

ROCK ISLAND EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE



NOVEMBER 1915

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Wear Like
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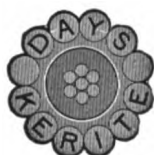
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Second—Because the throttle lever gives any speed from a slow walk to faster than you want to go. When running slow the FAIRMONT does not miss explosions, but pulls smoothly like a throttled locomotive, and does not waste gasoline.

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Dr. Ferd Engelbrechtson,
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dence 159.

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erts Av.
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Dr. H. C. Brown,
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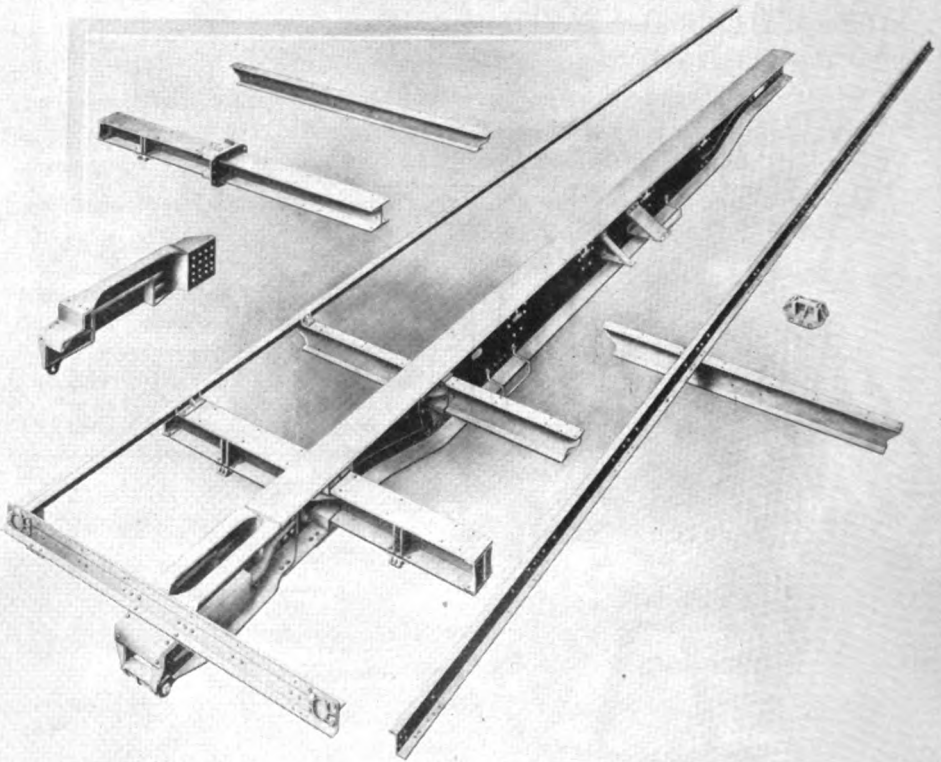
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The Mineral Bath rooms, located in hotel, are, for completeness, unexcelled in the West.

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Rooms, meals included, are from **\$15.00** per week up.

**Steam, Vapor and Electric Baths,
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Hotel Colfax and Mineral Springs
COLFAX, IOWA
"ON THE ROCK ISLAND LINES"



The Late Benjamin S. Cable.

ROCK ISLAND EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

HARLEY E. REISMAN
Managing Editor

JNO. A. SIMPSON
Editor

LA SALLE STATION, CHICAGO

Vol. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1915.

No. 5.

THE RECEIVERSHIP

When news went abroad last April that receivers had been appointed for The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway Company, it meant so little to the average employe and affected him so slightly in the discharge of his duties that he has doubtless not given it much thought since. His work has gone on just the same and his pay check has come around with the same regularity as before. He sees the name of the receiver upon the letterhead, and if he stops to read his pay check he sees the name of the receiver there; but apart from this he is not at all disturbed over the situation. Many things are going on, however, which are of great interest to the welfare of every employe. A receivership leads to a reorganization, and upon a successful reorganization depends the future prosperity of the company and, therefore, the opportunity for promotion and growth of every employe in its service. It is true that no reorganization plan has yet been promulgated, but the way is being cleared for it, and the various steps that have been taken may be of interest.

To begin with, our receivers were appointed on a creditor's bill, just as were the receivers of the Frisco, the Iron Mountain, Missouri Pacific, and M., K. & T. This simply means that a creditor of the company who held no security for his debt went into court and asked the court to appoint a receiver, upon the

ground that the company was not earning enough to pay all its creditors, and that if the court did not take charge of the property and operate it for the benefit of all persons who had claims against it, there would be a number of judgments rendered in the various states through which the lines run, with consequent levies of execution and attempts by sheriffs and marshals to seize and sell any part of the property they could get their hands on. It is true that this creditor was asked to bring the proceedings by representatives of the company who foresaw these dangers, but this procedure was followed also in the cases of the other receiverships mentioned, and its legality has been approved by the Supreme Court of the United States.

The company having confessed its inability to meet its maturing obligations and to pay its general creditors, the court appointed receivers. This was done by the United States District Court for the Northern District of Illinois, at Chicago. As this court can exercise jurisdiction only over property within its district, it became necessary, in order for the receivers to get possession of the entire property of the railway company, to have ancillary proceedings, as they are called, started in the other federal judicial districts in which the property of the company is situated. Chicago is in the Seventh Judicial Circuit, which does not extend west of the Mississippi River.

Most of the property of the company is located in the Eighth Judicial Circuit. Accordingly, application was made to the United States District Court for the Western District of Missouri, which is located in the Eighth Circuit, on the same day that receivers were appointed here, and immediately upon their appointment being made by the court at Chicago the court at Kansas City appointed the same receivers as ancillary receivers, and, as permitted by the practice in the federal courts, authorized them to take possession of the property of the railway company not only in the Western District of Missouri, but in all districts comprising the Eighth Judicial Circuit. This was done by filing in each of the other districts comprising the Eighth Circuit a certified copy of the appointment made at Kansas City. This took in all of the property of the railway company except that in Louisiana, which is in the Fifth Circuit; in Tennessee, which is in the Sixth Circuit, and in New York City, which is in the Second Circuit. Since the original appointment ancillary appointments have been secured in the Second, Fifth and Sixth circuits, so that the receivers promptly obtained possession of all the property of the railway company.

The original appointment and the ancillary appointment in the Eighth Circuit dated from April 20th. From this date the employes ceased to be employes of the railway company and, by order issued by the receivers, became employes of the receivers. The accounts of the railway company were closed as of the date of this appointment, and the accounts of the receivers were opened immediately upon their appointment.

The first and most important effect of the appointment of receivers was its effect upon claims against the railway company. There are always pending some fifteen or eighteen hundred lawsuits upon all sorts of claims. In addition there is an enormous number of freight claims, claims for personal injuries, stock killed, fire, overflow, and baggage. The order appointing the receivers provided that no one should levy an execution or attachment upon the company's property. The effect of this was that in any case where a claimant

had a judgment against the railway company he was unable to collect upon his judgment. Consequently, all judgments against the railway company obtained prior to the receivership are uncollectible at this time, although the receivers, for reasons which will be stated later, have received authority to pay such judgments if they would become a lien upon the company's property, and also to settle claims which might ripen into judgments. The receivers were empowered to conduct, either in their own names or in the name of the railway company, all necessary litigation on behalf of the railway company.

As above pointed out, the receivers were appointed upon a creditor's bill. There has been up to this time no default in the payment of interest upon any of the mortgages upon the company's property, and the receivers have managed, by the issuance of receivers' certificates and borrowing money thereon, to avoid a default in the interest on any mortgage. Therefore the property is being operated for the benefit of the stockholders of the railway company. If, in the reorganization, the stockholders are to participate, it will become necessary to take care of all parties holding valid claims against the railway company and to get these claims out of the way by payment or compromise before the stockholders can receive their equity in the property. The company owes on its mortgage and bonded debt about \$290,000,000; it also owes on other debts sums in excess of \$20,000,000; but its property is undoubtedly worth considerably more than the total of these sums, so that there is a valuable equity which must be protected for the stockholders. This means that all of these claims must, in some way or other, be taken care of. In the case of a foreclosure and sale of the property, the court appoints a master to hear and prove claims, so that the funds received from the sale may be distributed equitably among the claimants. As there is no foreclosure yet, it is the part of wisdom for the receiver to discharge these claims, so far as it can be done, by the payment of amounts which his duty to all parties will justify him in paying. For instance, if a claimant prefers to accept \$100 now from the receiver rather than to wait until the receivership is

wound up and take his chances of getting more by proving up his claim in the federal court at Chicago, the receiver has authority to compromise the claim; and it is on this basis and for these reasons that the receivers have been pay-

ing claims against the railway company arising prior to the receivership.

A subsequent article will discuss further the handling of these claims and some of the other problems that the receivers have met. M. L. B.

CARNEGIE MEDAL AND \$1,000 TO ROCK ISLAND HERO

On April 29th, last, as train 41, running thirty-five miles per hour, got within about six hundred feet of a highway crossing one mile west of Royal, Texas, on the Amarillo Division, a child, two years old, toddled on the crossing, stopped, gazed in wonderment at the approaching train, seemingly unmindful of its perilous position. Engineer B. Bowen applied the emergency air and Fireman Charles A. Perkins, whose attention was attracted by the quick application of the air, took in the situation and without speaking, climbed swiftly through the cab window, out onto the running board, down on the pilot, and bracing himself, grasped the child and lifted it from the track, the engine moving slowly over the spot where the little trespasser had stood. Shortly after the incident occurred the act was called to the attention of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, and just before going to press we are in receipt of the following communications from that Commission:

Carnegie Hero Fund Commission,
Oliver Building,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Oct. 29, 1915.

Mr. J. A. Simpson,

In Care of The Rock Island Magazine Em-
ployes' Magazine,

La Salle Street Station,
Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Sir:

In acknowledgment of your courtesy in calling to the attention of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission the case of Charles A. Perkins, Sr., I beg leave to enclose you herewith copy of my letter of even date, addressed to Mr. Perkins, relative to the action taken by the commission upon his case.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) F. M. Wilmot, Manager.

Carnegie Hero Fund Commission,
Oliver Building,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Oct. 29, 1915.

Mr. Charles A. Perkins, Sr.,
309 North Taylor Street,
Amarillo, Tex.

My Dear Sir:

Through the courtesy of Miss Sophia Meyer, in care of the Amarillo Daily News, Amarillo, and Mr. J. A. Simpson, in care of The Rock Island Employes' Magazine, La Salle Street Station, Chicago, Ill., the attention of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission has been called to an act performed by you, by which, on April 29, 1914, you saved Bernard A. Starker from being run over by a train, near Royal, Tex. Your case, after a thorough investigation, was considered at a meeting of the commission held this afternoon; and I have much pleasure in informing you that in recognition of your heroism on that occasion the commission awarded you a bronze medal, and the sum of \$1,000 for a worthy purpose to be approved by the executive committee.

I shall be obliged if you will kindly advise me without delay, by letter bearing your own signature, whether or not you wish to accept the commission's awards. If your reply is affirmative, the medal will be ordered, and will be delivered to you as soon as it has been received from the manufacturers; and the money will be held for you until it is needed for the purpose which will later be decided by the executive committee.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) F. M. Wilmot, Manager.



ROCK ISLAND MEN'S CHORUS.

Announcement has just been made that the Rock Island Men's Chorus will hold its first smoker at the Fort Dearborn Hotel on Thursday evening, December 2d, at eight o'clock. Tickets are fifty cents and a large attendance is expected.



With but three minutes to catch his train the traveling salesman inquired of the street car conductor: "Can't you go faster than this?"

"Yes," the bell ringer replied, "but I have to stay with my car."—Harper's Magazine.

REUNION OF EMPLOYES OF OLD B. C. R. & N. R. R. CEDAR RAPIDS.

The reunion of the former B., C. R. & N. employes at Cedar Rapids on October 1 and 2 was a grand success, for in the neighborhood of 2,000 attended the meeting. Many who attended are now in various departments of the Rock Island Lines (which company took over the B., C. R. & N. many years ago), and many are with other companies, while others have served their time on the Rock Island and are now enjoying the benefits of



P. A. Murphy, Trainmaster, Minneapolis, One of the Old Timers.

the pension system inaugurated for their long years of faithful service.

One of the most interesting features of the occasion was when old B., C. R. & N. engine No. 1 was rejuvenated and used to handle a train of five coaches for a trip with the visitors to the shops, packing houses, and various other places of interest. The crew on the trip consisted of all "old timers" who had worked together many years ago.

On Friday evening a monster good-

fellowship meeting was held at the city auditorium which was attended by 1,200 men and later by 500 women. The meeting was presided over by "Billy" Haskell and among the speakers were George A. Merrill, superintendent Rock Island Lines, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; W. B. Ross, secretary Pension Bureau, Rock Island Lines, Chicago; James E. Hannegan, former general passenger and ticket agent of the old B., C. R. & N., and Gerritt Fort, now passenger traffic manager of the Union Pacific R. R. at Chicago. All the speakers made worthy mention of the B., C. R. & N.'s old president, the late Charles J. Ives, and his family. Mr. W. B. Ross, in his address to his former associates, elaborated considerably on the effect to the employes of the old B., C. R. & N. by its consolidation with the Rock Island System, and also on the Pension Bureau, which had been inaugurated by the Rock Island. In part he said:

Returning to the question of pension, sixty-seven of the Old Guard have been placed on the pension roll of the Rock Island lines January 1, 1910, to date. Fourteen have passed away. If the chairman will permit, I will read to you the names of those pensioned and those who have gone to their heavenly home. First comes the names of engineers, etc.

Since the inauguration of the pension system in 1910 we have pensioned on the entire system 285 employes, and have paid out for pensions to date \$289,062.23, and estimate that by December 31, 1915, we will have a total of 302 pensioners with an expenditure of \$309,407.25. Of the grand total pensioned there are seventy of the old B., C. R. & N. employes, to whom we will have paid \$67,500.

At the time the B., C. R. & N. was absorbed by the Rock Island in June, 1902, the employes and merchants along the lines of the B., C. R. & N. were more or less antagonistic against the Rock Island lines account of the absorption of the B., C. R. & N. railway, believing it would materially affect the growth and commerce of their town, especially that of Cedar Rapids, they being affected by the closing down of the general offices and the transfer of its employes to Chicago, leaving only division offices to take care of the line. I believe the majority of employes and citizens are not aware of the fact that since 1884 the B., C. R. & N. was a unit of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway Company, that company having the controlling interest in the B., C. R. & N. since that time. All changes in its officers had to be approved by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway Company, who also dictated the policy of the road, so that we were all in a sense employes of the Rock Island lines. In 1902 the B., C. R. & N. Railway Company had a total of 3,517 employes, whose average rate of pay was \$1.88 per day, and a total monthly payroll of \$172,832.00. In 1915 there were on the payrolls of the old B., C. R. & N. lines 4,522 employes, an increase of 1,005 over the year of 1902, with an average rate of pay of \$2.29 per day, an increase of 41 cents per day per capita, with a

total monthly payroll of \$270,308.45, or an increase of \$97,476.44 per month. This amount does not include that paid out for pensions, which at the present time is a little over \$1,000 per month. This I believe should help to change the views of some of the employees and merchants in the territory of the B., C. R. & N. and create a more friendly feeling toward the Rock Island lines. You will see by these figures that the absorption of the B., C. R. & N. by the Rock Island lines has been a progression rather than a degression.

As regards the pension system, there are but few of the minor roads of the country that have a pension system, and question if the B., C. R. & N. Railway Company was still in operation whether or not they would be in a position to take care of those employees who have become incapacitated and have reached the age when they are no longer able to follow employment of any nature. I often wonder if you men ever stop to think and ask yourselves the question, Who was the father of the pension system of the Rock Island lines? "As a man thinketh, so is he," and, while overburdened with the great affairs of the commercial world and finance, he still had a thought for the working man—that one person is the Honorable William H. Moore, better known in the commercial world as Judge Moore. The pension system of the Rock Island

lines is, I believe, more beneficial to the working class than any other railroad company's pension system for the reason that our minimum pension is \$20 per month and our maximum pension \$150 per month. The majority of railroad pensions are on the actual basis, which means that the laboring man will not average more than \$12 per month. Having a maximum pension of \$150 per month for the man higher up, they could take better care of the working man, granting a minimum pension of \$20 per month. The Santa Fe system is the only other railroad in the country that has a minimum pension of \$20 per month and a maximum of \$75 per month.

We have with us tonight two of the oldest Rock Island engineers pensioned, and will ask them to arise when their names are mentioned. Charles H. Davis, Rock Island, who stands first in rank both in service and pension. Charles H. Davis has 52 years and 6 months continuous service and a pension allowance of \$93 per month. The other engineer is William M. Johnston. Mr. Johnston had 41 years and 6 months continuous service, with a pension of \$48.50 per month. Mr. Johnston, prior to his retirement, was chairman of the local organization of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

BENJAMIN S. CABLE.

Benjamin S. Cable, formerly General Attorney of the C., R. I. & P. Ry. Co., was killed in an automobile accident near Ipswich, Massachusetts, September 27. Mr. Cable began work in the Law Department of the Company in 1902, as Local Attorney, at Chicago. His duties at that time were to take charge of the defense of personal injury and other cases brought against the Company in the courts of Cook County, but it was just at the time when the Company was expanding rapidly and the holding company organization was being formed, so that in addition to his duties as trial attorney he had to attend to many corporate and financial matters. In 1904 he was appointed Attorney for Illinois, and his jurisdiction was extended to include all litigation in that state. In this position, as in the smaller one, he was compelled to attend to many matters that were not confined to his delegated duties, and his experience grew as he attended to them. In 1906, at the age of thirty-three, he was made General Attorney of the Company, a position he held until his retirement from service August 1, 1909.

He handled many important matters for the Law Department. One of them was the Peoria Levee situation; another was the Chicago track elevation ordinance of 1906 and the ordinance of 1908, under which the work is only now being completed and which involved the largest track elevation plan in which the Company has been engaged. Mr. Cable also handled the Joliet track elevation matter and succeeded in defeating in the Supreme Court the first ordinance passed by the city council, and assisted in securing an ordinance that was satisfactory not only to the city but to all the railway companies.

After leaving the company he became Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor

under President Taft, and upon the expiration of his term of office returned to Chicago and engaged in the practice of law. Just a few months ago he was elected president of the United Charities of Chicago, a place which he undoubtedly would have filled with great success had he lived to carry out his plans.

The writer served under him in the Law Department for four and one-half years. Working under him was a pleasure and in itself an inspiration. All of his cases were prepared with the utmost thoroughness and diligent attention to facts, and although in many cases he went into the fight with the knowledge that dishonest methods and unfair tactics would be employed against him, he never would deviate from the highest professional etiquette. The ordinary tricks of trial lawyers were simply not in him.

Always have I been impressed with the earnestness and the cosmopolitan character of his friendships. If these prove a man's character, then the number and quality of Ben Cable's friends speak most eloquently of him. Unspoiled by wealth and the fact that his father had been for many years president of the Railway Company, he was able to meet the humblest clerk with the same degree of friendship and equality with which he greeted the general manager. Probably in this was the secret of his hold upon those with whom he dealt. Although in many bitter controversies, his opponents always respected him. It seemed a great loss to the company when he retired from the service, not only on account of the loss of the Cable name, but on account, also, of his own standing as a lawyer and representative of the company and the high plane upon which he conducted its business. He still has many friends in the service who will miss him greatly.

M. L. B.

A JOYOUS THANKSGIVING

By AUGUSTA A. FIELD

In a low wicker rocker by a window sat Mabel Dewball. Outside the rain, which had been falling all night, continued. The big rose bush that grew by the window, with a few scattered roses, was swaying and bowing as an occasional gust of wind came round the corner of the house. Mabel involuntarily drew her light wrap more closely around her shoulders, and sighing, said aloud: "Into each life some rain must fall—some days be dark and dreary."

Anyone not given to reading human nature need not have looked the second time into Mabel Dewball's beautiful, dark-brown eyes to know that she, too, had experienced the dark days, and that life had brought her "rain" as well as sunshine. As the low, dark clouds chased each other in rapid succession before her window, from her heavy, aching heart she breathed a silent prayer to heaven that the cloud may be lifted from her life and again let the sunshine in.

Only three short weeks now until Thanksgiving. What memories are awakened as the mind reverts to by-gone days. "Turn backward, O Time, in your flight," and Mabel is a child again. The only child of Judge Maybank, the wealthiest and most prosperous man in all Merries Town, Mabel was reared in a home where her every wish was gratified. She was the idol of her fond and indulgent father's heart. To her mother she was the only real source of comfort and pleasure; and Old Aunt Christy's "Blessed Baby Chile."

Now she was a little child again. Now in the reading room on father's knee, asking all kinds of childish questions; now in the garden with mother, cutting the fresh flowers and placing them in the vases; now in the kitchen with Old Aunty. Oh, yes, 'tis the day before Thanksgiving. The great big turkey is in the roaster all ready for the "dressing." The cranberry sauce and the pumpkin pie and all those good things that no one knew quite so well how to prepare as Old Aunty are there; and mother is there, giving the finishing touches as only mother could—all things as they were in days of old when Mabel was a little child, the snow-white linen, the polished silver, the friends that had gathered in—all just as she had seen it many, many times.

Oh, father and mother, do you miss your baby Mabel? Do you hearts long for me as my poor heart does for you? Do you have your thanksgiving dinners now?

Five long years had passed—dragged wearily by since Mabel left the dear old home and those that loved her better than their own lives; and it was all for Harry. Harry, where are you? Why don't you come to me? My heart is now going out to you, and if your heart is aching and longing for its mate as mine is, distance will be no barrier and you will receive this "wireless" message of my soul.

At the early age of eighteen Mabel Maybank had disobeyed her parents, and against their advice and pleadings had married Harry Dewball against their wishes. Harry and Mabel had been class-mates together, both having been reared in Merries Town. They could not remember when they had not been sweethearts, so when Mabel made her decision and left father, mother and home for Harry she could well understand Judge Maybank when he said: "My home will be no longer yours; you have made your bed, lie on it." That was his policy.

It was sad good-byes that were spoken when she left them five years ago, and had her sacrifice been appreciated? Seemingly and to the outside world, no. Still she believed in Harry and loved him beyond expression. Harry Dewball was a handsome, well developed young man only two years older than Mabel, and like most young people starting out in the married life, it seemed to them that all would be smooth sailing and that they would always be happy.

Harry had always lived with his mother at Merries Town, but within six months after he married his mother died, leaving him a small amount of money. Seeing little hope of reconciliation with the Judge, and believing their opportunities would be greater in the city, they moved away. But for a young man, unacquainted, to find employment in the city was not so easy a matter as Harry had supposed. Their means were rapidly decreasing.

One day Harry came in, after a fruitless effort to secure work, thoroughly discouraged. He realized that Mabel was being deprived of so many things that she was accustomed to at home that it wounded his pride. He could stand it no longer, so he proposed to her a plan. He would leave her for a few months, and take what money they had left and invest it in oil stocks in either Louisiana or Texas. "'Twill be only a short time, dear, and when I see how it will go I will come for you." Although the thought of separation made her heart sick, she gave her consent, thinking it would be only a short time.

What a great blessing that we cannot lift the curtain of the future and see the things in store for us.

Harry loved Mabel with all of his manly heart, and it was a noble desire that prompted him to leave her to seek ways and means to make for her the home that she deserved. So after providing her with a place to call home—two rooms in the home of Mrs. Harwood and her daughter—Harry was off to the oil fields. After the first few days of tears and sad loneliness, Mabel made up her mind to face life bravely.

For a few weeks Harry's letters of love and hope came regularly. They meant much to Mabel for they were her only source of consolation. But as time went on the let-

ters began to be farther and farther apart. She saw that she must devise some way to spend the time to keep it from being such a drag to her. She took up the study of music where she left off in her school days.

Harry put himself wholly into his work. It seemed from the first that he was bound to succeed. In a short time he became so engrossed with his work that he began to be negligent about writing—not that he didn't care for Mabel, but was just so busy.

As the time passed Mabel began to grow old with waiting and disappointment. Being in a strange city, she went out but little. She devoted most of her time to music, and, too, when she realized that she was to become a mother, she spent much time in preparation for that—happy in the thought that God would give her someone on whom she could lavish the love that was being smothered in her breast, and thinking how happy Harry would be. When she wrote to him his answer came. He said: "Sweetheart, I share with you in your happiness in looking forward to parenthood; you go home and stay with your mother, and as soon as I feel business will permit, I will surely come to you, my darling, and we will rejoice together."

This letter to a business man seemed quite satisfactory, but to the poor expectant mother it broke her heart. Mrs. Harwood proved herself a friend, indeed, to Mabel, and when the ordeal was over and she held in her arms a beautiful baby girl, she forgot everything else in the new found joy of motherhood.

Four years had now passed. Little Jessie had saved her mother. She had to be brave for baby's sake. She always taught her that "Daddy was coming some day to see his baby." Tears were falling from Mabel's face now as she sat by the window and looked out into the falling rain, and prayed that God would be good to her, when she heard little feet come pattering in at the door. She brushed away a tear, for she did not want her sweet little child to have the "rain" in her life, too, while she could keep it away.

"Mother, I love you and have come for my morning kiss." As Mabel took her in her arms little Jessie said: "Mother, Thanksgiving will soon be here. Will Daddy come to see his baby then?"

Harry Dewball awoke suddenly and sat up in bed. "Well, did I hear Mabel speak to me? I feel sure I heard someone say something. I feel queer. I heard Mabel say: 'Harry, why don't you come to me?' Guess I was dreaming, but I'm going anyway. Thanksgiving is going to find me with Mabel. I have been so careless, but, Oh, how anxious I was to succeed. Now that in these four years I have accumulated more than I could in two lifetimes in Merries Town, I am going to my wife and baby and live happily. I hope Mabel will see that it has all been for the best. Of course her mother and father have made her happy while I've been gone."

As rapidly as possible he rounded up his business affairs and bought a ticket for Merries Town. The four years that had taken the bloom of health and young womanhood from Mabel's cheeks had improved Harry in every way. When he reached Merries Town, before going up to Judge Maybank's stately home—not being sure of his reception by the old folks, he strolled by, looking anxiously around. No one recognized him. After a while he saw Aunt Christy coming down the back walk. He met her at the gate and asked her how Mabel and her little daughter was getting along. "Dunno, sir, haven't seen poor Miss Mabel since she done marry dat good fur nuffin Harry Dewball, and I hearn how he done let her in a big city, and she haf a hard time, an' cry her puty eyes out 'cause he gone; so I been sendin' her some money long, long time. 'Cause I don't want dat poor honey to haf to teach de music an' work so hard. No, sir, I nebber see her any more, but I jes tell dat post office man to sen' dis money to Miss Harwood; she know who it's for, an' dis ole nigger specks to work for her till she die."

Harry's heart sank within him when he began to realize what Mabel had suffered. Thanking Aunt Christy for her information, he walked rapidly away. When he arrived at the station he found that he would have four hours to wait. "I can't do that," he said to himself, and hailing a taxicab, and by making a cross country drive he caught the evening limited train. He arrived at the city station at 10:30 p. m. After experiencing some difficulty in locating Mrs. Harwood's home he entered the gate with great strides, and up the gravel walk, his heart pounding at its walls as if he had just finished a race.

Mrs. Harwood opened the door to him with a low bow. He asked to see Mrs. Dewball. Mrs. Harwood asked him to be seated in the parlor and she would call Mrs. Dewball. Without any thought whatever as to who it was, Mabel brushed her hair back, kissed her sleeping child and hurried to the parlor. Harry didn't keep his seat, but was pacing the floor, and as she came through the door he extended his arms and she fell into them, neither able to speak a word. For several minutes they remained thus, he raining kisses on her face and hair. She was the first to speak: "Oh, Harry, how glad and happy I am."

"And you, my precious, darling wife, I never knew how much I loved you until this moment; but how I have caused you to suffer—"

"Stop, honey," she said, as she placed her hand over his mouth. "Let us not speak of the past but enjoy the now, and think of the future."

"Rut, sweetheart, where is my baby?"

"She is asleep now, but come with me and I will give you a peep at the sweetest, dearest child you ever saw."

Together, arm in arm, they went to the little room where Jessie, in all her purity, lay peacefully sleeping. Harry bent over her and raised a beautiful curl that had strayed across her pretty brow, then turning to Mabel, with tears streaming down his face, he again said: "I am not worthy to be the father of such a child or the husband of such a wife, but I cannot wait until morning to hear her call me daddy." Mabel kissed her and took her out of bed and said: "Now, Jessie, you just wake up and see who has come to see you." In a moment her pretty brown eyes were open and looking straight into the eyes of Harry.

"I know, mother, it is my daddy come to see his baby."

As it was only two more days until Thanksgiving they decided to send a telegram to Judge Maybank and wife. It read like this:

"Would it please you to have us spend Thanksgiving in your home? Anxiously, Harry and Mabel." There were some more tears of joy shed at the Maybank home after the messenger boy left. In haste came this reply:

"Come at once." Signed, "Father and Mother."

Harry and Mabel spent all the forenoon shopping—buying everything that mother and little daughter needed to go home; and you may be sure Harry spent money lavishly. Mrs. Harwood remarked as she bade them good-bye on Thanksgiving morning, "Mabel and Jessie looks like somebody come."

Once more Aunt Christy was at her best and the Maybank table fairly groaned under its burden of good things to eat. Mr. Turkey was there; the cranberry sauce was there; all things were as they were of old, but best of all Mabel was at home again.

In the afternoon Mother Maybank called Harry and Mabel, and together they peeped into the kitchen to see Aunt Christy with Jessie on her knee, saying: "Aunt Christy's prayers done been answered and Miss Mabel done come home, bless de Lo'd."



ROCK ISLAND MEN'S CHORUS.

The organization and successful careers of various singing clubs attached to some of the larger mercantile establishments in Chicago has influenced a few daring spirits of the Rock Island system to initiate a similar scheme under the above title.

On September 28th, last, was held an enthusiastic meeting which resulted in a permanent organization being effected with the following officers:

President, J. A. Simpson.
Vice-President, J. F. Cizkovsky.
Secretary, A. M. Weaver.
Treasurer, W. A. Hewlett.
Librarian, D. L. Creitz.

Executive Committee.

Chas. T. Ames. Carl Nyquist.
W. E. Hines. H. E. Riley.
W. J. McKay.

Mr. Wm. B. Ross, so well known and with his usual generosity, has consented to serve as musical director. As Mr. Ross has had a great deal of experience in choral work, the organization is to be congratulated upon obtaining his valuable services.

The chorus will, in addition, have the benefit of the active participation of a number of singers experienced in part singing and general choral practice.

Three rehearsals have thus far been held at the Fort Dearborn Hotel and it is quite evident from the number of employees attending that the movement is a valuable one, these three rehearsals indicating conclusively that in a short while the Rock Island Men's Chorus will give a very good account of itself.

The prime purpose of the movement is to bring together Rock Island men, have them know each other and indulge in the always pleasant social intercourse. It is also expected that the rehearsals and performances will aid each member musically and give pleasure to their friends.

All male employees of the Rock Island system, within the Chicago Terminal district, are eligible for membership. Those who have not already joined and desire to do so are requested to send their names and departmental address to the Secretary, Mr. A. M. Weaver, care Auditor Freight Traffic, Hamilton Park.

The following is a list of the charter members:

Ames, C. T.	Lennstrum, Frank.
Arthur, W. R.	Lindstrom, M.
Backwold, Earl.	Lockhart, C. W.
Becktel, Ralph.	McHugh, J.
Bernier, L. J.	McKay, W. J.
Bochman, O. H.	Martz, W.
Button, W. L.	Martzel, E. W.
Caldwell, W. I.	Matthews, F. H.
Christenson, C. M.	May, Joe.
Cizkovsky, J. F.	Murphy, A.
Conrad, E. R.	Nevelett, Jack.
Cree, G. M.	Nyquist, Carl.
Creitz, D. L.	O'Neill, Arthur.
Dalley, R. A.	Peterson, A. G.
DeCrow, Lynn.	Peterson, W. R.
Drury, T. E.	Riley, H. E.
Durkin, T. P.	Ross, W. B.
Edwards, W. W.	Ruben, Henry.
Everly, J.	Rudhman, F. E.
Farrar, W. E.	Ruthenbeck, E. T.
Freedman, A.	Savage, C. V.
Goulding, H. E.	Schneider, John.
Hewelett, W. A.	Sibley, G. D.
Hines, W. E.	Simpson, J. A.
Jenson, L.	Spence, S. E.
Jesina, Otto.	Spruit, P. W.
Johler, E. H.	Stark, E. W.
Johnson, C. W.	Stoddard, G. H.
Johnson, J. C.	Thomas, E. A.
Johnson, W. H.	Vandersyde, E. G.
Katter, G. B.	Weaver, A. M.
La Rochelle, Louis.	Weaver, W. M.
Larson, Carl.	Werner, F. A.
LaBlanc, A.	

MURINE EYE REMEDY.

Murine Allays Irritation Caused by Smoke--Cinders--Alkali Dust--Strong Winds --Reflected Sunlight--Eye Strain and in fact should be used for all Eyes that Need Care. These Suggestions most surely Appeal to Men in all branches of Railway Service. See Murine Eye Remedy Co. Adv. in this issue and write for their Book of the Eye.

MERITORIOUS SERVICE

Mr. C. Doolin, brakeman at Trenton, was given five merit marks for voluntarily firing engine on train No. 909 Sept. 9th from Mercer to Trenton on account of the regular fireman being taken suddenly ill.

Mr. F. A. Brown, operator at Fairfield, was given five merit marks for stopping train extra west 2537 passing Fairfield Sept. 19th when noticing brakebeam down, and notifying train crew so the broken part could be removed, thereby possibly avoiding an accident.

Mr. A. L. Tennant, brakeman, Trenton, was given five merit marks while inspectors were looking over train No. 93 Sept. 3rd in terminal. He voluntarily brassed a car of gold ball freight in the train, thus saving quite a delay to the train.

Mr. C. B. Wallace and G. J. Beck, brakemen, of the Missouri Division, were each given five merit marks for voluntarily firing engine on their train, Lineville to Centerville, on Sept. 11th, train No. 98, when the regular fireman was taken ill.

Mr. E. R. Nichols, engineer, and Mr. J. E. Drake, fireman, of Amarillo, Texas, have each been credited with ten merit marks. While on train No. 42, Sept. 3rd, sandboard came down on Pullman car, between Lark and Conway. The train was brought to a stop and as the trainmen were in uniform these gentlemen volunteered to make temporary repairs, which was done, and saved a very bad delay.

Mr. G. W. Dowell of the Des Moines Valley Division has been credited with five merit marks for services performed on Sept. 25th when he found two telephone wires broken and laying across our telegraph wires a short distance east of our depot at Carlisle. He climbed the pole and pulled the wires away, clearing our telephone circuit and telegraph wires.

Mr. R. L. Vandever of the Des Moines Valley Division, has been credited with five merit marks for services rendered on train No. 81, Sept. 14th, when, on account of fireman taking sick, he fired engine until fireman could be sent from Valley Junction to meet the train, thereby saving delay.

Mr. W. K. Brown, car inspector, Centerville, was given a letter of commendation for signaling train No. 30, Sept. 9th, to stop when noticing broken chain hanging pin. Temporary repairs were made and probably an accident averted.

Mr. H. J. Bemis, operator, Bishop, Kan., on Sept. 25th stopped train No. 24 at Bishop on account of light out on Block 914, and although it was raining at the time he interested himself sufficiently to see that the light was replaced.

Mr. Frank Gorman, brakeman, Pratt, Kan., while on extra 2038 East, Sept. 11, fired engine from Langdon to Hutchinson on account of fireman becoming sick; also from Hamona to Herington on account of fireman's hours up.

Mr. J. F. Ruble, fireman, Pratt, Kan., on Sept. 17th saved bad delay to train No. 3 at Galva by assisting to connect brake rigging on baggage car 4001.

Mr. F. J. Breen, engineer, Pratt, Kan., on June 11th rendered services to exhaust pipe to main reservoir, engine 2017, at Arlington, thereby avoiding considerable delay to train.

Mr. U. M. Gray, brakeman, Pratt, Kan., on train No. 1st 93, Aug. 18th, when engineer noticed train pulling heavy leaving Herington, dropped off and discovered broken bolster on C-150106.

EMPLOYEES DESERVING SPECIAL MENTION FOR INTEREST IN PROMOTING EARNINGS OF COMPANY BY SOLICITING BUSINESS.

Mr. A. L. Getman, agent, Round Lake, Minn., on October 15th sold two tickets Round Lake to Los Angeles via our line, he having procured this business from another line, party living at Worthington and fully intended to go another road until approached by Mr. Getman in personal interview.

Through the efforts of Mr. John Quincy Adams, conductor on No. 44, we secured passenger to London, Ky. Passenger in question held ticket to Oklahoma City, intending to take another line from this point to St. Louis.

On October 1st, while waiting for No. 43 at Shawnee, Conductor Bruce Hays overheard part of a conversation of passenger who was en route to Chicago and purchased ticket only to Oklahoma City. With a little investigation on his part, he discovered passenger contemplated taking another line from here, and by persistent effort finally induced passenger to purchase ticket via our line from the Oklahoma City depot.

Mr. D. D. Cravens, conductor, Pratt, Kan., while deadheading Pratt to Herington on train No. 752, August 22nd, induced a passenger who was going to Kansas City to use our line. Party had intended to use another line.

Mr. Joe Williams, news agent No. 632, Little Rock, Ark., secured for our line Oct. 5th passenger to Brewster, Kan., who had intended to use a competing line.

Through the efforts of Mr. A. Strandburg, conductor, Amarillo, Texas, we secured one and one-half tickets for train No. 42, Oct. 6th, from Amarillo to San Antonio, Texas, using our line to Fort Worth, and another line to destination. Revenue amounting to \$27.50 was received.

Mr. A. Pearson, conductor, Kansas City, Mo., on Sept. 22nd, was influential in securing for our line, Kansas City to Chicago, four passengers who were en route to a point in West Virginia.

Mr. E. W. Sumpter, conductor, and Mr. B. P. Butler, flagman, of Herington, on Sept. 30th learned that there was on train

No. 4 a passenger en route to Kansas City who intended taking another line to Chicago and were instrumental in inducing this party to use our line between these points.

Mr. J. F. Wilson, dispatcher, Manly, Iowa, was responsible for routing of party of twelve over our line and Pennsylvania for Washington, D. C., who had arranged to travel out of Kensett to Chicago via Mason City.

Through the instrumentality of Mr. Ed Dunning, conductor on the Illinois Division, we secured the entire delegation of the General Assembly of the Nazarene Church, of Chicago, to Kansas City and return of about thirty people.

Through the efforts of Conductor Bruce Hays, Oklahoma City, Depot Ticket Agent Richard sold one round trip ticket from Oklahoma City to Butte, Mont. This party had intended to use a competing line.

Mr. H. A. Johnson, operator at St. Joseph, was given letter of commendation for securing the sale of two tickets to the Pacific Coast and return.

Mr. James J. Doolan, clerk and operator at St. Joseph, was given a letter of commendation for being instrumental in securing the movement of ten cars of freight via our line.

Mr. John R. Morris, conductor of Missouri Division, was the means of ticket office at Kansas City selling a ticket to Montrose, Colo., via our line to Denver, Sept. 30th.

Mr. Wm. Talley, Arkansas Division, has been instrumental in securing a number of patrons for various points on the Rock Island that are also reached by competitive lines. He has been highly complimented by the management for his sincere efforts.

Mr. C. E. Thomas, bill clerk in Little Rock local freight office, has secured six cars lumber for the Rock Island which has increased the earnings of the company on these cars over \$200. Such is highly appreciated and he was awarded a very nice letter of thanks.

Mr. O. Anderson, conductor, Chickasha, Okla., has rendered the Traffic Department very valuable assistance in the handling and securing of business on the Lindsay Branch.

Mr. A. W. Haight, conductor, Amarillo, Texas, on Oct. 22nd secured two round trip tickets from Amarillo to Dallas for train 44, which revenue amounted to \$29.50.

Mr. R. E. Posey, brakeman, Amarillo, was instrumental in securing passenger coming into Amarillo on train No. 43, Oct. 17th, with ticket to Amarillo, to use our line from Amarillo to Guymon, Okla.

Mr. L. H. Blackwood, assistant agent at Hulbert, Ark., used his influence and secured three passengers to Colorado via Memphis and Kansas City. Mr. Blackwood has been highly complimented by the passenger department, and he also received a very grateful letter from Mrs. J. Swain of Manitou, Colo., who thanked him and praised the Rock Island in the highest terms.

Mr. B. M. Webster, engineer, Arkansas Division, secured a passenger from Little

Rock to Chicago, who had been in the habit of patronizing a competing line. Through Mr. Webster's efforts this party will no doubt give patronage to the Rock Island in the future.

Mr. C. G. Stevenson, conductor, Pratt, Kan., on Aug. 1 secured two tickets Pratt to San Francisco, via our line, revenue \$100, from parties who had contemplated using another line.

Mr. W. S. Underwood, clerk at Wathens, Kan., was instrumental in routing a passenger destined to North Adams, Mass., via the Rock Island to Chicago.

Mr. A. Pearson, conductor, Kansas City, Mo., has been influential in securing three passengers for this line for Des Moines and two for Chicago, which moved on No. 2, Aug. 11.

Mr. J. J. Harrington, passenger conductor, Missouri Division, was instrumental in the sale of two tickets Kansas City to San Francisco and return.

Mr. E. F. Wright, passenger conductor, Missouri Division, was instrumental in the sale of a round trip ticket from Kansas City to Pueblo, via our line.



APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. H. U. Mudge, having resigned as co-receiver of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway Company, effective Sept. 30, 1915, was appointed chief executive officer for the receiver, in full charge of all matters pertaining to the operation of the property.

Effective Oct. 1, Mr. J. L. Goree was appointed assistant general attorney, with office at Chicago. He will perform such duties as may be assigned to him.

Effective Oct. 1, under the pension rules of the company, Mr. S. F. Boyd, after long and faithful service, was retired, and the position of general agent, Passenger Department, at Davenport, Iowa, was abolished.

Effective Oct. 1, division freight and passenger agent, Davenport, Iowa, will have charge of the Tri-Cities territory (Davenport, Rock Island and Moline).

Effective Oct. 1, that portion of Illinois on C., R. I. & P. Ry., from Galva to but not including Rock Island, and from Geneseo to but not including Moline, will be added to present territory in Illinois district, under jurisdiction of general agent and division passenger agent at Peoria, Ill.

Effective Oct. 1, that portion of Iowa on C., R. I. & P. Ry., Clinton to Bennett, thence to but not including Davenport, thence to Muscatine via Wilton and via Buffalo, will be added to present territory under jurisdiction of general agent, Passenger Department, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Effective Oct. 19, Mr. E. C. Tackwell was appointed agent at Phillipsburg, Kan., vice C. A. Harvey, transferred.

Effective Oct. 16, Mr. Sam Tolley was appointed night roundhouse foreman at Haileyville, Okla., vice Mr. C. A. Dunnavent, promoted.

Effective Oct. 13, Mr. C. A. Dunnavent was appointed general foreman at Haileyville, Okla., vice Mr. S. J. Elkins, deceased.

Effective November 1, Mr. D. Van Hecke was appointed superintendent, Louisiana Division, with headquarters at El Dorado, Ark., vice H. E. Allen, transferred.

Effective November 1, Mr. H. J. Sewell was appointed acting superintendent, Amarillo Division, C. R. I. & G. Ry., with headquarters at Amarillo, Texas, vice D. Van Hecke, resigned to accept service with another company.

Effective November 1, Mr. H. E. Allen was appointed superintendent, Nebraska Division, with headquarters at Fairbury, Nebr., vice W. A. Sheahan, resigned.

Hamilton Watch

"The Railroad Time Keeper of America"



Railroad men have the right to demand absolute reliability in a watch. Many thousands, who do so, find their demands met by the accurate Hamilton. It's the kind of watch *you* need. You can put your trust in the Hamilton all your days.

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It pictures and describes the various Hamilton models and gives interesting watch information.

The Hamilton Watch is made in all standard sizes and sold by jewelers everywhere. For Time Inspection Service, Hamilton No. 940 (18-size, 21 jewels) and No. 992 (16-size, 21 jewels) are the most popular watches on American rail-

roads and will pass any Official Time Inspection. For general use you can buy a Hamilton Watch from \$12.25 for movement alone (in Canada \$13.00) up to the superb Hamilton masterpiece at \$150.00 in 18k. heavy gold case. No extra charge for Safety Numerical Dial on new railroad grades of Hamiltons. A Hamilton movement can be fitted to your watch case.

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of C., M. and St.
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his run with a
Hamilton.

Con. F. M. Kelley of
C., M. and St. P.
His watch is a
Hamilton.

Eng. Geo. Cleveland
of C., M. and St.
P. He owns a
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Eng. W. Ballard of
C., M. and St. P.
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Eng. Tom Cushing
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C., M. and St. P.
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ilton.

Eng. W. Gallagher
of the Rock Island
takes time from
a Hamilton.

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention Rock Island Employees' Magazine.



ABNER'S BRIEFS OF THE ARDMORE BRANCH.

By G. Hiram Y.

NOVEMBER.

This is the long-looked for November—

This the month uv turkey hash,

Punkin pie and sweet pertaters—

'Thanksgivin' time has come at last.

We look back an' then remember,

An' wisht that on the farm we'd stayed.

Among the harker nuts an' apples

An' the pies that mother made.

Souse and mince meat—who'd fergit 'em;

'Lasses cookies, lots o' jam,

Cracklin' bread—gee, don't you smell

That good, old-fashioned cuntry ham?

Don't you sigh for them November,

While 'round yer mammy's knee you played;

Then the kids were all together—

Don't you wisht that you'd a stayed?

If yer mammy's still a livin'—

Save some money you would spend;

Go an' see her this Thanksgivin'—

Make her happy once again.

We are indebted to our friend Oscar Hatfield for the information that there is a war going on against O. S. and D.'s and in Europe.

Mrs. Joe Cobb took our conductor to the Frisco Fair, and for that reason Little Joe can't tell us of lots of the things he promised to investigate.

Hiram's winter clothes consist of Palm Beachers as yet—all but a winter cap. He wishes some of you fellows that live close to Singer & Co. would go and tell 'em it is snowing down here; maybe they'd hurry them clothes.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost than to have never loved," remarked our friend Sally, the operator at Shawnee Yard. This by reason she married the machinist; but, to be honest, Sally, along with all the rest of the Rock Island, wishes them all the joy and good luck that is possible.

"Honesty may be the best policy, but it isn't Safety First always to tell everything that happened while 'friend wife' was away on her vacation." This from our old partner, Hugh Thompson, the engineer on 651-2.

Sam Alldredge said the other day the fool killer that failed in his duty toward the fellow that ain't satisfied with things down the branch ought to be fined, fired and finely tarred and feathered.

Hatfield's Baseball Game—better than ever. With an honest-to-goodness please-don't-snow look on his face, the operator of Calvin, Mr. Wycoff, went to Shawnee, and, even if clothes don't make the man, it sure keeps the gentle breeze from biting a gink on the bean.

We don't want to tell tales out of school, but the chief clerk, Mr. Brown was saying something the other day of having to put on a milk train to take care of the extra extracts from old Bossy since his law went into effect as to keeping cattle off the streets of Haileyville.

WITH THE POET?

Jolly went to see his girl one night,

They say he sure looked handsome,

'Till the Old Man turned the Bull Dog loose;

Then they tell us Jolly "ran-some."

They had Engineer Billy McNerney,

So "Chisel Chin Levins" said,

And he asked "Stink-foot" for his seat box,

So he could make down his bed.

'Twas in a lonely sidetrack,

They were waiting for the train,

They waited 'till he was sound asleep,

And stole the box again.

If there was a 'leveneth Commandment,
Moses should wrote of old:
"Thou shall not indulge in 'Camel's'.
Or enter places where they're sold."

We can stand for the Brakeman

That's sometimes mistaken,

And of things he'll perhaps take a chance.

But some day or other

We'll waylay the brother

That rolls up a cuff on his pants.

The four-foot key chains

May not come again,

But a Sissor we can tell at a glance;

He's the one that we find

Most any old time

With a nine-inch roll on his pants.

The October Safety Meeting held in Shawnee, Oct. 8, was a success with all capital letters. If you were not there you missed hearing Mr. Ashton, the Oklahoma Labor Commissioner, tell in that convincing way that he has the reason why you should be proud of the fact that you are a member of the Rock Island family. And after listening to him as well as our old friend L. F. Shedd speak of the safety movement, as to what it has done, what it is doing, and how everybody can do more, why you couldn't help condemning old man Cain for trying to leave the impression that we are not in a way responsible and not our brother's keeper.

After shining your shoes to a resemblance of a peeled onion, Tim, one of the porters on the Pullmans on 47 and 48, begins to wish it would rain. But Tim is liable to do anything but want to shine 'em again for less than two bits.

What gets our goat is a town paper that will point with pride to their postoffice receipts as so much larger than last year they rawhide the people for sending their money off to mail order houses. The question is what raises the total. Don't people buying money orders make the amount more?

Tom Cook, one of the conductors on 683-4, came to Shawnee for a short visit a day or so ago, and tells that of all things horrible the result of the car of gasoline exploding was the worst. We cannot express our sympathy in words to those that lost their loved ones, but we hope that they will feel we extend it, anyway. Let us all hope that such won't happen again.

Brakeman "Billy" Olds was wondering the other day what all that noise was about in the Palace barber shop and was surprised to learn that it was Scotty, one of the "hands" that works there, trying to shave himself with his regular razor and then persuade himself to take a shampoo.

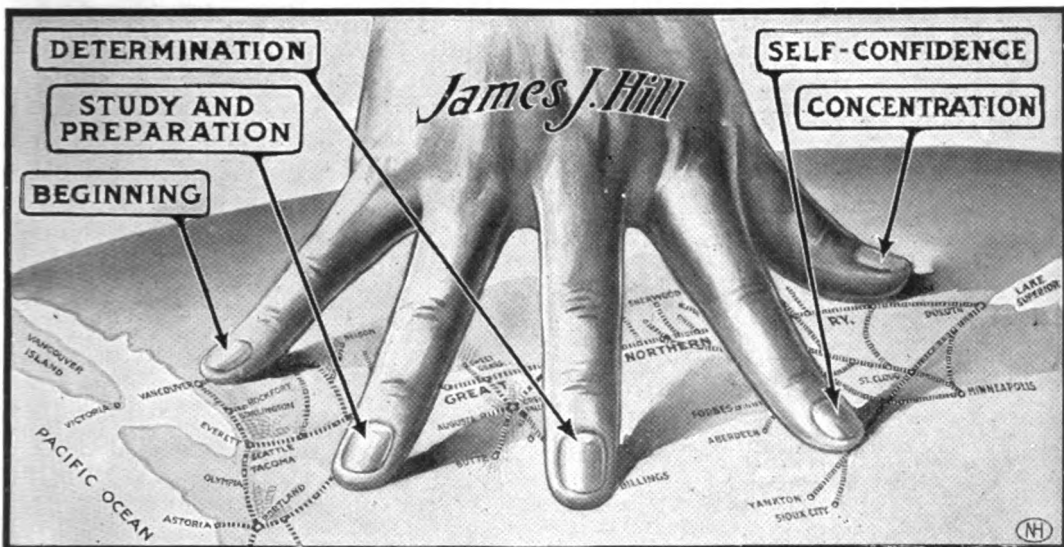
"Dear Abner—I have been single for so long that I have decided to settle down and get married. What is your advice on the subject?"—Brakeman Stephens.

"'Steve,' it has been our observation that it would be better to settle up before getting married, then settle down."—Ed.

"Dear Editor—I have been thinking of going into the poultry business. Please tell me, if you can, what variety would be the best to start in with."—Blondy the Baggage-man.

"Blondy, we are more than pleased to give the desired advice. There are only two varieties to consider: one is the feathered, and the other is the kind that thrive on moving picture shows and high-priced candies."

"Dear Editor—What is meant by under control?"—Brakeman Lawson.



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In the above picture is shown the hand of James J. Hill, who controls the great railroad system extending from Lake Superior to Puget Sound. Mr. Hill began railroading while a young man, under circumstances much less favorable than those under which young men of today can begin. His first railroad job was that of a telegraph operator. Perhaps there is not a man who will read this announcement who is not familiar with the record of this noted, self-instructed, self-made railroad and transportation king. There is nothing mysterious about his rapid rise from a little country railroad station job to a position of power and affluence. The above drawing shows the five main elements of Mr. Hill's success—the five elements that will make you successful. But YOU can now readily

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Write at once and learn all about the great opportunities in this field. Send the Coupon today. You are wanted not only by the railroads, but by the big steel corporations, the big coal companies, big lumber concerns, and hundreds of thousands of large industrial shippers, who are glad to pay big salaries to men competent to handle their transportation problems with maximum efficiency. If you have an ordinary education you are eligible for the training given by our expert instructors.

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Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

"Well, Loss, in your case it should mean being in position and ready to run in case you see the argument was going against you and the other man being so much faster with his fists."—Ed.

"Dear Hi and Abner—I haven't enough to buy a Ford, but want to look like I own one. Can you tell me, oh! can you tell me?"—Sam Lambert.

"Well, Sambo, go over to Oklahoma City and take notice of the switch engine fireman, Mr. Truster; he wears a pair of big-eyed goggles on his jitney cap, parts his hair in the middle, and keeps both his hands on the gun."—Ed.

"Ab.—I am like Henry Rack, in Bandy's Burr Oak transfers, I would like to know what is the difference between a matrimonial fruit basket and a go-cart."—Fireman Bob Porter.

"Now, Bob, we back up there, but we can tell you the reason of such. It is 'Just Because She Made Those Goo-Goo Eyes.'"—Ed.

"Mister—My girl and I wanted to go to the 'Jitney' ball, promoted by our old friend Ross, a boilermaker of Shawnee, and the question came up that if I wore my New Jersey what the Helena Montana would Della wear? How would you have settled it?"—Blondy Wollard.

"Blondy, we would Alask-er."—Ed.

"Can you tell me what is the difference between a hogshead and an engineer?"—Seb Holshouser.

"Sure, Seb; a hogshead is a fellow that will get a bunch of drawbars starting a train down hill and can't pull a mess of Mexicans out of a crap game after he gets them started. And an engineer can make 'em coast up hill and can pull anything loose, but don't brag about it."—Ed.

"Question Ed.—Why is it there are more songs about soldiers than R. R. men?"—Lunch Counter Girl at Boonville.

Hatfield's Baseball Game—better than ever.

"We didn't think that this question would ever come up and had hoped that it wouldn't, but the reason is this: When the men go to war the women know they will be gone from at least three years to no telling how long. This absence gives them time to think up something nice to think of to say, while as for R. R. men they know the old man will be back in at least two or three days, and who ever heard of a woman being able to think of anything in so short a period."—Ed.

Billy Douglas was seen sitting all forlorn on a corner and on cross-examination it was found that he was trying to figure out some excuse to go up to Dr. Blick's office for some more of that "Now, Billy, do be careful" advice like he got when he had to get his finger dressed by the kind-hearted little office girl. But the only thing the matter with him was—er—well, the heart specialist ain't Dr. Blick, that's all.

John Quincy Adams of Shawnee said that if he had of went to school long enough to have learned to read just a little better he would be able to get a fine lot of education off of these Pullmans trying to figure out their name.

REFLECTIONS OF A STUDENT BRAKEMAN.

It may be possible to change everything but the fact that a spur track was never so full but what another car can be squeezed in, just one.

A student conductor tells at the pie counter how fast HE runs. A student engineer tells how quick HE did the switching, while the brakeman brags of how much steam HE had all the way over the road.

For an excuse as to why there is an opportunity for some fireman to figure out one that will beat being "down putting in a fire" when something happens that he could have prevented had he been looking.

The conductor on local said the other day that there were lots of those "back to the soil" boys spoiled in trying to become car hands as he looked at me while I was trying to make a coupling with both knuckles closed.

As for an excuse for ditching cars there wouldn't be so many section men and track get the blame if dragging brake beams could talk.

THE PASSING SHOW OF THE PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

By The Property Man.

While walking down Michigan avenue the other Saturday who should we see in the temperance parade but Rev. H. Tangwall with a banner which read, "I drink water—do you?"

Miss McBirney believes in starting early; she is making Xmas handkerchiefs already.

Edna Sullivan lost a two-bit piece on the Cub's Hard luck.

Musk Warren has a fine library of \$0.23 books from The Herald.

Gray, the boob from the advertising department, says he is going to be a regular Annette Kellerman. You should see one of those dives. Just like a thousand of brick.

Kepperling better quit cussing or he won't go to heaven with Dick Schutz when he goes.

Count Kasputis was asked who was going to win the world's series. He replied, "The Russians, of course."

Well, Jack, how is the north side, anyway?

Lost.—A keyhole from my door on or before 3 a. m. last Monday morning. Finder will please return same to Frank Ruthenbeck so he can get in in the morning without waking up the wife.

Walter Rodie was seen going into the Garrick Theater the other night with a big telescope under his arm. "Why the moon-chaser, Walter?"

We just received a card from Miss O'Leary. She writes the Los Angeles boys are much nicer than the ones in the Passenger Department.

Herold, from the ticket stock room, is always singing, "Oh, Beatrice Fairfax, please tell me what to do." Clarence Halarud says he don't believe her, she gave him a bum steer once.

Grace Devereux says, "Out of a city of three million people, why do you pick on me?"



AMARILLO DIVISION.

By "Sorghum Bill."

Nothing sucks seeds like a vacuum cleaner. Moral—"Keep everlastingly at it."

Sorghum "lasses" is all the rage now. Better lay in your winter stock now; the making as well as the quality is at its highest. Say, did you ever sip the cane juice before it was "biled"? Well, I'm tellin' ye, you don't need any further help to make your move next.

Watermelons are "all in" now. Next thing in order will be pumpkins for "Halloween." Reckon the kids will have a time.

Lots of geese and ducks on the lakes of the plains. Some are getting thin, some are not, but the man who gets a "goose" sure knows how he got it, not by the salt racket, anyway.

You know everybody tries some time to put out dope on what this winter is going to be like. Some say lots of snow will come after lots of rain, some the reverse. Others say the time has come for a hard winter, others say not. Some say the husks on the grain and nuts are thinner than normal, that means hard winter, others say it's no such thing. Last year I fell in with a bug they call the caterpillar, he was black on both ends and light in the middle—the winter was no winter at all. I don't pretend to say what the winter will be, nor don't care, for I got my coal in, my "kraut," my heavy underwear and old overshoes ready and overcoat too, so let her rip. Are you ready? If not, why not. These battles are half won by being ready—same thing with your work.

Business generally is brisk on the division. Plenty of crews working and an extra spurt of business every now and then indicates we are getting new business and doing all that conditions will permit. Excessive rains every few days creating new soft places as well as start all the old ones to "boil." Notwithstanding all this, things are moving along the same old clip. Wheat is still moving; lots not threshed, and some crops are best ever raised and will be a big item to handle. Cotton is on the "bing." Between the 4c last year and




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too much rain and cool, late spring, there is little doing. The same could be said of melons this year. Yet hauling will be good and pulling hard—take it any way you have a mind to.

I got a letter from E. J. Willmoth from away up in Washington and in it he said he was having a good visit and thinking of turning back for home. Mr. Willmoth is the section foreman at Erick, and has a fine station park, of which he may be proud. He is being relieved by Roland Bunons of Rockledge.

W. A. Sinclair is handling Rockledge section while R. A. Bunons is off to Erick, Okla.

Earl McCurdy was put in charge of Adrian section Oct. 11. G. T. Elliott resigned.

D. H. Mooney put in charge of section 107, Yamah, and charge of pumping. W. D. McDaniel resigned.

The improvements along the division are going along merily. Shannock, Tex., has a new flouting mill and elevator built by J. E. Morgan, and a new track built to it.

Wilderado's new elevator is completed and doing a good opening business, also Vega's elevator. The county court house is under way and Mr. Owen is drilling another well in the square. Glenis is building several new houses and improving otherwise. Numbers of new barns and buildings are opening up along the line, indicating a wave of prosperity has hit the southwest anyway. It will make business and business makes money and money is what we do business with.

I noticed a little "smdgen" of a note in 47th St. line notes about why Sorghum didn't be a real fellow and come out to visit him. Well, to go at the job of making excuses would be poor business. I just could not get to it for reasons already aforesaid in last issue. Would gladly done it had I the time. Maybe "next one."

Several section foremen are getting their own motor cars for section use. Mr. Childers of Fuller has a Fairmount, Mr. McCurdy a Casy Jones, Geo. Vuras also. D. D. Gay of Glenico is in the market for a Fairmount. It begins to look as though the old handcar will have to get out and give way to a more humane way of earning a living. If the dang thing could only "raise jint's" they'd be "pippins."

Mr. Beckett, Eng. of Maint, was a pleasant visitor over this division and seemed to appreciate our efforts, even though our battle with the elements is discouraging. The work has been done and done over, but he gave us credit for what was done.

Gravel from Gravel Spur is getting to be quite noticeable along the line now, about 25 cars a week is the output and where it has been liberally applied has stood the test of the season. The New Mexico end is about overhauled and the many bad spots taken out. About Nov. 1 it will be hauled east into Texas territory. It is the life savior in a "bogg hole," and nice material to handle and not much of a weed producer.

Mr. D. Van Hecke, Supt., made a trip to El Reno on time card meeting.

Mr. as. Burrows, Ast. R. M., formerly section foreman at McLean, Tex., on Oct. 16 celebrated his silver wedding. All the family and immediate friends were in attendance. The presents in silver were grand and great numbers of them. I saw them and begorra some of them I know I couldn't work, and I've done all kinds of track work as well as all kinds of eating, but they're new ones on me. Anyway, "Jim's" got a good start in them kind of "tools" all of silver. Here's hoping you will live to double it, Mr. Burrows and Mrs. Burrows.

Mr. E. E. Baker, pumper at McLean, Tex., and his wife are visiting in southeastern Texas.

Ask Roy Rawlings of Shannock if it ever rains there, especially when there's a good picture show on.

You know I'm a pretty good shot with a gun or my mouth. But the other day Gib's bulldog, who follows every horse for half a mile, was keeping up to my horse, and I had a scheme and some "Granger" soaking. I started to line up for a shot at his eye, but it landed so nice and easy in his mouth that I gave it up, but

he done a powerful lot of gaping all of a sudden. Don't know if I "pizened" him or not.

Mr. Rockefeller, Divn. Engr. of Dalhart, als Mr. West, roadmaster, both of El Reno Divn were in Lucincari fore part of October, swapping S. H. 56 mill plates and other yarns not standard now.

ARKANSAS DIVISION.

By H. L. Howe.

Mr. W. L. Martin, operator at Wheatley, Ark., promoted Agent Heth, vice Mr. H. A. Soper, transferred.

MATRIMONIAL.

SIEBERT—YOUNG: Mr. Sigfried Siebert and Miss Clara Young were solemnly joined together in holy bonds of matrimony September 21, 1915, and are still living happily. Mr. Sigfried is clerk in Little Rock freight house. Miss Young formerly was employed in Pfeiffer's Department Store, Little Rock. We wish them all the success in the world.

REED—FISHER: Mr. H. N. Reed and Miss Lina Fisher were linked in the way no man should put asunder October 8, 1915, at Little Rock, Ark. Mr. Reed is employed at the local freight house and Miss Fisher was employed as telephone operator. We hope their years will be happy and long, and trust providence will be kind in spreading roses in their path.

Seems to be a freak of nature that like things come in bunches, and so it is in marriages, deaths and accidents. We never could understand why matrimonial notices should always appear in the same class with obituary notices, but possibly some of our newly-wedded friends can fathom this enigma. Would like to hear from the "newlyweds," as the editor stands ready to counsel with them on matters of vital importance concerning the gas bill, rental and other domestic appliances.

THE LADIES' CIRCLE.

By Violette Greye.

There is a very comely young lady in our midst who seems to be quite at ease at the present time from the fact that a certain gentleman whose name is Orlando has returned from Indiana. I am not going to mention any further names, as the guest seems to be a shining light on this manual training stuff, and I love my unbroken bones and good looks too much to have him become peeved. (But I presume he would not harm a lady.)

We wish to thank some of our worthy friends for interest they have displayed in securing and sending us news, and we appreciate it very much and will return the compliment, probably, some day by giving them a little more "personal" notice in this column.

Mr. Ray C. Wolf, Editor,
47th St. Line, Chicago.

My Dear Sir: Ah! you have called me a "shining light." I am not peeved or grieved. This is news to me that I am a "shining light." I wish you were one of my "Rays." Your little ditty signed "Chicago Slim," alias somebody else, was a very timely answer. I am of the opinion there is no question that you are confident of your convictions. Did I hear somebody say, "Criticism is the basis of advertising," or is it the chemical which assimilates the ingredients? How kind (?) of you to call me "Gray Violette." We do not raise gray violets in Arkansas; neither "blue ones." The "violets" from this state are royal purple. All you have to do is to come down here with a few million shekels and pick a whole "bouquet."

Yours for the flowery kingdom,

VIOLETTE GREYE.

Miss Edith Foster is still shining, that is was the last time we heard, in the revival services, and no doubt, as she lives close to where the revival service is being held, presume it is an easy matter to save "soles."

The steno. of chief clerk mechanical department seems to be off a fraction at the present writing, in regard to whether it will be a wife of a lawyer or engineer. Suggest the young lady write "Violette" a letter and state the case, and possibly we can give timely advice through this column in our next issue.

Mrs. Daisy Stotts has recently been employed in claim agent's office.

I heard a young man ask Mr. Reed, chief clerk to claim agent, the other day if there was

any objection to said young gentleman coming to his office and doing a little extra work during the noon hour in order to get better acquainted with certain friends.

To Mr. Pete Bennetsen:

You gave me a rose of beauty rare,
And, though I willingly took it,
I hope to return to one so fair
A work of appreciation there.
I'll keep the rose and "book it."
Now, don't you think I look it?

I'll keep the rose you gave to me,
And you may ever redeem it;
That I love roses is plain to see—
And givers, too—yes, that may be.
For you no doubt have seen it.
Now, don't you think I mean it?
—"UNO HOO."

HEARD ON THE LOCAL.

Road Foreman Booth says that the celebrated "Submarine Fish Hound" will challenge the world, and is open to all comers, provided the try-out takes place in the Ouachita Fields. "Just think of it! Presented me with a bill for pork chops fed that hound! Why, that's more than I get—sometimes."

These beautiful November days and circus fever running rampant in peoples' veins. What a life! Hey! Bing bang! Right this way, ladies and ginks. Your undivided attention for just a few moments while we endeavor to entertain your high-class minds and dispositions. We have inside one of the most wonderful attractions that has ever been presented to the human race since the dawn of history. A show for the money. A show for the little children as well as the grown-ups. Unique, novel and a marvel in his art. Tracy, the wonderful Tracy. Music, please!

Hatfield's Baseball Game—better than ever. Sufficient unto the cotton is the weevil thereof! That endless chain of a prayer is making a "Haskell Turn" again with maximum tonnage. This time it came from a southern point to a certain party, which party ordered it to be sent to our worthy station master at Little Rock. It seems, however, that eight other parties soon received the same thing, and all decided to send a copy to Mr. Smith. Of course, he was supposed to send a copy to nine friends in nine days. And he no doubt intended to do so, but nine times nine is eighty-one, and the captain soon ran out of postage. He had resolved to make a home run and maintain his high batting average, but it seems that he never even got to first base on the "ancient prayer" proposition. That he was in need of nine prayers probably goes without saying, but we, however, do not make this statement personal in any way whatever. It is merely the "consensus of opinion."

Some of our worthy "dears" who make and transcribe non-negotiable notes felt the burning fire of thirst which water quencheth not recently and soft-pedaled into ye Rexal Drug Store and ordered ye milch chocolate for dry throat. They were not camels; neither did they spin—until after said quenching. "Make it strong," said one of the "Orphingtons," and ye dispenser inserted a 20-penny steel cut into each glass. Then they did spin, but tolled not until the third hour. Selah! (Names on application.)

AMONG THE POETS.

O, sing the song of a Nutty Nutt,
Lockt in an iron cage;
His teeth are pulled and his hair is cut,
And he storms with a furious rage!
He crosses his eyes
And sometimes cries,
Then laughs with ghoulsh glee;
He often lingers
To twist his fingers,
For a Nutty Nutt is he.

—WAGNER.

O, time which maketh cranium bald
And on us ties a can.
Turn backward ere the fates!
This poor old married man.

—EL 1.

Twinkle, twinkle plug of "
How I wonder what you
B'lieve my soul that I'm a
Gimme another 10-cent

—L. W.



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INDEFINITION.

Chick—A young bird, a child.

Chicken—A flip fowl with fine feathers; a Jane who flies "down." Some chickens pick up corn, but black minorcas pick cotton. A few chickens are inclined to do their picking on Main street, but this is a violation of the live stock ordinance. Rhode Island reds are considered a very sturdy stock, but they are not up to the high standard of Rock Island reds. Ask our friend Guy Gordon of Little Rock. Some chickens are now laying for Frank Taylor, but to date he is still at large and settling claims for deceased prohibition bovines. Poultry commission offers little remuneration. Especially is this true of langshangs. Ask Arthur Niel. A chicken is easily souzed after getting its snoot wet. All are not chicks that chicker. Most men are chicken-hearted about white leg-horns. Picking a chicken is a theory, but hen-pecking is a condition. In picking a chicken one should be careful to eradicate the pin feathers; otherwise you might get "stuck" for allmory.

Prairie Chicken—A Kansas hen who has run "afowl," usually of the Wyandotte species.

Fairy Chicken—A neuter biped usually found in Chicago. Bandy reports that he has discovered one at Burr Oak.

Chicken Fancier—Most anybody but our friend Nesper.

Chicken Inspector—A file clerk.

Chicken Chowder—Curbstone twaddle of young cockerel whose brain is a nut of the chinkapin variety.

LITTLE ROCK BALLAST.

By Stoaene Clifton.

Who is "Cedar Foot"? If his "chest" is the same way, he's "mothproof." No doubt he'd make a good "Washington Post." Go west, young man!

Ho, for a heart of old "Burr Oak" and a star like "Ardmore Branch" to shine, "Krispettes" to eat until I choke, and a howl like a "Wolf" on 47th Line!

O. D. Morrow says just because a woman is a good cook is no reason why she should roast a Ford.

Many a fellow has a face like a clock and plays Orpheum "time" with it. But it's a "quarter to one" that he's in the swing on "tick."

Some fellows take the magazine home to look over and discover that they have been overlooked.

Warning! Keep lights and fires away from Rock Island Magazines. They are liable to blow up.

"THE BUTCH."

By Burke Lesley.

'Twas a blatant "Butch" that trod the aisle
(As the Limited sped a minute to mile)
With peanuts, popcorn, candy and things
Which to the "kiddlets" pleasure brings.
'Here, Butch, a daily sheet," said I.
And as the nickel caught his eye
He brightened up to make a sale,
For business on that train was stale.

We didn't like the loud-mouthed Butch—
He walked as though in need of a crutch;
He came through every quarter hour,
Which made us feel annoyed and sour.
It seemed as though each time that I
Would turn to note a passerby,
I'd pinch myself and try to smile—
'Twas only "Butch" went down the aisle.

Was that the brakeman calling "Ola"?
No, only the Butch said "Coca-cola";
And then I hearkened a baby cry—
'Twas only the Butch, with quainted eye,
Who sold a whistle to mamma's boy,
In whom was centered a devilish joy.
So ever anon my hair I'd clutch
At something pulled off by the Butch.

A sudden jar, then a rasping sound—
A lurch and jerk—and all around
Flew splinters, glass and junk galore!
Then a deaf'ning crash! I knew no more.

"Let go my arm! Please let me sleep."

"—and from out the deep,

"Is that you, Butch?
as much!"

BLUE ISLAND SHOP NEWS.

By Ed. Schneider.

Leonard Nylander deserves special mention for his earnest efforts in the handling of the foreign repair work the past month.

Edward Haack, a former employe at this point, has accepted a position with the Public Service Company at Blue Island. He has the best wishes of his numerous friends at this shop.

Victor Becca, former lumber checker, has been transferred to 47th street.

"Carrie Nation" still sticks to his original stand on that Thompson deal, even after being ejected from the "Elbow Club."

Harry Goldstein, assistant timekeeper, won the profanity contest, his nearest opponent being 33 points behind. That will cost you just 15 cents, Harry, but then look at the honor.

W. Kich took charge of the foreign work during Otto Sommerfield's enforced absence.

Harry Weiss, blacksmith, has resigned to accept a better position elsewhere.

Ferd Werner took charge of the steel gang during Frank's absence.

Wonder what the strange looking object is that Elmer is growing on his upper lip. Well, I declare, if it don't resemble a mustache.

Wonder why Frank Suchar loves the Germans, and why Leo Pabst loves the English, and why Walter Marchessault loves a certain Irish girl?

"OUR OFFICE FORCE."

Attention, friends, and you shall read
Of our clerical force, noted for their speed;
And as for accuracy, they take the prize,
For a bunch of clerks they are wondrous wise.

First we have our lady so fair,
The pretty girl with the auburn hair;
Blanche Inman is our stenographer's name,
And believe me, boys, she is some dame.

Frank Suchar is the interchange clerk,
And to him falls quite a bit of work;
It keeps him busy, this friend of ours,
Checking up defects in interchange cars.

Our file clerk, Roy Rhode, is so awful clever
That he never mislays an important letter;
He always greets you with a smile
And knows just where he puts each file.

Rob Johnson sits just across from Frank;
As an index clerk he is in the highest rank.
The numbers of cars that through interchange
go
Are indexed by him, row after row.

Albert Ryde is our accountant so fair,
Who never worries or has a care;
His accounts always look so very neat
That to look at them is quite a treat.

Not forgetting John Ritchie of baseball fame,
How he must work it is quite a shame;
He is one of the timekeepers at this shop,
And to his ability there is no stop.

Thomas McMahon we here must mention,
And to his work we will call your attention;
All of the MCB work is done here by him,
The repair cards figured so neat and trim.

We have Elmer Reynolds right by my side,
And as a material clerk he takes great pride
In keeping his account so awful neat
And adding and distributing every sheet.

Otto Gelger is a good old scout,
As head timekeeper he often balls us out;
But then you know he has the authority,
And we must stand for it though in the ma-
jority.

Our friend, Harry Goldstein, we must not forget,
The work that he does is always correct;

Assistant timekeeper is the title he goes by,
And everyone concerned his work does satisfy.

And Dave McKillip with the same occupation,
Believe me, boys, he earns his vacation.
He handles the Shop orders day after day,
And gets out his distribution and files it away.

With Waldemar Kich, I had some time
Trying to get something with Kich to rhyme;
Why not have an easy name like Otto Geiger,
Now that rhymes easy with Edward Schneider.

General Foreman Davis has a chief clerk
And his name is Oliver Burk;
Marchessault and Lamore we here include—
To leave them out would be very rude.

And now friends, if the above you have read,
You will have to agree I have done as I said.
I have shown you what the clerks here do,
And for reading same, I thank you.

Understand that one of the boys contributing items from one of the points on the Chicago Terminal got himself into trouble by a write-up he gave a certain party at his respective station. As this is a very uncalled for incident, I have taken the liberty to express my opinion of this matter. I don't believe that anyone contributing news to this magazine ever included anything just for the express purpose of belittling or holding to ridicule a fellow workman, and if in anyway one should be offended, let the offended party speak up and I am sure, all of us are willing to make retribution for same.

Hatfield's Baseball Game—better than ever. Otto Sommerfeld, foreign inspector, has returned to work after having been laid up with an operation for appendicitis. At the present writing, he is getting along nicely, and everyone at 124th street unite in wishing him a speedy recovery of his good health.

Nearly all of the former steel workers are now located at Pullman. Dinger, Brown, Phillips and McAlister are some of them.

Matt Schroeder, mill hand, resigned to accept better position in Chicago. Best of luck, Matt. Ardmore, Okla., has the sympathy of 124th street in their recent disaster, and may it become more prosperous than ever in the future.

"Seven Modern Wonders of the World."

Burr Oak Bill Clerks.
124th Street Shop Baseball Team.
Herrington, Kansas, Flash Lights.
Silvis Shop's Glee Club.
Rock Island Monthly Muddle.
Burr Oak's Barnacles.
47th Street Shop's Flea Club.

We were glad to note that Joe Gettenbauer has joined the ranks of editors. Welcome to our midst, Joe.

It's funny, we haven't seen anything in the 47th street line about Jim Fineron lately.

Yes, Oliver Burk sure is some inventor, his latest invention being a Bull Protector. This is by far the greatest invention of the modern world. Anyone interested may get information about same by getting in touch with Mr. Burk, here at 124th street.

Was advised that Bill Haskell met with an accident while working at Bettendorf, Iowa. Someone dropped a coupler on his foot. You have our sympathy, Bill. But remember, Safety First.

More Truth Than Fiction.

When you get to heaven there will be those whom you will be surprised to see, but they will be just as surprised to see you.

Plain graft is sometimes falsely labeled "Financial Success."

The most certain thing in life is the uncertainty.

Herman Schwachow, blacksmith foreman, and fire chief at this point, attended the annual convention of the Fire Prevention Bureau, at the La Salle Hotel in Chicago, on October 5th, 6th and 7th. He advises us that there were sixty-one railroads represented at this meeting. On Tuesday, Oct. 6th, a banquet was given which all the fire chiefs attended.

I see by the papers that the King of England is contemplating resignation if England doesn't win this war. Leo Pabst has advised us that if that is the case, the Kaiser is contemplating being the King of England, because it is but a question of time before Germany will crush all her enemys, and as a parting shot, Leo says, "Hoch the Kaiser."

Friday evening, Oct. 15th (yes it was payday), Sid Payne, Fred Senior, Stanley Fay and Jimmie Warren were seen all dolled up, leaving for Chicago. Early Saturday morning the same

JOE TINKER

MANAGER OF WORLD'S CHAMPIONS 1915
FINDS

HATFIELD'S Parlor Base Ball

very interesting and instructive. You will find it the same—it is the real game—base ball at its best—the one game that brings out all the thrilling situations which has made the national pastime so popular—played with 60 cards on a miniature diamond—8 plays on a card—60 cards to the deck—480 plays to the deck—over a million combinations. You don't have to be a fan to enjoy the game—played solitaire or by any even number—attractively boxed it makes an ideal Christmas gift—Invented by a railroad man and dedicated to railroad men—nothing like it in all the world.

50c SENT POSTPAID ANYWHERE FOR **50c**

Agents Wanted—Big Profits

We are engaging agents everywhere to sell this game. They are making big money—KING KINNEY, a former railroad man, averages \$12 a day in Chicago—you can do the same. Write for our agency proposition—"Use the brains God gave you" and send 50c for a game anyway.

EVERY TRAVELING MAN should have one of Hatfield's games—JUST FITS IN YOUR GRIP.

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Wear a
SINGER
UNIFORM
you ought to**

**DON'T MISS
OUR MAN
—he is look-
ing for you.**

**WRITE US if you
DON'T SEE HIM
on your Division.
"SINGER UNI-
FORMS" are
STANDARD in
everything and cost
no MORE.**



A. L. SINGER & CO.

172 West Adams Street

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

party arrived back home. Now the question arises, where did they go? Explanations are in order.

Elbow Club Expels Member.

One of the most influential members of the Elbow Club was expelled October 7th, by a vote of over two-thirds of the members, for breaking one of the rules of the organization. This instance shows that no matter how high a member stands in the estimation of his fellow men, under no conditions can he break any of the rules pertaining to the fundamental principals of this glorious organization.

Welcome Thirsty Chicagoan.

Since Thompson made Chicago dry, Where will our thirsty friends spend the day? "Ish Ka Bibble," they all cry, Blue Island is but 16 miles away.

Blue Island is the place to dine— There they still sell beer and wine; The street car fare is but a dime, And there you sure can have some time.

On Oct. 15th, John Edgar, paint foreman at this shop, celebrated his 32nd anniversary of his employment by the Rock Island. He started to work for the Rock Island in 1883, at 47th Street Shop, Chicago. Since that time he has seen continuous service with this railroad, serving as car painter, road painter and the last years paint foreman. John has given the Rock Island the best years of his life, and we all hope that he will continue to serve in his present position and enjoy his good health for many more years to come.

Main Office Wins Championship.

On October 15th, the teams representing our office and the time office respectively, played a three-game series of horseshoes for the championship of 124th street. The main office easily took the first two games:

	1st Game.	2nd Game.
Main Office	21	21
Time Office	16	7

Batteries: McMahon, Goldstein, Marchessault and Burk.

Time: 12:10 P. M.

Weather Conditions: Fair.

Condition of Field: Fast.

Place: Highland Yard.

Attendance: 11.

BURR OAK TRANSFER.

By Bandy.

Brother Schneider's joke last issue on our editor caused Rudy Storz to double up with laughter. Now we are sorry for Rudy, if that will cause him such agony each month. Try a blackberry, Storz, it may help.

Following from Yardmaster, Pocatello, Idaho: "Why is it Nick Crossland always has low score each month?" Friend Nick is a BILL clerk, he is not aware that there's a booby prize for high errors; the other boys think there is. They will wake up some day, we're thinking.

Wanted: One able news solicitor, sex not particular, and not afraid to work—good hours. Inquire Bandy.

Herman Anderson says: "Bandy he is no futurist, but a humorist." Yes, and some say he is worser yet.

During September the Burr Oak machine billers billed a total of 43,950 tallies and made a total of 245 errors in connection with advances, prepaid, items, destinations, car references, block number, consignees, consignors, weights, routes and notations. This makes an average rate on errors of .56 of one per cent, or one error in 179 tallies billed, a favorable average record considering the rush in which our billing has to be put out. The best record was made by Bill Clerk Crossland, who billed 8,519 tallies and made but 19 errors, or a rate of .22 of one per cent, or one error in each 455 tallies billed.

Ed, old boy, who helped you with that shot you fired at me? Old stuff, hey! Gol darn it, some old stuff now and then is pretty good. How about Sunday closing in Chicago? Old stuff! Bet you read St. John's Almanac your-

self to get next to how to reduce weight, for instance. Oh, well, I know you're true blue. Nickt var, mine friend?

IF'S.

If Butts Groskopf is fish, is Ed. Herrington? If Mable Fay's "Remington" is on the hum-ber is Bertha DeChene's?

If Rudy Storz comes to work with a big head, has Carl Groskopf?

If Geo. Smith is (—!—!—!) is Bill Boldt?

During September, our freight truckers averaged 18.8 tons moved per man per day in their work. Our platform is 700 feet long and our out-bound setting takes the whole length of the platform, and considering the average distance each load is trucked, we think the above record is good, in fact, it is the highest record per man per day ever secured at this station. Our truckers unload the freight in cars under supervision of and with help of stevedores.

Hatfield's Baseball Game—better than ever.

Clifford Longfellow has joined a newly organized fraternity called "Della Gamma Della." Not being versed well enough in Greek we are unable to diagnose the name. Presume it's the same as a "Cradle Roll" class in a Sunday School. Yes?

Dan Henrici, our jolly O. S. & D. clerk, has the following to offer: "Don't care, Bandy, what 124th St. says about you. What have they over there? Nothing but a bunch of 'bad orders.'" Watch 'em, Stanley.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It's a waste of the other fellow's time when you talk foolish. No comments.

Laugh at a fool and he imagines you are laughing with him. ('Tis true.)

Always put off until tomorrow the revenge you could accomplish today. (Yes, if done, it certainly would be fine.)

Good behavior may be old-fashioned, but you never heard of it getting a man into trouble (Try it.)

MEMORIES.

Jolly Jim Fuller, he bet on the Sox;

To Tom Cruger he lost a fine fifty in a box.

Says Jim to Tom: "Bet they finish one, two."

Says Tom to Jim: "I got you, easy, ooh!"

The finish we've seen; so Jim came acrost.

We sympathize with you, Jim, because you lost

Then—

Says Jim to Tom: "How about the city series

I got a hunch, I've made inquiries.

Just a few cigars on this game we'll bet."

So to get even both put up, but nothing wet

Tom came across with the smokes for Jim.

Now Jim's smoking what he claims was a good

win.

As a rule all our help take off their hats

while at work, except Henry Rack. How.

Heine, why it 'tis, is it? Explain yourself or

show yourself. We mean your dome.

We had an awful shock last month when we

thought we were being honored with a visit

by our friend of the screen, Charlie Chaplin

After setting our optics we discovered it to be

C. C. Mapes, with a week's growth on his upper

lip. 'Twas like him to a tee, but it (on his

lip) did not last after the joshing got going.

MATRIMONIAL SETBACKS.

If a woman is willing to listen to a man it usually because she has no more talk to unload

(That's straight—loud attire naturally speaks

for itself, and that's a woman.) Anyway, the

average woman knows as much about things

political as a man does about the pacification

of a crying baby.

If a woman can't have her way otherwise,

why she may procede to faint.

A woman can do a thing she doesn't want

to without making impritable remarks, but

few men can do likewise. (In some cases this

may be true.)

What is it they call those bands the girls are

wearing 'round their heads? When they had

them 'round their neck we knew—at least one

young lady found out at the theater. Remem-

ber, girlie!

Yours truly had the honor to visit a certain

young party of our office who had just been

"hooked" for life. How much they remind you

of tennis. Such beautiful names they coo at

one another. It certainly puts an old married

man back "forty love."

Some good shows now going on downtown—Chicago:

"It Pays to Advertise,
"The Only Girl,"
with
"The Passing Show of 1915,"
and
"Kick In,"
"Polly Anna,"
"Inside the Lines."

Beats all that a man—married at that—must write a postal to himself so as to be sure he can get away to attend a banquet. Did it work, Gus?

What's the noise about a morning ride with the milkman? Is it a new taxi ride? No wonder the housewives complained account delay in receiving their morning's milk.

When Harry Watts was cutting down the weeds on the west side of our office for a path how much he looked like "Old Father Time" when he scythed for more work. Easy, Harry.

Wonder how the telephone operator downtown likes the voice of our men folks. We understand she can imitate some of our boys to perfection. Ever meet any of them?

Mr. Gus Anderson, switchman on the "Rouse-ta-bout" gang, recently went fishing up to Lake City, Minn. He returns with an awful story that he caught 1,500 lbs. of fish and that he started to ship six carloads of buttons to Germany. What we desire to know is, Who got the fish and where did the buttons come from?

YARD OFFICE DOPE.

Strange how a good railroad man will misread a time card. Now, Culber, you knew there was no seven-fifteen on Sundays. Why did you do it? Was it a stall on your part? And to disappoint the young lady that way!

Wm. Moulter has been promoted to house seal clerk, vice Leo Jenkinson, resigned.

Why does Claude Harvey wear his \$250 ring over his glove when out walking? His 9-cent tie pin he keeps well under cover. Now for an ankle bracelet and wrist watch, and you will be up to date, Claude, and bound for KKK.

Gerald Detrick is making use of the spare room at the "out-freight" by taking boxing lessons. Who the teacher is we're not wise to, but someone has been hinting its Jess Willard. Why these lessons, Deek? In bad with someone?

Culbert Harvey has been transferred to the in-freight nights, vice Wm. Woulter, reinstated as house sealer at transfer.

47TH STREET LINE.

Ray C. Wolf, Editor-in-Chief.

Fred Fasold, Assistant Editor.

OUR MOTTO—LIVEN THE MAGAZINE AT ANY COST.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Sunday in Chicago now reminds many of the boys here of the unhappy days spent in Kansas, North Dakota and other states of the dry species. The old game of "Chasing the Blind Pig" has been introduced and from all indications is bound to become popular here.

Why is it that Motorcycle Mike, when he goes to the restaurant each noon insists upon having a clean white napkin served to him for his greasy overalls? Not that we care, but some of our friends might like to know.

Quite a few of the apprentice boys joined in a social at the Campbell home on Wabash avenue the other evening, and from all reports they had a splendid time. The most disappointed one in the crowd was Young Scotty when he had to leave.

BEAR STORIES, S. TO S.

We cannot understand what ails Red White here of late. He used to tell us a great story of his adventures about once a week, but recently he has been mum. What's the matter, Red? You know what we mean, dogs, sharks, etc.

VERY ORIGINAL.

A new club has been originated at the 47th St. shops known as the "Non-Progressive Order of Goofs." The new venture was launched last month by the following men of the shop

"I Buy 'em by the Buckle"

I just make sure that the word PRESIDENT is there—that means I get the real, original



Shirley President Suspenders

The kind that keep your shoulders free for work or play. **50¢**

and give you solid comfort, style and long service. No imitation can fool you if you make sure that PRESIDENT is on the buckles. It's on the red-striped "money-back" ticket, too. You'll get the biggest 50 cents' worth of suspender-satisfaction if you just Remember PRESIDENT!

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER CO. SHIRLEY, MASS.

Look for  on the Buckle

MEET ME AT THE TULLER **For Value, Service Home Comforts**



NEW HOTEL TULLER
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Center of business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward Car, get off at Adams Ave.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

200 Rooms, Private Bath, Single	\$1.50	Double	\$2.50
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100 " " " " "	2.50	"	4.00
100 " " " " "	3.00 to 5.00	"	4.50

TOTAL 600 OUTSIDE ROOMS
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Two Floors—Agents' Sample Rooms **New Unique Cafes and Cabaret Exellente**

Don't Pump Your Life Away

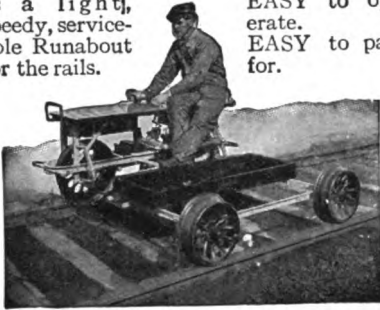
on a Hand Car or a Velocipede when you can ride in an Automobile.

The No. 2 ROCKFORD CAR

is a light,
speedy, service-
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SIMPLE in Construction.

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MURPHY XLA ROOFS

No roof boards to burn
or blow off. Never
break or tear, as sheets
are not nailed. Reduces
dead weight of car, as
well as cost of repairs.
Half million now in
service.

STANDARD RAILWAY EQUIPMENT CO.

New York

Chicago

New Kensington, Pa.

who appointed themselves temporary officers: E. B. Smith, president; Jerry Connell, vice president; E. B. Kephart, secretary; Hugh McClory, treasurer. The principle for which the club stands is the uplifting of any brother who is about to leave our midst for other parts unknown and to cheer him on his way. Their motto is:

Our faces can be seen,

Where bone-headedness reigns supreme.

TURN ON THE LIGHT.

Hamilton Park, Take Notice.

In reading the different items from along the system, we find that in most cases where a marriage notice appears, the editor refers to the "Good Ship Matrimony," "The ever inviting Greyhound," "The blissful sea of happiness," and other such terms. Why jolly ourselves in that way when in reality it is just the same as coupling a large freight engine on to a long string of cars on a balmy evening, to start on its journey. Everything goes lovely so long as the track is clear, plenty of supplies on hand and the weather fine, but don't forget there are many curves in the road of life, many storm clouds that must eventually burst and cause discomfort to the crew and the further you travel from your terminal the more monotonous the trip becomes. Let's put things in their true light, for it is far better to look at the dark side first, for then when the brightness comes it will be all the more appreciated.

Gazok No. 13.

GOING UP.

It has been brought to our attention that some of the shop men are taking up the art of aviation as a pastime after working hours. From reports on file we find that Bro. Lane, accompanied by his mechanic, Fred Dougherty, made a very spectacular flight a few days ago and descended unharmed in the midst of a large crowd of admirers. What makes this flight so noteworthy is the fact that it was made almost in the heart of the city and we feel certain that if the boys continue their flying they will no doubt come before the eye of the public and achieve great fame.

By E. D. Shupert:

Here's to the gay bachelor's life,

And may he live until he takes a wife.

Note—It is rumored about that Mr. Shupert is slated as the next deserter from the Gazok Local No. 13.

PRINTED BY THREAT.

Frend Wolf: I never dont see nothin in the mag in your colum bout yu some of the Fellos in the shop have asked me why this is and why i dont write somthing bout yu and to pleeese theese fellos i want yu to put in the folloing and if Yu dont i will send it to Violette greye on the arkansaw divn & she will give yu an awful bawlin out for what yu rote bout her last month & telling her she is an Arkansaw product. thats a joke. They dont have products in arkansaw. the trains dont move fast enough do yu see the joke their. Well what i wanted yu to put in this month was that yu was saw out to blue island, that hole in the earth where schneider & Logman & dougherty and that gerl yu was saw with lives. yu was saw at the theatr & it is only a dime show and because the fello what took your tickets at the door he liked yur gerl he let yu in on the first floor insted of putting yu in the balcony because the balcony was empty & the first floor was crowded and they like to have people in the balcony & yu was sawed by fred Dougherty but if somebody else didnt see yu we would never belevee that yu wood go out to that their place cause we now Fred Dougherty and we kno he lives out theer and comes in to work every mornin and all the fellos know him & they told me about him & i know him to. he told me who the gerl was & where she lives in b. i. and where she works & she comes into Chi every mornin to go to work & she rides with a gerl by the name of egan what lives in Blue is. & comes to work every morning sometimes to in chi & works to the telegraf office & this gerl yu kno dont work for the R. I. but she used to so shes alrite & howard logman the fello with the funny walk from Blue Isle comes in to work nearly every mornin when he works on

the train with them & he knos her & he says she is lookin extremely exteem or somthin like that to make her think he is funny or maybe cause he likes her & she likes him to make her think hes funny cause he is & he comes from that there place. howard told me and some other fello that she was a nice gerl & maybe i will tri & see her & if she likes me maybe she wont like howard & yu and maybe if yu go out to Blue island again to see her yu will see her with me. then maybe you will fire me as yur sistant & i will start a colum of my own & get logman to help me cause hes funny & lives in Blue Isle. Anyhow i kno yu kno this gerl & yu see her somtims and i heard that yu like her & do yu think that she likes yu or are yu just goin out there cause yu like the streets in B. i. or somethin like that or cause yu kno this gerl. & I kno the gerls name but i wont menshun it now cause then sombody besides me would kno it & mite tri & see her & then she mite not like me & mite still lik yu & Howard. And i know that yu kno marie Donoavn from B. I. the girl yu said was a plate frend of this feller Muir that used to wear the funny little mustach cause howard told me & howard told me that he found out that this marie knos this gerl yu kno & they ride home at nite on the 515 & tell funny storiess & laugh & laugh so much they make evrbdy laugh in the car & sometimes they get somthin from sombody cause they made them laugh & a fello told them they took the prize as laughin hynes & gave them a box of candy or som gum howard dont kno which. Yu dont have to put all this in the mag if yu dont want to but if yu dont i will send it to the gerl yu rote bout in arkansaw or maybe i will send it to blue island where you go to see the gerl & tell schneider to put it in & then he will kno yu go to blue isle & he mite see yu & wanto play baseball.

yur Sistant editor

Fred Fasold.

Now our friend Leo Hogan is raising a mustache and is getting his regular share of the kidding. I think it also interferes with his indoor ball playing, as he can't hold the ball after catching it.

LADIES, ARISE.

Wonder when Floyd Passwater is going to get married? He is the last of the younger generation of apprentices who have served their time in this shop to withstand the offerings of the fair sex.

GIRLS AGAIN OR YET.

That little article in last month's edition regarding Miss Marie Donovan of Blue Island has brought loads of criticism down upon me. This time it comes from numerous people and places. Some bright H. P. wit called me up and informed me that if I would journey to Harvey, Ill., in the afternoon of a certain day I would see Miss Marie Mortell in her wedding regalia, and he said she was some B. I. belle. Mr. Howard Logman gently informed me that if I would let him act as my guide he would show me plenty of Blue Island girls that were pretty enough to frame. Mr. Fred Dougherty would like to hold a voting contest for the B. I. girls and choose by popular opinion. However, I know a very pretty girl in B. I. and I need no guide to find her or any voting contest to prove it.

Watch 'em, Geiger.

MUM'S THE WORD.

We are sorry to announce the fact that Bro. Jeffrey, one of the recent converts, and a popular young machinist of the back shop, has left the Rock Island employ. Since his marriage, some of the boys in the shop have taken it upon themselves to notify his wife regarding his doings at work. They told her that each noon hour he would carefully throw his lunch, which she had so carefully prepared, into the drop pit and then saunter across to the restaurant for his meal. Mr. Jeffrey has now cast his lot with the C. J. Ry. and he firmly vows that hereafter he shall have nothing to say to any of the men about his affairs. We wish him all the luck in the world, as we feel that we are losing a good friend and the Rock Island a good employe.



Look for the Watch with the Purple Ribbon

When a man's job depends upon his watch he *must* be sure

No leeway or guess-work is allowed—his watch must be on-the-dot. That's why so many Railroad men carry South Bend Studebaker Railroad watches—they give that kind of accuracy. They are built with the precision that assures accurate time not only for a week or a month, but *for a life-time*.

THE South Bend Studebaker RAILROAD WATCH

With every watch is given a 5-year guarantee—pictured above—against time changes. If the time requirements of your Road change—or any Road you go to—we make your Studebaker conform to the new requirements, or give you a new watch that will.

Movements Only

16 Size—17 J.—5 pos.	\$28.00
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Fitted to your own case if desired

See these watches at your jewelers or inspectors.

Write today for 68-page book, "How and why own a South Bend Watch."

South Bend Watch Co.

3411 Studebaker Street
South Bend, Ind.

FROZEN IN ICE
KEEPS PERFECT TIME



HAM AND EGG FEAST.

We understand that Bro. Jerry Connell has been stopping off on his way home at his "Grandmother's" place and she celebrated her 75th birthday a few days ago. Jerry says she sure can cook ham and eggs and expects to board with her in the near future.

VILLAGE GOSSIP.

It is rather funny to see the worthy brothers, just before the news goes to press, coming around and almost begging you not to write them up in the column. How about it, Adlair? Give the booster the chance to make good and watch him fade away.

A bachelor girl is sometimes an old maid who is ashamed to admit it. A little fish in a small puddle imagines that he is big.

Are you making any special effort to improve each day? Are you advancing along your line of work—growing into a bigger one? Do you work while you work and play while you play, or do you carry your social gayeties and happenings into your work of the next day, and so slight the duties of the office or home?

Are you anxiously awaiting the hour when you can quit and go home to prepare an evening's amusement?

Hatfield's Baseball Game—better than ever.

Are you the kind who says, "I give my time when I am there, and that is all I'm paid for; if they think I am going to give all my thought to their business they are very much mistaken"?

If you belong to the above classes you are doomed to be a fourth-rater all your life.

The prospect does not please you? Then jump into your work with your whole heart. Do not divide your thoughts. Give your work undivided attention. It will go faster and be done better, and thereby you will gain the respect of your superiors, and when the time comes for advancement you will be in line and much more likely to realize your ambitions.

Keep your mind on your work.

There are numerous other people in the shop about whom we will write and the reason we did not get them in this month was on account of the rush of other items. Messrs. Joe Godfrey, Jim Harrigan, E. B. Smith, Alabama, Adlair Loy, Scotty McConnochie and his canary birds and some few others. It is coming, boys, so just be patient.

Bro. James Harrigan became a little bit peeved over the watch chain item which appeared in last month's edition. We're in the game to win, Jim, and are willing to call all bets
Fred Fasold.

IN THE COLD GRAY DAWN.

I dreamed that I dwelt on an isle of cracked ice,
In the midst of a lake of champagne,
Where bloomed the mint juleps in meadows of green,

Amid showers of lithia rain.

I reclined on a divan of lager beer foam,
With a pillow of froth for my head,
While the spray from a fountain of sparkling gin fizz
Descended like dew on my bed.

From far away mountains of crystalline ice,
A zephyr, refreshing and cool,
Came wafting the incense of sweet muscatel,
That sparkled in many a pool.

My senses were soothed by the soft purling song,
Of a brooklet of pousse-cafe,
That rippled along over pebbles of snow,
To a river of absinthe frappe.

Then, lulled by the music of tinkling glass,
From the schooners that danced on the deep,
I dreamily sipped a highball or two,
And languidly floated asleep.

And then I awoke on a bed of rocks,
With a bolster as hard as a brick,
A wrench in my neck, a rack in my head,
And a stomach detestably sick.

With sand in my eyes, and grit in my throat.
Where the taste of last evening still clung,
And felt a bath towel stuffed in my mouth,
Which I afterward found was my tongue.

And I groped for the thread of the evening before,

In a mystified maze of my brain,
Until a great light burst upon me at last,
I'm off on the wagon again.

Wonder how Schneider and Bandy are getting along with their war? When Germans get together then look out for culture, as B. L. T. so aptly puts it.

Marriage business rather dull at 47th St. lately. Nobody getting married and it seems nobody is thinking of it.

MIRACLES NEVER CEASE.

(By Request.)

Mr. Schneider of B. I. has claimed the baseball championship of the world. Wonder if he means the championship for accumulating baseballs and bats from the opposing teams. Have heard from numerous parties that the teams they have played usually are shy balls and bats after the B. I. team has left.



ELDON, MISSOURI, NEWS.

The fifth Safety First meeting on the St. Louis Division for the year 1915 was held at Eldon September 28th, District Safety Inspector D. B. Lofthian conducting same, quite a large number attending.

E. J. Harris, formerly master mechanic of the St. Louis Division and now acting mechanical superintendent of the Second District, was a caller at the office, and all the boys were glad to see him and wish him much success in his new position.

Agent C. O. Mennell at this point and W. H. Slinkman, file clerk, attended the Sedalia Fair, which was held at Sedalia, Mo., just recently, and while there purchased two Saxon automobiles. Mr. Mennell gets the new Saxon Six, which is a five-passenger touring car, and Bill gets the new Saxon roadster. Both cars are fully equipped, having electric lights and starter. Bill says a two-seated car is all he needs at present, but intends later on, if nothing unforeseen happens, to get a seven-passenger. You know, Bill is on the verge of matrimony. We say verge, as Bill hasn't quite got his courage up yet.

A. G. Douglas, who has been acting as relief dispatcher on the El Paso Division at Dalhart, Tex., has returned to Eldon and is again holding down the job as day operator here. We are all glad to see Dug back in the fold again.

Mrs. J. H. Halley, wife of Timekeeper J. H. Halley, was called to Nashville, Tenn., by the death of her brother, Mr. J. U. Rust.

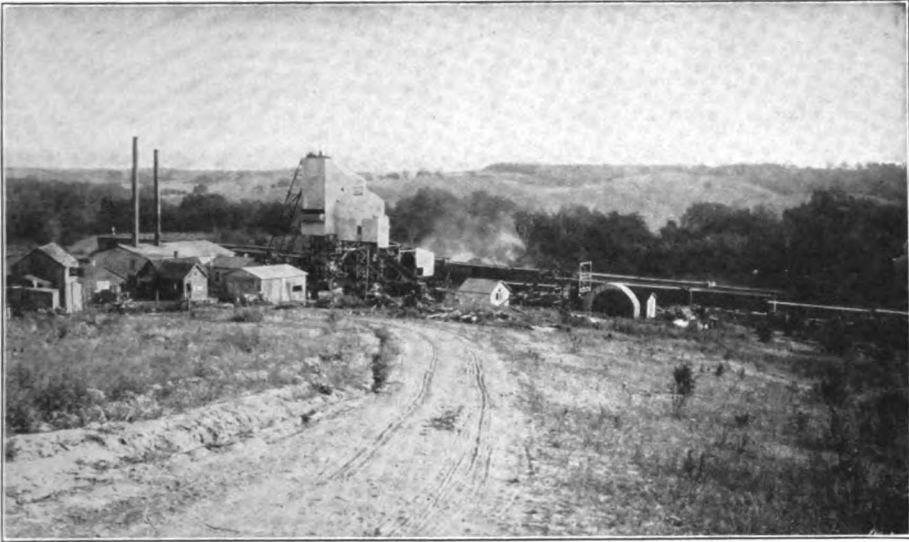
The heating plant at the depot at this point has been thoroughly overhauled and new boiler and piping system installed. This was done on account of so many of the office boys getting cold feet last winter, which seriously affected their efficiency in having to stand up to do their work in order to keep circulation up.

The second party of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which is taking valuation of structures, buildings and fixtures, is now going over the division, and recently reached as far west as Eldon. This is the second party, the party taking valuation of right-of-way, roadbed and track being completed a few months ago. This second party expects to arrive at Kansas City, completing the St. Louis Division, within the next 30 or 40 days. Mr. Worley is in charge for the commission, and Mr. H. M. Stone is representing the Rock Island Railway.

L. B. Naylor, secretary to assistant general manager at Topeka, Kans., dropped in to see the boys the other day and incidentally made the statement that he was going fishing at Argyle, Mo., for a few days. We haven't seen Lou since then and are wondering what success he was favored with. Will somebody please interview the gentleman.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Gunter and two lady friends went fishing at Salline Creek a few days ago, and, according to "Deacon," met with excellent success, hooking twelve bass and two Jack salmon, a total catch of ten pounds, in

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DES MOINES, IOWA

about one and a half hours' fishing in one hole. We don't see how "Deacon" could catch so many fish with so many ladies along.

Trainmaster J. S. Jones and Road Foreman of Equipment W. Elrath held a class meeting with train and engineers at Eldon September 26th. Mr. Jones during the meeting brought out very strong the Safety First question and the matter of O. S. & D's on the St. Louis Division, quoting figures for the month of July. Mr. McElrath spoke at length on fuel performance, lubrication, air pressure and matter of smoke violations in Kansas City, Mo.

Here is a little example of "A Nickel a Day," and is, all in all, quite a remarkable performance. Conductor J. H. Dungan is at the present time carrying a lantern that has been in continuous service, with the exception of a few trips, since 1902, he having secured the frame in April of that year and the globe in November, 1903. John says it gives just as good service as it did when he first got it, and is just as good as a new one.

Night Operator H. S. Bolander, more lovingly known as "Baby Bo" on account of his extreme avoirdupois, is feeling quite pert lately, just having won a ten spot on the world's baseball series, placing his money on Carrigan's Red Sox. The performance of the Phillies, however, made "Bo" perspire quite freely once or twice on account of the close scores. Last year "Bo" lost everything, including his dignity, on the White Elephants, who, he says, were very punk.

The wedding bells are again ringing. Another one of the boys has went and got married. Our old standby, Clyde Gunter, was married to Miss Stella Smith, evening of October 16th, by Rev. Rector, at the groom's newly furnished home in Eldon, and will go to housekeeping immediately. Clyde has been holding down the job as day operator at Eldon for some time, but is better known as the "chicken car" distributor, being car distributor in the chief dispatcher's office for quite a while. Here is wishing you and your bride many happy and prosperous years of wedded bliss. Don't forget the cigars, as all the boys are still flirting with Lady Nicotine.



Hamilton Park Krispettes.

By Essanbee.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting. Therefore we shall endeavor to promulgate in language beneficent to us all, injecting therein the enthusiasm, interest and everlasting desire to peruse our column, not only for the sake of entertainment, but for the pleasure derived therefrom. Au revoir!

King Kinney, our past master in the art of editing, has pronounced his recent acceptance of general sales and advertising manager for Harry Hatfield's. Parlor baseball game, which many of us have played and heard so much about last winter, and many a long night was spent with plenty of enjoyment, and many dull evenings, gave unbounded pleasures, while indulgence in this game was under full sway. It is therefore very interesting to the red-blooded sportsman to learn that Harry has engaged the services of so illustrious a personage as the King to cover the land broadcast with his wonderful invention, which has so greatly relieved the monotony on many evenings, especially when the weather was inclined to be miserable.

On Saturday, October 14th, a large number of friends surprised Joe Stansfield at his home. The large number—and a big bunch at that—came to celebrate with Joe the anniversary of his young birthday. Suppose you don't know Joe had just turned the budding number of 21, which gives him a permit to vote. Mrs. Stansfield arranged the party and made an everlasting impression when it comes to knowing how and what to serve on occasions of this kind. Besides displaying her splendid entertaining ability, the bunch was treated to a delicious banquet. In the wee small hours of the morning when the guests departed they knew when they had a good time. Congratulations, Joe.

Ben Hillman is once again breaking the alleys with the 16-lb. cannon ball at one of the popular South Side halls. Wishing you luck, Ben, and

hang up a record that Jimmy Smith can look at and ponder.

Miss Lindeman, our new acquaintance, is sporting a beautiful diamond ring. Evidently engaged. How about it, girls?

Miss Margaret Cole of rate department was reported to us as being a very interesting young lady. However, we have not secured the promised interview for this number, but expect to have some high-class topic discussed with the aforementioned miss in our next issue.

After much debating, arguing and good-humored discussion the Rangers, represented by Bitzer, Foster, Morrissey and Balun, met and conquered the O'Learys in a match bowling tournament at Metcalf's alleys. The O'Learys were well backed by the unbeaten combinations, Foss and Fitz, also Theim and Thompson, after a long endurance test of eight games. However, on the following week, October 22nd, the same squads met and fought a bitter battle until the end of eight games before a decision was rendered in favor of the O'Learys by one pin, this being the freakish part of the exhibition of that evening. To give you an idea of the contest we have the scores as registered:

RANGERS.

	Games.	Wcn.	Lost.	Av'ge.	High score.
Bitzer	16	8	8	207	246
Foster	16	8	8	197	262
Morrissey ..	16	8	8	189	217
Balun	16	8	8	193	211

O'LEARYS.

	Games.	Won.	Lost.	Av'ge.	High score.
Foss	16	8	8	201	249
Fitz	16	8	8	191	226
Theim	16	8	8	190	237
Thompson ..	16	8	8	189	209

As the winter season approaches we shall continue our sports mostly indoors, and it has been suggested to institute a regular league of indoor ball with schedule of about three games a week at the various parks, to continue through the winter, and play for a championship or prize. As the majority rules, so it will be, and the sooner we get busy the better. So commence organizing, as it will give the boys a chance at exercise and pleasure besides. We understand the vacant space adjacent to our office can be used for practice at noontime.

The A. P. T. contemplates forming a track team for the winter. Possibly we can produce material for the Olympic Games. So get in line and start at the post on time.

"Battles" Revolver has settled the rising ambition of a promising card recently when "Pedals" Busono thrashed hay with Ralph Lemmon by interceding at the prompt stage of the encounter and saving Ralph a rising vote of thanks for his willingness in his endeavor to recede. Good luck next time, Ralph. You are a little off form.

Billy Leonard, we give you the dope straight, and have this to remark: A certain young fellow in your vicinity has complained about interference with a particular young lady, and, as he naturally stated his case, we believe no jealousy exists; but do be careful, Bill. How is the report. "Lady Editor" quotes this news.

Walker Smith had embarked in the confectionery business, but, as he has disposed of his stock, will someone kindly notify Gabe to apply with a large auto truck to make the haul, and otherwise appropriate much fuel for the winter. How did you do it, Walker? Raffle tickets, trading stamps or tobacco coupons?

When it's the "movies" that's discussed Imogene thinks there is no one like Mary Pickford. Correct you are, and we also think Mary has no peer.

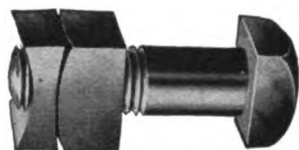
We have with us now the charming Mrs. McCullough from Harvey, Ill. Bet you can't guess the "alias" formerly.

Miss Seigler and Lynn de Crow were very much contrary during recent Cub-Sox series, and the result was candy in the evening. Guilty Miss Seigler says we will get Lynn napping next year and square up.

Miss Bertha Hegelund and the unknown party only described as tall and athletic from 31st and Wood intend to sneak over into Crown Point this fall and take a chance. Nothing like it, they say; and, besides, the year shows

WRITE IT RIGHT!

"BOSS" LOCK NUTS



When you specify don't say "Lock Nuts"—but "Write it Right"—put it down this way:—



"BOSS" LOCK NUTS



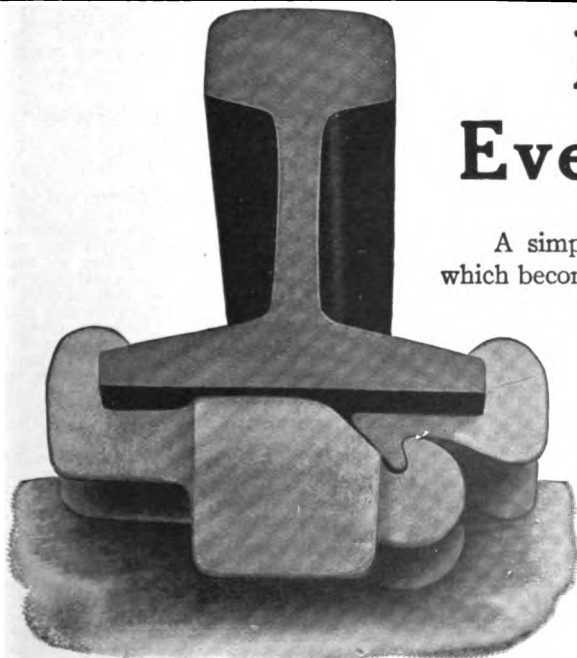
Why not investigate and learn why nearly one hundred Railways, Private Car Lines and Industrial Corporations are using Millions of "BOSS" Lock Nuts annually?

BOSS NUT COMPANY

RAILWAY EXCHANGE, CHICAGO

In Use Everywhere

A simple and efficient anti-creeper;
which becomes more effective the longer
it is in service; being made
of malleable iron, it will
last the life of the rail,
and be capable of success-
ful re-application.



THE P. & M. COMPANY

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Chicago . . . 223 West Jackson Blvd.	Toronto . . . 14 Manchester Bldg.
San Francisco, Postal Telegraph Bldg.	Winnipeg . . . 400 Hammond Bldg.
St. Joseph, Mo. . . Saxton Bank Bldg.	Montreal, Room 500, 489 St. Paul St.

quite a number have taken the leap. Good luck, Bertie; don't forget to tip us off.

Somebody surely can play the game of "raffles" and get away with it. Who can unravel the mystery of lost umbrella in mail room recently, causing owner to skip home in the wet? Come on, Sherlocko; your day has come. Joe Dvorak has become a disciple of the "watchful waiting cult," and most any afternoon you will see Joe on this particular corner of office building, the same one always, "watchfully waiting" for some young lady, and his waiting is never in vain. How about it, Joe?

By the way, Miss Conlon, who is the nice looking young man who speaks to you over at the station platform each evening? You know who we mean—the one with the green kelly. Probably speaking of Ottawa, Ill., friend.

Adelaide and Billy Fraser are now house-keeping, and Ruth Nelson is taking out patent for hand lotion which has made a hit. Success to Adelaide, Billy, and in favor of Ruth as well for her undertaking to alleviate the suffering soldiers of Russia and Serbia. Thanks, Ruth.

The Midnight Crew and Gaiety Girls have reported an excellent program, for which the members say they have yet to be beaten. It sure was some time, and Mrs. Springer's chocolate cake sure does take the prize.

George Rausch has left us for a position in Mr. Caswell's office, effective October 31. Good luck, George.

We extend our sympathies to George Sindelar in his hour of sorrow recently upon the death of his father.

A GOOD BOOK.

A good book is a counselor, often better listened to and better obeyed than our best friends. That which one would not dare to say to us openly, the good book tells us in secret, and that without causing us to blush, and without wounding our feelings.—Card Donnet.

WISE WORDS.

To understand a man's life it is necessary to know not merely what he does, but also what he purposely leaves undone. There is a limit to the work that can be got out of a human body or a human brain, and he is wise who wastes no energy in pursuits for which he is not fitted, and he is still wiser who from among things that he can do well chooses and resolutely follows the best.—McBride.



"HERINGTON FLASHLIGHTS."

Georgia M. Cullins.

"HAPPINESS."

Happiness is the thing we all desire, but somehow many of us oftentimes unthinkingly destroy it. Happiness can be made. It is a mental condition, and any man, woman or child can master happiness with the mind. When we think of courageous characters, of strong men and wonderful women, of inspiring individuals, we create an atmosphere of ambition in the mind. When we indulge in negative thinking, dwell on failures, weakness and on doubt, we are sure to express exactly what we think. Clear, conscientious thinking, coupled with hard work, will put "luck" or "blind fate" off the map. And when worry, trouble and want are out of the way we can proceed on the path of happiness. Happiness does not come from wishing. It is as necessary to prepare for happiness as to plan for anything else that we wish to attain. Let us all try to attain happiness and always keep it rather than forever be seeing the dark side of life. God is on your side when you are right and will let you win if you only believe in Him. Former Assistant Chief T. M. Bryden and wife have moved to Pratt, at which point he is now chief. We are all sorry to lose him, but glad to know of his well earned promotion.

Lady—Has my suit case arrived yet?

Baggage Agent J. D.—Where's your check?

Lady—I haven't any.

J. D.—Didn't you get any?

Lady—No, there wasn't any one in the baggage room, so I just set it down outside the door and got on the train.

Elmer Holtsclaw and wife have returned from Wichita. He again resumes his duties here as

trainmaster's clerk, place of Cliff Watkins, resigned.

Operator—Don't you want to sign this telegram?

Mrs. Hayseed — 'Tain't necessary; Hiram knows my handwritin'.

Morrell Fritzler, clerk at the freight house, has been called to Peoria, Ill., on business.

Switchman and Mrs. Shea have our deepest sympathy in the death of their sister, Miss Bessie Nolan.

Business has been very good around these parts for the past few weeks. New buildings, paving, besides all the wheat being shipped.

"Oh, I say," said the nervous little man at the ticket window, "did the conductor on the Salina local find anything and turn it in?"

"Sure," replied the ticket clerk; "he found he was late and turned in a report."

Bids will be received in this office up to June 1, 1916, for one reporter for Herington items.

We haven't seen any cigars or candy passing this way lately, although Streeter does say he is married, and from all evidence has a very sweet little wife. Circumstances and not knowing the full particulars prevent our publishing all the details of the wedding. At any rate we wish them all the happiness in the world.

Hatfield's Baseball Game—better than ever.

Among the "Sobs and Tears" column this month we found a little item wherein we can pick a bone with the writer. We think 47th street line must have gotten their wires crossed, as we think Adam rightfully belongs here instead of Horton. Must have been an awful storm up in those parts to cause such kinks in the wires.

Little Rock item says "Can't never did anything," but up our way Kandt does; he runs a drug store.

So far, so good, Sorghum Bill passes. Beware.

All right, Mr. Schneider, we'll be sure and put Mr. Boaz and his team on your trail hot shot in the spring.

HELP WANTED.

Wanted—Good cook and housekeeper.

Apply to either Ross, Mullin, McDonough or Meyer. Cupid.

Tourist—How long is this ticket office open?

Morgan—From 7 p. m. to 7 a. m.

Tourist—And is it closed after that?

"When all is done and said,

In the end thus you will find,

He most of all does live in bliss

Who hath a contented mind."

"The body meets mishaps,

Death changes it to clay;

Whereas the mind, which is divine,

Runs never to decay.

"Our wealth leaves us at death,

Our kinsmen at the grave,

But virtues of the mind

Unto heavenly bliss we save.

"Wherefore, for virtue's sake

I can be well content,

For happiness is gained

By quiet days well spent."

Sometimes I wonder what has become of the Rochester railway man? Also another who was afraid to sign his name, but promised later in the summer to disclose his identity. I wonder, will they miss me when I'm gone?

IOWA DIVISION.

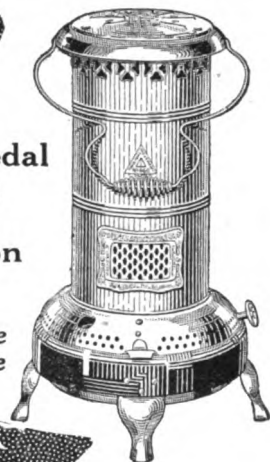
Mr. J. R. Jones, chief clerk in Supt. Gibson's office, was the victim of a most pleasant surprise some two weeks ago, when the employees of his office all planned to go out to his home and take possession in his absence, his good wife having planned to make a neighborly call and arrived home just in time to find that the evening was not to be spent as quietly as it might otherwise have been. The evening was spent most enjoyably with music, both instrumental and vocal. Mr. Jones, being quite able at the piano and also with his voice, contributed generously to the program. A dainty two-course luncheon was served, which concluded the evening of much enjoyed pleasure.

Mr. Floyd Ferrell is back to work again after having been gone for a few days on account of

Medal of Honor Awarded

Gold Medal
Awarded
New
Perfection
Heater

Look for the
Triangle



The New Perfection Line

The Superior Jury of Awards of the Panama-Pacific Exposition has awarded the *New Perfection Line* a medal of honor—this being the only line to be so distinguished.

In addition, the *NEW PERFECTION* Heater received an individual *Gold Medal*, as did each of the oil-burning devices bearing the *NEW PERFECTION* name.

In all, it was a wonderful triumph—a sweeping tribute to *quality*—

—The quality you should demand when you buy *your* heater.

You *need* the *NEW PERFECTION* because it is the greatest comfort you can install in your home; an aid to good health; a means to economy; the cleanest heat you can use.

Easy to care for; ready by striking a match; burns 10 hours on one gallon of oil; can't smoke. No trouble to re-wick, because wick and carrier are combined—the fresh wick all ready to put in, clean, smooth and ready to light.

Your dealer has the *NEW PERFECTION* Oil Heater on exhibition, the heater that won the Gold Medal, from the Medal of Honor Line. He will be glad to show you the different models.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(Indiana)

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

For Best Results Use *Perfection Oil* (413)

the death of his brother, whose illness was of some duration. The sincere sympathy of the office force goes out to Mr. Ferrell in his loss.

Our genial trainmaster, Mr. Geo. Heggenberger, has just returned from his annual vacation, and it seems like old times once more to see his smiling countenance among us again. He has, however, made no report to headquarters as to whether or not all the lies they tell about the "Dutch" are true.

Miss Vivian Neff, general information bureau, and Miss Olive Bloomfield, of the Superintendent's office, enjoyed their vacation at various places, first visiting Denver and Colorado Springs, then hied themselves "way down South" to Memphis, Tenn., where they say that real Southern chivalry exists among at least part of the population of Memphis.

Miss Frances Smith and Mrs. Lou Jones expect to leave for their vacations the first of next week. A pleasant trip to New York is planned.

We always did have Silk Hat "Harry" with us, but we can go one better than that in a man who bought a Palm Beach suit early in the summer, but, owing to the cool weather, did not get to wear it as often as he had planned for. Imagine our surprise not long ago, when he walked into the office with said suit and a new winter "Kady." The combination was great; but he pulls off all sorts of queer stunts, and is not responsible at all times for his mind wandering. However, they say the worst never happens; so we're living in hopes that he is not entirely a hopeless case, and would not mention any names;—but if you don't believe this story, for further information ask Vivian.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

All the buildings on the right of way at the freight house have been numbered, and through some strange coincidence the switch shanty has been adorned with the number 13, printed in large white figures. Understand "Chilly" tried to dissuade the painter from giving his office that number, but without avail. The switchmen are talking of getting up a petition to have the number removed.

D. C. Stevenson, freight solicitor, was advised by wire last month that he had become a father-in-law. The telegram was from San Antonio, Tex., where his son Earl is located. Earl has charge of a large manufacturing concern's interests in Texas.

On Sept. 11 the wheels of progress in the local office ceased long enough for the official photographer to get a likeness of our many pleasant faces. Some looked pleasant, others natural. Paul looked and also acted quite natural by seating himself down in the front row with the ladies. Queer habits some fellows have.

The semi-annual refrigerator meeting was held here Oct. 13 for the purpose of discussing the new winter schedule. It was attended by agents and freight representatives from all the principal stations and also by H. A. Huber, superintendent refrigerator service, who presided. After the meeting many of the agents and officials called at the local office to see Mr. Huber demonstrate the new Baxter & Okay charcoal heaters which will be used extensively this winter in protecting perishable shipments. These heaters are not nearly as complicated as the alcohol heaters which we had here last winter and the fuel is not near so expensive.

Mr. Whitmore, who has charge of O. S. & D. Bureau at Topeka, attended the refrigerator meeting at Kansas City and after the meeting inspected merchandise loading and also the operation of the electric trucks, which are proving very satisfactory.

Fernald—Where is Moscow?

Von Quast—I'm not sure, but I think she's in the pasture.

Expense clerks are so termed because they create so much expense for the company.

Here's Herman's latest:

There is a town in Montana spelled E-u-r-e-l-l-a-r. For some reason the conductor and brakeman on the train could not agree as to pronunciation of said town. So when the conductor came through the coach he would call "Eurellar" (You're a liar). Then the brakeman comes through yelling at the top of his voice, "Eurellar" (You really are; you really are).

We have a number of Bill Clerks in the local office. They are as follows:

Bill Gresty.
Bill Fernald.
Bill Cameron.
Bill Dines.
Bill Caneen.

MISSOURI DIVISION.

John Gilluly, of the superintendent's office, with his wife, spent Sunday, September 26th, at Centerville, visiting the family of Engineer Geo. Jolly.

Bert Irwin, clerk in the superintendent's office, made a trip to Whiting, Kans., September 26th, for a short stay with relatives.

F. E. McGrath, district special agent, was in Trenton several days this month looking after matters pertaining to his department.

W. C. Westlake, formerly of the Missouri Division dispatching force, now working as dispatcher at Little Rock, was a Trenton visitor September 27th.

Harry Gilluly, of the general auditor's office, stopped off at Trenton between trains September 27th while on his way to Oklahoma for a vacation.

Conductor Harry Meek and Engineer Chas. Collier spent two weeks the latter part of September on a fishing trip on the White River, in the southern part of the state. Some wonderful stories are going the rounds in connection with this trip, but we have no way of checking them.

Fireman Harry Brown, of Trenton, reports a son born on September 16th.

Agent F. H. Strong, of Altamont, was off duty about three weeks on account of illness, returning to work October 4th.

Chas. Malone, conductor, returned to work September 21st after undergoing an operation in the Mayo Bros. Hospital at Rochester.

We regret to report the death of Mrs. D. J. Ducey, wife of Conductor Dan Ducey, at Trenton, October 13th.

THE MONTHLY MUDDLE.

Published at 20th St., Rock Island, Ill.

Motto: "Without Fear or Favor, With Foolishness for Flavor."

Ed. Meehan.....Muddler-in-Chief
CULLY and MAC.....Asst. Muddlers
Vol. I. October, 1915. No. 7.

MUDDLETORIAL.

Where is The Big Bull Moose?

We have scanned the daily papers for about a month or more; we've read of divers happenings—we've read about the war. We've read each paper through and through until our eyes are sore—but we can't find T. R. It's very mysterious what's happened to that man—a quiet Ted is stranger than a noiseless baseball fan! We'd thank you for the knowledge, so tell us if you can—where is our friend, T. R.?

There are dozens of our statesmen who are making lots of noise, some who criticise the methods that our friend Wilhelm employs. Others wail 'bout the immunity that Old John Bull enjoys but—silence from T. R. Each paper's full of comment on our love-lorn president; the ladies think that Mrs. Galt is surely heaven-sent and Woodrow's one-track mind just now is on mere pleasure bent—still no word from T. R. Conditions 'cross the Rio Grande grow worse and worse each day; some papers claim that Villa's dead—he lives, the others say. Some people have the nerve to state that kids are in the way—strange silence from T. R. We read about Bill Bryan's fight against the Demon Rum—he talks and talks until you hope that he'll be stricken dumb! In spite of this who is it that is keeping strictly mum? 'Tis none but our T. R.

If the papers do not quote him pretty soon we'll go insane; for such unheard of silence puts a kink in our poor brain. We don't care what he says just so he says it loud and plain!—Say something, please, T. R.!

After getting the above off our muddletorial chest we can proceed with the business of muddling the remainder of our publication, re-

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marking, by the way, that Walt Mason hasn't anything on us.

Mr. Stillwell very kindly showed up in our office again this month in time to break into print before THE MUDDLE went to press. He undoubtedly believes in his business—Safety First.

Miss Velma Ott, whose gentle voice can be heard at R. I. 2280 between the hours of 10 p. m. and 7 a. m. is off on her vacation, leaving for Chicago on the 15th, we understand. She will return about the 1st.

John McGee is our new baggageman, taking the position made vacant by John Russ, who retired on a pension. Note that we still have "John" with us.

C. A. Russell, night chief, is now enjoying a well earned vacation, Ralph Teeter directing the destinies of that portion of the Rock Island represented by the Illinois Division during Clint's absence.

The Rock Island Argus of recent date contains an account of an accident to a football fan in which none other than our revered Chief Muddler, Ed. Meehan, figured as the hero. The victim of the mishap jumped from a truck loaded with fans (of the football—not electric—variety) and ran into an east-bound auto. The Argus says: "He was thrown to the pavement and rolled underneath the wheels of the car. Ed. Meehan, who was also in the party on the truck, had presence of mind enough to jump off and drag the man out before the wheels passed over him." We hereby cast our vote for a Carnegie hero medal for our Chief. All hail the Chief!

Our seal clerk, Fred Gallagher, who is addicted to the habit of hanging around the stage doors of our leading theaters, was held up the other night by two masked men, who, he claims, were descendants of the James boys—and relieved of the enormous sum of two bits. To account for having such a large sum on his person at such a time he explains that he had denied himself an ice-cream soda in order to save this amount that he might take his best girl to the "movies" the next night. Better stay home nights, Freddie, and save money.

On October 28 occurred the death of Howard Cross, our rate clerk, which came as a great shock to us all, he having been on duty the day before, no one having the slightest inkling his end was so near. He had been suffering from heart trouble for the past two years, but had fought it and worked when he really should have been in bed. Always smiling at his work, no matter what turned up, was the mood you would always find him in. Ready to help anyone in every way he could, always ready for a joke or for work, brought into everyone's life that came in contact with him as good a friend and genial companion as could be found. He was only 28 years of age at the time of his death.

Geo. Newberry has accepted the position made vacant by Don McLeod as night ticket seller. Be careful, George, that they don't pass any wooden nickels on you.

There seems to be a dearth of news this month for some inexplicable reason. Had we the time and inclination we would invent some. But time presses and the inclination is not present.

Next month, or before that time, we have a suspicion that we are going to hand the little blue envelope to some of our cub reporters unless they become more diligent in news-gathering.

ZERO IN HARD LUCK.

(By Mac.)

Lots of hard luck may o'ertake you

As you pass along life's way;

Man knows not what dire misfortune

May befall from day to day.

You may lose some hard-earned money,

Or mayhap a railroad train

Will hit you hard enough to cause

Concussion of the brain.

Mother-in-law may visit you

Just after you've been canned,

And names that she will call you may

Be more than you can stand.

Or when you have paid all your bills

And find yourself quite flat,

Your loving wife goes out and buys

A twenty-dollar hat.

Yes—lots of things may happen that

Will fill you full of woe;

You buy war stocks—go broke—then friends

Will say: "We told you so!"

But I've a friend who sadly wails:

"To me fate is most cruel!"

He sold the winning number in

The office baseball pool!

NEBRASKA DIVISION.

By M. B. K.

Clerks Milstead and White, both from Kansas City, are new men in the superintendent's office, having been put on temporarily to assist in working up data for the Kansas rate case. We might add that W. A. Leopold started us in on the work, and it sure was a pleasure to have him around. If Ed. Moon could have been on the job it would have seemed like old times. Both Moon and Leopold are graduates of the superintendent's office here. That's a pretty fair reputation, we think.

Roadmaster Brown on the west end is rapidly completing the ballasting from Mile Post 233 to 243, west of Mankato. When done we will have ten miles more of gumbo ballasted track which can't be beat. We need it, too.

Edwin Peterson, son of our section foreman, Fred Peterson, at Virginia, Neb., was drowned in the accident to Union Pacific motor car near Manhattan last week. The heartfelt sympathy of all on this division is extended to his family.

W. C. Jones, recently appointed station supervisor to succeed R. L. Brown, paid this division a call October 10th. We are glad to make the acquaintance of Mr. Jones and are ready to make his work with us not only successful, but pleasant.

O. O. Jameson and switch crew at Fairbury are to be congratulated on the neat appearance of Fairbury Yard. Cars all assembled and lined up looks good.

SILVIS NOTES.

Steam Pipeman Charles Schlutetter has slipped one over on the boys. He was married last June in Cheyenne, Wyo., and passed the cigars around Oct. 6 when he went to house-keeping. The newly married couple have our best wishes.

Our power house chief engineer, Ed. Kendall, very nearly lost his life in an automobile accident at Mt. Vernon, Ia., a few weeks ago, while he and Frank Hennigan were en route to Cedar Rapids in Mr. Kendall's Ford. The machine hit a ridge and went down an embankment, pinning both parties under the machine. Mr. Hennigan, of East Moline, who was at one time an operator on this road, died a few minutes afterwards from his injuries, but Mr. Kendall came out very fortunate, only receiving a bad bruise on his back.

Machinist Wm. McClure of the tool room, who was just recently married, was presented with numerous small household articles from his tool room co-workers. A nice little presentation speech was made by Wm. McIntosh.

W. J. Tollerton, general mechanical superintendent, and L. A. Richardson, mechanical superintendent first district, and G. S. Goodwin, mechanical engineer, visited Silvis shops Oct. 13th.

Hatfield's Baseball Game—better than ever.

Our emergency room man, Ed. V. Krone, spent part of his vacation at Peoria and Chicago.

The Silvis Shop Indoor Baseball Team has joined the Factory League, organized by the Davenport Y. M. C. A.

Boilermaker E. C. Stafenbiel is wearing the same smile as is often seen throughout the shop. A baby girl born at his home Oct. 18. Congratulations.

Herman Schiffleger, machinist, has joined the ranks. Married the early part of October. Cigars were not overlooked. Congratulations, Herman.

Boilermaker Andy Murrin decided that lost eyebrows is not the thing for a young man. Peter Owens, ask Andy why and maybe you will discard yours.

Chief Clerk E. L. Zink of the store department is spending his vacation in Indiana visiting relatives.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

"AS WE HEARD IT."

By LeRoy Lonergan.
SIGNAL DEPARTMENT.

Mr. W. W. Swanson, signal maintainer at Paxico, and family have left for Chesterton, Ind., to spend their vacation with the "home folks."

Mr. H. F. Peycke, signal maintainer, is relieving Mr. Swanson while away.

Mr. James L. Stinson, signal maintainer, Maple Hill, just returned and has resumed work after taking a two-week vacation.

Mr. B. C. Maddox, maintainer, Topeka Division, has something up his sleeve. He is looking at baby buggies and Ford automobiles. What do you suppose is going to happen? Bill would like to know.

Recent changes in the signal department, Kansas Division: Mr. A. G. Shaffer is now located at Alta Vista instead of Topeka; Mr. O. Herbic, maintainer, is now located at Herington instead of Alta Vista.

What's the matter with the three—W. J. Peycke, district signal foreman; Chas. E. St. John, and B. C. Maddox? One of them is looking for a house, and the other two are wondering what flour will be selling at after January 1st. Something sure "am doing." BEWARE!

Mr. H. O. Sinsabaugh, roadmaster, is now the proud owner of a monstrous 6-2, Power Queen Mudge car. Anyone wishing to take a real ride must show up at the signal department repair shops before 6 a. m., as Harry is one of the early birds since the car has arrived. Wonder why?

Nowadays we are not trying to get out of work. We are not looking for ease or pleasure or a good time or a soft snap. The joys of life come from doing our work; that is to say, getting a job and holding it down, and at the same time getting ready for a better job. Therefore news from Topeka is scarce. We haven't a thing to do but work, and by that we have said it all.



VALLEY JUNCTION SHOP NEWS.

By "The Shop Reporter."

THE SHOP IN REVIEW.

Effective August 26th, Harry L. Carter, chief clerk to master mechanic at Trenton, was transferred to the same position at Valley Junction, vice C. Fulton, promoted.

Instead of the old proverb "If you want a thing well done do it yourself" it should read, "If you want anything well done ask Earl Roberts"—i. e., if you want painting done, etc.

Two additions to the force in the master mechanic's office are Wallace K. Benkhe and Henry C. Rivers, transferred to this shop from Trenton and Armourdale, respectively.

Hatfield's Baseball Game—better than ever.

Word comes to us from Denver that Chas. Thompson, of Valley Junction, is seriously ill with typhoid fever. Mr. Thompson is being taken care of at a hospital in that city, and no doubts are entertained as to his recovery.

We understand that Machinist Chas. Roper's daughter, who has been seriously ill with typhoid, was brought home from the Methodist Hospital, where she has been for the past month.

WRITERS—ATTENTION!

Short stories, photo plays, poems, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring good money. Submit manuscripts. **Literary Bureau, RIL, Hannibal, Mo.**

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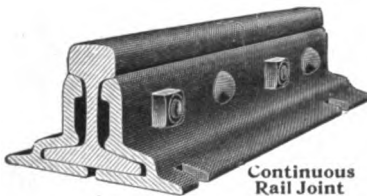
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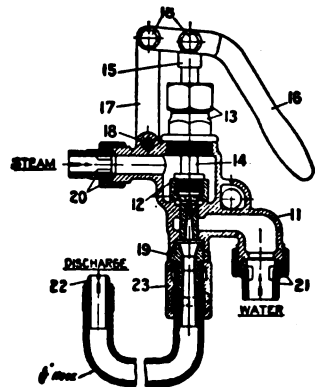
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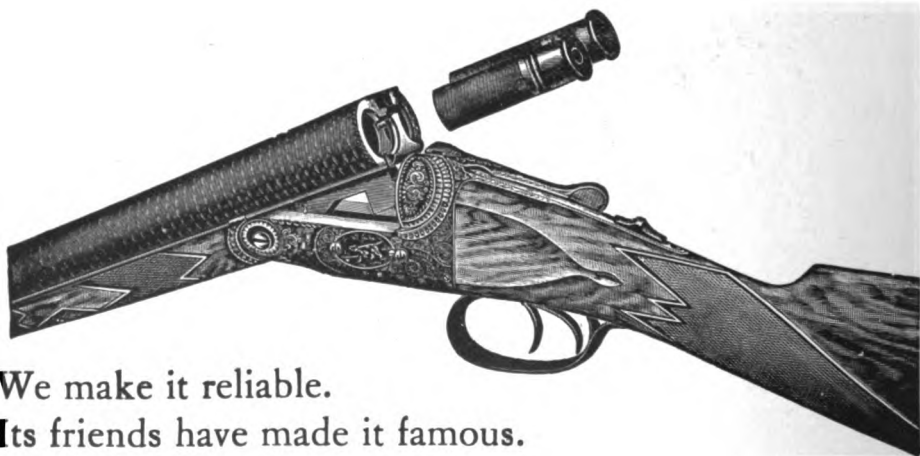
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