

pose Rosing will sorter sniff at this and pull a few decimals to show that I am wrong, but he don't know where to find me.

I can't say there was much excitement when I gave up job as section foreman to go with the bridge gang. A big red-headed Irishman succeeded me and held the job down for many years afterwards. The transaction was made without any flag-raisin' or band playin' ceremony. I took most of my belongs under my arm—avoiding excess baggage charges—and moved over to the bunk cars occupied by the bridge gang.

One of the first persons I met in my new job was Peckins—I'll call him that anyhow, it's so close to his name that I might as well.

He was a little yellow-headed, blue-eyed, scrawny proposition who spent most of his time getting out of other people's way and, if he ever had an opinion in his carcass, he certainly never let it get out. He was a fair workman, tended strictly to his own business, and because of his general washed-out appearance and his meek way of acting, everybody from water boy up shoved him to one side. He was one of those sort of men who no one ever thought of asking his opinion about anything—he was always just one of a gang. What Peckins thought or said was of no possible interest. It seemed to me everybody had to do his thinking and seeing for him. He always reminded me of sunlight and snow—both of them sorter out of place in the combination.

Ten years afterwards I met Peckins again far down in the south of Texas on the Rio Grande river. Physically he didn't change much; the same yellow hair, the same washed-out blue eyes, but all the loud talking, dash and swagger seemed to have been ab-

sorbed by him. As soon his eyes lit on me, he hailed me in a voice that could have been heard for four blocks—if there were four blocks in the place—shouldered me through a crowd, pushed me into a barroom, slammed fifty cents on the counter and told the bartender to give me the best the house could afford. The bartender sorter sidled up to the bar to wait on us and everyone else in the place seemed to be bent on giving us plenty of room. Peckins acted—even if he didn't look it—the bad man from Pitter Creek.

After my first gasp of excitement was over, I went with Peckins into a quiet corner and fixing him with a cold and glassy stare, I demanded an explanation.

A little of the old days came back to him and he shuffled about, but finally I got his story. He had drifted into Texas three or four years before—the same type and the same style man he was on the bridge gang. On the way down he began to think of the men he had known and of the large number who got by on pure bluff. Screwing up his courage to the highest point, he decided, if possible, he would try it and I guess I can begin now and tell Mr. Peckins' story in his own way.

"You see, everybody sorter shouldered me to one side, nobody paid any attention to me and nobody gave a darn whether I stayed or went. I didn't mind so much so long as I drew my pay, but while I was on my way to Texas a train boy sold me a book that had a lot of sayins in it—and one of these sorter stuck in my mind. It was somethin' like this: 'If you don't blow your own horn nobody's goin' to blow it for you.' It was the first time I realized that it might be I had a horn—anyhow I knew the mouthpiece

wasn't worn off where I'd been blowin' it. That set me to thinking again.

"I thought of a lot of men I knew who talked loud, jumped into the middle of things, and made good, just because they had a little ability and a lot of nerve. I decided then and there to see if I couldn't do a little of this shouldering business myself.

"Of course, you know I never was a scrapper and I don't mind telling you that it took a lot of will power for me to make up my mind to get in the game this way, and perhaps if it hadn't been for a little accident when I got off the train here, I never would have got by with it. As the train came into the station, I got off the step just as a big man was getting on. I sorter lost my balance and bumped into him hard enough to shove him violently to one side. For some reason or other he paid no attention to me, and I am sure now that was what is called the psychological moment of my career, for if he got mad and came after me, I would have gone back to the same old Peckins, but he didn't.

"This helped my courage more than I can tell you. A few steps further a man tackled me to ride in his carriage.

"I don't know how I managed to do it, but I brushed him to one side and yelled out to him that I'd rather walk than ride in his durned old hearse. He didn't start after me either. This started me on my bad man's career. Luck was with me and four or five times later I shouldered my way into men that I knew could have thrown me off the earth, out-talked them—if talking loud means anything—and generally bulldozed my way into the belief of myself, as well as them, that

perhaps I was a bad man. Anyhow I got by with it.

"People came to me to ask my advice, the toughest of the bad men called me Mr. Peckins, and I'll bet you the drinks I can go out on the street and cuss out any man that I meet and he'll take a siding."

Of course, I don't recommend this to everybody, but there's a lot in it, and I always think of Peckins when I see some young fellow who through modesty, or natural timidity, hangs in the background when he could shoulder to the front with some rattin' good ideas and make those in authority realize that they had material which was being overlooked.

I recall in previous pieces I have gone after these horn blowers, and what I have said about Peckins may sound a little as if I was going against what I was preaching, but in all of this railroad business there is a middle way and it's like drinking water--you can drink too much water and you can drink too little, but the best thing in the world for you is to drink enough. So it is with this thing of letting people know what a good man you are, and I guess the only good rule on this subject is to never let a man know how good a man you are until you can prove it. The trouble with most of us is, we cannot prove it.

But to get back to my bridge building scheme. I found out before long that there were lots of things in working on a bridge that a section foreman don't know, and then I found out that most of the men working on pile bridges and wooden structures generally were ambitious to get on a steel bridge gang, where the pay is higher and the work is more skillful.

This set me to sorter thinkin' and I investigated this matter and found

out that the steel bridge man, while he gets a lot more per day, does not always put in anything like the number of days that the man on the ordinary wooden and pile bridge gang does, so at the end of the year when you average up the steel bridge gang against the pile bridge men, you generally find the pile bridge men made the most money. It all comes down to the question of a man having work about 365 days in the year being better off than the man who has spasmodic jobs, so I decided to pass up the steel ambition and get in line and learn the bridges along my division

and head directly for the job of roadmaster.

Of course, it was hard work, particularly working the pile. After that I got a chance of trying my hand at adzing ties, and I found that there was considerable skill in cutting off just enough of the tie and not too much.

We were shunted around the division and country generally to quite an extent, and as a consequence I didn't have as many opportunities of seeing my red-headed girl as I wanted, but she showed no signs of pining and my pining had to be done with an adze.



Not only the round house and car men at Lawton, Okla., but their families as well, are interested in the garden shown in the above reproduction, as all had a hand in the work of adding to its attractiveness.

It was suggested by the foreman at Lawton that this spot could be beautified, the men designed the arrange-

ment and did the necessary construction work, and the flowers were donated by their wives.

To make flowers grow on a cinder path is no easy task and employes at Lawton, as well as their families, deserve great credit for their work in beautifying and making attractive what might otherwise have been an unsightly spot.



That the troubles of the electricians who make up the axel-light force at the New Shops, Springfield, Mo., do not extend through the noon hour is clearly evidenced by the smiles of those shown in the accompanying reproduction.

The force is in charge of Foreman C. W. Webb, who has been in the

service of the company for the last eight years.

Reading from left to right are: Foreman C. W. Webb, S. M. Lillie, L. J. Barclay, L. S. Baker, E. L. Great-house, C. A. Wagner

The picture was taken by W. K. Fuzzelle, apprentice electrician at the New Shops.

L. C. Lamberson

L. C. Lamberson, chief clerk to Master Mechanic L. J. Leysaht, died at his home in Memphis, Tenn., at 5:00 a. m., July 15, following a brief illness.

Mr. Lamberson, along in the afternoon on July 14, complained of a slight attack of indigestion and was obliged to leave the office shortly before closing time. However, by the time he reached his home he was feeling very much improved, but the sad news of his death was received at the shops early the following morning.

Mr. Lamberson was fifty-six years old. He began his railroad career with the old K. C. M. & B., May 1, 1886, was appointed chief clerk May 1, 1911, in which position he remained up to the

time of his death, rounding out twenty-nine years of continuous service.

Mr. Lamberson was held in highest esteem by his fellow workmen and the Memphis shop boys extend to the bereaved family their heartfelt sympathy.



DEPOT, CARBON HILL, ALA.

You can't be sure you're right simply because you believe you are.—Albany Journal.

The E. E. Thompsons

Misses Ernestine and Elfredia Thompson, daughters of C. J. Thompson, assistant accountant in office of superintendent, Birmingham, Ala., are the children shown in the accompanying reproduction.



When Mr. Thompson is not juggling figures in superintendent's office, he can usually be found romping with his little daughters.

Freight claim payments fiscal year ending June 30, 1914—\$453,930.91. By helping prevent claims we will reduce the loss and damage accounts \$100,000 the next year.

Fifty-nine per cent of our freight claims are for amounts of \$5.00 and less. You are interested and can help reduce claim payments by watching the small leaks.

Glenn at Idaho

The snapshot herewith reproduced, showing Operator I. T. Glenn, Fayetteville, Ark., (to the right) and his father, Mr. T. L. Glenn, was taken at Montpelier, Idaho, where Mr. Glenn visited while on a recent vacation in the west.



The snapshot, together with a number of others of Mr. Glenn taken at various points, was sent to Car Foreman S. W. Brink, of Fayetteville, who forwarded same to *The Frisco-Man* for reproduction.



Master Mechanic A. S. Abbott and General Foreman G. C. Hughes, snapped at Newburg, Mo.

"Don't always say what you know, but always know what you say."