

LIFE STORY OF LABOR LEADER

Characteristics of Warren S. Stone, Chief of Locomotive Engineers.

IDEALS OF A FORCEFUL WORKER

Rise from a Humble Farm Lad to the Leadership of Seventy Thousand Men—Specimen Instances of His Methods.

One crisp morning in September, 1879, a clean-limbed, smooth-faced young man was digging post-holes on the edge of a farm in southeastern Iowa. The six feet of his lithe and upstanding frame, the clear eyes and health and youth in his cheeks, the vigor and strength with which he forced his shovel deep into the earth, made him a figure that fit naturally into the spacious outdoor picture. Suddenly the shriek of a locomotive snorted the air and from the distance came the rattle of an approaching train. The youth paused in his work as the engine whistled again, this time much nearer. He stood leaning on his spade as the swiftly drawn cars swept across his vision and disappeared in the woods, leaving a trail of smoke over the tree tops.

The boy flung down his spade, strode back to the farmhouse that perched on the crest of a slope, changed his clothes and walked down to the little town of Alnsworth, one and a half miles away, and took the train for Eldon, the headquarters of that division of the road.

That night he was firing a Rock Island engine. With the first coal that he hurled into the fiery maw of his locomotive he began a career big with significance to the men of his craft throughout the whole of North America.

That man was Warren S. Stone. Today he is grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, supreme head of a host of nearly 70,000 men, who are vested with a larger responsibility than any other group of workers and who comprise the model labor organization of the world.

When young Stone heeded the call of the cab that crisp autumn morning out in Iowa, back in the '70s, he was not exactly following a swift impulse. The desire had been crystallizing in his mind for some time. His two brothers were conductors on the Rock Island, which cut across the family farm. To him they were invested with a peculiar glamour because they came home with stirring tales of the road.

Mr. Stone was a husky coal shoveler. When he started firing he weighed 187 pounds, he was six feet tall and a giant in strength. His first job was on a "pusher" engine, used to help the regular engine shove cars up a steep grade. His first regular job was as fireman on a freight that traveled between Eldon and Wilton Junction, Ia., on the eastern district of the Missouri division of the Rock Island. Later on the run was extended to Rock Island.

There is nothing even mildly exciting in the chronicle of those early days. To use Mr. Stone's own phrase, "There was no heroic performance." But one interesting thing happened that is well worth mentioning.

Mr. Stone ran between Eldon and Wilton Junction, where the dispatchers for that division were located as fireman on a new train dispatcher on the job. He was trim, alert, wide-awake and energetic. He had begun his railroading by wooding engines on the Burlington. Then he worked as a section hand. He studied telegraphy at odd moments, mostly at night, and was now a full-fledged telegrapher.

How keen was that sense of prophecy instilled by the fact that the smooth-faced young man who handed out the flimsy slips at Wilton Junction was no other than W. C. Brown, now president of the New York Central lines, master of one of the greatest transportation systems of the country. The two ambitions in Iowa back in the '80s did not face each other until each had risen to high station.

A Full-Fledged Engineer. Altogether Mr. Stone fired for five years. In 1884 he became an engineer, and for nineteen years he worked on the right side of the cab. He faced the usual trials of that position, but there was nothing sensational or even dramatic in his experience. He did not, for example, guide a passenger train safely over a trembling or flame-ridden trestle, nor did he stick to his cab in any wild ride down a mountainside. As a matter of fact, save to "fill in" occasionally, he never ran a passenger train. His own idea, however, was to be a railroader. His own idea, however, was to be a railroader. His own idea, however, was to be a railroader.

Naturally, one of the first things that Mr. Stone did when he became an engineer was to join the brotherhood. It did not occur to the obscure country engineer then that he was taking at that moment the most important step of his life. For years this organization has been making its way to a peculiar eminence. It was not only due to the high character of the men, their inherent sense of loyalty, and their almost sublime devotion to hazardous duty, but also to the fact that they rigidly stood by the rules which they laid down for themselves.

Their contracts were sacred things, and no matter if they worked a hardship to the order, they were lived up to in the strictest letter of the law. Before long Mr. Stone became secretary and treasurer of the local division. Then he became local chairman. This put him on the general committee of the order on the Rock Island, and brought him into contact once a year with the principal officials of the road at Chicago. In 1899 he was made chairman of this general com-

When the Shut-ins Had Their Outing at Riverview



MISS MAGEE AND HER ASSISTANTS

Never was sweet charity so thoroughly appreciated as on Friday, when a hundred or more shut-ins were given the first real enjoyment of their lives. Under the direction of the Associated Charities the infirm, the weak and the deformed were given an outing, which included a joy ride in big machines and a bounteous picnic supper served on the lawn of one of Omaha's beauty spots. Crutches were forgotten, dim rooms were banished from the mind and miserable lives were refreshed in the mase of free-given cheer. Little children, who have never known a happy moment, and older persons, whose misery has been intensified by the memories of a happy childhood, all joined in the merry party. The past was forgotten and all joined in breathing the fresh, pure air and drinking in the glories of nature. Even the blind could imagine the refreshing verdure.

The outing for the shut-ins was arranged by the charitable organizations of the city. A call had been sent out from the charities for twenty-five autos in which to carry the unfortunate, and the charitable owners responded cheerfully and quickly. The machines were driven to the homes of the crippled and the picnicers were taken for a tour of the Omaha parks and later a picnic supper was served at Riverview.



SOME OF THE 'SHUT-INS' WHO WERE AT THE PICNIC

white. He was running his engine all the while. He was doing more than this. In the regular meetings with his brothers and in the important conferences with officials of the system, he began to impress a quiet efficiency. He was terse and epigrammatic of speech, but what he had to say had meat in it, and it generally hit the mark. His post as general chairman took him up and down the line, and wherever he went employer and employe remembered him. The people began to speak of "Young Stone of the Missouri division" as a person of force, a man to be reckoned with.

So conscientiously did he perform his work as general chairman that the engineers of the Rock Island voted him a salary and asked him to retire from the road and devote all his time to their interests. Then, in 1906, he forsook his career to return to the throttle. When he retired, he had not risen to be a passenger engineer. There were still two men ahead of him in the "pool."

Other things likewise had not stood still. He saw the Rock Island grow from a 2,500-mile stem into an empire of more than 13,000 miles. His own brotherhood had risen from humble beginnings to a vast power in the industrial world. Its head and watchdog was the veteran P. M. Arthur, who had been chief since 1874.

Called to the Chiefmanship. The gray-haired chiefman, who stood head and shoulders over anything that the world had yet produced as a labor leader, and who had carried the order around in his head and his heart so long, was nearing the end of his long and loyal service. One hot July day in 1908 he fell dead while making the labor address at Winthrop, Ark. The calamitous situation developed. Beyond the Canadian border the old chief lay dead; at Cleveland, his first assistant, A. B. Youngson, the man slated to succeed him, was dying.

Some one had to take the vacancy at the head of the brotherhood. By the will of Mr. Stone was down in Indian Territory adjusting some differences. He was away about two weeks, and most of the time was spent in obscure, almost inaccessible places. He was attending to business, un mindful of the fact that destiny was working overtime for him.

On reaching his home at Eldon a telegram came from Cleveland tendering him the post of grand chief. He accepted and hastened to headquarters. Meetings a Difficult Situation. He faced a staggering situation. Here was a locomotive engineer who had never had one day's office experience in his life; who had never dictated a letter, and who knew nothing of the routine of administering to a large body of men. Yet he was up against the task of being the real active head of more than 60,000 of his fellow men who carried \$73,000,000 insurance. A room full of mail had accumulated.

To add to the difficulty of the situation, Mr. Stone found that Mr. Arthur had carried all the details of the office in his mind; he had kept no organized system of past decisions, and had not maintained any files for reference.

About 4 o'clock that afternoon of the first day the office force shut down the desks and went home, as had been their custom. Mr. Stone was left alone in the throne-room of his new power, but it looked pretty desolate at that moment. He walked to the window and looked down on the busy square, at the hosts of people hurrying homeward. Then he brought his fist down on the window sill and said:

"This job must be done and it will be done!" From that day began a new era in the life of the brotherhood; the epoch of system, order, expansion, and constructive and economic development in every quarter. The way to reorganization was difficult. In the first place, Mr. Stone had only been appointed to fill an unexpired term. The next year was a convention year, and the

meeting was held at Los Angeles, Cal. Here was a real ordeal. The new chief had never presided over anything but a mere handful of his fellow engineers, and had never made a speech in his life. Now he had to face several thousand engineers who knew every angle of the work—and there is always some hostility to a new man in a big organization.

But he was game and confident. "If other men can do this thing, I can at least try my best," he said. He had been so busy during the period since his appointment that he had had no time to study parliamentary law or even learn the convention ropes. His main dependence for this was T. S. Ingraham.

The convention had only been in session a few days, and had hardly begun to run smoothly. During the morning session, Mr. Stone was presiding. At the close of a speech on the policy of the organization, as he turned to hand the gavel to Mr. Stone, he suddenly toppled over—dead. Once more death had stepped in at a critical period in Warren Stone's career.

Mr. Stone was thrown absolutely on his own resources, yet he met the ordeal with such dignity, such quiet but effective force, that when the time came for the election of a chief he received fifty more votes than were necessary on the first informal ballot. The brotherhood does not believe in nominating speeches. His election was then made by acclamation.

The Stone Method. It did not take the brotherhood many months to find out that it had a real leader. He stood for an iron interpretation of the law of the order. Many labor organizations regard contracts merely as instruments to be broken. It is different with the railroad engineers. The slightest deviation means revocation of charter. This authority rests with the grand chief, and the only body to whom he

is answerable is the convention, and this only meets every two years. Here is the way Chief Stone stood by his obligations: In 1906 the brotherhood made a working agreement with the Interborough Rapid Transit company governing the motormen on the subway trains. Employed on the subway were members of various other unions, most of them affiliated with the Amalgamated Electrical Workers.

Some of these unions became dissatisfied and ordered a strike. The motormen went out. This was a flagrant violation of their agreement with the Interborough. Mr. Stone hurried to New York, and without even going near a striker, revoked their charter and suspended every member of the division, 391 in number.

This incident illustrates one of the characteristic attitudes of the brotherhood. It will not permit its members to join any other labor organization. The purpose is not monopolistic, but protective to all interests. If the engineers were permitted to join other bodies, they might be called out on a sympathetic strike in which they had no interest or grievance, and would then fail faith with their employers.

A memorable conference followed. Fifty-five roads were represented. On one side of the long oak table sat Mr. Stone and four assistant grand chiefs, and behind him the fifty-five brotherhood chairmen of those roads. On the other side of the table sat ten general managers. In reality it was a battle between ten men and five men, and the five men won out.

Under his quiet, mercurial logic, every argument fell away. The result of the meeting was that the wages of engineers were raised from 6 to 10 per cent. High Ideals. So it has gone in scores of episodes. Each one reveals some phase of his high integrity and his unwavering sense of duty. The brotherhood believes, among other things, that a man shall pay his honest debts. A case once arose concerning an

engineer who had taken advantage of the bankruptcy law to avoid paying his obligations. When Mr. Stone heard of this he said to the man:

"You pay your debts or the organization will see that you cease to be a member of the order." The man paid his debts. No other labor organization in the world exercises such a rigid censorship over the morals of its men. Therefore, the man at the head of it must be the very personification of its ideal in character.

It only remains to speak of one more evidence of his vision and judgment. When he was a young engineer spending over the Iowa prairies he dreamed of a permanent home for the brotherhood. It took shape as a large, imposing structure, rearing its many-storied height in a great city, dedicated for all time to the good of the order. When he became chief he advocated the idea, but at first it was decided. From convention to convention he took his project. Finally his colleagues said:

"You can build if you don't assess us." All that Mr. Stone wanted was authority. He devised the financial plan, and the result is that today, without one cent of extra cost to the brotherhood, it owns a magnificent twelve-story office building in Cleveland, O., probably the finest structure of the kind in the community, representing an investment of \$1,200,000 and yielding a net income of \$8,000 a year. This will doubtless be devoted to the charitable work of the brotherhood, which is considerable. One of its tenants is the Lake Shore railroad. It is probably the first time in history that a great railway system rented from a labor organization.

Both in and out of his craft, Mr. Stone has received many honors. Theodore Roosevelt found him a man of his own kind, and made him a member of the international Peace commission which is the custodian of the Nobel prize fund. He is a member of the executive committee of the National Civic federation.

Such is the type of man who has risen from the ranks to be the head of nearly 70,000 men who carry \$73,000,000 in insurance in their brotherhood. When you come to sum up his personal achievement you find that it may be stated in two simple phrases:

He dominates his fellows and he keeps his word. As such he personifies the highest type of industrial democracy—Hugh Thompson in the Railroad Man's Magazine.

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New State Tuberculosis Hospital at Kearney



This is where the State Board of Public Lands and Buildings has located the new tuberculosis sanatorium at Kearney, Neb., purchasing for that purpose the Elmwood sanatorium from Dr. Georgina Grothman. The property, which was formerly known as the Frank residence, was built at a cost of over \$60,000 and in 1907 and 1908 was remodeled and used for a private sanatorium. The house is built of Colorado red sandstone and is three stories and a basement, with roof of imported French tile. The grounds contain more than thirty acres and have a goodly lot of elm and other trees from six to ten inches in diameter. They are adjacent to the Kearney canal and have irrigation privileges that make the place an ideal one for the purposes for which the state will use it. In fact it has been pronounced only second to the George A. Joslyn property in Omaha as to beauty and permanency. The location at Kearney, in the central part of the state, makes the institution easily ac-

cessible, being on the main line of the Union Pacific railroad and on the Burlington road, with branches. The elevation at Kearney being 2167 feet, is also a desirable altitude for an institution for tuberculosis and patients can have every advantage that climate and pleasant surroundings may afford. Dr. Georgina Grothman will close her Kearney office this fall and take a European trip and while there take post-graduate work at some of the best schools in Germany.

Dry Cleaning to Combat Torrid Clime

Dresher Bros. Render Much Beneficial Service During the Warm Spell.

Next to the cooling drink, the dry cleaning art has as much to do with chasing hot weather terrors as any other one thing, for, doesn't one feel vastly cooler when one's attire is spotlessly clean?

It may be a mere hypnotic effect, but the fact remains, nevertheless, that such of a hot stuffy feeling departs immediately when soiled attire is replaced by clean, immaculate clothes.

And it isn't at all expensive to keep one's clothes in excellent summer condition. The better the job of cleaning, however, the longer the garment stays clean. Dresher Bros., the largest western dry cleaning and dyeing establishment, 231-13 Farnam street, have compiled this little summer cleaning list, and you should resort to it often.

White Dresses, \$1.50—White Waists, 50c—Linen Suits \$3.50—Lawn Dresses, \$2.50—Sweaters, 50c—Silk Underwear, suit, 75c—Men's Two-Piece Suits, \$1.25—Neckties, 10c—Silk Gloves, 10c—White Shoes, 25c—White Gloves, 15c—Corsets, 50c—Parasols, 25c—Fans, 15c—Veils, 15c—Lace Kerchiefs, 50c—Pines, per inch, 4c—etc.

Phone Tyler 1300 or Auto A-2223, or leave work at Dresher, The Tailor, 1313 Farnam street, or at receiving station in Pompana Room of Brandeis Store. Express paid one way on shipments of work amounting to \$1 or over.

CLARK'S "ARABIC" ORIENT CRUISE Feb. 1, \$400 on for 71 days, including shore visits. Round the World Tours, Sept. 19, Oct. 21 and once monthly till Jan. 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31. Write to Clark, Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., New York.

DOVECOTES FOR NEWLYWEDS

Apartment House Snuggeries so Compact that Tenants Turn Around in Hall.

May a young married couple live in a one-room apartment and still observe the amenities of life? The completion of a new apartment house near Michigan avenue, Chicago, makes it possible to answer the question in the affirmative.

The ingenuity of Chicago builders in effecting space economy and in the adoption of numerous disappearing devices, has worked marvels in reducing the necessary size of the apartments of city dwellers. The one-room apartment for young couples is the ideal toward which they have been reaching, and they have arrived.

The bride who believes she must have a flat of four or five rooms in order to keep up appearances must now change her idea. Her sister in a one-room flat may put up a better "front" to callers.

In future the young housewife may rise in the morning and, by giving the bed a slight push, make it disappear into the wall. She need not even make it up, because the compartment into which it disappears is ventilated from an outside air shaft. Another compartment conceals a tiny kitchenette and pantry, from which she may prepare breakfast.

After hubby leaves a few minutes' work over the dishes and with a broom completes her household duties and she is ready to step out into the world. Don't think the apartment has any earmarks of the bedroom or kitchen or dining room when her work is completed. It has been transformed into a cozy little sitting room. The one-room apartment makes the young housewife independent of maid and the labors of household supervision.

In other apartment buildings being erected in Chicago there are additional devices which help to make living in small quarters a pleasure. There is the disappearing gas range, for cooking and baking, and the disappearing smoking stand, with places for pipes which it disappears into the wall when not in use. By pressing a few buttons in the wall the room may be transformed instantly into either a kitchen, dining room, parlor or bedroom or den.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Green Gables DR. BEN F. BAILEY SANATORIUM Lincoln, Neb.

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