

A Cheer for the Railroads!

By O. O. MINTYRE.

As a youngster I associated railroad trains with those glass revolvers filled with colored candles that you bought from train butchers. And, incidentally, what has become of the train butcher?

I remember one who is no doubt now prominent in Wall Street. I was at the brass age of pegtop trousers and mountainous toed shoes with the big brass eyelets. Hot dog!

He sidled up to me, looked about suspiciously and told of a "naughty Paris book" he would sell me for 50 cents. "It was in a sealed envelope and I must not open it until I left the train under penalty of arrest."

I swallowed hook, line and sinker, passed over the half dollar, tucked the envelope under my vest and several hours later in the dim gloom of the barn opened it up to find a free railroad time table.

But those were the pirating days of a "Public Be Damned" policy. We all rather hated the railroads. They killed our cows and the conductors were surly.

As a newspaper fledgling I used to write scathing editorials about railroads that no one ever read and when vacation time came got a free railroad pass from the business manager to go almost anywhere I pleased.

Any man who could cheat a railroad in those days was looked upon with admiration. Your friends laughed and applauded. It was the smart thing to do. And I believe there was a reason. Railroads were cold, bloodless corporations. They lacked the humanizing touch that every business needs, no matter how big it is.

But lately a great change has come over the railroads—a change that is so marked that travel is becoming a pleasure instead of an ordeal. It is not so much that we have express trains eating up space in a night that formerly took days. It is not so much the vast improvement in railroad equipment.

It is indeed something I would call the human touch. Railroads have emerged from the chrysalis of aloofness and are realizing that the public is not to be damned but petted. It is a hopeful sign.

I am actuated in these statements

A Cornhusker in Washington

By JACK LEE.

Joe Ryons, of Lincoln, who arrived in the city several weeks ago, is now wearing the natty uniform of the Capitol Police, and is on duty at the Capitol. Joe is taking a law course at one of the local law schools.

Francis P. Matthews of the law firm of Fradenburg & Matthews, and Mrs. Matthews were visitors at Congressman Sears' office last week. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews were returning from New York where Mr. Matthews attended a meeting of the supreme council of the Knights of Columbus, of which he is a member.

Dr. Paul Vall, dentist of Fremont, was in the city last week taking examinations held for candidates for commissions in the naval dental corps.

Maj. Martin C. Shallenberger, stationed at Fort McPherson, Ga., and son of Congressman and Mrs. Shallenberger, has received the order of the white eagle from the Serbian government. This is in recognition of services performed while Major Shallenberger was United States military attaché in Belgrade.

Congressman A. C. Shallenberger is recovering from a long illness and has returned to his home after several weeks in the hospital. While unable to go about his regular duties he is recuperating rapidly. The congressman was taken ill while attending the International Stock Show in Chicago in December and upon his arrival in Washington was in such a serious condition that he was ordered to the hospital.

Miss B. Henderson, secretary of the Nebraska society, composed of Nebraskans in Washington, and identified with the bureau of agricultural economics, has just returned from several weeks in Michigan where she has been conducting a land economics survey.

Members of the Nebraska society are planning a reception in honor of Governor Adam McMullen during the inaugural festivities in March. Most of the governors attend the inaugural ceremonies and Governor McMullen will receive an invitation to meet with the society if he attends.

J. R. McCarl, formerly of McCook, Neb., and now comptroller general, is one of the most discussed men of the national capital. McCarl came to Washington several years ago as secretary to Senator Norris when Norris was a member of the house. Two or three years ago the office of comptroller general was established and McCarl was named to the place. His chief duties are to give the "once over" to all vouchers on the United States treasury.

Nebraska corn will be grown all over the United States this year as one of the large ears sent to Congressman Sears by Wayland Magee of Summer Hill farm, near Bennington, has been almost denuded of its golden grains. Persons passing the door of Judge Sears' office stop, look to see if anybody is watching and if not snip off a few grains and put them in their pockets.

Frank Woodland, was a Washington visitor last week and called at Senator Howell's office.

N. K. Loomis, chief of the Union Pacific law department and D. S. Guyer, were in Washington last week, appearing in a case before the United States supreme court. While in the office of Congressman Sears, Loomis met Gen. W. H. Sears with whom Loomis had been acquainted when a young man at Lawrence, Kan. At that time, the general's hair was a brilliant red, now it is white.

by some rather personal experiences lately. I am in no wise indebted to railroads. I paid my full fare just as other passengers, but I did not find myself begrudging the expenditure.

I was in Houston, Tex., and was called suddenly to New York. It was during the after the holiday rush and all trains were loaded. It was quite important, to me at least, that I leave town the same day. I explained my dilemma to Robert A. Watson, city ticket agent of the International Great Northern.

He wired L. W. Baldwin, president of the Missouri Pacific, and an hour later they arranged to add an extra car to the train, which, of course, could be easily filled. I do not flatter myself I was important enough for the attachment of an extra car. The railroad had merely met an individual need with prompt service.

I do not believe they would have done such a thing in the old days save for the president of the road. The train to St. Louis is called the "Sunshine Special"—a happy name, for indeed it was a sunny, pleasant trip.

Fear-Inspiring Conductors.

I used to be afraid of conductors. I always had the feeling they would find something wrong with my ticket, pull the emergency brake and leave me flat in some cornfield.

The conductor on this train was J. V. Webb, who has been railroading for 42 years. I talked to him about the old days. He smiled and seemed to understand. He admitted he even felt different toward the public. "We aim to please now more than any time in the history of railroading," he said.

I had wired to W. W. Richardson, an official of the Pennsylvania in St. Louis, that I was in urgent need of accommodations for a train over his road called "The New Yorker," which made almost direct connections with



What the train butcher really sold me was a railroad time table.

the "Sunshine Special." At Palestine, Tex., came a telegram from him saying he was making every effort. At Poplar Bluff, Mo., the trainmaster of the Missouri division came aboard and informed me suitable accommodations had been made.

When I arrived in St. Louis, F. A. Baughens, the general passenger agent, along with A. D. Bell, assistant passenger manager of the M. P., and J. F. Hart, district passenger representative of the Pennsylvania, met me to see what they could do to assist. I felt very much like a prima donna on her first night at the Metropolitan.

I am mentioning all these officials by name because they contributed what the railroads of America have long needed—service. What they did for me they would do for any other passenger facing the same dilemma. I am sure.

I have found only one department of railroad passenger service not keeping pace with the rest. That is in dining car service. There is need for

ABE MARTIN

On the Struggle of Life



We're readin' a great deal these days about people who climbed from nothin' t' greatness, mostly great writers an' great money makers, people who had th' stuff in 'em t' forge ahead an' beat down all obstacles in their pathway t' success. We reckon

that women traveling alone should be improvement there. It seems to me served first and this is especially true of old ladies.

Going south I saw one timid, white-haired lady on probably her first railroad journey, stand while several men ahead of her were seated in the diner. If the men were so ungallant the steward should have taught them a little lesson in courtesy.

Another tip to the dining car department—hot consoms should be steaming hot and not lukewarm. And

there's no comunity in this country that can't boast o' two or more successful men an' women that emerged from nothin'. Faulkner Sap is a sample o' what ample intestines 'll do fer a feller. In th' first place his parents named him fer an uncle that didn't have a cent. He was an ugly,

freckled child an' shunned at school. A barnyard odor hung about him till he reached his teens, an' he breathed entirely through his mouth till he was 18, when his nose cleared up. His pink, habit-formin' years wuz spent in milkin' an' plowin'. At 19 he accepted a livery stable job, but

wuz soon thrown out o' employment by the advent o' poplar priced autos. He devoted th' follerin' five years t' colorin' a meerschaum pipe. Then followed a correspondence course in violinin', but he never practiced. His friends urged him t' take up th' saxophone, but he rebelled feelin' that somethin' higher an' better waited beyond. Hard as he struggled he couldn't git no publicity, except when he wuz hit by a train, or held fer vagrancy. Filled with th' enthusiasm o' youth an' sorely in need o' clothes an' shoes he accepted a position in a brick yard. Fer a while it wuz feared he would not work th' week out, but he rallied an' stayed two weeks. His unfalterin' belief in a just, world never deserted him. He somehow knew that tryin' meant succeedin', an' he never flickered. Th' fact that his ole friends were cleanin' up on th' saxophone never turned his head. Faulkner Sap wuz playin' a waitin' game. In his travels he'd picked up a solution that made his hair stay put, an' his freckles had almost entirely faded out. He could also close his mouth. These improvements, he felt, were meant t' help him, an' he reflected that they wuz th' only boost he'd ever had. One mornin' in Ottumwa, Iowa, after washin' up in th' depot, he started out t' look th' field o' opportunity over. In passin' a resturant a card bearin', "Counter Man Wanted," caught his eye. He applied fer th' place an' got it. He had not held th' position long until need of a pie compass dawned on him. We don't know whether or not any of our readers ever noticed th' name "Sap" on

a pie compass or not, but it's there. To Faulkner Sap, now rich beyond his fondest dreams, belongs th' distinction of inventin' th' first an' only pie compass, a little instrument which makes it possible t' cut a standardized pie in six pieces, without any single piece varyin' from th' others one-thousandth of an inch.

Jersey cows and sleeping porches have cured more tuberculosis than has man made medicine.

135 Cars in One Train.
Falls City, Jan. 24.—A freight train on this division of the Missouri Pacific Thursday comprised 135 cars, the longest train ever handled on this division, and as far as known, a record breaker for the state on the road from Atchison to Kansas City. The total weight of the train was 4,500 tons and the total length with engine and caboose was 5,940 feet.

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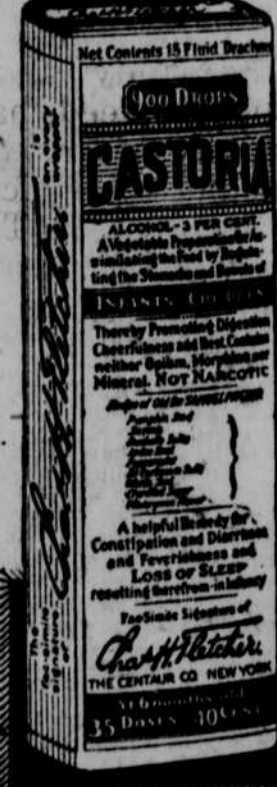
We have purchased all salvage from the fire of the large Central Granaries Terminal Elevator which burned at Lincoln a few days ago. There was around

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of grain in the elevator at the time of fire. Part of this grain was damaged by fire and water while a large part of it is in good condition. We will start loading this grain into cars on

Monday, Jan. 26th

and will offer any and all of it for sale to the public. If you are interested in buying any of this grain come to the site of the fire at 5th and "J" streets, Lincoln, Nebraska, where our salesmen will be glad to show you the grain and quote prices.



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