

# New General Manager of the Union Pacific

**T**HE best railroad men are those who have worked their way from the ranks and have learned their trade from the bottom up. They have proved their caliber by pushing to the front, and when they once get into positions of authority they know to a finish the conditions and the men they have to deal with, and the men under them know that they know. This is the sort of man who has just been made general manager of the Union Pacific.

Charles Ware was born in the town of Jonesboro, Ill., in that section of the state called Egypt. His father, Jesse Ware, was a member of the local bar and considered the best business lawyer in the country. He was a grave, reserved, somewhat austere man, and the pranks and escapades of his youthful son sometimes failed to meet with his approval. Then he acted the part of the stern parent who knew exactly what he was about, and there were painful interviews for Charles in the woodshed, which he remembers with deep feeling to this day.

Mr. Ware's mother was a woman of intelligence and strong character. Her maiden name was Hanna, and she was nearly related to Mark Hanna of Ohio, where both she and her husband came from to Illinois.

#### Some Early Experiments

Charles grew up in Jonesboro, going to school when he could not help it, living an active, care-free, out-door life, but always keeping up without much trouble with his classes. Later he attended the Southern Illinois Normal University at Carbondale. Even then, he was always a "live wire," and stories can yet be heard around his home town of the scraps young Ware got into.

When he was about the age of 14 he entered the local printing office as devil and spent several months learning to be a printer. The paper was printed on a Washington hand press, both sides, and had quite a large circulation for those days—1,000 copies or more. It was the duty of young Charles to ink the forms on press days, twice a week, and these were days of joyous abandon in the pressroom, where he and the printer who worked the press quarreled and fought until the weary grind was over, although they always began amiably enough and resumed friendly relations after the forms were washed. His wages were \$2 a week.

Next, he tried to learn the profession of blacksmith, but that did not suit him, either, and he turned his attention to telegraphy, which he learned quickly and easily. When about 16 years of age he caught the western fever and started out to make his fortune, landed in Arizona and became a chief dispatcher before he was of age.

An amusing story is told of him at this period. While he was train dispatcher he had laid up a little money, and so did not draw his pay check for nine months. When he wanted to leave he went to the superintendent and asked for his money. He had made a good record and the superintendent used all his persua-

sions to keep him, but failing, finally asked him how many pay checks were due him, and when he heard it was nine months he nearly fainted—such a thing was unheard of; most of the men had spent each week's wages before they were due. The paymaster was so angry with young Ware for letting the thing run so long that he gave him the whole amount, about \$600, in silver dollars. Ware tied them up in a big bandana handkerchief, got on the train and

Omaha in 1905, general superintendent of the Union Pacific, with headquarters at Omaha, in March, 1910; assistant general manager in June the same year and general manager September 1, 1912.

Like all successful men, Mr. Ware has always been a hard worker, and he is noted for being on the scene whenever there is any serious trouble. If there is a wreck he is on the ground as soon as he can get there, taking charge of things, overseeing,

him, but he kept on, paying no attention to the rushing torrent of water beneath him. Just within a step of the other side his foot slipped and he fell heavily on the rail. Those who saw him thought he was going to plunge down into the water, but he managed to cling to the rail and swing himself to the bank.

He had been badly bruised, but he walked on three miles farther and worked all night before returning home. Then he was laid up for a week from the injuries and exposure.

Another incident characteristic of the man is the order issued a year or so ago, while he was assistant general manager, which read, in effect, as follows:

"He who wishes to hold his job with the Union Pacific, be he engineer, fireman, conductor, flagman or brakeman, must enter terminal stations with unwashed faces and hands."

By issuing that order and compelling its enforcement, Mr. Ware believed the number of wrecks could be decreased, and results have proved this to be true. Records have shown that more accidents occur at or near terminals than at any other place on a railroad, and he realized that this was where every employe on the train should be on the alert, carefully watching for warning signals or for obstructions on the track, instead of adjusting neckties, changing overalls for trousers, or taking off working shirts and putting on white "boiled" ones.

Most of the old-timers on the railroads still call him "Charlie." He doesn't stick to the fast passenger trains, but is as apt to be seen on a slow local way train or even a freight train as on any other, and when they happen to be laid up on a sidetrack about meal time he will call the whole train and engine crew back into his car, including the engineer and fireman, in their overalls, covered with coal dust, oil and dirt, and invite them to eat with him, with the remark, "Don't bother about cleaning up, boys; we're all working men."

When 27 years of age he was married to Lucy Furnas of Belle Plaine, Ia., and their twenty-two years of married life was ideal. Those who know say that much of Mr. Ware's success was due to his wife, whose unselfish devotion and intelligent interest in his work was an unfailing source of inspiration to him. Mrs. Ware died in December, 1911, after a long and painful illness.

Like lots of other successful railroad men, Mr. Ware is large of stature, of fine appearance, genial and democratic, and it is a pleasure to hold conversation with him. He is very popular all over the railroad, and the shower of congratulatory telegrams and letters that poured in on him as soon as it was announced that he had been made general manager were only a small indication of the genuine delight felt by all employes of the operating department at his promotion. Everyone on the railroad is wearing the "smile that won't come off."



CHARLES WARE,  
General Manager of the Union Pacific

put his bundle of money on the seat beside him. Pretty soon his hat blew out of the window, so with the promptness in an emergency which has always characterized him, he jumped up and pulled the bell rope. When the conductor found out what was the trouble he gave him an undiluted piece of his mind and wound up by asking him what he had in that bundle. Ware told him it was some money to buy a new hat with. By the time he reached the end of his journey he had placated the conductor to such a degree that he went about town with Ware helping him in the purchase of the hat—and some other things.

#### Rapid Advancement

Mr. Ware entered the employ of the Union Pacific in 1890 as train dispatcher, soon became chief dispatcher, later assistant superintendent, was appointed superintendent of the Nebraska division at

directing, sending messages, and even lending a hand himself if hands are short. During the snow blockade which tied up the line between Kansas City and Denver last winter he was there following the snow plow night and day. When the double track main line in Nebraska was under water for miles a few weeks later this spring Mr. Ware was on the spot almost as soon as the water. And there was a little incident at this time that showed the determination of the man.

A party of officials, looking into the conditions during the worst flood time, came to a washout, where there was a wide stream of water fifteen feet deep and the rails bolted together, dangling out over the water, formed the only bridge. The others started back, but not Mr. Ware. He started across on the rails. He is no lightweight, by considerable, and the rails swayed and swung under