

# Night—Eternal Night

## A Short Story of Carelessness and its Tragic Ending, by an Author Who Knows, Yet Remains Unknown

**I**T WAS one of those days in late autumn when the sky hangs low and gusty winds scurry around corners, carrying a promise of winter.

It was nearly supper time for the Clark family, and dainty, little Mrs. Clark had stuffed the twins into their woolly, warm sack coats, and sent them to meet their daddy on his way home from work, as was her custom ever since she had thought them large enough to go out unaccompanied.

Somehow she could perform her duties much more efficiently when they were gone, and she felt they were safe. She loved them so, that when they were about, their sweet prattle and the still sweeter sight of them, caused her to almost forget the work in hand and revel in the happy realization of her girlhood dreams. Her girlhood dreams—a man like Jack Clark for a husband, a little home, and a little boy and a little girl to brighten it and fill the days with sunshine.

All of her dreams had come true. Her cup was full and overflowing. And as she turned the roast, "French" fried potatoes, set the table, and performed the hundred and one lesser duties incidental to the preparation of an appetizing meal, her every movement was vibrant with the sheer joy of living—her face was smiling serene, and the Peace of God dwelt in her eyes.

He'd be coming any minute now, He would come stomping up the steps and shoulder in the door; and little Jacqueline would be in his right arm with her angelic, little, pink cheek pressed hard against his smooth, red one. And little Jackie would be in his left arm, wearing his old, greasy Stetson, boyishly boastful: "Yook, Mumsie; don't I yook like daddy?"

And He would be smiling that youthful, captivating smile of his, the smile that made her love him and trust him that day they first met, years ago, at the Shopcrafts' picnic, when he was just an apprentice and she a slim, blue-eyed girl of fifteen. And somehow, even with a child in each arm, he'd manage to take her in his arms, too, and kiss her—always the kiss of a sweetheart! She thrilled to think of it!

She had better quit thinking about him, and watch that roast, or the supper would be spoiled.

Well, everything was ready. He would be coming any minute now. She

poised her head quaintly, and listened; then she glanced at the clock.

It was five-thirty. He was never later than that. Maybe he had stopped at the corner to buy the children some candy. He shouldn't give it to them before supper.

Mrs. Clark was worried. She listened again. Then she sat down. Could something have happened? Maybe the twins were too small to go out on the street alone. She must not let them go again until they were larger. What would he say if any harm befell them? What—?

A noise, the scurry of tiny feet on the porch, a wide-flung door, and the twins burst into the kitchen, breathless, panting, tongue-tied with fright!

It should not be difficult for every person who reads this article to understand why its author remains unknown. In this short but gripping story is summed up a great deal of the misery caused by carelessness in this busy industrial world of ours. And it is needless. Prevention is so easy. This is a plea that you do your part each day.—W. L. H., Jr.

"What's the matter?" their mother asked sharply, as she sprang erect. "Where's daddy," and she shook little Jackie.

But it was Jacqueline who answered, puffing.

"Him down street. Him have to walk slow. Mens bringin' him. Him have white cloth all 'round him head. Him hurt!" Her baby mouth trembled and the big, blue eyes swam in tears.

The world went black before the mother's eyes. She reeled and almost fell. Her husband, her sweetheart, was hurt! She rushed to the door.

Jack Clark was coming up the steps of the porch, unsteadily, gropingly, supported on each side by a friend. A wide bandage covered his eyes.

"Sweetheart"—he began.

"Never mind, dear," she murmured as she kissed him. He must not know how frightened she was.

To the men: "I'll take him now. Thank you so much for helping him." Tenderly she lead him into the house and made him lie down on a divan.

He tried to speak, but he could not. He turned his face from her and his big frame shook with sobs.

"Never mind, dear," she said again, with heaven in her voice and indescribable anguish in her heart. "Whatever it is, you know I'll take care of you."

The children stood frightened, mute. They had never known their daddy like this.

"Mumsie," little Jackie whimpered; "it's night; turn on the light."

The stricken man raised himself and seemed peering through his bandage intently at the little mother.

"Yes," he faltered, "it's night, eternal night for me! I was working—and I took off my goggles—thinking I didn't need them. An accident—and the doctor, he said—I would—never—see again!" And once more he wept helplessly.

### Think!

Picture, if you can, the contrast between Mrs. Clark's anticipations of future happiness when she started that evening meal, and the bleak outlook which must of necessity have been hers when the words of her husband came to her ears.

Imagine her state of mind as she went about the task of clearing the table of the untouched meal; as distressed and silent, she put the children to bed, their thoughtless ebullience seeming to her as out of place in that house as levity in the presence of the dead.

Imagine again, if you will, the hopeful words whispered into the wakeful ear of her husband when all was still, belying the expression in her face where must always lurk the haunting realization of her endless burden.

### But Think!

Night, eternal night! For her as well as for her husband. And just because he thought he didn't need his goggles.

Over fifty thousand employes of the railroads of the United States sustained injuries to their eyes during the year 1924.

One thousand and nineteen of these were employes of the Frisco!

Some escaped with only slight injuries. Some will always have weak eyes. Some sustained total loss of sight of one eye. Some will never see again!

It is up to you, Mr. and Mrs. Reader, to take care that a similar scene to that above is not enacted in your home.

# Some Personal Experiences of a Railroad Rail

(By The Rail Himself, as Told to J. G. TAYLOR, Special Engineer)

I AM a steel railroad rail. I am 39 feet long and 5 3/4 inches square (technical term) and for every yard of my length I weigh 90 pounds. I am proportioned about 40% head, 22% web and 38% base. I came into being in a great metropolis in the South which would never have existed unless nature had caused the ingredients of which I am made to lie in immense quantities in close proximity. There are thousands and thousands in my family and the railroads cannot get along without us.

After coming out of the rolling mill, I was stacked up in company with my fellows in the mill yard where I rusted for a time, the reason for which I learned later. Steel rail was high and the alert railroad purchasing agents were waiting for a more opportune time to buy.

But after so long a time, a long cut of coal and stock cars were run along side our pile and we were very carefully deposited one by one in the cars. I later learned that we had been sold to a railroad bearing the euphonious cognomen of "Frisco" and which up to a few prior years had not amounted to much. Then a real railroad Moses coming out of the cranberry marshes instead of the bull rushes who knew his groceries from A to Z, including several et ceteras. He took hold of the property, and since that time all the various bottles of red ink have dried up, stocks and bonds have soared and physical condition together with power and cars and everything that goes to make up a first class railroad have greatly improved.

I was rather proud to function in my humble capacity on such a railroad, but I had some of the chestiness knocked out of me when I finally arrived at the point where my checkered career commenced.

In the first place, instead of being carefully unloaded, I was dumped unceremoniously from car onto an uneven surface and a couple of my ribs hurt. Later, I was placed in track, but in a very uncomfortable position because the trackmen had failed to adz and broom ties properly, and had not driven down spike stubs. I felt about as comfortable as a pampered drummer feels when he lights in a bowl and pitcher hotel with its corn-cob bed, re-inforced concrete pillow,

twelve-inch square towel and the well worn piece of "Grandpa's Wonder" in the soap dish.

I was not destined, however, to occupy my exact location for long, as rail was being laid in cool weather and the know-it-all track foreman thought he could lay me without proper expansion shins. I showed him where he was wrong on the first hot day by jumping out of my bed and making the acquaintance of the right-of-way fence posts. I heard this performance called a "sun kink" by the man who later replaced me.

This delightful treatise, which Mr. Taylor has cleverly put into the "head" of the railroad rail, abounds in useful information to the layman as well as to the track-worker. If rails had animation and could speak, we imagine they would utter protests much similar to these. Mr. Taylor does not, of course, intend to criticize any particular person, and his suggestions toward efficient track laying are given in the best of spirits.

W. L. H., Jr.

Before the sun kink episode, I had forgotten to state that a bunch of Bohunks had surfaced me and spaced the ties under my bearings, but these men did not know much about tie spacing and some ties were placed close together and others far apart and while I had the proper number of ties in my length, they did not give full service. Also, when I was spiked to the ties there was another smart guy who did not believe in making liberal use of the gage. This caused my running side to be out of true and when a noisy engine came along with considerable lateral thrust, this condition kept increasing until I got wide gage and on a day that I shall never forget, a pair of wheels dropped inside gage and turned a couple of freezer cars over. I was not injured particularly, but some of the strawberries were and there was a great hullabaloo about truing up the gage. But I know if ordinary attention had been given this matter from time to time, I would have felt better and functioned better. In applying ballast under my base, some of the ties were well tamped and some were not, resulting in the bending of my back and I had to have frequent chiropractic treatments to keep in any kind of condition at all.

We rails, during the quieter periods, are great gossips, in fact we are as bad as a bunch of brakemen when they get together in Casey's back room after the fruit jar with its colorless contents has made the rounds several times, and get to know each other all up and down the line. I have heard some weird experiences from some of my brothers.

One fellow I know well, told about being laid on a curve spiral and while he had no complaint to make about his line position, the trackmen in giving him elevation did not gradually give elevation between the posts, but wanted to give the entire elevation almost within his length. This resulted in a bad jerk to trains and the foreman who cut such a dido was "butterflied" to death asking what was the matter with ends of curve at this big cut. He did his best to remedy conditions, but did not have sufficient gray matter to reason out the cause. All he had to do was measure the distance between his posts, take half of it, and at this point give half of curve elevation indicated on post, then work both ways from this point, running elevation out to nothing at one post and to the full elevation at the other post, taking great care to have his elevation uniform not only on the spiral but around the entire curve and on the spiral at the other end.

Another fellow told me that he had no sooner been placed in track which happened to be in a sag until some wild man came along with a heavy engine at airplane speed and bent him up so badly for line and surface that he and a number of his companions had to be removed and laid by the side of the track. He felt very much ashamed occupying this undignified position where all who rode might see, but he was eventually picked up and sent to a plant that straightened him up and made him as good as new and his badly lacerated feelings returned to normal.

He further stated that he personally saw many curious things while visiting at the plant that restored his usefulness. By his side laid what he considered a midget rail, but when he asked him how old he was, he told him he had been in the main track for over 25 years. As he was only 24 years his junior he shut up and  
(Now turn to Page 26, please)

## SERVICE MEETING DEC. 3-4

## Second Annual Conference Scheduled at Springfield, McCormack Announces

Meet in Interest of Better Service and Claim Prevention—Good Work This Year

THE second annual conference in the interest of better service and claim prevention, will be held at Springfield, Mo., on December 3 and 4, according to an announcement sent members of general committee, operating committee, special committees, and the chairmen of divisional and terminal committees a few days ago. John L. McCormack, superintendent of F. L. & D. Claim payments, and secretary of the general committee signed the announcement which was approved by Vice-President Hutchinson, chairman of the general committee, and General Manager Fraser, chairman of the operating committee.

The first general conference was held October 15 and 16 last year, and such a lively interest has been maintained through the activities of the divisional, terminal and special committees, that the general conference planned for April, was postponed.

Progress made in the prevention of all classes of claims and the improvement of service generally, has been highly satisfactory, McCormack's announcement says, and the general committee wants reported at the December meeting, all things accomplished during the year just passing.

Heads of the committees are as follows:

**GENERAL COMMITTEE** — J. E. Hutchison, chairman; E. H. Bunnell, vice-chairman; J. L. McCormack, secretary.

**OPERATING COMMITTEE**—J. H. Fraser, chairman; J. L. McCormack, secretary.

**OPERATING SUB-COMMITTEE**—C. J. Stephenson, chairman; J. L. McCormack, secretary.

Fuel committee, Robert Collett, chairman; train and car service committee, H. C. Holmes, chairman; yard and station operation committee, O. L. Young, chairman; operating budgets and reports committee, R. H. Kerr, chairman; car accounting records and yard reports committee, H. W. Johnson, chairman; station accounting records and reports committee, A. R. Thorn, chairman; perishable and seasonal freight committee, W. L. English, chairman; live stock committee, E. F. Tillman, chairman; personal injury and property damage committee, F. B. Holland, chairman; equipment committee, G. W. Moore, chairman; rough handling committee, C. J. Stephenson, chairman; weighing and inspection committee, J. W. Dugan, chairman.

## Dainty Frisco Daughter at Memphis Fair



Little Miss Dorothy Crow was one of the daintiest and most attractive entrants at the Tri-State Fair held recently in Memphis, Tennessee. Miss Dorothy was entered by her proud parents in the "Doll Baby Parade," and the above picture of her was taken by Joseph Curtis of the Memphis News-Scimitar. It is easy to see why W. F. Crow, 284 Lucy avenue, Memphis, is a "hustling" traveling freight agent for the Frisco Lines.

### Employees Eligible for Positions With I. C. C. in Washington, D. C.

Receipt of Applications for Transportation Tariff Examiner Close November 28

Receipt of applications for transportation tariff examiner will close November 28. The date for assembling of competitors will be stated on the admission cards sent applicants after the close of receipt of applications.

The examination is to fill vacancies in the Interstate Commerce Commission, Washington, D. C., at an entrance salary of \$2,100 a year. After the probational period of six months required by the civil service act and rules, advancement in pay may be made without change in assignment up to \$2,700 a year. Promotion to higher grades may be made in ac-

cordance with the civil service rules.

The duties of the position are to examine tariffs of carriers to determine whether their construction, including rates and charges, is in conformity with the law and regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and to perform related work.

Competitors will be rated on letter writing on a subject having to do with the duties of the position, and practical question with reference to rates and tariffs. Full information and application blanks may be obtained from the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., or the secretary of the board of U. S. civil service examiners at the post office or customhouse in any city.

### This Season's Ford Joke—

Mule—"What are you?"

Ford—"I am an automobile."

Mule—"Gwan! If you're an automobile, I'm a horse."—Times of Cuba.

## What! Another War in Texas?

THEY have a lot of fun down in Texas—don't think they don't!

Everyone south of the Red River and a lot of folks north, east and west of it, knows W. B. "Dad" Burnet, a Frisco shipper of note, and proprietor of one of the largest stock ranches in Texas, near Menard.

Then, too, lots of folks know G. G. Beckley, claim agent for the Texas Lines. Folks who are acquainted with both of these gentlemen know that when they get started at that popular indoor sport of "Heaving the Gentle Raspberry," or "Cavorting with the Festive Bull," things both funny and tragic are bound to happen.

These gentlemen generally follow the policy of "Do It by Letter."

Here are the latest developments: Callan, Texas, Sept. 15, 1925.

G. G. Beckley, Esq.,  
Claim Agent and Cow Coroner,  
Fort Worth, Texas.

My dear sir:

It is my painful duty to inform you of the melancholy fact that six young and helpless, but high-bred and innocent pigs met a sudden and horrible death on your right-of-way at Callan, Texas, on or about October 13, 1925; all of which was a great shock to their friends and relatives as well as an unfortunate reverse in fortune to myself.

From the testimony of eye-witnesses and others the facts are as herein-after related:

I own a pedigreed Arkansas brood sow whom I named "Frisco," because she takes everything into her system. Although the Frisco is mostly full of water, she generally contains fleas. She, being of a trusting and confiding nature, selected a spongy place in the middle of your track and gathering her progeny about her, proceeded to let them partake of nourishment. While the happy family was thus tenderly engaged, your infamous "Menard Flyer" came along ON TIME, when no one was looking for it, and broke up this noble group, and mutilated beyond recognition or repair six members of this porcine household. The mother is inconsolable. The father?—I have not heard how the father takes it, but that is beside the point. I am not one to scatter gossip, at least. It is sufficient to state that the pigs were known by their mother's maiden name. "Frisco." The deceased are described as follows:

1. Cochran Frisco—Known by his white hair and sunny disposition.

2. McCarty Frisco—Easily recognized as the biggest one in the bunch.

3. Preston Frisco—Wanted everything in sight and then was never satisfied.

4. Rudd Frisco—Ate more and grunted louder than the others.

5. Truitt Frisco—Never known to give up anything that he got hold of.

6. Fanny Frisco—Would lie perfectly still and never move.

Conceive, if you can, the sadness of the scene! This frolicsome family, full of contentment and sweet milk, sleeping at train time in almost absolute certainty of being undisturbed, and then to be cut down and ground up by one of your old rusty iron kettles and suddenly to awake in paradise, far, far away from dear old Texas and remote from any Frisco terminal shown in your folders.

Your scholarly section boss posted their death notices on his tool house and gave their ages as being exactly five weeks. It is surely remarkable that you can hire a man at \$37.50 per month who has the intelligence to look a dead pig in the face and tell his exact age to a day—something his own mother could not do.

In view of this bereavement, we trust to be favored with your check for at least fifteen dollars (\$15.00), and as much more as the pedigree, ancestry and illustrious cognomens of this bunch of pigs call for; and in return, we promise to erect a suitable monument commemorating the lamentable event.

Yours truly,

(Signed) W. B. (DAD) BURNET.

To which Mr. Beckley replied as follows:

My dear Mr. Burnet:

Herewith FW&RG Voucher No. 687 for \$1.80, representing dead pigs at 30 cents apiece, which is a high valuation, and I wouldn't pay this except you owe me \$2.00 on the Dixie Series and I want to be sure you have the money.

I regret that your tearful story leaves me unmoved and heartless. In the first place, your water-soaked, flea-ridden pigs had no business on our right-of-way. In the second place, you refer to a spongy place in the middle of our track, when you know darn good and well it hasn't rained in Callan in six months. In the third place, the "Menard Flier" was NEVER on time, so I have caught you in another one. Fourthly, if the sow had been the right kind of a mother, she wouldn't have jumped off the track, leaving her futile and wretched family to shift for themselves, and if she didn't jump off the track, how in the thunder did it happen that she didn't get killed, too, in which case I would have written you this voucher for an even \$2.00. Fifthly, I suspect your infantile razor-backs died of colic and you deliberately threw them in front of our train, and sixthly, I don't believe you ever had any pigs.

Yours truly,

(Signed) G. G. BECKLEY.

P. S.—I forgot to inclose the voucher, for which you will please pardon me and don't forget to send me that check for \$2.00.

G. G. B.

## MUD CANCELLED SHOW

"The Bohemian Girl" Company  
Forfeited Large Receipts  
—Bus Mired

Lesson in Superiority of Train Service Given Producer and Theater Management

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., folks got a real lesson in the unreliability of bus transportation recently.

On Monday night, October 5, after standing in line for two blocks waiting to buy tickets at one of the local theatres for a performance of "The Bohemian Girl," a well-known opera, the theatre was jammed and people were turned away at 8:30 p. m.

The expectant crowd nervously squirmed and whispered. The curtain failed to go up. Finally at 9:00 p. m., the management threw on the screen the next day's motion picture.

At 10:30 p. m. the company had failed to arrive and at a little after 11:00 p. m., the management announced that the company was traveling overland in a truck was mired in the mud some miles from Springfield and could not possibly present the opera in Springfield that night.

A few went to the box office, where their money was refunded, but the majority disgustedly filed home.

It brought to the minds of those who had waited all evening, the contrast of train and bus service.

With all the fast trains running over the Frisco to nearby towns, it seemed beyond all reason that this company should risk the loss of an evening's performance by using such an unreliable method of travel—especially when Frisco trains could deposit them safely and on time.

## C. S. Roth Joins Frisco

C. S. Roth, for eight years claim agent with the Seaboard Air Line Railway at Norfolk, Savannah, Charleston and Richmond, joined the Frisco family on September 25 as claim agent under Mr. Harry Hudgen, chief claim agent. Mr. Roth will work out of St. Louis, Mo. He also holds the title of safety supervisor. Mrs. Roth and their 12-year-old son have moved to St. Louis and will make their home here. Roth is an attorney, and has been admitted to the bar of the State of Virginia.

## Eastern Division Appointments

According to a circular issued from the office of Mr. E. L. Magers, superintendent of the eastern division, effective October 5, Mr. W. W. Little was appointed day trainmaster and Mr. C. K. Simms was appointed night trainmaster in charge of Lebanon, Springfield, Clinton and Osceola subdivisions.

## Irresponsible Operation of Bus-Lines Draws Fire of Missouri Editor

THE October 1 issue of the Democrat Tribune, widely circulated newspaper published in Jefferson City, Mo., contained a story on its first page that is of particular interest to railway employees.

The story concerned itself with the plight of a penniless couple left in Jefferson City by a bus company, and appeared under the following headlines: "Bus Co. Stranded Penniless Couple in Jefferson City. Contracted to Take Them from Kansas City Here, But Bus Stranded in Otterville. Refused to Make Rebate."

The news story follows:

The irresponsible methods employed by the unregulated bus lines of the state as forcibly called to the attention of Secretary Talbot of the Welfare Association today when Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Gordon, en route from Kansas City to Rolla were stranded here without funds.

The Gordon's purchased a ticket in Kansas City and boarded a bus which under the terms of the contract

was to carry them to Jefferson City where they were told they could get another bus to take them to Rolla. The fare from Kansas City to Jefferson City was \$4 each, which they paid.

At Otterville the bus stalled and the driver said he was unable to proceed. "What about a rebate," asked Gordon. "You're in hard luck. We can't expect to control the elements," the bus driver told him and refused to make a refund. The Gordon's had just enough money to get to Rolla and after they paid railroad fare to this city they were penniless. It was up to the local provident association to see them on their way to their destination.

There have been numerous complaints against bus lines contracting to take passengers to a destination and then stranding them and refusing to make a rebate. Until the legislature puts the control of busses under the public service commission with other carriers that practice will continue.

## Home Town Fans to World Series Via Frisco Lines



Fred Clarke, former big league star, and business manager this year for the World's Champion Pittsburgh Pirates, had a loyal group of rooters from his old home town, Winfield, Kans., cheering his team on during the world's series just past. The loyal chaps who made the trip from Winfield to Pittsburgh via Frisco Lines are shown in the above picture taken outside their special Pullman coach just before starting on their pilgrimage.

## CLAIM AGENTS MEET

Springfield Host to Central Association October 9 and 10

Two-Day Session Devoted to Discussion of Freight Claim Problems and Remedies

ON Friday and Saturday, October 9 and 10, Springfield was the host to the Central Freight Claim Agents and Freight Claim Prevention Officers' Association.

Representatives from practically all the leading railroads of St. Louis and Chicago attended. The two-day session were held in the colonial Hotel.

After a business session in the morning of the first day, luncheon was served at the hotel. The evening was given over to a banquet and dance, under the direction of the Kiwanis Club.

The second day, at the business session a general discussion took place on the subject of claims and claim prevention. A great deal of time was devoted to the subject of perishable freight and the advisability of inaugurating a system of inspection and handling similar to the one now in effect at Chicago. This is said to be most satisfactory to both shippers and receivers, and has resulted in a saving of more than \$100,000 a year to the carriers at Chicago alone.

Mr. Joe Marshall and Mr. F. E. Windurme made interesting reports to the meeting. They have been making a nation-wide survey and study of costs resulting in claims, conferring with shippers and shipping organizations such as the National Traffic League, National Perishable Shippers Association and many other important associations and their reports were of great interest.

### Others of Note Present

Among other men of note, interested in the subject of freight claim prevention who attended the meeting, were Mr. Louis Pilcher, general secretary, section seven, American Railway Association, and Mr. C. E. Bingham, chairman of the Central Claims Conference, who presided at the meeting.

In the afternoon of the second day, the guests were taken on a tour of Springfield and the Ozarks, which ended at the dinner hour at Sequiota Park, Springfield's State Fish Hatchery, where a fall picnic dinner of fried chicken, sandwiches, salads, coffee and cider was served. This dinner was also attended by a number of the Frisco officials.

This is the first time that a conference of this kind had ever been held at Springfield, or anywhere west of St. Louis.

More than sixty freight claim agents and claim prevention and transportation officials and their wives were present.

### R. B. Spencer Promoted

Effective October 16, Mr. R. B. Spencer, acting master mechanic of the southwestern division, with headquarters at Sapulpa, Okla., has been appointed master mechanic of that division, vice Mr. B. P. Myers, retired.

Mr. Myers has been with the Frisco for many years and his departure will be regretted by Frisco employees.

### Railroads' Net Income

Net operating income of Class I roads for the eight months ending August 31, 1925, was \$662,762,605, or 4.65 per cent on property investment. Class I roads in the Western district had net operating revenues aggregating \$208,605,381, or 3.62 per cent. Twelve Class I roads operated at a loss during these eight months, and nine were in the Western district.