

families, to yourself and to the public.

If agents and solicitors of railway tonnage concentrate their efforts and secure all traffic possible for their company, they make themselves valuable employes. After securing the business if all employes would concentrate their efforts to handle it efficiently, they would be valuable employes. When freight reaches its destination in good condition, after being handled the entire route by careful and competent men, they have not only rendered valuable service to their employer, but they have made themselves equally valuable to all concerned.

We must bear in mind that the public is just as quick to appreciate valuable service as is your employer, and when they receive valuable service

they are sure to return with more business.

The success of the employer means the success of the employe. The value of an employe does not alone depend upon the amount of labor performed, but in the efficient manner in which it is turned out. If I transfer a car of freight in one hour and in doing so break a piece of machinery worth fifty dollars, can I say my work was of value?

I would say to the younger railroad man, your position in years to come is dependent solely upon the value of your services today. The valuable young railroad men of today will be the masters of the situation in years to come. With that incentive you cannot afford to waste your time. All that is necessary is to be honest with your employer, your family and yourself and use good judgement.

Frisco Sunflowers

"Three little Frisco sunflowers" has been suggested as a title for the attractive little group shown in the accompanying reproduction.



The children are Cela Davis, Katharine Wilson and Margaret Davis, the daughters of Charles W. Davis and W. F. Wilson, conductors, Northern Division, Cherokee, Kans.

Golden Rules

The reproduction herewith is of a notice recently placed in the blacksmith shops, Kansas City, Mo., by Foreman M. C. Whalen. The notice contains the following two rules:



RULE NO. 1.

Keep your surroundings clean.

RULE NO. 2.

Refuse to work with a man who has not pride enough to make the blacksmith shop the cleanest shop of all.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD TIMER—NO. 4

"Why don't you catch your breath and tell the new timers some of the things you see now-a-days," said the old man.

"All right," I replied. "I'll begin with a few quaint observations on things I see in your office."

"Go as far as you like in the seeing business," he said, "but don't forget that the 'C' in criticism is different from the 'K' in knock, even though it sounds like it."

"The 'K' in knock is silent as in job," I replied.

Of't in the switch yard night when my naps are punctured by a fine melody of whistle and cussing, I review the talks I've had during the day.

Of course, everything that I've said was eloquent and proper, but some of the things others said to me would make an oyster blush.

I've often wished that I could take phonographic records of these conversations and let some of the men hear how their 'I'S' freckled their talk, like telegraph poles passing a fast train.

There's somethin' in this railroad game—in its strenuousness! its eternal hustle; and the scrap of human beings against steel, speed and steam that gives them not only self-confidence, but a powerful amount of self-assertiveness.

I have yet to see a really "dyed in the wool" modest railroad man—one that wouldn't at some time or other leak over with a little reminiscences of how he did it, when all the others from the general manager down couldn't. It's all right. We've got to believe in ourselves, and the noble order of horn blowers gathers in recruits from day to day—most of them are men with hands and feet and all of them have tongues.

Sound gathers volume as it rises; and the din must be fearful in the upper stories.

Around my diggins' the horn blowers are workin' under comparatively low pressure, but even at that there is

very little trouble hearing them; but, when they get above me to the higher officers they have generated a full head of steam, added a few super-heaters and the pop off must be tremendous.

It takes considerable of a man to listen to this music and pick out the real performer.

There are all sorts of men in this chorus, but the funniest of them all, to my mind, is the one who has got about fifteen cents worth of dignity and veneered himself with it from head to toe.

This sort of dignity that some assume gives me the pip, and I've yet to see the real man who had to lug it around. In fact, he needs it about as much as a turtle does a hair brush.

At the same time, it can cause a lot of trouble especially if you haven't trained those under you to understand that the word "Dignity" is derived from the Persian Dig-Nity; "Dig"—to work; "Nity"—in your night shirt if necessary.

This brings me to the subject of chief clerks—hard-working, enthusiastic, valuable men—but who can cause their bosses, and the railroad generally, more useless trouble than anyone else; particularly if they have an idea that the dignity of their department must be maintained at any cost.

Nothing gives me more pleasure than to see a chief clerk striking out,

with a file under his arm, to call on another chief clerk for a personal talk over some little hitch between their departments. I have sometimes thought that it would be a fine idea if all our chief clerks would try to make it a rule to settle everything possible by personal calls instead of correspondence.

This is about enough for the new timers. I guess it is safer for me anyhow to get back to my reminiscences:

The same roadmaster looked after this section as the one in which I started and whenever he appeared he held a private conference with the foreman. I know now that he used these conferences for the purpose of reading the riot act—and then for a few days afterwards the foreman would put forth a little energy—but it would never last very long.

He totally lacked executive control and seemed to delight in picking out one or two of the men for long distance cussing, particularly when the entire gang could hear him.

He never had much to say to me and I have always pursued the policy of saying little of anything against anyone who had never harmed me, therefore, I could not consistently join in the steady stream of profanity which the other members of the gang constantly spouted in his direction.

It was the foreman's wife more than any one else who kept peace in the camp and the poor woman seemed to have a John D. Rockefeller supply of oil to pour constantly on the troubled waters. We all liked her and felt sorry for her, and for that reason and no other, I know the foreman escaped many a good licking which we would have delighted to have handed him.

A man of this sort would not last long enough nowadays to draw a pay check, but we didn't have an army of

skilled men to pick from then as we have now, and the men who could lay a frog, put in a switch, and knew a little about the proper way to lay rail, etc., were few and far between. This foreman possessed a smattering amount of this knowledge.

Upon one of his periodical visits the roadmaster saw and recognized me.

"What you doin' on this section?" he asked.

"Workin'," I replied.

"What sort of work you doin'?" he inquired.

"The hardest kind," I responded.

The roadmaster got my idea, which was, that the hardest kind of work is the unintelligent driving, requiring the greatest expenditure of energy for the least result. He said nothing but turned away with a disgusted grin on his face.

Things drifted along from bad to worse until one day the roadmaster appeared with a tall man, whom I was told was the superintendent.

Of course, by this time I knew of the superintendent and had seen him pass in his car, but this was my first close view of this exalted official.

We were, as usual, working in a huddle, everyone in everybody else's way, and near by the foreman, as was his custom, was resting in the shade of some bushes.

The superintendent stood for a while looking at the gang, then turned and said something to the roadmaster, and without a word to the foreman walked away.

I felt in my bones that something was going to happen, as did every other man in the gang. After work that evening we got together and talked it over, and, while these men had become morose and in other characteristics reflected the traits of their boss, yet old human nature stuck

out strong in the fact that their joy over his being fired was dampened by the thought of the trouble it would cause his wife. We knew that they had practically no money and two little children, and being fired meant that the man would take his grievance out on the woman and her life would be even more unhappy than it was then.

One or two of the men were in favor of getting the foreman in a cool, quiet place and licking him so thoroughly that it would probably change his character with his face, but we finally came to the conclusion that a man as worthless as the foreman could not be pounded into decent shape.

The next morning when the foreman's wife called us for breakfast, who should we see sitting on the front step but the roadmaster and as I came down he beckoned for me to sit down beside him.

"I have been looking you up, young man," he said, "and your old foreman has given you a first-class recommendation, but he said that you had resigned. You're the first section laborer I ever heard of that resigned. Some of them quit, out most of them get fired. How about it?"

By this time I had become heartily ashamed of my conduct towards the old foreman, and when I heard that he had given me a good send off, I felt as if the entire firebox of hot coals had been heaped on my head.

"The fact is," I blurted, "he fired me, and he was right. I made a fool of myself and wasn't enough of a man to acknowledge it,—but I will when I meet him."

The roadmaster smiled and slapped me on the knee.

"You woke up, have you," he said. "Well, I'll now give you your chance. Your foreman will not handle this section again. You are put in charge

of this gang temporarily and its up to you to make it permanent. I'm not going to tell you to do anything but keep this track in good shape. You as much of a boss of this section as if you were permanently employed as section foreman, and none of the men shall know otherwise, but I will accept your resignation again the moment I see you headed for the lead that you were drifting to on the other section. From what I can gather the foreman has disappeared; I suppose he's on a big spree and may or may not come back."

I thought the matter over a bit and then I got up and said:

"Well, you tell the men; I want to talk to the foreman's wife."

She was in the kitchen getting breakfast when I came in. I shuffled around a while, and then I summed up courage enough to say:

"I'm sorry to tell you, but there's been a change made, and what I want to say is, I'll be mighty glad if you'll stay here and look after us as long as you want. I'm to be foreman for a while anyhow, and the boys all want you to stay and we'll pay you board and,—what you get that way is yours."

She sorter choked and for a little struggled to control her voice.

"Well, I've got to look after the children and myself," she said. "I don't guess I'll see much more of my husband, and the Lord knows I did the best I could by him, but I guess its a helpless job, so if you still want me to look after you, I'll be glad to do it, but of course you don't pay board."

"That's settled," I replied, greatly relieved and turned to walk into the room where the men were eating.

The roadmaster had just finished telling them and I looked over the faces of the gang and saw all sorts of feelings about it. One or two seem-

ed pleased, but the most of them were wondering why they didn't get the job.

I remembered the night before the only thing we all agreed upon was sympathy for the foreman's wife, and it occurred to me if I told them I had looked out for her, I would at once get a little on the right side of them, so I said:

"Well boys, the foreman's wife is goin' to stay with us and look after us. We will pay her a little board and she'll buy the supplies and run the shack, and we'll move along as well, if not better I hope, than we have been."

I then sat down to eat my breakfast as if there was nothing more to say. None of them could kick at this, and I know now it was about the best thing I could have said. In a little while one or two of them began talking and a rather embarrassing fix was smoothed over.

You see I was a kid and had been there only a short time and naturally it grated on some of the older men that I should have been given the foreman's job, and I realized that I would have to handle them carefully if I was to succeed. While I was eating my breakfast some of the off hand remarks of the old foreman came to my mind. One was: "Don't let the men know you're bossing them, but never let them forget that you're the boss."

After breakfast we got out the car, and I told one of the men to put the tools on the rear end, and always do it in future. I could see that they were a little puzzled at this, so I explained to them that I had seen a car jump the track once by the tools falling off the front end across the rail and that it was just as easy to put them on the rear end as it was the front.

We ran down the road a bit and began to clean up the right of way and put in some ties. I spotted the men out and made them work in what might be called groups of ones, twos and threes at regular distances apart. Where three men were needed I put three men on the job and gave them plenty of room in which to work.

I kept at this most of the morning, never saying much but walking up and down amongst them constantly, because I wanted to show them that I was on the job as much as they and trying to give them as few directions as possible. In fact, at first I overlooked a good many things that were wrong in the way they were doing the work, because there were so many bigger things that would have to be corrected before I could get to the smaller things.

The first day passed smoothly and I could see that the gang were a little surprised that my promotion had not gone to my head. They also missed the steady stream of cussing the foreman used to freckle the day with.

The next day we had a job unloading rails. As the cars came up we boarded them, and I tried out an idea which I had heard of and which I knew would help along. Of course the rail was only 52-pound rail and very light for this day and age, but tossing fifty-two pound of rail isn't much of a pastime at best, and while I had never seen it, I could not get over the idea that throwing the rail from the car would not bend it a little.

Before we left the house, I got a couple pieces of strong timber and a can of oil. I could see the men were puzzled about this material, and when we got on the car, I put three men to do the unloading, and the rest of the gang I put at other jobs. When we were ready to unload, I poured some