

☐ All that remains is for each individual to use every possible effort to bring the superiority of our service to the attention of the shipper and receiver of freight, and use our best intelligence in remedying quickly and satisfactorily such mistakes as may be made.

☐ A recent occurrence will serve as an illustration. An eastern shoe house shipped several cases of spring stock to a consignee in Paris, Ark. The cases were properly marked. The transfer from the connecting line read "Paris, Tex." The request on the connecting line for the correct address brought no response in fifteen days.

☐ An inquiry to the general office by telephone resulted in an examination of a commercial report giving the correct address. Answer was made in five minutes and the goods were forwarded at once.

☐ The Traffic Department at once advised the shipper of the delay and the cause and received a reply thanking them and stating that they never had known of such careful and thorough attention being given to their business.

☐ It will be difficult for a competitor to secure their business

☐ What we must do is to hold all our patrons and make new ones every day.

☐ If we all devote our best energies to this work, it will not be a difficult task.

Very truly yours,



Receiver & Chief Traffic Officer.

Which Teaches Us to Make The Most Out of a Dilemma

An American ship lay in an English port and the sailors were entertaining a few English seamen.

Shortly a spirit of rivalry arose. The sailors tried to outdo one another in athletic tricks.

An Englishman climbed to the very top of the mainmast and there stood on his head.

"By jingo, no Englishman beats me!" one of the American sailors shouted.

He scampered up the ropes monkey-like and, reaching the top, prepared to duplicate the Englishman's feat. He put his head down and gave a push with his feet, and fell heels over head.

His back struck the first rope, his legs the next, his neck the next, and so on, somersault after somersault, finally landing with rare good fortune squarely on his feet on the deck.

"Do that, you son-of-a-gun!" he shouted when he got his breath. "Do that!"—*Yarns.*



Class No. 2 of the Apprentice School at Springfield, Mo., composed of boilermaker, blacksmith and tinner apprentices, is shown in the above reproduction.

These apprentices gather in the class room every Monday morning at 7:30 o'clock for two hours study and a course of instruction fitted for their various occupations. Boilermakers and tinner's are instructed regarding the layout of plates and patterns peculiar to their respective trades, and blacksmiths are coached in drawing, figuring, forging, and other branches of mechanical training necessary for that line of work.

Seated at the desk, first row, reading from left to right are: Leo Kinley, boilermaker; Hubert Gilmore,

boilermaker; Harry Seiler, boilermaker; Charles Mitchell, boilermaker; William Hairsine, blacksmith; and George Fitch, blacksmith.

Second row, left to right: Henry Burch, boilermaker, North Side; Arthur Wittaker, boilermaker; Guy Reese, boilermaker; Clarence Seiler, boilermaker; Ernest Powell, boilermaker; William Specht, boilermaker; Perry Rawling, tinner; Herschel Carter, tinner; John Gates, blacksmith; John Southwick, blacksmith; M. W. Shope, blacksmith, South Side; and Instructor A. B. Kerr.

Standing at the rear are: Elmer Leitwein, tinner, North Side; Earl Patrick, blacksmith; Henry Wagmen, boilermaker, North Side, and Ira White, boilermaker.



Interior Store Room, Birmingham, Ala.

Less One

A young man, speaking for the first time in public, began in this style.

"Ladies and g-g-gentlemen: When I-I-I came here tonight, only t-t-two people knew my speech, my f-f-father and m-m-myself. N-n-now only f-f-father knows it!"



BALLAST

- ¶ A good job soon divorces a bad man.
- ¶ The indispensable man never knows it.
- ¶ Uneasy lies the head that wears a frown.
- ¶ To the energetic man killing time is suicide.
- ¶ The best form of selfishness is to help others.
- ¶ Never be Coroner at a lost opportunity inquest.
- ¶ Speed is a good fellow, but Get There is a man.
- ¶ A record is the only thing improved by breaking.
- ¶ Work is the only capital that never misses dividends.
- ¶ Remember that a horse has horse sense not a jackass.
- ¶ Some men generate steam but the majority work on hot air.
- ¶ The man who works to get higher is the man worthy of his hire.
- ¶ Don't be impatient with the slow thinker, perhaps you are a bad explainer.
- ¶ Some men never climb the ladder of success because they wait for the elevator.
- ¶ Being afraid of your job and respecting your job, is the difference between inefficiency and efficiency.
- ¶ The man who does things makes many mistakes, but he never makes the biggest mistake of all—doing nothing.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD TIMER

Mr. Editor:

The old man read my first piece and said to me, "You seem somewhat of a philosopher."

"What's a philosopher?" I asked.

"A philosopher," said he, "is a man who looks into a barrel and sees something else besides the bottom."

I notice that you have smoothed out some of my grammar and thereby helped make things clearer. Much obliged.

I began railroading with a scrap and it has been considerable of a scrap ever since and will be until I am sent to the scrap heap.

There are three kinds of fights—fist, conversation and letter writing. All

are had, but the last is worse and never has had nor ever will have any rules. It plays a leading part in the devil-take-the-hindmost scrap which is on today, was on yesterday and I am expecting tomorrow.

You are fighting those above you to prove that you are the man for the job and those below you are fighting to get your job. Those higher up have the same sort of scrap on their hands only more so. The pressure below is greater and the backing above is thinner, so they are more liable to be pushed out than those lower down.

This is as it should be and if it wasn't for this constant fighting above, below and on all sides, we would be railroading as we did thirty years ago—which God forbid.

A few days after I started to work, I got a quiet tip from the old foreman that it was best for everybody that I should get along with the gang; that



This is about the way she was.

even righteous disturbances didn't last long.

"I want a full day's work out of you," he said, "but don't brag about it."

I took the hint, but even though I learned diplomacy early and was sev-

eral sizes larger—and perhaps a little tougher—I was just as green as a dill pickle and only moderately more intelligent.

My ignorance was comprehensive, but that was hardly my fault. My knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic was narrow gauge, for I could only attend school when there was practically nothing doing on the farm—and those spells were very rare.

Talk about verdancy and ignorance always recalls my experience with the representative of the "King" of Russia.

A swivel jointed stranger drifted in one day and was put to work driving spikes with me. Evidently he sized me up as "easy" for when I put the usual questions to him as to his name and nationality, he informed me eloquently and impressively that he was a Russian and had been sent over by

the "King" of Russia "to discover the noble art of railroadin' in this country and to rayport."

I swallowed it hook, line and sinker, and, though the "Russian" told me his name was—we will say Barney Finnegan—and his brogue was as thick as pea soup, it never occurred to me to question his story. However, his romance did not impress me as much as you would suppose, because my knowledge of the "King" of Russia was decidedly vague, perhaps as vague as that of Finnegan's.

That evening after supper the Irishman being full-gorged and bell-tongued rang out a few chimes in praise of Finnegan. While, of course, he excelled in everything, his real greatness was in wrestling. He could throw anything from a quart to a hand car. I have seen him toss many a quart, but finally the quart threw Finnegan.

Thirty years ago the glib liar got by much easier than he does nowadays. Our means of hearing things were much more limited and our avenues of information did not extend very far. He said he was a great wrestler, and he must be. After much urging several of us tried a fall with him and were easy victims. Talk—not skill—threw us.

To keep our confidence at low ebb, Barney felt it necessary to administer the rough and tumble, with its bump and sod finish, at every opportunity.

After several of these treatments I began to get my back up and decided that the next time this Niagara of falls, made one of his attacks on me, I would see if I could not make a better showing.

My chance came when we were knocking off work one day not long after. We were walking close to the edge of a creek, when he grabbed me, expecting as result of his many vic-

tories that I would offer but little resistance. To his surprise I went after him with every ounce of strength I could muster and in the struggle we rolled over the embankment and down to the edge of the creek, but I managed to come out on top. Holding him down I grabbed a bunch of smart weed and rubbed it as hard as I could into his face and eyes. At first he laughed, then he yelled, and then he begged to get loose, but I kept it up until my supply of the smart weed was used up and his face looked like a danger signal on a dark night.

When I finally let him up he was mad, but his confidence was too badly shaken for him to start at me again. The other men seemed to recognize that he had weakened—or as we would say now, his bluff had been called—and within a short time all threw him—and the King was dead.

There was nothing the matter with this Irishman; he was as strong as ever and as good a wrestler, but I had shaken his self-confidence and he was not the kind of man to put up a hard struggle unless he was almost certain he would win.

This explains why men, who as far as you can tell, with every qualification of success have not succeeded—they cannot fight as hard in a losing game as they can in a winning game.

I feel that I should add in this connection, though, that the name of the Irishman of whom I have been writing is not Barney Finnegan; that eventually in more ways than one he took a tumble to himself, braced up, and now holds a good job with the Frisco—never mind where.

I defy any man with red blood in his veins and any spirit at all, to work for a railroad and not become its loyal defender. I was nothing but a sectional-orer, but it was not many weeks