

THE MILWAUKEE RAILWAY SYSTEM EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

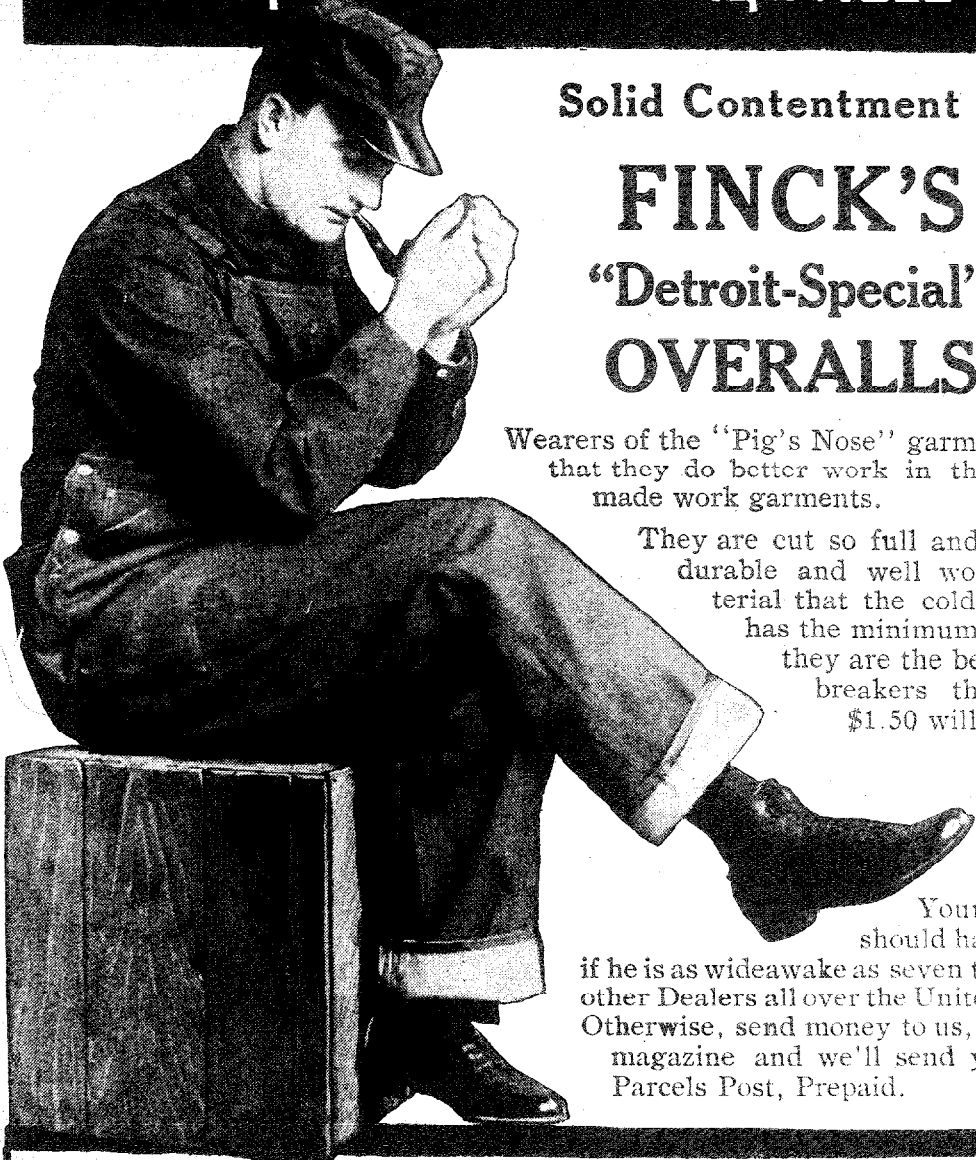
December 1916



VOLUME 4.

No. 9.

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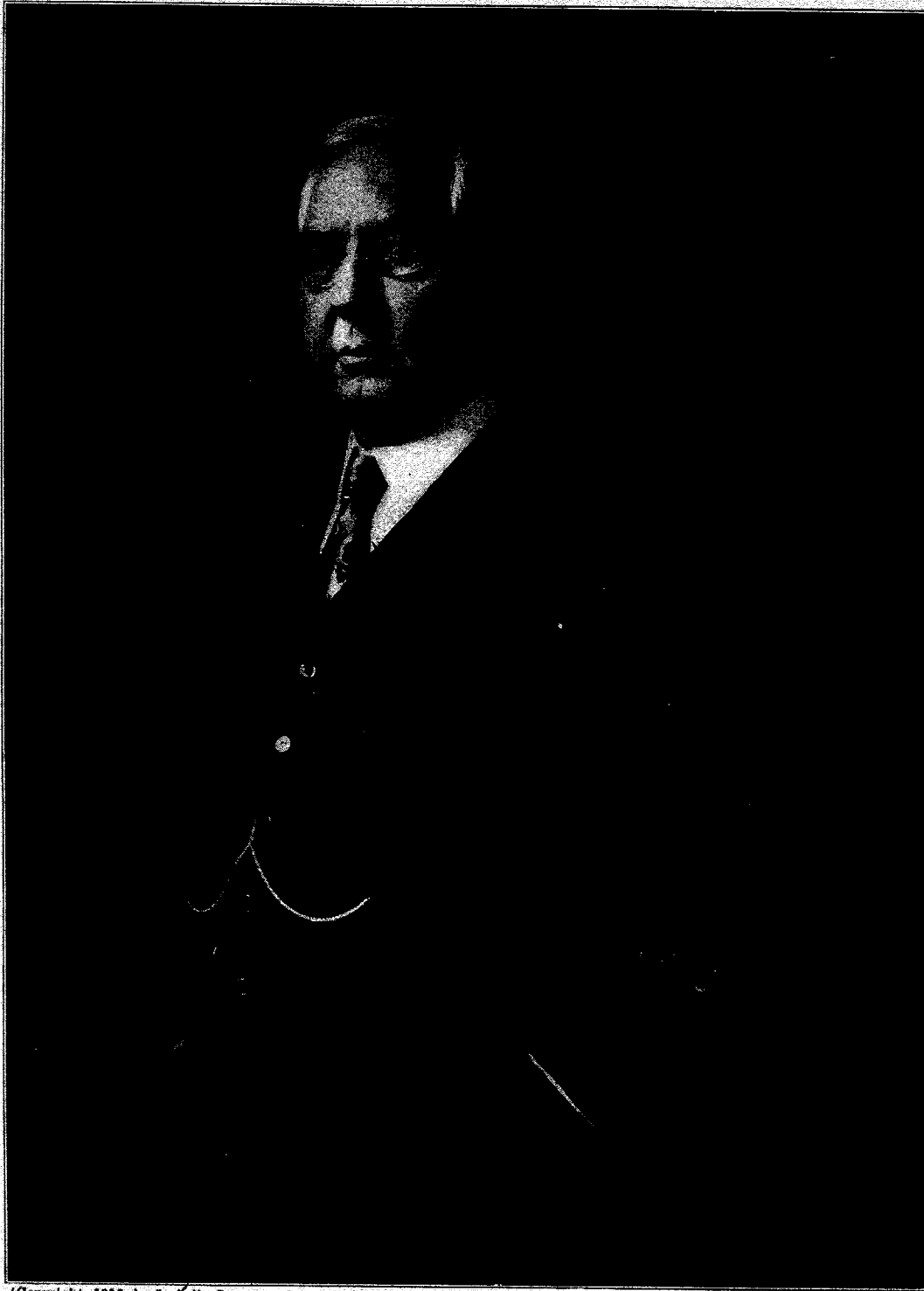
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A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all

H. J. Carling

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VOLUME IV

DECEMBER, 1916

NUMBER 9

Christmas Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet,
 The words repeat,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

And thought how as the day had come
The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

Till-ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered from the south,
 And with the sound
 The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head,
There is no peace on earth I said,
 For hate is strong
 And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
God is not dead; nor doth he sleep,
 The Wrong shall fail,
 The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Forty Miles From Nowhere

By Nora Breckenridge-Sill.

Afterward McGaffey remembered he'd had what he called a "hunch"—the word presentiment not being in his vocabulary.

Edwards was sure it was the fault of the black cat he "fell all over" going to work, although he laughed when he said so, but Ol' Pink Whiskers was on the head-end, and living up to the Dutch in him, knew it was "nothin' but the weather an' the blamed railroad an' the one-horse way McGaffey handled his train."

"How do I know what he backed up for," and Edwards, glaring at the call boy who had, after the manner of call boys, asked a simple question, threw his half-burned cigarette into the coal pail and kicked the stove door shut with his foot.

And so when McGaffey came in, Edwards was staring at his train sheet, which other than the crack train of the road "in the dark" for seven hours, showed only one item of interest—the departure of a rotary.

Outside—in the yard below the window, a snow-covered engine moved slowly away from a long line of snow-covered yellow cars and across on No. 2 track stood a rotary snow plow, with great show of black smoke and its crew of smiling, dirty, hungry men, all with the unmistakable air of "it took us to bring her in" about them. Backed near the edge of the platform was a hospital ambulance and beside the open vestibule of a sleeping car a little group of men and women waited expectantly for what ever might happen. Nearby, a white-coated porter and a man in a long black overcoat, carrying two lighted lanterns, one with a red globe.

McGaffey, near the stove, back of Edwards, was busy stuffing a large quantity of tobacco into a small black pipe. His explanation of the unprecedented delay to No. 5 would no doubt be satisfactory, but it took time and patience and much tobacco smoke. Presently he smiled. Ol' Pink Whiskers not being of that disposition, cast gloom on all around him until they looked at McGaffey. Then

the "bunch" grinned and Edwards grinned and Pink Whiskers came as near to it as he ever did. One can't hold out against persistent good nature, even if one is a train dispatcher, and has a "rotten" transfer for one's relief, or should happen to be on the head-end of McGaffey's train and have him pull the air.

"We got 'em three hours late to start with," and McGaffey, reaching over with his foot, pulled a chair from against the wall nearer to the stove and sat down in it. "With that ol' tea kettle we had pullin us an' Pink Whiskers on the seat box, if that ain't Jonah enough for most anything, you got to show me, an' seems like when a train's late on this division there ain't never much chance to make any time up; poor train despatchin', I guess," and he looked across at Edwards.

"First stop we made we lost one of our brakeman," he went on, for Edwards was looking out of the window into the yard below. "After that about all we done was head in an' back out an' saw an' get out of the way of every freight train on the road, an' after we passed Andover I was lookin' my train over seein' if all the folks goin' back East to spend Christmas was still with me, an' all the time somethin' seemed to be goin' wrong." He paused, and reaching into his pocket for a match, scratched it along the sole of his shoe and held it over the filled bowl of his pipe.

"Someway, the more I tried not to think about it the more I had to," he continued, and, puffing, dropped the burned match end into the ash pan. "Sometimes things like that gets hold of a feller an' there ain't no use tryin' to explain anythin' about it to yourself. What ever it was seemed to me, was back there at Andover an' I couldn't get rid of it hollerin' at me, an' so I guessed maybe the best way to find out what it was, might be to go back an' see—an' I did." His eyes twinkled at the grunt from Ol' Pink Whiskers, but he made him no answer.

McGaffey smoked. Early winter morning is never a too cheerful time, but while the fire glowed before them and while McGaffey was "tellin' one of them yarns of his," their pipes were pleasant and breakfast could wait a bit. In the East the sky grew red and the land abroad was white with the broken storm. Below the window the little group still stood beside the open vestibule while inside the bunch around the stove waited and smoke filled the room.

"Sometimes I guess there's a reason for things folks don't understand about, an' guess maybe this was one of them times," and McGaffey stuck his feet out against the side of the stove. "When we got backed into Andover again an' I got down an' went over to that little shack where folks waits for trains, I heard somebody hollerin' at me, an' I went in. There was a feller in there an' he had a sick wife an' there wasn't any fire or nothing'. Seems they lived way out there on a homestead some place an' he was tryin' to get to a doctor an' had just missed us when we went by, not knowin' when any trains was comin' along." He drew his feet away from the hot stove. "We got the stretcher out of the baggage car an' got the sick woman up in the train, an'," he grinned—"that's about all we did do," and Edwards grinned and the "bunch" grinned—all but Ol' Pink Wriskers.

"When I come in on the fone an' told that operator at Wesley to get us some help I didn't know if they was ever goin' to get there or not," and McGaffey leaned back in his chair against the wall. "I never seen so much snow an' the wind was blowin' an' driftin' somethin' awful—seemed like soon as we stopped there we stuck; an' no steam, an' everybody back in the train hollerin', and' that sick woman an' no doctor, till all of us was plum scared to death. There wasn't nothin' to do, though, as I could see, but just wait, for we was *forty miles from nowhere* an' snowed in." He put his pipe back into his mouth and smoked silently for a time.

Back of the stove the call boy polished his already shining lantern globe, wondering to himself "what made McGaffey

back up," and the side table man, his green eyeshade pushed back on his head, sat with his feet in the middle of a pile of train orders. Edwards, beside the window, watched the line of yellow cars and the little group at the open vestibule and the tall man in the long black overcoat with his lighted lanterns.

From against the wall McGaffey smiled into the fire. "Most always around Christmas times somethin' happens to make you remember this peace season," he began, and leaned back in his chair to a more comfortable position. "Lots of times there's a doctor along, but sure as somebody gets sick an' needs one, then you can't find 'em. Some women was aboard, though, an' they was most as good in a case like this," and he smiled again at the fire. "There was an ol' sky pilot along, too, an' the whole trip I'd listened to that feller till I most got sore at everybody else on account of him. I ain't so against preachers to speak of, but the brand this feller was, got me just riled at the whole blamed shootin' match, an' when I come in an' heard him tellin' this feller with the sick wife back there in the sleeper dyin', for all we knew, 'the Lord giveth an' the Lord taketh away.' I said, 'Yes, but seems like sometimes he don't take the right folks,' an' I fixed up right there to give him some lanterns an' let him go back an' flag awhile in the absence of our regular man," and McGaffey, remembering, kicked the stove door shut and then thinking better of it opened it up again.

"First he didn't think he wanted to go, but after I talked to him awhile about his duty, guess he kind of thought he was doin' somethin' pretty good, an' he's been braggin' about it ever since," he went on, his eyes on his burned-out pipe. "It wasn't so cold an' I couldn't stand that there sky pilot any longer. Guess maybe somethin' gets hold of folks times like that an' some of 'em tries to see what good they can do, an' seems like some others just wants to see how ornery they can be. When it got through the train about this feller's sick wife, they was pattin' him on the back mostly an' tellin' him she was goin' to be all right,

same's if they knew, an' the rest of us was settin' round just kind of waitin' and mostly pretty worried an' nobody was sleepin'. Somebody took the sky pilot out some coffe once, too, an' he was feelin' fine, now he could have somethin' to do an' keep out of other folks business."

McGaffey stopped talking. Reaching over, he tapped the bowl of his pipe carefully against the side of the coal pail and leaned back again in his chair, tobacco sack in hand. "It stopped snowin' long about 3 o'clock, an' about that time I seen the headlight of this here snow plow." He filled his pipe and pulling the tobacco sack shut with the string at the top put it back into his pocket. "Pretty soon somebody come out of the sleeper back of us, and when they opened up the door I heard a little child cryin'." He held his pipe in his hand, pushing the tobacco down into the bowl with his finger, and watched the fire through the open door of the stove.

"I guess maybe there ain't anythin' gets a feller like that, an' that little kid's father just give up an' started in cryin' worse then anythin' you ever seen, an' I got out quick's I could an' went on up ahead, figurin' what we was goin' to do an' about when we was goin' to get started, but mostly my mind was back there with that feller an' his sick wife an' the little child born on Christmas day." McGaffey scratched a match on the arm of the chair and held it over the bowl of his pipe, the tiny flame mirrored in his eyes showing the "peace on earth, good will toward men" that was his heritage.

And so when McGaffey went out, Edwards was staring at his train sheet, which other than the departure of a rotary, showed only one item of interest, the arrival of No. 5.

The Magazine is glad to present with this number the fine, full page portrait of President A. J. Earling. This picture has never before been used in any publication, and is copyrighted by the Editor, which gives us the exclusive control of its use. The photograph was taken by Stein of Milwaukee and is the best one ever produced of President Earling.

Her Christmas

By G. McEdwards.

The fire in the grate burned merrily. It sang and sputtered and crackled as logs of the long ago were piled high. And two wee stockings dangled perilously near, for it was the night before Christmas.

* * *

In the checkered shade of an immense snow-laden pine on the crest of the hill, a woman nervously glanced at her wrist-watch, and further buried herself in the broadening shadows and impatiently waited. Behind her, slightly to the left, ebbed the faint glimmer of the lamp in a mansion window. Away, far in the valley, the village lay bright in a flood of moonlight.

The clock in the old church tower, whose bell heralded the approach of the bride, or muffled, sped the parting soul had clanged a fitful nine, and a few drowsy snow flakes were chasing one another in a silent fall to her feet. Now and then, as the wind sobbed through the trees, the woman quickly drew her hands to her face and involuntarily shuddered. Picking her skirts up from the little snow drifts in which they rested she leaned against the swaying branches and gazed over her shoulder at the lamp in the window.

"How nice," she exclaimed, scarcely above a whisper, "yet how—oh! how long I will be away." She drew her seal-skin coat tighter about her, and undid a clasp at her throat.

As if something were choking her, she continued: "He will laugh—cry—no, not that! How could he? I have said that I love him as no man ever before was loved. But the letter that I threw in at his window will seem childish to him! He may not understand. No! no, I cannot. I must be true to him!" She buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

* * *

The fire in the grate was getting under good headway. The flames crept higher and higher, reaching near to where the two tiny stockings dangled, roaring and crackling in glee at new material and almost laughing in the joy of youth that sets out, new worlds to conquer.

The pine under which she had sought refuge began to moan uneasily in the breeze. The barking of a tramp dog in the village caused her to raise her head and again she turned it in the direction of the burning lamp. Longingly she gazed across the rolling slope, white and unbroken, save where here and there a shock of corn, left by the husbandman, dotted the landscape.

A form suddenly appeared in the window and she strained her eyes in an effort to distinguish the outline. George, was it? Yes, she saw him clearly now! It was George, he whom she had married three years before, and to whom she had given a son. He had been good to her, yet in an insane, jealous moment, she fled. Another shadow flitted across the window—a mere speck of a shadow—and the woman's hand went to her breast. No need of a second glance. She could tell whose tiny form that was! Her breath came and went quickly.

"Oh, if I am not too late, let me still be wife and mother," she sobbed and stretched her hands yearningly to them. "And only tonight, I washed and sang baby to sleep! Will he ever know? The tears were falling fast, as she gazed.

* * *

The fire in the grate blazed bonnily. It lighted up the old room in the mansion and drove out the deepening shadows from the nooks and crannies.

* * *

Her eyes dreamily gazed into the now brightly lighted room. Just then the breeze puffed; the moon stood almost above her, and the old tree beside her leaned forward and seemed to wring its branches and sigh.

The light in the window flickered and went out. The village clock had struck eleven; in forty minutes the train that would bear her far beyond the little hamlet would speed into the darkening night. Her slender hands unconsciously sought one of the overhanging boughs, heavy with snow. Her eyes were straining to pierce the falling shadows that hung behind the drooping curtains. A hot mist swam before them. Words, thoughts, seemed smothering her as she looked; but when they broke

again upon her lips they were all one anguished cry.

"How awful it all seems; No! No, never will I leave them! I was to have met him here—we two to fly together—but he never will know that I so far kept my promise. And I will tell George all! He will forgive me."

From the direction of the far off village she gradually became conscious of a moving object. How long it had been moving within sight before she recognized it, she did not know. But when she awoke to it, it was with a startling impression of awakening to something she had known. She knew who was coming from that direction; yet, screened as she was she could not be seen by anyone passing along the lonely road.

* * *

The fire in the grate was dying out. Slowly the flames, losing interest in charred embers, were dropping and dropping lower—dying. The man in the room prodded the fire with heavy iron tongs and it responded feebly.

* * *

Her eyes were full of tears, and the old pine began to sigh again. For a moment she paused, then gathering up her skirts she started and without one glance at the approaching figure fled hastily down the other side of the hill to where the lamp had burned and sped into the hallway.

"I couldn't go," she whispered when George had taken her in his arms and bent and kissed the face that looked up at him. "You will forgive me, won't you, dear?"

And he murmured, "Let our love abide to the end of the world."

* * *

The last flickering tongue of flame in the grate had died away. Nothing but blackened bits of wood and ashes remained. Together they sat in front of the hearth and saw the last embers fade into the darkness that had fallen.

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding ample recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—James Russell Lowell.

The Story of a Little Shoe

By Helga Schmidt-Hackstock.

I was born in a factory, where the machines whirred and the hammers played and countless men and women, old and young, were kept very busy every day in the week. I was not the only shoe there—oh, no! There were many hundreds of other shoes, but none like me. I was a new kind and was pronounced very beautiful by all who saw me. I could feel the gaze of envy of some of the other shoes whenever someone would remark that I was nice. They would even shun me, saying that I was vain, but that was not so, and I really felt very badly about it and was very lonesome.

One day I was taken by the man who had designed me to another gentleman, who said I was very good and who ordered that they should make up a lot just like me. I was surprised one day when a mate was fashioned for me and I was no longer lonely. My sister was placed close by my side and I was very happy. We were beautiful, each colored a beautiful red and trimmed with glistening bands of black leather, many wonderful little buttons and still more wonderful with black silken tassels. I had no wonder now that the plain shoes had envied me.

My sister and I remained there together for a few days, when a beautiful sad-eyed woman took us and wrapped us in folds of softest tissue and placed us side by side in a neat paper box. It may be that I was over-sensitive, but it seemed to me that she sighed very deeply as she tucked us in. Perhaps she was thinking of little feet who were sadly in need of coverings like us, or perhaps even plainer, but I do not know this; I only know that she sighed.

After that for a time we were placed with many other boxes just like the one we were in, and one day ever so many of the boxes were placed in a very large wooden box. The box was rolled over and over so many times that we were getting very tired. Then it was placed in a car and we were joggled along miles and miles and for ever so many days. We were often very

tired and shed tears, but my sister and I clung together and tried to comfort each other as best we could.

One day our journey ended and we were again turned over and over and left alone some place for many days. We were in a wholesale house, where we were one day purchased by someone whom we did not know, for we did not see him. We were carried away again and after a lot of noisy pounding were released from our prison and were carried somewhere and placed on a shelf.

We had not been on the shelf long when a very gruff voice said, "Boy, did we get the new fall stuff I ordered?" And the answer, "Yes, boss, it is already on the shelf." The man with the gruff voice began to inspect the shoes and finally, after we had waited anxiously, he came to us. He lifted us out so tenderly and smiled at us approvingly. "My, my," he thought, "aren't you cunning. If I had a little girl, I would take you home to her, but I have not. I am not so fortunate, so here goes the next best thing I can do. I am going to put you in my window here, so the other little girls can see you. You are surely very attractive."

I was separated from my sister and was placed in a beautiful window, where there were many other pretty shoes, but none like me. Many people stopped there every day and looked in at the shoes and the little girls all cast longing eyes at me and I was becoming a little proud, I fear. It was nearly Christmas, you know, and I must have been responsible for a great many Christmas wishes for so many little girls came to the window and some of them were taken away reluctantly by their mothers. Some mothers came back and looked at me alone, even came in and felt of me and asked what I might be worth, but it must have been a very great deal, for they would offer some excuse, but they never returned to get me.

Then one day came a little girl I always remember so well; she was a very beautiful child; there was some-

thing very wonderful about her that seemed to draw me to her; her hair was as bright as the golden sunbeams and her eyes as blue as the fairest skies, and I could not forget her. "Oh, goody, mamma!" she cried, "just look at the beautiful shoe. I wish you would get me some." "We shall see, dear," is all the mother answered, and they passed on out of my sight. All that day her sunny smile haunted me. I was very happy that so beautiful a child had wished for me.

That very night a gentleman came and said he wished a pair like me to take home to his little daughter and I was of the only pair her size. I was taken from the window and returned to the box with my sister to be carried away. I was very perplexed, for I had hoped the beautiful little girl would return to get me, but I could offer no resistance and was carried away under the big man's arms.

We lay very still in the box for several days, wondering where we were, and the next thing that I remember we had been lifted from our crowded position in the box; it was Christmas morning and we were placed in the boughs of the most beautiful Christmas tree. We had never seen anything so brilliant, I thought, unless perhaps it could have been the little girl whom I had longed to call my mistress. We could look down from where we were and see the beautiful toys and lights gleaming from everywhere among the boughs; everything was glorious and silent but for the crackling of the needles which fell from the tree onto the toys below.

The doors from the adjoining room were opened; we heard the patter of tiny feet, a scream of delight, and there before us, kneeling among her toys, we beheld the little mistress I had wanted. She was entranced by the beauty of all the things about her, but, after a moment, she raised her wonderful eyes and looked into the tree where we were anxiously awaiting her glance. She found us and forgot everything else in her eagerness to get us. We were lifted from our hiding place, and as the little girl sat below the tree she placed us gently on her tiny feet, which were bare, first myself and then my sister. I

could feel the little bare foot as it rested in me and I believe that was the very happiest moment I have ever known.

Soon the little girl was playing about, with us on her feet, and it was a sad moment for us when we had to be removed even long enough for our mistress to dress for breakfast. We were reconciled, however, when we were returned to her feet, which were now incased in crimson stockings that exactly matched us.

All day long we trampled up and down and our little mistress proudly displayed us to all her friends; but night shades fell and it was time for rest. After the family had retired that night, our little mistress rose from her bed and came to where we were standing and picked us up tenderly and returned to her bed with us in her arms and we rested there that night on her pillow close to her tiny face, with her golden curls falling all about us.

The next day, as on many others, we were placed on her feet. Day after day we followed her in her play, but one day everything was changed. Our little mistress no longer romped and played. The little chamber where she lay was dark and hushed and whispered words alone were spoken; only now and then an appeal from our little mistress for something: her dolly, or perhaps her book. We were thinking we were forgotten, but one day we heard her say, "Mamma, please, I want my shoes." We were brought to her and she took us in her little arms, no longer plump and dimpled, but frail and very feverish. I could see that her face was pale and all the light was gone out of her lovely eyes. She asked that one of us be placed on her foot for a moment, and it was I. The little foot, formerly so plump, was no longer so and did not cuddle up to my sides as it had wanted to do and the feverishness fairly burned my soul. I was removed and then we were put aside and we shed bitter tears.

I never heard the voice of my mistress again. There was much sadness there for many days. She had gone from us never to come back. One day, amidst tears and sorrow, fond hands

put us gently away with other things that had been "hers."

We are growing very old now, my sister and I; we are wrinkled and no longer beautiful to see. We rest here with her other things, her doll, her book, and oftentimes the father and mother come and kneel where we are kept; we can note the sadness written in their faces, the lines of care, and we know that we are not alone in our sorrow, and that, although old, we are thought very beautiful by someone who associates us with very tender memories.

Each Christmas morning we are taken out tenderly with the other things, and with tears falling on us hear them tell of their love for her and of her love for her doll, her book, and most of all for "Her Pretty Red Shoes."



Lewis A. Monty.

Thirty-six years of continuous service for the C. M. & St. P. company stands to the credit of Lewis A. Monty of North McGregor, Iowa.

With the exception of four and one-half years, the time was spent in the B. & B. Department in bridge work on the I. & D. Division. About fifteen years ago he transferred from the bridge work to the platform in the freight department, returning at the end of a year to the bridge work.

In July, 1907, he was sent west as pile inspector in Northern South Dakota, Southern North Dakota and Montana, having charge of the land driver ahead of the construction crews, at the beginning of the work on the Puget Sound road, where he did excellent service, returning home January 1, 1908.

He then returned to the bridge work until injured in an accident at Calmar, September 25, 1912. When he was able to work, in January, he worked in the roundhouse for six months, and since has been in the car shop department.

Getting the Maps to Washington.

How many people, accustomed to riding around the country in a railroad train, and observing the landscape from car window or observation platform, ever stop to think what that landscape was before any railroad ever traversed it? A very small percentage, certainly. And again, how many railroad employees, in whatever department, ever trouble themselves with questions and conjectures of that nature? Few, indeed, outside of the department whose business it is to know what those landscapes were before railroads came—and except those men who go on exploration for possible locations, not so very many, even of the engineering department of any railroad, have ever positively visualized the virgin territory of their own country.

The railroads of the Mississippi and Missouri Valleys, the Plains and the Rockies; of the Sierras and the Pacific Coast have all been built within the memory of many engineers who are still active in their profession, men who took a vital part in subduing Nature's obstacles, and in laying rails where it would seem that no human could ever even obtain foothold, making way for the "iron horse" through trackless wastes and uncharted prairies. Therefore, it would seem that any ambitious writer could secure unlimited material for tales of real adventure; or that those men would be counted raconteurs of the most finished type. Yet if you should suggest to any of the engineers of this, or probably any other railroad, that his has been a life of hazard and adventure—one from which a splendid story should come—your answer, I opine, would depend on how strongly politeness could overcome pride of profession.

Grudgingly, if at all, will they permit themselves to be regarded as heroes of the adventurous life, and unless it is to do honor to a bit of excellent "teamwork" that has brought some venture to a successful issue, or to honor the "chief" who has directed that venture, they are likely to assume the attitude of certain politicians on a losing side—they "have nothing to say."

Sometimes you trap them into admissions which have "the makin's" of a good story—as I did on one occasion when I happened to be traveling on a train in the Cascade Mountains in company with an engineer of the Milwaukee; and while the train was slipping easily around the curves at McClellan's Butte, I looked at the cliffs towering overhead and down the steep slope to the stream in the canyon bed far below, and said, "I should think the engineers in here would have had to be let down from the top of the mountain with ropes to find a place to put this railroad." "They were," exclaimed the engineer, and then looked as if he was afraid he had exposed a state secret. I dragged a few more such admissions out of him and got the foundation of a fine story. I may tell it some day. But this story goes farther

back in history than the building of the Puget Sound Line.

In the early days of the Milwaukee's reaching out into the West, the field forces were captained by the late D. J. Whittemore, who, for years, was Chief Engineer of this company; and on the rare occasions when he was reminiscent, we had vivid pictures of undiscovered country, and now and then a flashlight on the hazards of reconnoitering in lands infested with hostile Indians; or in the wilderness where wild beasts were the enemy to be feared. But as the country settled up, it was an "enemy" of a more civilized type, and perhaps not so easily beaten, if you wanted to put your railroad into a territory which was coveted by a competitor. Such an episode, with real thrill and much exciting event, took place in 1899, when our company set out to locate a line from Tyndall to Platte, across the Yankton Indian Reservation. Mr. Whittemore commanded the forces from his office in Chicago, and the Messrs. E. O. Reeder, A. G. Baker, A. W. Jones, John McNaught, Stowell, and others were of the parties in action.

Things had been progressing smoothly with this survey when Mr. Whittemore received information that a locating party of a competitor were in the reservation, and apparently heading very near to the Milwaukee's survey. To understand the tense situation that followed, let it be said that according to Federal regulations two railroads may not locate or parallel within ten miles of each other on a Government reservation, and that the party first filing their maps with the department in Washington would have the right of location. To do honor to the excellent "teamwork" that won out for us, the following from the diaries of Mr. Reeder and of Mr. Stowell, and from a witness to the situation as it worked out in the home office, tells graphically a story of quick thinking and quick acting that well illustrates the determination and resourcefulness of the great "chief" who was for so many years an honor to the official staff of the Milwaukee:

From Mr. Reeder's notebook:

Saturday, September 2nd, 1899—"Message from Engineer Van Dusen, in charge of the survey of line from Napel to Tyndall, that reliable information had been received at Yankton, where he had headquarters, that a party of surveyors had been seen in the reservation and were supposed to be working in the interests of another railroad. A party under A. G. Baker was then making a preliminary survey from Tyndall west through the reservation to the point now known as Platte. They were supposed to have about completed the first survey, and to be moving back to the east end to commence the location survey. At this news, the management ordered the location survey to be rushed across the reservation, and the wires were kept hot by General Manager W. G. Collins and others, trying to locate Baker and his party. I got in touch with John McNaught, then at Hebron, Ill., who, with a party, was

surveying a line (since built) between Fox Lake and Janesville. McNaught was ordered to bring his party to Chicago immediately, which he did. Baker was located at Prairie du Chien, where, on his way east, he had stopped to visit his family; and he was soon able to communicate with his party, which he ordered to return at once to the east boundary of the reservation."

That Saturday in the General Offices was memorable. Ordinarily, the offices close at 1 o'clock on Saturday, but, without exception, every man in the executive, legal, engineering and operating departments remained to watch developments and respond to the calls of the department heads. The telegraph and telephone operators worked in relays, and as night came on the "watch" was only changed—the vigil remained unabated.

On Sunday, the 3rd, Mr. Reeder chronicles: "A day of hurry and preparation. Left Chicago at 6:15 P. M. with A. W. Jones, John McNaught, H. F. Hunter, and several others, arriving at Armour at 3:30 P. M., Monday. Jones stopped at Tyndall." Mr. Reeder's notes thenceforward are made from the scene of action. At Armour they got into shape for business immediately, for at 3:30, directly on his arrival, he was preparing for the party that was to arrive on a later train with instruments, tents and men from Milwaukee and Minneapolis. McNaught was outfitting, as he had to camp out, which he had not been obliged to do on the Janesville survey. Mr. Reeder notes "several hours of anxiety and worry over the uncertainty about men and outfits, due on a train which was behind time, and did not arrive until after midnight."

On Tuesday, September 5th, Mr. Reeder writes: "Baker, with other men and outfits, arrived late last night, much to the relief of all. McNaught and party got started by team, going into camp at Lake Andes, Baker and myself accompanying them for a distance, and then go east to meet Baker's party under A. W. Jones."

In Chicago the eyes of the management were riveted on the western sky, and the telegrams went as if out of rapid-fire guns. Around the long table in the vice-president's office sat the executives and their staffs, silent, tense, but determined to win. Mr. Whittemore's eyes snapped like hot coals and the cigar he held between his teeth was chewed viciously.

On that day Mr. Stowell's diary begins, and contained this note:

Tuesday, September 5th, 1899 — "The 'chief' came to me and showed a telegram from Mr. Reeder about the projected line through the Yankton Indian Reservation. He said, 'I want you to leave to-night for Armour, look up Mr. Reeder and prepare a map of the projected line. We're in a hurry for this.' Left on 6:15 P. M. train, on my way."

On Wednesday, the 6th, Mr. Reeder has A. W. Jones, with Baker's old party, starting the survey at the east boundary of the reservation, McNaught and party starting at Lake Andes, with Mr. Baker in the field

supervising the work of both the parties. Mr. Reeder returns to Armour to keep in touch with Chicago—a not very difficult thing with the hot shot from the telegraph wires pouring in constantly—and to generally further the work. Mr. Stowell arrived and went immediately to McNaught's camp.

Mr. Reeder further notes that, on his arrival back in Armour, he found "several messages from Mr. Whittemore giving directions about the work and urging haste. His orders seemed impossible to fulfill, but later developments showed that he had a better conception of what could be done than I did. Also found a train crew waiting at Armour to take us back as soon as we have finished, which was somewhat disconcerting, as we had only just gotten started."

Mr. Stowell's diary of that day reads:

"Arrived Armour at 4:20 P. M. Got a buckboard and was driven out to camp beyond Lake Andes. Got necessary data from resident engineer and drove back as fast as possible to Armour. Mr. Reeder coming in later from the camp with additional data."

Of Thursday, the 7th, he says: "Up early and dug into work right after breakfast. Rigged up a drafting table in rear of hotel office, and with Mr. Reeder on one end and I on the other, we started the map. Found additional data was required, which E. O. R. will get to-morrow. Wire from Chicago to-night."

Friday, the 8th: "Put in whole day on map. Telegrams from Chicago urging speed. Well, we're at it. E. O. R. went out to camp to get additional data. More telegrams. Special train arrived from Chicago, ready to speed us back to headquarters. Worked until late to-night. The map looks like something now. E. O. R. answered the messages that came to-night. D. J. W. advised special would go straight through to Chicago, leaving here to-morrow evening. Will have to hustle map."

Of that Thursday and Friday, Mr. Reeder chronicles: "Days of hurry and skurry. Stowell in Armour plating notes of survey, which are sent in daily by messenger from each of the parties. Baker rushing along, visiting both parties and hurrying the work. Have been visiting McNaught and helping Stowell with the plating. About 6:00 P. M. Baker, McNaught and Jones arrived at Armour with full notes of the location survey, completed that day, across the Indian Reservation, a distance of about 45 miles, in a little more than three days. We immediately board the special, which has been waiting for us with orders to make record time to Chicago. (A son of J. T. Crocker, a member of one of the surveying parties, returns with us.)"

Of Saturday, Sept. 9th, Mr. Stowell's diary says: "Put in a busy morning on map. E. O. R. received some more wires. They surely are in a big hurry. Got things together in a hurry this afternoon, and am now on special. Left Armour 7:13 P. M. The engine surely is moving some; clipped off a few at 50 per.

Later, we hit it up to 60 per. Worked on tabulation of data and checking map. Besides Mr. Reeder, Resident Engineer A. G. Baker and Mr. Jones are in party. Also Paul Crocker. Expect the chief is anxious to see what we've got."

In Chicago, when the wire came in that Baker, McNaught and Jones had come into Armour with full data of the location survey and the party were ready to start east on the special, the anxious group around the executive table breathed a long sigh of relief, as if the sun had broken through the clouds after many days of heaviness and when at 7:15 P. M. they knew beyond a doubt that the wheels were turning under the special, they went home to their late dinners, leaving General Manager Collins to "captain" its movement and get it over the road without delay or damage. How this was accomplished, Mr. Stowell notes:

Sunday, Sept. 10th, 1899: "We sure hit the high spots last night. Had to take on a car to give weight to our train. Up at 5:30 A. M. The car was well provisioned, and we all did justice to what the officials had thoughtfully provided. Breakfast, 8:00 A. M. We're figuring to reach Chicago by 2 or 3 o'clock. Rolling along about 65 to 70 per. E. O. R. and A. G. B. think we're going too fast, but I guess D. J. W. is wanting us as soon as possible, or sooner. Just burned the track up; every train sidetracked for us to have clear track. Guess the superintendents were busy last night. Across Iowa early this morning. I know we were a "roar" through every town. It's a wonder we didn't hit something or somebody at some highway crossing. If we did, didn't know it. I guess everyone of us, crew included, never had such a ride on any previous occasion. When we reached Chicago we moved along just as fast—only slight delay at Western avenue—in Union Depot at 2:06 P. M. Expected to see D. J. W. at train, but he had gone to Milwaukee, where he lives, to spend the day. Hustled over to office. Jake Wireman and Otto Schwartz were down, dressed in their Sunday best, ready to help complete the map, if necessary. But we had turned the trick at Armour, so we all went home. E. O. R. told me to take map and data home with me and 'sleep with it' and we'll meet Mr. Whittemore to-morrow morning on arrival of his train from Milwaukee. Message from D. J. W. at office to do this. Took the 'dope' home with me."

Monday, Sept. 11th: "Up bright and early. Checked over data again, and hustled down to depot. E. O. R. there, too. Milwaukee train in; D. J. W. saw us as soon as he alighted. 'H'm, well, you got the map?' 'Yes, everything is all in proper form.' 'Well, I'm going on the Pennsylvania to Washington. Don't look for me until you see me.' Handed map and papers to the chief; walked to the Pennsylvania train with him. He waved a good-bye to us. 'Well, we did it,' said E. O. R., and we went back to our regu-

lar work. The 'chief' filed the map before 'the other fellow' could file his and we built the line through the Yankton Indian Reservation, from Tyndall to Platte."

To which Mr. Reeder's notebook contributes the following, in closing: "During the activity, Mr. Whittemore was energetically directing and urging all to devote their best efforts toward pushing the work, and it was largely due to his foresight and judgment and his constant urging—to use an expression of his, 'pushing on the lines'—that what seemed an impossibility locating and mapping nearly fifty miles of railroad in about a week, with no previous preparation, was accomplished. It did not positively develop that a surveying party of another railroad was actually in the field, but the matter was too important to take any chances, and the management acted wisely in getting the survey made and the map filed with as little delay as possible. It would have been difficult to show the Department of the Interior the necessity of a second railroad across the reservation, and therefore it was of vital importance that the C. & St. P. Company file its application for a right of way and file its maps in advance of similar action by a rival, as required by the act of Congress providing that no two railways with parallel rights of way within ten miles of each other will be authorized across an Indian reservation."

but not least, Frank Flynn, shortstop and emergency pitcher, for whom New York is heavily bidding. The boys have met some of the fastest teams in this vicinity the past summer and are still open for dates with any of the other divisions, we can assure you of a good fast game and a bunch of young men that at the least are gentlemen in every respect.

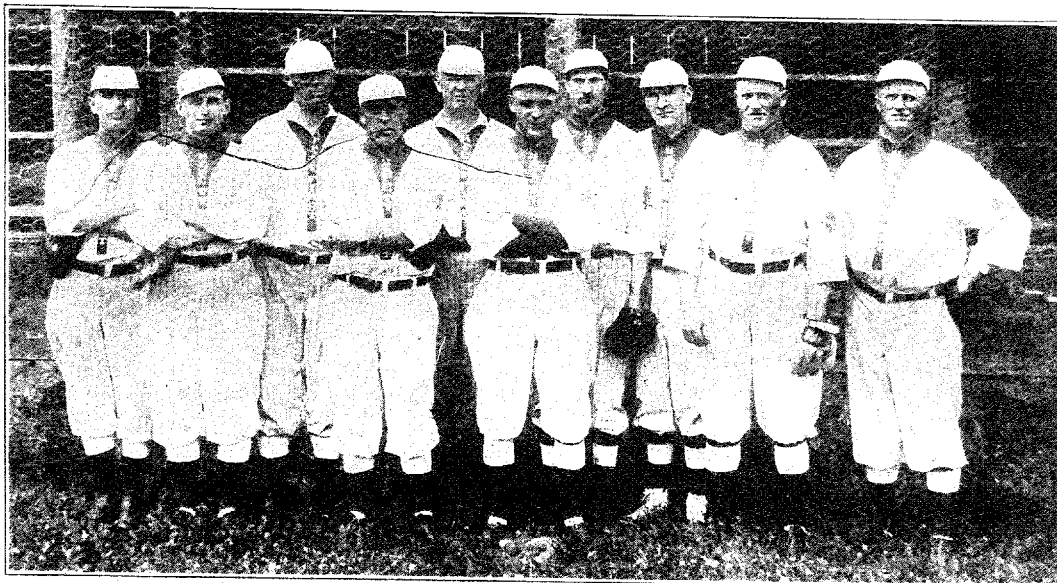
The Senior Agents in January Number.

Owing to an accident to some of the pictures of the Senior Station Agents, which it was purposed to publish this month, together with brief sketches of their service records, it is necessary to defer its publication until the January issue. It will, however, be a special feature of that issue, and will add greatly to the attractiveness of the New Year number.

The Magazine extends its heartiest holiday greetings to its readers and hopes this Christmas number will find favor with them all. To the many contributors and especially to the correspondents who are so largely instrumental in making our little periodical a success, the Editor extends cordial thanks. May we all continue in the good work of making our Magazine the best of them all.

The Veteran Employees.

The veteran employes of this company will celebrate their membership the coming year with the receipt of annual passes for themselves and wives. The following circular



S. M. West Base Ball Team.

Above is a photograph of the "S. M. West Baseball Team." From left to right they are E. H. Laugen, first base, a man who has never failed us in an emergency; Walter Coppin, second base, one from whom no catcher hesitates; Manager and Pinch Hitter Wm. J. Larson, who has never failed us with two men out and the bases full; Wm. J. Demick, center field, one whom even the birds dare not pass; Alfred Halter, catcher, uses both hands and never needs a backstop; A. Peterson, pitcher, seventy-three strikeouts in one game, missing the one hundred per cent mark only on account of darkness; Harry Opie, third base, bought from the Northern League at a heavy sacrifice; R. E. Wood, another emergency man, rivaling Ty Cobb only in experience, in right field; Lee Flynn, left field, beyond whom no ball has ever passed, and last,

issued over the signature of Assistant General Manager J. T. Gillick is certainly a pleasant holiday greeting for the "Vets."

Chicago, November 10, 1916.

Superintendents:

Employes who have a service record with the Railway Company 25 years or more will be granted annual passes good on all Divisions in that part of the System where they are employed. Employes on the lines east will be given annual transportation good on all Divisions east of Madison.

In making up your list of such employes you should include such Engineers and Firemen as come under the ruling.

J. T. GILICK,
Asst. to the General Manager.

The Unexpected Christmas Gift

Geo. E. Waugh.

It was along in October after the wheat got moving good on the Golden Grain Line, that Bad Bill Sweeney dropped off at Westville and struck Superintendent Joe Tracy for a job. He was a man who had well earned his *nom de plume* as a boomer brakeman who had thrown switches and made couplings on every road from Maine to California, and the day he blew into the G. G. L. headquarters, that division was in the thick of a traffic jam that turned gray all the hair that chose to remain on the Super's head. Bad Bill had a clearance from his last job, and crews were wanted badly, which probably explains why Tracy took a chance on the toughest-looking boomer that ever unloaded from the front end since construction days. Bill was put to work and assigned to duty with Frank Hinkley, who was conductor on the local freight from River-view east. Milt Smith got him a stand-off at Mrs. Hale's boarding house, and all went fine till Bad Bill got a pay day, when he proceeded to show why "Bad" had been added to his name. He was making his exit from the fourth ambrosia emporium that he had visited in an hour, and as he came out, the roar he emitted from his ample chest expansion were words which, stripped of their thickness, were meant to convey the dire things he would do to a certain big Swede, who had the discretion to throw his perambulators into high speed and beat a retreat which enabled him to retire in perfect order.

Thus accelerated in the chase as to footwork and speech, Bad Bill Sweeney collided and side-swiped against a stout mass of a man of two hundred—and before the molecules were dormant from the impact, a pair of strong arms, belonging to the man who had unwillingly and unwittingly served as Sweeney's bumper, were entwined about him. Bill's first impulse at being retarded in his progress was to vent his wrath on his captor who still held him in firm embrace. But for two reasons Bill was not rough in either speech or action; that

he was still tightly pinioned probably explains the latter, and rather dimly he recognized that the man who held him wore the garb of a priest. For a few seconds neither spoke. At close range Father Donahue was studying his man and it was he who was the first to break the awkward silence. As he did it was a supplication devoutly uttered in rich Irish brogue—to the effect that he hoped the Lord would forgive Bad Bill Sweeney for his disreputable appearance and reprehensible conduct. Sweeney listened to the twin requests made in his behalf, and sought to explain that he wanted to maim a Swede for some unknown reason. He was about to walk away satisfied that the incident was closed, when he discovered that the brawny hand of Father Donahue was bent on detaining him. It was not until Bill elected to make his departure, that the churchman asked his name. With that information furnished Father Donahue's decision was brief and final. Here was one of his own people in need of spiritual advice and physical rejuvenation, and he resolved to supply them both, and to do so immediately. Thus was Bad Bill Sweeney's well-started celebration brought to a sudden end, for, before he knew it, he was gently but firmly guided to the parish house of Father Donahue.

It was a modest dwelling, and as the bewildered Bill entered the softly lighted hall which led to the study of his benefactor, he found warmth in the glowing crackling logs lighting up the room; broiling steak and freshly baked bread blended in an aroma which swept the truant fancies of Bad Bill Sweeney back across half a decade.

The priest, who had left his guest with his retrospections, returned presently, and in that kindly tone which foretells hospitality, told Bill that their supper was ready. There was wholesome food in ample quantity and his palate was quick to discover that the tang of the lunch counter and short-order restaurant was not included in its preparation. He ate generously and with a relish. At the

table there was nothing said aside from a few commonplace remarks to interrupt the business at hand. With the coffee came the cigars, and the two men retired to the cheerful study, where Bill had watched the crackling embers when he entered. Under the influence of a good meal, and his new surroundings, Bad Bill Sweeney's frame of mind had undergone a change decidedly different than when he rammed head on into his host. The incident had not been referred to, until the priest finally asked: "Are you a stranger, here, Sweeney?" "Yes," said Bill. "That's what I thought," said Father Donahue. "What is your business?" "I'm in freight service on the G. G. L.," said Bill, shifting a bit uneasily in his chair. "I'm sure you're a stranger, then," said the priest with a tone of warning in his voice. "Why, if Big Joe Tracy ever got wind of the pace you were starting, your name would be 'Dennis' sure. Now, my good man, that's business as well as spiritual advice, and why in the name of God should fine big men like you put your soul and your job in jeopardy?" "I expected I'd have that question to answer," said Bill, "and you are the first man I have ever put it to straight." Their eyes met in a steady gaze, and the priest nudged his chair forward.

Falteringly at first, Bill related eight years of his history. They were years that were strewn with bitterness and regrets. The hard metallic sound went from his voice when he told his interested listener of the rivalry between train crews and engine men for the hand of pretty Mary Hackett; this was at a small but busy station in New York state, where Mary's father was an old and faithful employe of an Eastern trunk line. "She was born in the depot," said Bill, "and before she had finished sixth grade she had mastered the Morris code and could send and receive with the best of them on the line, so one day there was a change in the station force, and the plump, attractive daughter of the agent took her place on the payroll as day operator. She was liked by every man on the division, and those of us who had ever given a thought to having a home of our own, constructed his own

paradise, which was built around Mary Hackett. A man with half an eye could see that the new operator was not going to stick long enough to have any quarrel about seniority rights if the Romeos on the division could interest her in a new occupation. But as those things usually happen where there is a crowd to draw from, she had her preferences, and the choice seemed to lie between me and Frank Steel. Steel was one of those fellows who ran a good deal to fine clothes, oily polished manners, and a line of conversation that had made him the catch of the season among the girls in town. Besides, his father was well-to-do and he had a standing there that made me, a brakeman on the local freight resemble the 'jitney' alongside of No. 4. As I look back on it now I guess about the only place I had the edge on Steel was that I worked and he didn't have to, and I guess that was why Mary cast her lot with me. It wasn't long after Steel was run over on the rip track, that I made a trip to Boston. When I returned I had a respectable sized diamond for a switchman to buy. Mary Hackett wore it, and I was the happiest, most ambitious man that ever carried a switch key. We talked about the future, and we built big, for Mary was a good rail-roader, and with the benefits of her advice, I had visions of a superintendent's job as a stepping stone to the general manager's chair. When we were married the following June I had been promoted to freight conductor. So you see I had sense enough to figure out my dreams on a schedule of work. Shortly after Ruth was born. I was put on 64, which was a longer run with more mileage, and more pay. It also gave me experience on a new part of the line, and all those things were in our scheme for my climb to the top. We were getting along in fine shape until the night I got to the top of the hump, and since then I've been going down grade." As Bill's hand went back to his hip pocket for a soiled handkerchief, the priest threw a log on the dying embers in the grate. As he returned to his chair he offered Bill a fresh cigar, which he lit and behind the spark of light and blue eddys of smoke it seemed to the priest that the emotions of tenderness were erased with the hand-

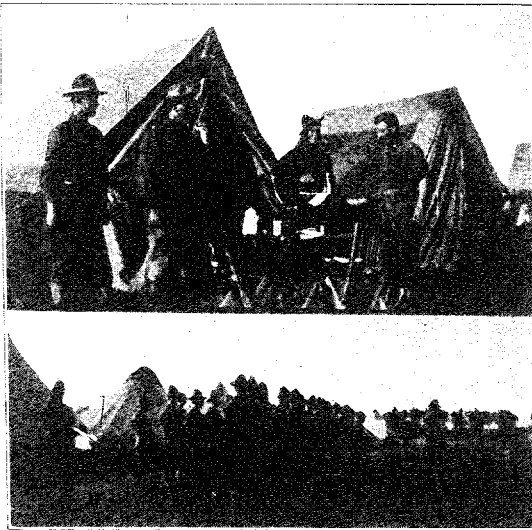
kerchief and the fierceness of an animal showed in the eyes of the man before him. For a few moments he smoked in silence. In words that had the cruel metallic click of steel, Bill resumed: "We had an extra heavy drag on the night I started down grade and an engine that would not steam. When No. 64 reached Madbury we had been in service fifteen hours and fifty minutes and the dispatcher tied us up for the night. As there was no way of getting back to Ruth and Mary, I walked across the yards to the old Concord House, where I had to arouse the clerk to find out where I was going to sleep. When he gave me the room number I started up to the second floor with my lantern still lit on my arm. The corridor was all in darkness except one room that I passed on my way to the one that was given me. I had scarcely got the door bolted when I heard a thick guttural voice like someone choking, say, 'You're a thief; you stole that money.' Then there was a scuffle and the sharp crack of a pistol shot, as I threw back the bolt and rushed into the hall, my coat caught on the knob of the door. In the excitement I never noticed that my pocket was ripped out and that the change and a few bills that I carried there were strewn from the door of my room to where I stood over the twitching body of a dying man. In a second I saw that he was done for. Tiny death bubbles oozed from his mouth and the gastly pallor of agony was on his face. I looked around quickly and there on the far side of the corridor was flung the weapon that had just snuffed out a life. With one bound I reach for it. The cylinder was still hot as I grabbed it to pursue a murderer. I smeared it with the blood of its victim, as I raced through the darkness to the stairs with all the speed that I could put on my drivers. I tripped on a chair that was thrown from one of the darkened rooms that I passed in my flight. I landed headlong and stunned about half a car length beyond, where I hit the derail. The next instant there was a crash against the back of my head that put on display all the stars that an astronomer ever discovered. When I came to the

floor where I was lying seemed to heave like the motions of a canoe on a rough sea. My hearing was the first of my faculties to return and I was listening to the congratulations of a medley of voices to someone called 'Jack' for trapping the thief before he got away, and the judgment that was pronounced there as I lay half conscious was the same as the jury's that sent me up for life as a murderer and thief, and I can't say now that I bear them any grudge because they had the goods—the gun, a man with fresh blood on his hands. My torn clothes and stolen money they thought scattered clear from his room to mine. It was a thousand to one shot against me. There is even no hatred in my heart for Frank Steel, because he used his last gasp to confess that he had murdered William Boynton and he proved it by telling where he had buried the two gold bonds that they were unable to find on me, and because they couldn't, I kept my neck out of the noose. After I was pardoned I went back to the little town where Mary and I were married. She left with little Ruth shortly after I was sent up. The disgrace and gossip were too much for her and the baby. Her father had died and the only line I was able to get on my two little girls was that they had gone west. That's why I am a panhandler and boomer, but I'll keep searching till I hit their trail. That is if they are both alive." His voice was scarcely audible now and Bad Bill Sweeney made a second dip for the soiled handkerchief. As he did so the priest laid a kindly hand on the broad shoulders that rose and fell before him. When Father Donahue finally spoke, his tone was gentle, but his question brought Bill up, erect in his chair. For he asked if Mary and little Ruth would be proud and glad to see him, would she want to call him father if they met under the same circumstances that these two men came together. "To be sure they would not," said the priest kindly. "You're right," said Sweeney. "Then why don't you live so that your little family will be glad to welcome you as a man and not have to receive a wreck when you do meet. I'm going to help you, Sweeney," said the priest, "and I want you located here

and the only way you can stay on the G. G. L. under Joe Tracy is to go the straight and narrow way, and if you do, you'll find that you will prosper." It was along toward morning when the priest bade him a warm good-night and Sweeney turned his steps to Mrs. Hale's boarding house. He paid her up the next morning and started forth with new resolutions. From that day "bad" was stripped from Bill's name. Father Donahue, true to his word, had kept a kindly eye on his friend. They smoked and visited frequently in the evening. On the G. G. L., Sweeney worked with a vigor and intelligence which seemed to indicate that the ambitions of his happier days to become superintendent had taken new life. He was set up as a freight conductor and he had made and prized a record on the road that was without a blemish. At Mrs. Hale's, where he continued to board, he became a favorite with her three youngsters. Their candy and popcorn supply increased in gratifying proportions, and even a good movie show was included now and then to add to their entertainment. With this kind of a record established it was no wonder that Bill Sweeney and Ed Jones, engineer on Nos. 5 and 6, who was the father of seven, were seen on the main streets of Westville Christmas Eve with their arms loaded with bundles. There were youngsters to remember and they were legging it rapidly home in the cold night air. Within them was the warm glow of happiness that comes with acting the part of Santa Claus for a child. As they approached the corner of the city's busiest street, the happy holiday crowd stopped stark still at the piercing cry of a woman's voice. Bill glanced in the direction of the alarm and saw helpless and petrified with fear, a little girl in the path of a runaway team. In the next instant the commotion was added to by the clatter of Bill's armful of Christmas gifts smashing on the sidewalk. With his arms free the same impulse that sent Sweeney dashing after a murderer, shot him through the air with the speed of a panther into the course of a madly galloping team. With a sweep of his powerful arm he

knocked the child from what probably would have been certain death. Torn and scratched himself from his flying contact with the pavement he rushed to pick up the little girl, and while she was bruised and stunned from the manner in which he had pitched her out of harm's way, she was more frightened than hurt, and clung to her rescuer with all the strength of her round chubby arms. It was not until the child finally asked for Mrs. Martin that the crowd thought of the woman, as the youngster's mother, at the sight of the accident, had fainted and was taken into the drug store. Ammonia and smelling salts revived her and her first question was about the little girl. Big, brave Bill Sweeney had washed her face of the street dirt that had mixed with her tears and with the assistance of kind words, a big doll that he had purchased for one of Mrs. Hale's children, and a box of candy, he was getting the little lady over her fright with better success than two or three kindly mothers who had attempted to pacify her. The woman finally made it clear that she lived at White Bear, on the other side of the mountain, and she and the child had come over to Westville to do some Christmas shopping. Her main anxiety seemed to be about getting back and it was plain to be seen that in her high-strung, nervous condition she could never make the trip alone, and as the child refused to release her grip to any extent from around Bill Sweeney's neck, it was apparent that if one went the three should go. Bill had no family ties in Westville, part of the presents he had bought for Mrs. Hale's children he had sent over by Tom Madden's boy, except the doll and candy he had given to the little girl, so he decided to go and see that the woman and her little girl were returned safely to where they were expected by some waiting husband and father. For years he had tasted the bitter cup of anxious waiting. Bill knew the pangs of it, and knowing them, resolved that they should not fall on another with their smiting torture, when a bit of sacrifice from him would bring them together for Christmas at home. These were the thoughts in Bill Sweeney's mind as he carried the precious lit-

the burden which nestled down behind his coat collar to keep warm. With his free arm he steadied the uncertain step of Mrs. Martin. Once aboard the train his exhausted charges slept. The little girl with her head still nestling on his shoulder and the woman in a double seat that he had made comfortable for her with pillows and blankets. Bill looked wistfully at the sleeping child and dreamed of pretty Mary Hackett and his own little Ruth. His reverie was broken when the conductor called "White Bear," because when Freight Conductor Bill Sweeney alighted on the platform, he met Station Agent Mary Hackett Sweeney, who had let her little daughter, Ruth, go to Westville to see the big stores with her neighbor, Mrs. Martin.



"Tent Milwaukee."

I am going to start and tell our family circle what Preparedness and the Call to the Colors meant to the Milwaukee here. The call of June 18, 1916, came into Kansas City, Mo., thunderingly on the morning of the 19th, and after a long and tiresome night's work, the morning found me at our Third Regiment Armory, reporting for duty, as I held the rank of lieutenant, leaving work, home and friends.

There was no question about the stand of our officials; they, patriotic men with broad minds and big hearts, heartily co-operated with Nation and cause—there was no slacking on their part. Our beloved and highly honored Terminal Superintendent, Mr. W. L. Richards, who always acts as a Big Brother to all of us, was the first one to assure me of the stand taken by the company officials; there was nothing lacking to show that the Milwaukee not only was one of the greatest

railroads of the Nation, but was also human—human to the wants of the Nation—and the response was generous.

From the Kansas City Terminals, the President's call found four of us ready to serve our country, viz.: Walter G. Slagle, Corporal of Light Horse Battery B; William E. Keefner, Corporal Company G, Third Missouri Infantry; Clifford Marchant (of Car Department), Company E, Third Missouri Infantry, and, of course, myself, Lieutenant with Fighting Company C of the Third Foot.

July 11th, in sweltering and blistering heat, found us at Laredo, Texas, about three hundred yards from the nearest Mexican outpost (we detrained on the banks of the Rio Grande), looking right at them, all small in size and armed to the teeth, our men all big and armed well. So there we were, strangers in a strange land, amongst strangers. Now you know how we felt.

A regular army officer guided us from the train to our camp site. We arrived safely. He told us, "This is yours, go to it!" If I ever wanted to come home, it was then, but nothing doing. Here we were, facing, as far as you could see, ground covered with mesquite brush, level as a board and hard as the Rock of Gibraltar, but the husky Missouri muscle by 6 P. M. transferred that same land to a very comfortable home, and there was not a sound from Brother Sam or friend Joe until 5 A. M. next day.

Then our troubles began! From early morning until late at night we were busy watching the Mexicans across the Rio and whipping our men into shape. We could see the glittering muzzles of the Carranzistas' field guns pointing squarely into our camp. It almost caused a little fright, but you know the American bluff—no one would call it, so we were safe with the continuous arrival of troops in number about 15,000, viz.: cavalry, infantry and artillery, horses and mules by the million.

So days passed, always drilling, always getting in better fighting trim, and the Mexican troops from Nuevo Laredo vanished as if the earth had swallowed them all. Only now and then our men would report that some troops were seen building trenches across the river.

About June 25th I was detailed in the Quartermaster's office as assistant to the Quartermaster officer. As the railroads are the life of the Nation, so is the Quartermaster to the army. This department handles all supplies, forage, movements, except ammunition, this being left to the Ordnance Department. My experience in the Regulars and two and one-half years' service in the Philippines was discovered and immediately made use of—so I became assistant to the finance officer, Capt. Halstead of the Regulars, a very fine gentleman, who disbursed about two million dollars a month.

Our regiment was ordered for border patrol. The outfit received ammunition, each man having 3,000 rounds of ball cartridges and more in reserve, if needed. Feeling was running high. Talk about your Mexican eat-

ers—the Fighting Third had them all beat. They were all heroes, every one of them, so why be afraid, Uncle Sam! But aside from exchanging occasional shots in the dark, nothing happened. Our camp life was pleasant, our eatables good, only the water—it had to be boiled for drinking purposes.

I must tell you of the joy which was caused when we received a copy of our good Magazine from Frank Reed and Alvin Jones, both of Coburg. It seemed so home-like, it brought the greeting of every member of the Milwaukee family. We were proud, as the folks at home were proud of us; we were doing our share and so were they. It isn't always the men on the firing line; someone also must turn the wheels at home. Anyway, I named my tent and she stood proud above all—it was TENT MILWAUKEE, and there she stands to-day occupied by some one else.

So we came back thankful, good men who were not afraid to respond to the call to protect life and honor. We extend our most hearty thanks to our officials, to our dear Big Brother, Mr. W. L. Richards, who was always ready to help us, to the only Magazine and to all our friends.

JOSEPH LIEBERMAN,

First Lieutenant Third Missouri Infantry.
Battalion Adjutant of the Coburg Force.

A Conductor's Serious Champion.

Along in the eighties, when John L. Sullivan was at the top of the heap of two-fisted gladiators, he was drawing crowds to the depot platforms that would make any of the present day political aspirants feel sure of election.

To illustrate what an idol the wearer of the Police Gazette's diamond belt was, we inject this story. John L. and President Cleveland by chance were in the same town and at the same hotel one afternoon. The lobby was crowded with local politicians, noted statesmen and town sports. Cleveland learned that Sullivan was in the hotel and sent after him for a little chat. It got along toward supper time, and the President of the United States and the Champion of the World linked arms and sallied forth, down the broad stairway leading to the lobby. On their way to the dining room hundreds of eager eyes watched the celebrities descend the stairs, when a particularly piercing voice bawled out, "Here he comes." "Yes, I know," said his companion, "but who is the fat guy with him?" "Why," said the other, disgusted with his ignorance, "that's McVay, his sparring partner. Well' this tells, after a fashion, how much the dear public of the eighties thought of John L., and, knowing this full well, a certain conductor on the R. & S. W. Division, who was well acquainted with a magnificent hulk of a man owning a pair of shoulders with a spread like an eagles' wing, a fighting face that any pug could be proud of, and the strength of a G-6 engine, conceived the idea of pawing off his Herculean friend on those along the line as John L. Sullivan.

Accordingly, he secured a Prince Albert coat, vest and trousers, with the rest of the wearing apparel that would be befitting to the Champion of the World. He was crowned with a plug hat that glistened like the Capitol dome, and a "diamond" the size of a walnut pressed its weight against his chest. As far as clothes go, Williams and Walker in their palmiest days had nothing on the conductor's spurious champion. On the day appointed the silk-tiled gent with the broad shoulders was landed into the baggage car. When the train reached Union Grove and at every other stop into Davenport the conductor would jump off at the front end, survey the citizens assembled at the depot, pick out one whom he knew to be an excellent purveyor of news, and announced that John L. Sullivan, Champion of the World, was on the train. In a second the word would travel the length and breadth of the station platform that the Champion of the World was among them. A moment later the gent with the broad shoulders and silk hat would alight, stroll down the platform, and the conductor, as a mark of esteem and friendship for some favored citizen, would introduce John L. Sullivan. He had a grip like a vise and was told to cringe down hard on the eager mits extended, but what cared they for bruised and crushed flesh? Their hand had touched the hand that had sent Paddy Ryan, Jake Kilrain and a hundred other ring aspirants into dreamland. The grateful people wishing to show that they had a proper appreciation of the honor foisted on them, gave the "Champion" boxes of cigars, prize pigs and blue ribbon products of the soil.

When the train got to Davenport it had the heaviest loaded baggage car that ever rolled over the R. & S. W. Division—souvenirs of every description which had been presented to "John L. Sullivan, Champion of the World."

We may have overlooked some of the details in this story, but we have a hunch that Doc Bush could supply those that are missing.



F. H. Copernoll, Inspector S. & D. Cars and
"The Twins."

"Miss Muffitts" Christmas Gift

I. G. C. K.

Miss Muffitt was an old maid. She said so herself, and she did not thank anyone to apply to her any of the various newer fashioned terms by which unmarried women of uncertain age are designated in these days when votes for women and other things have made "citizens" of the women, and, therefore, people of consequence in the town and state and the nation.

"Just plain old maid," said Miss Muffitt, on every occasion, and she told the truth, for plain she was, without question or cavil, and while she did not look to be past the meridian of life, there were people in the village who claimed to know that she was "not a day under sixty, my dear." While Miss Muffitt did not appear to avoid the delicate subject of age, these people would perhaps remind you that she never was really outspoken on so interesting a topic, so of course the neighbors were left nothing but conjecture; and neighbors usually like to conjecture if there is a ghost of a chance for their doing so without being caught up by some of the other neighbors who can confront them with facts. But as no one in Wilbertstown had any facts in regard to Miss Muffitt's previous life or her antecedents, conjecture ruled unanimously. The only thing they did seem to be really sure of, about Miss Muffitt was that she "had money," paid her bills with commendable promptitude and had the unsatisfying habit of holding her tongue on all occasions. There were, to be sure, those in the village who at first claimed to have doubts about Miss Muffitt's wealth, but the grim and meager realities seemed to refute their skepticism. Miss Muffitt lived in the big house on the hill. She bought it twenty or more years ago, and it was known that she had "put in a bath-room" and made sundry other changes that promised her a more comfortable living. The yard was immaculate always, the garden was a wonder, and those who ventured occasionally up there to call on the good lady, or to

quiz her old serving woman, averred that the house inside was "grand," but they reluctantly admitted also, that neither Miss Muffitt or Mary seemed particularly flattered by their attentions, and Mary unquestionably was as mum as her mistress. So the two women lived in quiet seclusion. If a neighbor was sick, there was always some dainty bit of food or other comforting attention sent in "with Miss Muffitt's hope that the sufferer was improving." If there was a death, Miss Muffitt's quiet, gentle presence was always a welcome help to the mourner, and she often opened her purse to those who were afflicted and in financial straits,—then she quickly went her way to avoid "scenes" or thanks. Yes, she was queer. Everyone agreed to that, but they always qualified that statement by adding that she "certainly was a good woman." Of course, after twenty years' residence in any community one's idiosyncracies become more or less a matter of accepted fact, and so folks didn't talk about Miss Muffitt any more unless village doings were unusually dull and there was no one else to talk about; but as that is a rare happening in any village, Wilbertstown, after ten years or so, was not often driven back upon Miss Muffitt, and so her daily goings and comings grew to be accepted and few took notice from day to day whether she or Mary had been down to the post office lately or not. In summer she was usually to be seen about the garden, and the neighbors often stopped to talk about the peas or the tomatoes, or the potato bugs; the women leaned over the fence to admire the roses or to accept a "slip" from a favorite plant,—and Miss Muffitt was always kind and generous, but she did not ask them in. Then, too, it was remarked if they came to bring her a choice flower or a "mess of early potatoes" they were never asked into the house, which in itself was a high crime and misdemeanor in

the Wilbertstown code of ethics. But, as I have said, Miss Muffitt had come, largely, to be accepted as she was, and even, on occasion, you would find a neighbor who would take up the cudgels in her defense if criticism of her peculiarities ran high. Those who had been beneficiaries of her kindness at times felt that they would like to do something nice for her, but if this were ever attempted, it was met with a kindly smile and a pleasant "thank you," but no one ever got any farther. Sometimes the children of the village would look up into her face, in passing her, and utter a timid "how'd do," to which she smiled a response, but rarely ever spoke to them; yet when her apple trees were loaded with their big, ripe, red fruit, the children were the chief beneficiaries, for regularly every morning, Mary placed a large basketful beside the gate, where the kiddies could help themselves as they went by to school. Sometimes they shouted an "Oh, thank you, Miss Muffitt," if they saw her at the window or in the garden, when Miss Muffitt's smile was good to see, and she would wave her hand sometimes, which was considered a special honor by the children. And then, again, when school closed for the summer vacation, Miss Muffitt always gave a prize for the best pupil of the school year. A ten-dollar gold piece annually found its way into the hand of the scholar with the best marks, but Miss Muffitt was never on hand to witness the award, and the lucky boy or girl had to be content with a nicely worded note of thanks, written on the best note-paper the village store afforded, and addressed with painstaking care under the watchful parental eye, to "Miss Margaret Muffitt, Wilbertstown." That was all, the donor never replied, and it was only by a tacit understanding that the next year's pupils went on striving for the coveted prize.

In a place of the size and importance of Wilbertstown, the charities are usually dispensed by the local church societies; and surprisingly enough, when Miss Muffitt's goodness and generosity were considered, in other directions, to

the solicitations of the various Ladies' Aid Societies and church charities, Miss Muffitt turned a deaf ear and held a tight purse—not one of them ever was able to wheedle a penny from her—but the neighbors noticed and duly reported, that from the day that Miss Muffitt first took possession of her big house, the Salvation Army wagon never left her door-yard empty. If it drove in there in that condition, it emerged, loaded with packages and bags and boxes—and the Salvation Army people told down town how generous the "lady on the hill" always was to them. Money, provisions, books, clothing and encouragement always greeted them, and they never seemed to apply too often. Another thing the neighbors would tell you, with a certain disapproval, too, was that tramps were always fed—"and how can the town be rid of 'bos," said they, "when those two old women over there always have a hand-out ready for them?" The village Selectmen even took up the matter with a view of begging her to refrain from the practice, but thought better of it when they reflected on Miss Muffitt's utter impassiveness at other times when they had broached questions of so-called public weal, in which she seemed to take no great interest.

The railroad ran around the foot of the hill, close beside a placid little river, and just below the town, it crossed the stream on a stout wooden bridge that had weathered many a storm and braved many a battle with the current; and the nearness to the railroad track of the big house on the hill with its never failing hospitality soon came to be known as a place of generous entertainment among the Wanderers, so that scarcely a day passed without a test of its generosity to one or many. Small wonder indeed that the village folk did not look with favor on a hospitality that brought so many of that kind of visitors to their town. But yearly, they came and went, and as there is honor among thieves, there is chivalry among 'bos, and they never troubled their hostess, but went on their way warmed and cheered.

Of course, as soon after Miss Muffitt came to Wilbertstown, as it seemed to

be a distinct and settled fact that she was a "mystery," the village folk turned to the postmaster, but he had little to tell, for beyond magazines and papers and what appeared to be business letters post-marked at the neighboring city, her mail contained no clew except for an annual letter that came from a far-off town in an eastern state. That letter always came at Christmas time, and always, at Christmas time, Miss Muffitt went to the city for a few days—"probably to shop for Christmas," said the neighbors, because she never bought anything at the village stores, and it was always noticed that the Salvation Army wagon was more heavily loaded on the occasion of its Christmas call than at other times. For twenty years or more, the yearly letter remained mysterious and unfathomable, for the postmaster was proof against any veiled hints of steam and tea-kettle. So Miss Muffitt's letter was always delivered to her intact, and no one in town ever knew aught of its contents or origin. But one morning Miss Muffitt, stopping at the post-office on her way to the railroad station and her shopping trip, received the letter with the eastern post-mark. Grasping it in her hand, she hurried on to the station, where the train, already in, was taking on the Wilbertstown passengers. Seated in the car under the watchful eye of several of her neighbors, also townward bound, she read her letter, but contrary to her usual careful custom, she laid it on the window sill and fell into deep thought. This unusual incident was duly noted by Miss Muffitt's neighbors, who marveled greatly, and they marveled all the more as the train pulled into the city terminal to see Miss Muffitt rise and leave the car without having given another thought to the opened letter she had left behind. Eagerly the good women reached for the prize, when the brakeman, who had seen that the letter had been forgotten, stepped in front of them and picked it up to put in his pocket. In vain did the excited village ladies explain that they were "near neighbors" and would restore the letter to Miss Muffitt, whom they "knew very

well," etc. The conscientious youngster assured them that it was his "orders" to take care of everything left in the train, and that "the company" would return the letter to Miss Muffitt, and "Orders is orders," said he. Thus was Wilbertstown cheated of the choicest bit of news it might have had during all of its existence, for the letter, though short, was the story of a life, for it read:—

"Dear Sister:

"Will you not come home to us this Christmas? You are tired, I know, of this oft-repeated plea—but we want you so much. We have heard nothing of Delbert since we wrote you last, and we suppose he has not yet "made good" because he promised he would ask us to tell him where you were as soon as he had the amount of money he took from you. But the years go by, and all we know was what you heard a few years ago, that he had gone back to his old habits, and had become a confirmed tramp. His crime and prison life did surely harden him. But why should you carry the cross always? You were a brave and devoted mother, and you should be among us, wearing the name you have a right to. Come home."

It was a perturbed Miss Muffitt who returned to Wilbertstown three days later, on Christmas eve, and her voice trembled a little when she asked at the post-office window if it had been possible that a letter which she had lost had been returned. Nothing had been seen of it, the postmaster said, but in the mail that was handed to her was an envelope with the city post-mark; and right there Miss Muffitt did the most extraordinary thing she was ever known to do in Wilbertstown. She tore off the wrapper, looked anxiously into the envelope that was enclosed, gave a half sigh, lifted her head high and walked out of the post-office with the eyes of almost the entire town on her, in wonderment. Outside, she carefully bestowed the letter in her traveling bag and went up the village street toward home.

She walked off the sidewalk at the end of the street, and turned into the beaten path that led up the hill. Just why the sidewalk ended where it did, was not plain unless you happened to know the village meets and bounds, for there seemed to be as many houses facing an unsidewalked road as there were farther down the street, flaunting their

town fashions in the eyes of their country neighbors. Miss Muffitt walked fast, less mindfully even, than customarily, of her surroundings, and was just approaching her own gate when a man with a lantern in his hand came running toward her from the foot of the hill towards the railroad. He was breathless and white and spoke quickly, explaining that he was flagman on the main line express, asking her if she knew where he could find a doctor. He said that the bridge was burned, and that his train had been flagged by a tramp, who, in his effort to save the train, had been run over, himself. The poor fellow would probably die, he said, but whatever help could be gotten to him was needed quickly. Telling him briefly to go to her house and summon aid, Miss Muffitt ran on toward the burning bridge and the rescued train. There, beside the track, lay the broken body of the man who had saved the lives of those who stood helpless about him. Miss Muffitt went quickly to him, lifted his head to her lap, and scarcely

repressed the cry of "Delbert." But the remembered voice called the dying man back—his eyes looked up to the face bent over him—his hand found hers, and with his lips forming "Mother," the wayward soul went home.

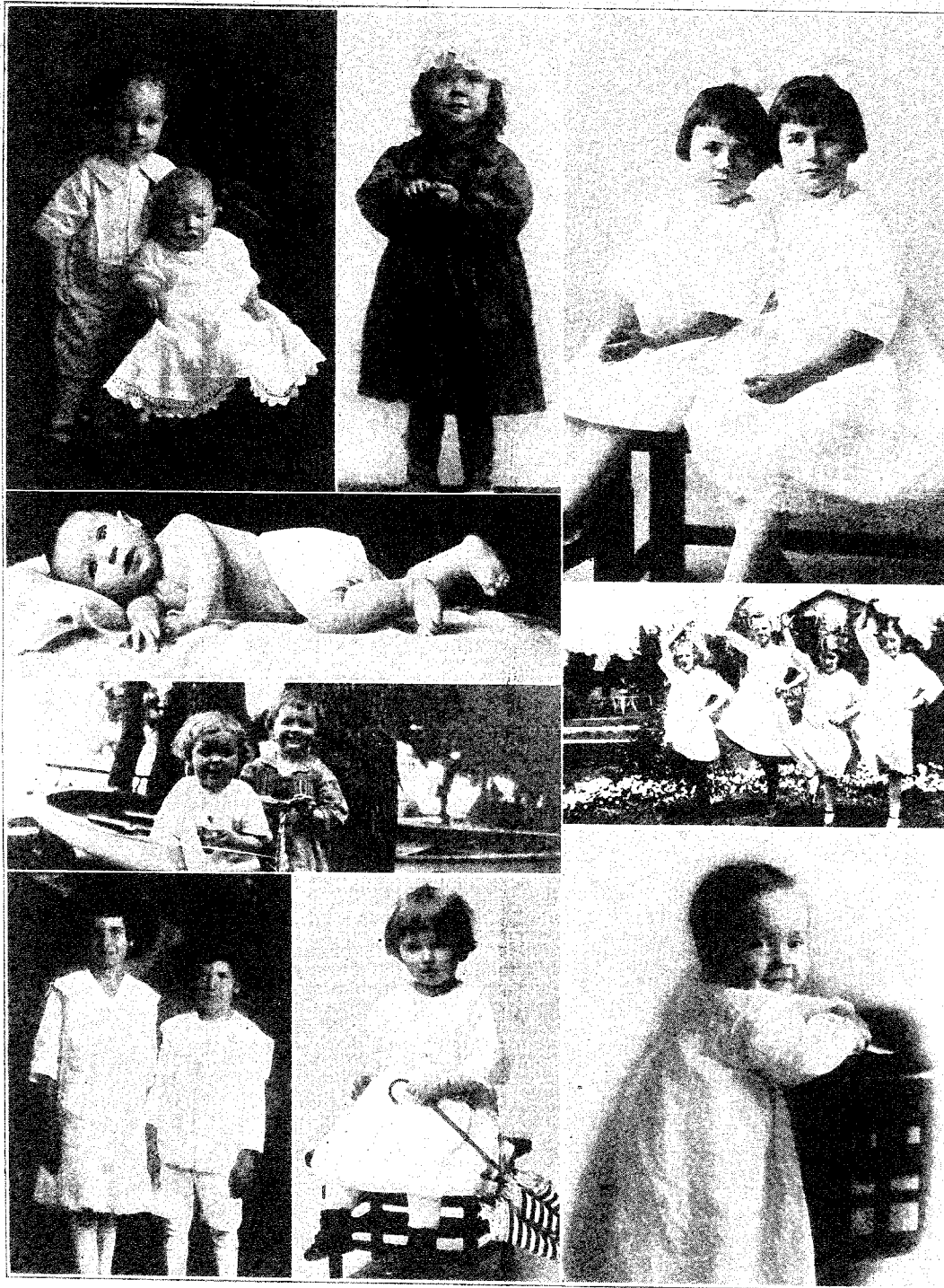
Silently the trainmen bent over him. "Take him home," she said, and watched them lift him tenderly in their arms and start with him on the longed-for home-coming of the prodigal. They carried him into the house and laid him on the clean, white bed; and their voices shook as they bade her good-night and thanked her, in their rough, kindly way, for taking a "homeless stranger" into her house. Hours afterward, "Miss Muffitt," bending over the dead face, now clean and human again, heard, with an ineffable peace in her heart, the midnight chimes pealing forth the Christmas anthem:—

"Hark, the Herald Angels sing."

All Safety First and Special Commendation has been held over to January number to give space for the Christmas stories.



The Old and the New Motive Power Seen Together at Terry, Mont.



Our Sons and Daughters.

Left to right, top row—Allen and Dorothy, children of E. N. Brown, agent, Woodman, Wis.; Helen, daughter of A. E. Junkerman, stenographer, freight claim department, Seattle; Marguerite and Melba, daughters of F. J. Alleman, agent, Tacoma, Wash. Second row—Alma Phelan and Adele Nelson, daughters of Dispatcher Phelan, Missoula, and of H. R. Nelson, Spokane;

Francis and Florence Dow and Elodie and Marian Murphy, daughters of Trainmaster F. C. Dow and Superintendent J. J. Murphy, Deerlodge. Third row—Bertha and Wilber P. Taber; Gladys, two-year-old daughter of C. & M. Division Brake-man Frank Peterson; Noel Burdett Rawls, year-old son of Conductor J. A. Rawls, Lewistown, Montana.

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At Home

Anna M. Scott, Editor.

Pretty Christmas Gifts.

It is becoming more and more customary each year to start Christmas shopping early. Those who make selections now will find how much easier it will be for themselves to avoid all the worry at the last moment. So now is the time to plan your gifts. The first thing, of course, is the list. Then take an inventory of what you already have for making into Christmas gifts, and decide what you intend to spend. The woman or girl who has a slender purse need not deny herself the pleasure of giving a suitable gift, as there are so many pretty things which can be made right at home. The pretty velvet bag which is all the rage now can be made easily. Take four pieces of velvet as long as you care to make your bag—a good width is 4 to 5 inches—join each side, covering each seam with black silk cord, gather all at bottom and sew to a covered circular piece of pasteboard. Line the bag with any color silk. Edge top with black silk cord. Run two cords through for drawstrings. Bead the lower part with silver beads, or any colored bead you may prefer. This makes a very pretty gift.

Boudoir slippers make an acceptable Christmas gift. First buy a pair of satin soles the right size. Measure around the edge the amount of ribbon to be used. Then sew the ribbon on, straight over and over stitch, joining at the back. Next run a narrow hem in the top of the ribbon and run a narrow round elastic through same to fit the foot. Now sew a narrow lace above the hem, sewing it on either straight or full as preferred. To finish off make a rosette of knotted ribbon and fasten near the toes. The ribbon for the slippers may be of any color, but it should be about four inches wide.

A glove case also makes a very useful and pretty gift.

Buy a woven basket, thirteen inches by six, with a cover. The flatter it is the better. Make three roses—white, green and salmon—of narrow ribbon. Put them on a stem of green silk thread and stitch it into the center of the basket. Finish both ends of your garland with salmon colored satin ribbon. This can be used for handkerchiefs as well as gloves.

Cook's Time Table.

Fifteen to twenty minutes for custards.
 Thirty minutes for pie crust.
 Three to four hours for fruit pudding.
 Forty to fifty minutes for bread.
 Ten to twenty minutes for rolls or biscuits.
 Ginger bread, thirty minutes.
 Forty-five to sixty minutes for sponge cake.
 Ten to twenty minutes for layer cake.

Two to three hours for fruit cake.

Ten to fifteen minutes for cookies.

Bags for vegetables are made of cheese cloth, and are used to put celery, lettuce, tomatoes and other fresh vegetables in before placing in refrigerator. Dampened, they keep the vegetables fresh.

Before squeezing a lemon beat it and the juice will be obtained more easily.

To clean mirrors, try a small piece of wash leather, dampened with menthylated spirits, and polish afterwards with a soft cloth.

Ring for muff. Sew inside the muff a bone ring three-quarters of an inch in diameter attached to a small piece of tape. A handkerchief may be drawn through it, which will prevent its slipping out of the muff and being lost. Gloves may be buttoned with it when they are to be left in the muff. It also holds securely one's veil or a small parcel.

The silk ravelled from an old silk stocking is the best with which to darn silk hose or underwear and gloves.

To clean chiffon the following is excellent: Make a weak solution of cold soapy water, allowing the chiffon to stand in it for a few minutes. Then shake it up and down without rubbing. If the article is small enough, use a preserving jar for this purpose. Rinse well, dry and iron with a moderately hot iron on the fabric itself.

Good Things to Eat.

Naturally we are all planning and looking forward to the good things we eat Christmas, so I will give a few choice recipes for that day. Whatever else you omit you certainly want the ever-welcome Christmas turkey, garnished with cranberries.

And a turkey is not a turkey without rich dressing and gravy.

Chestnut Dressing.—Blanch one pound of chestnuts, boil until tender and put through ricer. Add one cup bread crumbs, one-half cup shortening, one and one-half teaspoon of poultry seasoning, one-half cup of seeded raisins, with salt, celery, sugar and cayenne to taste. Mix thoroughly. This is excellent for turkey.

Baked Squash.—Bake your squash in a baking dish well greased, scatter Parmesan cheese over and brown it quickly in hot oven. Serve this with your turkey.

Southern Sweet Potatoes.—Cut pared sweet potatoes in strings as for French fried. Put into a casserole in layers, allowing for each layer two tablespoons of brown sugar and two of butter. Sprinkle with salt, cover and bake slowly for two hours, basting frequently in a dish with butter. These may be used to garnish turkey.

Half Hour Suet Pudding.—One-half cup of flour, one-half cup chopped suet, one-half cup

molasses, one-half cup milk, one-half cup raisins (nuts may be added); one egg, one-half teaspoon salt, and one-half teaspoon soda. Steam one-half an hour in buttered pan and serve with whipped cream or any good sauce.

Cranberry Sherbet.—One quart of cranberry juice, five oranges, two pounds of sugar, four whites of eggs, ice cream salt. Add to cranberry juice the sugar and oranges. Mix well together and pour into ice cream freezer and freeze to a mushy consistency. Whip the whites of eggs very stiff and stir into mixture, then finish freezing. This is excellent to serve with a heavy dinner and a change from cranberry sauce.

Grapefruit in Glasses.—If one possesses the tall, fancy glasses made especially for grapefruit, the pulp of the fruit is removed in spoonfuls and put into the small inside cups, the cracked ice filling the space between them and the other end of the glass. A little sugar is added to the fruit if desired, and the whole is topped off by two Maraschino cherries. If one has not the glasses, the fruit should be chilled and put in spoonfuls into the empty shells. Serve the grapefruit shells on small plates.

Christmas Cookies.—Mix together half a cupful of boiling molasses, two teaspoonfuls of butter, a cupful and a half of lard and a quarter of a cupful of sugar, then add a tablespoon of milk and two cupfuls of flour, sifted, with half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg, salt, soda and cloves. One cupful raisins and currants, nuts if desired. Roll thin.

Bread Plum Pudding.—One cupful suet, one cupful raisins, one cupful currants, one-half cupful citron and candied orange peel, one cupful sugar, three cupfuls stale bread crumbs, four eggs, one-half cupful milk, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon allspice, cloves, and nutmeg, grated rind of one lemon. Chop suet fine. Seed the raisins, slice the citron and orange peel, mix with the currants, sugar and bread crumbs, moisten with eggs well beaten, and milk, then add the seasonings. Pour into a buttered mold. Steam four hours and serve with hard sauce.

DORIS' YEAR BOX.

Part II.

Edena.

The next morning, a sunbeam coming in at the window, found Doris still asleep, and mischievously danced all over her face till she awoke. Sitting up in bed, she rubbed her eyes, and tried to think why it was she felt as if something unusual had happened—ah, yes, the Year Box—something had happened. Hastily jumping out of bed, and donning her little garments, she tiptoed downstairs for another look at the wonderful Year Box. Here her mamma found her a few minutes later, and together they had quite a little talk about what was to be put into the Year Box. "Ah," whispered Doris, "it is nice to be a little girl with such a lovely mamma to teach me how to grow up." And mamma, holding Doris close, said it was nice to have such a perfectly darling little daughter to love her.

Of course, Doris was all eagerness to begin her new tasks. But there was first some preparatory work—they must prepare a list of the things to be made, and another of the material required, and then there would be one glorious day in town, when Doris would receive her first lesson in shopping.

Doris told her mamma she would like to always keep the very first things she made. Her mamma thought this such a pretty idea, and she was very much pleased, too, that

Doris felt that way about it, as she knew it would encourage her to take the greatest pains with her sewing. So she told Doris that the very first set she made for her bed and dresser should be of linen—for, as every one knows, the more linen is laundered the whiter it becomes—and she knew, too, that some day, when, perhaps, Doris would be telling her own little girl about the Year Box, and showing her the first things she ever made, she would be glad they were of nice material.

I would like to be able to say that Doris was her usually attentive little self at school that day, but I am afraid that would not be true, for her mind would wander to the Year Box, and her teacher found it necessary to remind her of her lessons; but then the teacher did not know of the wonderful treasure Doris had at home.

Bright and early Saturday morning, Doris and her mamma set out on their shopping expedition. Doris had a list of the things they were to get tucked carefully into her little purse, and you may be sure she kept her eyes and ears open, for there was much to see, and so much to learn. Before leaving home Doris' big brother had given her a handful of nickels and dimes, saying to get something for her room, and to pick it out herself—to use her own judgment, as he wished to see what sort of shopper she would make.

On their trip into town Doris had counted those nickels and dimes (there were eight dimes and ten nickels) again and again, thinking all the while what she should buy with them. On arriving at the shop, Doris' mamma said it would be well to look around a while before making their purchases. This Doris found to be very good advice indeed, for there were, oh, so many lovely things—truly each one seemed more lovely and desirable than the other. As all they were to buy for the Year Box this trip was the linen for the first bed set and four little guest towels, these purchases were soon completed, leaving Doris plenty of time to roam around among the beautiful things and to decide which one of them to buy. And this, little Doris, like many of her older sisters, found no easy matter. There were pictures, books, flowers, dear little boxes for handkerchiefs, ribbons, and all sorts of purposes: lovely little gold and enamel clocks, really timely clocks, cushions, bags of all kinds, towel holders, hatpin holders, darling little pin trays, jewel caskets, perfume bottles, vases, big and small, rugs and baskets of every size and shape—some for bon-bons, some for flowers, some for sewing, some for fruit. Truly it seemed to Doris that there were baskets for everything. And there were many other things also, but as I have already mentioned, the article that Doris finally did choose I shall not go into further details, but shall leave it to you to guess which of the articles I have mentioned it was that she bought (then, if you like, you may write and tell our Editor); and in the last chapter, when Doris displays the contents of the Year Box, you will know if your guess was right.



Stage Coach Days.

In the great roster of Milwaukee employees there are men whose length of service in transportation business cover periods of a half century and more. Many of them began railroading when the divisions on which they were employed were under construction, but it is doubtful if you will find any of these veterans whose employment on a common carrier antedates the railroad.

Henry A. Buel, Roadmaster of the R. & S. Division at Mendota, has the unique distinction of being in the transportation business before the railroad was built on which he afterward put in many years of honorable, faithful service.

Fifty-one years ago Henry Buel, a young man who had just received an honorable discharge from the Union army, landed at Charles City, Ia. In 1865 he secured employment as a stage driver for the Northwest Stage Co., which operated between Charles City, Ia., Mason City and Austin, Minn. When we interviewed this veteran roadmaster we found a man whose rugged strength and clear, steady eye were mute as to his age. His retrospections of over a half century ago, when the old Concord type of stage coach was the means of communication between these frontier towns, was brimmed with interest.

To contrast the transportation facilities available to-day with those that the pioneer used when a four-horse team and the skilled handler of the reins like Buel carried passengers and baggage between Charles City and Austin, illustrates the progress and development brought forth in the empire touched by the rails of the Milwaukee road. In the days of the stage coach rates were figured on the basis of ten cents a mile, and transportation in one of those famous Coach and Fours between Charles City and Austin cost each passenger \$6.80. It was a ride of 68 miles over roads that Buel assures us were not macadamized. The trip consumed about fifteen hours' time, and three changes of horses were made on the journey. To-day the passenger has the choice of a number of trains departing at hours that best suit his convenience, and makes this trip at an expense of \$1.66 in a little over two hours.

The Concord coach was not a steam-heated vehicle, and one can imagine the hardships endured, with the thermometer far below zero mark, with passengers cramped in small quarters for fifteen hours, bumping over high-ways that would give the man to-day who drives a six-cylinder car something that medical men would probably describe as a cross between palsy and ague.

Mason City was a large and important town in the early '60s, with a population of about 800; yet, it only received mail three times a week, via the stage coach delivery. It was conditions like this that put free in "R. F. D.," because it was the practice of any settler who might drive into the metropolis to take the mail for the smaller surrounding villages.

When the I. & D. Division was built the date of the stage coach closed and Henry Buel secured employment with the newer and better mode of transportation, and, though he has been employed by the Milwaukee for nearly fifty years, he has the unique distinction of preceding the railroad as a common carrier.

RAILROAD RECREATIONS



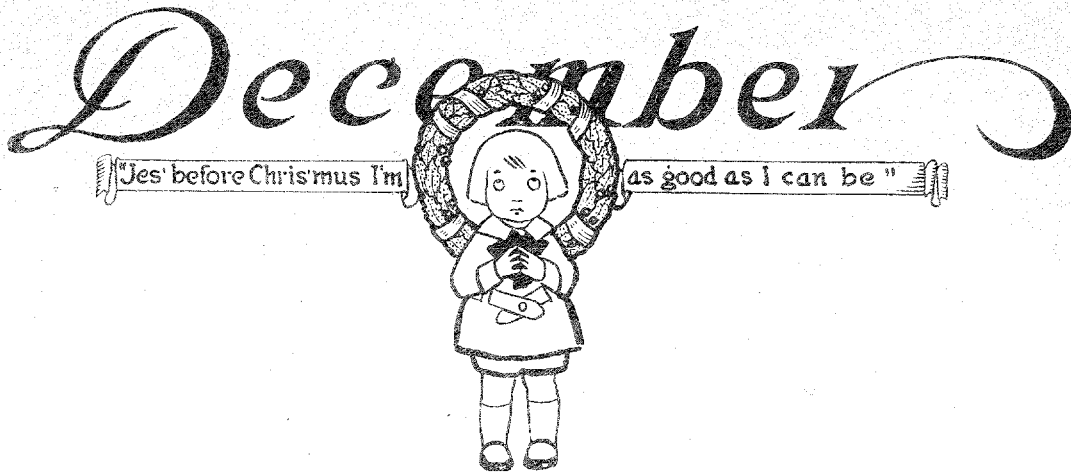
"Every creature is here for a purpose," announced the teacher. "Now, what do we learn from the mosquito?"

"We learn from the mosquito," replied young Albert, "how easy it is to get stung."

"Oh, no," thought Johnny bitterly, "there ain't any favorites in this family. Oh, no! If I bite my finger nails I get a rap over the knuckles, but if baby 'eats his whole foot they think it's cute."

The Children's Page

Jennie B. Ginet



December.

Oh! holly branch and mistletoe,
And Christmas chimes where'er we go,
And stockings pinned up in a row!

These are thy gifts, December.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Christmas will soon be here and I want you all to make ready. What do I mean by "make ready"? I mean for each one of you to make a gift to someone else. It does not have to be a costly gift. Kind acts or kind words are gifts and we can each afford to give them.

I want to find all the stockings this Christmas but do not do as one little boy did last Christmas. He cut a big hole in the toe of his stocking so that the gifts might fall thru as I put them in and he thought I would keep on putting in until he would have a big pile. But I was wise, my dears, and all I left him was one new stocking. I pinned a note on it which said: "Young man, here is a stocking without a hole. Hang it up next year and do not try to fool old Santa Claus again."

I hope, my dears, you are all deserving of nice gifts for I have a splendid stock on hand, which I want very much to give you.

Do not forget that I want each of you to be "a giver," too, and then you will feel as happy and jolly as I do.

Ever your friend,

SANTA CLAUS.

Little fairy snowflakes

Dancing in the flue;

Old Mr. Santa Claus,

What is keeping you?

Twilight and firelight

Shadows come and go;

Merry chime of sleigh bells,

Tinkling thru the snow.

Mother knitting stockings
(Pussy's got the ball),
Don't you think that winter's
Pleasanter than all?

Modesty Forbids!

"Who is the smartest boy in your class, Bobby?" asked his uncle.

"I'd like to tell you," answered Bobby, modestly, "only father says I must not boast."

AFTER STUDY HOURS.

Anagrams.

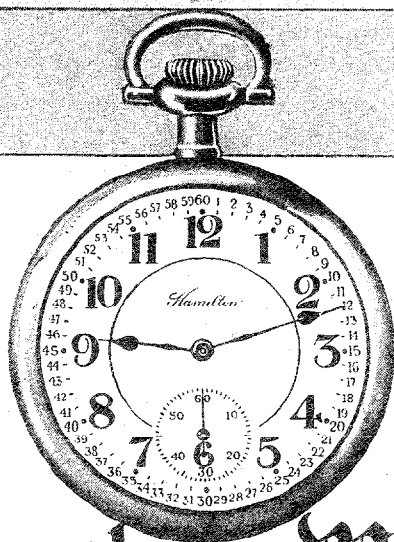
- 1—They see.
 - 2—Dim thing.
 - 3—Lena, I'm a cop.
- Answers next month.
Each indicates the answer.

E. W. D.



The Little Sons of Mr. Anderson, Clerk in Superintendent Willard's Office, Missoula.

For Time Inspection Service, Hamilton No. 940 (18-size, 21 jewels) and No. 992 (16-size, 21 jewels) are the most popular watches on American railroads. For general use you can buy a Hamilton from \$12.25 for



movement alone (in Canada \$13.00) up to the superb Hamilton masterpiece at \$150.00 in 18K heavy gold case. No extra charge for Safety Numerical Dial on new railroad grades of Hamiltons.

Hamilton Watch

"The Railroad Timekeeper of America"

All that is left of the "old times" of railroading are memories—and watches.

New "cut-offs" have changed the course of the old road-beds; new rolling stock has replaced the old; new systems, new signals, new methods have come in.

But the Hamilton Watches that told true time fifteen and twenty years ago still have the right of way.

When you buy a Hamilton you buy Accuracy and Durability, not for a little while but for long years of service.

Write for the Hamilton Watch Book—"The Timekeeper"

It pictures and describes the various Hamilton models and gives interesting watch information. Railroad men know and are usually expected to know more about watches than other men, and for that reason "The Timekeeper" is especially good reading for them. Send for your copy.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY
Dept. 20
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

The men in this engine cab are Engineer Wm. Burney and Fireman Albert R. Burke of the Union Pacific. Both carry Hamilton Watches.



On The Steel Trail

H
 R
 A
 A
 W
 A
 s a visit
 or at the
 G
 uperintendent
 's office last
 Saturday
 o We en
 joyed a ride with
 conductor Bill
 other day o Ye could n
 ot help but notice what a
 pleasing effect that cheerf
 ul smile of his produced on t
 he passengers o Chief Clerk Ed G
 rebel stepped on a nail the other d
 ay o The nail retaliated and Ed had t
 o go to a chiropodist to have it lister
 end o Engineer K. Rotessman is nicely re
 covering from a serious operation o Herbert
 Moody clerk in Mr. Sawyer's office fell down t
 he other late night and cut his hand severely o
 eo much so in fact that it is necessary for him to
 go to a sanatorium every day to have the stitches re
 moved o Conductor Santa Mc Caffery visited with friends
 in Missoula o At St Maries Idaho November eleventh Miss
 William May Reating was united in marriage with Christoph
 ar Arndt o Chris as he is more familiarly known to the boy
 s along the line is an employee of the construction departmen
 t o They will make their home at Harboma Mont o The Magazine ex
 tends congratulations o P. Wilson clerk at Plummer and Mrs. Wilson
 visited in Spokane o Herb Moody of the Spokane office was over here
 the other day and among other printable permissions he told of a pla
 ster of paris tag used by a Spokane store for displaying women's hosiery
 P o as they change the dressing every day it makes quite an attractive
 window display o Herb took Sted over to see it one day and when Sted h
 d admired it to his heart's content Herb asked Sted what he thought of
 it o Here is what Sted replied o It would make a striking mile post si
 gn if we only knew how far it was from some place o Evidently there is
 no poetry in Sted's soul o Engineer Jake Shock has moved again o Some
 fellows from back in the best sugar country indicates we are conning
 an editorial course from Sted o Far from it o Joe Ginet is our prom
 pter o For instance o Joe was in the office the other day when a co
 nductor dropped in for an order o Then he had gone Joe intimat
 ed it was worth a line in the Magazine o I asked Joe to say it o
 Here is what I grabbed o Conductor Ed O'Malley was in town a
 few minutes the other day getting some train orders o That
 is easy o Engineer Santa Jack Little was in town a few m
 inutes the other day calling around o Conductor Will P
 aster was in town a few minutes the other day assist
 ing passengers to alight o Since the last two is
 sues of the Magazine all the Missoula division
 Boys have been singing P
 eg o Ky Heart o Mrs K P
 Beaman o A o G
 man of Kittitas visito
 ed in Beverly o Herber
 t and Lula Shriver were
 summer visitors o A. L. o
 Titus and family are en
 joying a vacation in the
 east o Mrs. J. W. Clarke
 wife of the agent at Glo
 arkia was visiting in To
 sonna o Mrs. C. G. Egan o
 er wife of operator at o
 Kittitas was a visitor o
 in Houliam o Mrs. Chas. o
 Knott's wife of conductor o
 Knott of Malden was a So
 oattle sight beer. Miss
 Gladys Putnam daughter o
 of engineer Putnam and o
 wife of St Maries was a
 Spokane visitor o o o o o

Items from the I. & M.
Katherine McShane.

Assistant to Vice President Mr. W. H. Penfield of Chicago has been out on an inspection trip over the I. & M. Division. Supt. Thiele accompanied him.

Roadmaster Carlson of Northfield spent a few hours between trains at Austin last week.

Machinist Jacob Herzog of Austin made a business trip to Milwaukee recently.

Agent George of Lyle has been off duty attending the funeral of his nephew at Plainfield, Iowa. Mr. Lucy relieved him.

Ticket Agent John Schultz of Austin spent a few days vacation in Chicago this month.

District Freight and Passenger Agent W. F. Cody was a business caller in Austin yesterday.

Conductor M. Gilmartin is back on his run again after a few weeks rest. Mr. Gilmartin looks as though he has had a "regular" vacation, and we are all glad to see his familiar smile again.

Chief Carpenter A. A. Kurzjeka and wife are rejoicing over the arrival of an assistant chief Carpenter, who arrived at their home in Minneapolis, October 1st. The young man and his mother are very well. Congratulations, Al.

Brakeman Dixon and Miss Mathilda Miller were married last month at the home of the bride's

mother in Austin. They expect to make their home here.

Conductor Bill Smith used poor judgment in picking out the winning team in the world's series.

Section Foreman J. Lorkoski of Adams spent Sunday with friends in Minneapolis.

Section Foreman Fr. Kovolocks spent Sunday with his people at Medorf.

Chief Carpenter A. A. Kurzjeka is making fall inspection of bridges and buildings on the I. & M. Mrs. F. Jeffries and daughter Verna have gone for a trip to Buffalo, N. Y., and several other points in the east. They expect to be back in a month.

Chicago Terminals Items.
Catherine E. Bartel.

The two defeated candidates, John Grunau for Representative, and Ray Farmer, for member of the Board of Equalization, have returned to work, both being defeated at the primaries. Mr. Grunau, however, gave the winners a run for their money, he being a close third in the race of two to be nominated. Ray ran fairly well, we are told, but we never saw the figures.

The lady bill clerks at Galewood have been called upon recently to work a couple of Sundays. It happened that both days were ideal and they surely demonstrated their finery. Michigan avenue promenade had nothing on the viaduct at Galewood.

Trainmaster John Costello made a flying trip to his farm in Florida recently, being absent just one week. It takes three days each way, so Mr. Costello evidently went some. He reports his farm well under way and trees growing nicely. Presume in a year or so he will be looking for empties to market his crop. I hope they will not be as scarce as they are now.

Mr. Matthew O'Neil, father of Miss Kathleen O'Neil, stenographer to Asst. Supt. Bush, died at his home in Elgin on October 1. Funeral from his late residence, interment taking place in Bluff City Cemetery, Elgin. Miss O'Neil and family have the sympathy of the entire Chicago Terminals.

General Yardmaster John Grunau and Yardmaster Logan, Galewood, were off a day or two a few days ago to rest up. Business at Galewood is very heavy, especially in the alley, which is Mr. Logan's stamping ground. Notwithstanding his assistance, Jack is a busy man, especially in the afternoon, looking for father.

Trainmaster Costello's chief clerk, J. E. Mulvaney, is a very popular man around Galewood, especially among the stenographers and bill clerks. Too bad you are married.

The matrimonial mystery still reigns among the telephone operators. We have a hunch though. How about it, "Lena"? On November 30, Miss Margaret Hughes, telephone operator at Western avenue, became the bride of Carl Stark, who is employed as a clerk at Galewood. After a short honeymoon spent at New York, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and St. Louis, they will be at home to their friends at 2233 North Lawler avenue. The happy couple have the best wishes of the entire Chicago Terminals.

There must be a storm coming, as Engineer Bischoff is carrying storm signals. He has discarded his shoes and put on boots again. He is also keeping his back close to the radiator and Yardmaster Mahon says that is a sure sign of cold weather, so get your stoves going, boys.

We see that our old friend, J. P. Quinn, engineer, Chicago Terminals, has moved to his new home on Sacramento boulevard. His many friends at Grand and Oakley wish him well. John Donahue says Fogarty ought to give a house-warming.

Engineer Oscar Johnson has the relief job in place of Engineer Wardell, who has been off sick. Oscar brings the engines over to Yardmaster Dudley, and with the help of Fireman Donahue is getting all engines over on time.

Peter Kierhause, better known as "Whistling Pete," is firing for Jess Earl. Look out for the 3, 5 and 8 whistle Pete is making.

Previous to the election, Engineer Chas. Reeg was busy passing out Wilson buttons. No doubt this contributed a great deal to Wilson's election.

Miss Anne Fisher, stenographer for Agent Fesler, made a flying visit to St. Paul. She reports a lovely time, golfing, dancing, auto and theatre parties. What was it, Anne—a honeymoon trip? So many mysterious reports have been in circulation lately that we are very much in the dark.

Mrs. Wm. J. Ricketts, wife of Switchman Ricketts, spent several days at Milwaukee, Okau- chee and Ft. Atkinson, visiting friends and rela- tives.

Mr. Frank McMullen in addition to being a first class switchman, is reported to be an A-1 car- penter. He has been kept quite busy building a barn or garage for his uncle at Lake Geneva.

Switchman V. R. Scoggan has moved to his new home at Mont Clare. We are still waiting for an invitation to the house-warming.

The many friends of Mr. Frank McPherson, formerly chief clerk for Superintendent Rupp, will be glad to hear of his promotion to assistant agent at Chicago Station.

Clerk Roy Stahl spent a few days at Berlin, Ontario, Canada. We do not know what the attraction is, but he reports having a splendid time.

Des Moines Division Notes.
M. C. Corbett.

Mrs. R. P. Edson and daughter Ruth have returned home after a few days visit with Mrs. Edson's sisters at Chicago and Freeport, Illinois.

Roadmaster J. M. Nunn attended the Roadmas- ters' Convention at Milwaukee a short time ago.

Agent and Mrs. D. H. Houghtelling of Gillett Grove are rejoicing over the arrival of a son on October 26. They will name him Ronald.

Fireman Ward Ewald has moved his family from Des Moines to Perry. He has the north end way freight run.

Conductor H. E. Ziebell was confined to his home for a few days, with an attack of lumbago. Conductor Wm. Kelsey had his run on Nos. 91 and 92.

Miss Alice Nunn, daughter of Roadmaster Nunn, is taking a pleasure and sightseeing trip to the Pacific coast, going via the southern route. She will return via Salt Lake City and Denver.

Brakeman L. E. Bates and wife are visiting friends at St. Louis, Mo.

Conductor O. L. Appleby visited relatives and friends at Kansas City and Dewitt, Mo., past two weeks.

Mrs. Elizabeth Smedley, mother of Fireman Arthur Smedley, is visiting relatives at Pittsburg, Kansas.

Mrs. Nora G. Cligget, mother-in-law of Con- ductor McCutchen, is visiting her mother and brother at Grand Island, Neb.

Mrs. Ed. McLucas and children, family of En- gineer McLucas, are spending a few days with relatives at Charles City, Ia.

Conductor M. A. Deer has charge of the pile driver outfit on the Storm Lake line at present.

Mrs. Deer is visiting relatives at Leavenworth, Kans.

Station Agent John Knoke of Knoke, Ia., made a business trip to Hallock, Minn.

Cashier J. W. Pipjunge of Rockwell City visited friends at Brainard and other Minnesota points.

Died—Monday, October 23, Sarah Bernice, the two-year-old daughter of James Ahern, night roundhouse foreman at Des Moines. The be- reaved parents have the sympathy of their many friends.

Died—Friday, October 27, at her home, No. 1005 Maple street, Des Moines, Ia., aged 65 years, Mrs. Mary Kressinger, mother of Fireman Jos. Kres- singer. Funeral services and interment Sunday, October 29. She leaves three sons, Joseph, Frank and William, and one daughter, Mrs. Grant Edin- borough, to mourn her loss. They have the sym- pathy of the Des Moines Division employes.

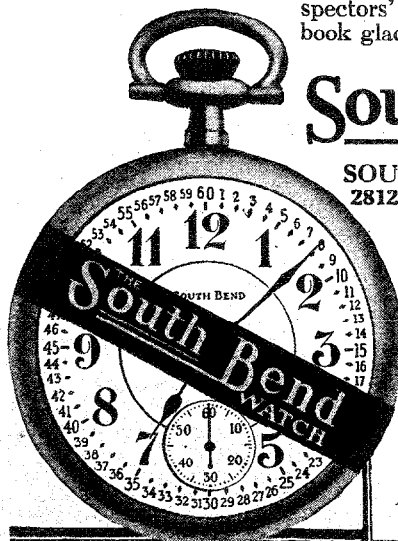
Mrs. Anna Olson, mother of Train Dispatcher Arthur Olson, visited friends at Adair, Ia., for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Smith of Mitchell, S. D., spent a few days in Des Moines, visiting Mrs. Smith's sisters, Mrs. R. P. Edson and Miss Flor- ence Fosdick.

Passes Every Time-Point on the Dot!

South Bend Watches pass every 'time-point' and all official inspections with an O. K. However close the time limits set by your road, we guarantee the South Bend Railroad Watch to meet them. Further than this we guarantee the South Bend Railroad Watch to meet any changes in time requirements either on your present road or any road you may transfer to within five years. No other watch gives you this protection.

You can readily distinguish South Bend Watches at jewelers' and in- spectors' by the indentifying bands of Purple Ribbon. Interesting book gladly mailed on request.



South Bend Watches

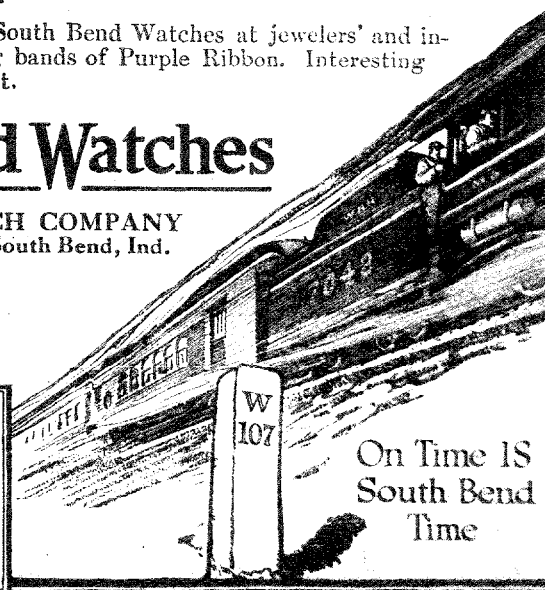
SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY
2812 Studebaker Street, South Bend, Ind.

The South Bend
STUDEBAKER
Railroad Watch

MOVEMENTS ONLY

16 Size—17 J.—5 pos.	\$28.00
" 21 "	30.00
" 21 "	40.00
18 Size—17 "	34.00
" 21 "	38.00

Fitted to your own case if desired



On Time IS
South Bend
Time

Dubuque Division News.

S. A. Gobat.

Since the hunting season has opened, quite a few of our crack shots, especially Engineers Wagner, Zemanek and Chaloupke, cannot be found by the call boy. We wonder why.

Our carpenter, John Kies, and wife enjoyed several days visiting with relatives in Le Mars, Iowa.

Painter William Holz has again reported to work after being on the sick list for the past two weeks.

For the latest thing in the mustache see Machinist Frank May.

Inspector Boyd Auderkerk and wife are enjoying a visit with relatives in Benton, Iowa.

Conductor Cassidy is again back on the way freight run after spending a two weeks lay-off visiting friends in Sioux City and other points in Iowa.

Fine smokes for us last month. A nine-pound baby boy at the home of Car Department Clerk Alphonse Huelshoff.

Engine Handler Paul Smith has just returned from a four weeks visit with relatives in Spokane, Tacoma and Los Angeles.

Switchman Charles Foote and wife visited with relatives in Elgin, Illinois, for the past week.

Boiler Foreman William Hopp was called to Milwaukee account of the death of his brother.

Carpenter Ernest Haferbecker has left for La Crosse, Wis., to visit with relatives.

Machine Hand William Kenyon and wife were called to Rockford, Ill., account of the death of Mr. Kenyon's niece.

Painter Henry Wiest and wife are visiting with friends in Ridgeway, Wis.

On October 7, while setting a brake on a car in the lower switch yard, Switchman Frank McLaughlin slipped on the tin roof and fell to the ground, sustaining a badly sprained wrist, which has laid him up for the past three weeks.

Engineer Walter Ruprecht has returned from a short business trip to Minot, S. D.

The Happenings of a Nut Picker.

James stood in the field looking wise,
Being chased by a bull he did not surmise;
When the bull saw Jimmy, and Jimmy saw the
bull,
He was mighty glad the bag was only half full.

Hatless, coatless, and trousers all torn,
All out of wind and looking forlorn,
A half a sack of nuts, and a downhearted feeling,
Is one experience of our stenographer, James
Feeling.

Assistant Foreman Frank Piltz and family enjoyed a few days visit with friends in Manchester, Iowa.

Engineer Mike Brophy, who underwent an operation at Rochester, Minn., has returned home and we are very pleased to report that he is getting along nicely.

Boilermaker Ed Junik visited with home folks in Milwaukee, Wis.

Raymond Moore, formerly a clerk in the car department office, has resigned and is learning to operate an oxy-acetylene welding machine. Ray is a bright young lad and no doubt he will make good.

Our new general storekeeper, Mr. F. J. O'Connor, gave us a visit the past month.

Carpenter Fred Benzer had the misfortune to have two fingers broken while at work on a car which will lay him up for a couple of weeks.

Oxy-acetylene Welder George Wagner is again back on the job after being on the sick list for the past two weeks.

Boilermaker Anton Vorman and wife enjoyed a couple of days visiting with friends in Dyersville, Iowa.

Machinist Ed Spahn is reported on the sick list for the past two weeks.

Wheel Inspector Robert Beckler and wife spent a few days visiting with friends in Blockton, Iowa.

Hard luck for Carpenter Charles Jungwirth with his new Studebaker car. His first trip would have been a sure success had he not run out of gasoline. His second trip was hoodooed by having two punctures in the rear tires, and the third trip while returning from rabbit hunting he ran over a calf and killed it, costing him

about ten simoleons. Why not buy an airship, Charlie, killing birds does not cost as much as killing calves.

Assistant Foreman Thomas Kelley is visiting with friends in Westgate, Iowa.

Carpenter Stephen Kenneally and wife have departed for Dyersville, Iowa, where they intend to visit about a week with relatives.

A Merry, Merry Christmas to all from the boys on the Dubuque Division.

Northern Montana Notes*By a Conductor.*

Of late I note that the Northern Montana Division has been sadly neglected in the Employees' Magazine. This does not seem exactly right, as there is plenty of news to be gathered if one only takes time to write it up.

A very sad report was circulated this morning that our agent at Lewistown, G. E. Martin, was drowned while out fishing, and that the blacksmith at the roundhouse had orders to make some hooks to drag the creek with, and also of dynamite being ordered. The reports proved untrue, as Mr. Martin was located at his home in bed, after much telephoning. A party stated that Mr. Martin fell through the mattress and got drowned in the "spring." How about it, Mr. Martin.

October 11, Mr. E. H. Barrett and his car "500" accompanied by Mr. C. L. Whiting, Mr. Mitchell and J. Gould, took a trip of inspection over the Choteau Line into Choteau. Understand the yellow car attracted much attention, being that this was the first appearance of the yellow car at that place. Mr. Barrett was very pleased with the progress made so far. At the present time there are two work trains doing the graveling, one work train laying steel, and one train hauling material from Falls Yard to Fairfield, and another which takes it from there to the front.

There has been an enormous shipment of wheat from points on the Great Falls and Lewistown Line in the last thirty days. The Grass Range, Roy and Winifred Branches, have contributed their share as well. A Mallet engine has been assigned to the Lewistown and Harlowton Line in order to handle the increasing business, "Red" LaGrange being the man to make the time with it. Understand that "Bill" J. Bryan, the Commoner, from Nebraska, asked for "Red" when he got to Lewistown to pull his special to Great Falls. Did you give him a cigar, "Red?" Some engineers, I understand, are calling "Red" the "Special Kid."

Mr. L. B. Blamen of the "Great West" is relieving C. G. Bleichner on first trick at Lewistown, Mr. Bleichner being off on his vacation.

Mr. Blamm had a hard time trying to convince some of the operators and agents along the line that his initials were L. B. B. instead of L. V. B., L. D. B., or L. E. B. The only way he could make it understood was to put down the first letters of "Little Boy Blue." O. K., L. B. B.

The extension from Grass Range to Winnett is now 65 per cent finished with 10 miles of it out of Grass Range ready for steel. The grading will all be finished early in November, according to Contractor D. J. Burke.

R. H. Hill has been laid up for some time with a dislocated hip. Some doctor in Great Falls has been doctoring him for lumbago. One thing it has taken off considerable of the flesh Ray has been toting around with him for several years.

T. F. Sacket, better known amongst the boys as "Time Freight Tommie," is on an extended lay off. Some say he is going to try to corner the market on diamonds, and some say he is trying to become an oil king.

Business has been so heavy that it has kept Mr. Cornwell busy getting brakemen to man the crews.

Frank Hatton, who has been laid up with rheumatism for quite a period, is able to be at work once more.

Speaking about "Red" LaGrange being the "Special Kid," pretty near as much can be said about "Lew" Wandell, the extra passenger conductor. How about it, Lew.

I think this is about enough for this time, hoping some one else will open their heart and slip a little news in once in awhile.

Electricity in the Railroad Man's Home

The Electric Motor Will Do The Hard Work About the House.

A small electric motor, suitable to operate household machinery, costs but a small sum and can be operated from the electric light sockets, for the same amount of current required for an ordinary sixteen candle-power lamp. This motor will drive the washing machine and wringer, one of the hardest tasks in any home. The vacuum cleaner, operated by electricity, not only obviates the hard work of sweeping and dusting, but cleans and furbishes as no broom, however skillfully and vigorously wielded, could be made to do. The electrically driven sewing machine doubles and trebles the amount of sewing, while cutting to a tithe the labor of it.

Run the whole gamut of household work and you will find that electricity is everywhere and always a cheap, reliable, efficient servant. Small motors have been brought to a high degree of versatility, durability and efficiency. Their simplicity is quite equal to their other qualities. They are economical. Over against their cost set the saving of time and labor they effect; measure their worth with the wages of the servants they displace; value them according to the headaches and backaches and bad tempers they spare their users, and they are the cheapest, as well as the best, addition one could make to the home.

Among the most interesting and efficient of these little motors is that designed especially for running the sewing machine. All the operator has to do to derive the fullest benefit of this electric helper is to guide the material and watch the stitches. The little machine does all the hard work. The pressure of her foot on the treadle—lightly to start the motor at low speed; more heavily to increase the speed—is all that is required to drive the machine. If the pressure is withdrawn, the machine stops instantly. This deprives sewing of the difficulty which most women dread—that of treading hour after hour while the

body is turned and twisted by the attempt to keep the cloth properly and at the same time maintain the feet in position to drive the machine. The cost of this relief from a trying duty is but a cent for enough electric current to sew 30,000 stitches.

Small motors for the home have a great variety of uses. Only recently a railroad man purchased a tiny motor to drive a turning lathe. He soon had it fitted so that it would run a polishing and grinding wheel, sanding wheels and a small circular saw. Then he bought a washing machine and operates that with the motor. At the beginning of the warm weather he equipped an ice cream freezer to be driven in the same way.

The motor which operates a washing machine is the one most familiar in the home, perhaps, and is the one that has had the largest part in relieving the drudgery of housework. It is mounted conveniently in an out-of-the-way place, connected to the light socket, and that is all there is to it. The housewife simply sits down or gives her attention to other matters and the machine does the work.

In some cases the first cost of an electric motor for driving a washing machine is considered an objection until the other factors are carefully weighed. Many house-keepers do their own work but hire some one else to do their washing. This expense for additional help would be saved each week with an electric washer in the house. Moreover, cheaper labor can be obtained when it is not required by circumstances to pay for one who can do both housework and washing and ironing.

While not popularly regarded as a motor, it must be remembered that the electric fan is, nevertheless, just that and nothing else. Whatever its technical classification, though, its comforting mission is beyond dispute. For three months of the year it is an insurance against oppressive, sleepless nights at home and unendurable hours in the office.

Kansas City Division Items.*J. T. Sweeney.*

Roundhouse Foreman J. H. Lord, Coburg, has perfected a burner that greatly facilitates the removal and setting of tires on engines. With it, it is possible to remove a tire in half the time required by the old style burner. It is made of one and a quarter-inch pipe reduced to one-half inch, with two quarter-inch holes. To this is attached a hose so that the burner can be moved to each separate tire, without moving the oil tank, thereby saving time and a lot of heavy labor.

A coal meeting was held at Ottumwa Junction October 19th, attended by Asst. S. M. P., J. J. Connors, Dist. M. M., M. F. Smith, all general and roundhouse foremen of the K. C. Division and General Foreman F. P. Miller of the C. B. Iowa. The object was investigation of coal consumption on this division. Did not learn the result of their deliberations. We get fine coal here,—too fine.

The engineer with a heavy drag on the hill, with a "boomer" fireman: Engineer: Get some more coal in her, Bo, I don't see any black smoke. Boomer Fireman: Say, mate, you ain't looking high enough.

Ed Kalig, day fire builder at Coburg, is so proud of engine 3511, that he calls her his honeysuckle. Says he thinks as much of her as he does himself. He makes sure she always has clean flues and a good arch. He always eats his lunch sitting on her front end, when she is in the house at noon time; and was insulted when Mr. O'Gar asked him about his rose-bush.

George Roberts, the veteran section foreman at Cowgill, who with his crew, went to Polo, one day last month to assist in some track work, had the misfortune to get bumped on the knee by his motor car when he got off. Rheumatism set in later, and since then George has been promenading on crutches.

Harry Owens, the popular agent at Excelsior Springs, still wears the smile that won't come off. He is a fixture there, as the people will not stand for his removal even in line of promotion.

We are enjoying the after-election controversy with two of Job's Comforters on the back of our neck, and with two more in evidence. And while in this state, we rise to deny the base insinuation of Boy Waugh, that we are gas-house Irish. We are brick-house Irish.

Yardmaster H. E. Cross and wife are visiting relatives and friends in Chillicothe, this week.

W. G. Bierd, president of the C. & A. Ry., and an old-time Milwaukee employe, is a guest of the Elms Hotel at Excelsior Springs.

Harry Boudier, for a long time oil-boy at Coburg roundhouse, is now firing the boilers in the boiler room. Harry is ambitious to improve and is putting in his spare time in study and attending night school. He takes lots of interest in his work,—put electric lights in his water glasses and slicked things up generally.

Joe Mongolia, the sand-dryer at Coburg, is one of the tireless workers around the sand-house and boiler-room. Joe says that "Billy Sunday go to Italy and preach like so, they broke his eye."

Edwin, younger son of Engineer T. H. Kemp, is in the hospital at Ottumwa, where he was operated on for appendicitis.

Ira Glasford, boiler-washer at Ottumwa Junction, met with a serious accident, November 16, by falling out of a cab, when the tank was detached from the engine. He struck his hand on the jagged edge of the apron, cutting it severely.

Mr. C. A. Peterson is the new clerk in the trainmaster's office at Ottumwa Junction.

Miss Fern Williams is latest addition to force of dispatcher's office, taking the place of Miss Marie Meany.

Miss Marie Meany, stenographer in the dispatcher's office, was married Wednesday, November 15th, to Mr. L. B. Bremhorst at Ottumwa. Mrs. Bremhorst has been employed in Ottumwa Junction offices the past three years. She is the daughter of Mr. Pat Meany, section foreman, Harris, Mo.

Mr. A. C. Daacke, timekeeper in the superintendent's office, has resumed work after an extended illness.

Walter Morrison, dispatcher at Malden, visited Ottumwa Junction this week en route to his

home at Hedrick, Ia. Mr. Morrison formerly served as operator and extra dispatcher at Ottumwa Junction.

Miss Nell Pansler, stenographer in superintendent's office, is visiting in Chillicothe, Mo.

We are indebted to Mrs. Kohnett, nee Miss Kathryn Doran, who is back in the superintendent's office helping out until a permanent appointment is made, for some of the above items.

Coast Division Items.*Florence Cooper.*

Conductor O. T. Tomany and wife are visiting friends and relatives in Paris, Texas.

W. G. Carrotte, formerly chief clerk to Agent Alleman, Tacoma, has accepted the position as agent at Everett. Paul Wilson, formerly assistant chief clerk, is now chief clerk to Mr. Alleman.

R. Z. Kettering, we understand, is going to take unto himself a wife. They will spend their honeymoon in Vancouver. Congratulations.

The bright lights of the city are too much for our assistant chief clerk, W. H. Miller. He has purchased a ranch in the prosperous city of Puyallup. We would give a considerable portion of our month's salary to see "Bill" handle the hoe.

Tom Mitchell, formerly with the Northern Pacific Railway, has accepted a temporary position in the superintendent's office.

Talk about hard times: Our material clerk, J. N. Mitchell, consumes two ten-cent cuts of "star" every day. This would buy 23 ounces of bread.

Referring to the above articles concerning the two "Mitchells," wish to advise that they are not relatives—one is red-headed, the other bald-headed.

Superintendent J. F. Richards has purchased a five-passenger Chalmers car.

Conductor J. E. O'Connell and wife are visiting in New Richmond, Wis.

We have had claims for all kinds of excess time. But here is a new one. Excess time claimed of one hour and 30 minutes for having picture of engine taken. We will have to look this up in the schedule, H. M. C.

Passenger Brakeman F. Starr was married in Seattle recently to a Seattle girl. We wondered why all the big grin on Frank.

Bill Stoiker is a baggageman now—ask "Bill" if he isn't.

We understand there is about two inches of real snow east of the big tunnel now—reminds us of what is going to come.

Engineer Pat Morrissey had the misfortune to break his leg and get severely jammed up by falling off his engine in Seattle yard recently.

Some one said we are going to have electric lights at Cle Elum Station. Guess that would help some.

The operators at Hyak are preparing to hibernate again. Maybe that is not what they call it, but about the only time they come out of the cave is when a train passes, after the snow gets to be twenty feet deep.

H. I. Derrickson, agent at Rockdale, and wife are making an extended visit in the East.

Mrs. Sam Tisher, wife of Brakeman Tisher, arrived home last week after a visit in Iowa.

Conductor Sam Clayman and wife have returned from their trip to New York.

Have you noticed the electric tail lights on some of the passenger trains? They are just in keeping with the rest of the equipment—all class.

Conductor Lee had his usual drag on No. 18 the other night—thirteen cars. He says, though, it is 50-50 between him and Baker.

J. R. Sconce and wife made a trip to Portland recently.

Mrs. B. P. Walker, wife of Engineer Walker, has returned from a trip to California. Mrs. Walker's mother will remain in California for the winter.

Ed. Mider has taken his wife to Rochester, Minn., to Drs. Mayo for a surgical operation.

Coach Yard Items—Tacoma.

Tim Whiting surprised the boys the other day when he passed around a box of Havana cigars on the birth of a new baby girl. Here's to you, Old Sock. May God bless you with many more.

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Description of Rocker No. 90305 We do not believe you have ever seen a Rocker equal to this one sold at so low a price. The strongly constructed frame is made entirely of Oak with a fine Golden Oak finish; pretty embossing on front and back; spring seat is 19½ inches wide and 18 inches deep; upholstered over strong steel springs. Back is 25 inches high from seat and 18 inches wide. Arms are 34 inches wide. Rocker is upholstered with a splendid quality of imitation Spanish leather which harmonizes perfectly with the beautiful Golden Oak finished frame.

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You may send me Upholstered Rocker No. 90305. I agree to pay the freight charges, and if I decide to keep it, will send you \$1.00 at the end of 10 days, and \$1.00 each month until I have paid your Introductory Price of \$5.45. It is understood that the title to the Rocker shall remain in the name of CROFTS & REED CO. until the bill is paid.

NAME

TOWN STATE

Street No. or R. F. D.

Gail Kirkland just returned from Chicago on a flying visit in time to cast his first vote for president. He feels like a man now.

There was only one bet recorded here on the election. Charley Weller won a cart wheel from Jim Ashworth, day engineer at power plant. How it did hurt when he had to finally come through. It was wound up in a strip of paper 50 feet long and it took Charley about five minutes to get it. Never mind, Jim, wait for the official recount and you may get it back on him.

Frank Edwards, the box packer, has just returned from an extended visit to his old home, Maquoketa, Iowa—all bloated up—looks like he had been corn fed.

Owen Grubbs is getting some home-made furniture that's not made in Germany.

The coach yard office force is still waiting on Charley Weller for that oyster supper. No pink salmon, Charley.

Foreman Geo. Day has not smiled since November 7th. Cheer up, Geo., you can vote again in 1920.

Fireman C. T. Past is growing a set of whiskers that resemble a bottle of red ants in Dakota.

The stationary engineer (Jim) informs us he had the whistle changed from the north to south side of boiler room to prevent scaring the autos and pedestrians on Pacific Highway.

Owen Grubbs has intended to buy an auto every payday for the past year, but when the critical moment arrives, he cannot decide whether it will be a "Tin Lizzie" or a Cadillac. But since switchman Prendergast owns two Cadillacs, Grubbs is going to buy a Packard.

Kansas City Terminals.

E. K.

The Kansas City Terminals extend to the editor and fellow employes a merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

Mrs. M. Coad, wife of division engineer, spent the week end in Chillicothe on account of the sickness of her sister.

Switchman W. S. Wright has resigned and is now on his farm in Presho, S. D.

Chief Night Clerk Jos. Lieberman is on a leave of absence in Arizona on account of the serious illness of his wife.

A. R. Kellogg, switchman, has been elected as state delegate to attend to all matters pertaining to the order. He expects to attend a meeting in St. Louis shortly.

Operator and Leverman F. L. McDonald spent the week-end in Excelsior Springs.

Mrs. H. J. Vail recently made a visit to Laredo in the search of a Thanksgiving turkey.

Miss Goldie Parker, daughter of Conductor Parker, spent last week at Excelsior Springs.

Chas. E. Skaggs, warehouse foreman, and J. J. Geary, cashier, Baltimore Station, were recently on a hunting trip to Moseby, Mo. Game has been plentiful in Kansas City, Mo., since their return.

Mrs. F. A. McCarthy, wife of the telegraph operator, spent Thanksgiving at Laredo with friends.

Mr. M. J. Larson spent two days in Kansas City recently conducting a safety first and prevention of loss and damage meeting.

Chas. N. Wright of the local office has been on the sick list for the past few days.

After many attempts during the past fifteen years, Cashier O. E. Owen of the local freight office, finally accomplished a vacation. He spent the day at St. Joseph, Mo.

Mr. Dailey of the president's office, recently spent three weeks in the Kansas City Terminals checking the Kansas City Terminal bill, assisted by Chief Clerk H. J. Vail of the superintendent's office. They both voted it "some job."

Harry Hood of the Baltimore Station has been away on account of sickness for two weeks.

Jibes and Jokes from the S. M. East.

One T. P.

No one demolished us for the slams we put in last month's issue, although several threatened to hand us our Waterloo.

Most of it was the long distance stuff over the iron string which did not materialize.

McWilliams at Houston couldn't stand prosperity among the Scandinavians for he tarried too long

at the cup that cheers and has now faded away to some other Boomer's Paradise.

Swanson relieved him and you would naturally think he would be right at home, but he managed to drop a barrel of apples on one of his gunboats, which put him out of the running.

Changes come so fast at Houston that one cannot tell who the incumbent is liable to be for more than a day or two at a time. New man named Angels there now. Sackett is working as operator at Lanesboro on account of Agent Wood spraining his ankle.

Agent Miner at Spring Valley spent Sunday in Minneapolis recently, leaving the station in charge of Operator Anderson.

Second Operator Wendorf from Spring Valley is taking Jim Sheehy's place at Delavan as agent.

After much watchful waiting, Jim finally obtained relief so he could hie to a dentist and get his molars ground down.

Operator Simon Johnson, formerly with the C. B. & Q., is taking Wendorf's place at Spring Valley.

Side wire job was bulletined, but don't know who got it, as King Peter the Champion adipose artist, still holds down the easy chair.

Ben Woolworth having recovered from his sojourn in the hospital caused by trying to see how hard a dent his head would make in the frozen ground, has again taken charge of Matawan station, relieving F. Burke, who has retreated to Dexter.

Seems good to see John Paulus handing out the tickets at La Crosse ticket office these days, after his absence for several years in Milwaukee.

Operator Alderson is working at Mankato, but don't know who he is relieving, as our information bureau consists mostly of items gleaned by wireless telephony.

Bill Burnett, the mayor of Isinours, was quite interested in the election returns, but felt better when things finally turned Woodrow's way.

Charles Canfield, formerly agent at Winnebago, has taken Huntley station as a sort of recreation, I presume.

Trix Hunter, from most everywhere, according to his way of telling it, held down second at Albert Lea while Coonrod Ibsen visited the old folks at home.

Agent Nelson at Rapidan enjoyed a vacation with Relief Agent Stenson in charge.

Agent Wright blew into the office at Easton recently along about 1 a. m., and informed us that he had a brand new operator at his house. We congratulated him, of course, and told him that he would not get any more sleep for a year or more.

What you mean, J. W. M., "Beauties of South Dakota?"

We glean from the notes of William Henry Jones that George Louiselle is batching it same as he used to in Miles City in by-gone years.

Too much F. T. R. and no more items, so will cut out for this month.

News of Northern Division.

Helen Monroe.

Engineer Robert Rogers is back on the Berlin run after having been in Minnesota all summer, where he was working for an automobile company.

The work on the passenger depot at Waupun has just been finished, having been all remodeled this year.

Roadmasters Whitty and Sawtelle attended the roadmasters' convention in Milwaukee the first of the month. Whitty was elected president for the ensuing year.

Engineer George Ehrnhart is the happy father of a new baby girl.

First Trick Operator Numedore of Horicon has been going to Milwaukee every day for the past couple weeks. They are teaching Numedore to be a dispatcher, so it looks as though we are likely to lose him from Horicon.

Bob Whitty is at Merrill deer hunting. We are all hoping he has good luck.

August Haner, agent at Randolph, is in Milwaukee getting an artificial foot, the result of a rabbit hunting trip a year ago.

F. G. Schielke, ticket agent at Horicon, went to Milwaukee November 18 to see the play "Experience."

Conductor Charles Chambers is on the Berlin run while Denny Manning is off account of sickness.

Agent F. W. Pischke and wife of Pardeeville visited relatives in Horicon.

Operator Binder is back at work after having taken a month's vacation, going to Duluth and Minneapolis.

J. C. Roland has been appointed second trick operator at Pardeeville.

Conductor Charley Wolfrom sent in a counterfeit dollar to the treasury. He received a letter back and had to pay the dollar out of his pocket. We thought Charley was too wise to let anyone hand him bad money.

Malden Roundhouse Notes.

H. R. Gates.

Engineer K. P. Housman was taken to Spokane on November 11 for an operation for appendicitis. At this writing he is not out of danger yet, but is resting easy.

George Christoff Brickman is enjoying an extended trip in the East, taking in the sights.

Boilermaker J. H. Gutridge has been off for a few days on account of sickness.

Fireman Lee Carver has returned from Rochester, Minn., where he had an operation performed. He is feeling fine and dandy and is at present relieving Engine Dispatcher Rader, who has taken an East End ring job.

The writer was off a few days during the past month, getting acquainted with his eight-pound daughter, which arrived October 30.

Firemen R. A. Nelson and E. F. Anderson have been promoted and are now full-fledged engineers.

Engine Dispatcher A. M. Foreman is again back to work after a month leave of absence harvesting his spuds. He had good success with his spuds this year.

Fireman Tracy has been laying off a few days during the past month visiting in Seattle.

I understand that Fireman R. R. Tucker is about to be a Benedict. The lucky girl is from Cedar Falls.

Fireman Jake Rajeska has been visiting in Seattle during the past month. Fireman Rajeska is at present relieving Fireman C. L. Lane on passenger.

Ed Mittelestadt of the B. & B. department at Malden and Miss Charlotte Lore of Malden were married during the month of October. Congratulations.

To Mr. H. L. Wittrott—Could you tell us what Amendment No. 14 is?

Fireman Donald Morrison spent a few days in Spokane during the past month.

Engineer Hankins was forced to lay off a few days during the past month on account of the serious illness of his wife.

Switchman "Slim" Whalen is the proud father of a baby girl, born on November 14. Congratulations.

Fireman John Warner is spending a week hunting in Idaho.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

C. & C. B. Illinois News Items.

W. C. Head.

H. C. Eldred, first trick operator, Fox River, was an Albany, Wis., visitor for a few days, C. H. Logan of Pingree Grove relieving him and F. A. Pingree taking Logan's place.

William Harvey, auditor material accounts, moved his household effects to Elgin November 4.

Mr. C. S. Christofer, trainmaster, was an Elgin caller November 2. He no sooner got into bed before he was called for a hurry up trip to Moline.

R. E. Aldrich of Elgin relieved Harry Miller at Kirkland for three weeks and then took a thirty-day vacation, Miller doing relief work in dispatcher's office on message wire at Savanna. Kimberly of Davis Junction off for few weeks, relieved by Harry Miller. R. D. Fields from Beloit has taken the second trick wire job at Savanna dispatcher's office.

The Spaulding Pit closed down leaving Conductor Deards and Engineer Salisbury to take what they chose. Deards took the work train for August Frederick, extra gang foreman, and Salisbury took the Elgin switch engine, bumping Engineer George Brown, who took the night pusher at Elgin, displacing C. W. Brown, who in turn displaced McAdams on No. 38 and 39; McAdams taking the work train with Deards.

Conductor King Brown, with the steam ditcher, is busy this month ditching and grading around Leaf River and Forrester.

The east-bound passing track at Leaf River was completed November 2 and ready for service, it having been extended 800 feet east. The west pass-

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ing track at Lanark has also been extended 375 feet west, these tracks having been extended for the accommodation of the long trains which are handled over the division.

A. L. Head, third trick operator, Spaulding, spent his vacation at Springfield, Ill., Operator McNeerney from Tower B-12, Franklin Park, taking his place.

Trains Nos. 25 and 11 were supplied with the early election returns at Elgin and at other stations along the line, this being another feature which the Milwaukee has added to the already unapproachable service.

Mr. P. S. Sawtelle, agent at Elgin, attended the Safety First meeting held at Freeport, November 9.

Agent E. L. Summers, Almore, has no doubt saved the lives and funeral expenses of a number of cattle in past few weeks, which he headed off the right of way at his station. It appears that they come onto the track at the road crossing just east of the depot.

Brakeman William Grady is on the sick list for a few days, having been layed up with a lame leg, which he received in an accident at Moline.

J. A. Folles took over the Bartlett agency November 9, relieving Fred Wickler, who then went to Fairdale for a few days to relieve his father, who is agent there.

We have a real trouble hunter who is hard to beat. H. J. Flint, telephone maintainer, is there with the goods. On November 13 the dispatcher's phone and three very important through wires and other local wires were crossed somewhere east of Elgin. Flint quickly located the trouble, which he found about two miles east of Elgin, all of the wires of a local telephone company being broken down and crossed over our wires. In less than an hour after being called he had all wires straightened out and working through, it being dark at the time and snowing.

D. C. Guilfoil, yardmaster, Elgin, put one over us after keeping us in suspense for past six months. He, unannounced, took upon himself a bride and beat it for New Orleans on his honeymoon. Conductor Ahrens took his place while away.

Tacoma Tide Flats.

J. Vivian Miller.

Greetings, did you "collection" your election bets? I paid mine.

Why is it that when a man loses an election bet he always forgets just what he bet on. Jim Hicks is no exception.

Any kind of a raise is better than no raise at all, so the coach yard bunch should not feel slighted.

Friend Sigh at Deer Lodge handed me an awful jolt last month. After my refusing to mention George Mason last month he gives him a write-up good enough for Joe Smith.

Montana has seen fit to join the increasing list of dry states. This means a pretty long ride to quench your thirst hereafter.

Grandpa Pyette returned from a three weeks' visit in the east, where he went to gaze upon his first grandson, who arrived some time last month.

Through an oversight we neglected to mention last month that Mr. G. R. McKenzie, machine foreman, has purchased a new Chevrolet car. As he has not taken any of us for a ride yet we cannot say whether it is as good as Barney Zilley's Ford or not. Mac says he doesn't care whether the car is any good or not as he got his picture in the Tacoma papers, which he says is worth the price of the car.

E. A. Broadwell took the civil service examination for janitor at the local postoffice last month. Byron Mason is enjoying a two weeks' vacation, which he is spending in and around Tacoma.

Did you notice that V. B. R., from Spirit Lake, is again sending in news items. Stay with it, old boy, as we enjoy reading your items very much.

We are going to petition Jim Eccles to have Art Leib returned to the superintendent's office as the local eat shop has been compelled to raise the price of dinners since he arrived on the Flats.

P. A. Manley, "Prince Albert," is going farming in Canada as soon as the war is over. That name sounds like a can of tobacco. (Looney says that's a bum joke. I think so myself, but it fills up space and that's what I am supposed to do.)

We are very sorry to report that our old friend Admiral Cordova Footitt has left the service of

the Milwaukee and has located in Chicago. Wonder if he knew the State of South Dakota was going dry.

Art Beinert, chief timekeeper, left November 5th for a month's trip through California and other southern states "not dry."

There is going to be a real old fashioned minstrel show in this town some time this month and a real artist from this department is going to head the bill. I am not going to mention his name; but will say that he will not have to wear a wig to disguise himself in the show. "He slipped me two box seat tickets to keep it dark."

Joe Smith and Elsie Virginia Keppler are still with us.

Guy Bement now admits that Wilson carried California. I think Mr. Hughes can now safely wire congratulations to Mr. Wilson, as it is all over when Guy gives in.

I don't know what secret order Elsie belongs to; but I will say that they have a very nifty hailing sign.

Now that the Western states have joined the Solid South in electing Mr. Wilson it would be no more than fair that a few from the West be given seats in his cabinet. If Washington is to be one of the lucky ones we sincerely hope that our old friend Chas. Eppert is chosen as he is an expert on the tariff question.

A. J. K. cut the item referring to his game of golf out of last month's issue, and dropped us a little hint that it pleased him very much. Guess he wants a little more this month; but I refuse to advertise his game any more until I see him play this wonderful game he tells about.

Don't know what A. J. K. did for Mr. Loonam that entitles him to a new No. 2 pencil when he still has two inches of the old one left. When the rest of us around here ask for a new pencil we are compelled to turn in the old one and if it is over three-eighths of an inch long we don't get a new one. Play fair, Looney, and make the boss use pencil point protectors the same as the rest of us.

George Mason says the next time he goes to Deer Lodge he is going to have on a white collar if he has to borrow one from Joe Smith.

At last we have received a contribution of news items from the Tacoma freight house and they appear below.

Items of News from Tacoma Freight House.

W. G. Carrotte, formerly agent for Tacoma Eastern Railroad at Tacoma, and chief clerk at the local freight office for this company for the past five years, has been appointed agent at Everett, Wash. We wish you every success, and we miss the genial countenance in the office.

Paul Wilson, former revising clerk, has been appointed chief clerk, succeeding W. G. Carrotte.

R. A. Gould, traveling auditor, has been appointed accountant, oriental dock accounts, Tacoma freight house.

The new ocean dock No. 2, to be used for export cargo only, has just been placed in service and is in charge of A. L. Groves, foreman; C. E. Butts, assistant foreman; J. G. Richards, chief clerk to foreman; Ray Powels, timekeeper. Every convenience for the prompt handling of freight has been provided, including six electric trucks, and I am sure freight will be moved rapidly.

The old ocean dock No. 1, to be used for import cargo only, is in charge of J. C. Hennessey as foreman, W. S. Smith and N. Waldron, assistant foremen, Howard Taylor, chief bill clerk and Robert Smythe and Virgil Stambaugh, assistant bill clerks; G. P. Erickson and J. W. Lechrone, manifest clerks. Mr. Hennessey, formerly general foreman at Kansas City, has recently returned to Tacoma, as foreman in charge of imports, and as Jim is known for his congenial traits, we are sure to have the co-operation of every employe working for him, and he is welcome to our family.

General Yardmaster McShane, together with Car Clerk Bennett and Chief Clerk and Weighmaster Gutormson, and D. R. Hill, clerk to yardmaster, in charge of switching to the oriental dock, have done and are doing good work in the handling of the extremely heavy volume of oriental as well as local freight. All employes have done their very best in trying to take care of an extremely difficult problem during the congestion of oriental freight.

The Van Noy Inter- state Co.

WISH TO

Extend to all Employes of the
C. M. & St. P. R. R.

A Very Merry Christmas

AND

A Happy New Year

Milwaukee Shops Items.

H. W. Griggs.

Mr. Henry Te Brake, foreman in the locomotive shop, has had a siege of rheumatism that laid him up for two or three weeks in October.

The magneto derrick has received a new coat of black paint entire. How quick black paint gets dingy. Brunswick green is more lasting.

We are glad to see Foreman Patternmaker A. L. Hutchinson on duty again after being laid up two or three months. It seems that some better remedy has gotten hold of him and strengthened him up wonderfully.

This company's electrification films and other mountain scenery along the line were shown at a social given by the Garfield Lodge, F. A. M., November 6th, and were greatly appreciated by the assemblage. These films are having a big run in Canada.

News slow in coming and having to "go after the news," I notice is the complaint from one of the Iowa correspondents. "Go after" is good, which many times seems to be about the only way, and then get trounced if they do not show up as intended.

Two or three more electric locomotives passed here early in November for the additional electric installation west of Deer Lodge.

Chief Chemist G. N. Prentiss was in Miles City week of November 10th.

Chief Electrician C. R. Gilman attended the National Electrical Convention in Chicago early in November.

Mechanical Engineer C. H. Bilty and Erecting Engineer Ericsson were in Dubuque November 13th and 14th testing the power plant.

Clerk Rothstock, formerly in the S. M. P. office, has gone to the depot in Timekeeper Budzein's force.

Real winter set in November 14th—11 above. Could tell that by steam being shut off while repairing the pipes.

The locomotive shops, on eight hours again, for the present.

The Magazine is getting too small to hold all of the stuff that is sent in, or even a small part of it. The Milwaukee Shops photos would fill three or four pages. If it keeps on it will need 96 instead of 64 pages.

Mr. H. J. Titus, M. E. (Columbia) draftsman in the mechanical engineer's office, has gone to a good railroad position in Augusta, Ga. Mr. Tyrgve (T-y-r-g-v-e) Kirkby, formerly in the drafting room a few years ago and recently returned, goes into the promotion corner vacated by Mr. Titus.

There are no girl employees in the S. M. P. office. The little feminine voice you frequently hear in the hallway is the little message boy—a very good impersonator.

If that scrap wheel photo of 70,000 wheels does not show up soon, the foundry boys are going to say something real bad.

Fifty new cars per day is the way the daily papers have it. The actual number is 14 at present, and 26 is the limit in flush times. The Hutchis all metal (steel) roof is being applied to some of the new cars.

The remodeled business car with the P. C. Hart all metal frame will be out about the middle of December. The car is already down on its massive frame.

A few of the shop men have gone to the north woods on their annual hunting trip. This exodus is a matter of regular news, but Miss Viola Luedcke, seamstress in the upholstering department, has given a little spice to the event by shouldering a gun and going up north deer hunting with her father, which event is nothing new with her. The first deer that shows up in the baggage room will most likely be the one that Viola shot.

Assistant Master Car Builder Jas. Mehan was in Chicago all the week, 13th to 18th, on railroad business.

Chief Billing Clerk A. J. Hess of the Car Department, is on his trip out over the system.

Peter Jacobsen, airbrake foreman in the Car Department, is now on the sick list.

L. B. Jensen, painter in the Car Department, was absent a few days middle of month.

Mr. Chas. Fuller, machinist in the Locomotive Department, is in Los Angeles on a short vacation.

Cabinet Foreman Manseur is doing some of his own clerical work while his clerk is away.

Some of Timekeeper Budzien's force are developing into good bowling players since they moved into the depot quarters. The team under Captain A. L. Singer trimmed up the Signal Department in three straight games by a total of 396 pins. Challengers are welcome. Address the Captain.

Many of the employes are asking why there are not more copies of the Magazine sent,—quite a falling off lately. Shortage of paper, most likely.

In answer to queries as to whom to pay the V. E. A. dues for 1917, this is being taken up with Chicago and information will very likely be had before the January issue of the Magazine.

Quite a pleasant surprise for the Veterans is the circular letter from the S. M. P. office in regard to annual passes, which is most gratefully appreciated. The Association membership is now well up around 80 or 90 per cent, and many of the 10 to 20 per cent have expressed their intention of joining the Association before long. Let the good work continue, BOYS. "H. W. G." is chairman for the shops.

Some of the quarters are rather crowded, and like the buttons on Finnegan's coat, will probably have to be moved over. "Bill Edwards" says he has had his moved over twice already.

The Milwaukee Road Club will hold one of their celebrated Christmas parties in December.

The Car Department is fairly busy just now, building 14 new box cars daily, and are now getting out a sample gondola car of 100,000 pounds capacity and will have the Hennessey center sill. One thousand of these gondolas are to be built, after which the shops are to build 250 ore cars.

Chas. Kidder of Juneau's smith shop, went deer hunting, but it is said that all he got was a look.

Fourteen Veterans in the Car Department machine shop will be made happy by the new pass circular, as will all of the old Veterans.

Gustave Otto, machinist in the Car Department machine shops, has resigned and purchased a \$6,000 farm. Good luck to you, Gus.

Joseph Fenendorfer of the Car Department, is making frequent trips to Plymouth. Who is she, Joe?

La Crosse Division Doin's.

Guy E. Sampson.

Conductor Frank Varney of Portage spent a few days at the La Crosse sanatorium receiving treatments for rheumatism.

Conductor Dan Smith of the Viroqua run, off this month account of sickness, Conductor E. J. Brown taking his place during his absence.

Bert Ellis and crew with pile driver X222 also assisted by F. Priem and crew, drove the piling for some bridges on the Viroqua line this month. From there they went to the Northern Division to do some work of the same nature.

Trainmaster D. E. Rossiter has been transferred from our division to the Milwaukee Terminals and B. H. McNaney of the Northern Division is now trainmaster of both the Northern and La Crosse Divisions. Employes of this division join in wishing both men success in their new positions.

While Mrs. Ed Zinns, wife of Engineer Ed Zinns of Milwaukee, was on a visit at the home of her parents at Portage, November 11th, a son was born to them. A message brought Ed and the young man's wearing apparel to the place that the youngster saw fit to call his birthplace. Congratulations are in order. We are informed that Ed also bought a box of the finest cigars he could find to give out among his friends. Ed says a fellow never knows how many real friends he has until he starts passing cigars.

The first snow of the season came Saturday, November 11th, and sure was appreciated by those contemplating going to the north after deer.

Surveyors have been busy laying out the new subway at Portage and we are now expecting a first class yard at that place. It sure is needed as a division where trains of 85 cars are pulled, a yard with tracks holding only 55 cars and two crossings to open, makes a lot of extra labor and delay to travel as well.

Business has decreased on our division, as so much of the Rondout and Galewood business

has been routed via the Dubuque Division. La Crosse Division employes and officials are still wondering why "the longest way round is the surest way home" should apply to freight cars. Our division has always been conceded to be one of the fastest on the system and we are all in hopes that this business will soon come back to the short, direct, double-tracked route.

B. & B. Department men have just completed putting in the sewerage in the depot at Camp Douglass.

Recently the following engineers—F. Lee, F. Bloomfield, F. Splan and P. Mulcahy—after employing the services of one Captain Goodall, left Portage between two days for a trip to Packwaukee via the canal and the Fox River. With Lee at the wheel they lost their way while going through Mud Lake and also managed to steer into an old piling at the C. & N. W. Ry. bridge, breaking the shaft and losing the propeller. Capt. Goodall decided it was not best to let an inexperienced man handle the steering wheel any longer, so after repairs were made he managed to get into the wrong channel and stuck in a patch of weeds. After a lot of hard luck they reached Lakeside Cottage, where the anxious wives were keeping the wee sma' hours of morning waiting for some report of the missing men. But the good boat "Gem" carried them safely through, although on the return trip she sprung a leak in about 49 feet of water and only for the cool-headed Captain Goodall, who is a real captain, the crew would have gone to a watery grave and this would then have appeared in the obituary column.

We are informed that a number of our brakemen are to leave the road and take up yard work. Radeck and Cole have already gone to work in Milwaukee.

Friends of Mr. W. R. Orr, official weigher for our line, were shocked to learn of his sudden death at Janesville, October 19th. Mr. Orr was a great favorite among the men and his pleasant smiles will be missed.

Among those of our employes who went to the northern woods looking for "deer meat" were Brakemen Otto Ristow, William Hall and Engi-

neer J. Foey. Will have to report their luck next month, as they are still there at this time.

Conductor E. J. Brown has moved his family from North La Crosse to Milwaukee, as he is now doing passenger work only and has to work out of that terminal.

Mrs. Ruth Terry, matron of the Union Depot at Milwaukee, who formerly held membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution at Duluth, Minn., transferred her membership to the Milwaukee chapter at an annual banquet recently held at Milwaukee.

Mrs. Capron, wife of Brakeman Don Capron visited friends in Milwaukee this month.

Speaking of the most expensive Christmas presents we can obtain for our wives, why not buy a dress of potato peelings trimmed with strings of navy beans?

Engineer P. G. Harnack and bride, both of Deer Lodge, Montana, visited relatives at Portage this month. Mr. Harnack moved to the West several years ago when his father, Wm. Harnack, was transferred from the La Crosse Division to the extension as a conductor.

Engineer George Behm has again returned to work after four months' forced vacation caused by an injured arm.

The home of Engineer and Mrs. Wm. Schneider of Portage, where Mr. Schneider has been confined for some time account of illness, was made more sorrowful when death entered and took their only daughter, Miss Myrna, Sunday, October 22nd. The young lady, who was aged 21 years, was a social favorite, making friends with all who knew her. All employes join in extending their sympathy to the bereaved family.

Conductor Ray Long told us not to mention the fact that he had been fishing another two weeks, so we won't say anything about it. But he was just the same.

Conductor Alvie Russell has moved his family from Portage to Milwaukee. Looks as though Alvie was going to disown the freight cars and settle down to be a regular passenger conductor. Can't say we blame him, as cold weather is coming on and all railroad men know what that means on 25 car drags and sometimes more.

The Ideal Wet Weather Shoe

Mayer DRY-SOX Shoes will keep your feet dry and warm and protect you against rain, snow and slush. They are comfortable, stylish and remarkably long wearing.

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SHOES** Honorbilt

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1. Oak Tanned Counter. 2. ½ Bellows Tongue. 3. Oak Tanned In-Sole. 4. Full Leather Vamp. 5. Solid Oak Tanned Heel. 6. Extra Strong Steel Shank. 7. Best Quality Upper. 8. Animal Parchment (Pig's Bladder). 9. Animal Parchment (Pigs Bladder). 10. Inside Cork Filling. 11. Solid Oak Tanned Outsole. 12. Rubber Welt Sewed in with Leather Welt Keeps out Dampness.

WARNING:—Be sure you get this big shoe value. Look for the name Dry-Sox and Mayer trademark stamped on the sole.

We also make Honorbilt Shoes for men, women and children, Honorbilt Cushion Shoes and the genuine Martha Washington Comfort Shoes. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

F. Mayer Boot & Shoe Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



MOTERING ON THE MILWAUKEE.**Up and Down Hill on the Rocky Mountain****Division.***Mrs. N. B. Sill.*

The "flash" on Hughes' election was from his flashlight, but friend Kay at Maudlow beat it right out and lost thirty dollars just the same.

Speaking of election,—if our Deer Lodge "Sigh" could be up here he would see how Loweth went—DRY—and the pump froze up and the last and only water car in the world departed for parts unknown. It's a dry state where they won't even let you drink water.

Agent T. H. Peacock at Lennep has been assigned to the agency at Forrester Grove on the Northern Montana Division, where he will move shortly on account of his wife's health. Mr. Robinson from Sappington will take the Lennep agency.

W. B. Bradley is back on third at Lennep from the "G. S." office. He can't save any money in Butte, he says, and has to live out in the wilderness part of the time in order to buy his winter clothes.

O. R. May of Finlen, assigned to the agency at Martinsdale instead of Mr. Underwood, as stated in last month's magazine. Agent Biser off for a four months' trip around the world. Agent Crowder and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson of Butte Yard will also take a four months' lay off first of the year.

Agent Kearby, Lombard, off for a trip west, relieved by Little Jimmy Campbell from Cardinal and Operator Grendler from Josephine, relieved Campbell. Want to thank Mr. Grendler for some notes this month. Every little note helps to make a big write-up.

From the SOS messages we hear going out of Josephine, friend Lowney apparently don't like to carry water in a pail a mile and a half any more than we do. As for the rest of the folks at Josephine, well little Ray wades in the "erick" after he breaks the ice—right in the middle of November, too. I don't know if the entire population of Josephine acts like that or not or if that is the same creek where they get their drinking water. They have nothing on us, however, as we drank that kind all summer along with a gang of Turks.

Richard Wende and Mr. R. E. Wade called on the Rocky Mountain Division correspondent first of the month. There wasn't anyone else to call on and they were waiting for a train to get out of this place as quick as possible. There isn't any stove in the waiting room and all the passengers, dead-heads included, come into the office and "josh" the first trick operator and tell her they hope their names won't be in the Magazine but they know they will be, and a lot of stuff like that and then go out and stick the green flag in the platform and slam the waiting room door and say "Thank goodness, we don't have to live in this place," and then get on the train and go away. Paid ad. Mr. Wade had nothing to do with this.

Conductor Harnack is with us again and is just as fat as ever. It must be awful to have to go back to running a train again after having T. M. trailing after your name on another division where folks don't know you.

No. 61 got crossways the track on the west and near Grace, middle of November, and caused several hours' delay to the passenger trains. One thing they always do in delaying the through trains is select the nicest spots along the line to hold them up and while waiting the passengers can enjoy the finest scenery along the division.

Stearns' bridge and building department, outfit and crew are set out at Loweth, doctoring up the bunk houses here. An oil stove exploded in the section house here first of the month and burned it to the ground in thirty minutes. This was one of the oldest landmarks of the road, having been built in the early days and had stood here over twenty years. When the old Jawbone railroad was doing its best to get folks from Lombard to Lewistown, trains were stopped here for dinner and it was used as a hotel and eating house for many years.

Several gangs of extra men have been pulled off owing to the bad weather and slowing down of the work until spring. Smith's gang was taken in first week in November and Mr. Smith was given the section at Deer Park.

Mike Murphy's fence gang are working on the division fixing up the fences moved from Loweth to Hamen middle of November.

Train Dispatcher Hayden expects to leave first of December for some place where it's warm. Think he said Florida, and will remain until the "flowers that bloom in the spring" come back to see us again. Maggie MaGett is still working second and Otto Linden on third. C. G. Brown on side table and R. E. Joiner also on side table at Three Forks.

Operator Haggerty, first at Harlowton telegraph office, has been relieved by Mr. Williams from Ringling. Haggerty off on his homestead, and Mr. Elliott at Ringling back from his.

Substation Operator Johnson of Piedmont took a short layoff and went out some place in Montana to see if he still had the three hundred and twenty he once had. Operator Hill at Eustis has bought a cow and he expects to make butter, sell milk and teach her to drive so he can avoid the rush next election at Three Forks in case he hasn't saved up enough nickels by that time to buy a Ford. No use having a Ford of your own,—let somebody else buy one. Besides you can sell a cow any time.

Substation Operator Lindsey and wife are the proud parents of a boy born during October, but did not learn the exact date. This makes their ninth child. Mr. Lindsey is second trick operator at TwoDot.

Also a baby girl was born the 23rd of October at the Three Forks Hospital to the wife of Agent Bradley at Ringling.

Miss Aubrey Black of White Sulphur Springs is a guest at the Peacock home in Lennep. Francis says she is going to stay at Lennep and "batch" when the folks go over on the N. M. Division, and her mother says she isn't. Wonder who wins.

Francis, all dressed up in her white furs, took a little trip to Butte first of November and one of the train dispatchers just ripped things up the back because he lost so much money on the "Bostons" and couldn't lay off at the same time. No. 16 slowed down enough at Lennep, one evening recently to drop off a nice box of flowers for "Biddy," however.

Wanted—A nice Airdale pup, any age or size. Notify Mr. Peck at Butte, care R. B.'s office. Will pay cash for same.

Understand he was trying to get the one Mr. McGill has at Loweth but owing to the fact of this pup being the only one of its kind in the state, Mr. McGill refused to part with it.

Our west-end correspondent is under the weather and laying off, so all those bright sayings you have been crediting to yours truly will be absent from now on till he returns, unless someone else will send along the notes.

Charley Rader, on the Lewistown-Harlowton passenger run, took a few days' lay-off first of the month and went to Three Forks and White Sulphur Springs.

H. J. Dechant, third at Sixteen, and Tommy Thompson back again on second.

Engineer Douglass said, "I wish you would get out from behind those window curtains so some of these folks who are looking for you could see you without falling out of the motor." We learned afterward he was talking about our "Boy Vaughn" and felt just terribly sorry because Mr. Vaughn didn't do as his editor does when she is going to pass Loweth. Ask her how she coaxes us outside.

If Mr. Scanlan had anything to do with that huge bunch of reading material which was deposited at my feet bearing his card, many thanks, and if he didn't, many thanks anyway. Every little bit helps up here in the sky and that's how we learn to do up our hair and make new kinds of cakes and who is president and lots of other things, some of which are not in our own little book.

Guess if One T. P. isn't discouraged we ought not to be, but perhaps he lives in a real town and we don't. If I knew how Helga gets 'em I'd sure try her method for coaxing notes for my write-up.

What is a "fire," the correspondent from the T. M. Division tells us about—something we never see since the motors arrived—remember the time when M. B. was a small town and a prairie fire threatened the "hotel" where I lived while there. Some fire department in that town even then.

Notes from the Trans-Missouri Division.

Edward J. McAvoy.

M. L. Hines has been appointed car foreman at Moberidge to succeed T. J. Scanlon, who has been transferred to Marmarth.

Jake Keller, formerly car repairer at Trail City, has been transferred to Moberidge Yard.

Henry Crosby has taken unto himself a wife, whose maiden name we never heard. But she comes from the State of Montana, which helps on general principles. Good luck to the newly-weds.

The stork paid a visit to the home of Car Repairman John Teske, leaving a ten-pound son. Much obliged, John; we don't smoke.

John, the Car Department dog, has dodged Gehenna by a hair's breadth and is back on the job. He has been taken to Marmarth by his keeper, Tom Scanlon. Object—change of climate.

Since our last issue a new station has been added to the Cheyenne River Line, namely Red Elm.

A new stock yards has been built at Selfridge, and very good use is being made of it at this writing.

L. W. Dousman, agent at Lemmon, has been granted a four months' leave of absence, and is to be relieved by C. J. Olson, who has been a second trick operator there.

C. W. Davis, who has been acting as relief agent on the Trans-Missouri, has been appointed agent at La Plant, taking the place of Agent Kail, who has been transferred to Moreau Junction Station.

B. E. Campbell, agent at Buffalo Springs, has resumed his duties after having spent two months in points east.

Vice President Earling, accompanied by W. B. Foster and E. H. Barrett, were visitors on our division during the week of November 6th. They made an inspection trip on the Cheyenne and Standing Rock lines.

Mrs. E. E. Clothier, wife of Chief Carpenter Clothier, of Moberidge, has returned from an extended visit in the east.

Miss M. E. Dros, formerly employed in the master mechanic's office at Miles City, has accepted a position as stenographer in the superintendent's office at Moberidge.

During the rush of freight business, Mott is being used as a terminal station for way trains on the "Cannon Ball Line."

Steve Fuller has returned from a three weeks' vacation to resume his duties as second trick branch line dispatcher.

Thirty miles of ninety-pound steel, including fourteen switches, has been laid by extra gang foreman, M. P. Bamberry, and not a rail had to be cut. Some figuring, eh?

Mrs. Dick Peterson, wife of first trick dispatcher at Malden, Washington, stopped off a few days in Moberidge to visit with Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Clothier.

Bert Jones of Harlowtown, spent a few days in Moberidge during the past month, visiting friends.

Special Officer Dan House of Moberidge is being transferred to Butte, Mont.

Jim Caldwell has been appointed yardmaster at Moberidge yard to succeed Bert King, who has resigned. "Bert" will return to the caller's visiting list, as freight conductor.

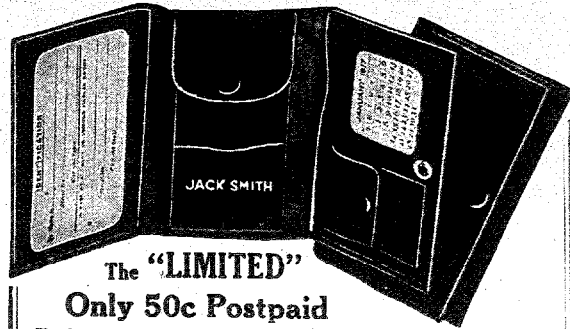
Well, Peggy, all of the Mallett engines are being sent over to the Musselshell Division, thank goodness! We don't wish anyone bad luck, but just want to let you know that we appreciated your sympathy while they were with us, and to extend your sympathy to the M. S. Division.

Obituary—On October 16th occurred the death of Fred R. Anderson, one of the oldest engineers on the Trans-Missouri Division. In October, 1905, "Fred" was promoted to locomotive engineer, and was transferred to the Trans-Missouri Division in August, 1907, for the past seven years pulling the "Columbian" between Moberidge and Marmarth. He is survived by his widow and one son. The sympathy of a large circle of friends and fellow workmen is extended to the family in their sad loss.

News of the C. & C. B. Iowa.
Ruby Eckman.

Alonzo Springer, who has been working for the I. & S. T. L., in the water supply department, has returned to Perry and again taken up work in that department with the Milwaukee.

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Roadmaster Murphy was at Sioux City the fore part of November, having been called there by the death of his brother, Peter Murphy, who was killed in a wreck on the S. C. & D. Division.

Charles Franks and family were called to Omaha the fore part of November by the death of a relative.

Oscar Johnson who is employed as a brakeman on the Coast Division has been spending a couple months with relatives and friends near Perry. Oscar was formerly in the train service on the middle division.

Engineer Charles Nath and family of Mar-mouth, N. D., have been visiting with relatives near Perry for a few weeks. Mr. Nath is just recovering from an attack of typhoid fever.

Charles Rogers, formerly a clerk in the office of General Superintendent Foster of Minneapolis, was in Perry the fore part of November visiting with his uncle, Frank Chubbuck, who has been sick for several weeks.

Fireman Joe Mendeleski, who has been sick with typhoid fever for some weeks, has recovered sufficiently to be able to go to his home in Wisconsin.

Brakeman Thomas H. Kehler and family were visiting relatives in Osceola the fore part of November.

L. A. Patton, operator at Indian Creek, was in Perry in November on his way to Hartley, Iowa, for a visit with relatives.

Brakeman C. W. Baker and wife left last month for a two months' visit with relatives and friends in New York state. On account of the scarcity of brakemen at the time Mr. and Mrs. Baker were married, they were unable to take a wedding trip and they have been looking forward to this outing with a great deal of interest.

M. B. Moran and W. J. Moran went to Milan, Mo., to spend a few days with their father and brother.

Machinist Earl Hopp of the Perry force met with quite a painful accident when he was struck on the head by a bar which was being used. He was confined to the hospital at Perry for several days and when he had recovered sufficiently, went to his home in Dubuque.

Marlow Stotts, who has been working as train caller at Perry for a number of years, has taken a position as night clerk at the Perry roundhouse. The position carries with it a better salary and chance of advancement and Marlow's friends are glad to see him make the change.

Engineer Thomas Pandy met with quite a misfortune November 12. He was on his way to the roundhouse to go out about 9 p. m. He was walking the tracks, as that is the shortest route to the roundhouse, and on account of the sleet and ice, he slipped and fell, striking his head on the rail. He was considerably dazed when he got up and instead of going on to the roundhouse, wandered out into the north part of the city. When he did not show up for his run a search was instituted and Mr. Pandy was found quite a way from home. He was taken home and given medical attention, and recovered from the shock after a few days. He says he does not care to repeat the experience.

O. H. Hasse and his Perry yard section crew have been busy building a cinder walk to the roundhouse from the wye.

Arthur Antone, machinist helper at the roundhouse, has been off duty on account of injuries received.

Machinist Apprentice John Gorman has returned from Denver, where he spent a couple weeks visiting with his parents and friends.

Sidney Jones, who is employed as boiler washer at the Perry roundhouse, was off duty during November on account of injuries.

Fireman Leon Brown and wife are the parents of a fine seven-pound daughter, born to them on November 18, at their home in Perry.

Engineer John Gorman's daughter, Miss Marie, has been visiting with relatives in Davenport for a couple weeks.

Engineer Wallace Shipton and wife of Savanna visited in Perry during November with Mrs. Shipton's mother and brothers.

Mrs. C. H. Hayward, wife of Baggage-man Hayward, was in Perry the latter part of November, visiting with her husband's parents.

Brakeman Edward Davis and wife were called to Council Bluffs November 18 on account of the death of Mr. Davis' sister.

J. E. Banyard and wife spent the latter part of November visiting with relatives in Mitchell, South Dakota. Mr. Banyard is engine dispatcher at Perry.

Machinist Oscar Swanson of the Perry force visited in Spencer, Ia., the latter part of November.

Engineer Fred Kennison and wife have been in Mason City for a visit.

Telegraph Lineman Charles Robertson and family were called to Kansas City on account of the illness of Mr. Robertson's mother.

H. P. Buswell, former agent at Waucoma, was appointed first trick operator at Perry yard, on November bulletin.

J. W. Belles of Strawberry Point, who has been running a farm for four years, has resumed work on the road as relief agent. Mr. Belles was for a number of years an agent and operator on the middle division.

Harold Howe, who has been working at the roundhouse for several years, has taken a position on the repair track force.

Boilermaker Otto Pool visited with relatives in Dubuque the fore part of November.

Brakeman E. B. Oehler of the middle division spent a few days visiting with friends in Newton last month.

Applications have been coming in the last few weeks for Christmas lay-offs among the brakemen and conductors.

On October 30, at Tama, occurred the marriage of Operator Henry Storm and Miss Leah Maynard. They took a wedding trip through the east, and returned to Tama, where they will make their home. Mr. Storm is first trick operator at Tama.

Mrs. L. F. Johnson, wife of engineer on the western division, spent some time during October visiting with relatives in Bay City, Mich.

The story is told that Agent Embree of Madrid one day the latter part of October, received word from a train crew that they had passed the body of a man lying near the tracks about a mile east of Madrid. Mr. Embree, thinking to properly handle the case, summoned a doctor and an undertaker, and started to walk to where the man lay. They had all sorts of ideas in their heads as to how the man might have met his death and what disposition they would make of the remains and a few other such things as they were taking the walk. They approached the man and their surprise can easily be imagined, when they turned him over, face upwards, and were greeted by him with a cherry "good morning." The agent and his companions sized the situation up in about two minutes and decided that he was just a plain drunk who had stopped to rest along side the track. Mr. Embree wants a sworn statement from trainmen now as to the exact condition of the tramps before he will lend them any assistance.

Conductor Coakley, who has been making his home in Omaha for some time, has moved to Marion.

Brakeman B. A. Erven was off duty the latter part of October on account of an injured foot.

D. Davis, storekeeper at the Perry roundhouse, took an enforced vacation on account of sickness.

Machinist Charles Sheets of the Perry roundhouse force visited in Oklahoma last month.

Machinist H. J. Schmidt of the Perry force was limping around for a few weeks on account of an injured foot.

Switchman Scott Carhill met with a painful accident on October 24, and one which will keep him from work for a number of weeks. He was switching in Perry yard, and while setting a brake on a car, the brake wheels slipped and struck him on the knee. He was confined to his bed by the accident for several weeks.

November 19, Brakeman W. Hillyard of the middle division met with an accident while making a coupling at Madrid, which cost him the thumb of his left hand.

November 20, James Clark, who has been employed in the car department at Marion, was made foreman of the car department at Perry. The change is a promotion for Mr. Clark and his friends are all glad to see it.

Seth Martin, formerly an employe of the Milwaukee at Perry, but now of Miles City, was in Perry November 19 for a short visit with friends.

A FOB FOR YOU

Here is a chance for you to secure a dandy, serviceable and attractive watch fob—just like the one in the illustration opposite.

Of course, the fob is emblematic of the railroad you are working on, one of the great railroad systems in the world.

The Milwaukee System

These fobs are manufactured from a very fine grade of leather, well seasoned and color cured to such a degree that they will always maintain a good appearance.

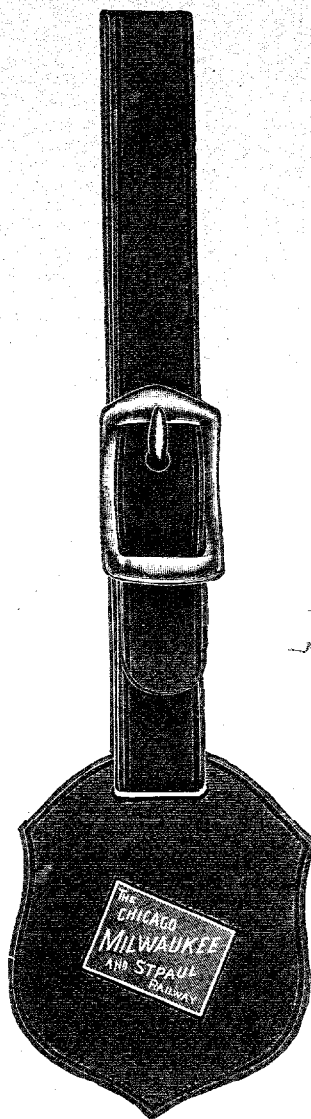
In the center of the fob there is an emblem of the Milwaukee System. This emblem is double plated and polished, thereby eliminating the possibility of it tarnishing.

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Only a limited number of these fobs and buttons on hand, so it will be to your advantage to send in your order at once.



Milwaukee Railway System Employees Magazine
 Railway Exchange Bldg.,
 Chicago, Ill.

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Wisconsin Valley Notes.

W. M. Wilcox.

Miss Kate Fries, cashier at Merrill, Wis., left for a two months' trip in the West, October 18. She will visit her brother, William, at Portland, and then go to Los Angeles for a visit.

A very quiet wedding at the home of Conductor G. M. Little was solemnized October 18, the contracting parties being Miss Alta Little, his daughter, and Peter Hollinshead, Jr., son of Passenger Conductor P. Hollinshead. Mr. and Mrs. Hollinshead left for North LaCrosse on November 17, where they will live. Peter is one of the popular LaCrosse Division conductors.

We note the interest is somewhat reviving in the Magazine in the last issue by the additional notes from the Tomahawk roundhouse by "Steve." That's the stuff, Steve. Go to it. Every little bit helps, you know.

Conductor M. E. Donavan was called to Tomah November 16 on account of the serious illness of his father. Unable to say how long he will be off. Mrs. Donavan and little son went to Tomah the following day.

Mail Clerks Rogers and Compton off in November on 15 days vacation each, relieved by Clerk Skinner.

Conductor J. H. Krueger was a visitor at Tomah November 4 to 7. We did not hear who relieved him on the north end.

Machinist Frank Schultz arrived from the west November 9 to arrange for the removal of his household effects to his new home. Frank's many friends will miss his smiling countenance around Wausau in the future.

Mr. H. H. Ober was a business caller at New Lisbon November 9.

A. B. Brasted and wife left Sunday, November 12, on No. 17 for a month's trip west. They will visit his son, Fred, and family at Boise, Idaho, and his daughter, Mrs. F. E. Daniels, at Linden, Washington, and also with relatives at Portland, Ore. Otto Gebhart is relieving on 5 and 6.

Station Baggage man L. Verne Willard off a few days in November from his duties in New Lisbon, account of an attack of tonsillitis. Rush Bires substituted in his place.

Mrs. Walter Lemke, wife of Brakeman Lemke of Wausau, visited friends at Millston, Wis., the latter part of October.

T. E. Linehan, a former W. V. Division conductor, of Malden, Wash., was a visitor at Tomah and W. V. Division points in October. Seems like old times to see Tim's face around.

The marriage of Engineer William R. Johnson to Miss Elsie R. Trantow, of Merrill, Wis., was solemnized at the German M. E. parsonage at Merrill at 3 o'clock Thursday, November 9. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson left on the evening train for a week's visit at Milwaukee and Chicago. They will be at home to their many friends in New Lisbon after December 1.

Fireman James Cassidy, on the Tomah run, off on a 10 days' deer hunting trip, relieved by L. E. Wilcox.

Wiper Paul Duvie, Tomah, off for a week in November account of sickness, relieved by Bill Newholm.

F. L. Duxtader attended the funeral of Mrs. Emma Barnes at Tomah, November 2. Conductor J. Biringier relieved on 91 and 92.

"Tomahawk Roundhouse News"

By Steve.

Engineer H. L. Conant took a trip to Milwaukee November 2 to visit with his sons, Lloyd and Archie, who are employed there.

Engineer D. J. Tracy had the misfortune to injure his knee on No. 94 November 13, and had to be relieved at Tomahawk. Hope it is nothing serious, Don.

Things have been changing hands at the depot in the last month. William Ehman, clerk, has resigned and has gone to work at Hartford. Charles Extrom has taken his place. George Lindsley has resigned and George Ehman has taken the freight room job.

Machinist Ray DeMoss was off for a few days on account of sickness, but is now on the job again.

Hunting season is now on and no one on the extra list, every one has gone hunting.

Roundhouse Foreman R. C. Hemstead with Engineers W. F. Bingham and W. J. Sullivan

are hunting at Krafts and at this writing they have one deer hung up.

Engineer James Cassidy and family of Tomah have gone to Merrillan, where Jim intends to shoot the biggest buck in the county.

Engineer Ralph Hintz and brother, Tom, are also out hunting.

We understand that Engineer A. Griffith was taken to the hospital at Wausau, November 11, for an operation. You have our sincere sympathy, Amos, and we hope to see you around again soon.

Boilermaker Aley has taken a bunch from Wausau out hunting and all have got their deer but Fred. What's the matter, Fred?

William Schultz is off sick for a few days. Hope it is nothing serious, Kaiser, as we miss you very much.

Boilermaker Aley and Blacksmith Helper Max Reidl were out the other night looking for a comet. How about it, boys, did you see it?

C. & M. Notes.

B. J. Simen.

F. C. Appley, clerk at Old Station Libertyville, with his wife, spent a couple of weeks visiting relatives in Washington and Waterloo, Ia. They also were in Cedar Rapids for a few hours and called on J. L. Coffey, the former agent at Libertyville.

A. Mattes, signal maintainer at Rondout, and Miss Carrie Reickhoff, daughter of Section Foreman Gotlieb Reickhoff, of Oakwood, were married at Libertyville in the early part of November. We wish them much joy.

Conductor Bert H. Kress, of the Deerfield run, is taking a little time off and is making a trip to Tucumcari, New Mexico.

Engineer R. H. Pritchard, who has been on the sick list for almost a year, has again resumed work. He is on the day pusher job at Milwaukee.

The three thousand foot passing track at Round Lake will be put into service within the next few days. This will be a great help to the Janesville Line, as a passing track at this point has been badly needed for several years.

A himerick from the crew on Nos. 165 and 166: Stueben County Wine Company shipped an order from Stephens Point to the Kaiser and it was wrapped in Emery paper and bottled in Bond.

Fireman Vaughn Rastus ("Smokey") Williams was recently promoted to an engineer. The C. & M. Division is the only division on the Milwaukee System having a colored (with coal dust) engineer. The Alabama Club celebrated "Smokey's" promotion by giving a dinner in his honor at the Pickanniny Hall in Chicago. In his speech he stated that he blessed the day when he left Dixie for Chicago and went firing on the C. & M.

Conductor D. J. (Judge) Burlingame, while deadheading on a passenger train, was showing the boys what the Judge called a clouded amber cigarette holder. One of the gentlemen present handed him a cigarette, the Judge proceeded to light up and explained, with profuse elucidation, the value of the clouded amber, and that owing to the war in Europe, the price of this article was advancing so alarmingly that it will soon become prohibitive. Well, by this time the cigarette was well burned into the clouded amber and exploding, burned the Judge's mouth. What the Judge said he was going to tell the fellow who sold him celluloid for "clouded amber" will make him tremble if he should ever happen to hear it.

Conductor George Dyer of the Libertyville switch run was off for a few days visiting at Rockford, Ill. He was relieved by Conductor Jackson.

Engineer R. J. Casey has displaced Engineer William Stephens on the Madison time freight.

Conductor Jack Dalce, who has been in work train service all summer, is now handling the Janesville Line way freights.

On the sixth of November a six and one-half pound baby girl was born at Libertyville to Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Helton. She arrived just in time for election.

Roadmaster Emil Cush has moved his family from Rondout to Savanna. Operator J. W. Strike of Rondout Tower now lives at Rondout in Mr. Cush's house.

Hiram Lusk, father of George Lusk, an engineer on the H. & D. Division, and formerly of the C. & M., has taken a position as flagman at the Rondout crossing.

The Missoula Division.

Peggy.

Oh, yes, we got them all, thank you.

Missoula Division has settled down to its normal state. Electric locomotives have become so much a fixture that the office force no longer knocks off work to count the cars on all the freight trains, and try to recognize our acquaintances among the crowd gathered on the bridge to witness the phenomenon. Electrification works like a charm on the Missoula Division; no trouble of any description so far.

Mr. Schweichler has been transferred from the Rocky Mountain Division to Missoula. He will act as load dispatcher for the time being.

Mr. Sloan Miller and his family will spend the winter on the coast.

Mr. Bill Grieves has been an addition to our office force for some time.

The A. C. M. company have discontinued logging operations on the Big Blackfoot, so Conductor W. E. Cummins no longer calls the dispatcher on the phone and informs him that it is the Big Blackfoot speaking. Billy now takes the log train up to Stark, on the Nine Mile Creek, to which a spur has been built from the Main Line at Soudan, making the Blackfoot run only once a week.

News from Burt Stimson's camp on the Big Blackfoot is absolutely nil, and from this fact we are of the opinion that something will happen soon up there. When John Pearce is keeping still, it is pretty sure he has something to keep still about.

Sh! Sh! What's that? Oh, our Sleuth, gum-shoeling around looking for Jimmy Bolton's hot house. We know he must have one, for we personally have witnessed the redoubtable James carting off at least ten dollars worth of the extra long kind during the past week. We wonder if it really is a serious case this time.

Mrs. Tavenner has been in the hospital, but has at this writing sufficiently recovered to be at home again.

Mrs. H. H. Heath and her two kiddies will spend Thanksgiving in Seattle.

Mr. J. T. Sleavin, from the office of the auditor of material accounts, is at present in Missoula.

Well, here goes. You know Mr. Darnell? The charming one? We have a well grounded suspicion that he has been captured. Yep. We understand that the lady is from the Chicago offices, and that the happy event is set for the latter part of December.

Conductor J. A. Boyd stopped in the Missoula Division offices on the 31st just long enough to voice his usual "Gimme." We like this, even though he always does want a lot and want it "now."

You, too, Mr. Conductor C. F. Wilder.

Well, what do you think of this? Conductor Boyd in the very next day, but DIDN'T WANT ANYTHING! Just came in to see how we were getting along. Fine stuff, Mr. Boyd. Your kind interest certainly is appreciated.

Mrs. Sill said not to mention it, so we won't except this, that she is absolutely right about the help. Missoula Division has just the finest little bunch of helpers there is. Look at this, for instance, from Avery, Idaho:

Machinist W. H. Keagy has just returned from his annual hunting trip in the Yellowstone country, where he goes every season to bag the big game. Bill always says he gets them, but—that's all right, Bill, we understand, sure we do.

Mr. Frank Kroll, Jr., Avery's popular machinist and social worker, recently returned from an extended vacation and visit back in Wisconsin. Frank declares he put on quite a show in Chicago and Milwaukee. We are of the opinion that he tells the truth and that he no doubt showed to wonderful advantage.

Speaking of speed, Fireman G. W. Lovely must have been going some when he did the cross-country Marathon from Kyle to Falcon.

Just to prove that I am a broad-minded woman, I'll let this go: Talking machines are being advocated for parlor cars, to keep the traveling public livened up and awake; perhaps they are under the impression that women are going to stop riding trains. (Note—I am not responsible for the above. On my last trip I encountered

CONDUCTORS, BRAKEMEN, Express Drivers, Baggage-men



THIS RAINCOAT is made for you—the men that have to be out on the job rain or shine. Made the right length to keep the body dry, not too long to be in the way. [36 inches], if wanted longer, no extra charge. Has double back inside, ventilated improved slot and buckle fasteners, two outside pockets, corduroy tipped collar with storm tab. Made from high grade rubber sheeting, [not a slicker; far superior to any other rain coat on the market], reinforced every way to make it a serviceable garment. We guarantee it rain proof. Order the coat today, it may rain tomorrow. Mail us your breast measure

[take measure snug, not tight, over the coat] in closing \$1.00 to guarantee express charges. We will then ship the garment C. O. D. \$4.00, subject to examination, or, send us \$5.00 and we will ship raincoat and hat prepaid.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back

HAT FREE—For a limited time we will give with each purchase a rain hat of same material as coat, *absolutely free*, state size.

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720-8 First Ave., West Cedar Rapids, Iowa

At the Western Terminal

The Seattle National Bank

Seattle, Washington

Resources \$17,000,000

Seattle's Largest Bank

Savings Department

Trust Department

Foreign Exchange Dept.

one of the male persuasion who positively was the worst I have ever seen of either sex.—Correspondent.)

Carpenters are moving the Western commissary building and the bunk house at Avery, preparatory to building an extension to the ice house.

Cashier George Douglas is back on the job after having successfully and heroically withstood the several attacks made upon him by the operating surgeons.

Car Repairer T. I. Elliott, innocently thinking that the train he was climbing on was a string of cars being switched from the East to West yards, planted himself on the highest box car to ride down to the West Switch, where he lives. But, alas, the St. Maries Turn-around does not stop at West Avery, so T. I. went sailing down the shadowy St. Joe. In fact, he went all the way to St. Joe before the train stopped. When questioned about being seen down there, T. I. calmly replied that he was taking a moonlight ride. He evidently enjoyed it very much, as he was out almost all night.

And from Alberton:

Mrs. N. R. Byron recently made a trip to Spokane.

Boilermaker J. Veteransneck was out around Dixon looking for a farm. He says he is going out again in the spring and get a farm for sure.

Mrs. J. T. Farmer visited for a few days with Mrs. W. Farmer.

Our coal stock is all used up, and the place looks like a roundhouse once more.

Dad Kain, blacksmith, is on the job again.

Blacksmith Helper J. H. Schmitz is laying off for a few days.

Electrician J. P. Oliver and Helper L. G. Allard have been added to the roundhouse force. They were transferred from Deer Lodge to Alberton.

Boilermaker Helper J. Wagner has been off duty on account of illness.

Charlie Hatamiya, fire builder, has gone to Japan for a visit. He will visit his brother, who is located in California, for a few days en route.

Ira Nichols, former clerk in car department at Alberton, has been elected clerk of the District Court, Mineral County. Mr. Nichols is also known at Harlowton, having worked there in the car department and in the yards several years ago.

Mrs. F. Hyde has returned from a three months' visit to her old home in Canada.

Roadmaster H. M. Grimes has been visiting at his home in Kansas City. The illness of his mother occasioned the trip.

It really was too bad of you, N. B. S., to put us under obligations not to mention it.

Just strike an average between the two, with the advantage on the side of the Vet, One T. P., and you have us.

C. & C. B. Iowa Eastern Division and Calmar Line.

J. T. Raymond.

Operator Sherman Correll, "SA" office, Savanna, was absent for several days account illness.

Agent Paul Albert has retired from the service of the company, being relieved by H. E. Ramsey, Jr.

Agent Rawson of Arlington was called to mourn the loss of his mother, who passed away October 28. Mr. Rawson is assured of the sympathy of many friends among the employes of this division.

Calvin A. Robison died at his home at Marion, Iowa, October 31, after a brief illness. Mr. Robison has been in the service of the company most of the time as agent and operator since 1879, working at Delhi, Ferguson, Atkins and Oxford Junction. At the time of his death he was cashier in Agent Dummer's office at Marion. He leaves a widow and six children, one of whom, H. V. Robison, is an operator in "CG" general office at Chicago. The funeral was conducted at Marion, under the auspices of the I. O. O. F., of which he was a long-time member. Mr. Robison was a loyal, faithful employe, popular with the officials and employes. He was a member of the Veteran Employe's Association. The family have the sympathy of a wide circle of railway friends.

Conductor and Mrs. C. W. Rollins and son, Celan, visited a week in St. Paul with Mr. Rollins' mother and sister.

Conductor G. H. Vandercook is back on his run between Marion and Omaha after a ten days' visit at Excelsior Springs, where he went for treatment for an acute attack of neuritis. He has been greatly benefited.

George Barnoske, Jr., has been appointed cashier at Marion in place of C. A. Robison, deceased.

Harry Murphy is on duty for the company again in Roadmaster Barnoske's office.

Dispatcher and Mrs. Frank W. Ray have returned to Marion after an absence of a couple of months on their Minnesota farm.

Conductor Shank has resumed work on Nos. 95 and 96. This puts Conductor Pazour back on Main Line way freight and Conductor J. Pully in the rounds.

Paint Foreman George Snyder is giving our Marion passenger station much needed attention. George is a veteran that knows his business and our friends will find us "spick and span" when he gets through with the job.

Conductor Ed Templeton and Charles N. Dow were both off several trips with sprained ankles.

Agent C. A. King of Miles was in Chicago on a week's visit, Mr. Madsen relieving.

Operator Fred Lindmeier of Green Island went east for a vacation, Operator Snyder relieving.

Agent Joe Elsnor of Hale had an extended vacation, Operator Meyers relieving.

Operator A. B. Campbell of Oxford Junction has returned after several weeks' vacation.

Operator H. V. Robison of "CG" office, Chicago, came to Marion to attend the funeral of his father, remaining about ten days.

The veteran conductor, Jake Deill, has a host of friends on this division and in Marion who deeply sympathize with him on account of the severe injuries he received in the derailment at Moline, who hope that he may speedily recover.

Conductor W. I. Farrell was off several days on account of Mrs. Farrell being in hospital for an operation. Mrs. Farrell is rapidly improving.

Following recent appointments made on this division: J. E. Tracy, agent at Strawberry Point; L. A. Kell, agent, Stone City; C. E. Bell, agent, Eldridge; E. Mullally, third trick at Browns; F. E. Hastings, third trick at Delmar Junction; J. R. Harding, agent at Wheatland; P. A. Parmenter, second trick at Paralta; F. A. Morton, first trick, East Marion yard.

On behalf of many old friends on this division we extend hearty congratulations to Conductor Newman H. Fuller of Miles City, who was recently elected to the Montana legislature by a substantial plurality.

Items of the Atkins Terminal.

C. J. Swane, resident engineer, who was located at Marion with E. L. Sinclair, has moved to Atkins to look after the new engine terminal work at that point.

H. E. Dudley, general foreman in charge of the concrete work at Atkins, has a force of about 20 men building a new highway undercrossing a short distance east of the depot.

Donald Jeffrey, who has the contract for the grading at Atkins, has a force of 90 men, 35 teams, and is using three steam shovels, two of which are loading dump cars and one loading wagons, also a grading machine loading wagons, and is making rapid changes in the landscape where the new terminal yard is to be located.

Marion Roundhouse News.

Edward Griffitts.

Business is still good around Marion roundhouse. The weather is fine, but winter is here.

Engineer O. S. Thompson, of the Calmar run, called on us the other day and asked for his lay-off, although we are somewhat in doubt, as Engineer "Davy" Gordon is still holding out.

Engineer Hanner, who has been on the sick list for the past month, is again back on the "Jitney run" between Monticello and Calmar, but as the weather is getting a little cold, the "Jitney" car has been pulled off and a real engine put on the run.

Engineer James Anderson, who has been running the "Jitney" during the absence of Engineer Hanner, claims he made enough money on the run during the past two months that the high cost of living don't bother him any.

The material has arrived for the repairs to the steam heating plant, and work will soon commence. We don't know who will do the work, whether it will be "Big Jim," "Shorty" or the "Kaiser," but no doubt some of the boys from Milwaukee will do the job.

Engineer Rosco Stevens has taken the firing job with Engineer George Greene between Monticello and Davenport.

Blacksmith Helper Jens Cook took a day off, going to Davenport. If Jens had not have been in the service for the past 25 years and being a married man, we would have wondered why he went to Davenport.

Engineer George Busby is on the lay off list, having got hit in the eye. He made no explanations.

Engineer Gerold Gordon is also on the lay off list. He also got hit in the eye. He claims a nail flew and hit him.

Engineer James Hayes, who has been on the Davenport run, has moved back to Marion.

Engineer Len Low, who has been on the lay-off list, went out west somewhere hunting, returned and went to work. We did not see any bear steak or any other large game, and Len has been pretty still about it. We wonder why.

Machinist Kenneth Hillerege spent a few days in Chicago.

Fire Builder Tom Pullin took a well earned vacation and spent the time and his money in Omaha.

Boilermaker Helper "Dad" Rohrer visited a day at Boone.

Machinist Apprentice Kenneth Humble has been transferred to Dubuque, taking his third year work.

Engineer George Israel is spending a few weeks in Denver.

Machinist Clark Butler and Boilermaker John Nebelung spent a day at Savanna looking for ducks. From all I have heard they are still looking.

Machinist Fred Rasmussen is visiting a few days in Chicago.

Frank Morton has resigned his position as storekeeper at the roundhouse and Otto Beall is again back on the job.

Scraps from the West End.

C. E. Pike et al.

O. P. Kellogg has assumed the duties of chief clerk to Mr. F. D. Burroughs, general freight agent, and A. J. Scott has taken Mr. Kellogg's position as chief clerk to Mr. R. M. Calkins. The best wishes of everyone go to the boys in their new positions.

Since certain members of the car service family entered upon the sea of matrimony, it seems they have set the example for that end of the hall and another couple has started Dame Rumor's tongue to wagging. This tale will be continued.

Immediately upon receipt of news that Mr. Wilson has been re-elected, a bunch of the freight claim boys donned black crepe.

The first week of November, Gene Webster had a terrible case of fright when a series of wires were exchanged about a rate meeting in St. Paul for the purpose of revising the all-year tourist tariff. Visions of 20 below didn't appeal to him a little bit.

Mr. J. M. Allen recently purchased a Buick six. We have watched the papers carefully, fervently and with much trepidation and are glad to state that so far his name has not been the star part of a headline.

Sometimes we wonder what men are thinking about. Recently a circular letter was sent out requesting the agents to give us a report of ticket sales on certain excursion business with sale dates closing near the last of September. Three or four reports were received at once—15 days before the first sale date even—with the advice that "No Sales" were made. It is alright to be prompt, but this kind of promptness doesn't get business for the company. Of course, there would be no sales made if a man didn't take the trouble to watch the date of his tariff any better than he did the dates on the circular letter. Better wake up, fellows.

Old Gasoline Maxwell Mercer just let us into the secret of why he voted for the Democratic candidate for president. She is very partial to Wilson and so is her father, and that is enough to make a man change his mind.

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Established 1882

Incorporated 1901

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C. C. SWINBORNE, Cashier

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First National Bank OF LEWISTOWN, MONTANA

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Capital \$50,000.00

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Five percent interest on time Certificates of Deposit.

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Do Business by Mail

It's profitable, with accurate lists of prospects. Our catalogue contains vital information on Mail Advertising. Also prices and quantity on 6,000 national mailing lists, 99% guaranteed. Such as:

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Write for this valuable reference book; also prices and samples of fac-simile letters.

Have us write or revise your Sales Letters.

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ROSS-GOULD Mailing Lists St. Louis

As our own Joe Ginet would say, everyone is on the "Qui vive" over the contest which is on for the week of November 20 to be called Transportation Week at the Orpheum Theater (not vodville), which at present is housing the first real stock company Seattle has had in years. Each road has a night and the C., M. & St. P. has Thursday, and, believe us, the members of that stock company will realize that the C., M. & St. P. is on the map, even if we don't munch fruit cakes and baked potatoes of a large variety.

News for the hunters. For many moons the Milwaukee Hunting Club has been unable to find good duck hunting. Mr. F. K. Swan has found the desired location. The Seattle Hunting Clubs have leased a large territory on our Port Angeles Line for their use, but they did not lease it all. Mr. Swan has discovered a place where, if the wind is just right, the ducks go to rest, and has agreed to pilot a party of Milwaukee sportsmen to the hunting ground. We hope the boys appreciate his kindness, for he could have kept the information to himself and feasted on duck endlessly.

Many of the readers of the Milwaukee Magazine have some idea of the business we handle from Japan and China, but it may be interesting to know that during the period between October 7 to November 15, our tonnage in raw silk and case goods amounted to fifty-one carloads. The value of this is \$5,916,735.00. The boats bringing this business were the Tacoma Maru, Panama Maru, Manila Maru and Hawaiian Maru.

Owing to the reduction of all forces to winter basis, there is very little new work of interest going on. Track and mechanical forces are busy keeping the work up to standard. Mr. Rusch and his assistants are very busy trying to keep the engines from catching cold. Old King Winter is making every one hustle.

Mr. Samuel Moody, passenger traffic manager of the Pennsylvania Lines, with headquarters at Pittsburgh, was entertained at lunch Tuesday, the 14th, by our genial general passenger agent, Mr. G. W. Hibbard. Mr. Moody travelled west on

the Olympian and expressed himself as feeling thoroughly at home on that train, as it afforded him the same comforts, pleasures and luxuries that he is accustomed to in traveling on the very best trains over his own system. In these troublous times, the following from Mr. Moody is very reassuring:

"So far as I can see, nothing can interfere with the prosperity of this country for many months to come. I believe we have just located ourselves as a nation of world commerce."
Christmas greetings from the contributors to this column to all readers of the Magazine.

"Facts and Fancies from the S. M. West."
(With Apologies to One T. P.)
J. W. Malone.

Harold Foley, one of our former SM boys, now practicing dentistry in North Dakota, was a Madison visitor recently.

Conductor Eli Winesburg is laying off battling with a siege of rheumatism. May he soon be on the road to better health.

Brakeman Frank Flynn is enjoying the beauties of the Twin Cities and Chicago this week, and taking in some of the interstate football games.

Brakeman John Hatch is laying off with a sprained knee and incidentally visiting home folks at Winfred.

Brakeman James Cheek, who has been off the past month has resumed work.

Operator F. A. M. Frost, Egan, has taken a two months' leave of absence, relieved by Operator E. A. Bailey, one of the old-timers on the SM West.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Roy Jones and son, wife and son of Agent Jones, Wentworth, are quite ill. We hope that they will soon be on the road to complete recovery.

Conductor Lee Flynn was a Sioux Falls visitor recently.

Mrs. Bert McDonnell and baby have been quite ill the past few days, but at the present writing are improving nicely.

Savings and Health

Are the few dollars saved regularly in the past year going to take you somewhere this summer where "change of scene and ozone" will equip you for a successful year ahead?

Or will you be forced to stay at home?

A year soon passes. Decide NOW that next year your dollars will help you *earn more* by making you better physically and mentally.

A few dollars deposited now, and as little as a dollar a week added, will mean a fine "back to nature" vacation for you next year.

Saving brings happiness. Gives you self-confidence. Makes you ready for Opportunity. Keeps the "wolf" away.

We help you save. When you get enough, we help you invest. If you don't have quite enough to invest, we will loan you any fair difference.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT (On ground floor—just inside of front doors)

3% Interest Paid—Open on Mondays from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M.

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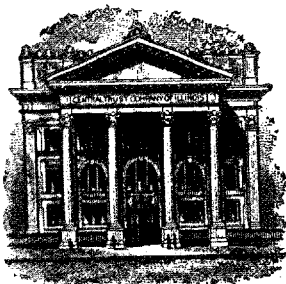
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For Your Savings or Checking Account For the Selection of Your Investments
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Capital, \$4,500,000 Surplus and Undivided Profits \$2,000,000



On October 22, a bright little miss came to gladden the home of Brakeman and Mrs. Nicholas Klaser, Madison. The congratulations of the division are extended.

Mrs. William J. Tyler and children have recently returned from visiting relatives at Miles City and other western points.

Agent G. B. Turner, Fulda, was an Oldham visitor last Sunday. George endeavored to dispose of a blooded dog while en route, but did not succeed, owing to the fact that we had three on hand, and milk is now 8 cents per quart.

November 15, Section Foreman Louis Stenson met with quite a serious accident. When coming into Edgerton station on his motor car, he was struck by an automobile and seriously bruised and cut about the shoulders and head. At the present writing he is improving slowly. We hope that he will soon be on the job again.

Former Relief Agent H. E. Collins has now been appointed agent at Elrod, S. D.

Agent B. E. Newton, Junius, S. D., has started a rabbit farm and is actively engaged in producing a strain of jack rabbits that will possess a "silver mane and tail," in addition to the characteristics of the native race.

Mrs. W. E. Stump, Madison, was a Tama, Ia., visitor recently.

Agent R. C. Fischer, Kinbrae, has taken a leave of absence and departed for points in Texas on business. He is relieved by Agent H. J. Blackford, formerly of Elrod.

Charles Singer has entered the employ of the company as day transferman at Madison.

Louis Stenson, former helper, Edgerton, has accepted the position of clerk in the freight house at Mankato. May success attend him.

Operator E. A. Bailey, Egan, was visiting relatives at Madison between trains recently.

Roadmaster Thomas McGee, Madison, attended the roadmasters' meeting at Milwaukee recently and reports a very enthusiastic meeting.

Machinist Harry Sprague, formerly at Austin, is now employed at the Madison roundhouse.

Former Wiper William Dale of the Madison roundhouse is now assisting the section foreman at Bradley, S. D.

Say, Thomas, I will drop my monogram if you will drop yours. A fair exchange, and I'll bet he don't do it!

As this number will be the last one to reach you before Christmas, I wish each and every member of the SM West and all those interested in the "The Safety First Movement" a most Merry Christmas. May the New Year fulfill all your hopes and bring us together with the one purpose of "Safety First," now, tomorrow and all the time, ever before us.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, Notes.

Helga Blackstock.

Carl Schonberg and Miss Elsie Schonberg have been spending their vacation in Cedar Rapids, Waterloo and Cedar Falls.

The family of Car Repairer John Schonberg were called to Cedar Rapids by the death of Mrs. Chamberlain and infant. Mrs. Chamberlain is a sister of Mrs. Schonberg.

Roundhouse Foreman Graff of Marion paid us a short call when he was here to move his goods to Marion. How's Jiggs, Mr. Graff?

Car Cleaner Hiram Paulsen has gone to Missouri to look after a farm he intends to buy.

Mrs. Joe Antonius has returned from a pleasant trip to Milwaukee, where she visited with relatives.

The wife of Section Foreman Cosgrove was ill for a time but has improved.

Mr. F. M. Haas of Marion was a caller recently.

We are glad to note the marked improvement of Alt Kattar of the car repair force. It is but one of the many successes by our company physician, Dr. Merritt.

"Joe" Antonius was under the weather for several days. A cold, he said, but we attribute the trouble to "loneliness." His wife was gone to Milwaukee.

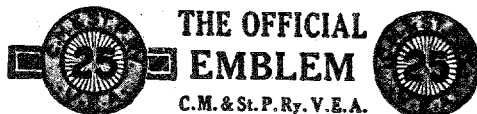
Edward Guler has left the service in the Council Bluffs roundhouse and has accepted a position in Marion.

Thomas Kane, chief inspector for the Western Weighing Association, passed away on November 13th after a long illness. Mr. Kane is survived by his wife and three daughters and one son,

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Bristles Vulcanized in Rubber

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Made in solid gold and rolled-plate. Enameled in best grade imported hard blue enamel.

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Buttons Solid Gold with rolled-plate backs \$1.00

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Watch Inspector, C. M. & St. P. Ry.

"KIRKMAN'S SCIENCE OF RAILWAYS"

The Author of "THE SCIENCE OF RAILWAYS" served for fifty years in various departments as a railway officer and employe. However, in writing "THE SCIENCE OF RAILWAYS," and in its many subsequent editions and revisions (to meet the ever changing conditions of the service) he and those interested in the publication of the work, have had throughout, the active advice and aid of practical experts, familiar with every branch of railway operation. The books are, therefore, authoritative, and as valuable to railway men as standard text books are to Lawyers, Doctors, Civil Engineers and other representative men.

"The Science of Railways" explains with great particularity, (profusely illustrated by charts and other necessary devices) the duties, responsibilities and embarrassing problems of engine-men, trainmen and shopmen, written by scientists and practical men who have themselves solved the problems and mastered every intricate detail connected with the work.

The books describe in detail the Locomotive and Motive Power Department; the Application of Electricity to Railways; the Construction and Working of the Westinghouse and New York Air Brakes; their practical working being illustrated throughout with colored charts; the Working, Handling and Practical Operation of Cars; the Movement of Trains and the problems connected with their successful operation.

The foregoing and other subjects relating to the duties and problems of those connected with the engine and train service are described in great detail with such illustrations and charts as are necessary to afford the reader a clear understanding of the perplexing problems that arise daily in connection with his work. For further particulars, address

CROPLEY PHILLIPS CO.,

Publishers

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

who have our sincerest sympathy. Mr. Kane will be greatly missed by the Milwaukee employes here.

Carl F. Olsen has again returned to the yard office here after being absent for a long time. He has been acting as agent at Monticello. We are glad to have "Ole" back with us.

Car Inspector Allan Fleak and wife have returned from a trip to the Pacific Coast.

October 19th was the date of the first snow. It was a big one.

Mr. M. F. Smith and Mr. Miller were business callers on November the 9th.

Mr. M. A. LaCourte was here on the 15th on business pertaining to safety appliances.

Mr. W. H. Applegate, chief clerk in General Foreman Miller's office, paid us a call on November 3rd.

I note by the magazine of October that so many of the correspondents speak of a call from the editor. When are you coming to Council Bluffs, Mrs. Kendall? (Soon—Editor.)

Mrs. Chas. Horsley and children and her mother Mr. Timms have arrived from Sioux City. Mr. Horsley went to Sioux City on the 7th to vote.

Miss Loretta Kinney, daughter of Boilermaker Kinney, was married on November 6th to Mr. Kynett of this city.

Car Inspector Geo. Wehrhahn was pleasantly surprised on the evening of the 6th of November by a number of his friends. Mrs. Wehrhahn put a bug in my ear or we might have spoiled George's party. He was due to go out on the road to watch the performance of some new wheels they had applied to the diner.

City Ticket Agent Searight and May Searight of the freight house force and other members of the Searight family, spent a pleasant vacation in Florida and Cuba. It must have been hard on them to come back here to all this winter.

The Council Bluffs Car Department has been making a record equipping cars with Safety Appliances. Three forces were put to work at the same time equipping three cars and the honors fell to Andrew Thompson and Jeppe Bundegaard.

Theodore Schmidt of the car department is the happy father of a fine baby boy, born November 4th. He is to be Martin P. Schmidt, Jr.

Say, "Tommy" Glynn, I have been looking for you every place. When you get in again call up Red 1717. The party said you would know.

We have rumors that one of our sleeping car conductors who runs on 3 and 12, is soon to be married. Congratulations, "Harold." Is the rear end brakeman going to be best man? Or will he play "Here Comes the Bride"?

Mr. Mark McCoy had the misfortune to injure his foot while assisting the machinist with a test pump. He is reported to be getting along nicely.

Notes from the Pond Oreille Line.

V. B. R.

If we ever meet "Sigh" personally, we will tell him the mystery of George Mason's white collar. George has pleaded with us not to expose this through the columns of the magazine, as Mrs. George is a devoted reader, and it might cause an embarrassing situation.

Visitors at Spirit Lake Shops the past month were T. J. Hamilton, master mechanic; T. McFarlane, traveling engineer, and Mott Sawyer, superintendent.

If we were to tell all we knew about the seven dances a week, and the capers of Earl Broadwell, of the Tacoma Store Department, we are quite sure a sensation would ensue among his co-workers. Perhaps we will be in Tacoma some day soon, J. V. M., and we will force this same Broadwell to give us an introduction to the girl out Point Defiance way.

W. E. Smith and wife have just returned from a two weeks' visit with relatives in the east. "Bill" reports a very enjoyable trip, and regrets that lack of time prevented his paying a visit to the Miles City and Deer Lodge Shops on his way back as he had planned.

Every once in a while we see a note from the main line correspondents, in their columns, that they had the pleasure of a chat with our editor; but, doggone the luck, somehow or other we are passed up every time. Of course, we are slightly

You Don't Need a Gang of Expert Mechanics to Put It On

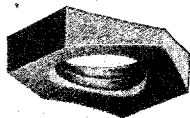
Nothing is more simple to apply than the "BOSS" Lock Nut. Which-ever way it is picked up, it is ready to go on. No instruction is needed—no special tools required.

*Write it Right—
Put it down this way*

"Boss Lock Nuts"

Speeds up repair and construction work. Insures safety to life and property. Can be used many times. Never injures bolts. Millions now being used.

Get the facts—write for new catalog.



BOSS NUT COMPANY

1744-48 N. Kolmar Ave., Chicago, Ill.



out of the way to make this possible, but we do hope that she will be able to pay a visit to Spirit Lake on her next trip out west. (The invitation is accepted.—Editor.)

"Bill" Hunter, senior passenger conductor on the Pend Oreille Line, has been seriously ill for the past six weeks, but is rapidly recovering at this writing and we hope to see him back on 217 and 218 at an early date.

No sooner does Josephine leave our midst, and enter one "Peggy" as her successor, when along comes "T. P." and starts getting in on the ground floor. At that you gotta hand it to "T. P." for his gift of handing out the bouquets.

Conductor L. F. Graham has been captain of trains 217 and 218 during the absence of "Bill" Hunter.

And just think, after all these years Spirit Lake joined the ranks of democracy on the 7th of November. We now predict skating on the lake next Fourth of July.

C. J. Geier is relieving H. Headquist in the Store Department, while Harold has taken his family to the coast for a brief vacation.

Our shop correspondent threw us down flat this month, so it was up to us to dig up what items we could. Some are facts and others are merely the creation of a "Camel" fogged brain.

George Racy has given up "pinochle" and billiards and is now going home nights (at last). Truly the millenium is near at hand.

Will someone who knows how to make out a 609 report, kindly take a couple of months' vacation and pay us a visit?

Thanksgiving day is now at hand. It looks as if we were going to have bacon and eggs for our big feed. Maybe we won't have the bacon; maybe we won't have the eggs; but still we have much to be thankful for—we have six sacks of spuds stored away in our cellar.

P. Sandberg, engine watchman at Metaline Falls, has taken sixty days' leave of absence, and will spend the holidays with relatives in Ripon, Wis.

Chris Gesek, boilermaker at Spirit Lake Shops, who retired from the ranks of amateur wrestlers undefeated as National A. A. U. champion middle-weight, has challenged the present world's champion, Walter Miller. The challenge has been accepted. Miller and Gesek wrestled one hour to a draw at Spirit Lake a few weeks ago, and we are inclined to believe, from personal observation, that the world's championship is going to change hands when they go on the mat for a finish match. Here's good luck, Chris, and may the best man win; and here's hopin' that you are the best man.

And for the present let it suffice to say that Boilermakers Hutchinson and Graham are still talking incoherently about a certain party named "Hughes" and about some bird called an "Elephant." We must confess that we recall the name "Hughes" all right, and remember that there used to be a species of animal designated as an elephant, but, my, oh, my, it was such a long time ago. Why can't they let the dead past bury its dead?

R. & S. W. Notes.

H. J. Beamish.

Localized limericks:

Last month, in the dark of the moon,
Mr. Manthey went hunting a coon.
But he wrecked his apparel,
Went home in a barrel;
He won't go again very soon.

Another—even worse:

Drain tile now makes noises like cattle;
Drown engine exhaust and train rattle.
Said Norton, "Now, Lynch,
It's a two-to-one cinch,
If they feed those cows we'll have to settle."

Assistant Superintendent N. P. Thurber, P. duC. Division, was over the line election day.

We are pleased to hear that R. J. Brown won his damage suit at Janesville against the owner of the famous cow. Fifty dollars will help some. The Janesville runs have been reassigned. A. Hermis taking the day run and Wobig the night. That is some line, over there. Nothing but engineers and conductors, on any of the runs, and the old heads have to watch their step to keep their own men from bumping them.

★



★

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Ⓒ This strong bank invites you to avail yourself of its broad banking service—to become one of its army of more than 17,000 depositors

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OLD NATIONAL SERVICE

OLD NATIONAL BANK

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Resources \$12,000,000

Saint Paul Road Employees

do you realize that it is possible for you to have your name on two payrolls—one of them that of the railroad for which you work and the other the interest payroll of the bank where you deposit your savings?

If you live in or near Saint Paul you ought to be on the big interest payroll of the 44-year-old Merchants National Bank. Pay day comes four times a year—on the first of January, April, July and October:

In this case, whether or not your pay increases depends entirely upon you—the more you put in the more you get out.

Merchants National Bank

Capital \$2,000,000
Surplus and Profits \$2,000,000

Fifth and Robert Streets
SAINT PAUL, MINN.

The Bank of Personal Service

Word arrives that the last of December will see Brakeman Jo Helms among the married men. The last entry in the "undesirable" list is "The Counterfeit Conductor."

Agent Forward, Union Grove, has resumed work, Meridith returning to Corliss.

Ticket job at Racine, for three months, has been assigned to Kuntz, Ferguson taking Corliss third. Operator Wilkin, Freeport, acting as relief agent at Durand; Brown on second at Freeport.

Messrs. Wescott and Walker were Elkhorn callers October 25.

Stehling relieved Burns on the Eagle branch the first of the month, while Pat took the family for a motor trip to Freeport.

Dispatcher Ende and wife were over Sunday visitors with Agent Lane at Troy Center, October 21.

Dispatcher Cook has taken the second trick on the C. & C. B. Division, Ende taking second on this line. We all hope to get E. D. C. back again, in some capacity, and congratulate the Bluffs on getting him.

R. D. Fields is again on the side wire at Savanna, Flora taking second at Beloit.

Cashier Fraser, Racine, has been assigned Healy agency, Palm succeeding as cashier and George Howland taking Palm's place as rate clerk.

Conductor Gillen took a trip to St. Paul the first of the month, Rossmiller in his place.

Engineer Ledendosky was a Wausau visitor this month.

Engineer Fred Miller has taken a two years leave of absence and assigned to other duties.

Our veteran engineer, Tom Carroll, oldest on the division, if not on the system, was on the sick list several days this month. Larry Hamilton took his place on 9 and 10.

That broad smile worn by Conductor Uri Packard is entirely due to the arrival of the new girl in the family.

Brakeman John Glover is visiting friends in Michigan.

Fireman Carl Degman is busy posting up for his examination as engineer. They say Carl is going to be a bear on the right side of the cab.

Conductor and Mrs. Irwin were Indiana visitors the latter part of October; Hartman on Irwin's car.

The "Safety First" meeting at Freeport, November 9, was attended by about two hundred employees from the West End. Superintendent Morrison was in charge and the usual business was transacted. Several letters from those unable to attend were read and suggestions for betterment were offered by representatives of the various departments.

The Rock Run bridge fill is progressing rapidly and the Davis side track is being lengthened twenty-five hundred feet. When the work is completed the bridge will be shortened nearly half and trains can meet with comfort at Davis.

Two disastrous fires on the division the last month, one at Florence and one at Corliss, proved very costly to Agent Foiles and Operator Kuntz. Mr. Foiles lost a new auto and the bulk of his household effects, while Kuntz was unable to save anything. The Racine fire department no doubt saved much property at Corliss by their prompt response—eighteen minutes from the time the alarm was given.

The death of Dispatcher E. H. Richardson was a great shock to his many friends on this division. He had been in the Savanna office for a number of years, working on C. & C. B. Division. Superintendent Morrison and family attended the funeral at Sioux City.

Brakeman Ray has the sympathy of the division in the loss of his mother, whose death occurred at Elgin, October 2.

I. & D. Division Notes.

C. J. Gillette.

At a meeting of the local officials of the I. & D. and B. H. Divisions, in the superintendent's office, Sunday, October 22, Trainmaster R. H. Janes was presented with a fine diamond ring as a token of friendship and esteem from employees of the Wisconsin Valley Division.

Mr. Janes began service as an operator at Tomah, Wis., and worked in the various capacities on that division until December 1, 1915, when he

Railroad Employes

Say Good-Bye to Aches and Pains

Use Circus Liniment

For Rheumatism, Lame Back, Sprains
Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Etc.

IT NEVER FAILS

This old reliable remedy is for sale by over one thousand dealers in medicines in Chicago, or mailed direct—cash with order

Price 50c large bottle—Extra large \$1.00

Circus Liniment Company

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Chicago, Illinois

was promoted from chief dispatcher of the W. V. to trainmaster of the I. & D. and B. H. Divisions, with headquarters at Mason City.

On October 24, at St. Mary's Church, North McGregor, occurred the marriage of Conductor W. H. Colloton, of the I. & D., to Miss Florence Donohue, of North McGregor. Their honeymoon will include a trip over the Only Line to Seattle and other points of interest, after which they will be at home in Mason City. Congratulations.

Roadmaster J. D. Boland was business visitor at Mason City first of the month.

H. R. Drum, chief carpenter at Mitchell, was among the Mason City visitors November 1.

Auditor's Clerk H. W. Frazee was visiting again at Rockford, Sunday, November 5.

George Igon, chief clerk to the D. F. & P. A., at Mason City, is back on the job. He states that he enjoyed his vacation thoroughly.

Brakeman F. V. Walters had the misfortune to sprain his ankle at Cylinder, November 9.

Passenger Conductor Ben Oleson has resumed his run on 1 and 8 after undergoing an operation on his knee at Chicago, about three weeks ago.

Conductor John Kinney is running Nos 1 and 8 on I. & M. Division at present. A. W. Solon is covering his run on West Division.

R. G. Larson of Sioux City was a business caller at Mason City, October 27.

Car Inspector Charles Colloton and wife attended the wedding of their son, William, at North McGregor, October 24.

Agent R. J. Taylor of Charles City is enjoying a few days vacation. He is relieved by B. L. Allen.

O. R. Marshall, formerly agent at Clear Lake, has been appointed agent at Canton, S. D.

Conductor W. C. Buirge spent a few days at his farm in Minnesota last month.

Conductor F. W. Hurlbut of the Running Water Line was a Mason City visitor latter part of October. He was relieved by Conductor E. E. Bradberry.

S. L. Swellor, second operator at Calmar, laid off a few days last month. He was relieved by Operator R. E. Holbrook.

Third Operator A. H. Bush of Postville was on the sick list a few days last month.

Operator Morrow of Calmar is spending a week with friends at Detroit this month.

EXTRA! We have just learned of the marriage on November 15 of our popular D. F. & P. A., W. F. Cody, and Mrs. Mary Martin, both of Mason City. They left for Minneapolis on the M. & St. L. train following the ceremony. Congratulations.

Musselshell Division Notes.

Grace Hardman.

Mrs. W. B. Goggins and daughter, Lucille, wife and daughter of R. H. F., of Melstone, was in Miles City the last of October.

Mrs. Ed Conklin and son, wife of Conductor Conklin, of Miles City, visited her mother, Mrs. Sickmiller, at Melstone.

Mrs. Leo Middleton, wife of Engineer Middleton, visited with Melstone friends recently.

Mrs. Frank Parsneau, wife of Abraham Parsneau, visited friends in Miles City a few days last week.

Mrs. Philip Leitch and daughter, Crystal, wife and daughter of Coal Dock Foreman Leitch, of Roundup, visited friends at Vananda the latter part of October.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Lang of Spokane, Wash., was here the first part of November to attend the funeral of her father, W. F. Maughan.

Mrs. D. J. Drake, wife of Engineer Drake, was in Miles City a couple of days in October.

Around the Railway Exchange.

Boy Waugh.

One of our welcome visitors around the general offices last month was Superintendent Mott Sawyer of Spokane.

To those kindly spirits, Bob Walker, our genial milk agent; Cashier Chauncey Smith and Chief Operator Harry Lynch, who have out of kindness of their heart, threatened to boil us in oil, put us on the rack, and dismember us so that we would resemble a hamburger steak, we are proving our Christianity by wishing them a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, also a full stock-

To Ticket Agents
C. M. & St. P. Ry

Are YOU selling our
**Accident Insurance
 Tickets?**

If Not, Why Not?

**The Travelers
 Insurance Company**

Ticket Department
 Hartford, Connecticut

To Milwaukee Ry. Men

“Continental”

MEANS

**Income Protection
 Liberal Policies
 Courteous Agents
 Fair Claim Settlements
 Abundant Resources**

**Continental Casualty
 Company**

H. B. ALEXANDER, President

■■■■TEAR OFF AND MAIL TODAY■■■■

CONTINENTAL CASUALTY COMPANY
 910 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Please send me information in regard to your Health and Accident Insurance.

Name Age

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UNION SAVINGS & TRUST COMPANY

Hoge Building Seattle, Washington

Capital and Surplus - \$ 800,000
Total Assets over - - \$5,100,000

JAMES D. HOGE **N. B. SOLNER**
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We solicit your Northwest business
We pay 4 per cent on saving accounts

W. A. CLARK J. ROSS CLARK

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Alex J. Johnston, Cashier J. K. Healet, Ass't. Cashier

Transacts a general banking business. Accounts of banks, corporations and firms will receive best terms consistent with good banking methods.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits
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CAPITAL \$1,000,000 RESOURCES \$15,000,000

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OFFERS A
Complete Financial Service

Commercial Banking
Mortgage Loans
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Spokane Washington

The State National Bank

Miles City, Montana

U. S. Depository

Capital \$100,000 Surplus \$250,000

Interests: } 4% in Savings Department
 } 5% on Time Certificates

ing. Of course, if it were loaded with buckshot, and applied with proper vigor to their "top pieces" we know that we would be a better insurance risk.

Life in the loop was brightened up considerably last month, and, while we are not positive of the reason, we surmise that the sojourn of Mrs. Miles K. Buckley and the RRB twins, who went to Madison, Wis., may have contributed something to "the cause."

If "Doc" Robar, of the general passenger department, knows of any insurance company that will insure wearing apparel, he should communicate with Trainmaster Al Hasenbaig of the C. & M. Division. Al has been consulting different loop tailors recently, and we would not be at all surprised to see him blossom out shortly in an asbestos overcoat.

You cannot convince C. A. Butler, AGFA, that 13 is unlucky. There is a reason for this, however, as on October 13 he became the proud parent of the first addition to the Butler household, in the person of Elizabeth A. She is the "finest baby in the world," and her father is frank enough to admit it.

On our trip to the coast we were made the bearer of many Merry Christmas wishes and hearty salutes for a prosperous New Year from old-timers on the lines east of the river, who went west when the extension was opened. They came from Conductor Charley Lewis of the Idaho Division to his old friends and associates on the Des Moines Division; from H. B. Parker, agent, Teko, Wash., to the old-timers on the Prairie du Chien, where he started in 1869; from Dispatcher G. A. Rossbach of Spokane, to his old friends on the Prairie; from P. L. Hayes, acting chief dispatcher, Malden, Wash., to employees on the K. C. Division; from Engineer Bill Jones, who runs from Spokane to St. Maries, to the old crowd on the Bluffs; from Engineer Bert Noland, who runs from St. Maries to Elk River, Idaho, to his old co-workers on the Dubuque, and from Engineer C. S. Daniels, who runs one of the electric locomotives in passenger service between Alberton and Deer Lodge, to his old friends on the Valley.

G. L. Cobb, general agent, New York, and J. H. Skillen, New England freight and passenger agent, Boston, were in the general office last month, and report a flourishing business down east.

Telephone Operator Kitty Sparks has been sick for the past two weeks, and we hope she will be back on the job soon, entirely well.

News of Milwaukee Terminals.

J. J. O'Malley.

We are very much afraid that as a Sherlock Holmes our genial friend, Mr. Pete Murray, would not make a very brilliant success, as he sat on the box in the gate office and failed to discover the two fine ducks that "Bill" Rood had secreted there.

We think that our friend Bill Rood might improve his "roping" by a few lessons at the stockyards, and, if he wants to improve in his running, just let him follow Tom Richards on that engine for a while; the reason for this advice is, a goose escaped from the Wells Fargo Express Co. and Bill chased her all over the park trying to lasso the lady. About that time a drunk came along and picking up the goose left hurriedly (beat it) after Bill had spent one hour trying to catch it.

Mr. M. Malone, chief clerk in Mr. Miller's office, is wearing a seven and a half pound smile. Mrs. Malone and daughter are doing very well, thank you.

Yardman E. M. Olson and wife, the writer and his wife, spent a few days at Winneconne, duck hunting. Being such tender-hearted hunters, they only brought home a few mud hens and one duck each. The writer is some hunter, for when he can't shoot them he goes in the water after them. The water at this point measured just up to his chin, and it took the combined efforts of two men and two boats to get him to the shore. (But he got the duck.)

Miss Stella Huelsbeck met with an unfortunate accident recently during a severe rain and wind storm. Her umbrella was turned inside out. If that bunch on the hump had not been so slow they would have loaned her a raincoat. Yardman J. W. (Herman) Regan said he would have

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let her have his coat had he been there at the time, but he was down in the yard and couldn't reach her.

Yardman Martin Olson is away hunting deer. Yardmaster A. J. Knerian has also joined the deer hunters.

We have recently had some addition to our official family, Mr. D. E. Rossiter as assistant to Mr. W. B. Hinrichs. We know from reports of square dealing with the men whom he formerly had charge of, that he will be well liked in the terminal, and we all wish him success.

Mr. J. T. Greenwood has been appointed yardmaster in the Menominee Belt district. The men working under him pronounce him O. K.

Mr. H. J. Waschecheck, has recently been appointed as night yardmaster in the Airline yard. If hustling counts for anything, Harry will surely make good.

Northern Division Conductor E. Bannon returned a few days ago with a fine buck from the deerfields. From information given us, we rather wonder what ammunition Ed used. We are under the impression that to capture this deer he used the "dough."

R. V. Albright has also become one of the Milwaukee Terminal deer hunters.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Harrington of Chicago spent a few days with the writer, Mrs. O. M., and the other 35% of the family enjoyed their visit very much. "Hank" is a yardman in the Chicago Terminal.

Yardman D. D. Sherwood and wife are off for a two weeks deer hunt trip in Northern Wisconsin. Incidentally they will visit their many friends and renew some old acquaintances there.

Yardmen Art Reiss and Max Polcyn are about to start after deer. (We will spell it that way this time.) Let us wish them success, and also remind them that they can easily procure our home address.

Yardman Charles Polcyn was called home last week to see his brother, who was ill. We are glad to report that he is recovering, and Charles is back on the job.

There is considerable talk in this terminal relative to the organization of a baseball league. The plan as outlined among the fans here is that each large terminal would furnish one team, or in large terminals like Milwaukee or Chicago, to furnish two teams, one from enginemen and one from the yardmen; that a schedule be prepared arranging for games on Sunday; the uniforms to bear the company letters and also the name of terminal to which each team belongs. The Milwaukee fans would like to hear from other terminals regarding the formation of the league.

Wisconsin vs. Iowa.

Just a line or two of prose,
To catch the eye of one who knows
The good things that he's left behind
In Milwaukee; and sure hard to find
In that state where he now labors
Midst the rest of his dry neighbors.
Oh, yes, A. C., this refers to you.
We might feel relieved if we but knew
How you now pass the time away
And live to tell the tale next day.
So here we plaster on you a fine,
Just one round, for that which we pine.

Sigh's Letter.

Deer Lodge, Montana, November 18, 1916.

Now that the election is over and the hue and glamor a thing of the past, we will retire to our sanctum sanctorum to do a bit of reflection and to write up a bit of copy for the Magazine.

Like all good Americans we went to the polls and did our share toward saving the country. "How so?" you ask. Well, now, that would be telling and as we do not care to start anything we can't finish, we will refrain from answering.

From a Montana standpoint this presidential election was something out of the ordinary. The fact that the ladies had as much to say at the polls as the men added a rather delightful feminine touch of uncertainty.

Of course, while some are now rejoicing, others are disappointed, especially when it became known that the firm of Hughes & Fairbanks had dissolved partnership by mutual consent and retired from

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\$125,000.00

Special Attention Given to Savings
Depositors

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Commercial & Savings Accounts Solicited

Larabie Bros.

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Deer Lodge, Montana

Founded in 1869 Oldest Bank in Montana

Every banking facility extended to
our customers

Safety Deposit Boxes For Rent

Depository for C. M. & St. P. Ry. Co.

First National Bank of Roundup

ROUNDUP MONTANA

"The busy bank of the Musselshell Valley"

Safety Deposit Boxes For Rent

Railway Pay Checks Cashed Without Discount

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

A. A. MORRIS
President

H. P. LAMBERT
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New England National Bank

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Send Sketch or Model for Search. Highest References. Best Results. Promptness Assured.

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624 F Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.**Sioux Falls Savings Bank**

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

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State of South Dakota.**"The Bank for Everybody"**
Largest State Bank in South Dakota

business. And then the colonel; he now seems half inclined to let the heavens fall and the universe relapse into its original chaos. Poor Chief Big Stick, the fact that he will be unable to daub on his secretary of war paint this year is indeed pitiable.

But with all due regard to matters of form, please arrange in the future to place Montana's name along side that of France. France had her Joan of Arc; Montana her Jeanette Rankin.

Relieved of his arduous duties of passenger brakeman on the Missoula Division long enough for an annual vacation, Ross Snyder spent the past month visiting the scenes of his youthful days down in Boonville. To those of the readers, whose geographical knowledge is rather dim as to the exact location of this little burg, we advance the following directions: Take any train for anywhere in Missouri. As you alight ask any native the way to Boonville and the answer will be "bout two whoops and a holler over yon hill." No matter in what section you ask, as long as you are within the limits of the "Show Me State" the answer will always be the same. But to get back to Ross. The visit certainly did him a world of good from the standpoint of appearance. However, he is so full of 'possum and yams that it will be necessary for him to go into training before he will be able to call off the stations the same as he used to.

Possibly the readers may think us rather stingy with news, but friends, you must consider the present circumstances. With Nora B. Sill on the east and Peggy on the west, getting all the items of interest, what chance is there for an old decrepit cripple, who has not been shaved for the last three weeks. No! No! Don't quit ladies, as that's the only way the readers of the Magazine would ever get any real news from this section, for if they depended upon us, they would be doomed to disappointment. Next month, however, we figure on having a scoop off the Rocky Mountain. "Dick" Wende is now figuring up the election results of the "Little Town on the Hill" and we intend commenting on the results in the next issue.

Twin City Terminals.
Idell N. Widholm.

Mr. A. R. Alexander, signal supervisor at Minneapolis, took a trip out west in October. He spent a great deal of his time on the electric line between Harlowton and Avery. He was accompanied by Assistant Signal Engineer L. B. Porter.

Miss Elsie Bender visited friends at Mankato recently.

Mr. Clarence Prescott, chief clerk in the engineering department, took a trip to North McGregor to check up the terminal accounts.

Miss Alice McGonigal has accepted a position as expense clerk at the Minneapolis freight house.

Bill Dougatt, ticket agent at the Minneapolis passenger station, is on the "sick list."

The depression work at 29th street, Minneapolis, is now being closed. "Hank" Polsfuss, timekeeper on the job, has returned to his old position in the office, and C. F. Hall, who relieved him during the summer, has been transferred to District Carpenter King's office.

Messrs. Crogan and Linke, switchmen in our Minneapolis yards, have gone on a hunting trip to Orr, Minn. Good luck to them.

Mr. Charles McCabe, chief clerk in the grain department at the Minneapolis freight house, is in the hospital suffering from a severe attack of typhoid pneumonia. We hope for his speedy recovery and hope to see him back at work soon.

Bill Burns, who handles the bill desk at the Minneapolis freight house, is helping out in the cashier's department.

Bill Hanson, formerly revising clerk at the Minneapolis freight house, is back at his old desk again.

Messrs. Powrie, Alexander and Duckett, graduates of the Wisconsin University, were planning on attending the Minnesota-Wisconsin football game last Saturday. They were very quiet today and we are unable to learn from them the result of the game.

Frank Breager, freight receiver clerk at the Minneapolis local freight house, was married last week and is spending his honeymoon in New York City. Congratulations!

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Mr. W. H. Hart, master mechanic, has moved his family from Milwaukee to Green Bay.

Sam Caddy, agent at Fredonia, is rejoicing over the birth of a baby girl.

A hunting party consisting of F. O'Malley, Ben Berman, Art Manteufel, Paul Khoury, Bill Tobin, Doc Hayes and Charles Anderson spent about a week in the vicinity of Spur 294. With the aid of the 097 and a good cook, lots of deer and good guns, they are all able to report an exceptionally fine trip.

When it comes to being heroic there aren't any of 'em that have it on the Superior Division boys. While coming down on 96 some time ago, Ole Oleson, who was firing the engine, noticed a little girl playing on the track. Brakes were applied in emergency, but the distance was too short to stop. Realizing this, Ole made for the pilot, arriving just in time to reach out and lift the little one out of danger. The child was taken to Ellis Junction and placed in charge of Dr. Hayes, and was later returned to the much worried parents, safe and sound. Engineer Oleson received a letter of special commendation from Superintendent Clifford and a movement has been started to obtain a Carnegie hero medal for Mr. Oleson. In the meanwhile, we understand that Ole is to be rewarded in another manner—we don't know her name, but hear she lives at Stiles.

Among other Superior Division boys who have already received their reward recently are Bob King, George Reilly, Anton Schmirler and Art Vandesande. We would like to give the maiden names of the young ladies, but we were unable to learn them. May they all find happiness, peace and contentment in their new life.

The wiring of the roundhouse and shops at Green Bay is now completed and it is expected the "juice" will be turned on soon. This will make a great improvement in the local plant and will be much appreciated by all.

Mr. O. A. Keyes is acting as relief dispatcher at Channing for a few weeks.

Mr. Tom Farley, material clerk in the superintendent's office, was married at Lena, Monday, November 20, to Miss Laura Marcoullier. Tom was formerly roadmaster's clerk at Green Bay for a few years, and his many friends wish him much happiness and many years of prosperity.

Obituary.

The Magazine announces with sorrow the death of Mr. W. F. Maughan, the Musselshell Division correspondent, which occurred October 29 at the Miles City Hospital, where he had been taken on October 24 for an operation. The burial was at Musselshell, Montana. Mr. Maughan was in his sixty-second year, and held the position of car foreman at Melstone. He entered the service of the Milwaukee at Mason City, Iowa, thirty-eight years ago. He is survived by a widow, one son and four daughters, to whom the Magazine extends its sincerest sympathy.

Edward Harry Richardson, second truck dispatcher at Savanna, died on October 23 at Sioux City, Iowa, of typhoid fever. Mr. Richardson was a man greatly beloved by his associates, by the employees and by his employers. He possessed in a rare degree the qualities of kindness, courtesy and uprightness, and his passing is mourned by all who knew him. He is survived by a sister, at whose home he died. The Magazine extends sympathy to the bereaved family.

The death of A. E. Morrison, which occurred November 21 in Chicago, removes one of the company's oldest employees. Mr. Morrison started with the company 35 years ago as a telegraph operator, and served it long and faithfully as a dispatcher and superintendent of the Valley Division. He is survived by his widow and son, Donald T., and his brothers, W. R. Morrison, of the president's office; George R. Morrison, superintendent of the Bluffs Division, Savanna; E. W., superintendent of the C. & M. in Chicago, and Charles F., general superintendent of the Sioux City Terminal. In 1886 the deceased railroader gained fame as being the fastest telegraph operator in the country, in a contest that was conducted in New York, in which both railroad and press operators competed. Mr. Morrison was buried November 23 at his old home in St. Joseph, Michigan.

We Insure the Employees of the C. M. & St. P. Ry.

Every Man—

Who rides on a passenger train or on any other train or in a street car or any other public or private conveyance.

Every Living Man—

Who leaves his home in the morning in good health may be brought home at night dead, or at least injured or maimed, and knows he is constantly in danger and should be fully protected by accident insurance.

THE BEST ACCIDENT AND HEALTH POLICIES

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CHICAGO

The "Supreme" Disability Policy

Issued by the

Massachusetts Bonding and Insurance Company

Is SUPREME in Fact as well as in Name

It Pays

The FULL principal sum For Accidental Death
Double the " " " " Loss of ONE Limb
One-Half the " " " " " ANY two Members
" " " " " ONE Eye

With a 5% increase each year for TEN years

Monthly Accident Indemnity

For THREE years—ANY and ALL Accidents

Health Insurance

Confining illness—For Three Years

Non-confining " " Seven Months

FULL INDEMNITY paid for BOILS, FELLOWS or
ABSCESSSES whether the Insured is confined or not.

No Exceptions

This policy DOES NOT contain any one-tenth, one-eighth, one-sixth or one-fourth clauses, but pays FULL Indemnity for total loss of time by Accidental Injuries or Confining Illnesses.

**Certificate of Identification and
Registration**

Provides Expense Money to place you in care of your friends if injured away from home.

**Claims Paid Every Thirty Days and
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Worth your While to Investigate These Liberal Policies at once. Don't delay—it may be disastrous to you.

General Offices Accident and Health Dept.,
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Have No Equal in
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Sole Manufacturers of
Celebrated Galena Coach, Engine and Car Oils
Lubrication on a Guaranteed Basis
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Galena Railway Safety Oil, made especially for use in headlights, marker and classification lamps.

Galena Long-Time Burner Oil, for use in switch and semaphore lamps, and all lamps for long-time burning, avoiding smoked and cracked chimneys and crusted wicks.

Tests and Correspondence Solicited

Galena Signal Oil Co.
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The Artesian Way



Baker Air Injector at Work

No pulling of wells
No trouble from sand or gravel
Purity of water assured
And a Guarantee as long as the life of the pipes in the well

That's the

Baker Air Injector System
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North La Crosse News.

H. J. Bullock.

Mr. J. A. Emerson of Bristol, N. H., visited La Crosse friends during the week ending November 18. Mr. Emerson was formerly general yardmaster here for twenty-two years and resigned in 1909 to live a retired life in his old boyhood home. He is a rugged and healthy and grand man in his seventy-third year.

Extra Engineer Louis Wilcox of the W. V. Division called on us November 12.

Switchman Frank Larkin is the proud father of a boy, born November 11.

Telegrapher A. Bartl secured third trick at Black River draw office on bulletin, relieving M. H. Layden.

Telegrapher C. L. Alleman has returned from Conrad, Mont., after several months absence.

Telegrapher E. C. Bergeron secured third trick at Mauston by bulletin.

Train dispatcher H. S. Peede of Minneapolis gave us a pleasant visit November 6. Mr. Peede rode the engine on the fast Olympian No. 16 with Engineer Brooks.

General Yard Section Foreman P. Fischbach received on November 7 a letter from his sister, written in Germany, June 7. Six months is a rather long period for one letter, and Peter says he hopes to get a reply back on the Deutschland.

Telegrapher S. M. Fiddler secured third trick at Raymore by bulletin.

Yardmaster C. A. Bush and family visited at Beloit and Chicago November 5 and 6.

Mr. Larson of the assistant general manager's office and Superintendent J. W. Stapleton of the Dubuque Division attended a coal meeting here October 20.

Station Agent W. N. Upham of West Salem was a La Crosse visitor October 23.

Switchman Robert Coney is still at Prairie du Chien sanitarium for treatment of rheumatism.

Conductors R. Long and M. Larkin have returned from a fishing and hunting trip near La Mollie.

Mr. La Fountain of the B. & B. department conferred with District Foreman W. O'Brien and Roadmaster P. H. Madden here November 9, with a view of erecting a locomotive coal crane.

Fairview Pit Closes.

D. G. Crinklaw.

With the finish of the day's work Saturday, September 23rd, the Fairview gravel pit closed and with it a page in history in road bed graveling is turned that can be referred to in after years and be pointed to with pride as a record-breaking season's work that will bear the censor's blue penciled O. K.

Let us turn the pages back to the opening of the pit, April 9th. We find Conductor B. Brashear in charge of the pit, Brakemen William Austin and Abraham Penrod, who were later relieved by Brakemen Apted and Moran; Engineer Leslie Drew, who was relieved by Engineer T. B. Thompson; Fireman Harry Jensen, Engineer J. A. Johnston, in charge of the steam shovel; Crancman Ernest Knoll, Fireman Fred Cox, Theodore Blaatz, shovel watchman, Herman Voss, engine watchman, and D. G. Crinklaw as operator. We also find Nick White in charge of the extra gang and Ole Alquist and John Carlson car repairers. Each and every one of these men deserve credit for faithful and diligent work in the pit and to pick out and commend any individual would do an injustice to the other fellow, as each man knew his place and performed his work.

However, a word with reference to handling the steam shovel by Engineer Jack Johnston will not be out of order. The writer has had a varied experience around a steam shovel, both in and out of railroad work, and can truthfully say that Mr. Johnston is one of the best, most dependable and careful steam shovel engineers we have ever met;

Much credit is due to the local officials and train dispatchers in handling the trains in and out of the pit, although they were handicapped by shortage of power and equipment, the work was handled satisfactorily and in view of the fact that 16,786 cars of gravel were loaded in the pit and hauled by only four crews per day we must take our hats off to these gentlemen and say, "Well done."

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IF ITS
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 ITS GOOD

Your Problems are Our
 Business

Flint Varnish and Color
 Works

FLINT, MICH., U. S. A.

Makers of a complete line of High Grade
 Varnish and Paint Specialties
 for every Railway use

Meet Me at the
TULLER

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