

which solves his difficulty at once, and he breathes easier as he recalls:

Each package, bundle or loose piece of freight must be plainly, legibly and durably marked by brush, stencil, marking crayon (not chalk), rubber type, metal type, pasted label or other method which provides marks equally plain, legible and durable, showing the name of only one consignee, and only one station, town or city and state to which destined. Old consignment marks must be removed or effaced.

Eagerly and critically he examines the helpless things. Yes, the name and full address of the person for whom intended is shown. They cannot be lost or detached. They cannot be effaced. All old marks have been erased, so that no other person can claim or receive it. What cares he now if a careless checker sends it to the wrong car! It may cause some delay, but the marking will cause it to be sent on to the right place and Omega, the delivery clerk, his partner and team-mate, and equally alive to all that is necessary to make for complete success, will take care of it. His work is done, and done well, and when the day is over and he goes home, it is with the satisfied feeling of "all is well."

Omega

Omega, the end. Omega, the delivery clerk. Let us now look into the kind of a personage he is, and what he does. He is reasonably sure that the expected will arrive and arrive sound as Alpha's care as to marking and container has taken care of these things, and sure enough, his anticipations are realized. A glance at the things in the car gave him a fright, however. The person charged with the duty of stowing was evidently a pitcher on a baseball team, and practiced throwing instead of stowing. What a miscellaneous lot of goods there was. All sizes, shapes and kinds. It had the appearance of a mass of stuff jumbled together in the car, and looked as if it had taken a ride on a roller-coaster. The car had gone through several crowded railroad yards, and the bumping it had received had evidently been none too gentle. However, Alpha's care was well repaid. When the expected articles were unearthed from the melee the containers had done the trick, and they were safe and sound, but one of them was missing. How disappointed the person looking for them would be. But Omega felt no alarm, as he was satisfied, regardless of a careless checker having sent it wandering, that his partner Alpha had given

proper care and attention to the markings and it was sure to come. Those that did arrive were put in the section of the freight house where he held sway. Woe to him who tried to take them away improperly, or carelessly acted so that any harm might come to them. They were placed so as to be given perfect safety, and found quickly when called for. He would not have it on his conscience to cause worry or disappointment to the person who had been expecting them.

In due time they were called for and then Omega showed that he was worthy of the trust reposed in him and would have a proper end to that which Alpha had started. He first required the proper credentials to satisfy himself that the person calling was entitled to receive them. Being satisfied as to this, he then quickly produced the articles, but would not permit them to be removed until he had obtained a properly signed and dated receipt for them. This document was of great value to him, and to the road which employed him, as for the very purpose of obtaining it he was obtaining it at the proper time and in the proper form. All the work and expense of both himself and Alpha would be wasted, however, if it were not taken care of. Accordingly he was very particular to hand it over to the Sage in charge of the office who would carefully file it away in the archives from which it could be produced at any time if any dispute came up about it.

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Fine Lesson in Thrift

OF the 3,000,000 or more people who subscribed to the Liberty loan, it is fair to assume that several hundred thousands of them, possibly a million, had never done any investing before. The enormous benefit to the country from this first lesson in thrifty investment is apparent. Many of those who subscribed thought, before they were asked to invest, that putting money into the Liberty loan was equivalent to giving it to the government and that it would never be returned to them. Probably thousands of these people who voluntarily contributed without being asked, still have that idea and subscribed purely out of patriotism. As soon as they receive their bonds and begin to become aware that any day and in any amount the bonds can be sold promptly, the realities of the situation will become clear and they will be ready to subscribe to the next loan.—*Basche Review.*

John Stephen Bell

COLONEL JOHN STEPHEN BELL, veteran Erie employe, former chief of police of Newark and one-time head of the United States Secret service, business man, loyal friend of and popular contributor to the *Erie Railroad Magazine*, died on June 19 at his home, 173 Roseville avenue, Newark, N. J. He had been in failing health for a long time; nevertheless his death was unexpected by hundreds of friends, and was a great shock to them.

Colonel Bell, when a boy, entered the employ of the Erie in the old shops at Piermont, and before he left the service was an engineer of one of the old wood-burners, a fact which in his late life, was a source of great pride to him. Through all the remainder of his active and useful life he never once lost interest in the Erie or its employes, and not only kept up his acquaintance with officials and employes, but devoted many of his spare hours to the collection of pictures of old locomotives and cars and historical records, many of which, through his generosity, were presented entertainingly to readers of this magazine. Of late years Colonel Bell was in the ice business in Newark, and due to his reputation for honor and uprightness, won the respect and esteem of everyone in that community. He served both his city and state and his country faithfully as an officer of the law, and left records

both in his home town and in Washington that are living testimonials to his sterling character and a source of pride to his family. The widow and one son survive; also a brother who is an Erie conductor.

Colonel Bell was buried in a beautiful spot in Fairmount cemetery, not far from his late home. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. William Y. Chapman, pastor of the Roseville

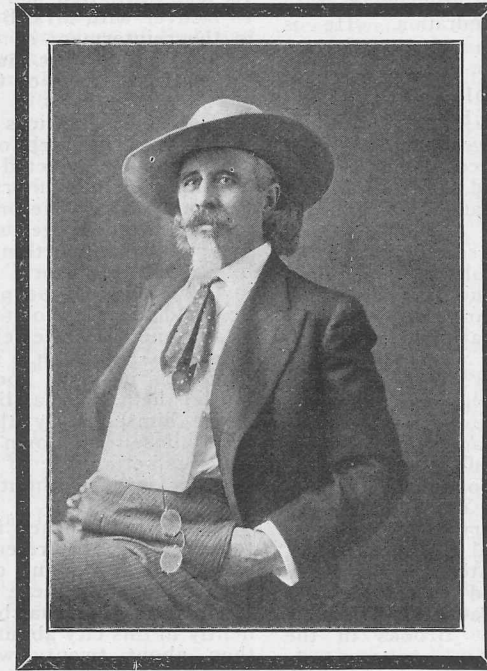
Avenue Presbyterian church, and was attended by several hundred friends including personal and business acquaintances of long standing, among them many men prominent in all walks of life, including bankers, government, state and city officials, the judiciary, and his loyal co-workers.

Just before he passed away Colonel Bell summoned his secretary and dictated the names of those

of his numerous friends he wished to act as pallbearers, as follows:

James Smith, Jr., Joseph P. Tumulty, James R. Nugent, William C. Krueger, William M. Sommer, Joseph M. Byrne, Fred B. Stoutenburgh, William H. F. Fiedler, General Edwin W. Hine, Dr. A. V. Wendel, Richard W. McEwan of Whippany, H. W. Bahrenburg, William F. Hooker of New York, R. T. Blauvelt of East Orange and H. S. B. Treadwell.

The active pallbearers were managers of departments and branches of Colonel



Bell's business, as follows: J. Harry Deir, Harry Greenbaum, De Warren B. Barnett, John F. Reilly, Fred Stange, Augustus von Pein, Ernst Giffhorn and John W. Anderson.

The editor of the *Erie Railroad Magazine* and many others at the general offices of the Erie, while for some time anticipating that his end was close at hand, were deeply affected by the news of Colonel Bell's death. He was a frequent caller at the Magazine office, and his kindly, gentle and sympathetic ways won everyone's admiration. He is sorely missed.

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CHAPTERS IN COLONEL BELL'S CAREER

THE *Newark Evening News*, in a two-column account of Colonel Bell's death and sketch of his remarkably active and adventurous career, said in part:

"By reason of his service in two departments, John Stephen Bell acquired the title of 'Chief,' the name by which he was most popularly known to his friends, and for that matter by the general public. He was chief of the Newark police, where he had made a good record when he was taken by the Federal government as head of the secret service activities in New Jersey. After two and a half years he was appointed chief of the secret service in the Treasury department. He was head of the service in the state from June, 1885, until January 21, 1888, having been appointed by Secretary Daniel Manning, and headed the federal service until late in 1893. He succeeded James J. Brooks in the Washington post.

"Having become acquainted with William F. Cody ('Buffalo Bill') many years ago, the two men became most intimate friends, and they chummed together whenever the occasion afforded for them to meet, another intimate being Louis S. Cooke of the Continental Hotel. The two Newarkers were associated with Cody in the Buffalo Bill show that had a successful run for some years through this country and Europe.

"In 1903 Mr. Bell became one of the directors of the Buffalo Bill Development company, a concern organized with a capital of \$2,500,000 to take over and develop Colonel Cody's holdings in the Big Horn basin. He spent much time in the west.

"Chief Bell and Buffalo Bill first became acquainted in 1872, when Mr. Bell was in the theatrical business in New York. Mr. Bell took on the road the original company which had presented 'The Two Orphans,' and was brought into contact with Mr. Cody through association in that venture. Their acquaintance continued off and on, gradually growing stronger and achieving the stage of intimacy when Mr. Bell became chief of police in 1884, as Mr. Bell told when speaking of his relation with Buffalo Bill at the time of Cody's death, January 10, last. Mr. Bell had intended to go to Denver with Mrs. Bell to take part in the reinterment of Colonel Cody's body, June 10, last, but the trip was prevented because of Chief Bell's illness.

"During his services as chief of the secret service much of the bureau's activities were directed to the work of detecting counterfeiters and bringing them to justice. He broke up many a nest of these dangerous lawbreakers, but rarely had anything to say about himself or his work. He never allowed himself to be photographed if he could avoid it, nor to be introduced to any one unless he selected the time, place and occasion. He learned as much as possible about everybody, but let them know as little as possible about himself. By this method he kept himself unknown to the crooks and was better able to follow up their devious ways without being recognized or suspected.

"When he returned from Washington in 1893, he re-entered the ice business and became connected with the Krueger Hygiene Ice company. He had taken up that business permanently in this city about 1867. He was then about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, having been born November 23, 1844, in Sparkill, N. Y. He began the business by cutting and delivering ice from the tail end of a wagon. After resuming the business he remained with the Krueger concern for a time, but later became connected with the Union Ice company, retaining the offices of treasurer and general manager until the last, although the Union had become consolidated with the American Ice company in 1899.

"When Col. Bell was a boy in Sparkill, that place on the Hudson was near the terminus of one of the Erie's lines. The railroad was still somewhat of a novelty and the operation of the trains attracted his boyish interest to such a degree that when he

was fourteen years old he went to work for the Erie at Piermont. He was employed four years in the machine shops, became a fireman on a locomotive for four years, after which he was an engineer until April, 1867, when he went into the ice business here.

"Early associations engendered in his mind a love for the Erie company that remained with him even on his deathbed and while lying ill he called for friends whom he had found interested in his reminiscences. On the walls of his sleeping room he had pictures of the early locomotives he operated or knew as a youth. The last engine Mr. Bell operated was the Steuben, the locomotives at that time being known by names like boats, instead of by numbers as at present. Stories of the old days on the road were written up by Mr. Bell and printed in the *Erie Railroad Magazine* published by the company. In September, 1911, Mr. Bell was made a director of the Morristown & Erie Railroad company."

William Thompson Boyd

WILLIAM THOMPSON BOYD, an old and faithful employe of the Erie railroad and for years a member of the Telegraph department, died at his home in Harriman, N. Y., at the age of sixty.

Mr. Boyd was seized with a paralytic stroke on May 30, last, and never regained his strength. On June 19, another stroke resulted in death. Funeral service was held at his late home and he was buried at Wurtsboro, N. Y.

In the death of Mr. Boyd the New York division has lost one of its oldest and best known employes. His record follows:

Born August 5, 1857. Summer 1876, extra operator and agent, New York division; February 1, 1877, agent, Central Valley; also, for awhile he was train dispatcher at Carbondale, Pa. About 1879, he was sent to the "W. U." office, Olean, N. Y.; then manager Western Union telegraph office at Wellsville, N. Y. In July, 1881, he was sent to New York to work in the "Y. A." office. January 14, 1887, he was appointed division operator at Jersey City. January 28, 1908, he was given the title of station supervisor, in addition. October 16, 1913, he was appointed agent at Harriman, N. Y., where he remained until he died.

He was a son of Dr. Boyd of Monroe, who was for years the company's physician and surgeon at that point.

He leaves a widow, but no children. A delegation of Erie employes, close friends of deceased, attended the funeral.

Jacob Christ

ABLOW that fell heavily on the Erie employes at Moosic, Pa., was the recent death of Jacob Christ, a veteran in the ranks of locomotive engineers and a loyal employe of the Erie railroad.

He enlisted at the age of sixteen and with the Sixth Pennsylvania volunteers went to the front in defence of the flag. At the expiration of six months he was mustered out and re-enlisted in the Sixth U. S. cavalry, serving in most of the engagements.

In 1866 he entered the service of the Lehigh Valley railroad as brakeman, afterward becoming an engineer. In 1880 he entered the service of the Michigan Central at St. Thomas, Canada, and ran passenger.

Returning to the United States shortly after, he entered the service of the Erie railroad and remained with it until six years ago when failing eyesight caused his retirement. He had been on the W. B. & E. division of the N. Y. S. & W. all these years.

He was a loyal member of Division 403, B. of L. E., Dunmore, Pa. and a man of sterling character. He was buried at Tunkhannock, Pa., with military honors, wrapped in the flag he fought to preserve.

George Burke

GEORGE BURKE, executive car porter, and for twenty-eight years a faithful and loyal employe of the Erie railroad, died June 14, at his home, 183 Duncan avenue, Jersey City, N. J., at the age of fifty-three years.

Mr. Burke had been ill for some time prior to his death, his ailment being Bright's disease. The funeral which took place on the following Sunday, was attended by many friends from the executive and other offices of the company. Many beautiful floral offerings were sent, one particularly fine one from President Underwood, whom deceased has served well and faithfully.

Mr. Burke had quite a history in and out of railroad life. Earlier in his life he served with General Lawton during the Indian campaign in the

Northwest and acted in the capacity of "Striker," which in military parlance means one who is an attendant on an officer.

After entering railroad life he was employed on the Erie as porter on executive cars. He held this position under Presidents John King, E. B. Thomas and with Mr. Underwood.

Going about the country with these high officials brought him in contact with many prominent people. He had looked after the comfort of President Harrison on a trip to New England; also of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt while en route.

Mr. Burke was a native of Alexandria, Va. He leaves his widow, a son and daughter.

George G. Dow

GEORGE G. DOW, cashier and billing clerk of the Erie Lake line, New York city, died May 27, in Pasavant Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., after being ill there for several months. His death was due to a fractured hip, the result of a fall from which he suffered greatly and never recovered. Mr. Dow entered the Erie service in 1875 as clerk, later becoming bill of lading and general clerk, and finally cashier.



Conscience Money

AMAN, whose name is withheld recently sent Treasurer Bigoney of the Erie railroad a check for \$10, explaining that it was in payment for lumber and material that he had taken from a company shop while in the railroad's employ.

This man added, "God saved my heart and I promised I would repay some three or more years ago while still in your employ, but I put it off until now. This will, I believe, cover all or more of what was taken."

Bingo!

Motorcyclist—Look at these two fellows coming this way! They must be racing. (*)

Passenger (in side car)—All I can see is two lights.

On which side should I pass them?

Take no chances, go between them.

* Automobile.

He's on This Job

"Many an office boy doesn't need to be told to Stop, Look, Listen!" says the *Railroad Man's Magazine*.

PREVENTING PERSONAL INJURY

By PHILIP FERSON, Erie Passenger Conductor

THE safety first slogan has been so well preached among railroad men that those among them who realize what it means are always on the lookout for danger, but there are others who have to be reminded continually that danger lurks wherever railroad work is performed.

"Since being a member of the Safety committee much has been said of unsafe conditions, but when you read statistics showing that 99 per cent of personal injuries are caused by the person himself and that nine-tenths of the accidents could have been avoided by exercise of proper care on the part of the injured person, I would not blame the railroad company for declaring any person that violates the safety rules, an undesirable employe.

"Rules of the Operating department say clearly that obedience to the rules is essential to the safety of passengers and employes and to the protection of company's property. If a person does not look after his own safety how can you expect him to look out for others? First of all the conductor should be on the job himself; if he is not how can he expect his men to be?"

"Tell your men what you want and expect them to do and see that they do it.

"Tell your men daily, if necessary, to be careful not to create unsafe conditions; new men, especially. Show them how to do their work safely and caution them against doing things wrong or things they should not do. Talk efficiency because I believe efficiency is the foundation of safety.

"Always see that your flagman performs his full duty. Nearly all rear end collisions are caused by short flagging.

"You owe this duty to yourself, the public and the company; consider it a pleasure to be criticized for having your flag out too far.

"Never delegate a green man to do the flagging if you can possibly avoid it. If not, watch him closely.

"Do not allow any member of your crew to engage himself in reading a newspaper while the train is in motion, because a man doesn't know what is going on about him if absorbed in reading a paper.

"Be sure before leaving a terminal that your engineer understands and has read the last special order. It might save him and yourself a lot of trouble.

"Be sure before leaving your terminal that your brakes are tested, and don't depend entirely on the inspector. Have your men, as well as yourself, pay attention while test is being made. Be sure you are right.

"Be sure before pulling in a siding that you know where the derail is. If you don't know, don't guess at it; find it.

"In conclusion, let me say, we all make mistakes; the one that does not, is the one who never does anything.

"If you are not doing the right thing and you know it, be a wise man and change your mind. A wise man will change his mind, a fool never will.

"Do all you can at all times to make conditions safer and better for yourself, the public and all concerned. You will appreciate your own efforts in time and I know the company will. As I said before, efficiency first and safety will naturally follow."

Principles of Mechanics

By H. E. BLACKBURN, Instructor of Apprentices Erie Railroad

MECHANICS is that branch of science which treats of the action of force, and of its effects.

A force may be defined as any cause producing a push or a pull, the expansive force of steam, for instance.

The unit of force is measured in pounds. A force of 100 pounds is one capable of sustaining a weight of 100 pounds.

The material of which anything is composed is called *matter*. Iron is a substance under this head, and it enters largely in the make-up of a locomotive, while water is also a substance which goes a long way in making steam to run the locomotive.

Work is said to be done, when force produces motion in opposition to a resistance. Force has one element only, namely, to push or pull.

Work is the result of the two elements, force and motion.

In order to calculate the work done, force applied is measured in pounds and the distance moved in feet, or force \times distance = work in foot pounds, so the unit of work is moving one pound a distance of one foot.

A force, however small, can do any amount of work providing time

enough is allowed. A toy engine will do as much work in ten hours as a locomotive in one stroke of the piston, so the term power is used to show the amount of work done in a given time.

The unit of power for engineering is the horse power, one horse power being equal to raising 33,000 pounds one foot in one minute of time. If you have 66,000 foot pounds of work done $66,000 \div 33,000 =$ two horse power of work done in one minute of time.

Locomotives are not rated in horse power but in tractive force, which in plain English, means all that it will pull without slipping.

To find the tractive power of a locomotive using 200 pounds of steam pressure with cylinders 24" \times 32", and driving wheels 63" in diameter, 35 per cent of the boiler press is taken as a starter, and we then have

$$170 \times 24 \times 24 \times 32 = 49,800 \text{ foot}$$

63

pounds, or tractive force of the locomotive, commonly called what she will pull on the level without slipping the wheels.

Belgians Appreciated Tobacco

THAT the tobacco sent to the Belgian soldiers at the front has been greatly appreciated, is shown by a post-card received by Vice-President Cooke of the Erie railroad in a letter from Francis R. Jones, organizing secretary of the Belgian Soldiers' Tobacco Fund, London, England.

The card reads as follows:

Belgium Front, May 4, 1917.

D. W. Cooke, Esq., Employes,
50 Church St., New York City,
New York, U. S. A.

Dear Sirs:

I wish to express my sincere thanks for the nice smokes I received through your donation, and if your Tommies come and join us here, the tip is, "bring plenty of smokes with them."

No need to say we shall cheer them, and we are proud they have joined hands with us and our brave allies, to free the world of barbarism.

(Signed) *A Belgian Soldier.*

Erie Men Liberal With Red Cross

The employes of the Erie railroad contributed \$8,661.85 to the Red Cross campaign fund.

Breaking the News Gently

He entered the ladies' sitting-room at the railway station, walked up to a woman whose husband had left the room about ten minutes previously, and calmly inquired: "Madam, your husband went out to see the river, didn't he?"

"Yes—why?" she asked, turning pale in an instant.

"He was a tall man, wasn't he?"

"He was," she replied, rising up and turning still paler.

"Had red hair?"

"He had. Oh, what has happened?"

"Weighed about 180 pounds?"

"Yes, yes! Where is he—where is my husband?" she exclaimed.

"Couldn't swim, could he?"

"He's drowned—my husband is drowned!" she wailed.

"Had a silver watch chain?" continued the stranger.

"Where is my husband—where is the body?" she gasped.

"Do not get excited, madam. Did your husband have on a gray suit?"

"Yes. Oh, my Thomas, my Thomas!"

"And lace-up boots?"

"Let me see him—let me see him!" she cried.

"Come this way, madam, but do not get excited. There, is that your husband across the street at that fruit stand?"

"Why, yes, that's him; that—that's my husband!" she exclaimed joyfully. "I thought you said he was drowned."

"No, madam, I did not. I saw him buying a cocoanut, and I believe it to be my duty to say to you that cocoanuts are not healthy at this season of the year."—*Express Gazette.*