

WHEN PASS WAS THE THING

Recollections of the Joy Riding Era of Years Gone By.

SIGN OF THE ELECT BANISHED

Everybody with a Pull Worked It—Cheaper to Ride Than to Stay at Home—Return Worth Millions.

Five years have elapsed since the cruel and inhuman Hepburn law, taking a strangle hold on the railroads, compelled them to forego their pleasing promise of handing out passes to all comers, and, instead, to accept real money for the privilege of handing the citizens of this fair land, in those five years more free-born Americans have stayed at home than in any other ten years since railroads were invented.

Staying at home aggravates, rather than cures, wanderlust. Yet time carefully melts all sorrows. After five years, it is possible to contemplate the passing of the pass with outward composure, though not without inward emotion. Let us, then, take from the bureau drawer the little pass that was cut off in its prime, rendered null and void, and hark back to the blessed times that lithographed formula recalls.

What delightful memories mingle with the odor of lavender flowers in which that pass is enshrouded! What visions of joy-rides from coast to coast, and from lakes to gulf, it conjures up! And it was all so simple and inexpensive.

The Sign of the Elect.

To possess a pass was equal to a place in the four hundred. The only distinction between the common herd of the eminently respectable and the elect was that the latter carried a wallet full of annuals instead of traveling on trip passes. One rung higher up the ladder, Pullman passes were added to the annuals. The state remained in the ropes, also carried a dining car frank, and cracked a joke with the porter in lieu of a tip.

In the good old days before 1906, a certain railroad out of New York City ran a Grafters' limited. It was a special train to the state capital to accommodate pass holders. It is said that tickets were so rare on that train that when the conductor chanced to discover a passenger with that form of transportation his hand trembled so that he punched holes in his thumb instead of the pasteboard. Then he would hurry on to tell the flagman, the head brakeman and the baggage man that—

"That hed-headed, speckle-faced cuss in the third seat on the thumb-and-side line is the smoker in ridin' on a ticket. Say, if business keeps on pickin' up this way the company ought to be able to stand a raise for us fellows."

Then the trainmen to whom these sensational disclosures were made would parade back and forth through the smoking car to gaze sidelong at the speckle-faced phenomenon, while "Peanuts" fell over his own feet in his haste to reach that gentleman's side.

Without a moment's delay, "Peanuts" proceeded to draw out the ticket under the ticket holder's feet, a half interest in which, he declared with unparalleled fairness, belonged to the latter. In the excess of his desire to play fair, "Peanuts" wound up with an offer to renounce his own claim to the find for the small sum of \$1. If the ticket holder did not fall to that, there was the short change racket to close a transaction in flag or literature; or, as a last resort, there was the shell game.

Oh, it was a great distinction to travel on a ticket in the old days! A committee of the Iowa legislature, in an exhaustive report on the subject submitted in 1882, declared that the legislative pass was regarded as a "heritage." An interference in the enjoyment of this heritage was regarded as unwarranted presumption on the part of the railroads and was resented as such.

When Marked "N. G."

The Chicago & Alton found this out, when in 1901, it had the effrontery to send members of the Illinois legislature passes stamped, "Not good in the Alton limited cars." "Not good on the Alton Limited." "Not Good locally between Chicago and Joliet." Naturally, these galling restrictions roused indignation in the breasts of the statesmen. They immediately started an investigation of all wrecks on the Alton for the preceding six months, but thought better of it when passes commensurate with the dignity of statesmen were substituted for the offensive pasteboards.

Every once in a while an upstart railroad had to be taught its place. One such railroad in Ohio had the impudence, not to say the indiscretion to refuse a pass to the chief of police of one of the larger cities in the state. Immediately thereafter, trains passing through that city were frequently stopped and their crews were arrested for violating the ordinance against wheeling, bell ringing, exceeding the speed limit, blocking crossings and similar crimes.

These stoppages caused so much delay and confusion that the service was demoralized. Observing this, the chief of police remarked that he "rather guessed there'd be something doing in the way of passes before long." And he was right.

One of the softest snags crosses ever struck came about through the indiscretion of the Pennsylvania railroad in encroaching on a public park when it built its old station in Washington. Every year an inquiry was started as to the right of the railroad to occupy a part of the government's land. This continued until the Pennsylvania came down with a liberal bunch of passes for all hands. Then an adjournment was taken until more transportation was needed.

Some Who Wouldn't Ride Free. There were a few eccentric individuals who did not appreciate the privilege of being able to bestow free rides in other people's cars. A Chicago alderman resented in disgust, in 1902, because he was pestered to death by constituents in quest of railroad passes. He said there were never fewer than fifteen daily applicants for passes at his office, while the number not infrequently rose to forty.

NOTED LEADER OF RED MAN

Remarkable Traits of Halfbreed Chief of Comanches.

ROMANCE OF HIS PARENTS

Guide, Philosopher and Friend of His Race, a Peace-maker and Protector in Dealings with Whites.

"The most picturesque figure in the aboriginal life of the southwest and the last of the great leaders of the red race in that quarter," summarizes the tribute paid to the memory of Quannah, deceased chief of the Comanche Indians by Francis E. Leupp in the Boston Transcript. In his capacity as commissioner of Indian affairs under Roosevelt, Mr. Leupp came in direct contact with this most remarkable leader of red men and learned to appreciate his honesty, integrity and unselfish labors in behalf of his kindred.

"His excellency, Governor Dedick, wishes to take a trip to the seashore with his wife, four daughters, three sons, a niece, two sisters-in-law, five maids, a valet, nurse, governess and coachman. He has been tendered a private car on the N. G. line, but would prefer a special train over your route. Kindly send me transportation for the governor and twenty from Sackettown to New York and return."

The way not to do it was beautifully exemplified by the prosecuting attorney in a western state, who wrote a long, threatening letter to the president of a railroad company reminding him that he had favored the judges in his territory with annuals, whereas "I have daily to grant the favors of the law of a great state for your railroad. Your men are all liable to prosecution for running trains on Sunday, also for letting trains stop across public streets and in other ways."

Impossible to Reckon Pass Values.

How could such a man be given a pass? Or, how could the lieutenant governor of another state get what he wanted when he had the bad taste to write:

"In appointing my committee, I have favored the railroads, believing that the interests of the state demanded it."

What possessed the chairman of a campaign committee, in asking for passes for twenty-one men to canvass the state, and hold out the hope that, in event of success, "we may be able to do you some substantial favors?"

No one ever knew, nor will any one ever know, the money value of free transportation given away by the railroads. No railroad report ever referred to the subject, possibly no railroad management has ever kept any statistics for a contemplation thereof surely would have given the board of directors several kinds of shock.

Search all the reports of all the state railroad commissions from cover to cover, and you will not find so much as the words "passes" or "free transportation," to say nothing of any information about the quantity issued. The Interstate Commerce commission's voluminous literature is silent on the subject.

The nearest approach to definite information from any authoritative source is to be found in such fragmentary assertions as the distribution of free transportation by the Pennsylvania railroad to the value of \$1,000,000 a year in the Keystone state; and that a certain railroad in Pennsylvania distributed 2,500 passes for a single state convention; that a western railroad president boasted that he had been able to effect a saving of \$1,000 a day merely by regulating the issue of passes. Not stopping just recollecting!

Millions in It.

It is related that B. Philadelphia banker, who has been a member of the board of directors of the Pennsylvania railroad for many years, assured a group of friends that the cost of deadhead traffic to the company from 1906 to 1907 almost equaled the amount of the cost of the tunnel under the Hudson river and the new terminal in New York City; and that the deadhead passenger, freight and express service to federal officeholders and their families had been not less than \$2,000,000.

In the absence of any definite statistics, the next best thing is an estimate by an expert. To secure this, I asked the president of an eastern line, one of the pioneers in the anti-pass movement, what the deadheads used to cost the railroads of the nation.

He said that if all free transportation had been paid for, passenger revenues would have been increased 10 per cent. In the ten years before the Hepburn law went into effect, the passenger revenues of all the railroads aggregated \$3,528,565,821. Fifteen per cent of this would amount to \$529,284,858, or an average of \$3,076,333 a year. This would have paid 5 per cent interest on the amount of \$1,000,000,000, and, no doubt, it would have been welcome, for as late as 1909 one-third of the railroads in the United States paid no dividends. To put it another way, the cost of deadhead transportation would have built and equipped 13,500 miles of railroad as an average price of \$40,000 a mile, which is a liberal rate.

Every One in Five a Deadhead.

This estimate would seem to be very conservative, from the fact that in 1906, when the deadhead was in full possession of all his perquisites, passenger revenues on all railroads aggregated \$486,430,902, while two years later, in 1907, after the rigors of the Hepburn law had set in, they were \$77,738,578. This extraordinary jump of \$88,272,478, or 18 per cent, in yearly earnings in so short a period would seem to indicate something more than natural increase in traffic.

This natural increase would be more than offset by the elimination of the mere joy-riders. When they had to pay for every mile they traveled, people only wandered from their firesides when driven by grim necessity, whereas traveling on passes used to be cheaper than staying at home.

It is doubtless well within bounds to say that, formerly, one passenger in every five was a deadhead. That is, in 1902, when the average number of passengers on a train was forty-two, at least eight were deadheads.

Passenger earnings, in 1909, aggregated \$678,333,972. Fifteen per cent of this sum—the amount the deadheads would have been entitled to under the old regime—would be \$101,750,096. Now, \$26,000,000 is worth saving, a fact which is generally recognized by the statesmen at Washington. At the last session of congress, no fewer than eight bills were introduced to compel railroads to carry free, of old, various classes of deadheads, ranging from war veterans and milkmen to insurance agents.

That makes a good start. Even with no increase in the rate of legislation, eight bills a session will soon get us all back within the free-transportation fold again—Railroad Man's Magazine.

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to the dyspeptic. Electric Bitters cure dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints and debility. Price 25c. Sold by Boston Drug Co.

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through Quannah before the government established its more modern system of handling these things. When trouble arose between lessors and lessees, growing out of alleged trespass or otherwise, the cattlemen were quite content to leave the case to Quannah to settle, and he always treated them fairly. After the passage of several years they subscribed to a fund with which they built him a fine large house, and he set his people the example of living in it, believing that this would be one of the symptoms of advancement which the great Father would most appreciate in them. A member of the white group who had been absent when the hat was passed wished to contribute his share, too, and asked Quannah what form it had better take. Quannah promptly answered that he would like a roller-top desk and velvet chair. His white friend exclaimed in astonishment at this, as the chief could neither read nor write. So Quannah explained himself.

"You see," said he, illustrating with appropriate gestures as he went along, "the open desk and sit down in chair—light and velvet, and put feet up on desk, and light by the wall, and the velvet chair up in front of me, all same white man—same? Then, by-m-bye white man be come in and knock at door, and he say: 'Quannah, we want talk 't you a minute.' And me saying 'round in chair—so—and puff lots of smoke in his face, and me say: 'Go 'way! Meashah 't you 't say!'"

Humor on Tap.

Quannah's humor was always on tap, even when he was engaged in serious business. When the ghost dance furore broke out in the northwest, somewhat more than twenty years ago, the news of it spread into the Oklahoma country, and the Kiowas and Apaches, became more or less excited by it. Quannah, took the matter calmly, and it was largely through his influence that the three tribes sent a joint committee to Dakota to inquire into the business. When they returned the emissaries united in explaining that the cause of the uprising was the report, generally believed among the northern Indians, that the Messiah was about to come back to earth, restore to the Indians their ancient heritage and drive the whites away. The Apache commissioner was pretty well convinced that this was true, and disposed to counsel his fellow tribesmen to prepare for the great event. The Kiowa member was a trifle uncertain, especially as a trifle of Indian blood was in him, and he had something at stake, and he was anxious to propitiate both radicals and conservatives. But Quannah chuckled a little when called upon for his opinion, and delivered himself thus diplomatically:

"Mebbe-so Meashah he come; mebbe-so no. Any way, me going keep one hand on Meashah and one hand on 'Govment—then me safer!"

It is needless to add that the Meashah craze wrought little havoc among the Comanches.

A Red Progressive.

Quannah was a progressive, without being a reckless iconoclast. He uniformly advised his followers to adopt the ways of civilization, employed white physicians when he was ill, sent his children to school and tried to make his home a radiating center of rational modernism. He even joined a Christian church in his later years, though I suspect that he would have found it difficult to expound the grounds of his faith beyond a simple wish to lean on something unseen, and higher than himself, now that the worship in which his fathers indulged had been largely swept away, or so adulterated as to be hardly recognizable. He remained, through all his cultural vicissitudes, a loyal lover of the old things, even after he had entirely ceased to regard them with awe. One of the last talks I had with him was about the changes time had wrought in the white man's ideals as well as the Indian's—for that was a firm tenet of his philosophy; and he framed his argument so as to compel support of the plan of some of the older Indians that they might be allowed to gather now and then for a big dance in the costumes of a former generation, sing their songs of war and the chase and self-glorification, and generally live again for a little while the life of their traditions. Referring to this very Washington's birthday season for illustration, he inquired what harm it did the white man to dress himself up once a year in the costume of the Continental troops, and have sham battles with a mock enemy; and he reminded me that he had been to the theater on some of his visits to the east and seen white men perform in plays where they went back to the far remnant and barbarous period for their armor and their weapons, and in which the action was chiefly fighting.

And what answer was possible to such logic?

TREASURE LOST IN MAILSACK

Thirty Years Between Accusation and Vindication, and How It Came.

The vindication of the Rev. Mr. Burdette of Springfield, Mass., from the suspicion of stealing \$3,600 contained in registered letters thirty years ago is complete, but it is a record on other agencies. In 1881 he, as postal clerk in Peoria, Ill., received and put into a mail bag twelve registered letters containing \$3,600, which were entered in the registry book. But the railway mail clerk failed to find the letters that the book called for, and reported the loss. Suspicion fell on Mr. Burdette, but nothing positive could be proved. He studied for the ministry, served on foreign missions and is now preaching in Springfield.

A few days ago in an old mail bag sent to the San Francisco postoffice shops for repair the twelve letters with the \$3,600 were found in the leather lining. It had been traveling around the country for thirty years. Presumably the bag had been filled and emptied some ten thousand times, but the letters remained in their hiding place. Mr. Burdette is vindicated except from haste and carelessness in putting the valuable letters into the bag. But it leaves inferences as to the care of the service, which would be damaging if it were not the exceptional case out of scores of millions.

How was it that the first railway clerk who found \$3,600 that should have been in the bag missing did not examine the bag thoroughly enough to find the valuable letters that were there? Think of the thousands of other mail clerks who have emptied the bag day after day and year after year, but never carefully enough to find the letters. Next to Mr. Burdette the first step in the vindication is durability of the mail bag, which, though in 1881, was in

USE CHANGES QUOTATIONS

Polishing Process of Common Use Improves the Thoughts of Great Men.

At the recent centenary of Horace Greeley's birth the newspapers very generally including the journal which he founded and which he edited for a third of a century, quoted him as urging in his paper, "On to Richmond!" Instead of "on" a much more aggressive word was employed. Here is the entire expression in which these words figured:

"Forward to Richmond! Forward to Richmond! The rebel congress must not be allowed to meet there on the 23rd of July. By that date the place must be held by the national army."

This paragraph appeared at the head of the New York Tribune's editorial columns on June 25, 1863, and was repeated for several days. Undoubtedly it was one of the influences which impelled General Meade to advance before he was ready, and the disaster at Bull Run on July 21 was the consequence. Greeley afterward denied that he was the author of the slogan, but as editor of the Tribune he accepted responsibility for its publication.

In the school books of long ago we were thrilled by the response, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," which was ascribed to Charles O'Connell of France, one of our special envoys in Paris, when he was told by a representative of the directory, which governed France at the time, that immunity by our merchant vessels from attack by French warships could not be gained by us except by paying for the favor. What Pinckney did was, "No, no, no; not one penny." The fictitious answer, however, lends itself better to sonorous declamation and has persisted.

"If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few; by resignations none."

This is what Jefferson said when the merchants of New Haven protested against his removal of the federal collector, Goodrich, and the appointment of Bishop, democrat, in his place. As descriptive of the clinging characteristics of the average federal office holder these words, in modern speech, have condensed themselves into "Few die and none resign." This phrase is neater and more compact than the other, but it is not Jefferson's—Harper's Weekly.

The Omaha Bee's Great Booklover's Contest—Thirty-nine prizes. You can enter at any time.



For Easter Breakfast

Swift's Premium Ham or Bacon cooked the way you like it best and served with Brookfield Eggs.

Swift's Premium—Bacon that fairly melts in your mouth; Ham, the sweetest, juiciest, tenderest you ever tasted—fit meat for the Breakfast of the year, Easter Breakfast.

Yours when you order by the name from your dealer.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

BRANDEIS STORES

THE MOST SATISFACTORY EASTER SUIT YOU EVER WORE AWAITS YOU AT BRANDEIS STORES

There is every reason why you should buy a Brandeis suit for Easter wear. First, you can get so much more for your money; second, you can find so much larger variety of styles and patterns; third, and namely the price you wish to pay for them here is an appreciable saving to you.

Men's and Young Men's Suits priced here at \$15 to \$20 are as good as the ones you can find elsewhere at \$20 and \$25. Scores of snappy new patterns, effective colorings or plain blue serges, also silk mixed worsteds. We invite comparison of our superior clothes values, \$15-\$18-\$20

Easter Clothes for Young Boys

Extra offerings of knickerbocker suits with extra pair of pants to match, at \$4.95.

Strictly all wool materials, in Scotch, chevots, worsteds, silk sewed throughout, in all the new popular shades. Remember you get two pairs of pants with the coat. \$4.95

A usual \$6.50 and \$7.50 value, at \$4.95

Boys' Blue Serge Suits for Confirmation Double breasted or Norfolk styles, with knickerbocker pants, ages, 8 to 16 at \$7.50 to \$10.00.

Suits with long pants, single breasted, snappy cut coat for boys and young men— at \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15

BRANDEIS STORES

Surprise the family



Tomorrow evening, Mrs. Housewife, when all the family are gathered for the evening meal, serve

TIP-TOP BREAD

and treat them to a palate surprise.

Show them how good bread can be made and with what delicious, appetite-tempting flavor.

Find out for yourself, too, Mrs. Housewife, the purity, quality, and nutritious value of Tip-Top Bread. Learn how totally different it is from ordinary "bakers bread," and mark you this—if you bake—you'll declare it "better than mine." Look for the "TIP-TOP" label.

Knox Hats advertisement with logo and text: Are recognized everywhere on a brotherhood basis of uniform quality.