark the places where once they cast their beneficent shade for centuries; on between lines of picturesque Algerians cleaning the road, their black faces and bright red head-dress against the snow—something to stay in the memory when far away from these scenes; past loads of German ammunition piled along the roadway; past graves marked by crosses with careful inscriptions in German painted on them, on, up to Chemin de Dames. Here, where once were peaceful homes scattered around on what was some of the best farming territory in France, was no vestige of human occupation at first glance; no trace of home; no sign of ever a harvest. The ground plowed up by shells again and again, bringing to the surface a substratum of earth that will have to be taught how to grow green things, and doctored and coaxed to do this, if it can ever be done—barren, waste land. We got out of the machines and went into the German dug-outs—comfortable places, the walls lined with masonry, smooth enough for a palace; places where electric lights had been, still in evidence.

Back to the machine, we looked for some moments down into the valley where had been the farmhouse Malmaison, and where that terrible fight took place, of which we read in our papers in America last summer. No sign there of human habitation, except for the ammunition piled up in places and the simple crosses of saplings marking the spots where brave boys laid down their lives, for they are buried where they fell, and these same crosses dot the roadsides everywhere for the thirty-five or forty miles we rode from



Bailleul—Where Valenciennes Lace Was Made.



Refugees Who Have Just Received Chocolate and Biscuits from Red Cross Camion.



Emplacement of the "Big Bertha" that Bombarded Paris.

Soissons to Chateau-Thierry; all along this road the same piles of ammunition; the same stumps of trees; the same forests mowed down by shell; the same villages utterly demolished; the same lion-hearted refugees making their way back to their old homes where there is literally no place to lay their heads; along the roads, stretches of camouflage made of gauze stuff painted to represent foliage—this to hide the road itself. We passed the place where the Big Bertha started her work of intimidating the inhabitants of Paris; passed the hill at Chateau-Thierry where many crosses mark the places where the souls of our own American boys left the bodies they could no longer use; on down into Chateau-Thierry itself, demolished, blackened, but still housing in its ruins many of its own people, who stayed there through all that terrible time. This place has more left of it than Soissons, but the devastation is of the same kind, and both places look perfectly hopeless. It seems to me they can never build their cities on those same sites; that they can never clear the places, in our generation, at least.

March 13th.

The succoring of refugees in Paris is coming to an end, as it was never the purpose of the department to keep on giving to the same families—only to start them off—and now, as many are returning to their homes in the devastated districts. We are establishing our warehouses at Amiens, Lille, Laon, Mezieres, Verdun and Chalons, in France; and at Ghent, Bruges, Courtrai and Adinkerke, in Belgium, and it is our business to see that enough merchandise is shipped into these districts to allay the sufferings as much as possible, transferring everything from our southern warehouses up to those in the north, and moving it out again as the calls come in for relief. We have men out on the road all the time looking up cars—take care of the shipments, and the French wagons are so inadequate that we have quite a rejoicing when we are able to get a few good, old American cars.

We have plowing under way. At Dombasle and Brabant we have twenty-three acres plowed and the refugee families are so grateful for this help. We have many tractors in the Meuse district overhauling and getting into condition for the season's work. We are preparing quarters for co-operative stores, glazing, putting in doors and partitions; counters and bins in houses allotted to us by the authorities in the liberated districts, and putting up temporary shelter where possible in the devastated area.

I have been down to the Bureau of Requirements to have them make an effort to recover from the army at LeMans 20,000 sweaters, and have them deloused so that they may be available for our warehouses up in the devastated regions. That 13,000,000 pounds of clothing and other things from the States is to come right to our department and in anticipation of it we have to-day made out requisitions for

- 250,000 yards of bath-robing.
- 250,000 yards of dress-goods.
- 650,000 yards of canton flannel.
- 450,000 yards of white outing flannel.
- 1,000,000 yards of light-striped flannel.
- 550,000 yards of dark outing flannel.
- 300,000 yards of unbleached muslin.

This is just to show you the numbers we work in. That was only for clothing fabrics; then there was an item of 20,000,000 boxes of matches to dispose of. This material goes right up to the warehouses in the north to be given out as occasion demands. Here I am giving you a list of districts with the names of those in charge:

- 634—Amiens (Somme); Mrs. Alice Stuart, American Red Cross.
- 772—Lille (Nord); Miss Ella Harris, American Red Cross.
- 792—Laon (Aisne); Major H. C. Greene.
- 456—Mezieres (Ardennes); Miss Nora Reynolds.
- 707—Verdun (Meuse); Miss Florence Sibley.
- 184—Chalons (Marne); Mrs. Katherine L. Llewellyn.
- 129—Reims (Marne); Major du Bellet.
- 181—Belgium Zone; Captain J. C. Eppstein.

April 4th.

On Saturday, by virtue of a special dispensation, we made a trip to Reims (English, Rheims). It was pouring rain, but we did not mind it a bit. We were soon making our way up through country now becoming familiar through repeated trips, past hundreds of acres of vineyards in the neighborhood of Epernay and Ay, with their millions of crates loaded with stakes ready to support the new vines, taking the place of those destroyed in the ravages of war; the tidy conditions, of these enormous tracts attesting to the thrift of a people that will not be downed; on up through the devastated country to the city that marks the rendezvous of four rivers—the Aisne, the Marne, the Vesle and the Sappe, to Reims, of proverbial beauty, without which the word picture of French history would be very incomplete; and about which, even now, in the day of its desolation and ruins, the last word has not been written; neither has there been written the last word that will picture the blotch upon the nation which has caused this desolation and laid this wonderful city in ruins. As in Soissons, so here, mountains of splintered stone where once stood homes of peace and happiness, ragged walls that once marked the boundaries of what man called mine and thine; twisted metal where once bronze gates of incomparable beauty closed upon the too curi-

ous visitor, and the ruined cathedral (Notre Dame), to which kings came to receive from Church and Crown, the emblem of their dignity, the most beautiful of all cathedrals, and perhaps the richest in sculpture and tapestries of any in Europe; centuries old evidence of beauty in the mind of man of those faraway days, destroyed by these disciples of hatred in a few short months—what a desecration. The houses can be rebuilt; the wealth of the lovers of this sacred place will build another Reims; the real lives of the boys and men who fell there have not been touched; the ache in the hearts of those left behind will be eased; but nothing can replace the cathedral as it was—a monument to a vanished people that suffered even as millions are suffering to-day. The shame of it all. And among the ruins—flowers blossom. I send you a primrose from Reims.

And the daisies we picked at the edge of the dug-out on the Hindenburg Line as we stepped into a covered hole, and by the light of candles went down thirty-five or forty feet into the earth, where we found rooms, bunks, stores, electric wires, telephone wires, pieces of clear white marble brought down from Reims to beautify their underground quarters, pieces of finest mirrors that had been carried there from the same place, smashed by themselves as they retreated, or dismantled and broken by the French as they drove the Germans out or took them prisoners; firearms all around, which we did not pick up as they are all loaded.

Then we walked up through mud, mud, mud—the kind our boys tell about—with stick in hand, with which to relieve our feet of the burden of mud at every few steps, we labored on up the height, to the top, where we found the frame of what had been used as a lookout by the Germans, the words Luftschutz Gruppe painted on one of the boards. This place commanded a view of the city of Reims, lying there white and prostrate in her ruins, in the valley, and also a view of the old fort surrounding the city, built centuries before, by the French, and used as headquarters by the Germans. We slid and tumbled down the embankment into this fort, and looked down the airshafts, covered with barbed wire, upon the prisoners busy with washing their underclothes. They had the garments spread on tables and were scrubbing them with a brush as if their future liberty depended upon the thoroughness of their work. We walked around to the place marked "kitchen," in large German type, and looked at the big pans of potatoes lying there ready for dinner, and watched them grinding their coffee very unconcernedly; only as they watched our every movement, there was something of insolence in their gaze, but it would be the same with us if we were in their position. Reims had been occupied by the Germans in 1914 for about nine days, but the city was not hurt by them at that time because they expected to keep it for themselves. It was after their line was pushed back that they bombarded the city from time to time, from their place of vantage on the height, with the city all helpless there before them.

As we drove through the streets we noticed that wherever a trunk of a tree was left it had been trimmed down below the hurt and pruned, so that, in places where stand full grown tree trunks cut off square about five or six feet from the ground, they will bring into play their knowledge of grafting, and will not waste a year's growth of trunk where it can be kept alive. The ruins of the city can wait, as they must, but wherever is a remnant of a tree with roots still in the ground, that tree is being prepared for the new city.

As we pulled out of the station, home-bound, the sun, true to tradition, came out for a fleeting moment, falling on the cathedral and beautifying it, and seeming to promise that with what had been saved, she would once more, regardless of her scars, rise to be the pride of the world. You see, earlier in the day a French woman had told us, "Yes, it rains, but you know, it was on a Saturday that the Virgin passed this way; since then the sun always shines on the day before Sunday, even if but for a moment. And the sun will shine for the world. The shell holes with their yawning, crater-like mouths, have been filled in and plowed over; the tale of devastation there is as a tale that is told; and the green things will flourish as if the place had never known sorrow and suffering; the songs of birds have taken the place of the crash of cannon and gun, the shriek of shell, the cries of wound and dying.

June 5th.

Well, our pilgrimage to the Argonne Forest is over. Through a certain chain of circumstances we were able to procure an automobile from headquarters for the three days, and at 7 o'clock on the morning of Decoration Day we piled our baskets of flowers and flags into the machine and made our start, on each side of us fields of daisies and buttercups, poppies and blue corn-flowers, where two months ago were cruel barb-wire entanglements, piles of munitions and the graves of brave boys; past women cutting grain with long-handled scythes, with attached baskets to guide the fall of spears; past other fields where old men or young men plowed, leaving a green spot around a cross here and there, marking these same graves; on past many queer wells enclosed in masonry caps, over bridges, watching the kneeling women paddling their washing at the water-side; past flocks of sheep with always a shepherdess knitting, or cows tended in the same way, keeping a steady pace to Montmirail; past two tall shafts erected to commemorate the battle that Napoleon fought over that same territory; past a toy milk-cart holding three large milk cans, one of which was being investigated by a dirty old cat during the absence of the milk-maid, while a sympathetic, white-capped, bent-shouldered woman watched the performance and smiled—perhaps it was her own cat and she had no money to buy milk; on to Bergeres, filled with French soldiers, out into the country past a regular department store on wheels—shoes, clothes, food, etc.—in fine contrast to the trenches, now grass-grown along either side of it; northeasterly to Chantrix, with its enormous aviation field and salvage depot, the scene changing swiftly to fields of alfalfa bloom, of a lovely shell pink, falling to the same quaint scythes wielded with swift, sure strokes, by sad-faced women; noting on a barn as we passed, a niche with the statue of the pope for adornment and to bring good crops to the farmer; past a new pine forest with baby trees springing from root or seed of the parent trees shattered by shell; joining a long line of French gathering up war junk for the army salvage, bunches of poppies in the ears of huge horses drawing the rusty loads; on past a great munition station extending between Thurbie and Chalons, the houses and store-cellars set deep in the ground and well camouflaged above; on past miles of camouflaged guns and cannon; through territory where French soldiers were busy exploding German munitions; further on to the motor transport station at Chalons, to be served with food for our machine by the German prisoners; on through the city, gathering up provisions at the market for our own lunch, out into the fields through the side of the city, which had most suffered from the air bombardments, working our way for miles in and out of lines of army trucks, northerly through Lepine and Tilley-Belloy, past miles of camouflaged hedges made of chicken wire with knots of coarse grass tied in, noting the signposts informing the men that "gas masks are obligatory," dug-outs lining the roadway now, on into the country where scarcely a house is left standing, where the refugees are building grottoes to shelter themselves, visiting the little cemeteries along the roadside, noting the trenches through the chalky region sprawling like fabulous white monsters across the landscape, for this kind of soil defied the efforts of Nature to cover the wounds of earth; on through Passavant, skirting the southern boundary of the high ridge of the Argonne Forest, placing flowers on the graves of our boys in an American cemetery at Brizeaux; on to Fleury, where Mrs. Jewel's nephew lies.

Continuing on our way, we started up along the eastern line of the Argonne Forest, through great munition reclamation parks with mountains of empty shells and rolled-up wire from the huge mounds of wooden and iron stakes that held the entanglements, all along, now, the gravel patches showing the places where shell holes had been filled in; past fields belonging to vast estates, where hundreds of German prisoners were busy with the hazardous first plowing over battlefields, while others worked carefully, foot by foot, over territory that held death for someone before sunset, the French guards standing safely at a distance—all this to make it safe for the French people to work the ground after them; through Aubreville, entirely in ruins, one man coming out of a hole in what was left of a room on the ground floor, at the sound of our machine, and

pointing back into the opening to show us three cows contentedly lying in what had been the floor of a fine salon, to our question as to where he lived, answering simply with the one word "Ici" (here), telling a whole story; on to the next place, Neuville, the highest piece of wall standing, revealing a painting of the Virgin over a church altar—the people will build their village around that; on to the outskirts of the village, where the refugees are establishing themselves in portable houses furnished by us, for it is in all this devastated territory that we are operating from our warehouse centers; on through the mountains of salvage, the long ridge of the hill in the Argonne Forest at our left stripped of trees and shell-torn; into Boureuilles, with its repeated story of ruined houses and bridges; into Varennes, where a little chapel had been turned into a prison during the German occupation, as shown by the maltese cross painted in black on the doors; on to Cheppy, the roads torn out worse than in any other place we have traversed; torn out so badly that new roads have been built all around the shell holes; the hillsides all holes that the boys dug for themselves to shelter them from the fire from the top before that moment when they were ordered up and over—the worst condition of devastation. And it is not so much to be wondered at that so few of our boys came out of that battle, but that any could possibly escape. The place was evacuated entirely with the exception of a sentry and two or three French soldiers exploding the German munition, and we rode all around every road we saw, to look for the little cemetery, but could find only an isolated grave here and there, except for those marked with the German sign. So we concluded to go on up to Romagne, where they are making an "Argonne Cemetery," to see if we could get any information from "The Graves Registration" office there. We took the road up through Montfaucens, with those same pathetic holes in the hillsides, telling the story of those few hours before the battle; up the hill to the Crown Prince's dug-out, ornamented with his shield set in cement, having chosen for himself a place commanding one of the loveliest views I have ever seen, but where he was perfectly safe and comfortable himself, having all the comforts with which kings and emperors surround themselves when they accompany their armies to the battlefields, until we reach the brow of the hill overlooking this cemetery, into which they are gathering our Americans. I shall never forget that great expanse of 10,000 white crosses, each with a green wreath and our own flag on the graves they marked—beautiful. Outside, the poppies nodding dreamily over the fields that had lately been red with the blood of sacrifice; here the white purity of the emblem of the resurrection. How I wished the ones left behind to sorrow could feel the inspiration of the place. For those boys, lying there, Death has no sting, and the white crosses proclaimed the Grave has no Victory. There are 8,000 negroes, all American soldiers, working all the time, going out into the surrounding country and bringing the boys in the wooden boxes they manufacture right there at the camp, and placing them with their comrades. There are to be 40,000 there, and they are working day and night to accomplish their task.

Knowing that we could not get a place to eat or sleep in all that devastated country, that night we were given a bed in the Y. M. C. A. tent, right there in the cemetery camp, and went to bed, after listening late to stories of hardship and bravery, which the boys gathered around our little party told us—a strange place to sleep, so peaceful and quiet after taps had sounded.

Not finding Irving's grace, although we may have stood by it, we carried our flowers up to the common altar and laid them there with love from us and his mother and sister, and as love is real and undying, it reaches the soul, which is real and undying.

The next morning, after breakfast, with the army officers, at their mess, we started on our way towards Verdun, before turning our faces Parisward, and as we left the camp we passed thousands of trucks lined up, each receiving its orderly troop of colored men with their spades over their shoulders, starting out for the day's work, for Sunday nor other holiday, nor night nor day will there be rest until all those lonely wayside graves are gathered into this big white field.

Passing through Brabant we noticed little mill-wheels in small water courses, as if little boys had

played there, but it was the play of soldiers who might never see another sun rise. I picked up a paper jumping jack with which some boy had amused himself in fashioning in one of those dug-outs at Cheppy, and I am enclosing it so that you may see how brave men played on the eve of a battle.

As we came through Dun-sur-Meuse, with its big powder factory, we noticed that all the signs were in German, telling the tale of the occupation there as a stronghold, and as we crossed the Meuse, where the bridges had been blown up many times over, we saw the dam over which the boy in the hospital had walked while the shell fell around him and splashed the water until he was drowned—the boy whose arm was gone, but who would be thankful if only they could save his feet so that he could walk.

In Verdun we noticed the little refugee boys digging around among the ruins, and one little black-aproned fellow came out of a hole with his arms full of books; and on the way out of the city gate we met many women carrying mattresses on their heads, or the more fortunate ones, wheeling furniture from our warehouses along the streets in wheelbarrows. Everywhere, in every ruined city through which we passed were narrow gauge tracks, laid for the purpose of running dump carts to carry away the dirt and rubbish as it is gathered up by the German prisoners, and things are getting to look more hopeful for these unhappy people who are trying to make a new start in life—a start where they even have to fashion the tools with which they work in many cases.

July 17th.

This is the week of the Victory Parade, and it seems long ago since preparations for it were set on foot. Early last week the streets began to change their appearance. The cannon and tanks were moved from Place de la Concorde and the long sweep of the Champs Elysees, and placed back among the trees, so as to leave room for the crowds who were to come to Paris from all the country round for this great day. It did not matter what excellent paving and sidewalks were torn up in the process of moving the heavy pieces, nor did the city hesitate to dig up the pavements wherever in their scheme of decoration it seemed advisable to place a pole upon which to fasten flags, pennants, lights and festoons of one kind or another. These poles were placed in two rows, about ten feet apart, from Porte Maillot on the other side of the triumphal arch to and around the Place de la Concorde. Cables were fastened in festoons to each of these, and into these were pressed sockets for holding the electric light bulbs. Two metal pins on the socket were pressed into the insulation until they touched the wires to make the contact, and the whole was kept in place by rubber bands. Above the lights were other festoons of tri-colored bunting; from the tops of the poles floated pennants many yards long; on some were squares of wood with laurel wreaths in gold on white ground; where the Champs Elysees spreads into Rond-Point, on either side were piles of battered cannon, tanks and other refuse, from the battle fields, crowned on one side by a high golden Coq (cock), emblem of France, in the attitude that pompous gentleman assumes when ready to vanquish the foe, the year 1914 written below him; on the other, this same golden beauty, stretched to his full length, as if he were Charicleer, bidding the sun to rise—important, exultant—beneath him, the year 1919. Around this same place, on both sides of the grim piles, were monuments to Rheims, Soissons, Verdun and Arras, stately square piles with bas-reliefs in plaster, of scenes from the battle fields of those regions, while between the poles that completed the circle, without closing it in, were large paintings of lovely human figures in simple draperies, allegorical of the spirit of the people who were giving all to

save a beloved country. The windows all along the line of the parade were beautifully decorated and tiers of golden chairs were arranged inside the huge plate glass. All the gardens were in holiday attire, being newly planted with full grown plants in bloom. From the top of Cleopatra's needle, in the middle of Place de la Concorde, depended graceful ropes of brown and gold oak leaves and red lights; from every bright red pole planted for the occasion floated yards of narrow-tailed pennants; every lamp post beheld itself topped with a huge cake of three-colored strips of bunting, with a ball of flowers on the tip. Under the arch, the place around which French hearts have throbbed with strong emotions, for lo, these many years, in the place of highest honor, was built on a framework, a monument to those who had passed into the world that knows not war and suffering. The crowds began coming in on Sunday and by night they were seated all along the line of march, many lines deep, making themselves

comfortable with steamer rugs, footstools and lunches, for the night vigil that no man might take from them the places that would be so much sought on the morrow. And we, too, knowing that it would be impossible to get through the crowds, were seeking a place for the night, when rooms in the hotels were not to be had. So we went to the concierge in our own headquarters and asked for a place to sleep on the floor, for there was no admittance to the offices. Being always "Child-

ren of the Lord," we two alone, of all the crowd who would have paid so much for the privilege, were given a room with a large double mattress on the floor in just the right spot, so that I could get up all through the night to watch the crowd surging Parisward, singing, cheering, blowing horns and trumpets, with never a moment's quiet. At 5:30 we were up, ready for the day, and at 6 o'clock had worked our way into the enclosure at the foot of the statue of Lille on Place de la Concorde, which had been kept open by thirty Red Cross men in two shifts, from Sunday afternoon. And there we waited for the guns at 8:30 to announce the start.

It was well that I was childish enough to want a periscope, for I could not have seen much without one. A queer little man pushed himself in front of me. I don't know how he could see, but he kept turning to me excitedly and asking if it were not wonderful; and did I not see him, that so great a general; and did I not see them, those so beautiful flags; and the poilus, were they not the best soldiers in the world; and Foch, did I see him, and it was right that he should be in the line of march, let them keep him away if they dared; ah, was not France the whole world?

And the parade. Yes, my heart beat, too, at the boom of the guns, at the flare of the trumpets, at the deafening cheers, at the throat-splitting cries of the people. The people down there at the Concorde knew the signal for the breaking down of the chains around the Arc de Triomphe, the massive links forged together long ago. Not since 1870 had they been down. They had been put up to keep away the Huns, who threatened them from the north and to break through those chains meant to take from them their liberty. The Germans had boasted that they would break them, but not so; and so those people knew that signal, for this moment when on this anniversary of her liberty France would take down the barrier so that these thousands from many countries could march solemnly beneath the wonderful arch that Napoleon had well conceived. The monument had been removed from the arch—that was really the first thing to stand beneath it—and after that those others who had bought freedom with a great price, the poor mutilated men and boys; and those who had been through the hottest of the fights and came out unscarred. And so, after they had been received by the City Council, and reviewed by the



Miss Salmons and Miss Howard at Entrance to Crown Prince's Dugout at Montfaucon.

President of France and others in high places, the steady tread of the heroes came to us, down the long stretch lined with fluttering banners and densely packed with a wildly enthusiastic people. Simple and grand they came, none of the show of vanities that marks the usual parade. This was too great for show. A simple, great thing, Joffre and Foch, followed by the great staff of generals, called in from everywhere for this event; Pershing and his staff; the American troops, how we loved them, brisk, erect, proud—and we are proud of them—and loving the ones who were watching from a higher plane than we, boys like them—gone before. The Belgians, so like them in uniform, the flags marking them as different. Haig, Canadians, Australians, New Zealander Colonials and British; the Hindus, distinguished, turbaned, brown and still as serious looking as we ever found them on the streets; Italians, Portuguese, Poles, Turks, Mohammedans; I simply cannot tell you about it, so grand and quiet and simple, they passed with little sign, the bayonets glistening in the sunlight. It was the spirit of the people that made so much of it, the spirit of them that got into me and made my heart beat hard and my throat ache, especially as I watched the faces of the boys near us, boys without eyes, who, when told that their beloved regiment was passing, seemed to be looking into a world not like ours: the expression of their faces, the tightly pressed lips, the nostrils widening—and, oh dear, if only it had not been their eyes. And when those others passed, the ones who will never walk again, the long chairs in which they lay, covered with flowers—how the cheers resounded—but tomorrow, France will let them beg. We would not do that. The tomorrows are the worst for them. Ah, well, it was a wonderful day for the French, a wonderful day for us all, when those who wear the badge of mourning rejoiced with those who have lost none dear to them.

August 21st.

After writing our letters last Thursday night we hurried off for the 9:45 train to Verdun. We were fortunate enough to have seats until 3:30 to Chalons, as many had not, but from there until our arrival in Verdun, at 7:30, we stood in a narrow aisle, wearying at the time, but soon forgotten.

After breakfast at headquarters, a shelled house on the edge of the Meuse, fixed up so as to make a good shelter in fine weather, we all went to the cathedral, in which service was to be held for the first time since the war, the place being sufficiently restored for the purpose. It was a happy day for the people of Verdun, happy in a serious, quiet fashion, for their beloved cathedral was to be once more dedicated on this day, and I sat there and watched the faces of these people, who, while their homes and everything in them had been destroyed, still were well off: of the peasants who had never known luxury; of the refugees who were beginning life anew with nothing to commence on; of the French and American soldiers, some with scarred faces, without arms, on crutches; of the German prisoners who worshipped beside them: of the ever-present Alsatians, where there is a Fete, and besides being the day for reconsecrating the cathedral, it was the Fete Day of Verdun, and also the anniversary of the first dedication of that same cathedral.

And still the bells were ringing, as they had been doing all the time we wound in and out of the narrow streets, lined on both sides with ruins—nineteen of them, these bells, so beloved. They had told us how they rang that night of Victory Day. Four years they had been silent, but that night, from all around the city, the victory fires were lighted on the heights, illuminating the ruins; then as hundreds of rockets were fired from the hill these nineteen bells rang out the joy of these people. All eyes had been turned to the ruined towers, black against the lights burning within, and as the victory fires around died out, one by one, the nineteen bells were silenced until with the last dying spark the last bell was still. They like to talk of that night. Verdun itself had never been occupied by the Germans. Our headquarters was then a French stronghold and was bombed when the Germans fired upon the city from the air, and from the forts around the city. The facades of many of the houses look as if they were in fairly good condition, but on entering one finds no inside to them. The prisoners are at work shoveling the debris into the streets from the

houses, and where walls can be used again they will be, but that is not often.

In the afternoon we visited the Citadel, in company with two Red Cross men, who happened to be here from the south. We found an underground city large enough to accommodate refugees from more than one city, in addition to the garrison. We had seen pictures of wounded soldiers on cots in the Citadel and were quite curious about the place. An old abbey once stood on the site, and underground passages of that and the monastery which followed it were the beginning of this enormous subterranean world. We visited the bakery and saw thousands of loaves in racks, which they told us would all be gone by night, used for feeding the garrison and the French soldiers coming through Verdun. It was very interesting and very cold, being sixty meters below the surface; but although the old fortifications had in some places succumbed to the attacks from the surrounding forts, the Citadel was absolutely unharmed. Verdun had once been of great importance on account of these fortifications—a double line of them, surrounded by moats, but since its separation from Alsace and Lorraine, its importance was much lessened.

After finishing up the business upon which we came we took the train for Paris, passing the same devastated villages, huge tanks ripped open by shells, miles and miles of country where no stick remained to voice the regret of a forest, gone forever; through tracts of land where only winding roads and rubbish heaps spoke of vanished cities; passed Dormans, where the Germans first crossed the Marne, again Jaulgonne, where they crossed the second time and were driven back; passed the boats that had been used as bridges; passed the skeleton of the train in which perished by fire from shells 5,000 of the Zouaves sent by Mangin to the Verdun front. The day before we had passed this skeleton train and had visited the cathedral, all that was left of it, where the Crown Prince had had his headquarters at Montfaucon; also the dugout, which was reached by a tunnel.

We had our pictures taken on the tunnel, and as this is the place where our boys did such good work routing out the royal nest, we are anxious to have the pictures successful to show you.

Limericks.

E. W. D.

There's a jolly good bunch of "N. G-s",
"Nice Gossipers" I should say, these;
They get all the tattle,
From Chi to Seattle,
Better dope than we get from M. D's.

We are proud of our nice magazine,
Of its quillists, whose pens are so keen;
Like a regular hive,
All its friends are alive—
Do you know every hive has a Queen!

There was a conductor named Ricketts,
Who came around taking up tickets,
He gave you a check,
Taken out of the deck,
No use trying to get past the wickets.

A ticket seller there was yclept Kent,
To impatience he never gave vent,
When asked for a ticket
At his counter or wicket
He made them all smile as they went.

A baggageman named Feeble Gable
Couldn't go on his run—wasn't able;
So he just glanced at a trunk
And it turned into junk—
Of course, this is meant as a fable.



Mr. W. B. Foster.

W. B. Foster Resigns.

The news of the resignation of W. B. Foster, general superintendent of the Puget Sound Lines, effective February 1st, will be heard with genuine regret by every employee on the System who have ever been under the jurisdiction of this popular official, and that means practically every employee who has been in the service of the company for any number of years.

Mr. Foster is a Milwaukee product, having begun his railroad career on this line, thirty-eight years ago, and having remained continuously in its service since that time. He began as telegraph operator and has served in the capacity of operator, train dispatcher, chief dispatcher, trainmaster, assistant superintendent, division superintendent, assistant general superintendent and general superintendent, having assumed the duties of the last named office in 1913. He has worked in the capacities mentioned on most of the divisions of the lines east, and it is said he has "a working knowledge" of every mile of main track and every branch line on the system. It is also said that he knows familiarly, more employees on the entire railroad than any other official who has ever been on the Milwaukee. Mr. Foster makes friends wherever he goes. He has always commanded the regard and esteem of his employers and is universally beloved by all of the employees, not one of whom but will say "good-bye" to him with a feeling of personal loss.

Railroading has been Mr. Foster's chosen life work, and he leaves it not without regret himself, but he is going into a broader field of endeavor and one of personal initiative. He will become vice-president and general manager of the E. M. Foster Oil Company of Dallas, Texas, a \$50,000,000 corporation, owning and operating eleven oil properties with a daily capacity of 22,000 barrels; and which has a leasing interest in forty other wells. E. M. Foster, president of the company, is a brother, and was, himself, at one time a Milwaukee railroad man, but left the service on account of failing health.

Mr. Foster is the best type of the railroad official, and he has from the first been the very best type of the railroad employee, in whatever capacity. His first and only thought during all the years of his association with this road, has been "the company's interest," and for that he has always labored without stint and without regard to personal comfort or health, even.

His career is an object lesson to every ambitious young railroader—for, starting at the foot of the ladder, he has raised himself to each successive round by his own unaided efforts, his singleness of purpose, his strict attention to business and his absolute loyalty and regard for the interests of his employers.

He leaves with the best and most cordial wishes of a legion of friends, for success and prosperity in his future business career, but in the hearts of those friends those wishes are mingled with a poignant regret that the pleasant relations of many years are to be severed.

I DON'T.

My parents said I must not smoke.

I don't.

Nor listen to a naughty joke.

I don't.

They made it clear I must not wink

At pretty girls, nor even think

About intoxicating drink:

I don't.

To dance or flirt is very wrong.

I don't.

Wild youths chase women, wine and song.

I don't.

I kiss no girls, not even one.

I do not know how it is done.

You wouldn't think I have much fun.

I don't.

—Exchange.

Women Employees.

An analysis of the figures compiled by the Women's Service Section shows the continued employment of women in railroad service, with few changes. On October 1, 1919, there was a reduction of but six-tenths of one per cent, compared with the previous quarter.

On October 1 the total number of women employed in railroad service was 81,803, compared with the maximum number employed during the war—101,785. During the year to October 1, 1919, the decrease in the number of those employed was 19 per cent. Clerks, including ticket sellers, accountants and cashiers, showed the smallest decrease, namely 12.2 per cent. However, as of October 1, fifty-five Class One roads reported that they had increased the number of their women employees, these additions amounting to 1,151, chiefly in clerical work.

During the year the employment of women as laborers and in other capacities requiring too great muscular exertion was discontinued.

Following is a summary showing the number employed on October 1, 1918, and at the end of each quarter-year thereafter:

	Oct. 1, 1918	Jan. 1, 1919	April 1, 1919	July 1, 1919	Oct. 1, 1919
	101,785	99,737	86,560	82,323	81,803
Pct. dec. by qtr.	0.0	2.0	13.2	4.9	0.6
Pct. dec., cumul.	0.0	2.0	14.9	19.1	19.6

Speaking of Operation

A. E. Barnes, Engineer R. M. Division.

I have been asked to give a few of the general impressions created among steam enginemen by the substitution of the electric locomotives for steam engines on the electrified divisions of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. As one of the engineers affected, I am frank to say that we were prejudiced against the electrics from the start for several reasons.

We knew how to favor our old machines at critical times and were willing to endure the troubles we had rather than to risk a new type of power, which we had heard was to a great extent experimental in character. We presumed that there would be delicate and complicated machinery difficult of adjustment and likely to be unreliable during bad weather conditions. In view of the severe storms that sometimes visit the mountain districts, you may be sure that we were not anxious to start into the hills with a machine which was unreliable and with which we were not perfectly familiar. We feared the effect of heavy currents on our watches. We recognized that a change of power meant further wage negotiations with questionable results. We considered that we had a wonderful collection of steam engines and because of the numerous facts and beliefs enumerated, we hoped that the railroad company would continue the use of steam power. We had been told that the shops and rip track would be taken out of the little city of Three Forks, depreciating the value of our holdings.

Perhaps an incident might illustrate. Just before the change was made to electric power I came in with my old pet on the local passenger train, No. 33. As I ran her up on the pit to make some adjustments, while she was hot, a young chap came by and said, "You won't have to do that very long, old man." He had brushed me the wrong way and I climbed out of the pit and told him plainly he would be a mighty lucky boy if he never had to run anything worse than a West Milwaukee engine. Because he had spoken slightly of a splendid machine, with which we had generally maintained a fast schedule over two mountains for the last five years, I lost my temper and told him several things which the impudent scamp seems to enjoy repeating to me as often as he thinks he may safely do so, since the motors have proven so satisfactory. Only an "old rail" could appreciate these wonderful old steam engines as we used to see them laboring in the spectacular manner peculiar to them when hauling a train over the summit. You will understand that it was necessary to convince us against our wills and that about all the hope we could muster was that our company, in making a change, would not suffer a financial loss as a

result of what appeared to us to be an experiment.

I remember distinctly my first trip with the electric on No. 16, the "Olympian." The instructor stood behind me and when the train did not start on the first notch he said, "Bring her on out." I felt like a fellow trying to play billiards on the kitchen table with a hoe handle for a cue. I missed the exhaust and all the other familiar sounds, which had been my assurance that all was well. As the train moved out the speed recorder seemed to show an excessive speed and I compared my watch with the fireman several times on the trip. The absence of reciprocating parts and the resulting lack of vibration was deceiving me. The first real assurance that struck me was when we beat Engineer Le Fevre, on No. 15, to the meeting point and when we went by the coal dock at Sixteen without the customary stop for coaling up, the electric locomotive scored again. It was not until I shut off the power from sheer force of habit for the Groveland Water Tank that I really smiled.

On the next day another instructor came back with me on my old run and that day I had the surprise of my life. When I looked at my watch at Two Dot and it showed that we had made up four minutes I concluded that we must have been mistaken as to the time when we left the terminal. When we passed Stanley Smith's well-burned off hay fields on time I was licked. By the way, I notice there is some spoiled hay along the right-of-way and ranchers admit this is the first time that hay has spoiled near the track since they can remember. They miss the hot cinders, which formerly permitted easy sale to a strictly solvent purchaser.

When we made our Northern Pacific connection at Lombard with time to spare, my conductor came over with a big cigar and bigger smile and said if I would promise not to open the ash-pan, the injector or the cylinder cocks on him that he would indulge in a new uniform. When we neared Three Forks the instructor told me that I must return to Harlowton the next day by myself. In spite of my lack of confidence, however, we made the trip without mishap and, strange to say, we have been making them ever since. Of course, we have had some trouble and further instruction, but the vital fact remains that during the severest winter weather we have ever known, we have made up the time they were losing on all the other divisions and this in spite of the fact that our schedules have been mercilessly cut in order to help the fellows on each side of us.

We have not only made up time day after day with monotonous regularity, but we have given smoother service than ever before. It

is no longer necessary to take up the train slack before starting. If any of our passengers miss this interesting feature it is because they remember it or are accustomed to it on divisions still operating by steam and not because they feel the slack running in or out. I notice that the conductors get close to the steps now before they give a "high-ball." Rapid acceleration results in low maximum speeds and more comfortable riding, and with the elimination of stops for picking up and setting out helpers and taking on coal and water, we are able to haul our night run, the "Columbian," over the division in both directions and only set the brakes once. The point is worth repeating. The brakes are set only once enroute over a mountain division 110 miles long. Is it any wonder that travelers ride with us when they know that they will not be annoyed by continual application and release of brakes when on heavy grades?

On this division we are no longer at the mercy of a poor fireman or a poor tank of coal, and any railroad man will tell you that with steam power the best road may be temporarily demoralized by either. The fact that our trips are uniform as to time improves the dispatching. Hayden, for example, will bet you a dinner that he can guess within a minute of the time we will arrive at Three Forks when we are half over the division. In fact, he has made such a wager. In former times the superintendent came over to the engine when he was particularly anxious and asked if we thought we could make up a few minutes. Now, he comes over to the engine with a smile and instructions that he wants us to be at a certain place at a certain time and dismisses the matter from his mind, realizing that unless the water in the Missouri River starts flowing the other way, we will do as directed.

We have been asked many times what is the thing above all else that we like about the motors. From our standpoint there is no doubt we appreciate most of all the opportunity to see everything on the right-of-way at all times. If the fireman is busy the engineer can jump across the cab and get the signals for himself. Possibly no one but an engineer, who has hauled trains over a mountain division at high speeds, can fully realize what this means to us. During all this trying winter my front window has not been frosted in the slightest manner at any time because of the current of dry hot air that comes up from the foot heater. In extreme weather the side windows are sometimes frosted over, but never the front one. One morning when I came in I remarked that I had seen dozens of mice on the trip. Ted Asber, ahead of me, said he had noticed them, too, and that he thought they came from the Northern Pacific, as he saw a flea on one of them that had a cinder in its eye. You might take it from this that we are able to see. If you will bear in mind the fact that from Hamen to Bruno there was from three to twenty feet of snow for so

long a time that the regular brakemen were back from their California trip in time to enjoy the worst of it, then you can realize what it meant to be able to sit up high and dry and watch the snow fly.

Now I do not mean to say there is no limit to the amount of snow that can be plowed off, for we have been stuck. What I do mean, is that up to four or five feet, snow is just an incident of the trip. We had no plows on the motors, but their ability to exert their maximum tractive effort for long periods of time during unfavorable weather conditions made it possible for us to operate with very little additional cost during weather that would have tied up a steam road and cost a fortune.

One of the most successful trips that I have made, as to time, was with twelve of our steel palaces on a wild night such as has seldom been known since we took the country from the Indians.

Formerly we bucked snow at speed depending on mv^2 , mostly v^2 . Now we buck snow at the usual running speed and depend on a sustained high tractive effort. When I bucked snow in time gone by, I wore a pair of chaps and a slicker over all the other clothes I could get on. Now, Engineer McKenna wears a high vest. No wonder cotton is high. I have been expecting to see a bulletin on the proper manner of dressing for the afternoon tea parties that are being held in the cabs on No. 15 and No. 16. I have heard of the trials of breaking into New York society, but imagine the embarrassment of having society dames and their meal tickets, not only from New York, but from all over the world, breaking into the exclusiveness of your cab with a personal letter of introduction from the president of the road.

I suppose, in the final analysis, that these delightful people, who spend their afternoons in our cabs are the best judges of the motors in passenger service. Discounting their statements liberally, because of their very good manners, it still appears that they do consider them the acme of passenger service.

One of the sights frequently remarked upon by our interested visitors is the spectacle of a mile of box cars grumbling up the canyon behind a motor. When I say a mile of cars, I speak advisedly and almost literally. You have just about time to catch a nice basket of trout at Canyon as a tonnage train passes, since they only make 16 miles an hour with 2,500 tons, and in these days they always have it. How they are able to handle such trains without pulling out all the drawbars is always a puzzle to the passenger engineers. The young chaps talk about constant torque and uniform acceleration and a lot of highbrow stuff which does not interest me, but they get by with both their talk and their trains. A lot of the firemen that couldn't keep the 2706 hot when I forgot to "hook her up" are now rated as expert engineers on the electrics.

Holding trains down a heavy grade by regeneration must almost be seen to be fully

appreciated. They head in on a one per cent descending grade and make the stop on the passing track without using the automatic brake even with a 2,500-ton train. We make very few stops with the motors and it is unnecessary to stop and cool the wheels and examine trains or to take coal and water. Many trips are made over the division without setting the air at all except at the terminal in accordance with government regulations.

An engineer who breaks up a car these days is in a bad fix. We have lost our alibis. With steam power the engineer was putting on the injector and the fireman was putting in the fire. It was unfortunate that we had to lose such valuable excuses. They have served us well. No doubt the officers of the road are sorry as well, as it is well known that Milwaukee officials only penalize an engineer as a last resort. As a matter of fact, few cars are damaged in switching and this goes to show not necessarily that the heavy motors are desirable for this work, but that enginemen are sometimes excusable.

You may judge from what I have said that we are still prejudiced against the motors. This is not the case, however, since our wage negotiations have been concluded; the machines ride extremely well; we find them safe and reliable and our watches run just the same. The hardship of making long back-up movements in cold and inclement weather has been forever removed. For these reasons the engineers as a body are now all good boosters for the electric engines. Our intermediate station Wyes have all been torn up and the steel used to make the passing tracks longer. Our little city has recovered from the loss of a large round-house force, rip-track and inspector gang, cinder pit and coal dock crews, yard men in switching service, etc., so that our financial status as regards property depreciation is again adjusted.

As regards the cost of maintenance of the new engines, I am unable to give a definite figures, but am sure from personal observation that there is a great reduction in the cost of maintenance as well as in the power

cost. I understand from the machinist at the Deer Lodge shops that putting on brake shoes, taking up lateral and handling gear cases is all that is left for them. Remembering that regeneration almost eliminates the use of the brakes; that the taking-up of lateral is only necessary after many thousand miles of service and that I have never had a gear failure, I am convinced that the mechanical upkeep is almost negligible, as compared with the cost of caring for a steam engine.

FUEL CONSERVATION

By Guy E. Sampson, La Crosse Division Conductor

The coalshed man has filled the tank
Just level full, no more:
It must not fall off in the creeks
Nor be strewn along the shore.
"Conserve the coal" is his watchword—
"I will not waste a pound."
Then each employee took the hint
And passed the word around.
The fireman said "By careful work
I'll save at least a ton."
The engineer said, "I'll do my best
To burn less on this run."
The brakeman says, "I'll get the switch
Before the engine has run by,
For backing up and going ahead
Runs coal consumption high."
The O. R. C., he took the hint
And never made a move
Until his work was all planned out
And by each one understood.
The Chief Dispatcher sat at his desk
And scratched his hairless pate.
Said he, "Give that crew a '19' on the fly,
For 16 is full two hours late.
Each man on that crew has tried
To save a ton of coal.
We can't afford to waste it now
By putting them in the hole."
An operator took that "19"
And passed it to the crew.
Who wasted neither fuel nor time
As by the siding they flew.
From A to Z this train has made
It's run in record time.
With no delays nor foolish moves
Anywhere along the line.
In looking o'er the 7 A. M.
The Superintendent sure did smile.
For if this report was true
It showed him a crew
That railroaded in true style.

Moral: To make a success of any undertaking we must have the combined efforts of all concerned. Have we got it? If not, let us get it.



"System Staff Meeting" Car Department, Milwaukee Shops, Nov. 11th, 1919.

United States Railroad Administration Washington Information

A Great Public Service.

"In making public the report of the Central Coal Committee of the Railroad Administration," says the director-general in a recent statement, "I wish to express my appreciation of the faithful work which was done by the Central Coal Committee, the regional coal committees and the various local coal committees.

"Suddenly confronted with an unprecedented and nation-wide fuel problem growing out of the coal strike, these gentlemen devoted themselves unreservedly to the task of ascertaining the needs of the various parts of the country, devising ways to meet those needs, handling the infinity of complex questions that speedily arose, and expediting methods for securing payment for the coal produced. They had the hearty co-operation of the United States Fuel Administration, of the United States Shipping Board and of the Division of Operation of the Railroad Administration and of other officers of the Railroad Administration and of the regional organizations as well as the local railroad organizations in the transportation of the extraordinary amounts of coal which had to be carried from Pennsylvania and West Virginia to new and distant destinations.

"Considering the great possibilities for public alarm and public inconvenience and suffering growing out of the most destructive strike the country had ever known, I feel that the results achieved by these coal committees in conjunction with the railroad operating officers constitute a public service of great importance."

After March First.

In accordance with the proclamation of the president, the United States Railroad Administration will on March 1 cease to be the agent of the government in the operation of the railroads. The proclamation, however, empowers the director-general to liquidate the affairs of the Railroad Administration, and to this end a skeletonized organization will be maintained.

The regional directors' offices in New York, Philadelphia, Roanoke, Atlanta, St. Louis and the two in Chicago will be abolished, although it is possible one or two representatives will be maintained in these cities to represent the Central Administration, specially in connection with legal matters. All files in the regional directors' offices will be transferred to Washington where, together with the files of the Central Administration, they will be maintained in good shape, available for immediate access as occasion requires.

Some portions of the Central Administration will be abolished immediately, while others will have to be continued to liquidate affairs of the Railroad Administration; accounting and legal matters will have to be given special attention.

As of January 1, 1920, 1,652 employees were engaged in Washington or were at work throughout the country but carried on the Central Administration payroll. On the same date 1,196 employees were engaged in the seven regional directors' offices. The total number thus directly on the payrolls of the Railroad Administration was 2,848. This number, of course, will be rapidly diminished immediately after March 1.

Passes and Franks Extended.

Annual passes issued by the Railroad Administration during 1919 will continue to be honored until March 1. Western Union telegraph franks will be honored until April 1.

And May It So Be.

Asked what he would most like to see transpire during the new year, in connection with transportation matters, Director-General Hines replied:

"My predominant wish for 1920 regarding public affairs is that prior to the termination of federal control there shall be adequate railroad legislation which will be a sufficiently radical departure from the unsatisfactory railroad status prior to

federal control to insure the continued development of railroad transportation in the public interest and the adjustment of railroad labor problems with mutual confidence and justice."

Automatic Train Control.

Following more than a year of investigation, during which time many actual tests on railroads were made, the Automatic Train Control Committee has reported that on lines of heavy traffic, fully equipped with automatic block signals, "the use of train control devices is desirable, but that the relative merits of the various types of automatic train control cannot be determined until further tests have been made," also that "more extended service tests, including complete reports of performances, are necessary before a decision can be reached on the availability for general practical use of any of the devices that have been brought to the attention of the committee."

The committee recommends that it or a similar committee be continued to the end of federal control and that therefore the work of the committee should then be continued under the American Railroad Association, with a representative of the Bureau of Safety of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the committee, also that arrangements be made for the further practical test of such devices as may be available for that purpose. In its report the committee, without implying endorsement found seventeen appliances available for further test.

"Train control devices will not prevent collisions due to brake failures, which are infrequent and comprise only a small percentage of such accidents," says the report. "Failure of signals to perform their functions is a comparatively rare occurrence. Track circuit control signal systems are so designed that, when any part fails, the signal should display the stop indication. In some cases of failure, however, the signal indicates 'proceed,' even though it should indicate 'caution' or 'stop.' Such failures, known as 'false clear' failures, constitute a serious element of danger, but their infrequency makes the possibility of collisions from this cause exceedingly remote.

"Collisions due to the failure of employees to comply with rules form a large portion of the total number reported, and many of these could not have been prevented by an automatic train control device.

"Automatic train control devices may be expected to prevent only such accidents as are due to the failure of employees to observe understand and obey signal indications. Failure to see or understand signals may be due to smoke, fog, snow, absence of the night signal indications, complexity in the scheme of indication, unfamiliarity of the engineman with the route over which the train is running, the division of his attention, or his physical incapacity, etc. Failure to obey signal indications that are seen and understood are rare and include only those cases where enginemen in their anxiety to make time take chances or where they use poor judgment in the interpretation of rules which permit them to exercise some discretion.

"There appears to be a popular misconception as to the number of fatalities that might be prevented by automatic train control devices. Statistics show that train collisions have been the cause of less than six percent of the fatalities to persons other than trespassers.

"All fatalities resulting from train collisions average, per year, 296, or 15.6 percent of the fatalities to non-trespassers and of this number many result from collisions occurring on yard tracks or at other places where they would not have been prevented by an automatic train control device."

The committee points out, however, that the foregoing should not be taken as minimizing the seriousness of the situation. However, the limita-

tions of automatic control devices should nevertheless be clearly understood.

"The cost of the automatic train control system is an undetermined item which involves not only the original expense of installation but the cost of maintenance and the effect of its operation upon the capacity of existing facilities," continues the report. "Its installation where heavy traffic is handled may necessitate further expenditures for additional running tracks. The service, to meet such conditions satisfactorily, must therefore be one which will interfere as little as possible with the capacity of a railroad, and this requirement may necessitate the condition of speed control apparatus at an increased cost for its installation and maintenance."

The Train Control Committee was created on January 14, 1919. Its first chairman was C. A. Morse, assistant director of the Division of Operation, now chief engineer of the C., R. I. & P. Its present chairman is A. M. Burt, assistant director of the Division of Operation. The other members are W. P. Borland, chief, Bureau of Safety, Interstate Commerce Commission; C. E. Denny, assistant federal manager, New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad; H. S. Ballief, assistant terminal manager, Grand Central Terminal, New York; Henry Bartlett, chief mechanical engineer, Boston & Maine Railroad; J. H. Gumbs, general superintendent, Pennsylvania Railroad, and R. W. Bell, general superintendent of motive power, Illinois Central Railroad.

Since beginning its work the committee has inspected thirty-seven different devices either in laboratory form or in actual service on the railroad, and in addition has examined plans and specifications of three hundred train control devices.

In its report the committee lays down clear-cut definitions of automatic train control and outlines the requisites for the design and construction of such devices. It discusses extensively all the mechanical elements of the problem. Automatic train control is popularly regarded as a panacea for railroad accidents. Persons who are not familiar with railroad operating requirements generally fail to understand fully the factors which must be taken into account in the practical use of train control devices.

The committee believes that any comprehensive study of automatic train control must begin with the block system, as the principle of the block system is fundamental to the subject and must be the foundation of any automatic train control system.

The superiority of the block system, as compared with other methods of train operation, is generally recognized. It is in use on practically one hundred thousand miles of railroad, including the busiest parts of practically all railroads.

The first step therefore which should be taken on lines which are not operated on the block system is not experimentation with, nor the adoption of some form of train control device, but the adoption of the block system itself.

The committee states that from a practical viewpoint automatic train control devices are still in the development stage and that many problems in connection with their practical application remain to be solved.

No Slowing Down.

On December 24 President Wilson by proclamation stated that federal control of the railroads of the United States would cease at midnight of February 29.

To the great majority of employees, this matter is not one of moment as affecting their employment. Employees of the central and regional administrations are the ones most directly affected. It is really gratifying—in a way, remarkable—to see how these men in the central and regional administrations keep plugging away, with no lessening of interest in their work, with no desire to shirk or sidestep their duties. We say this is, in a way, remarkable yet there is, in fact, nothing remarkable about it, when one considers the caliber of the men employed.

They, in common with all railroad employees, have been schooled in an industry where fidelity to duty has become second nature—an unwritten law in the fraternity.

No man with any pride in himself seeks something for nothing. He is ready to deliver full value for the pay he receives. And so to the two million railroad employees it makes no difference,

from a service viewpoint, whether they are working for the government or for individual railroad companies. They are ready now, as they always have been, to prove that the American railroadman is a man worth while—a man who cannot betray a trust, who uses his head to make efficient the work of his hands, and who can turn a pair of honest eyes on any man without fear of just criticism of his workmanship.

During the remaining period of federal control let us maintain our reputation for service well performed and carry that standard of efficiency into our work under private management. Regardless of who operates the railroads, they must function efficiently, and all of us alike are interested in effecting this.

In a telegram addressed to all officers and employees immediately upon the issuance of the president's proclamation, the director-general said:

"I appeal to every officer and every employee to redouble his efforts to produce the best and most economical railroad service possible during the remaining period of federal control. During the unusually heavy business of the past few months and the extraordinary difficulties created by the coal strike, the officers and employees have done especially fine work, so that with more confidence than ever before I express the hope that all of us will give the very best account of ourselves in this remaining period in our common interest and in the public interest."

The responses received to the foregoing wire were heartily gratifying. They left no room for doubt as to the eagerness of officers and employees alike to prove their loyalty to the service.

Dining Car Forward.

By Fairfax D. Downey.

A Poetical Shimmy in Nine Stanzas Through Twelve Cars.

Last call for dinner—
Rise from your seat.
Sink back gracefully—
Then repeat.
Start for the diner—
Right and left sway,
Meet fat lady in the
Narrow way.
One step forward,
Then two steps back—
Shove her in the wash room,
All clear track.
Train starts to lurching—
Down on all fours.
See funny names on the
Vestibule doors.
Meet hungry fellow—
He says "Hey!
Going to the dining car?
T'other way!"
Reverse your engines.
Feeling pretty sore,
See the silly people you
Saw before.
Trip over baby—
Land on your ear.
Smell chops aburning—
Diner's near.
Dodge past a waiter
Train takes a loop—
Put steady hand in
Someone's soup.
Sit next to lady
Whose husband has gone—
Order an oyster cocktail—
Party's on!

Safety First

A. W. Smallen, General Chairman

Minutes of Safety First Committee Meeting Held At Kansas City, Mo., in Coburg Yard, Wednesday, Jan. 7th, 1920, at 1:30 P. M.

Regular Safety First Committee meeting was called to order at 1:30 P. M. with all committeemen being present with the exception of E. Bowers, section foreman, who was excused because he has to supervise the storing of ice, and J. T. Clark, general car foreman, who was at Laredo, Mo., his foreman Gus Westman representing him. This being the first meeting in January, 1920, the 1919 Safety First committeemen also met with us, with a view to aiding the new committeemen with their work. After committeemen's roll call, the minutes of the last meeting held, Dec. 3rd, were read and approved.

Item No. 67. Light 15 ton jack. Mr. Westman advised that we had received no more since last meeting.

Item No. 119. 35 ton jacks. We have not received the 35 ton jack, upon which Mr. Lord received shipping notice some two months ago.

Item No. 120. Boiler washing outfit Coburg. Mr. Prewitt, who has just recently been made roundhouse foreman here advised that if the material had been received to make these repairs, same had not been made yet, and he was quite sure that material had not been received. He will look up, and if not received, the requisition will be traced.

Item No. 122. Gauge on acetylene tank. The tank is in Dubuque for repairs and the gauge out of commission. Mr. Prewitt advised that Mr. Ellerkamp had one of his own, and when it became necessary to use one, the men had been using Mr. Ellerkamp's. He advised he thought the gauge and connections were all that were necessary to put our tank in good condition. This will be looked into.

Item No. 123. Emery wheel on requisition. This has been received and has not been installed yet.

Item No. 128. Trash burner for burning waste paper, trash, at Broadway yard. This has not been received.

Item No. 167. Electric lights in roundhouse in bad order and need more lights around the drop pit. Mr. Prewitt advised that he did not know whether material had been ordered for these repairs or not but if not he would make requisition immediately, and if it had, the old requisition will be traced.

Item No. 169. Steam leaks in roundhouse. Mr. Prewitt advised that they had stopped all the leaks excepting one or two at the radiators and that they would be taken care of.

Item No. 172. Drills and frogs in Coburg yard. These have been received since last meeting, and the blocking will be applied soon.

Item No. 180. McPherson complained of the iron running boards they were using at Liberty Street being too slippery for winter weather, liable to cause accidents. He advised at this meeting he had been able to gather together some old wooden running boards, this avoiding ordering new ones.

Item No. 182. Extension cords for Liberty Street warehouse. These have been received and are in use.

Item No. 184. Side curtains on engines. Mr. Alexander stated that these engines had been equipped with iron rods instead of wooden ones and that they were in very good shape now.

Item No. 190. Mr. Work complained last meeting we should have a light in the oil house. This was taken care of on Dec. 21st.

Item No. 192. Section Foreman Bowers sent in safety first card since last meeting reporting that the J. I. Case people had loaded a car of machinery at their plant, loading a large amount of paper, and other refuse under the machinery, which was a fire hazard. This was taken up with the J. I. Case people to be remedied.

Item No. 193. Section foreman reported unsafe bid on air box between rip tracks one and two, which was remedied immediately.

Item No. 194. Steam pipe drains in roundhouse reported as being worn out by Mr. Ellerkamp, on Dec. 5th, and reported as O. K. on Dec. 7th.

Item No. 195. Received report of stock cars being loaded in here from the lines with poles which were used in partitioning off cars, extending out beyond clearance point of cars. No action taken on this particular case excepting that we will get report on it and locate the guilty agents and see if we can stop it.

Item No. 196. Switchman McGrath reported good many blocks and frogs out, and the man cleaning the yard leaves a pile of dirt near new yard lead, near caboose track, which was very dangerous to men working in the yard as he fell over it the other night. These matters were referred to Section Foreman Yarbough, who has received the blocking, which has been on requisition a couple of months, and both will be looked after at once.

Item No. 197. In north end of yard, Mr. McGrath reported elevator 3 switch in bad shape. Gaps open about an inch. He had to take a bar the other night so that the engine could get by. He also reported a lot of scrap iron brake shoes, etc., lying around there. This has been taken up with Mr. Yarbough for correction.

Item No. 198. Mr. McGrath reported he had engine 7013 the other night with no brakes. He stated that they were an hour and a half trying to get driver brakes and lever guide fixed. He stated she had no brakes at all when they first went to work on her, and that the engineer spent about 20 minutes trying to fix her. This reported to Mr. Prewitt, R. H. F., for correction.

Item No. 199. Mr. McGrath reports engine 7032, the air pipe sticking out over pilot beam so far it makes it hard to couple air. It is about 6 or 8 inches too long. This was reported to Mr. Prewitt.

Item No. 200. Mr. McGrath reported a bad place in cross over from passing track to new main line. It is too low. Wants to be raised. This has been taken up with section foreman.

Item No. 201. McGrath reported some days ago the grain doors, and paper were all picked up at elevator and again there was quite an accumulation. Mr. Kane reported they received a complaint at the Ottumwa meeting from a road trainman about cars on elevator track had grain doors and boards sticking out which did not clear, making it very dangerous working on this track. Mr. Stewart advised that on this particular occasion, the night engine went down to do the elevator work, and pulled the cars down there back up on No. 13 track while the road trainmen were working on No. 14, and that probably some of the grain boards had been left in the cars, and were extending out beyond a clearance point. This has been taken up with the J. G. Goodwin people only last week, in fact both the yardmaster and superintendent take this matter up with them several times a week.

Item No. 202. Mr. Alexander reported that they were putting in a walk at the roundhouse, and he felt they should leave out a red light at night, as people might walk right into the pit. Mr. Prewitt advised that last night they built a railing around it, and it would be so protected until it was completed.

Item No. 203. Switchman McLain reported broken rail on No. 15 track, two car lengths south of elevator. This was taken care of.

Item No. 204. Mr. McLain reported engine 1511 being in bad shape and that engine is now in the house for work, and will be in good condition when it comes out.

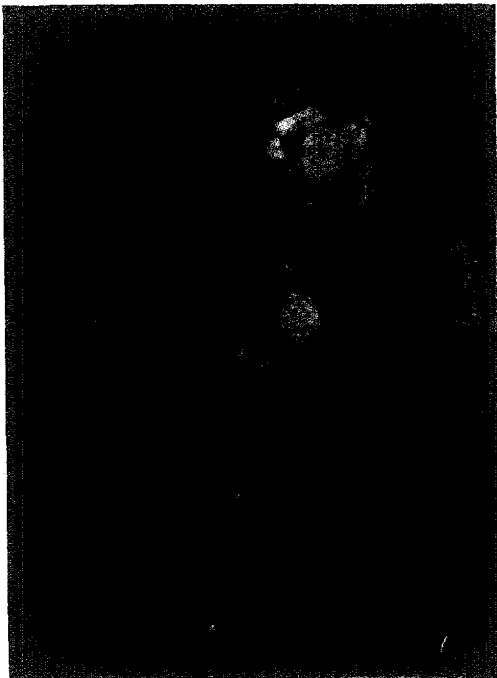
Item No. 205. Mr. Davis reported that he would like to see the switch targets painted in Coburg yard so that one might distinguish them from the ground at a distance, in day light.

Item No. 206. Mr. Alexander advised that he felt the light on west end of turntable spur should be red and white instead of green and white as he saw an Ottumwa fireman almost go into the turntable the other night. It is close

No. 757

WEAR GOGGLES IT PAYS!

Boilermaker Kapff's Case



(Courtesy, Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad, W. B. Wood, Chairman General Safety Committee)

**Chip from Staybolt Flew
Straight for His Left Eye**

**He Says—"My Goggles
Saved My Eyesight"**

ARE YOU WEARING YOURS?

National Safety Council
Chicago



Bulletin Board Series
Read by 8,000,000 Workers

to two switches, and the Ottumwa fireman was not familiar enough with the lay of the yards. Mr. Anderson advised that it was not our standard practice to have a red light inside of yard, however consideration will be given that anyway.

Item No. 207. Engineer Henry Anderson asked that we make a change in the overflow pipe of injectors on large engines. We have a standard practice with regard to these overflow pipe injectors. Mr. Anderson stated that they stick out right angle with engine and are a nuisance when you are putting injectors on, and often scald passerbys. He wants something that will send the water back toward tank and not straight out. He suggests that we put a tee or an elbow on these engines. Mr. Anderson asked Mr. Prewitt to so equip one of our engines, and try it out, and if it was found to be an improvement, we might report results to the general safety committee, who might wish to adopt this practice all over the system.

Item No. 208. Engineer Anderson asked that more care be used in bolting footboards on. Everything on the footboard should be as near flush as possible. Often the end of board protruding from nuts catches clothes on end of the bolted on hangers and tears them. Quite often break globes on lanterns. Mr. Lord promised about two months ago to correct this. It was thought to put bolt on inside, but Mr. Kane stated that there was an objection raised to this by the Railroad Administration claiming they might become loose and cannot be seen. It was suggested that they put nut on outside and burn it off flush and it would be better because nut can be seen if it gets loose.

Item No. 209. Engineer Anderson asked that awnings be placed on engines in switch service. No action taken on this.

Item No. 210. Carman Halsey reported broken rail on No. 2 track had not been taken care of, account the yardmaster not allowing enough room when setting cars for the section foreman to get at the work. Mr. Stewart stated this was overlooked and the cars would be moved tonight and the section foreman do the work tomorrow.

Item No. 211. Carman Halsey reports about eight inches of rail gone on Elevator 4, first rail on east side of track. This will be corrected.

Item No. 212. Walter Hutton, check clerk, reported that north end of warehouse doors have heavy weights on cable to balance up and down, weighing 100 to 150 pounds. Cables are old and fall once in awhile. Boxing has come loose. They should be reboxed. If they should fall on a man's head, it would surely kill him. Will be looked after when the carpenters get to it.

Item No. 213. Engineer Bammer reported that he took up with RIFE Prewitt the matter of running an engine with front driver post broken and a temporary one put in that was not up to standard, and every time he set a brake, brake hanger came down and a cloud of steam blew up. He has received Mr. Prewitt's assurance that this will not occur again.

Meeting adjourned at 2:50 p. m.

Safety Meeting, Milwaukee Shops.

The following suggestions and recommendations were made at the meeting:

Committeeman Wood—Reports that railing in main gangway where cut some time ago is broken. (This matter has been taken up with General Foreman Koop; he to do the necessary.)

Committeeman Wood also reports that there is no way to lift driving boxes and other castings, and that with the method the men are using, they are liable to be injured. (This matter has also been taken up with General Foreman Koop.)

Committeeman Wood further reports that the welding outfits are placed in front of the doors, especially door leading out of Gang 5 making it impossible to get in or out. (This matter has been taken up with General Foreman Koop; he to look into same.)

Committeeman Reinhardt Reports that doors on pits for oil tanks outside of blacksmith shop are broken and in need of repairs. (This matter has been taken up with Foreman Czamanske, B. & B. department.)

Committeeman Differt—Requests that the belt on large planer be guarded. (This matter has been taken up with Foreman Fuller.)

Committeeman Langlois—Reports that railing is broken at foot of stairs going to the tin shop. (This matter has been taken up with Foreman Neese.)

It was also reported that the steps on the other side of tunnel are in very bad condition and want cleaning. (This matter has been taken up with Superintendent of Terminals Hoehn; he to look into same.)

Committeeman Langlois—Requested that bulletins be posted to remind employees to take all defective tools to the tool room to avoid injuries. (Bulletins were posted.)

Committeeman Kruecke—Recommends that runway be equipped with railing for oilers upstairs.

Committeeman Paulu—Requests that the floor at north end of stationary department be repaired.

Committeeman Wood—Requests that the floor in Gang 3 be repaired.

Committeeman Wood—Reports that several windows have been boarded up instead of glass being replaced. (This matter has again been taken up with the B. & B. department.)

Committeeman Wood—Further reports that there are several poor spots in the floor in the machine shop and requests that same be repaired. (This matter has again been taken up with the B. & B. department.)

Committeeman Differt—Reports that the pulley operating door leading to blacksmith shop from machine shop is out of order; rope keeps jumping off of pulley allowing weight to drop down. (This matter has been taken up with the B. & B. department.)

Committeeman Reinhardt—Requests that attendant be at the hospital on Saturday nights on account of night shift working. (This matter has again been taken up with Mr. Anderson.)

Committeeman Heaney—Reports that hydrant in boiler shop near small roller is disconnected from sewer. (This matter has again been taken up with Boiler Foreman Wandberg.)

The speeding of automobiles and trucks was also taken up; drivers paying no attention to "Slow-Up" signs. (This matter was taken up with General Storekeeper O'Connor.)

District safety inspector was present. He suggested that a new committee be appointed each year. This for the best interest of the Safety First movement and to get further co-operation among the men. (Bulletins have been posted to this effect.)

Herewith comparative statement of accidents occurred during December, 1918, as compared with December, 1919.

Safety Meeting, Rocky Mountain and Missoula Divisions.

Meeting conducted by Acting Chairman Hamilton.

Minutes of the last meeting read by Mr. Hogan, discussed and approved.

Items not finally acted upon at last meeting: Signal for lowering pantographs by day and night.

Brakes on Hart convertible cars and some of the gondola cars on the Milwaukee System are dangerous to operate.

Regarding signals in the Standard Code.

A suitable gas or electric headlight should be provided on signalmen's motor car, account unsafe conditions when out at night with car.

Employees should use electric lanterns in train and yard service, they to provide the lanterns themselves and the company to maintain lanterns and provide batteries.

Emergency valves are not in same place in all coaches and some devise should be installed whereby emergency valves can be located more quickly.

Mr. Wilson again suggested running air pipe to cupola of cabooses.

Mr. Flynn advised that railing and walk were needed on both sides of bridge just west of crossing at Silver Bow.

Mr. Melchior advised that the trolley wires at Clark transfer track at Bonner were too low and will not clear a man standing on top of cars. (Referred to Mr. Travenner.)

Mr. Hart suggested that proper fire protection be provided on the north side of track No. 1, Harlowton. (Referred to E. H. B.)

Mr. Hamilton suggested that 1,000 feet of 4-inch water main be installed at Deer Lodge running south of shops as far as stock yards and four or five hydrants installed for fire protection for lumber yards.

Mr. Markham recommended that a small "First Aid" kit be carried on motors in glass case.

Mr. Melchior suggests that we obtain permis-

sion from owner to cut brush on ranch two and one-half miles west of Cobden. (Referred to O. Miller.)

Mr. Hogan advised that the back platform at Moyne shows scant clearance. (Referred to Mr. Ryan.)

C. E. Lennon advised new skid needed for Bogle Spur. Longer skid needed for Gold Creek, Adair and Soudan.

Mr. Flynn suggested having brush cut on north side one-half mile west of Jefferson Island.

Crossing other side coal shed, Butte Yard. Suggest a flagman be placed there until we get a wig-wag here. (Referred to E. H. B.)

Mr. Strand advised the car men asked for one switch in the east end and one in the west end on rip track No. 8 on the overhead trolley. (A. F. E. will be requested.)

Mr. Hamilton advises car inspectors boarding locomotive and trains entering yards at pretty good rate of speed. (Referred to Mr. Strand.)

Mr. Black advises hand brakes on coaches and cabooses are unoperative. (Referred to Mr. Strand.)

Mr. Dautremont advises no hand brake on Mr. Barrett's car. (Referred to Mr. Strand.)

Grab iron for cupola lamp.

Mr. Phelan advised no railing on the platform where ice is unloaded at Harlowton. (Referred to H. B. R.)

Mr. D'Autremont advised trucks are being left too close to the track at Butte. (Referred to E. A. Tamm.)

Mr. Webb brought up the matter of icicles and water falling under the bridge at Missoula, and also suggested extending platform west of the overhead bridge. (Referred to Mr. Miller.)

Mr. Webb complains regarding guard rail not being properly blocked opposite the yard office at Deer Lodge.

Mr. Black advises it is a common practice to haul cars behind the cabooses without hand brake or air, and no intentions to chain them to the caboose.

Mr. Saint advised there are motors with buffers on them that have not been removed.

West end of Piedmont Yard trunking has never been covered up. (Referred to George Nick.)

Eric Williams advised that the door on the passenger trainmen's oil house at Deer Lodge swings around so that it is liable to catch trainmen on switch engine.

Mr. Webb advised snow and ice on passenger coach steps.

Mr. Sears advised that the track leading from the outgoing engine track to store room always is loaded so men have to jump over in order to get to office.

Mr. Sears advised that the shop crafts brought up the question again of not cutting cars near water tank near the carmen's locker room in order to permit them to get to their locker rooms.

Mr. Markham advises that signal lamps at Stinson many times are not burning properly. (Referred to Mr. Martin.)

Mr. Markham advises that brush should be cut west of Cyr, one-half mile west of Bridge DD-144. (Referred to Mr. Martin.)

Mr. Markham advises that section men are not placing their handcars far enough from the rails when removing them from the track. (Referred to Mr. Miller and Mr. Martin.)

Mr. Markham complains that cabs on motors 10202A and 10202B are cold and should be repaired. (Referred to Mr. Sears.)

Mr. Markham advises that some of the cut-out cocks under the engine brake valves, Mod. 14 E. L. equipment work so hard it is necessary to use a hammer to open, and impossible to use the valve in a hurry. (Referred to Mr. Sears.)

Mr. Averill suggests that a standard walk and railing be erected on both sides of bridge east of east switch at Avery. (Referred to Mr. Rivers.)

Mr. Averill suggests that snow be kept cleaned away from south side of track at East Portal, west of West Switch, far enough back so a man could put out a helper. (Mr. Hamilton will look after personally.)

Mr. Averill advises that brush should be cut away at Bonner Wye. (Referred to Mr. Miller.)

Mr. Averill advises that there is not enough clearance between industry track and passing track at Soudan. (Referred to Mr. Miller.)

Mr. Averill advises that end doors of furniture, vehicle and automobile cars loaded with lumber

are frequently left open. Doors should be closed and securely fastened before loading car. (Referred to F. D. Campbell.)

Mr. Fairhurst advises that at Butte, after train conductor calls "all aboard," sleeping car employees do not repeat the call, consequently train very frequently moving out of station with people climbing aboard after train has started. This applies to many of the other terminals. (Referred to Mr. Geddes and Mr. Kirkland.)

Roadmaster Miller suggested that all roadmasters and chief carpenter write all sections and bridge foremen to caution the men working under them to be careful in their work, and not to work ahead of moving trains or locomotives until same are too close to them, and to caution their men in cleaning switches, to look after their own safety. Give the men a general talk on "Safety," same to be followed up by roadmaster and chief carpenter.

Mr. Bullwinkel advises that a log, 400 feet west of Signal 843, between Deer Park and Maudlow, should be removed. (Referred to Mr. Ryan.)

Mr. Bullwinkel raised the question of engineers not properly blowing whistles for highway crossings and recommends nine seconds to be used, 2 seconds for the first blast, 1 second interval, 2 seconds second blast, 1 second interval, 1 second next blast, 1 second interval, and 1 second for last blast, and that instructions be issued to engineers to that effect. (Taken up with general committee.)

Mr. McAvoy states that whistles on motors, especially passenger motors, are not working well, or making the desired sound, account of freezing up, due to moisture contained in air pipes forming ice, and recommends applying heaters in such a manner that they will keep the pipes thawed out. (Referred to Mr. Sears.)

Mr. Saint suggests that the snow and ice be cleaned from the steps of motors before they leave the roundhouse. (Referred to Mr. Sears.)

Mr. Saint suggests that brooms and shovels be placed at all main line switches on Rocky Mountain Division. Same should apply to the Missoula Division. (Referred to Roadmasters Martin, Nick, Miller and Ryan.)

Mr. Saint suggests that Mr. Phelan issue bulletin to trainmen to the effect that complaint is made that trainmen switching picking up cars between terminals are placing open cars loaded with various kinds of material next to motors and cabooses. The practice should be discontinued and former instructions lived up to.

Mr. Hogan advises that coal dock at Deer Lodge is in a dangerous condition. (Referred to Mr. Rivers.)

Mr. Hogan advises that complaint has been made that switch engines working about store room and lumber tracks, Deer Lodge, are not ringing bells. (Referred to Mr. Black for correction.)

TWO DAYS.

Two days there are

That lie within my heart
Enshrined, as idols are—

The world apart.

One is the day you came

And made my life

Bloom, as fair gardens bloom.

And gave me dreams.

The other is the day you went away

And all my life went with you

Yet, it seems—

Remembering your kisses, that my dreams.

Are naught beside the memories I have.

Two days there are

That live within my heart,

One, the day you came

And one—you went away.

N. B. S.

At Home

A New Pattern Department.

The Magazine, having enlisted in the cause of the reduction of living costs, announces the establishment of a pattern section in the At Home Department. A full page plate of advanced modes in dress fashions will be published every month, and there will be brief descriptive matter of each pattern presented. The very low charge for these patterns makes it possible for home sewers to have as many different styles for the making of their clothes, as they wish. The patterns are simple and directions are easy to follow. The plates come from New York, are made up by experts in the art of dress designing and styles will be found to suit all ages and every need.

The matter of home-dressmaking is a powerful weapon in the hands of the women folk, in the attack on high costs. There are many new and attractive fabrics on the counters now,—showing what will be the trend of women's wear for the spring and summer season, and the mid-winter months are ideal for planning and getting under way, the campaign for spring and summer sewing.

Patterns are ten cents each and may be ordered from the At Home Editor, Care Milwaukee Employees Magazine, Libertyville, Ill.

The New Fabrics.

The prices of many materials show a little reduction, and I saw some beautiful English prints,—lovely in color and fine in quality, on the counters of one of the State Street Department stores, marked 38 cents a yard,—the width was 30 inches. The way the mothers of Chicago were storming that counter showed conclusively that the small ladies of the family would bloom in the spring in frocks made of this quaintly pretty fabric, like little flower girls of an olden day. The price of this same material last year was considerably higher and the colors were not nearly so pretty.

There are also some good looking Amoskeag and Toile du Nord gingham in plaids and checks that will make serviceable school dresses, and the colors are beginning, now, to look as if they would stand the wash-tub without fading.

This is all domestic goods and speaks wonders for the development of the dye

industry in this country. The style plate in this issue shows some nifty frocks for the little girls, that would make up charmingly in these prints and gingham.

The counters are also piled high with voiles, in dark colors, predicting the vogue of this popular fabric, the coming summer. There is, really nothing so serviceable and so suitable for all sorts of occasions as a dark voile. It can be donned for the down town shopping trip,—it can be kept on for the afternoon club or tea function, and it can be worn for the evening porch party. Dampness does not affect it, dirt shakes through it, and it has that peculiar, slinky, "clingy" quality that appeals to the feminine heart.

The silk counters also are commencing to blossom with a wealth of brightness, and here, again, comes the desirability of a good pattern and a home dressmaker. You can buy one or two of these summer silken dainties, pay a good price for it, make it at home and the whole thing will not cost you so much as one of those flimsy affairs you might get for the same money, off the ready-made counter; while your home fashioned gowns have the added advantage of not being like everything else you meet on the street and "everywhere you go."

As further proof that the "home-made" idea is gaining in favor, I have to say that "Betsy-Janes", or whatever name you have in your family for the dress-makers' forms, are in such demand that if you want to buy one, you have to wait a week or ten days before your order can be filled, at one of the largest department stores in Chicago.



The Buckley Twins. Ruth and Roy, 4½ years; Grace and Glenn, 2 Years; Children of Miles Buckley, Office Supt. of Transportation, Chicago.

KIDNEY—Bladder Troubles—RHEUMATISM

TRY THIS **FREE**

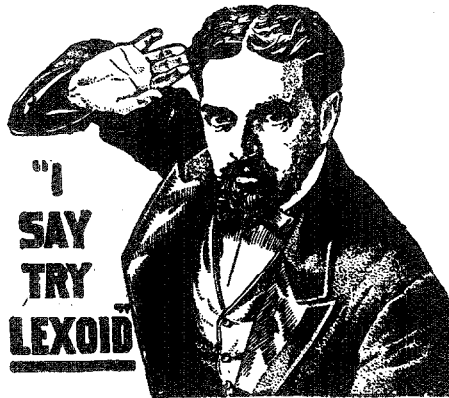
For Backache, Stiff Joints, Rheumatic Pains, and Unbearable Bladder Troubles

SEND NO MONEY, just your name and address—A Full Complete Treatment—SENT ON TRIAL

MY treatment has helped thousands to regain their health. Those with tired, lame, aching backs, with unbearable bladder and urinary troubles, others stiff and bent with rheumatism—and it has made them well, the most chronic, severe, long-standing, obstinate cases, after all the other remedies they tried had failed. They were suffering, and it eased their pains, soothed their aches, brightened their lives and made them happy, and now I want you to try it, to test it, and see for yourself just what it will do for you.

STOPS BACKACHE

If you have backache, kidney, bladder trouble or rheumatism, nervousness, tired and worn-out feeling, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smarts and burns in passing, or if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands, write for my treatment without a minute's delay.



I know you want to be well and strong again, so you can work, and walk, without pain: so you can sleep without disturbance, and wake up refreshed and rested, able to use every muscle, nerve, cord and joint of your body, without suffering misery all the time.

I want you to try my treatment. My soothing, healing, penetrating remedies—especially intended to drive away uric acid, cleanse, purify, strengthen, invigorate and encourage the kidneys to properly filter the blood.

Now here is my offer—I will send you a regular, full, complete, three-fold Lexoid Course of treatment, without a penny in advance—charges paid—ready to use—so you can try it without a penny's expense, just as I promise.

Take it when it comes. Use half of it, and see just what it does. Then when you know it is helping you, when you know you are getting better, just send me a small amount, an amount within your easy reach—an amount you can easily afford to spare—that is all I ask. I know you'll be willing to do your part when it helps you—and your word is good enough for me. Try it first, pay afterwards when you know, not

before. When you have used half of it, if you are not satisfied, return what's left and pay nothing. Don't send a penny in your letter, not even a postage stamp; just your name and address and where to send the treatment. Address your letter to me personally, like this,

DR. H. MICHELL DeWERTH,
462 Lexoid Building, Cleveland, Ohio

Send No Money; Just This Coupon

DR. H. MICHELL DeWERTH
462 Lexoid Building, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me your regular, full, complete three-fold Lexoid Course of Treatment on Trial as you promised above, all charges paid. Also your FREE BOOK about Uric Acid, Kidney, Bladder Trouble and Rheumatism.

My name is.....

Post Office.....

St. or R. F. D.....

Please write name and address plainly



3121. Child's Dresses with Bloomers.

Cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material for the dress, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards for the bloomers. Price 10c.

3107. A Smart Gown.

Cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Price 10c.

3101. An Attractive Model for Slender Figures.

Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 will require $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material with 3 require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material for the dress, sash. Width of skirt at lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Price 10c.

3103. Boys Suit.

Cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4, and 5 years. Size 4 will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material. Price 10c.

3122. A Simple Apron.

Cut in 4 Sizes, Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material. Price 10c.

2752. Girl's Dress.

Cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. It requires 1 yard of lining 27 inches wide for the underwaist, and 3 yards of material for the dress, for an 8 year size. Price 10c.

Stifel's Indigo Cloth

Standard for over 75 years

STIFEL
REGISTERED

This Baltimore & Ohio "Royal Blue" engineer, Mr. Charles Broll, wears and swears by "true blue" Stifel's Indigo Cloth road clothes.

Since the time of the first railroads strong, sturdy, fast-color, never-break-in-the-print Stifel's Indigo has been the popular garment cloth for railroad men.

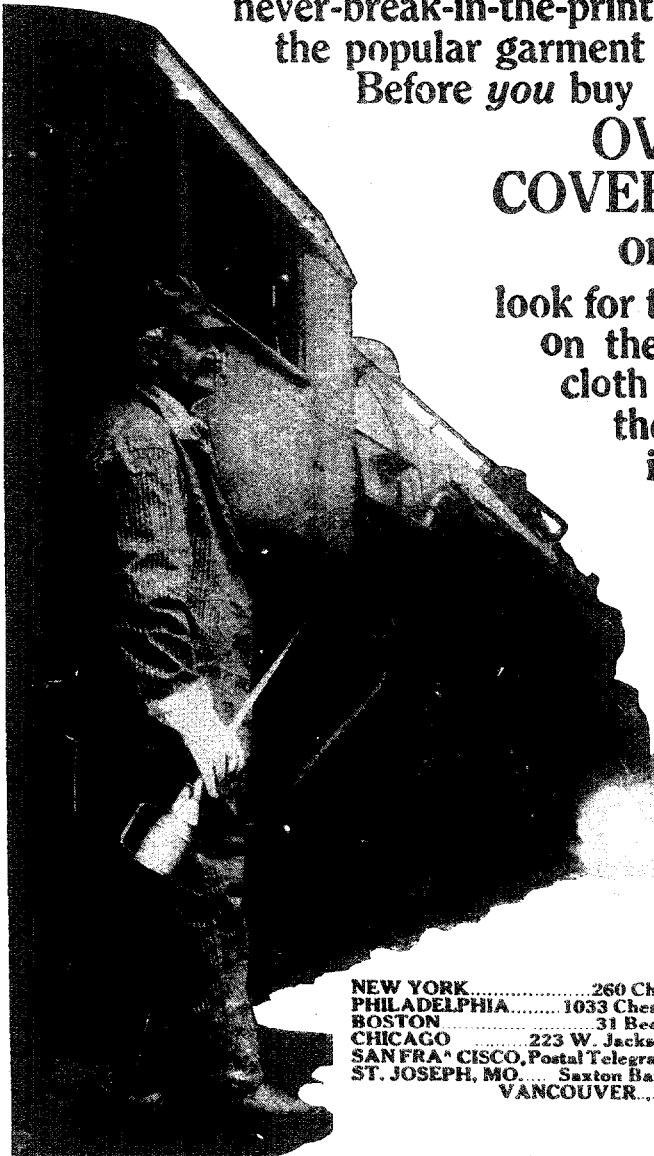
Before you buy

OVERALLS COVERALLS, JUMPERS or UNIFORMS

look for this trademark
on the back of the



cloth inside the garment. It is the guarantee of the genuine Stifel's Indigo Cloth, which never has been successfully imitated. Garments sold by dealers everywhere. We are makers of the cloth only.



J. L. STIFEL & SONS
Indigo Dyers and Printers
Wheeling, W. Va.

SALES OFFICES

NEW YORK.....	260 Church St.	BALTIMORE.....	Coca Cola Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA.....	1033 Chestnut St.	ST. LOUIS.....	604 Star Bldg.
BOSTON.....	31 Bedford St.	ST. PAUL.....	238 Endicott Bldg.
CHICAGO.....	223 W. Jackson Blvd.	TORONTO.....	14 Manchester Bldg.
SAN FRA. & CISCO.....	Postal Telegraph Bldg.	WINNIPEG.....	400 Hammond Bldg.
ST. JOSEPH, MO.....	Saxton Bank Bldg.	MONTREAL.....	Room 508 Read Bldg.
VANCOUVER.....	506 Mercantile Bldg.		

3105. A Smart Shirt Waist.
Cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 3 yards of 27 inch material. Price 10c.

3096. Girl's Dress.
Cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Size 10 will require 3½ yards of 36 inch material. Price 10c.

3094. Dress for Work or Leisure.
Cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6¼ yards of 36 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 2¼ yards. Price 10c.

Some Good Things To Eat.

Moc' Oysters. Oysters are high these days, and the toothsome fried bi-valve is much missed from the evening supper table. Here is a very acceptable substitute at a much less cost. One can of corn, one egg, one tablespoon of flour, one tablespoon of milk, one teaspoon of butter, salt and pepper. Beat the egg into the corn, add milk, butter flour and seasoning. Mix as for any batter and drop by spoonfuls into hot fat. May be served with chili sauce or tomato catsup, just as fried oysters.

Blushing Bunny. Something new under the sun, and it is all right for the evening supper party; also a good lunch dish. Two cups grated cheese, three-fourths cup of stewed tomatoes, two eggs slightly beaten, salt, mustard and paprika, two tablespoons, each of butter and flour, one cup of cream and a pinch of soda.

Blend butter and flour in a chafing dish. Add cream and stir until it boils, then add seasoning. Put soda into the tomatoes and let come to a boil, strain and add to the mixture, then stir in eggs and cheese. Serve on hot toast.

Braised Tongue. Boil tongue in plenty of water. When partly cooked, add salt and pepper. Slice potatoes, carrots and onions, (potatoes should be sliced lengthwise), and fried brown in hot fat. Place the tongue in the frying pan, surround with the vegetables and some of the liquor in which the tongue was boiled. Bake about two hours, basting frequently and adding water as needed. When nearly done, add more of the broth and after meat and vegetables are removed from the pan, thicken with flour and pour around the meat.

Halibut a la Delmonico. Two cups of cooked halibut; one-half cup mashed potatoes two cups of cream or milk, one tablespoon or more of grated cheese, two tablespoons of butter, one tablespoon of corn starch, yolks of two eggs, salt and pepper to taste. Beat the potato until light and creamy with one egg yolk. Melt the butter, add corn starch and cook until it thickens. Remove from fire and add the other egg yolk, the fish and the seasoning. Fill a greased baking dish with alternate layers of fish and potato. Cover with fine bread crumbs, mixed with cheese and one tablespoon of melted butter. Cook twenty or thirty minutes in hot oven.

Did You Know—

That a nice, shiny, glass marble, in the utensil in which milk, custard, porridge and the like, is boiling is an automatic stirring process that keeps things from burning or sticking to the bottom of the kettle.

That cotton fabrics will not fade if previous to the first washing, they are soaked for twelve hours in a pail of water to which a teaspoonful of turpentine has been added.

That varnished wall papers may be cleaned by rubbing over with a flannel cloth, dipped in weak tea and afterward rubbed with a dry cloth.

That jugs or basins in which milk is kept should be scoured with salt at least once a week.

That a handful of coarse salt thrown on a soft coal fire helps to keep the furnace flues clean.

That if you boil your table silver in an aluminum pan at least once a week, it will always be shiny and bright.

He Was Married, Too.

The tailor measured him, calling out the dimensions to a clerk with a book. After the measuring, the tailor said:

"Married or single sir?"

"Married," replied the customer.

"One pocket concealed in lining of vest," the tailor bade the clerk.

Northern Montana Division.

A. B. Goff.

Mrs. J. C. Martin, and little son, wife of rate clerk, was called to Avon, South Dakota on account of illness of her grandparents.

Miss Gladys Daley, who is employed in office of D. F. & P., A. J. J. Foley, at Miles City, visited Miss Betty Lane, steno. in Lewistown freight office during the holidays.

Miss Betty Lane, of the Lewistown freight office spent Xmas, with her friend, Alyce Gorman, at the latter's home near Brooks, Mont.

H. R. Wahoske, D. F. & P. A. just returned from an extended trip to the coast.

Minnie Eckley was employed in Mr. Wahoske's office during the recent absence of his steno., Miss Barry.

B. of O. R. C. gave their first annual ball on Dec. 17th, 1919. Good music, a very large crowd, and everybody reported a good time.

H. M. Gillick has just returned from Minneapolis where he has been for a short time. Everyone is glad to see the superintendent with us again.

Fred says that his department is created to sell the energy of the operating department. Fred, we agree. You never saw a big store in your life that didn't sell the goods. Keep at it Fred, it's a long ways to the top but that's where we got our start.

Advice to future brides: Order Weber's Best. According to latest reports from Miss Sadie Washburn, each box contains an awfully good looking diamond set in platinum.

F. E. Wharton, chief clerk in the superintendent's office spent Christmas in Seattle. He says no more coast for him, he was almost web-fotted after staying there two days in the rain and fog.

Carlotta Berry of the division freight and passenger agent's office is back after a two weeks vacation.

Father Koch has started making sandwiches for the annual railway picnic, held about July 28, 1920. To avoid the rush, order yours now.

Any one want to know what time it is? Just ask Pearl or Pauline. They will be more than willing to tell you. Wrist watches are the handiest things.

H. L. Crandall, formerly of the Wisconsin Valley and H. & D. Divisions, is now employed as relief dispatcher at Lewistown.

Question? Why does Alura meet the 9:45 Winifred train each day? I wonder?

Mr. Verbocity says that if Miss Perversity isn't careful she will soon be Mrs. Perplexity. Heed the warning, Pauline.

The Division Accountant, O. S. Porter, spent Xmas at Fort Dodge, Iowa.

For the love of Mike, Lucille, don't you realize that every one has to go "through the mill," once in a life time anyway?

Ben Goggins, who is attending Mount St. Charles college in Helena spent Christmas vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Goggins.

We understand a cabin has been erected on the head waters of the Judith river. We wonder what two Lizzies will be going that way each Saturday afternoon.

Harry B. Wilkinson, bill clerk, is now switching cars, and is relieved by Jake Scheffer, checker in Lewistown freight house.

Mrs. Frank Pierce, Kathryn, and Dudley, spent Christmas over in Deer Lodge, where Mr. Pierce is employed as machinist. Mr. Pierce has since been transferred to the Lewistown shops, and is now back to work again.

A. H. Wilkins, trainmaster of the Trans-Missouri Division, departed on the 12th of Jan. for Mobridge, after having been on temporary duty on the Northern Montana during the absence of Superintendent Gillick.

Business on the Northern Montana has been very good all fall and winter on account of the heavy movement of livestock, and movement from the east of all sorts of feed on account of the shortage of range and crops in Northern Montana.

Freight Claim Agent Dietrich has sent out a circular letter telling of the success that has been attained by local freight stations, watching the check of freight from dray to the depot. Lewistown freight station will have a good report to show what can be done in the west.

Lewistown yard is working three switch engines during the heavy rush of business.

The ILLINOIS Famous Santa Fe Special WATCHES

"most every man
who owns one of these"



These Men Know

Here are 68 Engineers, Conductors and Railroad Men—every one an expert—representing practically every railroad in this country—men who know the priceless value of time, and realize that the faithful performance of their duties depends upon the accuracy of their Watches, which must be correct to the minutest measure of a minute. They were so well pleased with their "Santa Fe Special" Watches that they voluntarily sent us their Photographs and wrote letters expressing their appreciation of this splendid time-piece. We have hundreds of such letters—wish we could publish them all. They are the strongest endorsements possible for our Watches, our Prices and the Liberal Easy-Payment Plan which makes it possible now for every man to own the best Watch in the world.



The ILLINOIS Famous \$
Santa Fe Special
And BUNN Special
Adjusted to Six Positions
21 JEWEL RAILROAD
WATCHES

2.50
A
MONTH

My Offer to You

I have set aside 5,000 "Santa Fe Specials" on which I have Cut the Price to ABSOLUTELY ROCK BOTTOM. I propose to quickly distribute these Watches to 5,000 men in different communities—men like these men, who will tell their friends of this remarkable Watch Value. I know that every Watch sold on this CUT-PROFIT PLAN will sell another at the regular price. Will you be one to join my "5,000 Watch Club" and wear one of these beautiful Watches?

Signed,

Alvin J. Palmer
President,
Santa Fe Watch Co.

"Santa Fe Specials" are Guaranteed to Last a Life-time and Give Satisfactory Service. I will send the Watch for you to see WITHOUT ONE PENNY DOWN, allow you to wear it 30 days FREE, then sell it to you on a binding money-back guarantee. Think of it—A Standard Watch at a Saving of $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ Your Money. That is what I am offering you, and what you get—if you are so fortunate as to get your order in in time to get one of these 5,000 "Santa Fe Specials" on my Cut-Profit Plan.

My Free Watch Book illustrates newest styles in Engraved Cases. Write for it today.

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A letter, postcard or this coupon will bring My Free Watch Book

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Please send me your New Watch Book with the understanding that this request does not obligate me in any way.

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Address.....

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Special Commendation

Some Good Work Of Our Dining and Sleeping Car Employees.

There is no department of the passenger service on a railroad where courtesy and helpful service of employees nets so much return to the company, as the Dining and Sleeping Car Department. These employees are very close to the traveling public, and the following illustrates the point made in a very striking way.

On October 17th, Southwest Limited train No. 25, was derailed at Richmond, Iowa, about 1:30 A. M. The two rear sleeping cars left the track and turned over on their sides, while one, the sleeper Great Falls and the diner, 5100 remained on the track. As soon as the accident occurred, Steward A. W. Olsen, who was in the sleeper Great Falls, arose, got the dining car crew together, and in a short time, had the cooks making coffee and the waiters helping the passengers out of the wrecked sleepers into the dining car, where the ladies dressed in the pantry. Mr. Olsen then had hot coffee served to all of the passengers on the wrecked train, an attention that was greatly appreciated. He remained on duty all through the rest of the night. After the train had proceeded on its way with the coaches, diner and sleeper Great Falls, the passengers from the wrecked sleepers who had remained in the diner, went into the coaches and the diner was put in order for breakfast and in less than half an hour thereafter, breakfast was being served. The passengers were unanimous in their praise of Steward Olsen and his entire crew who worked throughout the night to make them comfortable, and then went on with their regular work as if nothing had happened.

In the same derailment, Porter W. D. Harvey was entitled to a special commendation for his heroic efforts in behalf of the passengers in the wrecked sleepers. Porter Harvey was handsomely remembered by Robert Scott, of Carson, Pirie Scott & Company, who with his wife was on the wrecked train. In writing him, Mr. Scott said, "I want to thank you for your attention to Mrs. Scott and myself on that terrible night. We are all greatly pleased that you were not injured in any way."

Special commendation is also given Porter J. W. Monroe, who was in charge of one of the wrecked sleepers, for his care of passengers, and their property. One of the passengers in his sleeper, Mrs. Rose Meyers of New York City lost a diamond from her necklace valued at \$4,000. This stone was found by Porter Monroe, who then turned it in to Superintendent Getty's office and delivery was made to Mrs. Meyers, at which time she complimented very highly the services of the porters and dining car steward Olsen for their car and attention to passengers at the trying time.

Sleeping Car Conductor J. C. Edwards has received a special commendation for his excellent care of sleeping car passengers on train No. 15, when it was derailed near Craven, September 14th. Many of the passengers expressed themselves as greatly appreciative of thoughtful attentions, and his efforts to relieve them of further discomfort.

LaCrosse Division Brakeman W. R. Edmonds is given special commendation for his careful inspection at New Lisbon, of his train on Dec. 28th. He discovered a broken arch bar on L. & N. car 62209, which no doubt would have caused a serious derailment, had it not been found. Locating of defects of such a nature shows careful attention to duty and results in saving possibly, human lives and much valuable property. Credit has been given Mr. Edmonds in the service roster.

Switchman Oscar Doyle, Bensenville, Ill., has received special commendation for discovery of broken flange on St. P. car 300812, December 21st. His alertness no doubt avoided a serious derailment, and indicates interest in the company's welfare as well as in his own duties.

Agent R. E. Aldrich, has been given special commendation for the following action taken by

him while on duty as agent at New Lebanon, Illinois: In December, Agent Aldrich noticed a train of empty stock cars going west with all wheels sliding, under one of the cars. He took his motor car out and followed the train on eastbound track, caught up with it, and with the use of a stick released the air on this car; thus saving the train from stalling and perhaps preventing a derailment.

Again on October 19th, Mr. Aldrich found a broken rail at 9:00 A. M. about two miles west of New Lebanon, on eastbound track. He went to Genoa on his motor car, got section men out and had new rail put in. On November 7th, Mr. Aldrich found a broken rail one-quarter mile west of New Lebanon on eastbound track. This rail was broken between two ties and might have caused a serious derailment. These actions and the watchfulness of Agent Aldrich are deeply appreciated by the company and local officials of the Illinois Division. Agent Aldrich is the right kind of employee.

Illinois Division Conductor Pulford has received special commendation for watchfulness. On December 26th, while at Forreton he noticed a brake beam down on Extra West passing by, and reported the same. Train was stopped at Harper and beam removed. If this prompt action had not been taken by Conductor Pulford, the brake beam would undoubtedly have caught in the cross-over at Harper, derailing the car and possibly causing injury to fellow-employees.

River Division Fireman George Bourgette has received special commendation for action taken on January 2nd, on No. 5 at St. Paul when he observed a dragging brake beam on a train pulling by. He got off No. 5 and notified the crew of the passing train, which was stopped and beam removed before any damage resulted. This is displaying commendable interest in company's welfare.

L. C. Tackaherry, Frontenac, Minn., has been specially commended for discovery of broken equalizer on tourist car in train No. 15, December 28th, and promptly reporting same to train dispatcher, so he could have train looked over at Red Wing. Close observation of this nature is much appreciated and credit has been given Mr. Tackaherry in the service roster.

Just Plain Out Of Luck.

A new suburban train, No. 52, was put into service from Healy to Chicago on January 7th, and started on its maiden trip with great promise. It had 300 passengers, and while some were standing, everyone was happy because of the recognition of the importance of the Healy suburban travel. That was on January 7th. On January 8th, train No. 52 was annulled and Conductor "Bill" Carr was moved to the following:

Morning Report.

January 8th, 1920.

The engine died on 32.

And 62 went up the flue.

We're out of luck.

Three hundred people who were due,

Healy to leave on No. 52.

Were out of luck.

But 34 with coaches four,

Crowded them in from aft to fore,

And to the Union Depot bore,

The whole three hundred.

Rotten, I'll say.

Appointments.

Effective January 1st, C. H. Koyl is appointed engineer of water service.

Effective January 15th, C. A. Turney is appointed trainmaster of the Milwaukee Terminals Division, vice R. D. Miller, transferred.



Tobacco Is Hurting You

Look at the facts square in the face, Mr. Tobacco User. You may think tobacco is not hurting you.

That is because you haven't as yet, perhaps, felt the effects of the nicotine poison in YOUR system. For you know that nicotine, as absorbed into the system through smoking and chewing tobacco, is a slow working poison. Slow, yes—but **sure**.

Tobacco is lowering your efficiency. It slows a man down. Makes it harder for you to concentrate your mind on your work. You haven't near the amount of "pep" and energy you would have if you stopped using it. There's many a man twice as old as you in years who's twice as young in energy, simply because he lets tobacco alone.

Some day you will realize to what an alarming extent tobacco has undermined your system.

When your hands begin to tremble—
and your appetite begins to fail—
and your heart seems to "skip a beat" now and then—
and slight exertion makes you short of breath—
then you'll **KNOW**, without anyone telling you, that **TOBACCO** is getting the upper hand.

Any well-informed doctor will tell you that these are only a few of many symptoms of tobacco poisoning.

And **YOU** know that the use of tobacco in **any** form is an **expensive**, utterly useless habit. You know you ought to quit.

Tobacco Habit Banished In 48 to 72 Hours

It doesn't make a particle of difference whether you've been a user of tobacco for a single month or 50 years, or how much you use, or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff—**Tobacco Redeemer** will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in from 48 to 72 hours. Not the slightest shock to the nervous system. Your tobacco craving will begin to decrease after the very first dose—there's no long waiting for results.

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind and is the most marvelously quick, absolutely scientific and thoroughly reliable remedy for the tobacco habit.

It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It quiets the nerves and makes you feel better in every way.

Results Guaranteed

A single trial will convince you. Our legal-binding, money-back guarantee goes with each full treatment. We will refund every cent you pay for the treatment if after taking it according to the easy-to-follow directions, it should fail to banish the tobacco habit completely.

Let us send you our **free** booklet on the deadly effects of tobacco, together with testimonial letters from men all over the country telling how they have been absolutely freed from the tobacco habit by this simple home treatment. You could not ask for stronger proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will free you from the habit than the evidence we will gladly send on request. Just mail the coupon—or a postal will do.

NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.

Dept. 629

St. Louis, Mo.



Free Book Coupon

NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.

Dept. 629

St. Louis, Mo.

Please send, without obligating me in any way, your free booklet regarding the tobacco habit and proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will positively free me from the tobacco habit.

Name

Street and No.

Town State

On the Steel Trail



James Garside.



Harry Dunphy.

Fritz Lemke.

Three Vets of the Milwaukee Shops.

The three veterans above are all over-fifty-year men. James Garside, began on the old Prairie du Chien road in May, 1859 and started in the old Shops in 1863, at that time Edwin F. Goodrich was master mechanic. Mr. Garside worked in the Shops until 1879 when he was among the first to commence work in the then, new, roundhouse, where he is still employed, having seen 61 years of service, he is the third man in service age in the employ of the mechanical department. Mr. Garside has five daughters, the eldest of whom is secretary to Assistant General Freight Agent J. M. Davis.

Harry Dunphy passed the fifty-year-service mark last year and the event was noticed in one of the recent issues of the Magazine. There is little to add to that, except that he continues hearty and active. Mr. Dunphy received a congratulatory letter from Federal Manager Byram at the time of celebrating his fifty-year-service date, which he considers a high honor, and which is kept among his most valued treasures.

Mr. Fritz Lemke started working for the Milwaukee, July 2nd, 1869, celebrating his golden jubilee last July. He began in the old P. du C. shops at the foot of Fourth street when Edwin Hall was master mechanic, and "Doc" Fairbairn shop foreman. At one time Mr. Fairbairn froze his foot attending a wreck in 1873; and Mr. Lemke was sent with a horse and buggy to bring him home and was nearly frozen himself in accomplishing his errand. Mr. Lemke has four daughters and two sons, all of whom are married.

They wished their father, who is 83 years of age, to retire from active duty, but he wished to finish up the half century in the railroad work, and the event was celebrated, November 17th, last. Congratulations were profuse from his co-workers, to one of the few who ever attain the honor of a half century of continuous service.

News Items from the Northern Division. Hazel Whitty.

Conductor John Rochsford was off two weeks recently on account of illness. He is back on the job again as good as ever, but has given up smoking for good. He says that he can fall against the stove now, and not even hit the pipe.

Weary Luker has been appointed night yard-master at Horicon, to succeed Wm. O'Rourke.

For his earnest efforts to give to the company at all times the best possible service that was at his command, Wm. O'Rourke has been promoted to the office of assistant to general superintendent.

On New Year's eve Conductor Stallman gave a little party for some of his friends. Those present were: Conductor Jed Taylor and wife, Brakeman Alexander and wife, and George Price and wife, from the Milwaukee Terminals. There may have been more but we were unable to secure their names. From all reports they had a large assortment of refreshments.

Conductor Braun of the Berlin run was called to Chicago for a few days. Conductor Grappler doing the kid glove work on the Berlin line.

First Trick Operator O'Neill of Hartford, gave his wife a small gift in the form of a vacuum cleaner for Xmas. However he had to send to a factory in the far east to get a man to come and connect it up for her. Hartford must be a small town when you can't get a man there to do this for you, Bump.

Friends of R. Whitty will regret to learn that he is at the present time confined to the Sacred Heart Sanitarium of Milwaukee. He has been troubled with high blood pressure for some time past, and thought he had better "get it" before it "got" him. At the present writing he is much improved and when you read this magazine will undoubtedly be back at the old stand.

While patrolling his track on Sunday, Jan. 11th., Walter Schwulst, section foreman at Richfield, had the misfortune to be thrown from his motor car and received a very bad cut in his leg. He will be laid up for about two weeks. Remember, you can't run your motor car the way you do your Ford, Walter.

Former Roadmaster C. A. Hanson made us a pleasant call on Sunday, Jan. 11th.

Ye scribe spent Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 10th. and 11th., in Chicago.

P. H. Casey advises Operator Rowlands to hunt up a lady friend. She will be able to take care of the money for him. How about it, Strawberry?

On December 24th, the stork made a visit at Brakeman H. C. Brown's house and left a very substantial gift in the form of a ten pound boy. Hope he'll be just like his father.

Conductor Joe Private has climbed into his regular winter regalia, about two inches of whiskers. So has Art. Beecher. But I don't want to say too much for fear they will think I am jealous.

Wonder what Conductor Kaiser saw at Waupun to cause him to get left on No. 67. I'll bet it was attractive.

Conductor Dutch Schroeder laid off a trip Monday. Wonder who's dead?

On January 2nd., Conductor Jess Taylor, Brakeman Geo. Schallog, and Brakeman Ted Schaler, on No. 467, spotted a heated Reefer at the depot at Knowles for the purpose of getting into the car and looking at the heater. Uncle Jess, George and Ted all hopped merrily into the car, figuring on soaking up a little of the heat, when in some unknown manner the door slammed shut and latched, making captives out of the three men. Engineer Race and Fireman C. La Ramascus nearly froze to death looking for signals, with none in

sight. By breaking off the doors of the car, the men finally got out, with a smell like fish pervading the atmosphere around them. Be careful, Uncle Jess. After this remember, Safety First, always. Hook and lock the doors.

The first meeting of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks was held at Horicon, Jan. 12th. We have 11 members in our lodge, and the promise of many more. Hope that we will be true blue brothers and sisters at all times.

We are getting tired of hearing Orrin Twitchell brag about his good dancing. Just come down some night, Orrin. The girls in Horicon don't step all over your feet like the Portage girls do.

No Cars.

An aggregate man went to heaven one day,
As aggregate men sometimes do,
And they gave him a job with princely pay,
Of running a fast train thru
To the kingdom of hell, with instructions to haul
From the fiery brimstone bars,
All the railroad men that he could recall,
But they gave him, alas, no cars.

So a message he sent to the realms of hell,
For the railroad men to be
On the watch for his train, and he rang the bell
With a chuckle of fiendish glee.
And the men lined up as they writhed in pain,
On the fiery brimstone bars.
But when the aggregate man showed up with
his train,
Oh, Lord, he had no cars.

And so thru the endless cycles of years,
The railroad men lined up
With hope dispelled and groans and tears,
As they drain the bitter cup.
The aggregate man makes his run on time,
From the pearly gates to the brimstone bars,
While the railroad men in anguish chime,
Oh, Lord, Oh, Lord, no cars.

C. & M. Division News Items.

R. M. Carroll.

C. & M. Division Engineer A. A. Grandy has been specially commended for his efforts in con-

nection with the stopping of No. 21 at Rondout on December 13th, 1919, on the supposition that there was something wrong with the engine tank of the engine on No. 21. No. 21 was derailed an hour or so later, near Stowell, Wis., due to broken truck under engine tank.

O. O. Tysdal, former trainmaster's clerk, is now working in G. L. Whipple's office in the Railway Exchange building, Chicago. We certainly miss you "Oscar," especially in Room 10. Wonder who is getting your gentle taps now?

Mrs. C. Bush, who has been quite ill with pneumonia, is now back at her desk once again. Mighty glad to have you with us again.

Chief Dispatcher Carroll spent a few days in Chicago last week around the Railway Exchange.

Fred Cahill, son of Conductor Cahill, is now working as clerk in the chief dispatcher's office at Milwaukee.

Edward Hawtrej is now chief clerk to Trainmaster Devlin on the C. & M. Division. Watch Eddie line them up.

Harry Vantine, brakeman on No. 138, was badly crushed while coupling cars at Rondout a few days ago. He is now in the hospital at Chicago. Last reports are that he is getting along nicely.

Operator LeClaire is working third trick at Ranney now.

E. E. Salisbury, conductor, has been appointed night yardmaster at Lake, and J. G. Yahne, conductor, night yardmaster at Rondout, Ill.

Howard Bennett holds the position of chief clerk in the chief dispatcher's office. Keep it up Howard, and you will soon be chief.

"Wood" is back on the job again. You know he was on special duty in the general superintendent's office for a few weeks.

The offices at Milwaukee have been rearranged again. The trainmasters have a private office now which was badly needed. The chief dispatcher has a separate office for himself and clerks and one for the dispatchers.

Our offices are gaily decorated with "Private" signs on mostly every door. Wonder if it would do any good to tack one on a few of the desks.

We have been having quite an epidemic of derailments during the past few weeks, due to

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Are rapidly superceding every other motor car engine. Their consistent performance under every condition is the cause of their rapidly gaining favor. Note from the accompanying illustration the extreme simplicity of construction. It combines durability,

strength, lightness and dependability. SIMPLE engines

start without cranking, are reversible, use any kind of fuel. Have no carburetor or mixing valve, take no fuel in the crank case.

They have more power for their rating than any other engine built. The SIMPLE CLUTCH AND CHAIN DRIVE has solved the problem in drives for Railway

Motor Cars. Most practical drive made. Can be attached to any hand car.

**3, 5 and 6
Horse-power**

*Can also furnish Engine
for belt-drive*

3 Horse-power.....	weighs 160 pounds
5 Horse-power.....	weighs 300 pounds
6 Horse-power.....	weighs 330 pounds

Motor Cars. Most practical drive made. Can be attached to any hand car.

Simple Gas Engine Co. - Menasha, Wis.

broken trucks. Let's put forth our efforts, boys, and see if we can't avoid a few of these.

Our chief clerk has been quite busy for the last week moving into his new home in Wauwatosa. When are we going to have that dance, Eric?

"Do you think you will ever amount to much?" Where have I heard that expression before? Oh, yes, ask E. B. about it.

I walked into the dispatcher's office the other day and some of our boys were all smiles, upon asking the cause of it, they said, "Did you see the letter we got from Jessie?" Upon reading it, I agreed with them that it was mighty nice. Come again J. A., it cheered the boys up and that is what they need right now when they are having so much trouble with engine failures, etc.

I hear A. M. Killan, one of our dispatchers, is putting in his spare time composing history. Is that right, Al?

If every one lives up to their promises, we will have more items next month.

I. & M. Division.

Parson Schultz.

John Lauffe and family, of Bismark, N. D., have been visiting the home folks the past few weeks.

Conductor Mike Gilmartin and wife are spending the winter in California.

Yardmaster Jim Plum is on the sick list. However we are glad to report that Sunny Jim is doing fine. Jim Marvellet is acting yardmaster.

We neglected to report that Switchman Dick Hincley has been promoted to night yardmaster. His many friends wish him success.

Switchman Ed Erickson has taken an indefinite leave of absence. Now you know this is leap year and they tell me Ed has been a bachelor for several years. The boys seem to infer that it takes all of Ed's time to answer leap year correspondence.

Yardclerk True Cress is one of the crack players on Austin's star basket ball team.

Mrs. Barlow, the better-half of our agent at Lausling, is spending the winter in California.

Engineer Sam Jones is spending the winter at Los Angeles. Better be careful Sam, it's leap year and the beaches be crowded with old maids.

Baggageman Garrett Bushman holds the prize for good deeds rendered the public. About twenty years ago when Garrett was a passenger brakeman, there chanced to be on the train a mother with twin baby girls about one year old. They had been traveling several days and of course the mother was very much fatigued from the journey and the care of the babes. The children were crying considerable and the tired mother hardly knew what to do, none of the passengers offered her aid. It was then that Garrett decided to lend a hand, and when time permitted would take care of the babes and give the mother a chance to rest. Garrett received his reward this last summer when two beautiful ladies introduced themselves to him as the twin babies he had held in his arms twenty years ago. Their mother had remembered the act of kindness and often spoken of the brakeman who had been so kind to her.

From the above we can all take a lesson. I need not mention what it is.

The Mason City line has been improved to the extent of the construction of a new bridge, S-480, near Varco, which has relieved a few anxious moments off the minds of our engineers, as the old bridge as known to the "Old Timer" gave a sensational rocking 'neath the grind of the C2's.

B. & B. Foreman J. Rush and crew have made quite an extended stay at Austin while constructing the new bridge near Varco. Of course Austin is not new to them and even though it is now on S. & M. Division they feel at home there.

Roadmaster Kelsey was called to the sick bed of his mother at Dubuque, Ia. during the latter part of December, and returned to his home at Farmington after a week's visit, leaving his mother on the road to recovery.

Pile bridge O-S, located about four miles east of Vermillion, Minn., between Farmington and Hastings, was partly consumed by fire during the afternoon of January 5th, thought to have been caused by live coals dropping from the ash pan of a locomotive passing over the bridge. The fire was put out by Conductor Burbank and engine crew, who were the next train to pass over the bridge, and reported the bridge as unsafe. The S. O. S. call was sent out and three section

crews out of Farmington were the first and nearest to respond, and who undertook to get the bridge repaired for traffic by daylight, or bust. They didn't have to bust, because with the coaching of the chief carpenter the bridge was ready for traffic at 3:00 A. M. (read it again, 3:00 A. M.) January 6th, with the pleasure of knowing what can be done with good men, even though there were no bridge tools.

B. & B. Foreman J. Rush got a fresh hair cut and finger nails manicured the other day in preparation for a month's layoff trip to Seattle and Portland. Happy days with your trip, "Jake."

Herman Schroeder, stove inspector at South Minneapolis visited at Faribault with his wife over New Year's day and shaking hands with the old I. & M. employees.

Up and Down Hill on the Rocky Mountain Division.

Nora B. Sill.

Just now I am undecided whether it being leap year should I keep the ticket I have for the O. R. C. dance next Monday night (if I didn't have to send tails in to the editor I'll know what I did, an' tell you) and find some nice looking O. R. C. and take him to the dance or should I sell the ticket and regardless of it being leap year look for some nice looking O. R. C., B. of L. E., B. of L. F., or B. of R. T., not forgetting the O. R. T., mercy no, and see if by hook or crook some way or another I couldn't get one of them to—well, let me escort him to the ball. I wish I knew what I am going to do, I have 48 hours to think about it in tho.

Mrs. Bostwick, wife of Engineer Bostwick, and Mrs. A. C. Parks, wife of the Harlowton yardmaster spent a day in Piedmont, guests of Mrs. Gosnell. Mrs. Park is in Three Forks caring for Mr. Park's mother, Mrs. W. A. Parks, who last month, fell and broke her arm but who is much better now, and at home again.

Brakeman Dave Burrel got kidnapped by the M. S. Division and spent a week over there (where all that smoke and dirt is) running. Brakeman V. A. Wittie from the Mussellsell during that time working on the R. M.

Mrs. Miles at Piedmont was off a week the first of the month, relieved by Miss Murphy, who didn't know Eddie Bleckner got married while he was in the army, nor did we.

Tommy Fairhurst has a new cap, nobody knows why, and goes around so dressed up its a shame to see how he throws away his money lately. I for one don't know what's coming to some of us with all this recklessness.

Mrs. Kate Chambers, operator at Lennep, where the agency is again bulletined, and Miss Clete Gavin, also operator there, are off for a few weeks, relieved by operators Nevothay and Sheck, from somewhere or another. Miss Gavin is visiting in Miles City after stopping off a week in our little city keeping a well known fireman up late 'o nights, and Mrs. Chambers is visiting her sister, Mrs. Lefever, here.

What do you know about Bill Connors? He is so afraid he will get sent over on the east end he wont work. That must be the reason, 'or he hasn't shown up around here for the longest while an' there is an awful stack of letters for him, some of them must be terrible because the mail box broke right in two and came loose from the wall and we had to call in a member of the carpenters union to fix it and nail it back again. I don't get that kind of letters. Some of his they have to put on ice, too. That reminds me that I know now why the carpenters charge you ten dollars a day; I put up a row of hooks on the wall today to hang things on. I think they should get more money myself. Did you ever hear the little fairy tale about Billy Gill and the bottle of catsup? He will tell you about it.

Fireman McGrath was called east suddenly by the death of an uncle and the illness of his wife, and returned home Jan. 10th.

Conductor Floyd Sterling and wife have just returned home from a months visit spent in Portland, where they had a most enjoyable time, but we all have to work sometime or other, so he is back on the local east end again.

Maybelle Shaw, daughter of Engineer Shaw, has returned home from Missoula, where she has been attending school.

Yes, and the only other trip he ever made running in his whole life was on passenger, too. He got his blue uniform and ticket punch when he took the examination on how to assist old ladies off the cars and help little girls and boys get a drink of water, and point out the places of interest through the canyon and—"no we wont make up any time," and "yes lady, don't pay any attention to what he says, he is only the brakeman," and, Oh, just everything passenger conductors have to do and say so when every body lays off or all the crews tie up for something or other they call Joe Malloy once every five years or so, well, just so he wont get out of practice saying "ALLLLLLLAAAABBBBBBOARD!" you know how they say it, just like Bill Toubey does.

Donald is now a three trick telegraph job with Pendfield closed, and Mrs. Haskell, whose bran new name is Mrs. Cronin since she changed it last month is working second there. Mrs. George on third. Patterson on first there.

Dr. Naramore, from Seattle, stopped off a day in the city to give the hospital the once over, January first.

Mrs. Crockett, wife of Engineer Jim Crockett, spent the Christmas holidays with Mr. Crockett in Three Forks, returning to Great Falls the first of the month. Mr. Crockett was assigned to the 116 and 117 runs but was promptly bumped by Engineer Crawford who has just been reinstated after a long absence.

Conductor McHale slipped one over on his friends here and when he took that trip to Chicago on his return brought back a Mrs. McHale. They will make their home in Three Forks and the very best wishes of Mr. McHale's many friends are extended to the happy couple. The Rocky Mountain Division also wishes them a long and happy life. Mrs. McHale was Miss Elizabeth Honan of Chicago, and the wedding was December sixteenth.

That has nothing to do with the way Ted Burrows eats brick ice cream tho. Goodness, we will have to see that Ted is sent out into polite society more. Something will have to be done from all I can hear.

Brakeman Hudson fell and skinned his knee

coming into Three Forks December 27th. He was taken to the local hospital and soon as he found out he couldn't have a certain special nurse he wanted, it was all off and he got right up and went back to work.

Engineer D. P. Elliott while leaving Three Forks with a train, evening of December 21st was thrown from the window of his motor while raising the pantograph, and hurt quite badly. He was taken to the hospital and is much improved but not back to work yet.

Conductor John Rice while switching at Piedmont New Year's night was badly injured. His foot was crushed and several toes were later amputated. He was taken to the hospital at Deer Lodge and is much better at this writing.

Oh, boy, listen, they didn't know what to do with those hard boiled switchmen in the Harlowton yard so they took Charlie Saint over there to handle 'em nights, imagine. Still I guess something happened as he is still there.

Engineer McKenna is on the east end local since everything is all changed around and mussed up by the passenger conductors running through nowadays. Engineers Hostwick, Barnes, Mayo, Davis, and Hamilton on these runs now with now and then some one like Echard and McCollough and Buchen extra. That reminds me someone wants to know if the reason why Engineer Buchen couldn't stop 'till he got to Willow Creek and Eustis coming into town was that he was pulling off that Bill Hart stuff and trying to roll a cigarette with one hand. Oh, but he don't smoke cigarettes.

Mrs. A. H. Wilkins made a trip to Moberg over the holidays to visit Mr. Wilkins. Later going over to Butte accompanied by A. H. Wilkins, who was superintendent of the Northern Montana Division during the absence of Superintendent Gillick (forgive me Ann for telling something out of my district but you see they are all my old friends and as Louis S. Earls says, he could tell a cook book something new, he could.

And I have to stop now because first I will get killed when the February magazine comes out anyway, and listen, I know someone who will buy that ticket.

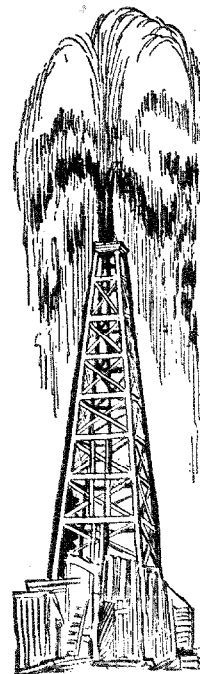
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Claim Prevention Bureau

C. H. Dietrich, General Chairman

The General committee on Claim Prevention wishes to advise that the loss and damage to freight for November, 1919, as compared to the same month in 1918, is as follows:

	1918	1919
Connecting	\$8,879,476.00	\$9,332,210.00
Freight Revenue	218,568.00	214,794.00
Loss and Damage	.0216	.0230
Ratio of L&D to Revenue		

New Claims Received During Month of December:

	1918	1919
Line Claims 2,493	\$ 47,458.94	2,663 \$ 52,063.77
Grain 791	60,272.93	1,247 42,206.40
Live Stock 324	126,534.77	928 290,491.36
Loss and Damage, Misc. . 9,192	271,938.24	12,176 334,240.64
Total	12,800 \$506,204.88	17,014 \$719,002.17

So far as the claim payments are concerned for the month shown above, they are somewhat lower than the same month last year, and in line with the payments that have been made during the last few months of this year, but the statement of new claims received during the month of December is far from encouraging; in fact, it is clearly evident that with this volume of new claims, aggregating over \$700,000.00, together with the new claims received during November and October, our payments during the next few months are bound to be unreasonably high, and there is every reason for our prevention work being pushed more vigorously than ever by everyone connected with this work. The ratio of loss and damage to freight revenue for the entire year of 1919 (with December estimated) is .0316, which is an increase over 1918 of .0072 and is by far the worst year from a loss and damage standpoint than we have experienced since the claim prevention movement was started in 1914.

In our last month's bulletin it was suggested that special efforts be made to bring down the item of shortage of an entire package, which item alone cost us in October \$60,545.00 and in November \$58,786.00. Our O. S. & D. Bureau report shows that 12,826 short reports were received from the entire system, while during the first week in January there were 2,245 short reports received, which is proportionately a considerable improvement over December. It is a fact, however, that we are receiving an immense volume of claims at the present time for shortage of an entire package, but this is accounted for in a measure by reason of the unusually slow movement of merchandise during the past few weeks, and no doubt a great many of these claims will be withdrawn when the shipments finally arrive.

The remedy for claims of this nature is right in our own hands, and if all packages are properly marked and loaded right and all shipments checking over are billed to their correct destination in accordance with standard astray billing instructions, our shortage claims can be and should be materially reduced, especially if proper attention is given to the checking of the freight when received and when delivered.

The Prevention Bureau received a report this month of an agent on the R. & S. W. Division who discovered by keeping his eyes open that a shipper in loading a car of live stock had placed one dead cow in the car, which he was required to take out before the stock contract was issued, and we were thereby undoubtedly relieved of paying a claim on this animal which was dead before loaded.

The Bureau has also received reports of many L. C. L. shipments of potatoes, apples and similar perishable freight which have been transported in box car equipment, arriving at destination frozen solid and worthless. It is apparent that too many of our agents, at small points especially, are not checking up the heated car schedule before accepting this class of freight. It is far better

to advise the shipper to forward his freight by express in cold weather unless we have facilities for handling it safely.

The Bureau's attention has also been called by an agent to the practice of many firms when presenting their shipping receipt or bill of lading for signature to present four copies instead of three, the fourth copy being marked "original," and suggests that in handling shipping tickets or bills of lading of this kind that only the first three copies be signed, namely, original, duplicate and memorandum copy. Where the fourth copy, which is marked original, is signed by the agent, it gives the shipper in fact two bills of lading for the same shipment both marked original.

Another agent calls attention to the mix-up we are now having on empty containers for non-intoxicating beverage. This commodity is now being handled largely by wholesale grocery houses, while the packages still bear the stencil of the old brewing concerns, and it is suggested that in billing back empties of this kind the agent show on the waybill the name of the consignee and, under the description of the article, indicate "Stencilled J. Gund Brewing Company, LaCrosse, Wisconsin," or whatever brewing company the package belongs to. This will save the destination agent a great deal of trouble in making deliveries.

It is expected that within six weeks, or on March 1st, Federal control will cease, and our railroad will be back in the hands of its owners and operating on the same basis that prevailed prior to January 1, 1918. The shipping public and the daily papers have consistently criticised the operation of all lines during Federal control and undoubtedly great things are expected by them in the way of improved operation immediately the lines are returned to their owners, and one of the causes for their criticism has undoubtedly been the loss, damage and delay to freight in transit. There have been considerable grounds for complaint along these lines and there is accordingly a fertile field for you and me to turn a great share of this criticism into praise by making an honest effort to get freight entrusted to our care to its correct destination without delay and in good order. This can be done without any extra exertion or extra time expended.

After all is said and done, it is just a question of every employe connected with freight handling treating the freight passing through his hands with the same reasonable care that he would give it if it were his own property. If the millions that are now being paid by this company for loss and damage freight due to negligence, carelessness and inefficiency could be spent for new equipment, new power and other much needed facilities, the management would have a load removed from their shoulders and every man on the payroll would benefit directly or indirectly to the extent that would surprise us.

**A side table artist named Doug.
Gave his hair an affectionate tug.
Saying, "slinging of ink
Put my hand on the blink,
And that's why I am using a bug."**

—E. W. D.

**Can you tell, if you really know,
Why train men, and guessing don't go,
When they speak of the "hoose"
Top of every caboose,
For cupola they say cupalo?**

—E. W. D.

Iowa Division.
Ruby Eckman.

Andy Anderson of the B. & B. Department force went to Wichita, Kansas the latter part of December to see his son, who is sick there.

Conductor Lee Tolbert made a business trip to Minneapolis the latter part of December.

Machinist Fred Dollarhide's family spent the holidays with relatives at Denison, Texas.

The O. R. C. and Ladies Auxillary to the same organization had a joint installation on New Year's eve. The affair was started with a six o'clock dinner and ended with a dance, the program of which included dances of all kinds. Some of the older conductors and their wives shook their feet that night who hadn't danced in years.

Travelling Auditor J. B. Wallis and wife spent the holidays with relatives at Mineral Point, Wis.

The Milwaukee band at Perry, consisting of twenty-two members are just starting on their second year of their permanent organization. The band is composed of employes and sons of employes in all departments. Machinist Fred Antone is at the head of the organization, having spent many hours working with the boys. There being no other band at Perry the Bureau of Commerce has arranged for the payment of a regular leader and the boys have played a number of public engagements. Floyd Kirkhart is the secretary and treasurer of the band and Mariow Stotts, yard clerk, is the librarian. Marlow has a nice set of music folios all of which bear the C. M. & St. P. insignia. At a meeting just before Christmas B. Roy Emms, the director, was presented with a beautiful medal by the boys.

Fireman R. W. Moore and Fireman Thos. McMahon have recently returned from the navy and resumed work on the road.

Machinist Elmer Swanson, of the Perry roundhouse force, spent a week of December with relatives in Chicago. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Abe Rouse of the store department force was off duty several weeks on account of sickness.

Engineer Frank Cowden and wife went to California the fore part of January to spend a few months with relatives.

P. H. Hughes, the new travelling engineer, and A. Dutton, the new trainmaster on the Des Moines Division, have been in Perry a number of times getting acquainted with the forces. The appointment of the two gentlemen to their new positions has brought congratulations from their many friends.

Engineer Oscar Woods and Fireman Jack Kirkendall have been in Chicago for several weeks attending the joint conference of the Engineers and Firemen.

Conductor M. E. Burnham and Conductor G. T. Burnham, both of the Iowa Division, lost some time in December on account of sickness.

Conductor Charles Kreger, one of the oldest conductors on the Iowa Division, died at his home in Perry, January 13th. He had been in service since 1895, coming to this line from the North Western. He was compelled to give up his work last March and has been gradually failing since. Burial was made at Perry, the funeral services being in charge of the O. R. C. and the Masonic lodge.

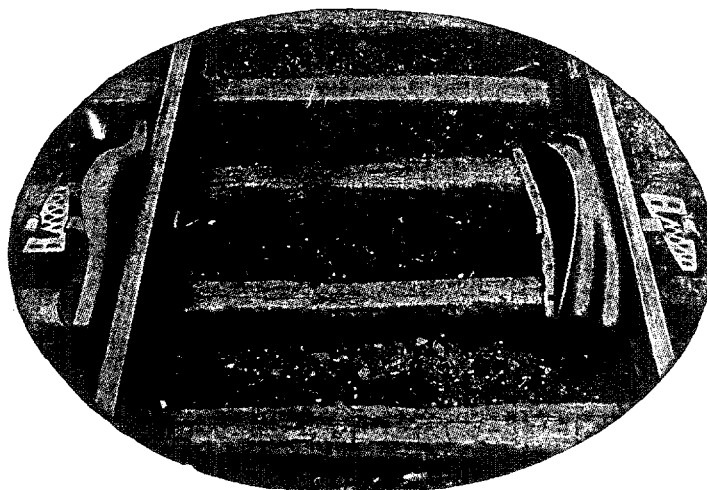
Conductor Frank Dow's wife was laid up for several weeks on account of an attack of blood poisoning resulting from an injury to her foot.

Roundhouse Foreman Jeffers spent a couple of weeks of December and January with his family in Wyoming.

Edward Fitzgerald has recently taken the position as chief clerk to the roundhouse foreman, taking the place made vacant when C. E. Evitts transferred to the position of chief clerk in the store department.

Engineer Jack Ahern, the second oldest engineer on the Iowa Division, was presented with a grand lodge badge on January 5th in celebration of the fortieth anniversary of his membership in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. A big party was planned for Mr. and Mrs. Ahern at the Fraternity hall, but owing to the fact that Mrs. Ahern is compelled to move about in her chair, the party was given at their home, and about sixty engineers and their families dropped in on them for the evening. A number of speeches were made and some of the old timers recalled

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railroad experiences in the early day. Mr. Ahern came to the Iowa Division with A. J. Earling when the line was built through to Omaha, and the friendships formed in those days have remained constant through the many years that have elapsed. Ahern is now on 3 and 12 and has the honor of being the first engineer to handle train No. 3 into Omaha passenger station. He is in the best of health and seldom loses a trip. Mr. and Mrs. Ahern will celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary in June.

Fireman Percy Salzgeber and Loretta Leedom, a former clerk in the office of the roundhouse foreman, were married in Des Moines the fore part of January. They will make their home in Perry.

L. L. McKim of the storekeeper's office spent several days at his home in Marion the latter part of December, on account of sickness.

Conductor A. E. Brooks and Switchman E. B. Brooks and wife, were called to Mohridge, South Dakota, the fore part of January on account of the serious injury to Mr. Brook's brother, who is a passenger conductor running between Mohridge and Miles City.

Engineer Inspector William Barker and wife celebrated their twentieth wedding anniversary on January 3rd by having a few friends in to spend the evening.

T. E. McDonald of Fort Morgan, Colorado, was in Perry the fore part of January for a visit with his old friend, M. A. DeVoe. McDonald is coach at the Fort Morgan high school.

W. W. Aarsmith, who is a medical student at North Western University, was home to spend the holidays with his parents, Agent and Mrs. G. L. Aarsmith of Bayard.

Operator George Disburg was off duty a few days in January on account of the death of his wife's father.

Train Dispatcher C. B. Elder, of the Dubuque office force, was in Perry Jan. 13 and 14 for a short visit with his parents.

Master Bill Robertson, son of Lineman Charles Robertson, celebrated his ninth birthday anniversary by taking all the kids in his room at school to the candy kitchen for an ice cream treat. There were thirty-two in the bunch and they all enjoyed the treat.

A number of machinists and boilermakers have been out from Dubuque shops helping with the work at Perry.

John Kirkhart, who was out of the service for a few months working as an auto mechanic, has returned to his old position as machinist at the Perry roundhouse.

Edward Jordan, of the steam derrick crew, visited in Kansas for a few months in December and January.

T. M. Dunbar, the veteran boilerwasher of the Perry force, went to Independence, Kansas, to spend the winter with his daughter.

C. A. Lutze and family spent a few days the latter part of the month of December with relatives in Rockford.

H. H. Ober, of the examining board, was in Perry, Jan. 14th and 15th giving the Standard Rules examination to a number of the five-year firemen.

The car department office force have a new office. Combination car 41 has been dismantled and equipped with lights and steam heat and they are now occupying it.

General Store Department—M. I. L. W. Shops J. F. Eckert.

Yes, she'll have to stop her ramping.

If a chaplain she would be;

T'will be hard for little Ruth,

That we readily can see.

But you see there will be sick calls,

Where she'll be asked to take her stand,

And they say she is a "dandy"

At holding young men's hands.

We know she will be busy,

Now, no kidding, that's the truth.

But as for having a new Chaplain,

We're glad it was you "Ruth."

Irene McNamara is now Mr. Doyle's stenographer. The Shipping Notice Writers sure miss her.

Miss Anna Butler is a newcomer to the Order Department. She had taken Irene's place.

We wonder why Jack Regan comes up to the Order Department so often. There must be some attraction at the files.

Has every boy noticed Caroline's ring? Some rock. As yet no one has found the lucky man.

Lester Brown has left on a leave of absence, visiting his relatives at Los Angeles.

Messrs. Doyle and Mitten are the only ones in this department being fortunate to receive invitations to the sleighing party. Ask them the date.

H. B. Justman looks good in his latest \$16.50's. Some class to that bird.

S. M. East.

O. J. B.

Talk about style—we just now overheard the following: Oh please, Mr. Janitor, I wish you would not sweep in our office tonight, because we have just had our locker painted and we don't want the dust to settle on it.

Oh, yes, Adolph, Nellie says that what you say is alright and the girls want me to thank you so much for that candy. I had some of it too, but don't tell them, because no one was looking when I took it. As for the cigars, I haven't had one like that since before the war and the beginning of the HCL regime. I saved it until I was all dressed up for Sunday, and went all the way up Water St. without being recognized.

M stands for Marriage we know.

And likewise it also spells Moe

So it's not very strange,

That he should arrange,

For a partner for weal and for woe.

And now as the years roll along,

Prosperity go with him strong,

And the Viva Voce

From his Fac Simile

Will seem to him just like a song.

Married Jan. 6th, 1920, at Madison, S. D., Adolph Moe, correspondent for S. M. West, to Miss Helen Highland. The congratulations of this respectable Family Journal are herewith extended.

At the same time that some man out at Lakefield is wondering who scratched the paint on a brand new wagon tongue, one of our passenger brakemen is wondering why in Sam Hill they leave such things in the way for a man that is trying to make up lost time by a short cut.

We were invited to watch the old year pass out and likewise be on deck to see that the New Year got in alright one night last week, to be exact it was the night of Dec. 31. Our old friend Mr. Fisher was the host and the entertainment of song, games, and bright stories, was so delightful that he never thought a thing about the change in the years until a half an hour after it had occurred. They say that there was not a peep of a whistle heralding the event but then if there was you couldn't prove it by me.

District Carpenter F. E. Rice made a business trip over the S. M. Division, Austin West, last week.

Peter Berg is acting agent at Wells, Minn. while W. B. Mavery is basking. We hope he is anyway, in the beautiful sunshine of California. When I last saw Bill he was getting pretty anxious to get away from the Minnesota winter. As for Pete, he will take good care of things while Bill is gone Yubetsan.

We have just received a large batch of news that reached us too late to go to press. I want to thank those who kindly contributed and ask them please to send their items in earlier next month.

We find Mavery and Gillot at Wells.

For years, worked together as pals.

Says I to Gillot,

Why not move from this spot?

Says he, "Gosh, I can't live nowhere else."

And now in closing we join with all who knew him, to wish all kinds of good luck to Ralph Hanson, who is leaving the division to go into other employment in North Carolina. He has been offered a splendid position there by one with whom he served in the war, and who knows what a capable man Ralph is. At parting we asked him to find out for sure just what it was

that the Governor of North Carolina said to—oh, well, you know. Now wait until he writes and tells me all about it.

S. M. P. Notes.
Roy.

No, Mike Dornuff did not cut his neck, it is just a pretty red tie he has been wearing.

Sh.—the chemist has a gallon of pure alcohol in the laboratory. Good place to stick around.

Lester Marsh, formerly Mr. Dayton's stenographer, has left the services of the company and is now with the Krause Milling Co. We were all very sorry to see Lester go, because he was more or less the sunshine of the office.

Oh, yes, aint it the truth,

"That this is true,

Just bet a dime,

It is as true as fate,

The boss is always down on time,

The day that you are late."

Jack Mulder was the recipient of many good wishes when he announced his engagement.

Bernice Collins was the recipient of a lovely box of candy, it being the gift of our old friend "RED" Kraus. What was the occasion we wonder?

It is hinted around that there are to be some changes in the office building and it seems as though the project is going to be carried to a finish this time. This subject has been brought up so many times that we had all about given up hopes.

Mr. Brennan was on the road almost continually during the first three weeks of November after having had quite some stay at home.

Mr. Joost spent a couple of days in Duluth inspecting some D. & I. R. engines which were leased to the C. M. & St. P. R. R. Bill sure is some inspector.

Mr. Anderson has pilfered our hectograph boy, Milton Heath, but we have a midget who fills his shoes quite well. His name is Charles Elmer. He expects to be related to Jack Mulder in the near future.

Signal Department Bubbles—Lines East.

"Suds."

Archie Alexander from the Northland spent the holidays among relatives in Milwaukee.

I. P. Gillan and wife spent Xmas in Indianapolis and report a very pleasant holiday.

J. H. Dunn and wife holidayed in Rogers, Arkansas, the place where they made mud pies together before they grew up. Johnny reports going out squirrel hunting and bagged four in one tree. He forgot to say whether he used salt or lead.

T. P. Rawlins of the Signal Valuation Department and wife journeyed to Newark, Arkansas, to be with relatives over the Xmas holidays. T. P. reports plenty of rain and mud.

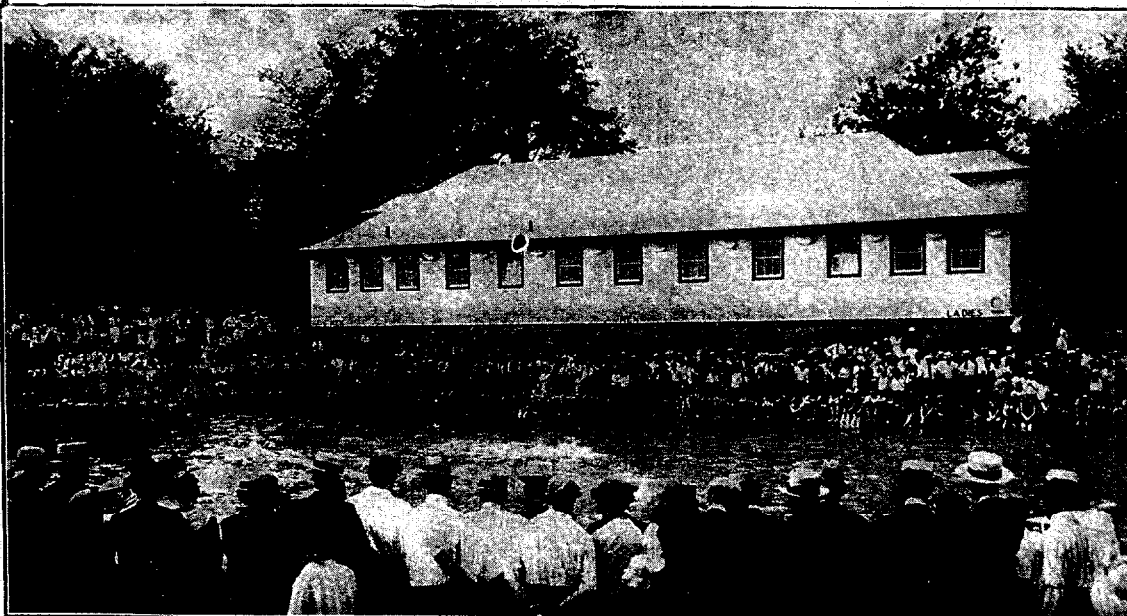
The above towns in Arkansas must be pretty small as no trace could be found of them on the map. Johnny and T. P. say if they are not on the map they are in the U. S., which brings to mind that old song,—"Any old place in Yankee-land is good enough for me."

Frank Leahy is the proud father of a new baby girl and says he now has a pair of Jacks and a Queen. Frank is wearing a new suit down to the office as several buttons popped off his vest. More power to you, Frank.

Philip Linderoth, our wizard typist, was off for a week or two because of a few bones becoming dislocated in his head. Phil played football this fall and somebody sat on his head, result—the dislocated bones. We are all glad to see Phil back again, as we missed his sparkling wit.

We have one on Abe Lucas, which is too good to keep dark. Abe put an ad in the paper, "Boilermakers wanted, apply Room 14, Union Depot." This was at the same time the coal famine was at its height and the business men of the city had to apply to Mr. Fitzgerald, Coal Administrator for this district, at the Union Depot, Room 14. By 8:00 A. M. there was a young army of business men after permits. Abe arrived on the scene shortly after and became spellbound when he sized said young army. Finally he went over and inquired if they were

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all boilermakers, and upon learning their business, walked over to a corner and had a good laugh. Instead of being boilermakers they were after the wherewithal to put under their boilers.

Miss Myra Filter of the Terminal office, better known among the Signal Department boys as Pal-Myra, dropped in one noon hour to see us and at the same time show us THE ONE Xmas present she received from Billie. It proved to be a beautiful sparkler. She also showed us a picture of Billie, who appears to be some boy. It is the general opinion among the boys that Billie picked a jewel and they are going to be very happy some day.

W. Seemuth, Joe Munkhoff and Ernie Barton of the Valuation Department left January 4th for the Tacoma office, there to confer relative to starting over the Lines West. Joe and Ernie expect to be out there two or three months.

Miss Martha Dietrich of the Valuation Department received a large package the day before Xmas. After removing several wrappings she finally reached the last one, and upon removing it the thing began to move. Martha gave one yell and shook her skirt and away flew the thing. It started to crawl around, and upon close examination it was found to be a large mechanical lady-bug. Later Martha was given the complete game, and anyone desiring instructions relative to playing the game can get same from her.

The C. M. & St. P. Bowling League is nicely under way. The standing to date is:

Team	Won	Lost	Per Ct.	Av.
Rates	12	6	667	723
Claims	12	6	667	697
Cashiers	11	7	611	722
Milwaukee Terminals	11	7	611	704
Wig-Wags	7	11	389	662
Derails	7	11	389	650
Accountants	6	12	333	683
Chestnut Street	6	12	333	672

Notes From The Aberdeen Division.

W. H. Murphy.

Long wandering but not lost.

K. E. Morrison, formerly division accountant at Aberdeen, has been appointed chief clerk to Superintendent O. N. Harstad at Aberdeen succeeding S. E. Keane who resigned to go in the storage business in Aberdeen.

Mike Kirchgassler has been appointed division accountant at Aberdeen succeeding K. E. Morrison, promoted. Ray Hoefs succeeding Mike Kirchgassler as assistant division accountant.

Donald Guhin has accepted the position of chief time keeper in the superintendent's office in place of Mrs. K. E. Morrison. Mrs. Morrison transferring to position of assistant division accountant.

Former Diversion Clerk Price from the yard office has accepted a position in the superintendent's office as assistant time keeper.

Miss Clara Zinn was seen about the streets of Minneapolis during the Christmas holidays.

The many friends of former Chief Clerk S. E. Keane presented him with a K. C. ring on his leaving the railroad service to go into business, by way of a token of their regards. Mr. Keane has many friends amongst the employees of the C. M. & St. P. and all feel his loss, but wish him every success in his new undertaking.

Louis Faeth, rate clerk at the freight house, is said to favor dances where confetti rains. He also makes a boast that he likes competition, as competition is the spice of life.

Fred Hulse recently spent a few days at Portland. He said he was going on a wedding trip, but we have not been able to ascertain if it was his wedding trip or some one else's. At any rate he returned in due time with the report that they were having considerable cold weather in the state of Oregon.

Former Chief Dispatcher H. F. Gibson, now trainmaster on the Aberdeen Division, is kept pretty busy on the road chasing draw bar reports, etc., and we do not see as much of him as formerly.

Frank Kelley, formerly bill clerk at the freight house, resigned to accept a position with the Aberdeen Wholesale and is reported getting along fine. We wish him success.

Miss Helen Artz has accepted a position as stenographer in the division store keeper's office at Aberdeen.

Don Callaway has been appointed slip foreman at Aberdeen roundhouse.

Thos. Cranker, the last of the C. M. & St. P. engineers to return from U. S. service, has gone back to work, and says the Aberdeen Division looks good to him. O. A. Mettitt, locomotive engineer, recently discharged from U. S. service, is resting up a bit before resuming his duties on the Aberdeen Division.

Ike Erickson, formerly rate clerk at Aberdeen, was a recent visitor at Aberdeen. He says Ernie Egge would have come up with him but they could not afford to tie up the H. & D. Division and both lay off at the same time. Just like that!

Wm. Hohense, clerk to trainmaster at Aberdeen, recently passed out the cigars and is no longer a bachelor. We wish him and his wife happy days.

Everyone is breathing easier since inventory was postponed until Feb. 29th. We now have something to look forward to.

From all reports the Leap Year dance given by the Midnight Club, Thursday night, the 8th, was a wonderful success. The girls were right there when it came to settling the bills too. Gus Rueland wants to know now if they are not going to keep it up all during the leap year. He says he danced twenty-two times and the only thing that prevented him from dancing more was that they put out the lights and closed the doors.

Ira Jordon of the Duplex Stoker Company was a recent visitor at Aberdeen; also G. J. Messer, stoker supervisor of the C. M. & St. P. Ry.

Since the first part of October, when we had a regular South Dakota blizzard, we have had no snow to speak of at Aberdeen. Travelling Engineer Manchester says we are in the Banana belt and of course it cannot snow in South Dakota. I wonder how long it will last before the old reliable cold weather and sweeping winds accompanied by snow storms which only occur in this prairie land will be here.

Car Account News.

"Sis Hopkins."

Misses Clara Mondry and Grace Tischer have been on the sick list.

With regret we announce the untimely departure of Miss Barbara Tull, an employee of this office. Miss Tull had many friends and will be greatly missed. Our sympathy is extended to the aged grandparents with whom she made her home.

Misses Ruth Johnson, Gladys Hage and Irma Milling are wearing new diamonds since Christmas.

If Frank is Stone, is Carl Denz?

Miss Mary Moran left to enter a convent.

This is leap year girls, I know, but for fear of being turned down, I will tell you for a positive fact that Frank Harrast has settled down for life as an old bachelor—but I hear that Tony Naatz is quite popular and has already received a number of proposals.

If Alice is Sauer, is Marian Ryan?

Miss Josephine Langfeld is now Mrs. Walter Ruehrdanz and is now living in Evanston. Miss Langfeld had been here for some time and her many friends join in wishing her a very prosperous journey through life.

Was very sorry to learn of our President Sampson's illness; hope that he is now enjoying the best of health.

Misses Mary Maney and Bertha Comberger will celebrate St. Patrick's day with unusual enthusiasm.

K. C. Division.

Billie.

M. F. Washburn, chief clerk to the general superintendent at Milwaukee, visited us while in Ottumwa for the Christmas holidays.

C. H. "Harvey" McCrum, Kansas City division engineer and, for the last two years, travelling engineer on this division, has been transferred to the Chicago Terminal district as traveling engineer, an important post. Regret to see him leave and wish him success. Wade H. Williams comes here from another division as traveling engineer.

Operator Martha Browne of West Yard took a ten day vacation after Christmas. She spent most of the time in Kansas City.

Chas. Shewry, detective, has resigned from the Milwaukee police force, and will return to his old occupation of coal mining.

Trainmaster Horton and Assistant Chief Dispatcher Niman have canvassed the telegraphers on the division thoroughly and re-examined them on the rules.

Blaine Calvert, brakeman, received a cablegram from France the latter part of December, notifying him that his French bride was sailing. He left immediately for New York to meet her.

Thomas J. Riley, the "Boomer" has returned to his home in Ottumwa, after spending some time in Wyoming. He relieved the operators at West Yard during the holidays.

J. H. Lord and F. A. Prewitt, roundhouse foreman at Coburg and West Yard respectively, exchanged positions, effective January 1st. Andy Love is now assistant day foreman at West Yard, vice Wm. Graff transferred.

Conductor Wm. Costello of Ottumwa spent the holidays at Parnell, visiting relatives and old pals. Parnell's jovial ex-police chief is always welcome there.

Operator C. B. Hodenfield of West Yard weighs something over two hundred pounds, so when he fell on the ice on Fourth St. Hill, he hit the walk so hard that he was laid up a couple of days, for repairs to arms and back.

Michael Meaney and William Nevitt officiated as yardmasters at West Yard, while Messrs. Jordan and Kinney took their rest in December.

Wm. "Box Car" Benteen, experienced car hand, is back at work switching after an enforced idleness of several months on account of an injured arm.

The telegraphers certainly appreciate the enlarged and revised form of clearance cards just issued.

Miss Marguerite Kissinger is the attractive addition to the force in the office of the division store keeper at West Yard. Miss Marguerite is the second daughter of Engineer Geo. Kissinger to enter the service; Miss Mildred being employed in the division master mechanic's office.

Night Yard Clerk Marshall Ford of West Yard has taken a position with the Dain Mfg. Co. at Ottumwa as a draftsman. Marshall has been studying architecture for some time and this is his first step in the new profession. C. W. "Shanty" Hampton, World war veteran, is the new clerk at the yard.

Conductor Clyde Richmond has remodeled the new home he purchased on West Main Street, Ottumwa, and now has one of the most attractive places in the west end.

A very cordial letter addressed to Officers and Employees, Kansas City Division, was received from Former Trainmaster Miller, who is now at Milwaukee. Mr. Miller extended the greetings of the season to all of us. His remembering us was very thoughtful and is appreciated.

Notes From Milwaukee. "O'Malley."

Assistant Superintendent C. A. Bush is still laid up with a broken ankle. We can sympathize with him, as we were in the same condition three

years ago. We sincerely hope to see him around soon again and that there will be no serious after effects; still he will have one consolation, that is, he can always foretell a change in the weather, at least we can.

Trainmaster R. D. Miller is around again after being laid up for a week with a severe cold. Miller is smiling as usual; if you don't believe it just watch him when he sees weightmaster Tommy Shannon.

The three T's "Tony, Ted, and Tom," did a fishing go, they report lots of fishing, but not many fish.

On December 30th Lodge No. 863, B. of R. T. held an open installation of officers; Brother R. R. Lewis acting as installing officer. After the ceremonies, the members, their families and friends enjoyed dancing and refreshments 'till the wee sma' hours.

The annual gloom is gathering over Milwaukee terminals. Billy Murray is going to take his smile to Florida for the winter. Have a good time, Billy, you know we are only young once.

You are all invited to attend a house warming out at Shorewood. Ed Schultz is thinking of taking the fatal step—no chance to kiss the bride, boys—it's too late.

Dan Cupid has again visited the car record office, and pierced the heart of Miss Irene Sett. She came back after New Year's day, her face wreathed in smiles. Why? A diamond of course. Congratulations, and lots of good luck, Irene.

Can any one tell us, how far Bennettsville, South Carolina, is from here?

We noticed General Superintendent C. O. Bradshaw and Assistant General Manager M. Nicholson on a tour of inspection in the terminal recently; and of course we wonder what's up.

S-O-S, P-D-Q, and several other things that mean help-assistance, or any thing you may wish to call it. What is the matter with some of our friends who used to send in some notes? We sometimes wonder if that was their New Year's resolution (not to send in any more notes). If so, remember that resolutions made on New Year's day are only good for thirty days, so don't fail to let us hear from you next month.

We saw an article in the paper the other day reading that some fellow by the name of Brown in Louisville, Ky. is going to give away to any person who calls for it ONE GALLON of ????. Now we are going to Louisville and see about this. Not that we want any of the stuff, but some of our friends here would like to know if such is a fact, in this case they are all "from Missouri."

During the absence of First Trick Train Director F. Stubbe we had two little fellows on the job, "Buck" Leaman, on first; and "Little Joe" Kolley on second trick. The little fellows delivered the goods.

We extend the sympathies of our readers to the family and friends of Yardmaster Geo. Cull, whose mother was recently called to her reward by the Great Judge who knows how to reward a long life well spent in the service of her God and her family.

We went to church one Sunday (HONEST), don't laugh, it's true, and we have witnesses to prove it, and we came in late, didn't think any body would see us, thought they would all be paying strict attention to the sermon, (those who were not asleep), but some one saw us come in

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late and we were told about it the next day. Well, we could not help it, (some of that old ADAM stuff), our wife was to blame, (don't that sound, and sound, and sound), but we won't do it again. Oh yes, we will go to church but we won't be late.

Now we have run out of gas and guess we will have to stop, or the editor will say, "I will have to cut you out this month."

Iowa Division (East) and Calmar Line.

J. T. Raymond.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Law of Marion were called to Mebridge, S. D., on account of the serious illness of Mrs. Harry Conger, who is a sister of Mrs. Law.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Howard of Marion celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary, December 26th. Mr. Howard is one of the loyal Milwaukee Veterans and is now employed in clerical work at Cedar Rapids Station. He was substantially remembered by his fellow employees.

The Misses Hazel and Mary Merrill of the Chicago general office force spent Christmas in Marion with their father and brother.

A card from our old friend George Hennessey, former general foreman of this division, informs us that he is just recovering from an attack of pneumonia. He is now general foreman on the Union Pacific Railway at Rawlins, Wyoming.

J. C. Burke has resigned his position in Roadmaster Barnoske's office at Marion, on account of continued ill health. Mr. Burke was formerly roadmaster of the Kansas City Division at Cedar Rapids. Many old friends will regret to hear of his leaving the service, and will earnestly wish for his recovery.

Miss Alice Brotemarkle and Chester Cornelius were married at Marion, Christmas day. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius are graduates of Marion High School and both have been in the service of the railway company. Mr. Cornelius, during the recent war, was a member of Company D of the famous 13th Railway Engineers, and saw much active service in France. He is now employed in the car department at Atkins. They spent their honeymoon in Chicago and have returned to Marion, where they will reside. They have many friends on the division, who extend wishes for much happiness.

J. L. C., our mysterious correspondent at Anamosa sends us a few items to the effect that Operator L. E. Brown has plans and a ticket to Florida, and expects to start soon if—, and that Operator A. B. Lake has invented an improvement on the desk phone, which he has not yet had patented, but will be glad to give information about same to any one interested; and that Agent Peterson and Brakeman John Johnson went rabbit hunting and that Mr. Peterson lived up to his reputation as being a first-class marksman, shooting one rabbit setting.

M. Warner, the veteran station agent at Teeds Grove, suffered a stroke of paralysis January 8th, while at dinner, his right side being affected. This is sad news for this fine man's many friends and is very deeply regretted. We trust he may recover and be able to fill his place once more.

Fiske Marshall visited his parents, Superintendent and Mrs. C. H. Marshall, for a day or two in December. He has been transferred from Deer Lodge and is now dispatching trains on second trick, S. C. & D. Division, between Sioux City and Mitchell.

E. Z. Hernaussader spent part of the day at Marion recently. He was en route from Perry East on company business.

Agent H. E. Ramsey of Oxford Junction has been laid up with a spell of sickness. We hope for his rapid recovery. R. E. Ogg is acting relief.

Operator H. E. Harrington is acting relief agent at Teeds Grove.

The Christmas number of our magazine was a very creditable issue. The stories especially were very interesting and much enjoyed. We were glad to meet our old friend, McGaffey, once more, and to get a further glimpse of his generous soul. Please send him around again soon, Mrs. Sill, and let him stay a little longer.

M. C. B. Jottings.

"Ischia."

My column seems to be getting shorter and shorter, but, anyway, you will still see a few items from the MCB department.

Esther Sovig spent the week-end at Madison, and attended a New Year's party at Burlington.

We omitted mentioning in our items that Mrs. O. T. Barnau formerly Grace Campton of the M. C. B. billing department, left the employ of the railroad, to take up the duties of a housekeeper. Her title from now on will be C. C. & B. W. for O. T. Barnau. Mrs. Barnau was presented with a lovely Japanese vase, the gift of the employees of the M. C. B. department.

Catherine Butler spent a Sunday in Chicago recently.

Edna Powell didn't intend going to Chicago, but she almost went. Here's the story: Miss Powell goes to Merrill Park on the train. There are two trains leaving the Union Depot for Merrill Park around 7:20, and they are generally on tracks 1 and 2. Well, on this particular morning, a train going to Chicago was on track 1. Miss Powell didn't have to ask anybody as to where the train was going—she knew (or rather thought it was going to Merrill Park). She gets aboard this train and noticed all the seats were turned toward the east. This was on a Monday morning, and she thought the passengers were rather sleepy from the night before, so she turned a seat over so it would face the west, and then she sat down, thinking, "Gee, those people don't know where they're going." In a few minutes, the brakeman came through the train and mentioned about that train going to Chicago. Well, our Miss Powell made a hurried exit, and when she got out of the train found out that the two Merrill Park trains had gone, so she had to come out on the car. Now, Edna just because you had your new fur coat and new hat on, that's no sign that you had to go to Chicago.

Jerry Rosar went to Madison in business car Walworth during the early part of the month.

We had several surprises this month, one was the engagement of Andrew Schilhausl, which occurred around Christmas time. All kinds of congratulations to you, Andy.

C. R. Gilman, car lighting engineer, went to Minneapolis to take up some light (I mean lighting) matters. J. A. Deppe, assistant to the master car builder, was also a caller at Minneapolis during the month.

Hilda Hartwig, who took care of the reports and passes in this office, left the employ of the company and is now working for the Burroughs Adding Machine Company down town.

Bernard Quigley, who was in our M. C. B. billing department, also left the office. It was reported that Bernard was married, but I wasn't positive, so mention was never made of that fact. If it is a fact, we all wish him all kinds of happiness.

Idaho Division.

"Bill."

The New Year found us more willing than ever to work, and the whole force was on deck. Chief Clerk J. T. Sleavin came back from Minneapolis where he spent the holidays, and Timekeeper Fitzgerald returned from Green Bay, Wis. without any "Green River."

Elvira Bergren decided we were a lot better to work with than the Missoula Division "gang" and is making good as assistant timekeeper.

As yet, no one is passing around any cigars that he (or she) got for Xmas.

Talking of cigars, we don't want to forget "Charlie" Lewis, labor agent, who brings up several boxes every Christmas. To show that he used to have a "girl" when he was young he doesn't forget the girls, and gives them a large box of candy. Thanks, Charlie, and that comes from the whole office.

Another one, who reminds us that Xmas is coming by bringing up cigars, is Dolby, one of the leading clothing merchants of Spokane. Dolby built up his business on the motto "If it isn't all right, bring it back." He says that no one has brought back any of the cigars, or, he mentioned, any of the suits, either, which speaks for itself. Thanks, Mr. Dolby, and we wish you a very prosperous year for 1920, and those to come.

Zelda Case had her "pitcher tookt" 'tother day. Gonna let us put one in the magazine, Zelda?

Assistant Timekeeper Ogilvy nearly cut his thumb off last month, and is still nursing it.

I have been trying to wake up the gang at the freight house for about a year, and have

came to the conclusion that it is almost impossible. They simply want "come thru" with any notes, so have installed a dictaphone there to find out the "scandal." Here is some of it:

Harry Miller, cashier, has been courting his "lady fair" from time immemorial, but it seems he always "falls down" when he "kneels" to pop the "Z." Better be careful this year, Harry, you know February has 29 days and 1920 is divisible by 4.

Chief Clerk Snure wouldn't take his wife to the recent O. W. club dance, "because," he said, "I don't want anyone else falling in love with her, and anyway, a woman's place is at home, washing, cooking, etc., etc." How about it, Mrs. Snure?

The girls are all asking, why doesn't Tom Jennings pay a little attention to them, instead of "hauling around" Alice all the time? Can't you handle more than one, Tom?

Browne came to work one morning limping, she said she fell during the recent "slippery sidewalk" season.

(Hope I can get some news from the freight house, now. Will you help me, Mr. Cutler?)

I next wandered over to the master mechanics office, and found Joe Gengler explaining to the new clerk how he missed the ball that cost us the game last year at the picnic. Joe's good on the alibi stuff, and after hearing it patiently for the tenth time, got the following news from him:

Margaret Burke, former timekeeper in M. M. office, Spokane, was married on Christmas day in Tacoma, to W. Glenn Gross.

La Crosse Division Facts.

Guy E. Sampson.

We are glad to report that although we are not as yet able to resume work, we are able to be around enough to get our "Facts" out ourselves. Not being able to get to Portage as yet and not receiving any news from our East Division boys, we will have to give you just what the boys running into La Crosse have told us.

We see Passenger Brakeman Baeder back on the job, after an operation.

Also we learn that a daughter was born to Conductor and Mrs. M. A. Cross at their home at Portage, December 30th. Mother and daughter doing fine, and Morris stands a few inches higher, bringing him close to the 5-foot 6-inch mark.

On Christmas Day, employees on our division were shocked to hear the sad news that Alfred Opland, who as wrecking boss of the La Crosse wrecking crew, had gone to clear up a derailment near Camp Douglas, had in some mysterious way been run over by a moving car and so seriously injured that he had been taken to the hospital at Mauston, where a few hours later he passed away. The number of friends the deceased had made during his employment here was shown by the large attendance of his fellow workers when the body was laid away in its last resting place. The sympathy of all employees is extended to the bereaved family.

Engineer Floyd Green has returned home from Milwaukee, where he underwent an operation. All glad to see Flossie, as he is known among the boys, back on the job.

Engineer Charles Blanchard and wife have just returned from a visit to New York and Washington, D. C. Report having had a most enjoyable trip.

Our general yardmaster, J. T. Greenwood, and family, spent a part of the holiday week at Chicago with relatives and friends. Yardman John Carey had charge of affairs in the yard during J. T. G.'s absence.

The Lax Terminals' Get-Together Club are planning for an annual meeting, and from all reports it will be a big success, as every one is taking such an active part in trying to make it a success. This club was the first of its kind to be started on the Milwaukee and the wonderful amount of good that it has done will be shown at this meeting, which will be held January 20, 1920, and it is expected that the highest office of every department of this railroad will be represented there.

Section Foreman Betts and family of La Crosse visited a few days with Mr. Betts' mother at Lyndon, Wis., the fore part of January.

Miss Verena Breuer, daughter of Engineer Geo. Breuer, of La Crosse, visited friends at Arcadia,

Wis., during the holidays. Report having had a pleasant time.

The ice harvest is in full blast at La Crosse and one yard crew is kept busy hauling ice from the river to the house. The officials are in hopes of getting the ice house filled with less worry than they experienced last year, when the weather turned warm and destroyed the ice crop before the harvest was half finished. The ice being put up this year is of first class quality and about two-foot thick.

Superintendent D. E. Rossiter and T. M. and W. G. Bowen were in La Crosse on several occasions getting the filling of the ice house attended to and looking after the rapid movement of business through our large terminal at that point.

C. L. V. Craft, agent at La Crosse, was taken suddenly ill Friday, January 9th, and up to this date (January 14th) is still confined to his bed under the doctor's care. Being the chairman of the Get-Together Club and being taken right on the eve of the annual dinner of the club, it was not only a disappointment to Mr. Craft, but also to every active member of the club. But if being his desire that the club members go ahead and carry out the program as laid out by the committee. His many friends, which include all terminal employees, hope for his speedy recovery.

Conductor Jerry Lynam and daughter, Alice, went to Elroy, Wis., the fore part of the winter to spend the winter, partly on account of Jerry wanting to take a good long rest and vacation and partly because of the poor health of his mother. Word just received at La Crosse from Mr. Lynam says that his aged mother died at her home the day after Christmas. The sympathy of all employees is extended to the bereaved ones.

Harry Moran of the car department at La Crosse was in Milwaukee on a business trip the fore part of January.

On account of the December number of the magazine coming so late that we had to get our notes for January out before its arrival, we repeated some of the news that we had in December.



Keep
Your Eyes
and
Baby's Eyes
Clean and
Healthy
by applying
Murine
Night and
Morning.

If your Eyes
Tire, Itch,
Burn or
Discharge
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Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated,
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**Wholesome—Cleansing—Healing
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Write for our free "Eye Care" book.

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9 East Ohio Street, Chicago

This we feel will be excused as we had to dictate from memory all our items for January. It is still our desire that employees from parts of the division that we do not get to visit will send us any and all the items of interest that they know of, so we can continue to keep our share of the magazine filled. Some of our oldest employees on this division are out on branches off the main line and we have been unable to get a line from them, so if Viroqua, Windsor, Morrisonville, Westby, Poyonette and the others will drop us a word they will see it in the magazine. So come on, some of ye 49ers and help us out.

Railway Exchange News. "W. A. D."

It's too bad the gent who made our station book didn't show somebody else how to make one before he died. We presume he died, all right, because the old one is so out of date it is worthless, and there does not seem to be a new one forthcoming.

Why not connect Bensinger's Wabash Avenue billiard rooms to the Railway Exchange switchboard. Representing the CM&STP at Bensingers after 5 p. m. each day, we have the purchasing, general freight and operating departments. Now if we can induce the engineering and accounting departments to send a delegation over each day, all the lines on the board could be connected with Bensingers at 5 p. m., thus relieving the night telephone operator and enabling the public to get in touch with any department up to midnight.

Customs in Australia are indeed quite inconceivable to the average American, especially so in hunting rabbits. This has been clearly demonstrated by Captain Murphy. Instead of using his gun to get a rabbit, we have the heretofore mentioned Captain endeavoring to outrun the rabbit—presumably for the purpose of putting salt on its tail—while hunting in company with H. P. Fowler in the vicinity of Leaf River. The Captain found the American rabbit a little longer winded than they evidently are in Australia, for as they neared the Wisconsin state line, and the rabbit was apparently winning the race, our fleet-footed Captain was obliged to resort to his gun, which thus far had been nothing more than a serious handicap to him. But why carry a gun at all if it is the intention to use salt? Surely the Captain would have overtaken the rabbit within the first 100 yards if he was not handicapped by the gun dangling over his shoulders. But we suppose that an American to hunt in Australia with a gun would be the subject of ridicule much the same as an Australian in America using salt.

Speaking of rats deserting a sinking ship! They have nothing on Bob McCord, who deserted the ranks of the Bachelors' Club, having dashed to New York to wed, the ceremony having been performed on Saturday, December 27th.

Can you imagine "Bashful" John Phelps of Elgin acting as caretaker to a group of girl students en route from Des Moines to Madison, Wis.? Nevertheless, "Bashful" John was so assigned. But what we have thus far been unable to ascertain is what his actual duties consisted of.

Clarence Deacon is far the second time since his marriage perusing the price list for cigars.

Doc Krone's efforts to develop "Fighting" Mike Colgress into a first-class bantam should very shortly find Mike ranking with the foremost. This Mike guy commences the day's work by waltzing up to the thirteenth floor via the stairway route, and he should be seen eating nails for luncheon in the near future.

But Mike's life is not to be one of merely fictitious engagements. He is somewhat influenced by John Semmlow, whose conception of bliss is to have his arm encircle some charming lass while gazing o'er a well polished floor to soft strains of music. Hence, we have both gents in attendance at Guyon's each Saturday afternoon.

Manicure Setly speaking Christmas wasn't so good for Miss Ella Carberry. Hence, the lady was obliged to divest her roll of 50 perfectly good cents for an investment along these lines, and to illustrate the generosity of which Miss Carberry is possessed, the entire passenger department was offered unrestricted use of said M. S.

Vic Hitzfeld has been officially notified his membership in the B. C. is no longer desired. Vic's associations with a young lady in Savanna are becoming too intimate to assure his being a confirmed bachelor. His response of "Oh, nothing," to the investigating board's inquiry as to the nature of his visits to Savanna has a great deal more significance attached to it than he would care to reveal at this time.

George Semmlow's term of free lodgings at the War Department Hospital No. 32 has automatically expired by the M. D.'s pronouncing him physically fit for duty, thus concluding his winter vacation.

And now that we speak of winter vacations we have Art Dreutz returned from the Transportation Building where he has idled for weeks under the guise of checking passenger rates.

No reason can be advanced why Marsh Oberg did not pass around the cigars on the strength of annexing a son-in-law to his household. Since this memorable occasion our friend Marsh can be seen bouncing over the pavement in a Cadillac on any evening said Cadillac is not in use by the newly acquired son-in-law.

Speaking of passing around the cigars! Will Passenger Rate Clerk Peterson please explain himself?

The exodus of Grover Grace to become traffic manager for the All-American Motor Truck Corporation after performing in the G. F. D. for many moons is occasion enough for deep mourning by the G. F. employees. The illustrious Joe Farmer will now perform as chief clerk to C. A. Lahey.

Fortune favored us with an opportunity of viewing Mr. Perlick perform on Bensinger's Wabash drives, and it must be said the gent's skill in this direction is on a parity with his performance on a billiard table. No reason can be advanced why he should waste his perfectly good time at either, but if it is merely for the purpose of occupying time, why not devote a few moments to something more adaptable—crocheting, for instance.

Promotions and Demotions.

Bertha Amelia Melcher assigned to duties of secretary to N. J. Van Schoeyk.

Mary Leta Merrill assigned to duties of secretary to Guy Miller.

Oscar Orance Tysdal assigned to duties of assistant passenger car distributor.

Wisconsin Valley Division Notes.

Lilly Ann.

Katherine Marie, born to Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Stoddard, December 24th.

On December 30th, we had a very pleasant surprise when R. C. Hempstead walked into the office. His visits are always much enjoyed and we hope he will drop in on us again before long.

We are sorry to hear that friend Ward Johnson, ticket agent at Grand Rapids, is to leave us soon. Just ask Ward when it is coming off. Who is she?

Fred Blanchfield, operator at Grand Rapids, has purchased a home in that city and is now occupying same.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Conklin and Mr. and Mrs. James O'Leary attended the funeral of Mrs. M. Reynolds, which was held at Chicago Wednesday, January 7th. Mrs. Reynolds was a sister of Mrs. C. H. Conklin and Mrs. James O'Leary.

Red O'Malley, second trick operator at Minocqua, is practicing eight hours daily on Mr. Shipman's typewriter. Don't get discouraged, Red! The first 100 years are the worst.

The snow plow on Engine 2365 between Tomahawk and New Lisbon is doing great service in the heavy snows of the first week in January, on Nos. 1 and 2. At least, the engine crew will readily testify to that fact.

We are wondering what the attraction at Tomahawk is for George Bankert, as he is making frequent trips to that city. Will appreciate any information that can be given in this regard, as it causes a great deal of worry to be left in the dark on such important subjects.

Mrs. J. Carter of Minneapolis visited with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Livernash, during the holidays.

L. L. Bender, agent at Grand Rapids, is still looking for Marshal Field's man to come around and take his measurements for a new uniform.

Mrs. B. F. Enckhausen of Minocqua visited with Mrs. Carl Kropla at Tomahawk for a few days.

Richard Akey is having a forced vacation on account of the gripe. Fireman T. Burek is relieving him.

The second run north of Minocqua has been put on for the winter. Conductor Quick and Engineer Hintz in charge.

Fireman William Streeter sprained his ankle while on No. 93, January 7th. Nick Obey relieved him at Goodnow.

William Nyholm, wiper at Minocqua, was examined at Portage for fireman, Lax Division. He was successful in passing a satisfactory examination and expects to put in his service date when the opportunity affords.

Agent A. R. Rantz at Minocqua had an attack of pneumonia during the latter part of December. He has, however, fully recovered and is back at the old position again.

Harold Nee of Minneapolis visited with his father, Superintendent P. H. Nee, during the holidays.

Clarence Bernhart visited with relatives at Racine during the past week.

Ferd Marquardt spent a few days among friends at Wausau.

Frank Matthies and wife are visiting at Minneapolis and Chicago.

Rex Munger, senior radio operator, located at New York, visited with his parents during the holidays.

The fire department was called out to extinguish a fire at the freight office building on New Year's Eve. The fire originated from the sparks of the chimney and burnt two holes in the roof of the building before the department succeeded in getting it under control. The damage has been repaired. The department was again called out a few days later when one of the small buildings near the coal shed caught fire, through an overheated stove, which was being used by the coal shed men. The building is damaged to quite an extent and it has not been decided whether or not it will be replaced.

Raoul Bertrand, baggageman at Tomahawk, spent a few days at Chicago.

It gives us great pleasure to announce the return of Frank McCann, yard foreman, who has been absent from duty for about eight months on account of ill health. We are glad to welcome him back.

H. Schaupp is visiting at Milwaukee.

W. H. Ehman leaves for Milwaukee this evening in the interest of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks.

L. D. Cummins is visiting at Chicago and Battle Creek, Mich.

C. Porter extinguished a fire in the Grand Rapids roundhouse on December 21st. He noticed a blaze around the chimney and immediately applied his best effort to save the building. Little damage was done to the building, but had it not been for the faithful efforts of Mr. Porter, Grand Rapids would have been minus a roundhouse.

Miss Margaret Jesse visited with her parents during the holidays.

The Ladies' Auxiliary to the O. R. C. held their Christmas exercises at Eagles Hall. All the members and families were present, and the little tots were visited by Santa, who presented them with gifts, candy and nuts, which delighted them very much. Santa came directly from North Pole. He was clad in heavy fur garments, quite in line with the weather, but a few of the children thought it rather singular that Santa should come such a long distance wearing French heeled slippers. It does make one stop and ponder.

We want to thank the parties who were interested "enuf" to send us a few notes for this month, and hope that a few more will respond. With a little help on the part of all employees on the division we can make our Valley Division notes of interest to all. Any items mailed before the 10th of the month will be published in the following month's issue.

Flashovers from Deer Lodge Store Department. "Belt?"

Grace Bonham:—

1. Has a snipe got fur or feathers?
2. Are they good to eat, and how do you cook them?
3. Do they come in groups or singly?

These were some of the questions which were asked just before the snipe hunt given in honor of Miss Grace Bonham, clerk in the superintend-

Saving by Mail

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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**A New Home Method That Anyone Can
Use Without Discomfort or
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We have a new method that controls Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all form of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumies, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our expense, that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once.

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Niagara and Hudson Streets, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send free trial of your method to:

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ent's office, recently transferred from Chicago. The snow this particular night was rather deep, but Grace didn't mind, as she had assistance over the ruts and ditches, and they rather enjoyed the walk back to town from the Deer Lodge farms, she says.

I. E. D.—Please tell the ladies and gentlemen why so jolly and boisterous on the hill the other day.

The Athletic Club is in full swing now. A basket ball league is being formed amongst the crafts. Howe and Morrison, not being basket ball tossers, are looking down-hearted. Cheer up, fellows, spring is coming and we can get out the old mattresses.

Our France can sure play the game, and we are proud of him.

We understand our general foreman, R. H. Rippingale, has covered his "Lizzy" with a blanket for the winter. Wis., he would be little more liberal and park it near the B. & B. office on the hill, as same could be used in going to lunch.

L. F. Hines was invited to a birthday party last month; the boys finally got around to penny ante, and they all picked on Leo. There is going to be another one after pay day, if Hines will only come again.

We have heard about second-story men, but never saw any in action. The superintendent's office reports a forced entrance through the ceiling. Electrician Herbert Rusch is making some wiring changes down there, and guess his foot slipped.

Wanted—A washer woman, and one who can do ironing in the day time and not at night. There are others in the same building who dislike being disturbed after retiring, as they have work to do in the day time. For further information, ask Davidson, he knows.

January 1st, Luzzadder bought a piece of master-piece. It's all gone now and all you fellows that didn't get in on it will have to wait until next year and come early.

Our storekeeper was unable to tell where he lived the other day. We will forget it 'cause prohibition is here now, and how many of us in Deer Lodge could tell where we live.

We are able to do lots in Deer Lodge one couldn't do other places. You tell the Mary. (You almost got away with it.)

Mrs. J. V. Miller, storekeeper's wife, is visiting in Tacoma.

Assistant Chief Clerk F. M. Hull has gone to Kansas City, and will bring Mrs. Hull and daughter back with him to Deer Lodge.

Mrs. Bulah Blakeman, our stenographer, has been forced to take a lay off on account of sickness in the family and will stay in Billings with her mother for awhile. Her place is being filled by Miss Laura Wilkinson, of Butte.

Every one giving dances—The Electricians are next on the program. February 28th, they promised to show us some "Hot Stuff."

Have any of you seen anyone with Lawrence Seed, our electrical man on the upper floor? Lawrence took a trip to Seattle, and when he returned we saw a bigger smile than ever and cards bearing the following:

MRS. LAWRENCE SEED

Cheer up girls—It might not be true.

Little Joe Miller gives promise of a musical temperament when he tries to imitate a singer's high G. J. V. M. missed this.

Miss Thelma Rule, general foreman's clerk, is ill, and Mrs. Milo Hummel is helping out with the work.

Miss Clara Geary has accepted the position of messenger as Miss Evelyn Jensen has gone to the accountant's office.

Mr. Peck's force is increasing. Verna Rigdon, Evelyn Jensen and Russell Marsh are the new clerks.

Milwaukee Shops Items.

H. W. G.

Vacuum cleaners are the fashion up our way, powerful enough to draw lost diamonds and small pearls thru a Turkish rug. The wood mill men and patternmakers use the air the other way, forced blast to blow it off, "some stunt."

A most commendable act was that of one of the R. R. Employees closing the ventilators to keep in the heat in the coach that did not leave the track at the derailment, December 13th, south of the city. Of course the bruised passengers in the overturned coach could wait.

Evan Thomas, formerly tin shop foreman in the car department, died, Dec. 19th., at the age of 76 years. Funeral from his residence, 56-34th street. Mr. Thomas was one of the old stand-by's of the Milwaukee road, which he had served since 1864, up to the time he retired from active duty two years ago. Mr. Thomas was a member of the Veteran's Association.

Jno. O'Neil, chief mechanical inspector for some time in charge of the new electric locomotives recently built down east, was home for the holidays and looking quite well. O'Neil has gone to Philadelphia to oversee the changing of 20 compound locomotives to simple locomotives. O'Neil's smiling countenance shows up well in the photo received of electric No. 10301.

Freight Car Foreman Linnehen's man reports that someone stole their small camera they used for the damaged car reports. Someone got a good little machine.

The boiler shops went on 9 hours Dec. 15th.

Our office scrub woman got her usual Xmas money from the clerical and drafting force.

P. du C. Division train No. 1 tipped over three miles west of Milton Junction December 22nd. Engineer P. Connelley had an arm broken and hip injured, his fireman escaped with slight bruises. Mr. Connelley was taken to Mercy hospital, Janesville, where reports say he is getting along nicely.

Master Car Builder L. K. Silcox was on the sick list Dec. 17th to 27th.

Albert Smith who went to Seattle in December to find his drowned son, returned December 19th not having accomplished his sad mission.

Veteran Jno. Horan is in Mr. Bradshaw's office much of the time now, examining applicants for the different mechanical positions.

Chief Draftsman Kirkby has two asbestos fire proof filing cabinets installed in which are to be kept the larger tracings. This saves running over to the pattern store room every time.

We thought we were going to lose her, but her bright smile haunts them still, over at Jensen's.

The air played out on the pit hoisting derrick Jan. 3rd, but Jas. McCormack, with his office force, got away with a good shipment that evening. Only a few blisters.

Mr. Dimmock from Mr. Gillick's office was a caller Jan. 6th and 7th. Mr. Dimmock still maintains his original height, 6 ft. 4 in. We thought we were up in he world with our 5 ft. 11½ in.

That was a fine medal General Manager Gillick received from the Belgians as pictured in the January magazine. It takes the "Milwaukee" to do the business.

We were all sorry to hear that our M. N. G. President Guy P. Sampson is in the hospital, and glad to hear that he is on the mend and getting so many nice flowers. Hope you will soon arise, Mr. Sampson.

Smiling Chas. Pfeiffer, the Brick Arch Man, made a few calls early in January. Charlie is always beaming full of something good. He thinks our items are getting shorter and shorter. Well, you see, Charlie, there is so much better talent over the plant that our efforts seem tame. As to our being away from roundhouse management this kind of weather, we had 19 years of the snow wading and so did you, C. P. You know how it is, old pard.

Tacoma mentions about its being down to the frigid temperature of 6 above zero. That with the Puget Sound dampness is some rheumatic temperature sure enough. 11 above Jan. 2nd at Milwaukee, up state 20 they say. Nora B. says 45 on the mountains.

A warm water mixer for the photo room is one of the late improvements. Mighty handy in the bunch of copy work.

The foundry is turning out a little over 200 wheels a day at present. When running full blast for new car work etc. the output is 600 per day, with a full force.

We learn, with much sympathy for the family, of the death of Jacob Horning, stationary engineer at the Portage roundhouse, which occurred the first week in January. Mr. Horning was formerly a fireman on the LaCrosse Division, and had been at Portage some 15 years faithful in his duty. It seems that Mr. Horning recently underwent an operation in the hospital, and was thought to be getting better when the sudden turn came.

Some news, better late than never. One of the stenoes over in the locomotive shop offices, has been married for nearly a year. Murder will out. Who says a woman cannot keep a secret. Miss W., now Mrs. L., congratulations.

Alfred Hoppe, draftsman, has returned to the drafting room from where he has been absent four or five years, a good come-back.

Chas. G. Sanhuber, draftsman in the car department of the mechanical engineer's office, whose trip west was mentioned two issues ago, is only loaned to the car department and he is expected back in the drafting room after his work on special equipment is completed. Mr. Sanhuber has been the principal skatmeister in the skat games at the S. M. P. office for the past 10 years, and it has been hard to get a satisfactory third player to fill his boots, with the result that the game seems to be dwindling with some of the junior players making an attempt.

The work of the photo department paneling up a set of the old time locomotives is progressing.

Fresco Painter Jno. Baumgaertner, shook hands vigorously the 14th, said it was his birthday. Congratulations, John, you hold your years well. Just in your prime.

Another member of the Veteran's Association has passed away. E. A. Scheibe, clerk for Yardmaster J. E. Mix, died Jan. 12th., at his home, 3714 Galena street, this city. Mr. Scheibe had been off sick for two weeks, returned to work, and suffered a stroke, was taken home and lived but a short time. He had been with the Milwaukee road a good many years, a faithful and trusted employe.

Rowland Bogenberger, steno clerk for Jas. McCormack, is considerably "fussed up" these days. 8 pound boy up home!

As we go to press, we go dry. Gee whiz! And cider \$1.50 per gallon, but that's "New York Russett."

Glad to see the store department items again, altho two months late. Believe us, Mr. Eckert is some poet.

When does Carpenter Kendall, our editor, start out over the lines again. We want to have on a clean collar and the windows cleaned up next time, and not be caught as we were two years ago.

K. C. Terminal Items. C. V. Wood.

The Efficiency and Economy Committeemen for the Kansas City Terminals for year of 1920 are: F. M. McPherson, agent; J. P. Stewart, general yardmaster; Alfred E. Ira, traveling inspector; J. H. Lord, roundhouse foreman; J. T. Clark, general car foreman; D. Yarbough and E. Bowers, section foremen; G. H. Mork, local storekeeper; Willard Perry, machinist; Charles Bloom, carman, and Leo Landon, district special agent. Any one having any suggestions to offer for the economical operation of the Terminal will please report same to either of the above named, who will handle with superintendent for correction.

The Kansas City Terminal Safety First Committeemen for year 1920 are: F. M. McPherson, agent; Walter Hutton, check clerk; J. P. Stewart, general yardmaster; Frank McLain, switchman; Paul Draver, rate clerk; J. T. Clark, general car foreman; James S. Halsey, carman; J. H. Lord, roundhouse foreman; George Kalen, blacksmith; Henry P. Anderson, engineer; Leo O. Davis, fireman; Leo Landon, district special agent; G. H. Mork, local storekeeper; D. Yarbough and E. Bowers, section foremen. Any one noticing any unsafe conditions in the Terminal will please take up with any of these gentlemen who will report to Superintendent Anderson for immediate action.

Miss Ruby Eckman of Perry, Iowa, visited at the home of Superintendent Anderson a few days in December. As we have all heard so much of Miss Eckman, I am sorry she could not stay over and have given me an opportunity to show her over the Terminal. I enjoyed an evening with her at Mr. Anderson's very much and she has promised to come again soon, and I hope to be able to let you all meet her. Girls, she also has a handsome brother—single, and he lives in Kansas City. 'Nuff said.

Miss Katherine King of the CF&PA office visited relatives and friends at Cowgill, Mo., at Christmas time.

F. A. McCarthy is the new operator in HI office

Aches and Pains Quickly Relieved

You'll find Sloan's Liniment
softens the severe
rheumatic ache

Put it on freely. Don't rub it in. Just let it *penetrate* naturally. What a sense of soothing relief soon follows!

External aches, stiffness, soreness, cramped muscles, strained sinews, back "cricks"—those ailments can't fight off the relieving qualities of Sloan's Liniment. Clean, convenient, economical. 35c, 70c, \$1.40.

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Boiler Makers
Cupola-Workers
Open-Hearth Workers

For the Eye Protection of all Those who do
Work that Might Cause Eye Injuries.

F. A. Hardy & Co.

JOHN H. HARDIN, Pres.

10 South Wabash Ave.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

taking that position on December 21st. We are glad to have Mack with us, and hope he will like his new position and surroundings.

Frank D. Pettey is at the present time working as third truck operator, Coburg yard. Pettey says that job is a dream compared with the position of agent at Washington, Iowa. We are glad to have old Pettey back in Kansas City again, and hope he will never get the fever again.

Switchman Forrest Taylor visited his mother and friends at Ludlow, Missouri, at Christmas time.

Loverman Carson has been quite ill in St. Joseph Hospital with appendicitis, but is reported much better, and we hope to have him with us soon again.

Miss Jennie Andrews, the girl with the sweet voice, for several years our "hello" girl, has taken a position as clerk in the freight office, and Miss Alice Casey is our new operator. While we will miss Jennie's sweet voice on the phone, we are glad to see her get something better.

Engineer Charles Hapes and wife visited friends and relatives at Chillicothe last month. Mrs. Charles Ostert and daughter also visited at that point last month.

Our old pal, John Platt, has been quite sick again this month, but is on the job again. (Just can't keep a good man down.) In these days, with the country so dry, it is awfully hard to get rid of a bad cold, isn't it, Johnnie? Jimmie Tigerman made a stall at doing his work while he was away.

Conductor Guy Park of Laredo was in Kansas City middle of December, account of the death of his brother. Mr. Park and family have the sympathy of the CM&STP employees in their sad bereavement.

Mrs. Stephen Standart, Jr., visited her parents at Laredo, Missouri, last month.

Switchman Richard Berney, who was injured middle of November is still in the hospital, quite seriously ill, with a broken spinal column. Mr. Berney will probably be in the hospital for some time and would no doubt be glad to see any of his co-workers who can find time to call on him.

Frank Elfter, our traveling passenger agent, visited his mother at McPherson, Kansas, Christmas week. George Washington Thomas looked after his work during his absence.

Don E. Black, for several years one of our very capable check clerks, Liberty Street Station, asked for a 90-day leave of absence on December 22d, going to Chicago, where he expects to look into another business opportunity.

Miss Katherine Barry was called to McAlester, Okla. latter part of December, on account of the serious illness of her father. We trust that he has fully recovered before this.

Augustus E. Hewitt has been transferred from position at the local office to position of rate clerk at Coburg, Mo., going to work at 4 p. m. Sure is hard on a fellow who has a "steady," isn't it, Earl?

Miss Gladys Vall resigned her position in Superintendent Anderson's office on January 5th, taking a better position with a lumber company. We certainly will miss little old Gladys around the office, but rejoice with her in her good luck. Miss Vall's work is being handled by Mrs. Emery at present.

J. H. Lord, for several years our roundhouse foreman, has been transferred to a similar position at Ottumwa, Iowa. Fred A. Prewitt has taken his position here. Mr. Lord has a host of friends in the terminal and we will all miss him terribly. Here's wishing you all the luck in the world, Mr. Lord, and hoping you will like your new surroundings and associates, but not as well as you did us. Sorta jealous, that's all.

Eugene Reed of the car department is working on a good story for the magazine, but says he hasn't all the facts in the case as yet. From what I am able to gather a red headed man is the cause of it all. Gene says that guy sure is acting peculiar. It may possibly be, Gene, that he is thinking of that little Dutch girl he left behind him, when he came back to the good old U. S. A.

Misses Nell McGraw and Evelyn Braun, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Oren E. Owen at dinner Sunday, January 11th.

Dock No. 1 Notes.

Mrs. F. G. Clover.

The office force checked "all present" on both the day after Christmas and the day after New Year's, despite the numerous celebrations reported on both those holidays.

This being leap year, the bachelor force have organized against possible attacks upon their single bliss. Emmett says he will carry rocks after dark. Fay Clover and Mr. Prescott are very reserved upon this subject—but still water runs deep, so 'tis said.

Billy Woodward and Roy Goucher plan on joining the navy—but it certainly is not for protection during leap year—there is a sad story connected with this daring move of theirs. We hope everything will be patched up before the recruiting officer gets these heart broken boys.

Paul Wilson says he has survived too many leap years to be caught this late in the day, but you will need something stronger than your self-confidence for protection.

What is this story about "Art" and a Cole-Eight, Margaret? Why all the mystery?

Why does Alice stop in the midst of her work to gaze wistfully out of the window in the direction of Dockton? No doubt she is wondering how many miles an hour the tractor is making.

Mr. Cheney, who is in Watertown, Wis., at present, reports "everything lovely, with real snow for Christmas."

Dock No. 2

With the holidays over with and everyone quite contented with Santa's contribution, all is well at Dock No. 2, the girls sweetening up on Christmas candy and the boys on cigars.

Miss Frost is again planning a trip to Spokane and Pasco. Can there be a new attraction there. Remember, Coral, you are young and unattached.

Our sympathies have been with J. C. Hennessey, warehouse foreman, for the past two weeks, due to having nine teeth extracted. The worst is now over and soon we will expect the natural humor to reappear.

Mrs. Wells has received a lovely wrist watch for Christmas. She says it came from way off and from someone we didn't know. However, a remark was made by her that the timepiece was going when received.

Mr. Wilson, assistant agent, has attempted running his flivver up the Pacific avenue hill on high. How many in the party, Mr. Wilson?

Local Freight Office, Tacoma, Wash.

Chester MacLennon spent Christmas and New Years with his parents in Seattle.

Miss Gwen Guslander spent Christmas with her grandmother, at Rochester, Washington.

At the present writing, F. J. Alleman is suffering from a severe attack of tonsillitis. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

A. Vincent Garry, our popular demurrage man, is spending the holidays at his old home at New Orleans. One of our fair stenographers has now requested transportation to New Orleans. Looks like a good start for leap year.

Keith Williams, who has been acting chief bill clerk has requested an extended leave of absence on account of his health. He expects to go to Spirit Lake, Idaho for a while. We hope to have him with us again soon.

Mrs. Carrotte and daughter Catherine spent Christmas with Mrs. Carrotte's mother at Payallup.

A. J. Hillyard is on the demurrage desk during Mr. Garry's absence.

R. & S. W. News.

M. J. Carey.

All the boys were glad to hear of Engineer George Passage's promotion to trainmaster on the Illinois Division.

Understand Dispatcher Ed. Hove received a beautiful hunting dog for a New Year's gift; and that this breed of dogs bring high prices at several Lake Michigan points.

We all know "Genial Bill's" heart overflows with the milk of human kindness, and it was in this spirit he took pity on a half frozen chicken, during the time that Jack Frost held forth; but like many other chicken fanciers his intentions were questioned, and now Conductor Bill is looking for sympathizers, while he reimburses the irate farmer. (The chicken was a Plymouth Rock.)

Roadmaster Zimmerman is looking after the east end of the R. & S. W. during Roadmaster Erdman's absence.

Conductor Cavey is back to work after enjoying six weeks vacation.

While Conductor Beuge was doing relief duty on 23 and 24 he lost his hat two nights in succession on Springfield Hill, the second evening Dispatcher Lane was on the train, and by removing the cord from his baby's bonnet fastened to Henry's lid in such a manner as to secure it against the wintry blasts. Henry never loses his hat on the Home Guard Spur.

Trainmaster Connors spent a week at Minneapolis in interest of the company.

T. P. A. H. W. Steinhoff, and D. F. A. T. P. Casey were pleasant callers along the Division during the month.

After making inspection of Camp Grant on Jan. 5th, General Pershing and staff, accompanied by Assistant General Manager Nicholson in their special train consisting of two sleepers and the business car, passed over the R. & S. W. Division to Rock Island.

Engineer Tom Carroll fell from the running board of his engine to the brick platform at Corliss and sustained a badly bruised hip.

The Racine stub, consisting of two engines and two coaches, was derailed two miles east of Corliss, Jan. 15th, fortunately no one was injured.

D. A. Gibson, G. Y. M. at Racine, Racine Junction, and Corliss, has been promoted to trainmaster on the Black Hills Division, with headquarters at Murdo McKenzie, S. D. Mr. Gibson is ambitious and generally liked; his promotion was well earned; and our best wishes go with him for future advancement.

Conductor Geo. Stauffer made us a pleasant visit on Jan. 15th., and secured one of Bradley Knitting Co.'s choice sweaters.

Conductor John Rossmiller received a bad cut on his right hand, as the slack was taken out of the train his hand was forced through the cab window.

Conductor Dave Grissinger passed away Dec. 31st, at his home in Racine, funeral services were conducted by the K. of P. order, from Thronson Undertaking parlors at Milwaukee. Mr. Grissinger ran the Racine stub for years, and by his death the company has lost a faithful employe and his co workers a true friend.

Engineer Meyers is out of service on account of an injury received on his engine at Beloit. Joe, we miss your dear old whistle, and hope to have you on the job soon.

River Division Nothings. "Bell."

Hello! And the month of February has already arrived. February is a short month. The rent is due two days earlier than usual. If you are short on the rent try moving. If you move you will miss the rent, but you won't mind that. The Ground Hog woke from his dope-dream February 2nd and has gone forth to look for his shadow. If he fails to see it we will have an early spring. If he sees it he will run into his hole and tie the hole into a knot behind him, knowing that for six weeks there will be frizzing, blizzing weather. Valentine Day comes on the 14th. Don't forget to send your best girl a valentine. Here is a sample:

"My love for you shall never fail,
As long as comets have a tail."

George Washington's birthday occurs on February 22nd. George has been dead over one hundred years but he still has birthdays. G. Washington was a great man. He had no children of his own so he adopted his country, which was an orphan. He said "Country, I will be a father to you!" and he kept his word. George Washington's word was as good as his bond—he is the chap who couldn't tell a lie. He got into the habit of telling the truth when he was a little shaver and he never outgrew it. When his dad asked him who cut down the cherry tree, George said, "I did it with my little axe, dad—I thought it was a dead one." Then George and his father retired to the woodshed and Mrs. Washington had to patch the seat of George's pants next day.

Trainmaster M. T. Skewes states that Machinist Shephard and his helper, Frank Hudson, just about broke the record the other day. At 2 P. M. they received word that engine 7218 on train 92 was at Lake City with a broken oil box on the tank and could not move until repaired. No. 53

Weak, Thin, Nervous People Should Take Bitro-Phosphate

**What It Is And How It Increases
Weight, Strength and Nerve-Force**

Judging from the countless preparations and treatments which are continually being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms and neck, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the soft curved lines of health and beauty, there are evidently thousands of men and women who keenly feel their excessive thinness.

Thinness and weakness are often due to starved nerves. Our bodies need more phosphate than is contained in modern foods. Physicians claim there is nothing that will supply this deficiency so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. The price is \$1.15 per package (two weeks' supply). If your druggist cannot supply you send orders direct to the manufacturers, ARROW CHEMICAL CO., 3119 Union Square, New York City.

By feeding the nerves directly and by supplying the body cells with the necessary phosphoric food elements, bitro-phosphate should soon produce a welcome transformation in the appearance; the increase in weight frequently being astonishing.

Increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health. Nervousness, sleeplessness and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, should soon disappear, dull eyes brighten, and pale cheeks glow with the bloom of perfect health.

CAUTION:—While Bitro-Phosphate is unsurpassed for the relief of nervousness, general debility, etc., those taking it who do not desire to put on flesh should use extra care in avoiding fat-producing foods.

**The clothes you wear—
the home you live in—
the food you eat—
the pleasures you enjoy—
the money you save—**

are dependent solely upon your INCOME

Accident and disease

are the destroyers of INCOME. Why provide insurance against money loss if your home should burn—if at the same time you fail to PROTECT your most valuable asset, your INCOME?

Thousands of railroad men

located on every system in the United States are daily thanking the CONTINENTAL for having PROTECTED THEIR INCOMES.

Continental Casualty Company

(The Railroad Man's Company)

H. G. B. ALEXANDER, President

-----TEAR OFF AND MAIL TODAY-----

**CONTINENTAL CASUALTY COMPANY
910 Michigan Ave., Chicago**

Please send me information in regard to your Health and Accident Insurance.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

Occupation _____

C. M. & ST. P.

was pulling into Wabasha when this message was received, but the boys made some quick moves and loaded their jacks and tools onto the train, made hot foot for the car foreman's tool house and got two oil boxes and the necessary wedges, bolts, etc., and loaded them onto 55 without delaying the train over ten minutes. After arrival at Lake City it took them only 40 minutes to jack the tank up, get the box in place, bolted, braced, packed and engine ready to move. The entire performance was completed in 1 hour and 15 minutes, including traveling 13 miles to do the work. Anybody wishing to contest their right to the speed championship will have to go some.

Mrs. Kenneth Morrison's sister, Marie Asplin, has gone to her great reward. She passed away Sunday, Jan. 4th, after a lingering illness of 14 months. Many of you will remember her as she worked as telephone girl for the Milwaukee railroad some years back. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved family.

We are a pretty jolly and contented bunch of bachelor girls, but one of our number evinced by the sign on the second finger of her left hand, that she means to be an exception to the rule. We are wondering if a certain Tom Brown will be henpecked or if a certain Frances will be satisfied with the subordination.

When Tom says "let's Taxee,"
Miss Frances says "no sirree."
"What riding we do round town,
"We'll do in a street car, Tom Brown."

It looks pretty bad we have to admit,
But Tom, he no doubt will not stand it;
When once she has promised to love and obey,
Then she'll surely have to toe in, yea! yea!

Good luck and best wishes to Tom Brown & Co. after Frances Klesner has turned "Brown."

Two of the boys in the accounting department got interested early in the year in raising crops. John Ritter's is already sending forth a few shoots and that of Charles Jay is blossoming luxuriantly. I'm keeping a big scissors handy boys, so come over when you get ready to mow 'em down.

Yardman Donaldson at Eau Claire is still dragging the boxcars around. With the able assistance of "Bones" McMillian, his side-kick, they manage to keep on the track most of the time. Engineer Wilson says it's the poor coal, but "Bones" claims all you need to do is jack up the chimney and put an engine underneath.

Agent Ebersole, Warehouse Foreman Richard Lokken and Yardman Donaldson spent five days in the North woods and succeeding in getting a deer. "Bones" McMillian went up after and also succeeded in landing one, but while the precious venison lay on the depot platform, a dog ran away with the better half of the carcass.

Helper Pete Smith of Eau Claire had better take heed. Unless his lady friend wears something besides that Merry Widow hat which obstructs the view of the entire rear of the house, some fellows by the names of Lokken and Manarsky will fix him so he'll be spending his time elsewhere than at the Eau Claire opera house. I don't see anything for you to do Pete, but to buy her a new hat. It may be cheaper than a hospital bill.

Wish to thank a certain employee on the C. V. Division for his donations to the River Division news items. May he come again, and may others from all over our division follow his example. Mail your collections direct to Isabel Roth, River Division correspondent, Room 8, C. M. & St. P. station, Minneapolis, and please include your name as anonymous contributions are not acceptable. Some of the readers, I understand, have been wondering whether "Bell" wears skois or trousers. Name above will explain.

Fireman Clarence York is breaking the record in the miles hoofed going back and forth to see his blue eyed, corn tasseled, farm beauty at Farmington. Last returns had him at the 40,000 mile mark, and he was still going good. What we would like to know however is "what she said when he handed her that box of potato peels on Christmas Day, and how did you square yourself, Clarence? We're interested and will be glad to assist you in winning the fair lady, so when in need of advice, call on us, and we'll

give you the benefit of our years of experience. Below we publish an article on "How to Propose," which lesson you and all trainmen who are about to pop the question should thoroughly digest in order to be prepared at all times. It will also come in handy for those ladies, who have arrived at that state where they must leap into matrimony this year or leap alone for the rest of their days.

"Let us suppose you and the object of your affections have been sitting on the parlor sofa and the conversation has begun to lag. Now rise to your feet and languidly stretching your arms above your head, murmur 'Hi-hum.' Next pick up a sofa pillow and toss it carelessly on the floor at the feet of the lady in waiting. Then hitch up your trousers slightly (no use spoiling the creases in them) and kneel at her little footsie-wootsies. Now press the palms of your hands together before you, in a prayerful attitude, roll your eyes like an expiring calf, clear your throat and say: 'Dearest, darlinest dovey! Ever since you crossed my trail my heart has been bumping the bumps. I love you so much it's almost painful. I cannot live without you, so if I live at all it must be with you. There is nothing else just as good as you. You are an angel and have wing sprouts—don't deny it! You are a peach, and peaches are my favorite fruit. If you marry me I won't have to sew on buttons or darn my own socks. In fact, I need you in my business. Don't say nay or I will expire right here. Commit matrimony with me and we will live happily afterward. What is the answer?'"

Young man, if this doesn't land her, nothing will. Of course ladies will have to modify the above here and there, but the principle remains the same.

We ain't got any news. Nothin' ever happens. There hain't no derailments or wrecks. We don't have to work. Ho hum!

But wait a jiffy, back up and get this one. Louis George blew in the other A. M. and said "Fellers, it's a girl." Congratulations George, old top, and by the way, get that old right foot swinging because you will soon have to kick the young swains off the front porch.

And here I am, at the end of my write-up, with no jumping off place in view. Help! Assistance! I'm getting pushed off the end of the trestle. GOOD NITE!

News From Black Hills Division.

J. R. Quass.

We all extend our heartfelt sympathy to Carman Clyde Lytle and children on the loss of the wife and mother, who died a short time ago.

Conductor Walter Rand, Engineer A. M. Sorer, Brakeman Theo. Pfoff, H. Wilder Mauley, and Fireman Mallett have drawn way freight Sunday, layover in Rapid City.

We extend congratulations to Conductor Walter Johnston and Miss Clara Vosberg, married Jan. 3rd. They will live at Mitchell, where there is a home all ready for the bride.

Fireman Carl Zickrick is out and around again after an operation for appendicitis at Murdo hospital.

Fireman Beckman is a new man on this division. He is firing 103 and 104 for Engineer Max Newbowers; also C. T. Ludwick, who is firing switch at Rapid City for Engineer Johnson.

Brakeman Percy Johnson has been laying off a couple of weeks visiting friends at Chamberlain. We dare not say if this is the real cause, as we have seen a lady on the train with him several times.

Business has been good out here, last month about two trains of hay arriving at Rapid City a day besides other business. All hay has to be weighed and goes to C. & W., W. & R. C. B. H. transfer.

At Murdo there were twenty-two trains in and out in twenty-four hours. While this is not as many as some division points, it is doing pretty well as the G. 7 engines now run between Mitchell and Murdo.

Conductor Hopkins has Murdo and Chamberlain way freight Sunday at Murdo. Conductor Joe Johnson has Chamberlain layover.

Conductor Joe Patton has been laying off spending the holidays with his family at Mitchell.

Trainmaster Gibson has been quite busy looking after the heavy run of business, but that's all right, let it come, Mr. Gibson can handle it.

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Ruptured?— Throw Away Your Truss!

For Many Years We Have Been Telling You That No Truss Will Ever Help You—
We Have Told You the Harm That Trusses Are Doing. We Have Told You
That the Only Truly Comfortable and Scientific Device for Holding
Rupture Is the Brooks Rupture Appliance—and That It Is
Sent On Trial to Prove It

If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon today and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as our hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try our Appliance or not.

Cured in 6 Mo's after 18 Years
Hintou, Ky.

C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:

I never wore the Appliance a minute over six months and was cured sound and well—and I want to say no man ever did any harder work than I did while I was using it—I hauled 40 perch of rock, too big for any man to lift.

I was ruptured 18 years and words cannot tell how thankful I am. Use my name if you like.

Yours sincerely,

RUFUS FIELDS, R. R. No. 1.

Child Cured in Four Months

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Ia.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your Appliance, and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly,

ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

"Seems Impossible"

Holland, Ind.

C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:

Have used one of your Appliances until it was worn out. I have been going without it for nearly a year and have not been troubled the least bit with my rupture, so I am well satisfied I am cured.

It seems nearly impossible, but I have gone through a summer's work on a farm without one and have not been troubled.

I was born ruptured and never wore a truss until I was 21 years of age, and got your Appliance. If I ever need another one I shall send in my order.

Yours truly,

BARNEY OSKINS.

R. F. D. No. 7



The Above is C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks Cured Himself of Rupture Over 30 Years Ago and Patented the Appliance from His Personal Experience. If Ruptured Write Today to the Brooks Appliance Co., Marshall, Mich.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunates who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers.

I am, Yours very sincerely,

JAMES A. BRITTON.

426 North Ave. D, Bethlehem, Pa.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and our prices are so reasonable, our terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Remember

We send our Appliance on trial to prove what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

Brooks Appliance Co.,

115C State St., Marshall, Mich.

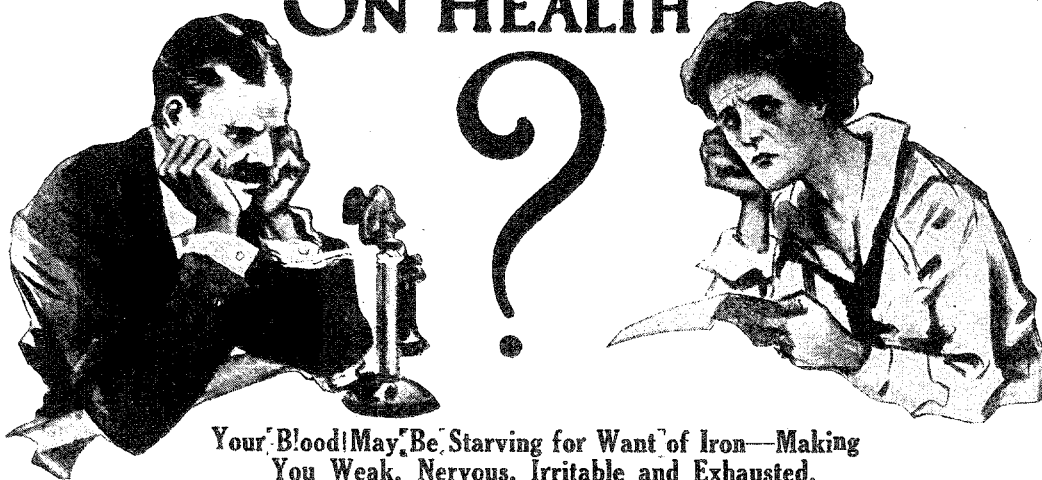
Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name

City

R. F. D. State

ARE YOU LOSING YOUR GRIP ON HEALTH



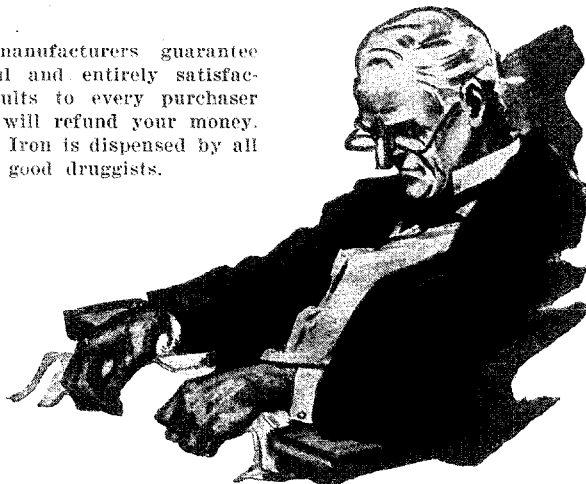
Your Blood May Be Starving for Want of Iron—Making You Weak, Nervous, Irritable and Exhausted.

Nuxated Iron increases the Red Blood Corpuscles and helps build up the strength, energy and endurance of delicate, run-down people in two weeks' time in many instances.

Thousands of men and women are impairing their constitutions, laying themselves open to illness and literally losing their grip on health, simply because their blood is thinning out and possibly starving through lack of iron.

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, says: "Lack of iron in the blood not only makes a man a physical and mental weakling, nervous, irritable, easily fatigued, but it utterly robs him of that virile force, that stamina and strength of will which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life. It may also transform a beautiful, sweet-tempered woman into one who is cross, nervous and irritable. To help make strong, keen, red-blooded Americans there is nothing in my experience which I have found so valuable as organic iron—Nuxated Iron. It often increases the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time." Nuxated Iron is now being used by over three million people annually, including such men as former United States Senator William E. Mason, now Congressman from Illinois; former United States Senator and Vice-Presidential nominee, Charles A. Towne; Ignace Jan Paderewski, ex-premier of Poland and Master Pianist; also United States Judge G. W. Atkinson of the Court of Claims of Washington, and others.

•The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. Nuxated Iron is dispensed by all good druggists.



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Traveling Engineer C. A. Beebe was out to Rapid City looking after roundhouse work while Foreman C. E. Buckingham was on the sick list.

We all extend hearty congratulations to Brakeman John Peafieoff and Miss Fern Jordan, who were married Jan. 1st. They will live at Murdo.

Illinois Division. Mabel Johnson.

Conductor M. C. Simons relieved Conductor N. Winslow on No. 30, Jan. 10th, account sickness of Mrs. Winslow. We hope for her speedy recovery.

Brakeman E. T. Speck is now able to resume duty, having been off for some time on account of an injury to his foot on Dec. 31st, caused by a tie falling from a car on the member.

Chief Clerk W. A. Tyler and Frank Smith, of the Savanna freight office, spent a day in Dubuque recently.

There have been some changes in the Milwaukee freight office force at Savanna. Miss Nelle Nolan resigned her position as record clerk in the C. B. & Q. yard office, and has accepted a position as abstract clerk in the freight office. Miss Mildred Tyler is the new O. S. & D. clerk.

A very sad accident occurred in Savanna yard Jan. 5th, when Switchman Milo Moore was caught between tender and car. He was working on a fill in the yard and was standing on the back of the engine tender, when the draw bar of the tender broke, catching him between tender and car ahead. His legs were caught, left leg being broken in two places, above and below the knee, and the right leg broken close to the hip. He was hurried to the Washington Bld. hospital in a special train, accompanied by Company Doctor W. W. McGrath. The extent of the injuries and shock caused his death, which occurred Jan. 6th. His remains were taken to the home of his parents at Clinton, Ia., and interment made at that place. Many friends and acquaintances from Savanna attended the funeral. Mr. Moore's death causes much sorrow among his fellow-workmen and friends on the Division, and deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

Brakeman W. A. Harris is off duty on account of an injury to his hand. Brakeman J. Schwartzinger was relieved on No. 91 Jan. 12th on account of a sprained foot.

On Jan. 7th, at St. John's church, Savanna, occurred the marriage of Brakeman John A. Monahan and Miss Bessie Carroll. The young couple were attended by Thomas O'Malley of Chicago and Miss Gertrude Monahan of Clinton, Ia., a sister of the groom. After a fine wedding breakfast, they left on No. 30 for Chicago, for a trip to Milwaukee, Kansas City and Ottumwa. They will make Savanna their home. Friends on the Division wish them much joy and happiness.

The home of Engineer Harry Gregg has been quarantined on account of Mrs. Gregg being sick with diphtheria. It is hoped it will not be of long duration.

Trainmaster Allard rode the Pershing Special from Rockford to Rock Island, Jan. 6th.

Miss Emeline Braundeen, who was a guest at the home of Carman W. E. Waymack Savanna, returned to her home at Fairbault, Minn., where she is piano teacher in the state school for the blind.

Miss Eunice Stevens, daughter of Iowa Division Engineer H. Stevens, has accepted a position as stenographer at Savanna yard office.

Former employe C. Christensen, died at his home in Savanna, Jan. 4th, after a long illness, having suffered two strokes of paralysis. He is survived by his wife and two daughters, being the wives of Engineer Richard Hanson and Byron Hanson. Sympathy is extended to the family by the Division.

Charles Plattenberger of the Savanna freight house took a day off to go hunting recently. He reports a successful trip and some nice game.

Machinist Louis Rabun and Miss Anna Rush, assistant accountant, superintendent's office, Savanna, were married at the Catholic parsonage at 7:00 A. M., Jan. 14th. A three course breakfast was served at the home of the bride, after which the W. W. D. club of which Miss Rush is a member, took charge of the couple and paraded them around town in an auto truck, properly decorated with signs, cans, etc. Now for the joke: Their train, No. 30, was reported

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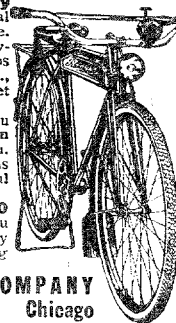
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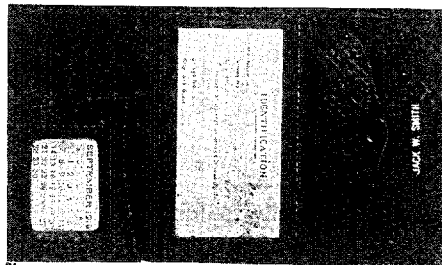
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to them to be 30 minutes late, consequently no "rush" whatever. At the "11th hour" they were "rushed" from the "Rush" home to the depot where the "Rush" party boarded No. 30—only to wait the 30 minutes, scheduled delay. Anna and Louis didn't care about the "rice shower" and all had time enough to bid them a happy honeymoon on their trip to Kansas City and St. Louis. The office force and friends extend congratulations for a long and joyous wedded life. Afterward:—Some wedding cake. Heh, office force!

After the departure of the bridal party Helen's favorite song was chanted. A happy little ditty, entitled, "I'll be the next."

Lost, strayed or stolen—Mabel's voice. Pipes seem to be frozen up since the cold weather!

Teresa Powers spent the week end in Chicago. Really, "Clinton makes a hit with her," at least they tell me she made a hit with the walk the last time she was there!

Illinois Division Section Foreman Wm. Downs made a record in year's hiking. It is surprising to note the distance walked in a given time in the pursuance of his regular duties. We have his figures for 1919 showing the number of miles walked, and they are as follows: January, 200; February, 200; March, 400; April, 300; May, 300; June 300; July, 400; August, 300; September, 300; October, 200; November, 300; December, 300 miles. The total number of miles is 3,500 for the year. This is quite a record and shows that Mr. Downs is some hiker, and is one of our good section foremen on the division.

Prairie du Chien Division Notes.

C. A. Mix.

Gabe Saddy, chief clerk in Madison freight office, but known in the bowling world as "Crick-ets," has just returned from the tournament. While he has not made any brags about his score we presume he in the wood, as he is inclined to be modest, especially about bowling.

Esther Zimmerman, abstract clerk in Madison freight office, has been receiving considerable mail, U. S. and otherwise, of late, and from all appearances it looks as if the old church bells will be ringing for her shortly, at least, she was seen in company with one of the perspectives close by a jewelry store. Here's to the lucky man.

Pat Foley, our Irish comedian attended a masquerade on January 13th. She evidently had a good time.

Don Faris and wife spent the week end at Boscobel. Don returned with a violin, which is said to be about 40 years old. We hope Don will be able to obtain the desired results. Good thing you have settled down, Don.

Bernard McNulty, rate clerk in Madison freight office, has been taking frequent trips to Chicago. Only one person knows the reason. Can anyone else guess?

Our cashier, Mr. Conlin, has been indulging in cards. He will be a professional before long.

Talking about movies, W. J. Fagg, freight agent, Madison, enjoyed a vampish picture at the Grand the other night. Who would think it?

Frances Damm, freight clerk in Madison freight office, is gradually getting accustomed to railroad life. She is at least a hard worker like the rest of the railroad people.

Grace Lyons and Lillian Qualman acted as hostesses at a social meeting of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks given Friday evening, Jan. 9th. We can at least say they know how to wash dishes. That is good training, girls.

The Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, Madison Lodge No. 564, will give their second annual ball at the Studio, Tuesday evening, Feb. 17th. Everyone is anticipating a high time, and there is general excitement trying to dispose of as many tickets as possible.

E. M. Dousman, train dispatcher, was ill with quincy for about ten days or two weeks. John B. Meyer first trick sidewireman, acted as train dispatcher during his absence.

Leap year is treacherous. John Romelfanger is wearing an awful noisy stone on his finger today.

Although we did not notice any diamond rings flashed around the office the day after Christmas, it seems as though Santa Claus preferred giving watches, diamond lavalieres, gold pencils, etc. Just what meaning is attached to such gifts, someone more experienced in that line will have to tell.

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We heard the remark passed the other day by the party who writes the passes as to what the wild attraction for W. J. McDonnell at Spring Green can be. Won't some one please satisfy the curious?

Ray Cavenough, clerk Waukesha freight office, has accepted a position with the Columbia Alcoloid Co., Bogota, Columbia, South America.

Herrn. Bohrmann, section foreman at Waukesha, has taken leave of absence and is taking a much needed rest on his farm, northwest of Waukesha.

The Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, Waukesha Lodge No. 585 gave a nice entertainment January 6 at their hall in the Columbia Block. John McGeen, local chairman gave an address on Fraternism.

Herman Rossbach, freight house man and Hy. Bensing, carsmith, at Waukesha, spent a Sunday at North Prairie.

There is a rumor that Fred Schroeder, general man at Waukesha, is contemplating to take unto himself a wife. Something is up, because Fritz takes a shave daily.

M. C. B. Jottings. *Izetta.*

Josephine Sweeney, our poetess, was a visitor at Janesville. We couldn't find out who she visited, but, anyway, she had a wonderful time.

Here's the other surprise. It is rumored that Harry Belond was married. There wasn't any candy or cigars passed around, but Harry said the big event took place on September 23d. He's quite a joker and we don't know if this is true, but we can't get him mixed on this date, so here goes for congratulations for Harry and his wife.

Mrs. P. D. Mayer, formerly Peggy Ryan, who, at one time, was working in the M. C. B. office, was shaking hands with her friends out here.

Norma Lutzenberger of the M. C. B. billing office has been on the sick list for quite a few days. We hope that within a very short time Norma will be able to again be at her desk.

L. K. Silcox, master car builder, is at the present time out on Lines West.

J. E. Mehan, who has been in the M. C. B. office for a number of year, has been transferred to Davies repair tracks, and is acting in the capacity of general car foreman which position was formerly held by J. M. Linehan. Mr. Mehan started on his new duties on Monday, January 12th. A good Eversharp pencil was presented to Mr. Mehan from the employees of the M. C. B. department, and the good wishes of all his friends follow him in his new work.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER

What matter if he passes out mid battle shock and din;

Or offers up his life upon some bleak and cheerless plain;

Or dies in bed surrounded by his friends and nearest kind;

It's just the same thing in the end. God takes him home again.

What matter if he sleeps beneath the ocean's briny wave;

Or 'neath the sands upon some strange and distant alien shore;

What though the arctic winds may sigh a requiem o'er his grave;

Earth's trials, and cares, and griefs and woes, will trouble him no more.

JACK GAVIN.

Freight Auditor's Office, Fullerton Ave.
O. W. Reinert.

Waybill Revising Bureau.

Well—Frank Kasper did not disappoint us this month with news items. Don't forget, Frank, we can use some every month.

Art LaRue, Jr., who has been confined to his home through illness for the past several weeks is with us again.

Frank (Ignatz) Mueller has recently annexed several bowling honors in tournaments held in Chicago and elsewhere. Ignatz admits that he is hard to beat. (Milwaukee, Wisconsin, take notice).

For the benefit of those who may be puzzled we wish to say that the look of "added responsibility" recently noted in the countenance of Clare

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MINERS AND SHIPPERS

Murphy is the result of his trip to the land of matrimony. The clerks demonstrated their regard for Clare in a substantial manner and the entire freight auditor's office join in wishing him and his bride the best of luck and happiness.

The bowling team Peterson, Beitzel, Buster, Roggenbuck and as many more as is necessary challenge any team in the building averaging "145" to a finish game of checkers, croquet, fiddle-de-winks or anything. See George Tovey.

Gustave (Dick) Ewalt still continues to set the pace in the Fullerton Domino (Galloping) League. His average for the last game was 51, which made the play very interesting to other participants. Yep, these are happy days for Dick.

Lydia Wechter, the nice little undercharge clerk, has been quite ill.

Relief Claim Bureau.

For some reason or other Miss Proehl transferred a ring from the left to the right hand—some say it's superstition, but it's not certain.

You may talk about your victrolas or talking machines, but I'll place my money on Pete Krela.

The Relief Claim Bureau contemplates putting a show no the road. For a starter we have Dan Healy—comedian.

Our Mr. Schroeder is some "vamp." His personality is so strong that he persuaded a waitress in Wolf's to spill a bowl of soup over him. It might be his red necktie.

Wednesday, December 17th, the world should have come to an end. Sophie Domek claims it just started—some sparkler. First hundred years are the hardest, Sophie.

Did you hear about the Dough Boy Jesters—King and Wilson—they would make better fish peddlers or jitney show actors than sitting at a desk all day pounding claims.

Statistical Bureau.

Ted Kluzewski, after a severe illness, is with us again.

Grace Arnold and Mildred Taylor are now the proud possessors of sparklers—congratulations.

Since Miss Olive Kelso moved to Norwood Park there is a Jimmy who accompanies her down to work and sometimes they don't care when they get down.

Miss Helen Evenson of Local Balance Bureau was displaying a photograph of herself. The likeness was wonderful. Why the picture, Helen?

Mr. Harry Bowlus, head clerk Local Balance Bureau, was very ill for a new days. Glad he has recuperated.

A certain young lady returned late, From a trip which she took up the state:

"A wedding," said she,

But we disagree.

'Cause Miss Cowan has a ring from her mate.

If you are looking for something with a kick in it see Fred Bartels of the Switching Bureau. He claims he is turning out some powerful stuff from sugar, molasses and water. Go to it, Fritz—but let us know when it has reached the proper age.

Glen Galloway of the Switching Bureau has been coming to work smelling like a bunch of roses lately, we can't just figure out whether he is trying to play the part of a vamp or whether he is trying out the new so-called perfume "Jag."

Wedding bells will ring loud in the Dictaphone Bureau soon. H. Thode, A. Fairson C. Hammer-miller, M. Arndt, and P. Otto are sparking diamonds since Xmas.

Understand A. C. L. Jr. is a good skating as well as dancing partner—how about it? F. J. M.

J. D. Carney, assistant freight auditor, has been sick for the past two weeks and is still confined to his home. We hope that he soon will be with us again.

James Boland, our smiling office boy, is laid up with scarlet fever. He is getting along first rate.

Coming into La Crosse on a fly,

An alphabetical sort of a guy

Asked "how can this B?"

And then, "O, I C,

We turn on a "T" and a "Y."

—F. W. D.

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How to Secure Good Painting Results Under Extreme Temperature.

F. C. Reiboldt.

Paint is a liquid consisting of a vehicle with a pigment in suspension.

Of the two materials, the writer is of the opinion that the vehicle is of greatest importance, and if we should make a comparison, I would say that vehicle and pigment are relative to each other, the same as soap and water when cleansing a surface; you cannot do proper cleaning without soap, nor can you do painting with pigment alone, and vice versa.

The vehicle in a good oil paint consists mainly of linseed oil; the main functions of the vehicle are to anchor the pigment to the surface coated.

The inexperienced will advise against painting in zero temperature—ask him why and he will answer that the paint freezes. This contention is wrong: A good oil paint will not freeze—it may jell, however, a practical painter can manipulate the paint with turpentine to make a more uniform application without any trouble. The turpentine is not injurious to the paint, but will evaporate and leave the paint in its natural process.

Now as for linseed oil! It is elastic; this property enabling the paint made with it to expand and contract: it penetrates the surface you are coating until the paint becomes oxydized or dry.

In low temperature, the paint will not oxydize as readily as in hot weather, and the longer you can hold the paint moist the greater the penetration and the better and more perfect the anchorage, thus eliminating future rupturing.

Raw linseed oil should not be used in low temperatures as freely as in high temperatures.

Painting in low temperatures insures against fake or adulterated materials as the following will show: In a temperature of 25 degrees below zero linseed oil becomes about the consistency of firm lard; cottonseed oil becomes firm at about five degrees above zero; water freezes at about thirty-one degrees above zero; animal fats will congeal at a higher temperature, so it will be noted that if your paint congeals too freely in low temperature, there is something radically wrong. It will be observed that linseed oil will withstand frigid weather better than any fake or substitute material, hence, to procure good results, nothing but pure linseed oil can and should be used in low temperature painting.

The writer painted a depot building some years ago in the northern part of the state of Wisconsin when the thermometer registered 29 degrees below zero at 7 a. m., and we attained good results. No rupture has occurred up to this time and I can safely invite inspection: there is no room for criticism. How did we do this job? The weather, excepting its frigidness, was ideal, clear, no white frost or wind.

At this particular station we had the in-

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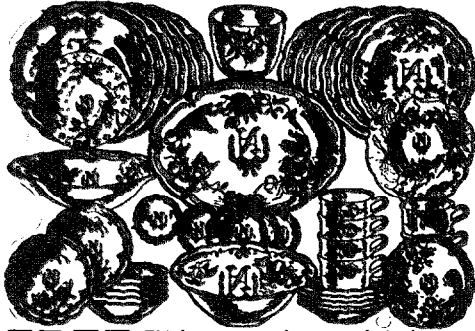
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terior to paint in addition to the exterior. We worked on the interior until about 10 a. m., then proceeding to the outside and working there until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, always working with the moving sun. The frigid weather held the paint from oxydizing too freely, thus insuring a good and lasting job.

Painting in low temperatures or winter months on interiors has further points which are of advantage from an economical point of view as well as durability and appearance.

Travel during the winter months is at low ebb, hence the painter is bothered only to a limited degree by the traveling public. We have little dust and smoke to contend with, no flies, insects, etc., to mar or disfigure your coated surface.

Steam or hot water heated buildings have even temperature—this is very essential in varnishing, thus insuring neat and durable work.

How should we proceed when painting in high temperatures? It is a known fact that application of paint made in 90 or 100 degrees in the shade will dry or oxydize in three or four hours, thus permitting poor anchorage and rupturing after one or two top coats have been applied, and this cannot be avoided.

Raw linseed oil has a tendency to hold back the oxydizing process; make liberal use of same in high temperature; proceed with your painting in the shade when possible.

I would not suggest the use of semi-drying oils, such as cottonseed, fish or soya bean oils to retard the drying process. They may be cause for future rupturing of the surface, such as alligating, etc. However, this contention may be open for discussion.

In all painting moisture is the greatest enemy the painter has to contend with, and to attain good results no matter in what temperature, you must be assured that the surface you are coating is not only free from moisture, but also ice, frost, dust, dirt, and scaling particles should be foreign—make use of your good judgment as to the use of turpentine, raw or boiled linseed oil and Japan dryer. Get your surface in shape and condition to receive the coatings, and the success of your job is assured regardless of the temperature—whether high or low.

Barnyard Experiences.

By R. O. Farmer,
 Assistant Chief Clerk, Trans. Dept.

Having lived on a farm since childhood, and one of my first duties having been to feed the chickens, it was only natural that I should become more interested in them as I grew older. I clearly recall a game-cock that seemed to possess a very keen dislike for me, notwithstanding my friendliness towards him, and it was more than a dozen times I was obliged to kick up my heels and do a marathon from the barnyard to the house with friend game-cock a distance to be measured in inches to the rear. This

game-cock reigned supreme and his superiority remained uncontested throughout the barnyard for quite a period—until dad returned from town one evening with a couple of drakes. The drakes did not, for some reason or other, seem to feel at home, and for approximately a week or ten days would slink off by themselves, their spirits apparently pervaded by a moroseness which they could not overcome. However, this was not very long lived, as their actions one morning wrought havoc with the hens, the geese and the ducks, the greatest injuries having been inflicted on the game-cock, who after a few minutes, retreated with the hens, leaving the drakes the undisputed champions of the barnyard. Two days later the game-cock engaged in a conflict with the drakes, which resulted in the game-cock passing on into oblivion. The drakes, it seemed, would not under any circumstances get on with the chickens, ducks and geese, and the ultimate result of their hostile attitude found each with a ring in its nose, tied in one corner of the hen house at night, and tied to the windmill throughout the day. Of course, I was elected caretaker, having had to lead my charges to their meals thrice a day, and also drive them around the barnyard after supper to exercise them. This was a duty which did not very strongly appeal to me, and it was not long before I intimated to dad that my temper in dealing with the drakes was getting the better of me, and that he should in no way be surprised to learn of their having got what Mr. Hohenzollern got—in the neck. However, my uneasiness along this line was relieved by their passing away one afternoon. But what perplexed us all was the fact that their actions were at all times identical, whether eating, drinking, and even to the very last—they died at the very same time! You may rest assured I did not mourn their loss.

This one particular year seemed to have its peculiarities in many respects. One of the hens, an exceptionally large one, instead of laying every day, would lay every other day, and the egg would be a "double-header." That is, two eggs would be joined, being covered by a single shell. I do not mean by that that the egg was unusually large, but it had the appearance of two normal eggs laying side by side. But the "double-header" was joined. This hen was the topic of discussion throughout town for a considerable period, and each of the merchants paid us well for one of the eggs which was placed on exhibition for the purpose of attracting the attention of the townsfolk and at the same time dispose of some of their wares.

I did not actually become deeply interested in poultry until I had graduated from the town school, whence I commenced to experiment in small ways in the early part of the summer. Throughout the fall and winter of the same year I had the hens, ducks, and geese intermingle, and the following spring found our incubators hatching web-footed chickens, and ducks that could not swim, about which I shall enlighten you in a later issue.

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