

3-12
OCTOBER, 1917

THE ELEVATED NEWS

SAFETY

SERVICE

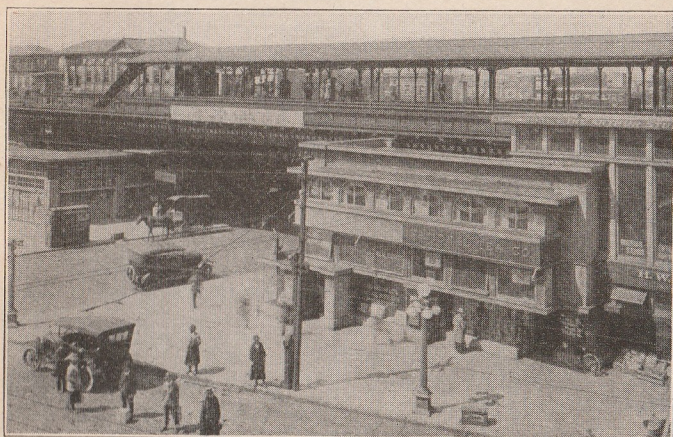
COMFORT



EFFICIENCY

ECONOMY

COURTESY



Wilson Ave. Station, N. W. Elevated

BUSINESS

AND

PLEASURE

ARE

COMBINED

by use of the New Parlor
and Dining Cars of the

CHICAGO NORTH SHORE

AND

MILWAUKEE RAILROAD

DINE ON THE WAY

Excellent Service and Reasonable
Prices. No Charge for Seat in the Dining
Car. A Charge of 25 cents for Seat
in Parlor Car.

Schedule of Dining Cars

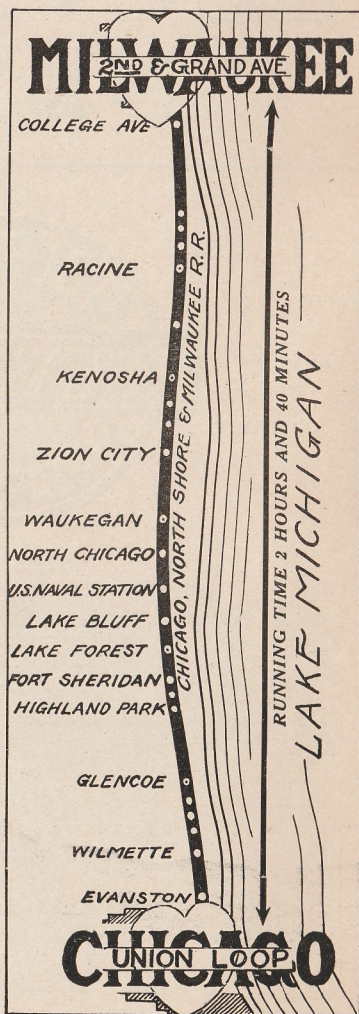
Lv. Evanston	12:15 p.m.
Lv. Evanston	5:15 p.m.
Lv. Milwaukee	11:45 a.m.
Lv. Milwaukee	5:45 p.m.

Schedule of Parlor Cars

Lv. Evanston	9:15 a.m.
Lv. Evanston	2:15 p.m.
Lv. Milwaukee	9:45 a.m.
Lv. Milwaukee	2:45 p.m.

Fare from Loop \$3 Round
Trip. Save \$1.08 on Your
Next Visit to Milwaukee.

Take the Northwestern "L" Evanston
Express to Evanston. Direct connections.



The Elevated News

Issued Monthly by Chicago Elevated Railroads

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1240, Edison Building

Volume III

October, 1917



Number 12

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

YOU know something about the high cost of living. Who doesn't? It is an old story to most of us. Only the prices seem to be new, for they are going higher every day. That is most prices are. A ride on the Elevated is cheaper than it ever has been, but you probably never thought of that.

It is not many years ago that the rising price of wheat attracted general attention. When the newspapers predicted that wheat was likely to go to one dollar a bushel, few believed it. That seemed an impossible price. Now the farmers are refusing to sell their wheat at \$2.20 a bushel, the price recently fixed by the government. They think it worth \$3 a bushel. Nothing slow about the farmer.

Less than twenty years ago, when the Maine was blown up in Havana harbor and war on Spain was declared, you remember what Congress did? It voted President McKinley \$50,000,000 to prosecute the war. That was considered a tremendous sum in those days. The newspapers carried long accounts of the appropriation and said "That is the answer of the United States. That is the way this nation does things."

Today we are spending more than half that amount every day in the week on war preparations. It is costing us at least \$30,000,000 a day and we haven't yet struck a blow. The cost of fighting has gone up, as well as the cost of living.

How has the increased cost of living affected the Elevated Railroads? At the time of which we are speaking, steel rails cost \$25 a ton or less. Now they cost \$38 a ton or more, and the advance on rails has been much less than on the many other articles entering into the operation of an elevated line. Even ten years ago an elevated car could be purchased for \$10,000. The same car today costs \$20,000. Lumber which could be bought a dozen years ago for \$35 a thousand feet, costs about \$75 today, and it isn't as good quality at that. It cost the Elevated Railroads \$700,000 last year for materials and maintenance of rolling stock alone. That means a good many nickels. Labor in the transporta-

tion department, which includes only trainmen, ticket agents and switchmen, cost \$3,000,000 last year.

Twenty years ago the elevated lines did not extend into the suburbs as they do today. Some of the branches were not built at that time, but the passenger paid his nickel for a ride on a single line to the downtown district. Today he can not only ride much farther on a single line, but he can transfer to any other line free of charge and he still pays the same old nickel. The city has extended its boundaries greatly on all sides and the rapid transit on the elevated lines has made it possible for the citizens to move out to less congested districts. That has increased the long-haul traffic for the elevated lines, which is unprofitable, and decreased the short-haul business, which is profitable.

Next time when you feel inclined to grumble about something which may not suit you in connection with the elevated lines, just think that they are giving you three or four times as much for your money as they did even ten years ago. They are feeling the high cost of living quite as much as you are, because they have to pay higher prices for everything they need. But they have not as yet passed the burden onto your shoulders, as others have done. And they are daily striving to give you even more in the way of better service. Don't you think they are deserving of some consideration from you? Your co-operation helps to make these things possible and that you can give without costing you anything.

CO-OPERATION NEEDED TO AVOID ACCIDENTS

IN spite of the utmost care on the part of the Elevated Railroads and their employes, minor accidents are bound to occur when passengers disregard the rules of the company and the ordinary promptings of common sense.

The following letter received from a patron a few days ago, serves to illustrate the point:

"Editor, ELEVATED NEWS:

I desire to commend Guard No. 618 for his gentlemanly behavior while on a Jackson Park train today, when a passenger abused him shamefully because he would not permit the passenger to open the gates and get off the train at South Park Avenue, after the train had started and was well under way."

Here we have a case where an employe, exercising care in the handling of passengers, is abused for not permitting a passenger to do an act which in all probability would have resulted in serious injury to himself. The guard saves a passenger from the probable consequences of his own folly and is abused for his pains.

Imagine what would likely happen were passengers permitted to open gates. Is an excited passenger who suddenly discovers that a train is carrying him past his destination, a good judge of what is safe or unsafe? Is he as competent to judge as a trainman, who has been trained to that particular work and opens and closes gates hundreds of times daily?

The trainman in question very properly refused to let the passenger touch the gates and run the risk of injuring himself. He was not thinking of himself in doing so, but of the safety of the passengers entrusted to his care. It is possible that in this particular instance the passenger might have jumped off the train and landed on his feet on the platform. It is more probable that he would have landed on his head. In any case he would have been taking a risk, and that is exactly what we are constantly warning passengers and employes against taking. It is the person who takes chances, who invariably takes one chance too many, and comes to grief.

The management of the Elevated Railroads has for years given the closest attention to the subject of accident prevention. It has been highly commended for its work on "safety first" lines. Any rules which it may promulgate receive the most careful consideration and are intended for the safety of the employes and passengers. One of the rules is that gates must not be opened after a train is in motion. Enforcement of this rule is required of trainmen for the safety of passengers. It is unfortunate that a passenger occasionally will abuse a trainman for performing his duty in an efficient way. Any person of ordinary intelligence can see what the result would be were this rule ignored. It would make safe operation of the elevated lines impossible.

It is hoped the passenger in question may read this. If he does and thinks it over coolly, he will be forced to admit that he was wrong, and he will not repeat the offense.

MORE ABOUT THE SPITTING HABIT

AN Oak Park reader of THE ELEVATED NEWS, who was interested in an editorial on the spitting habit in last month's issue, asks the question why the police make arrests only now and then. In his letter he suggests that the Elevated Railroads instruct their platform men to arrest violators of the ordinance which prohibits spitting in public places.

The writer of the letter in part says: "I have noticed these hogs ride for miles and get up a dozen times to go to the door to spit, or raise a window, but watch them when

they alight and see how little they care for the city ordinance or your warnings."

We are inclined to take a little more lenient view of the situation than the writer of the letter takes. If it is true that men will get up and go to the door of the car to spit, that shows that they have at least some consideration for their fellow passengers. That is better than spitting in the car, and shows that they are being slowly educated to the danger of the habit.

We are not so much interested in seeing men arrested and fined as we are in having them stop the habit of their own accord, because it is a menace to the health of the public. It is largely a matter of education. The average man is a decent citizen, not through fear of the law, but because he would rather do right than do wrong. He is social in his instincts and prefers to live in peace with his neighbors. If he can be made to fully realize that certain actions of his endanger the well-being of his neighbors, he will correct his conduct, law or no law.

That at least is what we would like to believe. It is in that spirit that little hints are thrown out from time to time regarding rules of conduct in elevated cars. We would like to see the spitters consider the matter from the social point of view. If they do that it will not be necessary to make arrests.

THE FRIENDLY HAND

When a man ain't got a cent,
An' he's feelin' kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark and
heavy,
An' won't let the sunshine
through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren,
For a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

It makes a man feel curious;
It makes the teardrops start;
An' you sort o' feel a flutter
In the region of the heart;
You can't look up an' meet his
eyes;

You don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder

In a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious com-
pound,

With its honey and its gall,
With its cares an' bitter crosses;
But a good world after all;
An' a good God must have made
it—

Leastways, that is what I say,
When a hand rests on your shoulder

In a friendly sort o' way.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

"Money talks!" said the man
who tries to be severely practical.

"Better'n that," replied Mr.
Dustin Stax, as he signed another
Red Cross check. "My money
has quit ordinary conversation
and is learning to sing 'The Star
Spangled Banner'."

Watch the price of string slum
when Mr. Hoover makes them
stop tying such a lot of it to their
peace offers!

"EVER-READY" 11th IN CAMP

By Luke Grant

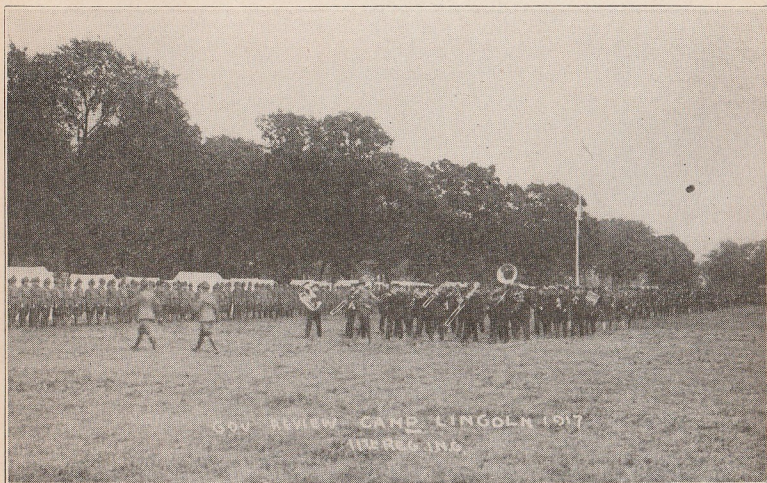
"Marvelous."

That was the word used by the patriotic executive of the state, Governor Frank O. Lowden, when he reviewed the men of the Eleventh Illinois Infantry, at the end of the first ten days of intensive training in Camp Lincoln at Springfield.

To Governor Lowden it seemed marvelous that men taken out of

and harmony toward the same end there is nothing impossible.

The visitor to Camp Lincoln, while the Eleventh was in camp, saw many things of interest. The natural beauty of the location struck one before reaching the tented city, which housed the Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh regiments of the Illinois National Guard. The tents were pitched



Reviewing 11th Infantry, Camp Lincoln

the ordinary walks in civil life could be whipped into shape and show such military proficiency in the brief space of ten days, as did the boys of the "Ever-Ready" Eleventh.

But "there's a reason." More correctly speaking, there are several reasons. It is necessary to speak only of two main reasons, however, to get the explanation. The first reason is the commanding officers. The second is the privates. With such officers and such men, all imbued with the same spirit of doing the best that was in them and all working in perfect co-operation

on the edge of a grand old wood, whose giant trees afforded shelter and added to the picturesque beauty of the camp. In front was a broad, open field, level as a billiard table and admirably suited for the military maneuvers which formed a part of the daily life of the camp. On the other side of the wood, a little distance from the camp was the rifle range, where the citizen soldiers daily practiced target shooting.

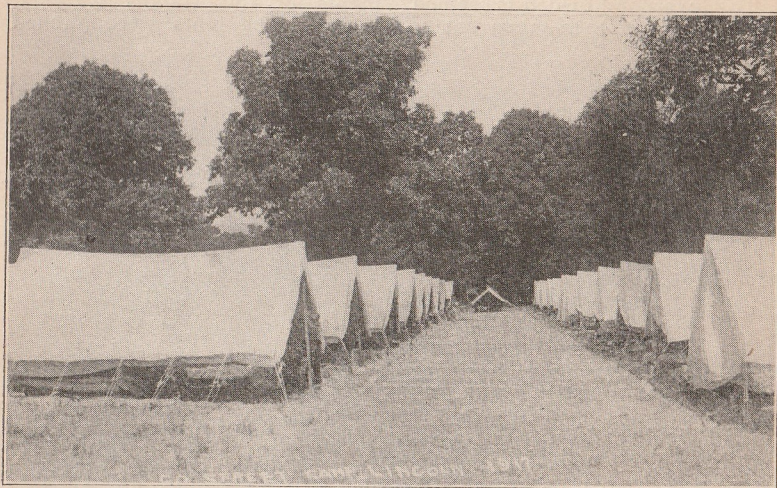
All those things struck the visitor to the camp and made a favorable impression. The location was ideal. The white canvas tents looked whiter as they were

glimpsed through the deep green of the woods. The company streets were clean and everything about the camp was spick and span. Everywhere there was evidence of order.

But tents, drilling grounds, rifle ranges and all the other accessories are really the least interesting part of a camp. It was not the beauty of the camp grounds that drew from Governor Low-

in the camp. Veteran of the Civil and Spanish-American wars, he looks every inch the soldier. It is not necessary to see the numerous medals and badges which he has won in his long and honorable career to know that he is a man who has done things.

In years Colonel Stuart is no longer a young man. The fact that General Rosencranz personally pinned a decoration on his



Company Street Camp Lincoln

den the exclamation quoted. It was the character and bearing of the men that to him seemed "marvelous." What wrought the wonderful change noted by the Governor? What transformed civilians into soldiers in so short a period?

Looking for the answer to those questions, one must turn to the tent of the commanding officer, Colonel James E. Stuart. The beginning of the answer will be found there. Colonel Stuart is so well known to Chicago, and in fact to the United States, that it seems almost superfluous to attempt to give a sketch of the man. But he is an interesting study, by far the most interesting

breast for distinguished conduct on the field of battle, away back in 1863, tells how long he has led the life of a soldier. But there is nothing in his appearance that would indicate that he was old enough to play a prominent part in the Civil War. No one looking at him would judge him to be over 55 years of age. It is safe to wager that he does not feel forty years old. He still can do his bit with the youngest of them and set a pace which few are able to follow.

"The old methods of discipline have disappeared," said Colonel Stuart. "You cannot get the best out of a man by harsh measures. You must get the love and re-

spect of your men, and when you do" he said impressively, "they will go to hell for you."

That was not said by Colonel Stuart for effect. He meant just what he said. He felt it. It could be seen in the kindly eye and the fine bronzed face and firm chin. If the "hell" he meant was a hell of shot and shell, there isn't a question but the boys of the Eleventh would face it for their Colonel. But it is safe to say that he would not order them to "go," but to "come," for he would not ask another to face a danger that he was not ready and willing to face himself.

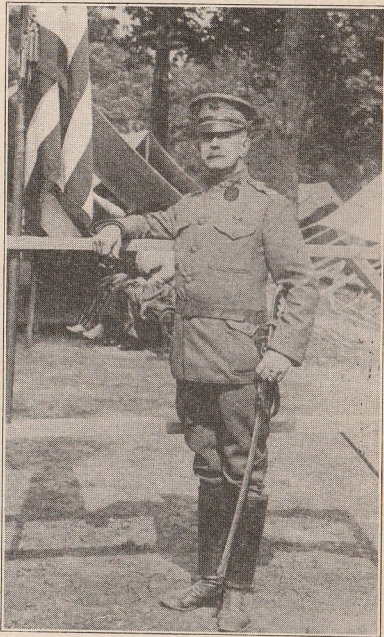
Doesn't that little bit of philosophy, expounded by Colonel Stuart, give you an inkling of the reason for the remarkable change in the men of the Eleventh, which Governor Lowden declared was "marvelous"? As usually is the case in an organization, whether military or industrial, the spirit which animates the head was reflected all down the line of officers in the Eleventh, with the result that the men were willing to do anything and everything expected of them, and do it with a will that could not fail to bring success.

Many of the officers of the Eleventh are men who, in civil life, have under their direction a vast army of employees. They know how to handle men to get their good will and co-operation and they applied that knowledge in the training camp. There must be discipline in any organization, industrial or military, but there are different methods of enforcing that discipline.

The commonly accepted belief is that military discipline is very strict and severe. Military officers frequently are pictured as martinets whose orders are obeyed through fear of punishment. There was none of that in the Eleventh. The number of prisoners assigned to "police duty" for breach of the rules was exceptionally small at all times while the men were in camp.

Discipline was maintained, of course, but it was enforced in the way suggested by Colonel Stuart, that is, by winning the confidence and respect of the men, who did their work with a will because it was not imposed upon them as a task.

The philosophy expounded by Colonel Stuart is the same as that written by the poet Burns nearly



COL. JAMES E. STUART
11th Infantry, I. N. G.

one hundred and fifty years ago, when he wrote the lines:

"The fear o' hell 's a hangman's
whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor
grip,
Let that aye be your border."

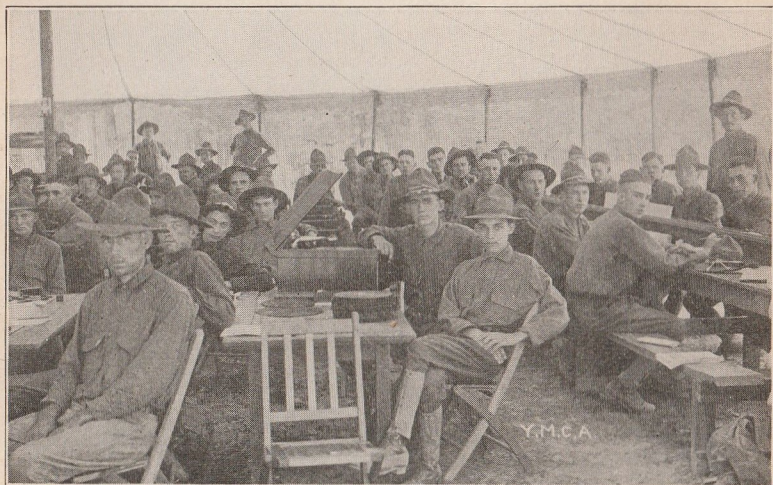
The guardhouse is the "hangman's whip" in the military camp, as the fear of discharge, or the loss of the job is the hangman's whip in an industrial organization, but neither will get from the

individual that good will and whole-hearted support which a little human treatment will get. That is the real secret—the officers of the Eleventh are human and the men being human, put their hearts into their work. That sort of treatment never fails, either in civil or military life.

Aside from the spirit of co-operation—the will to do—which pervaded the whole camp of the Eleventh, another thought suggests itself, and that is the democratizing influence of such a course of training. If those who foolishly imagine that military

his name. They eat the same food, sleep in the same tents, chum together and learn something of each other. The training camp is a real melting-pot, where social distinctions disappear and character and manhood come to the front. No system of snobbery can survive such training.

In ordinary civil life the man who directs vast enterprises is a long way removed from the laborer who works for him. He has no opportunity of learning the aims and aspirations of that laborer. They live in separate worlds. But in the training camp



Y. M. C. A. Tent, Camp Lincoln

training will bring about what is commonly termed "militarism" in this country would only spend a day or two in camp, keeping their eyes and ears open, they would see how groundless are their fears. Instead of producing "militarism," there is nothing so calculated to bring about real democracy as is military training. In the camp the men are on equal footing; the man who commands millions is treated exactly the same as the man who never had more than twenty dollars to

they are brought together and get to really know each other. The laborer, for the first time realizes that the man with millions is not the man he had pictured at all. He finds that he is a pretty democratic sort of fellow. The man with the millions learns that the laborer is really a thinking human being, quite as necessary to the progress of the world as he is himself. He finds that the laborer can perform some of the necessary tasks around a training camp much

more efficiently than he can himself. It broadens the view of the man with millions quite as much as it does the laborer and is a liberal education to both. It breaks down social barriers and brings about a better understanding.

The physical benefits which the men of the Eleventh derived from their three weeks of intensive training were shown in their appearance as they marched through the downtown streets on their return Saturday, September 22. The bronzed faces and springy step gave evidence of strength and vigor.

The Eleventh is peculiarly a Chicago regiment. Employes of the Commonwealth Edison Company make up one entire company; the contingent from the employes of the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company make nearly a full company; the Chicago Elevated Railroads furnished a good percentage of Company A, which is commanded by Captain Britton I. Budd, President of the Chicago Elevated Railroads, while Marshall Field & Company and the various packing firms furnished large contingents.

One reason why the Eleventh made such a showing and was sent home at the end of three weeks, ready and fit for service, is that it is composed of men above the average in education and intelligence. In the ranks are civil engineers, lawyers, doctors and other professional men who went into camp resolved to know all that there is to know and who set themselves to acquiring that knowledge with a will. They did not go to Springfield with the idea that they were going to a picnic. If any entertained that notion when they started out, they were soon undeceived, for the business of soldiering is not a picnic. A glance at "General Orders, No. 2" signed by Captain and Adjutant R. S. Givins, is proof that the men were kept on the jump from 5:30 o'clock in the morning, when

reveille sounded, until taps sounded at 10 o'clock at night. They did not have, strictly speaking, an eight-hour workday.

Still the boys had a good time in spite of the strenuous work. There were intervals for recreation of which full advantage was taken. How many quartets and glee clubs were formed, no one knows, but there were enough to make the old woods ring in the still of the evening.

Then there was the big Y. M. C. A. tent, with its piano and victrola. The Y. M. C. A. is doing a wonderful work at the training camps. At Camp Lincoln the Y. M. C. A. tent always was well patronized. It was filled with newspapers and magazines for those inclined to read, while a group would gather around the piano and give the latest popular songs. The greatest latitude was allowed the soldiers in choosing their forms of amusement, but there was nothing approaching rowdyism at any time. The sports were as clean and wholesome as the sterner work of the camp.

Not an officer or private but is richer in health and experience from his three weeks of intensive training in Camp Lincoln. Friendships have been formed which will be lasting. There is a better understanding between men who are widely separated in the every-day affairs of life. Patriotism and devotion to duty are not confined to any class or group of citizens, a fact which has been forcibly emphasized by the experience of the Eleventh Illinois Infantry, I. N. G. in its period of training at Camp Lincoln.

Smile a little,
Help a little,
Push a little,

The world needs you.
Work a little,
Wait a little,
Hope a little,
And don't get blue.

HERE IS A BUSY SPOT

There are many busy places in the country at this time, but for real activity, none has anything on the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. What is being accomplished there every day is nothing short of a revelation to the visitor. No description can give any adequate idea of the work that is being carried forward to equip our young naval fighters for the duties that later will be theirs. It must be seen to be appreciated, and even then

recently been acquired by the government and there buildings are going up at a speed that makes one think of private enterprise rather than government work. Every one is on the jump. The future naval fighters are learning many things besides drills. They are learning to dig sewers, build houses, carry timbers, lay water mains and lots of other things. They seem to do it with a will, too, but they do it whether the will is there or not. Some of



Construction Work at Great Lakes

the ordinary layman cannot grasp the immensity of the undertaking.

At the present time there are upwards of 12,000 men in active training at the station. Think what the housing and feeding of such an army means. That is more than the population of a fair-sized city. Of course, a large number of the boys are in tents temporarily, but permanent barracks are being erected as fast as they can be built.

A large stretch of land to the west of the original tract has

them are working a lot harder than they ever did before in their lives and are feeling better for it.

The person who fails to visit Great Lakes at this time misses something that is worth seeing. The journey is a pleasant one and easy to make, by way of the Northwestern Elevated to Evanston and transfer at Central street to the Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad. The trip from Evanston is made in about an hour and trains stop at the entrance to the grounds.

FLAG RAISING ON NORTH- WESTERN ELEVATED

Not to be outdone by the men on the Metropolitan and South Side Elevated lines, the boys on the Northwestern "L" held imposing flag-raising ceremonies at

printed some time ago in THE ELEVATED NEWS, the employes on the Northwestern line raised the price of the beautiful flag by popular subscription. The company supplied the flagpole, from the top of which Old Glory



Flag Raising—Linden Ave. Station, N. W. "L"

the Linden avenue station in Wilmette on the afternoon of September 17. As in the case of the other lines, notice of which was

proudly waves, an inspiration not only for the employes of the Northwestern "L," but for the residents of Wilmette.

A special train carried the Elevated Band and a contingent of the jackies from the Great Lakes, who were encamped in Grant Park at the time, to the end of the Northwestern line, to take part in the exercises, which were in charge of Assistant General Manager, G. T. Seely.

The flag was pulled to the top of the pole by the jackies, to the accompaniment of the national anthem by the Elevated Band. The principal speaker was E. E. Wendell, a "Four-Minute Man," who made a rousing patriotic address.

J. H. Mallon, Safety Engineer, made an address and recited the following poem:

The Flag Goes By

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,

A flash of color beneath the sky;
Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,

Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;

But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,

Fought to make and to save the state;

Wearied marches and sinking ships,

Cheers of victory on dying lips.

Days of plenty and years of peace,

March of a strong land's swift increase;

Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe.

Sing of a nation, great and strong,

Toward her people from foreign wrong;

Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;

And loyal hearts are beating high.

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

The jackies went through a series of drills and maneuvers and the Elevated Band added another wreath to its laurels, by its neat appearance and the patriotic music which it rendered. Spectators who witnessed the ceremonies declared they were as inspiring as anything they had ever seen. When it comes to patriotism the elevated employes are there all the time. They are doing their share in active service in the United States Army, in the Illinois National Guard and at home.

THE KNITTER

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was late in last September,

Seated in an Oak Park elevated, with my eyes upon the door,

Entered there a radiant maiden, with colored wools and worsteds laden,

Her knitting bag upon her arm, which she started to explore;

She was plainly bent on knitting, as with crossed knees she was sitting,

Sitting on the elevated, with her feet upon the floor.

Knitting now and evermore.

And the maiden never flitting, kept on knitting, kept on knitting,

And the sunlight through the windows, threw her shadow on the floor;

Her eyes were brightly gleaming, of her soldier she was dreaming,

But her fingers told the story; she had never knit before.

She was one of many knitters, who had never knit before,

Knitting now and evermore.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

Among the letters received during the last month for this column are a number commending employes for their honesty, as well as their courtesy. Both virtues are practiced on the "L" lines, but we always are pleased to hear of some special acts which call for commendation.

Some of the letters commend little things like returning small change at the ticket window, while some deal of more important things, such as the return of valuable papers or purses with considerable sums of money and jewelry.

It is gratifying to know that the employes of the "L" are just as honest in small things as in the more important matters. There are no comparative or superlative degrees of honesty. One either is honest or dishonest. The employes of the Elevated lines are HONEST, so they restore a nickel to its rightful owner as cheerfully as if it were a hundred dollars.

One patron writes that he was rushing to catch an Evanston express at the Kinzie street station and deposited a quarter, thinking it was a nickel. The agent called him back and gave him the change. He did not get the name of the agent or the number of his badge, but expressed the wish that the name be printed in this column. We cheerfully comply with the request and say that the agent referred to is Station Agent Charles Halverson.

Another patron writes to say that she left her handbag, containing a considerable sum of money and a diamond ring and lavalier on a car on a Ravenswood train. The bag was found by Trainman H. Wiechman, badge 680, and restored intact. In this connection the lady wishes also to thank Agent J. P. Mannion for his efforts to locate the train by telephone. The

writer says the employes of the Northwestern are "more than courteous as well as honest."

South Side Conductor Peter Lagerstead is commended and rewarded by a patron for returning a portfolio of papers left on his train.

Loop Agent Miss Mary Mills is commended for being courteous and accommodating to passengers at the LaSalle and Van Buren station.

Northwestern Trainman T. E. Rehfeldt, badge 1278, is commended for informing passengers who were standing in his car, that there were seats in the car to the rear. The writer says he was very courteous and painstaking.

Northwestern Trainman C. H. Selleneit, badge 618, is commended for his gentlemanly behavior while being abused by a passenger for not permitting the passenger to open the gates and leave a train after it was well under way.

Oak Park Conductor R. Sweet, badge 6077, is commended for his kind treatment of a boy who was taken with an epileptic fit while on his train.

Metropolitan Conductor H. M. Gillett, badge 4166, is commended for deferential and courteous treatment of women and children and for his clear and distinct enunciation of the names of stations. The writer says "he is a wonder."

Northwestern Trainman W. T. Brown, badge 748, is commended for efficiency and courtesy.

South Side Trainman Thomas J. Berrill, badge 2664, is commended for assisting a lady pull down a window curtain and for helping another to raise a window.

Oak Park Trainman T. Sturges, badge 6060, is commended for unusual courtesy and attention shown passengers.

Metropolitan Trainman L. L. LeClercq, badge 4562, is com-

mended for clear enunciation of station names and courtesy and attention to women and children.

South Side Conductor M. Kidney, badge 2055, is commended for the special care he gave a blind passenger and for his courtesy to women and children.

Northwestern Trainmen W. W. Hess, badge 852 and A. P. Zurovski, badge 1453, are commended for special service given a passenger on their train.

THE CONDUCTOR

The conductor is the funny man with the funny voice who takes your fare and your smiles or frowns, and tells you where you are when you don't know, and where you want to go when you don't know. It is rather difficult to describe the exact station in life of the conductor. It is quite evident that if he has a subway or a tunnel run, his station is not an elevated one.

The duties of the conductor are to be looked at, smiled at and kicked at, to be a father to all youngsters, to be a son to all aged people, to be friendly to sour people, to be custodian of everyone's temper, and to be a bureau of general information. The conductor is asked every kind of question that the human mind is heir to. He must answer unanswerable questions with unutterable patience. He has to answer questions so fast that he is frequently referred to as a lightning conductor. The conductor wields a great influence for good in this world. He helps people to get on and also shows them where they get off.

The only regret some men have is not that they have but one wife, but that they cannot give her for their country.

THE QUITTER

When you're lost in the Wild
and you're scared as a child
And Death looks you bang
the eye,

And you're sore as a boil, it's according to Hoyle

To cock your revolver and die.

But the Code of a Man says:
"Fight all you can,"

And self-dissolution is barred.
In hunger and woe, oh, it's easy
to blow . . .

It's the hell-served-for-breakfast that's hard.

"You're sick of the game!" Well,
now, that's a shame.

You're young and you're
brave and you're bright.

"You've had a raw deal," I know
—but don't squeal;

Buck up, do your damndest,
and fight.

It's the plugging away that will
win you the day,

So don't be a piker, old pard!
Just draw on your grit; it's so
easy to quit;

It's the keeping-your-chin-up
that's hard.

It's easy to cry that you're
beaten—and die;

It's easy to crawfish and crawl;
But to fight and to fight when
hope's out of sight—

Why that's the best game of
them all!

And though you come out of
each gruelling bout

All broken and beaten and
scarred,

Just have one more try—it's dead
easy to die,

It's the keeping-on-living that's
hard. —Robert W. Service.

SONG OF THE SOCKS

Knit, knit, knit,

From early morn 'till night;

Knit, knit, knit,

For the soldiers gone to fight;

Sweaters, wristlets and scarfs,

And hose with fancy clocks,

While father sighs, and tearfully
eyes

The holes in the toes of his
socks.