

A FRISCO VETERAN

By BERTHA V. REED

MAY 30th, Decoration Day, I walked into Morgan's Studio, after some kodak work, and while there I was introduced to a man by the name of Calvin Davis, better known to everyone as "Doc." Mr. Davis and I entered into a conversation and the first thing he told me was that he was totally blind, and had been blind for three years. During our conversation I discovered that he was an old Frisco veteran and had been on the pension roll for ten years. Of course, Mr. Davis, being a Frisco veteran, interested me very much, and I asked him if he would object to telling me some of his experiences and he seemed very glad to do so.

Mr. Davis is eighty years old, born June 1, 1844, on the banks of the Yazoo River, Vicksburg, Miss. A year later his father died. The property owned by his father was taken away from his mother by lawyers, and he, his mother and sister were driven into the street. The mother managed to care for her two children, to give them the best education she could. The Congregational Church at Vicksburg bought his first suit of clothes in order that he could attend Sunday School. His grandmother died at the age of 110 years—when he was just seven years old and his mother passed away when he was ten years old. She was buried at Bricktown Point, 20 miles from Vicksburg. Mr. Davis was then thrown upon his own resources, left alone—to get along the best way he could in this world.

After his mother's death, he stayed with his sister for awhile and worked, picking up cord wood for ten cents a cord. About a year later, he being eleven years old, went to his sister and told her he was going to pack his clothes and go on Captain Moore's boat and go to work. He told his sister good-bye, went to see Captain Moore on the Steamer "Home." The Captain gave him a job helping in the kitchen. They went from Yazoo City to Vicksburg and Mr. Davis wanted to leave the boat and try to get a position with some foundry as he wanted to learn a trade, but being so young, the Captain persuaded him to remain on the boat. He worked in the kitchen almost a year and was paid 20 cents per day. After that the Captain put him to keeping the boilers and deck clean. Mr. Davis was interested in machinery and during the few spare minutes he had on the boat he studied the different parts of machinery and learned very quickly. Mr. Davis also worked on the Steamers "Hope" and "Natchez." He worked on the boats until the outbreak of the Civil War. He had learned enough about machinery during the time he had worked on the boats to get a job with the railroad, and Tom Monroe, head engineer, got Mr. Davis a job fir-

ing for the Vicksburg-Meridian Road in 1859. The master mechanic told him to get on the engine and stay there and not leave it for anyone. He made the run from Vicksburg to Jackson, Miss., firing a passenger train with pine knots. It was a No. 10 Baldwin engine and he fired for Bob Harrison, engineer. He was pulled off of this engine and put on a No. 9 Hercules engine, firing a freight train.

He made the run from Jackson to Vicksburg one day, and it was at the time that General Grant set out to capture Vicksburg and Port Hudson and open the Mississippi throughout its entire length. This was in the fall of 1862. Grant's first attempt failed, but failure with Grant was only an in-



spiration to fight harder than ever. For weeks Grant stormed the place with shot and shell, by day and night. At last, when food was gone and further resistance seemed useless, Vicksburg surrendered and 30,000 Confederate soldiers were made prisoners of war. The surrender was made on July 4, 1863. By the capture of Vicksburg, General Grant cut the Confederacy in twain and accomplished one of the great purposes of the Union plan of campaign. Mr. Davis was on the other side of the river from Grant, obeying the master mechanic's orders, as he promised he would not leave the engine and he stayed there during the time Grant and his men were shelling

the city. The other members of the crew got frightened and left Davis alone. Three shells just skipped Mr. Davis' head and when the fourth shell was fired close to him, he said it was a little too close to suit him and thought to himself that he had better be going from there. He never had run an engine, but the engineer being away, he said he patted the engine on the back and said, "Out of here, old engine," and he waved his hat to Grant and away he went. When he reached the roundhouse the master mechanic was furious because he stayed with the engine. He told Mr. Davis to get off of the engine and get out of there if he could, as the Union men were coming around the large bluff. Mr. Davis said, "Good-bye, Master Mechanic." He finally got by the Union men and never returned to Vicksburg until the year 1864. Then he went to work on the boats again and resigned in the year 1866 and went to Pacific, Mo., to live. He got a job with the Frisco in the spring of 1868 on a wheel press. Later he was put to work running switch engines in the yards—that was before the road came across the Gasconade River. In the fall of 1870 he was put on a construction train No. 6 Rogers engine to lay the track from Dixon to Springfield.

Mr. Davis has the distinction of firing the first construction locomotive into Springfield, and he described the early days of railroading, of how they often filled the tank of the old No. 6 Rogers engine, using waterbuckets. The engines at that date had no injectors and the water was forced into the boiler with pumps, and when the first injector was installed the master mechanic insisted on leaving the pumps on the engine as a matter of safety in case the injectors failed to work and his mention of the old hand brakes, links and pins, and how they had to get out on top in all kinds of weather, and the hardships the boys endured those days would seem strange to us in this day of modern railroading.

He also described how they managed the fuel problem. Wood was used in those days and the company had large piles of wood piled at intervals along the track, the sticks being cut in two-foot lengths, and placed as close as possible to the track so the employes could pitch it in the tender from the rick. Some of the larger yards were located at Pacific, Rolla, Dixon, Lebanon, Marshfield and other points west, and he tells of one incident that happened at Wood End Hill where the wood was ricked on both sides of the track and the wood caught fire and was burning furiously and as they had no way to detour, they made a run through the flames, with the result that the paint was

badly scorched on the engine and coaches.

He related several incidents, where, after the road was completed some of the grading contractors failed to settle with some of the farmers for farm produce, with the result that at some points the crews would find ties placed on the tracks, and maybe a rail removed, causing derailments and they would have to wait for the section men to come and make the necessary repairs and one time on a pile of ties placed on the track was a piece of paper on which was written, "If you would pay your bills this would not happen again." The company investigated and found the trouble, settled with the farmers and was not bothered again.

THRILLS AND SPILLS

THE "CONFESSIONS" OF A MOVIE ACTRESS

By MARTHA C. MOORE

This happens to be an interview with myself and about myself, and the reason I am interviewing myself is, that nobody took any special pains to interview me, or rather I have not reached that point of importance in the limelight when I am besieged with reporters visiting me and begging for an interview; therefore I'm, what would you say, self-made? That's it. If I do something that I think worthy of note, and it isn't noted, I take it upon myself to see that it is; hence the interview. Another thing, since I'm the one whom this story is about I shall endeavor to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth (with slight deviations).

Last summer I spent my vacation in California, begging, simply pleading with someone, anyone in authority to get me a pass through a studio to see them take pictures. This year, during some of my vacation, I was actually besieged and begged to be the LEADING LADY. Yes, I didn't say maid or scrub lady, but LEADING LADY in a motion picture being filmed in my own fair city. Now can you beat that? You can imagine with what promptness I accepted and told them I would be on the spot the selected day, to be "shot." Pardon the movie term—my speech has been somewhat changed and my vocabulary increased during the filming of this picture.

I have heard that the real movie stars in the large feature films can hardly follow the thread of the story, so mixed up and torn to pieces is it, and I fully understand all that now—for we started in the middle of the picture and worked toward both ends, and up until the night of the first showing I could not have told you the plot.

I was asked to report at 8:30 a. m., costumed as follows: Bathing suit, shoes and stockings, and an old dress

Among the officials he mentioned after the road was in operation, was:

Captain Rogers, general manager; Mike Kearney, master mechanic; Jim McCabe, general foreman machine shops; Mike Doyle, foreman car department; D. H. Nichols, general superintendent.

After the road was completed Mr. Davis was given a job in the roundhouse at Springfield and was employed there for thirty years up until ten years ago when he was put on the pension list.

Mr. Davis makes his home at the Arlington Hotel, North Commercial Street, Springfield. He is very pleasant to everyone and seems to enjoy himself immensely even though he happened to have the misfortune of losing his eyesight.

that I cared nothing for over my suit. I was asked if I could swim. I replied that I could swim just enough to be rescued, as I understood it was a rescue scene. Now I really do swim something like a rock and I have tried numerous times to float, but my feet drag me to the bottom, so I saw two things, a casket with sweet peas, or a very realistic rescue scene.

We started for the river. Now, I have a horror of rivers. The recent rains had caused them all to be above their banks, muddy and swift. If they had only selected a pool; a nice place you know, where everything is clean and nice and convenient; but, we went to the river. Understand, I made no comments. I just sat wild-eyed and wondered if I could muster up the nerve I thought I had in reserve; but it seemed I had exhausted the supply. The particular spot picked out was, of course, just over my head, and the stream was flowing with a swiftness that was appalling, and right below, where I had picked to fall in, are some rapids and I must be rescued before I reached the end of them.

The first scene we "shot" I was sitting in the boat, enjoying a magazine, and I wish I knew which magazine that was before I threw it overboard, for I had just started a very interesting story, "One Out of Ten," or some such title by Robert W. Chambers, and before the scene was over I felt assured that only one out of ten would ever survive this rescue scene. Needless to say, I was only gazing at the book and the title. The boat was supposed to glide down the rapids, when I came to and saw where I was I then and there started screaming for help. My boat was supposed to be leaking and when it got half full of water, I was to jump out and swim. Yes, in that outfit. The leading man was to pick me up, if

he could get to me, and my only hope was that he could.

Well, we went down the stream once, over the rapids, at least I did, and then they hauled the boat back and were supposed to fill it about one half full of water, but instead they filled it too full and it sank. The rescue scene took place right there, and I got to shore, where we emptied the boat with only enough in it to look dangerous, but giving me a chance to jump before it filled completely. They pulled the boat out in the middle of the river, the camera got set and I had my instructions. I stood in the boat and wobbled from side to side, with water to my knees and then I jumped over the side and tried to tip the boat with me at the same time. I went down, as I thought I would, and then came up and tried to swim, and I did swim about 15 or 20 feet to the rapids and then I actually tumbled down them, over and over, splashing and screaming, going down and up for air and looking like it was perfectly terrible, and it was, only in a way you have not guessed. Down the rapids the water is not deep, so I was rolling on sharp rocks, and I have plenty of black and blue spots to show that the bottom was rocky and that I actually rolled down. But, everything is fair in love and—movies. I said nothing about the bumps. As per instructions, the leading man, and very luckily a wonderful swimmer, caught up with me and I collapsed—not really, but picturesquely. He carried me to shore where he tried to revive me and finally did, only to find that I had fallen in love with him, and he with me—love at first sight. Looking back at that picture, it seems to me his face registered disgust instead of that look that comes straight from the heart, and perhaps he was disgusted, for he had to hold me about 15 minutes while the camera got a "closeup," and I weighed 113 with my wet clothes, 110 normally. We then moved on, like a gypsy gang to the next "location" where we met the sheriff who was driving "Spark Plug" to a buggy, and my hero hailed him, they loaded me in the buggy and started home with me.

After they had dragged me from the river, I looked something like a drowned rat, and the spectators on the bank asked me what had become of my marcel wave and I turned sadly around and told them it must have gone down the rapids with the other "waves," for I had it no longer.

I believe the most horrible and the only scene where I really would have liked to show a fit of temperament (like all real stars), refuse to do it, n' everything, was where they drove me through the public square, in a buggy. Heavens! Dressed as I was right from the river. I could never have done it, had I not kept in my mind the fact that the very next day

I was to be dressed up and drive a Lincoln through the square with the aid of the traffic cops to keep back the swarming crowds.

The next morning we secured a Lincoln sport model and selected a point where the road went by the railroad track (Frisco, of course) for a distance of some three or four miles. In fact very close to it. "Now," said the director, "you are to drive this car along by this fast mail train (No. 3 from St. Louis, and right here I want to say that that train don't travel slow, and I don't dare estimate how fast) and when you get right in front of the camera, PASS IT." They told me the Lincoln would go 85 miles an hour, but I hoped locomotives couldn't make over 60. We had the demonstrator of the Lincoln along and the director suggested that since he didn't have the \$4,000.00 should anything happen to the car, perhaps the demonstrator had better double for me in this scene. I gave him my hat and fur and we told him farewell and he drove down the road to turn around and race with the train. I really got a thrill unequalled, waiting for that train and car.

I was standing on a culvert, tensely gazing in the distance, when I saw smoke and heard a whistle. I stood on tip-toe, afraid I would miss the start, when it rounded the curve. Here came the train, 60 to nothin'; but I looked in vain for the car. What in the world had happened? The train sped past and soon some farmers came up and said the Lincoln had gone off in the ditch. We rushed to the rescue and found the car was turning around and one wheel went off the little ditch, dropping the car down some six inches and tearing the bridge to pieces. Well, we got the car back on the road and waited thirty minutes for another train. I gazed tensely in the distance again and saw a train and a car approaching, but when it got nearer, I saw that a Ford was in the lead and the Lincoln tearing along, and the Ford unaware that he was in the way, or the picture either, refused to give the Lincoln the road. They had to put on the brakes on the Lincoln, at a speed of 58 miles an hour. Curses! Then it started to rain. No more trains that day but freights, so we went uptown where I relieved the driver and they took some pictures of me driving through the town, on my way presumably to the station to beat the train. He told me to come through the town and he would set the machine to register that I was coming twice as fast as I was. When

I passed the camera, I glanced at the speedometer and it showed 50. Too fast, I had to do it again. Forgot to mention between "shots" we had a drenching rain for a change and to break the monotony.

The next morning we were out at 6:30 a. m. and got the morning train, cleared the road, and passed it going about 65 an hour, and we had the scene we wanted. This took place at Strafford, Mo.

From this point we went to a small station known as Brookline, where I was supposed to have met the hero and given him a telegram, showing he had fallen heir to millions (banana oil), and then the next day to the Country Club grounds where we ended the story as all good stories end.

As I write this the numerous feet of film are in the developing tank, the director and his wife are working frantically to get the picture ready for the showing and the theater is getting ready to open with an afternoon performance of "Heart's Desire," an all-star cast, featuring Springfield's local talent! (Ahem!)

Now then, as all interviewers end or begin, I must answer a few questions; try to read your mind in other words and tell you what you'd like to ask me. Yes, I like the movies. I'd hate to tell you what I'd do with a real tempting offer. Yes, our director and his wife were perfectly lovely and we didn't get yelled at once. Nobody lost their temper. You aren't any more conscious in front of a camera than in front of an audience. I know very well I would never have jumped in water over my head and tipped a boat, and gone down rapids for anything but a movie camera. You're all pepped up you know, and when he says "shoot," you just naturally do what you are told to. Yes, it's hard work, sun and rain and darkness mean nothing. Several days we quit work at 11:30 and met again at 12:15 p. m. to grab a bite to eat in the meantime. We were up as early as 5:00 a. m. and worked late; but if you like it, all this work means nothing. No, I haven't decided on my movie name, yet. While taking the pictures on the square we had to have the traffic cops help us keep back the people. Everybody wanted in the picture. There is a certain thrill about sitting in a seat in a movie house and seeing yourself as others see you, and wherever we stopped, we had crowds of people who were witnessing the taking of a real movie for the first time, and most of them wanted in it.

named have crossed the Great Divide into the other life. Yet, at this meeting of the veterans were a number of men who had worked with and served under those who have passed away. There was old Jack Nelson, Tom Hasler, Charles Huffschtmidt, John Weckerly, Hans Tyson, James Mansfield, Link Coover, Cal Dutton and possibly a score of other of the real old senior veterans. And then down into the second class of veterans: C. C. Mills, Bill Morrell, W. H. VanHorn, George Hasler, Charles Dubuque, Robert Lyons, Thomas Lyons, and on down the line, running into the hundreds of Junior class, whose service is 20, 25 and 30 years or more.

And among them I met the old comrade, the old friend and pal of the old-timers and of the junior class, Carl R. Gray. Carl R. Gray, the man who first made it possible for the employes of the Frisco to realize that the Frisco was one large family, bound together by a tie stronger than written contract or schedule of pay; bound together by the greatest, the most enduring of all ties—the tie of abiding faith and confidence in the justice and fairness of our superior officers, and the tie of friendship and love for our co-employees.

We old-timers of the days of C. W. Rogers can look back to those days when as a rule the employes looked upon the general officials as some superior, endowed individual, cold and hard, representing soulless, corporate greed. Men that gave no thought or care to these humans working under them. They were strangers to us, we were strangers to them, they made the train and engine men work 20, 30, and sometimes 40 or more hours continuous service without rest or sleep, and no provisions to eat whatever, and were unjust, unfair in their promotions and discipline, and demanded 100 per cent efficient service from a 30 per cent machine.

But Carl R. Gray, who grew up with us, whom we knew and had faith in, soon taught us that the general officials were human beings like ourselves, upon whose shoulders very, very heavy responsibilities were placed, the responsibility to meet and satisfy the wants of the public first and above all other considerations, and he impressed upon us the fact that himself and his official staff could not give the public the service they were entitled to without the hearty co-operation and support of all classes under him.

It was then the sun began to shine upon us. It was then we employes raised our heads, squared our shoulders, stood erect, looking every man in the face, proud to acknowledge to the world at large that we were members in good standing of the Frisco Family. And while we men took up the study of the airbrakes, boiler construction, steam expansion, draw bar pull, tractive force, and fuel consumption and entered into a friendly competition, one with the other, in an effort toward efficient and economic

A Veteran's Impression of the Reunion

By MICHAEL J. MURPHY

It was my good fortune to be able to attend the second annual reunion of the Frisco Veterans, because I met so many old employes who have continuously served with the Frisco from the days of General Manager C. W.

Roger, D. H. Nichols, Michael Kearney, A. Talmage, John Coffee, and Lyman & Hewett, who, in those days, were the head officials of the old Atlantic & Pacific, now known as the Frisco System. All of the above

service, while at the same time realizing we were an integral part of the Frisco Family to whom every consideration would be given by our superior officers, thus making us feel secure in our jobs, caused us to turn our attention and activities into becoming home builders, tax payers, honest, law-abiding citizens in the community in which we lived. It was then the wife, the mother, feeling this new, exalted spirit among their breadwinners, took heart, and as only women can do, encouraged us in our efforts. They formed their church,

their school, their social circle. They kissed us goodbye when we went to our work, and upon our return to our homes met us with smiles of love, and other endearing expressions, which to us railroad men was but a foretaste of the joys of Heaven.

It was then things began to hum. Physical improvements, safety devices, sanitary measures began to bear fruit, showing what satisfied, contented employes could do, working with one object in view, the object of courteous, safe, efficient service to the public, whose servants we are.

Spent several days in May at Columbia, Missouri, attending the sessions of the Missouri Press Association, during the annual "Journalism Week," the biggest event of its kind in the country, and held under the auspices of the School of Journalism of Missouri University.

It was a visit which was worth many times the time and expense, the memory of which will remain with each visitor for a long time to come.

There was entertaining, delightful Dean Walter Williams of the Missouri University, a charming gentleman, with ideas which have revolutionized the curriculum of schools of journalism throughout the world. Dean Williams is a real character in the educational world and a gentleman supreme.

Then there was that delightfully instructive and entertaining "Wicks of the Manchester Guardian," that famous British paper which ranks with the London Times in fame. Editor Wicks was that rare specimen, a visitor from foreign shores who held his audience without resorting to the usual expedient of criticising his hosts.

And Louis Dodge, writer of "best sellers" in the fiction world. Over a cup of coffee, at the Daniel Boone Tavern, we talked with Dodge about his work and his modesty was such as to leave us with the impression that he is even yet wondering why the public buys his books in such quantities, although their excellence is such as to merit this reward.

But it was among the Missouri editors themselves that we as usual found our greatest delight and charm.

They are wonderful people, these wielders of public opinion in Missouri, and it is always a rare privilege and pleasure to be permitted to sit at their feet and listen to their words of wisdom.

There was the brilliant, charming Mary Blake Woodson of the Kansas City Star, always entertaining, always with something worth while to say; Doug Meng, as corpulent as he is capable and congenial. Doug is one of the most popular newspaper men in Missouri, and deservedly so. Vina Lindsay, of the Kansas City Journal-Post, feature writer and dynamo of energy, was there, and Ted Alford, with his pipe and his smile, optimistic Ted who has remained cheerful in spite of his chosen work of writing politics on a metropolitan newspaper.

Eugene Roach of Carthage, Fred Hull of Mayville, Mitchell White of Mexico, Miss Laura Smitz of Chillicothe, Earl Hodges of Mokane, Will Zorn of West Plains, Sewell of Carthage, Haney of Aurora, Lorry Reagan of Belton, Melton of Caruthersville, Mrs. Nellie Jacoby Omeara of Martinsburg, Anna Nolen Christian of Munroe City. Colonel Bill Wood of Rolla, Fred Harrison of Gallatin, Jim Todd of Maryville, Asa Butler, still an editor even though he is also State Oil Inspector, Charley Fear of Joplin. These and many others. What a gathering of intellect and personality.

ONE DISCORDANT NOTE

By BEN B. LEWIS

A "coyote" is a critter with the obnoxious habit of howling vociferously when most animals is tryin' t' git some sleep; a nocturnal pest of pernicious notions aimed again' th' peaceful slumbers o' creation.

When th' shades o' night has been drawn across th' bright beams o' day, an' th' world succumbs to th' droopy eyelid of an indolent contentment, th' coyote slinks out of his hidden lair, an' lifts his raucous voice in protest an' bitter complaint.

If yuh got a load on yore conscience, th' howl of th' coyote sends shivers up an' down yore spine; an' yuh wishes fervent th' dern nuisance would shut up an' go on away.

We have heard, in a roundabout way, that a meetin' was held in Sherman, Texas, on April 25th. This meetin' was attended by leading business men of Sherman, an' officials an' employes of th' Frisco Lines from various portions of th' Frisco territory. It was th' first time in th' memory of man when Frisco North and Frisco South met in such numbers, to relax their feet under th' same tables, an' discover in each other the true spirit o' brotherhood that comes from a common callin' an' a common "alma mater." These were "Frisco" men, no matter the "division" on which they work; an' they joined together in havin' a plain, old-fashioned good time with their friends, the hosts, the business men of Sherman.

In evidence of th' spirit with which they were met, we mention the fact that the Sherman Daily Democrat, the live-wire, up-an'-going newspaper of Sherman, issued a special edition of th' paper, devoted exclusively to the Frisco, an' containin' an editorial welcome to the Frisco officials an' employes, a full page ad of similar content by th' Sherman Chapter of Commerce, a full page reproduction of an article originally printed in the May issue of the Frisco Employes' Magazine entitled "Transcontinental Oil Train Special, Speeding Over Frisco Lines," and a page of Frisco news and pictures of Frisco folks.

Two elaborate dinners were prepared and served; one about noon an' the other about 6:30 P. M. The noon luncheon was remarkable for its "pep"; an' th' beautiful sprigs o' fellowship an' good-will took root an' began t' grow in th' hearts o' men.

In th' evening — — by th' moonlight!

Those boys of Sherman were not satisfied t' set down to a regular city "six o'clock dinner," prepared of French goo by a Greek cook. No, sir! They fixed up a real, honest t' Gawd ole-time Texas barbecue, an' would have served her in th' good ole-timey way if a frazzlin' rain hadn't busted in an' forced them to serve her indoors. But cold an' damp weather doesn't wilt Sherman hospitality, an' they put 'er over with a whoop, regardless.

They tell me those Frisco boys staid until th' last piece o' beef was et, th' last steamin' cup o' coffee was drunk, an' th' last handshake of good bye an' good wishes was offered an' met!

Then where does th' howl come in?

Boy, listen! They didn't invite me, so of course I didn't git t' go!

E-e-e-e-e-yow! Yip! Yip!—On a midnight hill!

The Editor—His Colyum

In which he is constrained to talk of various things—The Railway Magazine Editors' Convention, the "Journalism Week" at Columbia and Pot Pourri.

This little talk with our readers is published for just what it purports to be—a chance to talk to you just as we might face to face. Wish we might meet each of you, but of course we will be several years older before that can actually happen, and by that time some of the "Frisco Babies" whose pictures we are publishing each month—God Bless Them—will be filling "Dad's" or "Mother's" places with the Frisco.

Who Am I?

I am the monthly message bringing inspiration and cheer to 26,000 employes of the Frisco Lines.

I am the Great Medium through which Employer and Employee talk with one another.

I am the Open Forum through which each employe may have his chance to talk "right out in meetin'."

I am Your publication, your outlet for all the latent literary ability concealed within you.

I am the Visitor who comes each month to your home or to your office bringing good cheer—I hope.

I am One Year Old this month.

I am lusty, growing and ambitious. I expect to be bigger and better each month and each year.

I AM THE FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE.

Conductor Brownfield and Brakeman Stewart Receive Real Praise from Passenger

Superintendent J. A. Moran calls attention to the following letter received at his office:

"I take this means of thanking you for services performed on the night of June 13. On this night I had gone to Memphis to bring my husband home from a hospital there. I was shown every possible courtesy by Conductor J. S. Brownfield and Brakeman J. F. Stewart, on Train No. 806. I cannot tell you how thankful I am to them for their kindness. They not only assisted my husband on and off the train, but made several trips to our berth to see if anything could be done to aid. I surely am very, very thankful to them.—Mrs. Harry Herrell, Hayti, Missouri.

Hire Out to Yourself

By M. A. Schulze

Some day

When you feel gay,

And think you deserve a raise

For your valuable services,

I tell you you what to do.

You put the shoe on the other foot

And hire out to yourself,

Just for a day or two

Put yourself into your employer's place

And keep tab on the work you do.

Let's see,

You were late this morning.

Only ten minutes?

That's true, but whose time was it?

You took pay for it,

Therefore you sold it,

You can't sell eight hours of time

And keep a part of it—

Not unless you give short measure.

Then, again, how about that customer

You rubbed the wrong way?

Not your funeral, you say?

Maybe, but you're paid

For building trade,

Not driving it away.

How about that work you had to do over?

You're not paid to be careless,

You're paid to do work well.

Not twice over,

But once, that's enough!

Then do it right

The first time you do it.

That's what you would do

If you worked for yourself.

Hire out, then, to a man named "You."

Imagine it's up to you

To meet the pay roll,

Then see what a difference it makes

In the point of view,

Say, try it once,

For a day or two.

What Is Efficiency?

By M. A. Schulze

It is doing things, not wishing you could do them, dreaming about them, or wondering if you can do them.

It is the power to learn how to do things by doing them as learning to walk by walking, or learning to sell goods by selling them.

It is knowing how to apply theory to practice.

It is the trick of turning defeat into experience and using it to achieve success.

It is the ability to mass one's personality at any time or place; it is skill in quick mobilization of one's resources.

It is making everything that is past minister to the future.

It is the elimination of the three microbes of weakness—regret, worry and fear.

It is persistence plus politeness.

It is self-reliance clothed with modesty.

It is the hand of steel in the velvet glove.

It is alertness, presence of mind, readiness to adjust one's self to the unexpected.

It is sacrificing personal feelings to the will to win.

It is impinging the ego against the combination of events—luck, fate, custom and prejudice—until they give way.

It is massing the "me" against the universe.

It is the sum of three quantities—purpose, practice and patience.

It is the measure of a man, the real size of his soul.

It is the ability to use one's passions, likes, dislikes, habits, experience, education, mind, body and heart—and not to be used by these things.

It is self-mastery, concentration, vision, and common sense.

It is the sum total of all that's in a man.

Engineers Can Save Coal

1. By working engine in shortest cut off possible to handle train.
2. By carrying as small amount of water as consistent with handling of train.
3. Advise fireman as to grades and shut off points.
4. Advise fireman as to stops and when he will take siding meeting or passing trains.

5. If fireman does not employ best practices, instruct him.
6. Avoid waste of steam by safety valves and by carefully analyzing blows of cylinder packing, valves and report same for repairs.
7. By watching the manner in which engine burns fire that the drafting of engine may be regulated to the best advantage.
8. By avoiding unnecessary stops.
9. By watching closely for defects that increase consumption of coal and reporting same.
10. By keeping oil holes open and oiling all reciprocating parts.
11. By avoiding over pumping of engine flooding valve chambers and cylinders and destroying the lubrication.
12. By seeing that fireman does not overload tenders when taking coal on line of road.
13. By filling boiler with water at completion of trip before turning engine over to hostler.
14. By shutting off electric generator when sun rises.
15. By close co-operation with all concerned.

Firemen Can Save Coal

1. By having fire prepared and leveled, but not too far in advance of leaving time.
2. See that all equipment necessary is on engine before leaving time.
3. Do not try to put all coal on fire-box at one time, nor slug the fire.
4. Fire with as few scoops of coal at a time as possible to meet existing conditions.
5. Breaking up coal to the proper firing size.
6. Do not shake grates except when absolutely necessary and then only slightly.
7. Do not rake fire except to fill a hole or break a bank.
8. Keep the deck clean.
9. Do not permit coal to waste off the gangway.
10. Study the problem of firing and talk about it with other firemen.
11. Watch closely movements of engineer, particularly at shutting off points.
12. Do not overload tenders when taking coal.
13. Stop firing in time to avoid delivering engine to roundhouse with green coal in fire box.
14. By close co-operation with all concerned.

Texas "Skeeters"

With apologies to the author of "The Texas Song,"
 The Texas skeeters are upon us,
 All the livelong day;
 The Texas skeeters are upon us,
 We cannot get away;
 Well we know we can't escape them,
 Morning, noon or night;
 The Texas skeeters are upon us,
 And OH! OUCH! How they bite!
 Emma Helms Clause.