

THE ELECTRIC AGE.

DEVOTED TO TELEGRAPHY, TELEPHONY, ELECTRIC LIGHTING AND ALL PHASES OF ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT.

VOL. VI—No. 13.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1888.

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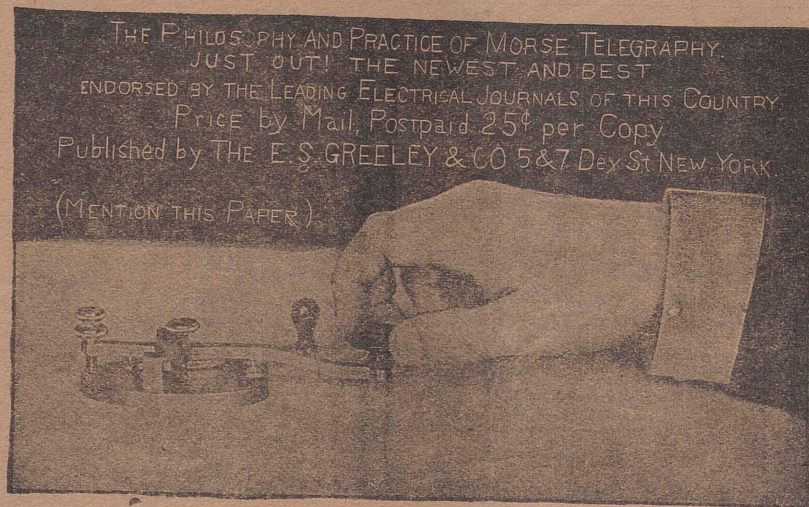
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The Electrical Review, March 24th, '88.

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J. B. SABINE, Manager Patent Bureau,
No. 5 Day St., New York.

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PHILADELPHIA P. & R. NOTES.—The force at the Philadelphia, Reading and Pottsville Telegraph Company's office consists of Manager Wm. H. Mishler, Chief Operator Wm. Plattenberg, Night Chief Jas. Wilson; operators, Miss Rohanan, Miss Davis and Mrs. Livermore, late of the B. & O.; Messrs. Hauke, O'Brien, Brenner, Geise, Harley, Thompson, Powers, H. Plattenberg, Herbest, Calvin, Bolton, Miller, MacDonald, Landis, Smith and Charles Fletcher, late of W. U. With two or three exceptions the force here has remained unchanged for a number of years. This company is controlled by the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Co., and handles all the messages pertaining to freight and traffic on its roads. There is always more or less lack of trade at this season of the year, and rumors of reduction of force, compulsory vacation etc., are rife, but it is hoped that with the approaching holidays and the general impetus to business which usually follows a Presidential election, the dull season will be of short duration. Mr. L. D. Firman, formerly with the B. & M., has been made night chief at the Western Union office. The Postal office in the sugar district at 104 South Front street, under the management of W. L. Stanger is doing a very fair business. Manager Stanger's popularity among the various firms in his district, in connection with the excellent service rendered to all competitive points, has been the most important means in building up the business of this office. Chief Operator E. G. Stair looks after the service of the office assisted by Operators J. M. Crawford, Charles S. Myrose and T. G. Tice, late of W. U. Mr. H. G. Storch has charge of clerical works. Mr. G. S. Mellor, assisted by George Lawrence, looks after the delivery.

TORONTO NOTES.—The management have, for the present, deprived us of all extra; but not at a total loss, as any extra time the operators put in, is paid back. When a day is accumulated in this way we are allowed a "night off." Some rather take to this idea, but the majority prefer the "long green." Mr. J. Harcourt, of the G. N. W., Port Hope, Ont., was in town Thanksgiving day and was the guest of Mr. W. B. Knox, of the C. P. R.

NEW ORLEANS NOTES.—Mr. Robert Ewing, a well-known old time telegrapher, has been appointed superintendent of telegraph of the New Orleans city fire alarm. Mr. E. J. Davis, formerly assistant day chief operator, has been appointed night chief operator, *vice* Higdon deceased. Mr. John Thompson has been made assistant day chief operator.

O. R. T. GRAND HOP IN BALTIMORE.—Baltimore Division No. 17, Order of the Railway Telegraphers held their second grand Hop at the Academy of Music November 20th. The following named gentleman deserve great credit for the manner in which they fulfilled their parts, causing all present to spend a most enjoyable evening.

Jas. B. Finnan, chairman; A. M. Ramey, master of ceremonies; Assistants, H. Richter and L. N. Blumenauer; Floor managers, Wm. Nolan, chairman; Assistants, N. B. Curry, R. Hanley, L. E. Mullinix, W. F. Cannon, T. J. Cahill, F. C. Webb, J. H. Roberts and C. L. Baughman; Reception Committee, W. A. Scarborough, chairman; Assistants, W. O. Hiltabidle, M. B. Fitzpatrick, W. T. Spurrier, H. H. Tille, O. A. Geise, J. T. Lannon, G. A. Kirby, A. Shipley, C. J. Newbar and J. E. Price. The only thing to mar the pleasure of the above named gentleman, was the absence of the commercial men, who have always enjoyed the moral and financial support of their railway brothers. This fact should never be lost sight of by the commercial operators, and each one should use greater effort to establish the harmony which should exist among all telegraphers and more fully cement the fraternal feeling and brotherly ties which one and all alike should certainly hail with pleasure. We hope a hint to the wise is sufficient.

POSTAL NOTES.—Miss Rose Halligan has been added to the regular force. Mr. W. H. Mayer goes to Washington, D. C., for this company, December 1st. A. A. Anderson has transferred from day to night force, and F. F. Norton, from night to day trick. Thanksgiving day was made a whole holiday for the ladies, much to their satisfaction. Miss J. Cortisoz has returned from a six week's vacation, much improved by the rest. J. J. Morgan, formerly with this company, has gone to Fort Wayne, Ind. The Boston wires are probably the heaviest in the office. They are very ably managed by Messrs. Gibbons, Wright, Kehoe and Ernewein. Manager Lloyd, of the Western Union, Chicago, visited this office a few day ago, the guest of Mr. F. W. Jones.

James Dougherty, the individual who has for some years been persecuting Mary Anderson by his eccentricities and who is now in the insane asylum, is an old operator and line repairer, for some time with the Postal at Doylestown, Pa. His peculiarities while at that point was such as to bring the company into much disfavor with the people, and it was not until he had made serious trouble for his employers that he was finally got rid of. He has written many voluminous documents to the AGE, as he did also to the officials of the Postal from Mr. J. W. Mackay down. These communications gave evidence of insanity all through them. At the same time his peculiarities were of such a nature as to cause considerable amusement. His literary contributions in possession of the Postal company are worth publishing.

After the T. M. B. A. annual meeting, November 21st, Messrs. W. J. Lloyd, of Chicago; J. W. Tillinghast, of Buffalo; H. E. Rawson, of Columbus; S. S. Garwood and F. W. Griffin, of Philadelphia; S. M. Walls, of Atlanta, Ga.; J. G. Tomlinson, of Wheeling; E. S. Swift, of Indianapolis; C. P. Bruch, T. E. Fleming, M. J. O'Leary and J. B. Taltavall, of New York, repaired to Martinelli's, on Fifth avenue, where supper was had, after which, the various places of interest up town were visited. The delegates are well-known telegraph people and expressed themselves as much gratified with their trip to New York. All of them added many names of new friends to their lists.

Among our new advertisements in this issue is one of Mr. E. M. Anson, who has been appointed agent for two or three large concerns, to enable members of the telegraphic profession to secure the finest quality of goods at prices below store figures, and on time to accommodate each individual. There is a good field for just such articles as Mr. Anson has, in the New York offices, and no doubt he will succeed in working up a good business during the holidays.

DIED.—J. W. Perry, at Colorado Springs, Col., November 14th, of consumption, aged thirty-two years. Mr. Perry was formerly of New York, where he was well known. A short time before he died he expressed a desire to become a member of the Order of Railway Telegraphers, but before his application could be attended to he was called away. Being an orphan, with no relatives except an aunt in New York, the noble O. R. T. through sympathy for one of their profession, gave him a good burial.

DIED.—E. H. Betts, a well-known Cincinnati, Ohio, operator, died in that city on Nov. 26th, of consumption. Deceased was a native of West Virginia.

Geo. Wilson, manager of the Mexican Cable Co. at Vera Cruz, Mexico, died last summer. Mr. Wilson was very popular and well-known in cable circles in the east.

DIED.—T. D. O'Keefe, of the American District Tel. Co., New York, died on November 15th, aged 32 years.

MARRIED.—Riffert—Sebring, Mr. L. A. Riffert, manager of the W. U. at Bound Brook, N. J., to Miss Ola Sebring, of the same place, on November 21st. Congratulations.

Mrs. W. J. Johnson, wife of the publisher of the *Electric World*, died very suddenly a few days ago.

THE BUFFALO ELECTRIC SOCIETY.

THE ELECTRIC MOTOR.

At a meeting of the Buffalo Electrical Society held November 5th, an instructive and interesting paper on electric motors was read by Mr. H. H. Humphrey, superintendent of the Buffalo Electric Light and Power Company.

It is the custom, the lecturer observed, to look upon the electric motor as a recent invention. Its action is explained by saying, familiarly, that it is a dynamo machine reversed. It is interesting, therefore, to note that the electric motor was invented five years before the dynamo, and that in fact the first dynamo was this same motor reversed.

In 1826, Barlow constructed the first electric motor, consisting of a spur wheel pivoted between the poles of a horse shoe magnet. When a current of electricity was passed from the center to the circumference of this wheel, the wheel revolved upon its central pivot. In 1831, Faraday reversed this motor and by driving this wheel mechanically between the poles of its magnet, succeeded in obtaining a current of electricity between contact strips resting on the pivot, and upon the periphery. This discovery of the production of electricity by magnetic induction and the vast and lucrative field opened up for its application in electric lighting, left the motor itself in unmolested obscurity. The additional fact that the electric magnet was invented in 1826, the same year that gave birth to the motor, and the wonderful lifting power displayed by it, drew aside the attention of inventors from the true conception of an electric motor. Indeed, it is only recently that electricians have awakened to the fact that an electric motor is not an electro magnetic engine and have come back to the simple conception of an electric motor portrayed in Barlow's spur wheel, namely, the motion produced by a magnetic field upon a conductor carrying a current of electricity. Hence it was that the electric motor had to be rediscovered in 1873, and brought to the world's notice by the accidental reversal of the dynamo. You are all familiar with the story of the discovery at the Vienna Exhibition that a gramme machine if connected with another similar machine which was generating a current would be set in motion by the electric current.

The electric motor may be defined as a machine for transforming electric energy into mechanical energy. Its essential parts are the electro magnets for producing a strong magnetic field and an armature carrying electric conductors and capable of revolution in the magnetic field. In its action it is dependent upon the principle discovered by Barlow in 1826, that a conductor carrying a current across a magnetic field has a tendency to motion in a certain definite direction and if free to move, can do work by this mechanical motion. Why this action takes place nobody attempts to explain. It is a law of nature, that is all the wisest can say. Like the converse principle discovered by Faraday, namely, the generation of an electric current by mechanically moving a conductor across a magnetic field it is inexplicable. The power developed by a motor is the product of two factors, the rotary effort or twisting effect or simply the torque as is commonly called, and the speed—and here let me call to your remembrance a definition of power. It is simply a rate of working. Work is done when a resistance is overcome through a certain distance as when a weight is lifted a certain height against the action of gravity, or when a force of so many pounds pressure pushes an engine piston through so many inches. Work is generally expressed in this country in foot pounds and power, or the rate of doing that work in foot pounds per minute. Thus one horse power (H. P.) = 33,000 foot pounds per minute. I have defined power thus accurately for the reason that it is a common error to confound it with force.

In a motor the torque is dependent upon the strength of the field, upon the current in the armature coils, and upon the distance of those coils from the armature shaft. With a

motor giving a definite and constant torque the power developed is proportional to the speed. Suppose our motor gives a torque of 14 pounds and has a four inch pulley and runs at a speed of 2,400 revolutions per minute. With every revolution the motor is capable of pushing a force of 14 pounds through a distance equal to the circumference of the pulley, which is approximately one foot in this case. That gives fourteen foot pounds with each revolution and at a speed of 2,400 revolutions per minute it develops 2,400 times 14 or 33,600 foot pounds per minute, which, you see, is a little more than one horse power. If loaded so that it could not run faster than 1,200 revolutions per minute, it is evident that it could not develop more than about half a horse power. This illustrates the importance of so arranging the pulleys that the motor is allowed to run at its normal speed in every case. I have given you the characteristics of one of the new "C. and C." self regulating one H. P. motors, designed for a constant current of 9.5 amperes.

Motors like dynamos are of three distinct types with reference to the connections between the field and armature; the series wound, the shunt wound, and the compound wound. They are made thus differently to adapt them to the various circuits, either the constant current (the arc circuit), or constant potential (the incandescant circuit), and to obtain that desirable end in a prime mover, a constant speed under all charges of load.

Let us consider first the series wound motor. In this motor the torque is constant and is proportional to the square of the current. It is proportional to the square, because the same current goes through the field that goes through the armature. Hence if this current is increased, since the torque is dependent upon the strength of the field and the armature current, it is receiving a double effect from the increase of current; unless the current is very steady with this class of motor the speed will vary greatly; also if the load varies, the speed will vary.

Let us suppose a series wound motor on a constant current circuit. When the motor is first switched into circuit, it starts with a certain torque that remains practically constant. The difference of potential across the terminals is that due only to the resistance of the motor; as the speed increases the difference of potential increases due to counter electro motive force and the power increases also. The only limit to the speed is the electro motive force of the generator. In most of the practical motors of to-day the speed is limited and controlled by the action of a centrifugal governor that either shifts the armature current away from the field magnets or else weakens the field. In the Brush motor, the speed is controlled by the governors shifting the commutator sleeve forward, thus throwing the current in the armature back to a point where the field is weaker. In the Cleveland motor the same result is obtained by mechanically shifting the brushes. In the Baxter and C. & C. motors the governors weaken the fields by cutting out sections of it. They all depend upon a mechanical governor.

Take now a series motor on a constant potential circuit; when the motor is switched on there is a tremendous rush of current through it because the resistance is small and the motor starts with a rush (if it is not burned out). As the speed increases the counter E.M.F. increases, the current diminishes in both field and armature, and the power falls off rapidly. The speed in a case of this kind will be very irregular.

With a shunt wound motor on a constant potential circuit the case is very different. The potential across the terminals of the field being constant, the field is practically constant. The torque is proportional to the current in the armature in this motor and not to the square of the current as in the series motor above referred to. When this motor is switched in circuit there is a great rush of current through the armature with danger of burning it out. Hence it is common to have a resistance in series with the armature to

use in starting. When the armature comes up to speed the resistance is cut out and the counter E. M. F. of the armature itself controls the flow of current through it. When the load is thrown off and the armature would tend to increase in speed, the increased counter E. M. F. thus set up, reduces the current, weakens the power, and thus checks the speed. When load is put on the tendency to slow down in the speed reduces the counter E. M. F., allowing the passage of more current, producing more power and thus increasing the speed again. A motor of this kind uses power in proportion to the work it is doing. It also has almost a constant speed. If the armature could be made without resistance and still have the requisite length of wire upon it, if the induction currents in the iron could be eliminated, if the reaction of the armature coils on the field magnetism could be done away with, in short if we could make an ideally perfect motor, a simple shunt wound motor would regulate perfectly when supplied at constant potential.

Let us put this shunt wound motor on a constant current circuit and note its action. When switched in the greater part of the current goes through the armature and little through the field, and the motor starts with weak rotary effect. As the speed increases the counter E. M. F. of the armature increases throwing more current through the field, increasing the speed and torque without limit. This motor is not practical.

The compound wound motor is a combination of the two preceding classes. It has both a series and a shunt winding. It is the only motor that is perfectly automatic in its speed regulation for constant potential circuits; the series winding opposes the shunt winding; to increase the power in a series motor strengthen the field; to increase the power in the shunt motor weaken the field, for this allows the counter E. M. F. to fall and a larger current to pass through the armature, and the power is increased. Hence with a properly proportioned winding with the series coil opposing the shunt, a perfectly constant speed can be attained by these motors. The practical motors then are the series wound for constant current circuits governed by a mechanical governor; the shunt wound for constant potential circuits when constant speed is not desirable and the compound wound motor for constant potential circuits, where an accurately constant speed under all loads is of importance.

We will now consider the efficiency of the electric motor as a machine for the transformation of energy. The electrical energy used by a motor is the product of the current flowing through it in amperes, multiplied by the difference of potential across its terminals in volts. This product is in watts, which divided by 746, the number of watts in a horse power, gives the energy in H. P. Of this energy put into the motor, a part is wasted in heating the resistance of the motor, a part in overcoming the friction at the brushes and at the bearings and the fanning of the air; a part in overcoming the magnetic friction from the production of induced currents in the iron, and what is left appears on the motor pulley as useful power. The ratio of mechanical power on the shaft to the electrical energy put into the motor is the efficiency of the motor. The former can be measured by the brake, or any form of dynamometer. The current can be measured by a suitable ammeter; the difference of potential by a volt metre. The best compound wound automatic motors give an efficiency of between 85 and 90 per cent. The best series wound motors have an efficiency of between 80 and 85 per cent. With a series wound motor on a constant current circuit of 9.6 amperes, suppose we have 100 volts across the terminals. The product is 960 watts; 80 per cent. of this gives 768 watts, or a little over one horse power. It is a safe and convenient practical method to consider one H. P. delivered from the motor for every 100 volts generated at the station. With an automatic motor or a constant potential current of 100 volts we can calculate on a H. P. for every nine amperes generated from the station for $100 \times 9 = 900$ watts and 85 per

cent. of this equals 765 watts, a little over one horse power.

In this hastily prepared paper I have confined my attention to the motor as a machine. Of the distribution of power by means of electricity, the different conditions under which this is done, and the efficiency of such a system, I have said nothing. The application of motors to street railway propulsion, is a question that, on account of its recently rapid development in this country, and the great probability that a city with a boom will not long be behind in this direction, could well occupy our attention for more than one evening. I hope to hear that question discussed in the course of the lectures planned for this winter.

At the next meeting of the society, Prof. Pohlman will lecture. Subject, "Demonstrations in Animal Magnetism."

BRILLIANT TELEGRAPHERS.

GEORGE M. EITEMILLER AND OTHER WELL KNOWN OPERATORS,
GRADUATES OF THE MIDDLE DIVISION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ROAD.

Mifflin, Pa., is the old stamping-ground of the famous Eitemiller, and according to local legends "the boy George" was an exceedingly lively youngster, twenty years or so ago. It is related of him that, during the Centennial, he "mussed" all the way from Altoona to Harrisburg with the conductor of a fast train, because he wouldn't stop at every telegraph tower for "Eity" to get off and treat the operators. To this day he puts on a "sub" whenever a Middle Division operator goes to Pittsburgh, and introduces him as "an operator turned out by an old student of mine." On one occasion "Eity" playfully fired off a pistol close to the ear of Chief Car Inspector, John Diven, while the latter was doctoring a hot box, and was booted the length of a forty-car train. But the fresh lad found to his sorrow that others could be equally handy with their guns, of the variety familiarly known as "squirts," warranted to throw a gallon and a half of water, thirty feet. George still has a distinct recollection of a half hour spent at midnight in the "dead-house" here. Having been informed that a corpse had been brought in on a late express, he of course, had to see it. As soon as he entered the dark room the door was slammed and locked, and the boys outside yelled, blew on tin horns, exploded caps, pounded on the sides of the building and flashed red lights in through the windows. When rescued it was thought that he was booked for the asylum, and he is not yet convinced that the "stiff" was only stuffed. He was once summoned to Harrisburg to appear "on the carpet" in the division operator's office. As usual, his old hat wasn't fit to be seen, and he tried to borrow Tom Gitt's new white one. Tom, however, wouldn't lend it for fear that George would "dirty" it. Just as the train started, "Eity" snatched the white hat and flew away on a "hop skip" to get aboard. But Gitt was too quick for him and gave him an unmerciful licking. After that, of course, the boy couldn't go to Harrisburg at all, and he couldn't go to work, either, as his "sub" had been provided. He was very fond of a young lady at his boarding house, and, in order to keep out of her sight until he had repaired his face, he slept that night in the cab of an engine in the round house. "Sandy" Stimeling, the night hostler, discovered him there and decorated his features with lamp-black and poured a shovelful of coal-dirt down his back. In consideration of these misfortunes the division operator permitted "Eity" to return to duty without further punishment.

As Eitemiller's early record is properly a part of current telegraphic history, I append a brief sketch of it. He learned at Chambersburg, Pa., in 1863; in the fall of 1864, he relieved Cal. McGaughey, who died at Foster's Headquarters, at Newbern, N. C.; then he went with the Inland and Independent, and soon afterwards joined the Army of the Potomac, remaining with it until the Spring of 1865, when he went to Williamsport for the Philadelphia and Erie. He

came to the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1866 and remained two years, when he entered the service of the Pacific & Atlantic, since which time his career is well-known.

There is no railroad division in the country that has greater cause to feel proud of its telegraphic graduates than the Middle Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Hundreds of them are scattered all over the United States, and to such the following personal items concerning their old-time friends and comrades will be interesting reading: Chris. B. Young is agent of the Camden & Atlantic & West Jersey Railroads at Atlantic City.; James C. Cassell is division superintendent of the Norfolk & Western, at Norfolk Va.; J. W. Cook is train master, and "Hi" Burkholder, train runner, of the "Shenandoah Valley," at Roanoke. Va.; Jacob J. Burkholder is assistant train master, and Charles W. McClintock, train runner of the Middle Division, P. R. R., at Harrisburg; Ed. Daniels is chief clerk of the Division Freight Agent, P. R. R., at Harrisburg; C. A. Woods is chief clerk in General Superintendent, R. E. Pettit's office, at Altoona; S. Blair Cramer is assistant local train master of the Middle Division, at Mifflin; Ed. J. Hardy is general agent of the Oliver Chilled Plow Company, with headquarters in Harrisburg, at a salary of \$2,800 a year and expenses; Harvey H. Hamilton is general Western agent of the Lehigh Coal Company in Chicago, with a salary of over \$3,000; Samuel A. Speddy is at the head a transfer company in San Francisco, and his brother, James M. Speddy is also in California; J. W. Howe is a partner in the Ray Tanning Company, at Tyrone, Pa.; Walter S. Lytle is superintendent of telegraph for the Northern Pacific, at St. Paul; C. Bower Moran is train runner, and his brother, John Moran, clerk in the superintendent's office, of the Altoona Division, (P. R. R. branch lines); E. W. H. Cogley, formerly of Lewistown, is now chief operator of the Associated Press circuits at Cincinnati, Ohio; Leona Lemon is electrician of the Northern Pacific, at Helena, Mont. Mr. W. M. Allison is a well-known New York telegrapher, but for the past few years has been connected with the New York Press, latterly on the *Times*. He is a writer of recognized ability. Miss Elizabeth C. Cogley, sister of E. W. H. Cogley, is still an operator in the superintendent's office at Harrisburg; Miss Sallie Kerr is now the wife of Major Hiestand, manager of the Marshall Furnace, at Newport, Pa.; W. E. Yackley is working for the Western Union in New York City; George L. Diven has been with the Western Union, in Washington, for a number of years; Samuel M. Bleakney, father of Ed. Bleakney, is still agent at Newton Hamilton; David McCahan, who taught the telegraphic art to Edward H. Johnson, now president of the various Edison companies, is agent at Huntingdon; A. R. Kiefer, is still division operator of the Middle Division, but is rated wealthy and has earned a "soft thing"; Darwin C. Deen is night ticket agent at Harrisburg; Clem. Johnston is telegraphing in the superintendent's office, at Harrisburg; W. I. Kulp has succeeded Tom. Johnston, at Mifflin, and Robert E. Williams is train master at Columbia, on the Philadelphia Division. The list of the prominent dead embraces W. K. Applebaugh, formerly night chief, at 145 Broadway, New York, superintendent of the Gold and Stock, and late superintendent of Fire Alarm Telegraph, in Brooklyn; Thomas S. Johnston, whom every "old-timer" fondly remembers; "Al." Burkholder, a widely-known Western Union operator; Elmer Beck, Elihu B. Cramer and Harry Stone.

Without prejudice in favor of my old division, I can bear testimony that the Middle Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company surpasses in telegraphic facilities and efficiency any stretch of road in the United States that I have ever examined. The operators are almost without exception skillful; they are kindly treated and well paid, and each is given three day's vacation out of every month, without loss of pay. The Middle Division is 132 miles in length and

contains 43 telegraph offices, counting 4 in Harrisburg and only 1 in Altoona; 111 regular and 35 extra operators are employed, a total force of 146, or more than one operator for every mile of track. Twelve hours constitute a "trick," except in the superintendent's office, at Harrisburg, where the operators work only eight hours. Two wires, one for each half of the division, are required for train orders; each requiring a separate dispatcher and operator. The six operators who work these wires receive \$65 per month, each. The other operators in the same office, twelve in number, are kept busy all the time on reports and messages, and are paid \$60 each. There are three other offices in Harrisburg yard, employing nine operators whose salaries average over \$50 each. The lowest salary paid is \$40, and all minor interlocking-switch offices pay \$45, day and night. A careful classification shows that there are employed on this division 29 operators at \$40; 44 at \$45; 4 at \$49; 7 at \$50; 5 at \$54; 4 at \$55; 12 at \$60 and six at \$65; total, 111 operators; average salary, \$47.57, or \$1.70 for every day actually worked. Many of the smaller salaried operators live at home, or pay only \$3 a week for good board. The extra operators are paid in proportion to the salaries of the men they relieve, and are kept busy all the time, as some of the regulars "lay off" a week or more every month. There is a limited number of students along the line, but they are not permitted to make nuisances of themselves on the wires.

It is right that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company should have credit for the generous and considerate manner in which it treats its telegraph operators, and if any other road can make an equally good or better showing, it is to be hoped that some one will make the fact known. The only thing I find to criticize is the absence of the *ELECTRIC AGE*. As some of the Middle Division operators, however, devoured my copies with great relish, it is apparent that they possess the powers of discrimination and appreciation. The boys are liberal and impulsive and need but to be approached to enroll themselves as subscribers.

The Western Union Telegraph Company is at last on the floor of the Chamber of Commerce, in Minneapolis, Minn. Ever since the chamber was organized there has been a fight between the two. When the new building was first occupied, the commission men wanted the Chicago quotations. The Western Union offered to furnish them, but at an exorbitant figure. It also asked regular rates for messages during trading hours. The rates to Duluth were particularly high, and at one time there was talk of the grain men building a line of their own. Then came the North American, and it was hailed with joy by the members of the chamber. An agreement was speedily reached. The company was to have an office on the top floor and furnish the quotations for \$2,000 a year. They have rent free and send messages during board hours at reduced rates. For a long time the Western Union has desired to get on the floor, but they would not accede to the demands of the chamber—a rental of \$1,500. But at last the great company has been forced to accept the situation, and a few days ago they put in an office.

The *Electric Current*, a new monthly publication devoted to the interests of the electrical arts and industries, and published in Louisville, Ky., is before us. It is a neat, sixteen page sheet about the size of the *ELECTRIC AGE* and the first issue contained considerable good readable matter. There is no reason why a paper, properly conducted, and published in a central point, as is Louisville, should not pay. The *Electric Current* made one serious error, however, and that was in not giving credit to the paper from which it clipped so many of its news items and one of its editorials. If we should find anything new and crisp in its columns, in appropriating it to our own use, we would cheerfully give it the credit due, which is but right and just.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE TELEGRAPHERS MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Telegraphers Mutual Benefit Association was held in President Green's room at 195 Broadway, on November 21, Vice-President Young presiding.

Geo. F. Fagan was selected secretary of the meeting.

The president's report was then read, from which the following extracts are quoted :

"The Association has made a net increase of 164 in membership. It has been our custom to consider that we are prospering in proportion to the new members gained. In some respects this is true. New members mean an additional income, a higher average of health and a lower average of mortality for the time being, and fresh enthusiasm and interest in the objects and work of the Association. But, on the other hand, they bring increased liabilities. While increasing the membership lowers the mortality and fills the treasury temporarily, we must not forget that every new member adds to the association's liability \$1000, which—if he remain a member—is certain to accrue, and we must take care to be ready to meet it when it does accrue. The experience of life insurance shows that the cost of insuring life increases in direct ratio to the age of the insured. In youth the cost is small. In old age the cost is great. It is this fact that the many associations that have failed have overlooked. Starting with a young membership and collecting only the actual amount needed to meet claims, the cost to each member is inconsiderable, but as such an association grows older and members begin dying at a more rapid rate, assessments become frequent and the younger and healthy men drop out, leaving the older and weak members to bear the burden ; among these the mortality soon becomes so great that the survivors either cannot or will not meet the consequent claims and the association goes to pieces. This has been the history of hundreds of associations. That it has not been our own is due to the fact that our membership has always been drawn largely from among young men, separated so widely that unusual mortality from local causes has been infrequent ; that our requirements have been rigid ; our management conservative and careful ; our expenses reduced to a minimum, and last—and, as I believe, mainly—because our reserve fund has created and maintained confidence in our stability and soundness.

During the fiscal year just passed there have been 33 deaths, whose average age was 44 73-100 years, and the average duration of whose membership was 10 years and 10 months, showing that we are approaching the time when we should expect heavy losses among our older members. Notwithstanding the fact that twelve assessments were levied, the executive committee have been able to add to the reserve fund only \$8,000. To hold ourselves in a good financial condition as we were in last year, by maintaining a 2 per cent. reserve, required \$3,280.00 on account of the net gain in membership. It is thus seen that we have increased the reserve during this year by only \$4,720.00 (about 1-7 of 1 per cent. of the insurance carried) over the reserve that we held at the beginning of the year. It is a matter of regret that the increase has not been greater. There is no longer any doubt, or even discussion, as to the necessity for and advantage of a reserve. It already more than pays our running expenses. The question now is : how shall we be able to make it sufficiently large to protect us against the increased losses that are coming upon us with the advancing age of the members of the association ?

I do not mean to convey the idea that there is cause for alarm as to our condition. There is not. We are to-day upon as firm a basis as any similar association in the country. But if the association is to maintain the high standing that it has attained it must have the active aid of every member.

It is by the members that the association is controlled. Its success depends upon them."

The secretary's report stated that ninety members had lapsed and three resigned ; twenty-one new agents were appointed during the year ; seven members whose deaths are recorded were also members of the second division.

The question of the admission to the association of the Havana telegraph staff was referred by the last annual meeting to the executive committee, with power. At the meeting of the committee, held December 15th, 1887, the following resolution was adopted, viz.:

"Resolved: That in the opinion of this committee, it is not advisable to extend the membership of the association beyond the limits of the United States and British North America."

It was on motion,

"Resolved : That no compensation shall be allowed for collections or clerical work, but that, on and after January 1st, 1888, the secretary be, and hereby is authorized to credit agents with \$1.00 each for every new application forwarded by them and accepted by the executive committee, until the end of this committee's term of office, provided that the expenditures on this account shall not exceed the sum of \$500, appropriated by the annual meeting for the purpose of compensating the agents."

The statistics relating to the second division show an increased membership, but not what it should be to assure the success of the division. Many of the agents and most of the members are lukewarm in its behalf. For the credit of the entire association, this branch of it should be made a success. I bespeak for the second division the cheerful and active support of both agents and members.

The treasurer's report was a satisfactory one, and will be distributed with the others in pamphlet form, among the members.

The By-Laws were amended as follows :

To amend Section VII of the By-Laws so that it shall read as follows :

"Any person of good moral character, who has forfeited membership through non-payment of dues may be restored to membership upon the same terms and conditions as are required of new applicants, except that the entrance fee shall be four dollars, and that such applicant for restoration shall not be rendered ineligible to membership by reason of not being in telegraphic service."

And to add to Section VI of the By-Laws the words :

"Except that such applicant for restoration shall not be rendered ineligible to membership by reason of not being in telegraphic service."

The old officers were re-elected as follows :

President, James Merrihew ; Vice-President, W. H. Young ; Secretary, Charles P. Bruch ; Treasurer, G. W. E. Atkins ; Executive Committee, James Merrihew, New York ; G. W. E. Atkins, New York ; W. H. Jackson, New York ; W. B. Gill, Philadelphia ; Joseph Uhrig, Chicago ; W. H. Young, Washington ; Joseph L. Edwards, New York ; C. W. Hammond, St. Louis ; Charles P. Bruch, New York ; Auditing Committee, S. S. Garwood (chairman), Philadelphia ; M. J. O'Leary, New York ; Wm. J. Dealy, New York.

The Delegates present were :

W. H. Young, Washington, D. C.
S. M. Wall, Atlanta, Ga.
H. E. Rawson, Columbus, O.
E. S. Swift, Indianapolis, Ind.
Charles Smith, Louisville, Ky.
W. H. Runyeon, Reading Penn.
J. W. Tillinghast, Buffalo, N. Y.
J. G. Tomlinson, Wheeling, W. Va.
M. M. Prescott, Pittsburgh, Pa.
J. M. McLean, Baltimore, Md.
S. S. Garwood, Philadelphia.
F. W. Griffin, Philadelphia.

I. A. Van Dusen, Jersey City.
T. D. Lockwood, Boston,
W. J. Lloyd, Chicago.

RESIDENT MEMBERS.

T. C. Martin,	D. C. Donohue,
J. L. Edwards,	T. P. Scully,
R. G. Stephenson,	H. Smith,
W. L. Ives,	E. F. Cummings,
W. J. Hamilton,	W. H. Baker,
W. J. Dealy,	T. R. Taltavall,
G. F. Fagan,	Charles P. Bruch,
D. C. Sullivan,	T. A. Brooks.
William Holmes,	G. Irving,
C. H. Jennings,	M. J. O'Leary,
G. W. E. Atkins,	R. W. Pope,
Lewis Dresdner,	G. W. Logan,
J. B. Taltavall,	T. E. Fleming,
Dr. J. C. Clark,	B. L. Brannon,
D. W. McAneeny,	A. M. Guest,
L. S. Jones,	J. D. Reid.

BALTIMORE NOTES.—It affords me pleasure to state that Mr. F. W. Ganger night manager, who has been quite ill with pneumonia, is once more at his post of duty. Mr. Geo. Plummer of the extra force has been appointed to fill the vacancy caused by W. B. Nelson. No doubt many, or I may say, nearly every operator sometime or another has in receiving got his "700 for Mill," "76 for Mich.," "Beog for Berg," "Coyt for Cecil," "Sipys for Ciscos," and a thousand other most horrible and ridiculous combinations and has made the remark when these sounds reach his ear, "Well, that's the worst I ever heard." But I am inclined to think the worst that ever was heard was in Baltimore office a few days ago. A gentleman represented himself as an operator, and applied to Manager Bloxham for a position; he was presented with a pen and pencil, and told to report to Mr. Hull the traffic chief, who assigned Mr. Necker to a branch office wire directly in front of the writer. There was one message on the hook which was to be sent to "Js;" office, the newcomer was informed that the call was "Js;" making several attempts to call "Js" with the key closed and not hearing any sound, he decided to open it and call; in his effort to call "Js" he rendered something between "Hs" and "Ys;" he was instructed again by Mr. Hull that the call was "Js," not "Hs." Again he attempted, but nothing but "Hs, Ys" could he make. The traffic chief perceived at once that Mr. Necker was sending forth his best "Js," and reported the same to Chief Operator Grape, who proceeded to interview Mr. N., and found him sending the message; "Js" however, had not answered. When he had finished sending the message in his own style, Chief Grape asked him if "Js" had got the telegram, he replied that "Js" had not said anything. He was then told to close the key and find out. Of course "Js" did not receive it. Chief Operator Grape then told him to call "Js" which he tried to do, but rendered it "Hs" or "Ys" everytime. Finally the chief told him that he was not making "Js" but "Hs" to which Mr. Necker did not reply but looked at the chief as much as to say I am calling "Js" and you are giving me a bluff. At this point Manager Bloxham came to the scene of action and requested Mr. N. to start the message. After looking at the key, instrument and those around him he asked the manager if he must start from there, pointing his finger at the top of the blank; he was answered yes, and started, but was unable to write the word Baltimore. He was then asked to make the alphabet and he could not make A, B, C. Manager Bloxham by this time had become disgusted and left the scene. Chief Grape informed Mr. Necker that if an operator's life depended on receiving a message from him, his fate would be sealed. The chief's curiosity being raised, he asked Mr. N. where he had worked or learned telegraphy; the gentleman replied that he was a graduate of one of the telegraph colleges here,

and had only left the college a month ago, and was informed by the professor (?) that he was a competent operator, for which information Mr. Necker paid \$50. He was advised to enter suit for the recovery of his money, which is hoped he will do. I was sending a service message a few days ago, and this is how it read. "Ours of 19th is addressed Hildreth & Co., Nanticoke, Pa., not Hildreth & Conant, York, Pa." An enthusiastic admirer sent the following message which passed through this city, "Rah for Harrison," but imagine the agony of his correspondent when he read the words, "Rap for Parrison," which is almost as bad as "Draw the cough Nat'l Bank," for "Draw through Nat'l Bank," or "accept our 100 wishes" for "well wishes," both of which occurred here. The "Magnet" social which is composed of a number of the operators here, spent a most delightful evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Kothe; dancing being the chief attraction. The company was most charmingly entertained with piano solos by Mrs. Myers, vocal selections by Mrs. George H. Wilbourn and by Mr. Frank T. Gainer in his comic melodies. Mr. F. J. Connor, chief operator of the Postal Company, is also manager of the branch offices of that company; Mr. H. C. Wooden, manager of the Oyster and Fish District was elected Vice Commander of Golden Rule Lodge No. 57, Order of the Golden Chain. W. Staylor, of the A. D. T. Co. transferred from their 2nd district nights to relief operators, *vice* M. Upton resigned. C. C. Prince takes Mr. Staylor's place. The duties of managing of the 1st district, which is situated in the W. U. building are in a most satisfactory manner performed by Joseph C. Wagner, days, and R. V. Watars, nights.

"C. R."

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., NOTES.—In the W. U. Main Office is found Mr. Henry Denver, manager; Henry B. Tannett, day chief; L. C. Wedmore, night chief; Operators, Miss C. C. Atkinson, Mr. A. E. Wackford, J. T. McCormack, W. C. Gamwell, C. E. Brennan, days; T. J. Kennedy, nights; clerks, Miss A. E. Burke, John Murray, D. Singleton. In branch office at depot, G. H. Brancroft, manager; J. F. Candon, operator; M. U. office, Mr. F. G. Parsons, manager, Mrs. F. G. Parsons, operator; United Lines, C. H. Dalley, manager; W. Gibbin, operator and clerk; Associated Press nights *Republican*, E. P. Miller; days at *Union*, George Ware; for brokers are H. M. Smith, Timothy Collins and Frank Ware; for B. & A. R. R. in despatchers office, J. Donohue days; M. Kinney nights; B. & A. freight house, D. Lysaght; N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R., Miss Bertha Marshall, days, Fred Fuller, nights; Conn. River R. R., W. E. Demard and H. S. Lovejoy and C. R. R. freight office, D. Bolan, days, D. O'Connell, nights; N. Y. & N. E., Thomas McKenna. C. H. Dalley has resigned his position as manager of United Lines to accept a broker situation in Warren, Mass., and is succeeded by Charles G. Favor, of Portsmouth, N. H.

THE NEW YORK AID SOCIETY.—The blizzard of March last, caused many calls to be made upon the treasury of the Aid Society, but the responses in every case was prompt, and those who received the benefits are continually talking of the good work done by the society. \$1,800 have been paid out in benefits during the past nine months. There were forty additions to the membership last month and the officers feel proud of the roll of five hundred.

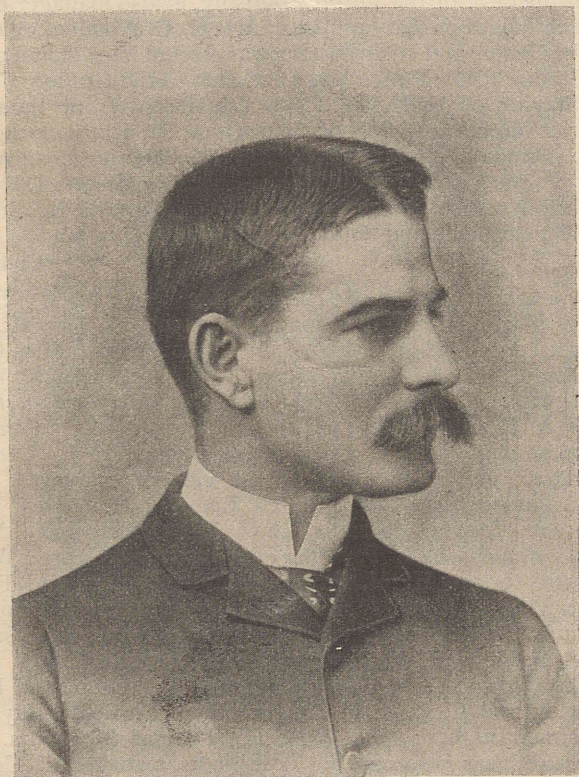
Every telegrapher, whether lady or gentleman, should join the Aid Society and make its continued success a matter of their personal interest. The members are aided not only by a benefit in case of sickness, but in many other ways; not the least of which is in the almost total abolition of subscription lists, formerly so great a drag on the fraternity in this vicinity.

The membership of the Order of the Railway Telegraphers is stated to be 17,000, which growth is truly phenomenal. The increase in New York State alone since July, is 1,000.

CHARLES P. BRUCH.

Charles P. Bruch, secretary of the Telegraphers' Mutual Benefit Association, was born in Louisville, Ky., April 20th, 1860. His father was Capt. Samuel Bruch, at that time military superintendent of the division of the Mississippi and superintendent of the Southwestern Telegraph Co., and is well remembered by many of the older members of the craft, and to whom, at his death, in 1865, the employees of his division erected a beautiful monument in the cemetery at Canton, Ohio, where he was buried.

After his father's death, Mr. Bruch, with his mother's family, lived in Canton, Ohio, where, in January, 1878, he entered the telegraph office as a student. His progress was such that in June of the same year he was given a position as operator. In the November following he came to New York, and after working at the key in the main office for four years, beginning his service as operator upon the "Jersey ways" and ending it in the cable department, he was placed in charge of the complaint bureau of the oper-



CHARLES P. BRUCH.

ating room. In this position he continued until, in the summer of 1883, he was offered the clerkship of the T. M. B. Association, under the then secretary, Mr. Brewer. Upon Mr. Brewer's election to the presidency of the Association in November, 1883, Mr. Bruch was elected secretary, to which office he has been re-elected at the five succeeding annual meetings, so that now he is in the sixth year of his connection with the association. The growth in membership and constantly increasing labor has rendered it necessary in late years to open new accounts and adopt systematic methods in keeping the records and files which were not needed at the time when the members were comparatively few and the work inconsiderable. All this has been done under Mr. Bruch's direction in such a manner as to call forth the unqualified commendation of the auditing committees and others who have examined them.

Mr. Bruch is also actively connected with the Serial Building Loan and Savings Institution, being one of its board of managers, and was a member of the executive

committee of the Telegraphers' Aid Society for two years, which he resigned in order that there might be placed in his stead a representative from among the lady members of the society. Aside from his connection with telegraphic societies, Mr. Bruch is an active member of the Ohio Society of New York, and is president of the Magnetic Club, the most popular social organization ever established by the fraternity of the metropolis. Its dinners and entertainments are participated in by many members and guests, and each succeeding meeting is more successful than its predecessor.

MUSTERING THE SIGNAL CORPS.—Assistant Inspector-General Thomas McGrath, assisted by Major Jahn, of the Second Brigade Staff, and Lieutenant Hamilton, Fifth United States Artillery, inspected and mustered the Second Brigade Signal and Telegraph Corps November 17th, in Brooklyn. Besides these officers there were present: General E. L. Molineux, who was the organizer of the corps; Gen. Charles F. Robbins, Col. John B. Frothingham, Major Herbert, Major Charles E. Waters. It was the first muster the corps had had in three years. The organization made a very handsome and soldierly appearance with Captain F. T. Leigh, brigade signal officer, in command. Out of twenty-one on the roll three were absent. Col. McGrath inspected the swords and pistols, which are the only weapons the corps is armed with, with much minuteness. After the inspection an exhibition of signalling was given with both the flags and flashlights.

THE TELEGRAPH IN THE FUTURE.—In the paper on the "Inception of Electrical Science and the Evolution of Telegraphy," read by Mr. F. N. Gisborne, F. R. S. C., superintendent of Government telegraphs, at the last meeting of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers in Montreal, some of the conclusions drawn by the author are as follows:

That timber poles, preferably of cedar, duly provided with lightning conductors at every fifth or tenth pole, are best adapted for telegraph lines throughout Canada, excepting through prairie lands subject to fires, where iron posts are desirable.

That No. 6 galvanized iron wire, is preferable to copper or composite wires for aerial lines of considerable length, and in exposed localities.

That porcelain insulators are the most economical and efficient under similar condition.

That gravity batteries are the most reliable for closed circuits, and Gassner's dry cells for open circuits.

That in towns and populous districts all electric wires, gas, and water pipes, should be placed in traversable underground conduits, or the wires in sidewalk troughs.

That the Morse with sounding apparatus operated by dot and dash signals, is the most effective in the hands of skilled operators for general purposes.

That the Wheatstone automatic transmitter, by a paper tape or strip previously perforated with dot and dash, or all dot lettering drawn rapidly between contact makers, and reproduced mechanically upon plain, or chemically upon prepared receiving paper at the possible rate of 1,000, and practical rate of 400 or 500 words per minute, is the best combination for the rapid transmission of intelligence.

That the most successful and profitable telegraph companies of the future will abandon the present system of a multiplicity of wires for the transmission of intelligence; and at business centres and important stations will employ female labor for perforating and comparing with the original manuscript, despatches to be forwarded by automatic transmitters; an additional wire or two being operated by Morse sounders for the correction, when needed, of automatically transmitted messages, and also for the requirements of intermediate local business. Such additional wire or wires being available for duplex, quadruplex, or multiplex instruments.—*Electrical Review*

The engravings which will appear in the Christmas number of the ELECTRIC AGE cost over \$3,000.

A SURGEON IN LONDON PRACTICES ON A SICK PATIENT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Victoria, B. C., Nov. 19.—The telegraph was yesterday brought into service in a way that not only afforded a good illustration of the extent of the system, but furnished a unique example of the possibilities of modern science. Between the hours of 3 and 6 P. M., New York time, London, England, and Victoria, B. C., were connected together by wire to carry comfort and sympathy to the bedside of the sick and possibly—dying. Some weeks ago Lord Ennismore went into the Skeena River country, north of Victoria, B. C., on a hunting and exploring expedition. He was brought back to Victoria dying, with a severe case of typhoid fever accompanied by hemorrhages. His father, the Earl of Listowel, sought the kind offices of Sir Donald Smith, who is now in London, and he arranged with Mr. Hosmer, manager of the C. P. R. telegraph, to place the Earl's London Doctor, Sir Andrew Clark, in direct communication with Doctor Hanning, of Victoria, B. C., who is attending Lord Ennismore at the latter place. At 3 P. M., which was 8 P. M. at London and noon at Victoria, B. C., the conversation, or rather consultation, commenced and lasted upwards of two hours, Sir Donald Smith being at the London end of the wire and Dr. Hanning and Mr. Thomas Smith, of the Hudson's Bay Company, at the Victoria. Questions as to the temperature, pulse respiration, quality and quantity of food taken, etc., were asked and answered as promptly and quickly as though the parties asking and answering were across the street from each other instead of being separated by 3,500 miles of land and 3,000 miles of ocean. Mr. John W. Mackay, who is now in New York, placed his cables at Sir Donald Smith's disposal, and the C. P. R. telegraph was of course at his command. This wonderful feat of placing a doctor within speaking distance of his patient, 6,500 miles away, will be the talk of London clubs for weeks hence, while we will expect to see doctors in the future advertise "consultations held with all parts of the world, distance no objection or obstacle."

TREMENDOUS INCREASE IN THE SOUTH.—In the month of September alone, 12,000 more messages were handled at the Charleston office this year than for the same month last year. With the prospect of a still greater increase as business keeps on, it is impossible for the business to be handled properly unless the service is increased, notwithstanding the fact that the company got two wires some time ago from the Southern Telegraph Company. The W. U. Company, however, are now putting up two copper wires, which will no doubt do much to relieve the situation. One of these wires will run from New York to Atlanta and the other to Augusta. This will enable the company to devote one wire exclusively to the commercial news department. Only ticker stations will be allowed on this circuit and hence all other business will be greatly facilitated.

A USEFUL DEVICE FOR RAILROAD LINES.—One of the difficulties which has beset the operation of the Morse telegraph during rainy weather, has been the difficulty in keeping the relays adjusted along the line, owing to the escape of current to ground. This has now been obviated in a very ingenious, simple and effective manner, by a device recently invented by Mr. P. B. Delany. By a sunflower attachment to the sounders at the terminals of the line, the battery at each end is cut off simultaneously by the back stroke of the sounder lever. So long as the instruments at each end of the line are properly adjusted, every intermediate instrument at way stations is also adjusted. The apparatus has been examined by several telegraph experts and heartily approved. It is especially adapted to railroad lines and its general introduction will do away entirely with the annoyance of stations "breaking in" upon a circuit already in use.

The government has advertised to sell the telegraph line between Fort Klamath and Bidwell, Oregon.

AGAINST STUDENT TEACHING.—On one division of the C. St. L. & P. Ry. the chief dispatcher has informed all operators that they will be held personally responsible for any misuse of the wires in their office caused by students. It is said that the W. U. management is kicking on the students and an effort will be made to free all offices of them. This is the position taken by the Order of Railway Telegraphers three years ago, and we have long contended that officials would approve of it when they came to investigate the matter and learn where the cause of neglect and disturbance came from. The position is surely a sound one.—*Railway Service Gazette*.

ELECTRICITY ON THE ELEVATED.—The management of the Manhattan Railway Company has asked the Julien Electric Motor Company to supply estimates for the equipment of the Grand Central branch of the Third avenue road with electric motors. Col. Hain, when asked the reason for making any change in the present system, replied that while in a sense the move was experimental he hoped it was progressive, and was certainly made with a desire to facilitate travel.

DESERVED PROMOTION.—The promotion of Mr. Tracy W. Niles to be superintendent of the Kalamazoo division of the Lake Shore has been earned. Mr. Niles was for twenty-seven years with the Lake Shore at Buffalo; and for the most of that time chief dispatcher. Before leaving Buffalo, Mr. Niles was banqueted by the dispatchers and heads of departments of the Eastern division. Mr. Niles was president of the Aid Association of Telegraphers of Buffalo.

RUBBER FINGER SHIELDS.—Pure rubber shields for penholders, pencils and styluses. They give firmness to the grip and ease the fingers from cramp and fatigue; protects the fingers from becoming smeared with ink; protects everything within reach of the pen; it elevates the pen from the desk and prevents it from rolling off; checks the natural habit of dipping a pen too deep in an inkwell. Price five cents. Address J. B. Taltavali, 5 Dey street, New York.

Promotions are more rapid in railroad than in commercial telegraph circles. Many of the presidents of our greatest railroads were poorly paid operators, but a few years ago. Ten years ago, Mr. Samuel Spencer, now president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was living over one of the stations at a small town on the road. His promotion while rapid, was merited.

DOWN WITH YELLOW FEVER.—Mr. D. W. Armstrong, manager Western Union Telegraph Company, Decatur, Ala., was taken down with yellow fever November 13th. After having passed through the entire epidemic safely, this is very sad, and his many friends hope he may be able to pull through.

THE SUBMARINE CABLE CONVENTION.—According to a *Times* Paris telegram, the English Government has notified the adhesion to the Submarine Cable Convention of Canada, Newfoundland, the Cape, Natal, New South Wales, Tasmania, Western Australia and New Zealand.

One of the most accommodating of men is W. J. Ackerly, the manager of the Western Union office in the Grand Central Depot. His white hair and black mustache give him quite a distingue look. He numbers his friends by the score among railroad men.

CINCINNATI TELEGRAPHERS' HOP.—The Cincinnati Telegraphers will give a Hop at Gas Hall, on December 6th, which will be fully attended by members of the profession in and around Cincinnati. It promises to be a very enjoyable affair.

In the United States Circuit Court at San Francisco, recently, the Western Union Telegraph Company obtained judgment against J. Christensen, for \$1,000 damages for cutting wires belonging to plaintiff in Contra Costa County.

VALUABLE BOOKS AS PREMIUMS.

For two new cash subscriptions we will send a copy of Elmer E. Vance's new railway romance, "Nellie Harland" to any address in the world. This is an excellent opportunity to secure a splendid book for a little labor.

LIGHTNING FLASHES AND ELECTRIC DASHES.—A volume of choice telegraphic literature, humor, fun, wit and wisdom, profusely illustrated, 160 large, double column pages, cloth. Price \$1.00. The contents comprise short, bright, crisp, ably-written stories and sketches from the pens of the foremost writers in the ranks of telegraphic literature, as well as several prominent writers outside of the business. One article alone, that by Benson J. Lossing, L. L. D., the well-known historian and personal friend of Professor Morse, is well worth the entire price of the volume, as it contains a brief life of the Father of the Telegraph with which every operator in the land should be thoroughly familiar. Will be sent any address on receipt of \$1.00 in cash or on receipt of two new yearly cash subscriptions.

WIRED LOVE; a romance of dots and dashes, by Ella Cheever Thayer. 256 pages, handsomely bound in cloth. Price 75 cents. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. Four different editions of this admirable telegraphic love story have been published, which fact demonstrates its popularity, both in and out of the profession. The book is cordially recommended to telegraphers as a most entertaining, bright, sprightly, and amusing work. This book will be mailed to any address as a premium on receipt of \$3 worth of new cash subscriptions. Copies of any of these or any other books promptly mailed to any address in the world, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. Remit by Postal Note, Post-Office Order, Draft, Registered Letter or Express. Address, J. B. Taltavall, 5 Dey street, New York.

PICTORIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER.—The Christmas number of the *ELECTRIC AGE* will be pictorial in character. It will comprise about forty pages, one half of which will be given up entirely to pictures of the prominent telegraph people of to-day. The quality of paper used will be the best, to admit of the pictures being framed. We have already, fully ninety engravings in hand, including Professor Morse, James D. Reid, A. B. Chandler, John W. Mackay, J. H. Emerick, Superintendents Humstone, Rowe, Wright, Gifford, Wallick, Cochran and many others. Secretary Brewer, G. G. Ward, of the Commercial; James Brown, of the Direct; S. F. Austin, of the French Cables; Manager Dealy and Assistant Manager Brennan, of New York, and Manager Lloyd, of Chicago, besides many others. There will be no extra charge to subscribers for this issue, but those desiring extra copies can procure them at twenty-five cents each. As only 1,000 extra copies will be printed unless previously advised, it will be well to order those desired as soon as possible.

THE CATLIN GRIP.—Send ten cents to the *ELECTRIC AGE*, 5 Dey street, New York, and secure a copy of the picture "THE VICTOR KEY AND CATLIN GRIP," which is especially printed for framing. The picture will make an elegant and instructive ornament in any telegraph office. A large number have already been sold for this purpose. It is the cheapest and most suggestive telegraph picture on the market. Send for a copy, only ten cents.

SUING FOR BLACKLISTING.—During the progress of a suit against the Rock Island Railroad Company, by E. L. Randall, at Kansas City, Mo., November 23d, Manager Wood, of the Western Union, was ordered to produce in Court a copy of the "blacklist," which he refused to do. Randall was formerly a telegraph operator in the employ of the railroad company and he sued for \$25,000 damages, alleging that he was discharged for joining a labor organization and that the railroad "blacklisted" him so effectually that he was unable to procure employment. It is likely a test case will be made of the matter. The suit is brought under the conspiracy law.

RALEIGH, N. C., NOTES.—Mr. L. K. Miller, formerly of Rochester, N. Y., is operator for a broker here. Mr. Norris R. Young, formerly manager at Chattanooga, Tenn., office, is now manager here. The Raleigh and Gaston is one of the best equipped roads South. Mr. D. C. Hudgings is chief train dispatcher, ably assisted by James N. Anderson. Mr. H. Hunter is at Neuse, N. C.; C. F. Reid, Wakefoust, N. C.; I. J. Cheatham, Franklinton; John Reid, Kittrell; Henry Macy, Henderson, assisted by Jos. Moss and John Wester. At the W. U. office, Miss A. F. Johnson, manager; Mr. W. L. Ray is at Greystone; J. E. Watkins, Middleburg; F. H. Cheatham, Ridgway; W. S. Terrell, Warren Plains; J. A. Edgerton, Warrenton; J. E. Rodwell, Macon; C. Cutchin, Littleton; M. L. Stover, Weldon. The Raleigh and Augusta Air Line extends from Raleigh to Hamlet; Mr. R. A. Cole is at Cary; Q. I. Hudson, Apex; W. C. Kimball, Moncure; D. S. McKeitham, Aberdeen; T. E. White, Sandford; R. Rodwell, Cameron; R. A. Honeycutt, Carthage; W. R. Hunter, Pittsboro; H. W. Lloyd, Southern Pines; B. Whiting is manager of the W. U., at Hamlet, N. C., with operators E. Shortridge and E. M. Love; W. H. Morrison is operator at Gibson station and W. C. Petty, at Manley, N. C. The Richmond and Danville R. R. operators between here and Greensboro are: Mr. J. H. Walsh, master of transportation with office at Greensboro, N. C., assisted by Chief Dispatcher, B. P. Ketchum and Dispatchers C. W. Spear and G. W. Vernon and Operators W. J. F. Kinney, W. A. Kirkman and R. M. Albright; S. A. Turrentine is at Burlington; N. A. Davis, Graham; J. L. Johnson, Mehanes; J. D. Coaley, Hillsboro; D. E. Sellers, Chapel Hill; W. H. Smith, J. W. Webb, and W. C. Olive, Durham; A. R. Dunn, Cary; W. C. Thurston, Raleigh; Mr. H. W. Miller is private operator to third Vice-President, A. B. Andrews, at Raleigh; H. J. Olive, formerly operator at Salisbury depot, has accepted a position at Durham. Between Greensboro and Winston we find Oscar A. Burchfield, at Kirnersville; C. M. Leviston, at Salem; J. Pendleton, as manager of the W. U., at Winston, —Salem. Between Raleigh and Goldboro, N. C., John Massey is operator at Clayton; H. W. Harris, Selma; J. V. Finlayson, Princeton; F. H. Piedmont, Goldsboro; T. J. Willis, Smithfield, N. C. With the W. U., we find Miss Julia Smith as manager at Durham; S. A. Howard, manager at Greensboro; Miss M. L. Bryan, manager at Newbern, with Loring Gaskell as operator; C. E. Hudson, manager at Wilson; Miss M. E. Collier, at Fayetteville; Mr. Chadwick, at Kinston.

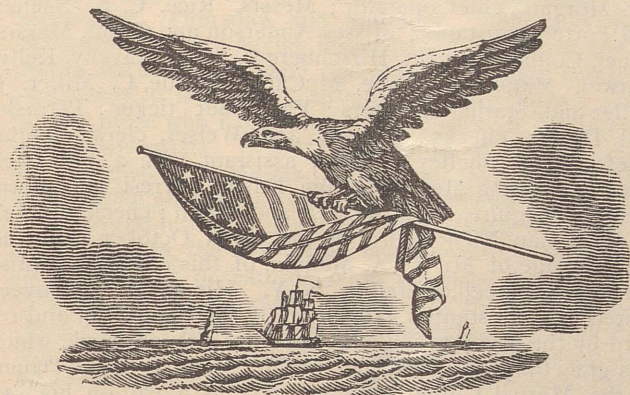
KANSAS CITY NOTES.—Now that the election rush is over, the waiting list men are idle. The wires West have been down for three days. Mr. T. J. McDonald, late of Portland, Oregon, is here at the W. U. The late arrivals are: Messrs. Handy and Bader from St. Louis; Davis, Portland and Fields, Fort Scott. Mr. P. F. Meigs, of the main office, was quietly married last week to a well-known society lady of this city. Mr. L. Boone, late wire chief of St. Louis, is holding a similar position here. Mr. Brownson, the chief operator, showed his ability on election night in the prompt handling of the immense business.

A COSTLY TELEGRAPH ERROR.—C. D. Lathrop & Co., coffee brokers of Chicago, are suing the Postal Telegraph Company for \$10,000 damages for a costly error of one letter in a dispatch. They telegraphed W. H. Crossman & Brothers, New York, to buy a thousand bags of August coffee. Soon afterwards they telegraphed: "Please buy, in addition to thousand August, 1,000 cheapest month." This was transmitted: "In addition, two thousand August." Crossman & Brothers thought the second dispatch an order for two more thousand bags of August and made the purchase, entailing a heavy loss on Lathrop & Co.

To avoid stealing papers in the large offices, the Christmas number will be sent direct to our agents or friends, who will deliver each paper personally. Duplicate papers of that number will not be furnished, except at twenty-five cents each.

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ELECTED TO THE LEGISLATURE.—Mr. Thomas F. Clohesey, manager of the Postal office, Kansas City, Mo., has been elected to the Missouri Legislature, carrying every ward composing his district. This flattering victory is but a fair example of the appreciation of the public in the selection of a man, who has been schooled in a telegraph office—the most fitting place from which to select capable and honest public men. Mr. Clohesey is deserving of the honor conferred upon him. He has earned it by hard work, diligent study and strict attention to business. When the editor of this paper first met Mr. Clohesey, some fifteen years ago in Toledo, Ohio, he was a fresh arrival from an interior town, where he earned his own living from boyhood, by blacking boots, etc. The mysteries of the telegraph were mastered while doing chores in the depot telegraph office in his native town. When once young Clohesey realized his lack of education, he had sought the remedy and ever since that time he has been a constant and untiring student, and his education and knowledge is now all that could be desired notwithstanding the fact that he is not in possession of a university diploma. His entry into the telegraph business was not, if we remember rightly, at all cheering to young Clohesey, but he manfully overcome all obstacles and soon earned for himself the esteem and regard of his colleagues by his uniform kindness and exemplary habits. He is emphatically a self made man. He is but 33 years of age, therefore it is reasonable to presume that he is now entering upon a political career which will be as successful as has been his telegraph. We heartily congratulate our old friend and the constituency which has honored him and through him the profession at large. We bespeak for Mr. Clohesey a fearless and manly record.

BOSTON NOTES.—The ordeal of the election has past and we have come out uninjured. The roast was ably handled under the direction of Manager Henderson, Night Manager Pond, Chief Operator Stevens, Assistant Chiefs Nash, Lyman and Colson and Traffic Chiefs Kelly, Knowlton, Nelson and Inspector Viles. Every member of both day and night forces, also several broker operators reported for duty and everything was looked after in splendid shape. By 5.30 A. M., everyone, with the exception of the all night force had been relieved, the regular force being able to handle the business from that hour till 8 A. M. A well-known operator dropped \$75 on the election and will wear a straw hat all winter. Mr. J. P. Pendergast, of the second Chicago, will not shave till the fourth of July next, as a result of betting. Mr. Joseph Walsh, of the third New York quad., is confined to the Massachusetts General Hospital, suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever. Mr. J. H. Murray is also on the sick list, a sufferer from pneumonia. Miss Kate Crowley is again with us. She has been assigned to the Augusta, Maine, circuit. Mr. J. H. Morris has returned from a successful trip on the road with the "Night owl" combination, looking sleek and happy. His partner, Mr. Norton, will leave the company at Portland. Mr. Tom Clark has been ordered to the ship news station at Hull, to relieve the regular operator who is enjoying a three months' furlough. Mr. J. H. Driscoll, of the owl force, will sing at a concert, at Music Hall, Sunday evening, December 2d. We hope his numerous friends will attend in a body and give him a good reception. On Sunday morning, November 4th, Tom Devine, of the owl force copied a special of 500 words direct from San Francisco. He says it worked as easy as a city wire despite a heavy wind and rainstorm. No one credited the report of the marriage of Mr. Martin F. O'Donnell, some time since. Your correspondent has been assured that it is a fact, however, and Martin has the congratulations of the entire force. Mr. P. Van Allen has been assigned to the leased quad. division in Mr. Clifford's place. Mr. James Ready, formerly of the coat room, is now battery man at Gold and Stock office, 56 State street. Every one who has worked in Boston office remembers "Neddo" and will be pleased to learn that he is in excellent health. The present coat room clerk is Mr. Willie Gould, who is a great favorite with the boys and whose good nature and patience in looking after a great number of coats in a very small room is worthy of much praise.

ALBANY NOTES.—A hearty "thanks awfully" arises from the hearts of the press operators in this city. No more waiting for 500 or 1,000 words of some "big political item" or vague rumor that will freeze you to your desk till 3.30 or 4 "G. M." A short lull is being hugely enjoyed before they begin to spring State Legislature and Congressional news upon them. A press operator now-a-days is in constant dread of being held after "30," and when that welcome signal sounds forth on the little brass hammer, he quickly severs connection with the outer world and hies himself away to his little bed (sometimes). Depends whether he has one or not. The men here who labor night and day for the information of the good people (and bad people too) are: At the *Argus*, Mr. Fred Howell, who holds down the lightning jerked off nightly by Mr. Cameron, of the New York office of the Associated Press in great shape, and the only time he is known to open his key is when he has Albany matter to send over the wire. A clear and beautiful copy is given to the "*Express*" by John L. Mallett, another man that can copy Mr. Cameron without exerting himself in the least. Mr. "Tim" Quinn furnishes the *Journal* and *Times* every day with manifold warranted not to tear. This gentleman is also a typewriter fiend of no mean ability; on the United Press, where lightning flies as fast, if not faster than on any other circuit in the country, is found Messrs. C. F. Bennett, days, and Mr. "Al." MacLennan, nights. Those who know the work required of these gentlemen know also what their

ability as press operators is. All are men with good records, and Albany newspapers get good service from them. So much for this class of lightning's "slaves." At the Western Union office we find Mr. F. W. Sabold, J. J. O'Connor, cashier; Messrs. Follett and Osborn, bookkeepers; Mr. Seerey, delivery clerk; Mr. Merchant, receiving clerk; T. Callahan, night receiving clerk; in the operating room, days, Mr. Morgan, chief operator; Messrs. Rice, C. E. Shelley and Porter, assistants; Misses Anderson and Grant, Messrs. Bauer, Collins, Fancher, Hirschberger, Joyce, Kaveny, Kelly, Kerwin, Mannix, McCabe, McCann, Meade, C. Miller, J. Miller and Starin, operators; Van Zandt ticker; Petraske and Disney, checks; Lannon and Weiser, clerks; night, chiefs, H. V. Shelley; White, assistant, with a split trick force comprising Messrs. Corbin, Edson, Forrest, Hagadorn, Kenyon, Maguire, Pettit, Powers and Welsh; check, Quinn; all night man, Nicholson. On the 3rd of October, occurred the marriage of Mr. J. A. Mannix, of this office, and Miss Julia A. Campbell, at Malone, N. Y. His fellow employees united in a substantial expression of their good will and regard by the presentation of a beautiful French clock, which was gracefully acknowledged by Mr. Mannix. Mr. Dauer, of the Mutual Union, Syracuse, gave us a call on his way to New York.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOTES.—L. M. Smith has resigned and left for Deming, New Mexico. His wife has been in poor health for some time past and it is hoped the change will prove beneficial. H. D. Robinson is working for a pool room here. Arrivals: P. E. Brown, New York, D. Daly; Baltimore. The last session of Congress was the longest in the history of that body and it consequently kept the large force of extra men here longer than usual. The full force of regulars and extras numbers about eighty-five. Congress meets in a few weeks again and the additional prospect of an extra session being called by President Harrison after the 4th of next March, causes an easier feeling among the "floaters," who, otherwise would have to pack their collars and cuffs, and skip. There are more extra men here than ever before, which cuts the extra time down to a very low figure. The partition between the operating room and the C. & D. room is to be removed shortly, which will give space for several additional tables; something much needed.

HAMILTON, ONT., NOTES.—Business has been brisk with both companies during the past season. Mr. C. Jones has been appointed joint manager of the C. P. R. Telegraph Company and Dominion Express. Both concerns are located at No. 10 James street. J. S. Scott, of Chatham, Ont., copies night Canadian report. W. F. Fry has gone to Grand Rapids, Mich., for the W. U. James A. Prentice, late clerk with G. N. W. T. Co. here, has been placed in charge of the office at Peterboro, Ont. "Your 8990" for "your eggs;" "Blyannon street" for "80 Cannon street;" and "baby is dead" for "baby is better;" is some of the latest work of carelessness. It is needless to say the latter caused great anxiety to the parties concerned until the error was discovered. In sending a press dispatch on the Canadian circuit about a "shot putting contest," the other day, one of the lady operators remarked "that it was a shame to engage in such cruel sport as shooting innocent and harmless pigeons." The receivers immediately fell under the table. A. H. Fralick and T. J. Stevenson preside over the branch telegraph offices of the Lincoln & Merritton Paper Companies at Merritton, Ont. W. J. Schleuter in addition to attending to a first-class dry goods store, also looks after the interests of the G. N. W. T. Company at Preston, Ont. H. MacIntosh is agent for the G. N. W. at Kincardine, Ont. Among the other first-class operators throughout this section may be mentioned: J. W. Mayer, New Dundee; J. W. Bundy, Linwood; Miss S. Cavanagh, Listowel; Miss Marion Toner, Brantford; W. J. Zoeger, Newton; P. E. Hewes, St. Agatha; M. F. Eby, Port Elgin; R. Dass, Dundas; and J. M. Briggs, Aylmer, Ont.

WESTERN UNION NOTES.—The hours of James W. Callahan have been changed from 5.30 P. M. to 1.30 A. M. R. T. McNamara and E. W. Dowling have resumed their old trick 8 A. M. to 5.30 P. M. S. C. Osborne's hours will hereafter be from 6 to 11 P. M. During the month of December L. E. Weller will work from 5.30 to 9.30, Monday, Tuesday and Friday, and D. W. McAneeny, the same hours, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. The pool rooms throughout the city having been closed by order of the Municipal authorities; many operators have been compelled, temporarily, it is believed, to return to their former places. Among those who have resumed work here are the following well-known artists: J. M. O'Connor, M. T. Fitzpatrick, Jakey Stevenson and Messrs. McNamara, Dowling, Lee, Mulligan, Dolan and Drummond. In accordance with an agreement entered into by Peter Ritter, the elevator man, and William Kilmartin, the well-known operator on the New Orleans quad, the latter, on Saturday, last, squared himself in the estimation of his comrades, by wheeling the former from the office, up Park Row, around the Post-office and back to the starting point, in settlement of a wager on the result of the late Presidential election. A huge crowd witnessed the performance. At its close Peter, it was said, was the happiest man in New York City. Those who incline to the belief that a position in the city department is a sinecure, would quickly have this thought dispelled, were they assigned to any one of the following wires: Maritime Exchange, 1227 Broadway; 990 Sixth avenue; 134 East 125th street and way offices; Pier 41, N. R.; 666 Sixth avenue; 444 Broome street or 70 Eighth avenue. The first named is presided over by Miss Filhart; the second, by Misses McMahan and Carroll; the third, by Miss Pope; the fourth, by Miss Dickson; the fifth by Miss Lou Rose; the sixth, by Miss McLean; the seventh by, Miss Shannon; and the eighth, by Miss Emma Vanselow. On none of these wires is there handled less than 250 messages a day and on many of them more than 300. In one or two instances the latter figure is exceeded by 50. If you don't think these ladies earn their salaries, candidly tell them so, and then ask their permission to sit in long enough to be convinced of your mistake. An anonymous communication, presumably in the handwriting of one of the ladies, was received a few days ago by the wearer of a dilapidated duster. It read as follows: "If you will kindly leave your office coat where I can get at it, I will do my best to repair it so that it will at least be presentable to your office associates." That the note had the desired effect was plainly evident, when the following morning, its recipient strode majestically through the room, attired in a duster reaching nearly to his ankles. Chief Operator, Ed. Anson, is the proud father of another boy—the fourth edition. Fred McCrum and Harry Siegfried who work the first Chicago between the hours of 1 and 8 o'clock, A. M., are two of the best operators on that force. These gentlemen are on record as having handled between the hours of 1 and 5.45 o'clock one morning last week, 398 numbers, irrespective of specials. Jack Morrison, the well-known and popular old-timer, succeeds Fred McCrum, at the cable office, from 5.30 A. M. till 8 o'clock. The following message addressed to J. H. Dwight, explains itself: "A fifteen pound addition to the family. Please excuse, to-night." (signed) William Stewart. "Les" Miller, one of the most popular operators in the office, has just resumed work on the night force after enjoying a most prosperous engagement of eight weeks, with a well-known theatrical company in the South. "Les" is one of the whitest men in the profession and we all rejoice to have him once more with us. "Well, Jake" said your correspondent to a well-known operator on the day force, one morning, shortly after 8 o'clock, "are you just going on?" "No;" was the laconic reply, "I'm just going off." "How's that?" he was asked. "I'll tell you" said he, "but don't give me away. You see I've been absent so many times since the first,

that to prevent my getting the split trick I thought I'd lay off; see?" And your correspondent saw.

CLEVELAND NOTES.—The operators have about recovered from their loss of sleep, election night. The W. U. sent returns to about forty-five different places in the city. The whole day force and twenty-one railroad operators were on duty at the main office. At 12.30 a very nice lunch was furnished by Superintendent E. P. Wright, who never forgets that "steady work makes hungry operators." There was much good-natured chaffing the next morning when most of the operators walked in two to three hours late. Mr. McKay, of the day and Mr. McCurdy, of night force, have exchanged tricks. Mr. L. T. Berghoff, who has been very sick for several weeks, is beginning to recover from a relapse, but it will be some time before he will be with us. Mr. Sayre and Seible have also been on the sick list. Messrs. Baker and Harsch have been let out. Miss Bradley is away for a week's rest. There was a party at Miss Fannie Kinney's on the evening of the 15th, in honor of her birthday. A new man got it "Cherry Vatey" for "Cherry Valley." Another new man in a far away city got it "Circus T. Nixon" for "Cyrus T. Nixon." As a result of other "bulls," four other gentlemen have on their hands a carload of coal, a carload of wheat, a carload of corn and twenty gallons of oysters; all of which will be disposed of at prices before unheard of. The R. & T. Aid Society will hold its annual meeting in the City Hall, on December 8th. The men who are seldom seen around the office, but frequently heard from by the loud clanging of the bell on the switch board, are those connected with the two Press Associations. For The United Press we have Mr. John H. Simmons at the Press office doing the day work. John, although formerly manager of the Postal Company, seems to have again serenely settled down to hard work with the stylus. John J. Corrigan, at the *Leader*, looks after their interests at night. "Jack" has become an expert on the Caligraph and never tires extolling the merits of his machine. For The Associated Press, we have Mr. Cox in his little den at the *Plain Dealer* office during the day, while Mr. Phineas Clinton Greenwell takes the "overflow" there at night, "Professor" Heaton, looking after the ghost stories on the early morning. The first wire is presided over by Mr. E. W. Baum, at the *Leader* office, who has just removed into new quarters and feels quite proud. Mr. Baum is an ardent admirer of the Remington machine, and of course there is a continual jangle between him and the U. P. man on the various merits of their machines. The W. U. *personnel* will appear in our next.

MINNEAPOLIS NOTES.—Mr. R. T. Reid, chief operator of the Western Union, Minneapolis, Minn., has been appointed manager at Tacoma, W. T. On the eve of his departure, November 12th, he was presented with an engrossed testimonial signed by all of his late associates, expressing regrets at his departure and wishing him success, etc., in his new field of labor. The testimonial was accompanied with a handsome marble clock and bronze mantle ornaments. The presentation was made by Mr. W. H. Kemp. Mr. Reid responded feelingly. Mr. H. P. Gifford, late night chief, succeeds Mr. Reid and Ed. S. Rogers assumes the title of night chief.

OIL CITY NOTES.—The Postal force at this place is as follows: Mr. W. I. Rehr, manager who works the New York wire; T. J. Callanan the Pittsburg wire; W. E. Lockhart the Bradford wire and A. P. Rehr handles the Pittsburg local and way wires; Mr. George W. Soles is lineman. Manager Rehr is well liked, not only by his force but by the public at large; and under his able management the office is doing a fine business.

Edward Delaney is the Bill Nye of the telegraphic profession. If he ever gets money enough ahead to have his photograph taken, his picture might appear in these columns.

THE ANNUAL RECEPTION OF THE BROOKLYN TELEGRAPHERS

WILL BE HELD ON

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 3,

AT RIVERS' ACADEMY, CORNER STATE AND COURT STREETS,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Efforts are being made to make this an exceptionally pleasant gathering. Prominent telegraphers of both cities are interested.

In our last issue, in giving the *personnel* of the Commercial News department, we inadvertently failed to mention Messrs. Theo. Betzel and T. F. Kane. Mr. Betzel is chief inspector of the Gold and Stock; besides being a clever electrician, he is an inimitable story-teller. Mr. Kane holds down Boston grain and cotton wire, which is saying a great deal, it being a "big roast," and is a most reliable employe.

Mr. W. S. Glassey, manager of the W. U., Fall River Steamship Line and W. D. Ward, assistant ticket agent for the same company, recently returned from a ten day's trip through the West. While in Indianapolis they were the recipients of favors at the hands of President-elect Harrison. Will a cabinet portfolio drop to one of our friends? We wonder.

Mr. W. E. Peirce, of the W. U., Washington, D. C., has returned from Europe. He was a passenger on the Etruria, which had such an extremely stormy passage. Although there were some three telegraphers aboard, they did not meet until they were leaving the steamer. The Potomac river was nowhere.

Mr. Frank Lucock is working extra for the P. R. R., at Lucas, Ohio.

Mr. George W. Ribble, night chief, Postal Telegraph Company, Washington, D. C., has gone to his home in Harrisonburg, Va., on a much needed vacation. Mr. W. J. Slater fills his place. Mr. F. P. Cox is relieving Mr. Slater at the Chicago *Tribune* Bureau.

Mr. D. C. Donohue, of the W. U. main office, has the sympathy of his numerous friends in the loss of two of his three bright children, who died of diphtheria, within a few hours of one another, a few days ago.

Mr. J. A. McClary, of the Postal, sugar district, has returned from Chicago, where he was called to testify in a lawsuit for damages for a bulled message.

Mr. W. E. VanNortwick has returned from Colorado, where he has been for his health for several months.

Mr. M. B. Knerr, now located in Waterbury, Conn., was in town recently visiting friends.

Mr. Frank Farrell, of the W. U., Louisville, Ky., is on a vacation in Cambridge Ind.

Cable Superintendent Mackay, of St. John, N. F., was in town last week visiting friends.

Lightning Slaves—telegraph operators.

TRANSFERS.—J. F. Donovan, Detroit, Mich., to Akron, O.; J. A. Esslinger, Cincinnati, to Pittsburg, Pa., for the Postal; Alex. Malcom, Metapedia, to Montreal, Que.; James O'Connor, Prescott, Wis., to Savanna, Ills.; J. C. Doyle, Raleigh, N. C., to Petersburg, Va.; H. D. Robinson, Raleigh, N. C., to Washington, D. C.; W. A. Hancock, St. Paul, Minn., to Detroit, Mich.; P. Fahey, Toledo, O., to Chicago, Ills.; A. F. Mason, Sand Point to Pembroke, Ont.; Frank King, Anacanda, to Helena, Mont.; Miss M. F. Fitzpatrick, Canon City, to Pueblo, Col., for the W. U.

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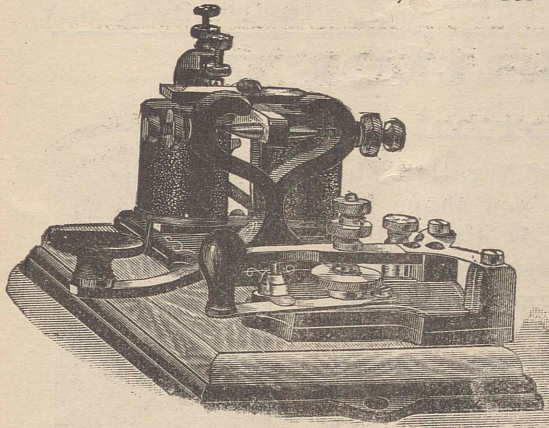
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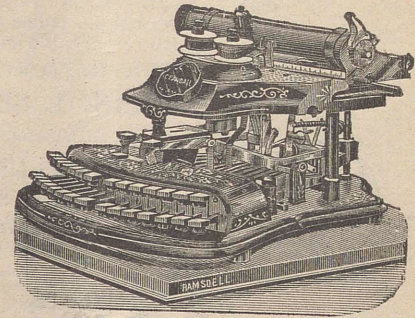
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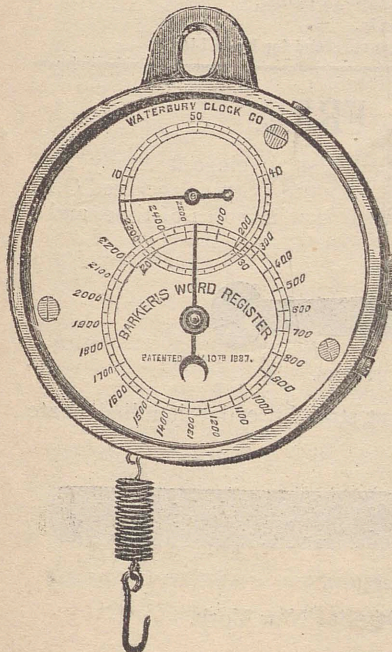
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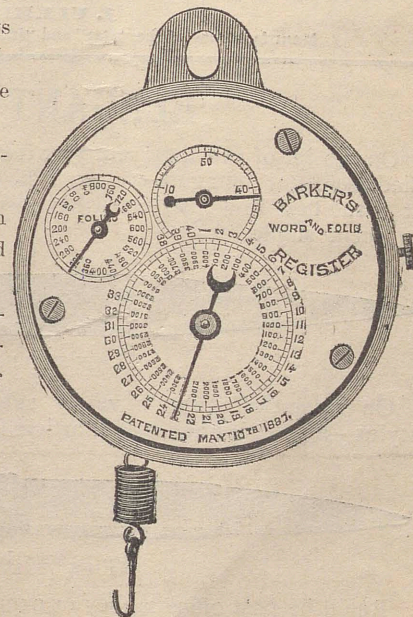
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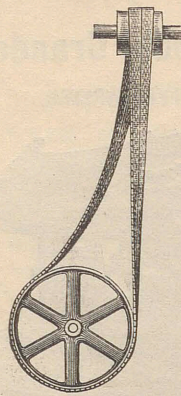
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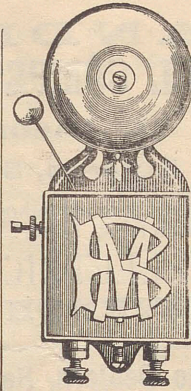
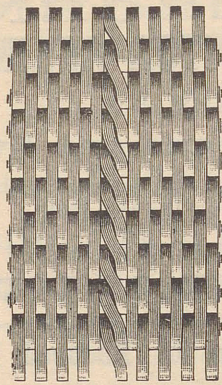
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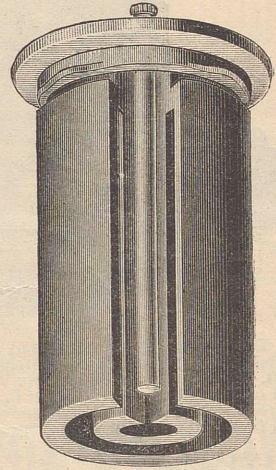
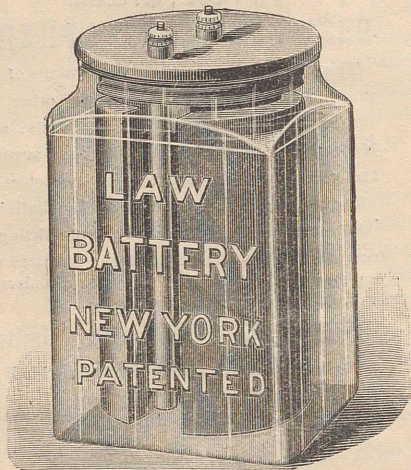
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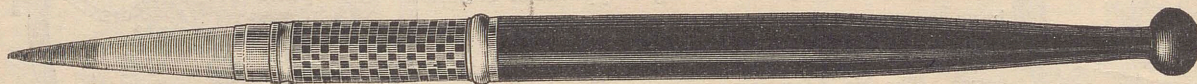
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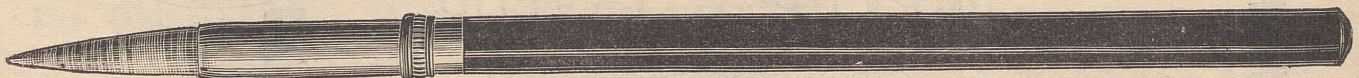
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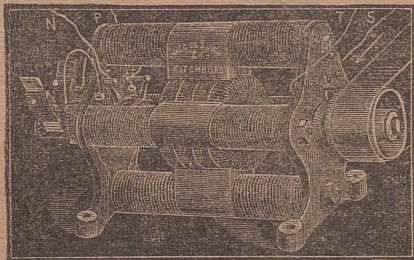
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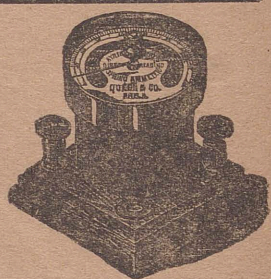
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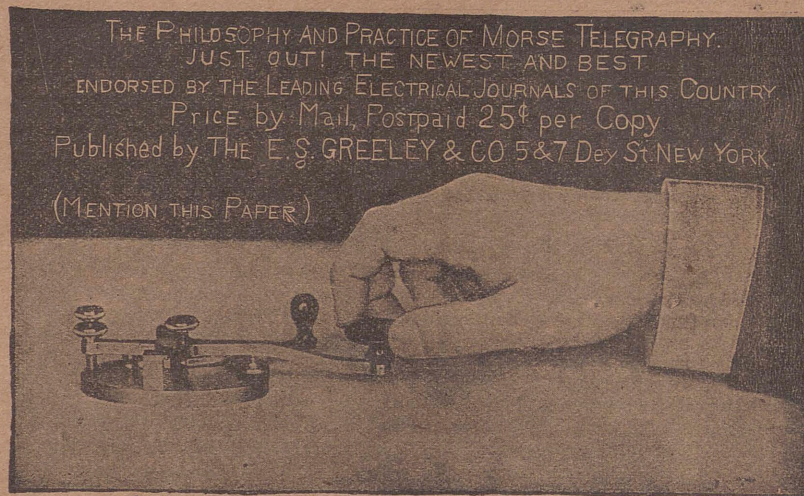
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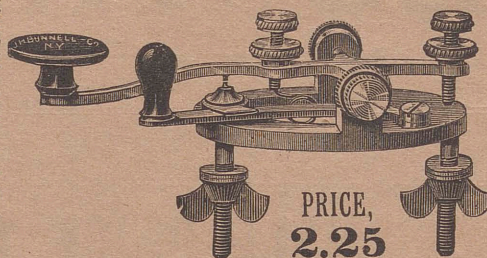
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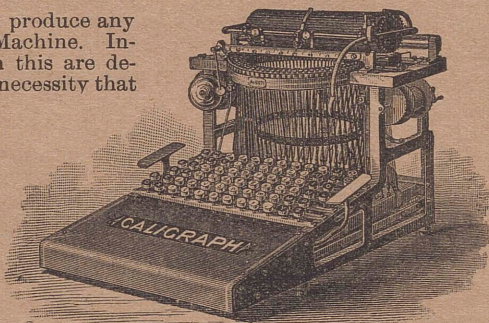
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 16, 1888.

OUR PICTORIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

A Merry Christmas to all. We may not have every one of the good looking telegraph people in this issue, but we take pleasure in presenting to our readers as many of them as we could gather together in our limited time. Those we have, need no introduction. Unfortunately, our friends at distant points were shut out by reason of lack of time, for the entire work has been accomplished inside of one month. But these pictorial holiday numbers will hereafter be a permanent feature of the paper, so that none may be dissatisfied.

From present indications the Christmas Number of this paper for 1889, will be a photograph album of over 100 pages of pictures of telegraph people.

On the first page of this interesting issue will be found Professor Morse and his able and trustworthy lieutenant, Mr. James D. Reid. Mr. Reid has been closely identified with the telegraph ever since its birth and was the first superintendent of telegraph ever appointed. Unfortunately, his modesty and pride would never permit him, the author of existing telegraphic history, to assign himself to the position which is his by right. His old-time friends appreciated his peculiar situation, but for the enlightenment of the rising generation of telegraphers, let it be recorded that the oldest living and in fact the first telegrapher, Mr. James D. Reid, has remained a constant friend, a fearless defender, a warm advocate and faithful follower of the telegraph since the day of its birth. The wreath of fidelity and love is his. Long may he wear it.

Sketches of the lives of most of the other people have been previously published and are extant.

Those whose faces are seen for the first time will be well taken care of in these columns hereafter. Almost every telegraph and cable company in America is here represented, besides many railroad and other corporations, among them the Western Union, the Postal, the Great Northwestern, the Canadian Pacific, the Empire and Bay State, the Com-

mercial Cable, the Direct Cable, the French Cable, the Anglo-American, The United Press, the Erie Railroad, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Staten Island Railroad.

We believe this is the first public appearance of Mr. John Campbell, the leader of the great telegraphers' strike of 1883, now the able manager of the Postal office, at Pittsburgh, Pa. We also have a picture of Mr. Tom O'Reilly, for many years president of the Telegraphers' Union. Mr. Wm. B. Somerville, the veteran superintendent of the press bureau of the Western Union, is also a conspicuous figure. He is better known as "O. K." Somerville among the members of the telegraphic profession.

Another interesting gentleman, is Mr. Leslie Bradley, a well-known and genial New York operator. He has worked in almost every Western Union office of importance, in the country, and has never been known to displease any one.

Mr. Charles E. Taylor, the veteran operator, president of the Old Timers' Association and manager of the Western Union office, at Frankfort, Ky., is not absent, although it will puzzle him very greatly to know how his genial countenance was secured for this issue. The conspiracy will remain a mystery.

Managers Dealy, of New York, and Lloyd, of Chicago, the heads of the largest telegraph offices in the world, outside of London, although occupying peculiarly exacting positions appear serene and happy.

Mr. Thomas Brennan, the assistant manager of the New York office, is the Gibraltar of uprightness and fair dealing. His position is one fraught with countless annoyances, but he is credited with maintaining the discipline of the office without friction or favor.

The ladies are not forgotten. The Misses Dailey and Donovan, of the Western Union main office, New York, and Miss Arnold, who receives press report at Bridgeport, Conn., are estimable ladies and favorites with their large circle of acquaintances. A year hence, we hope to have a larger representation of the gentler sex.

The railroad telegraphs are represented by Messrs. Chas. Selden, F. S. Gannon, Harry J. Quigg and Coe D. Reed, all of whom have been promoted from the key. They are an interesting and happy lot.

We regret that we have not more groups of the active operators. Those we have are interesting and will be received with hearty approval. We should, of course have San Francisco, Galveston, Portland, Maine, Portland, Oregon, New Orleans and Montreal faces, but our former apology of want of time, will here again have to stand us in need. The promise to produce 500 faces of telegraph people, one year hence will, however, be accepted, we hope, as compensation for the shortcomings of this number in that respect.

To those who have so kindly assisted us in the preparation of the engravings and those whose names are appended to the numerous stories in this issue, we extend our heartfelt thanks.

Never in the history of the paper has our efforts been so generally and unanimously approved as during the past month while preparing to exhibit the faces of those who are known so well to us by reputation and word description.

To them all and our readers in general, we extend the compliments of the season.

President Cleveland in his annual message, said :

In the vast field of Oriental commerce now unfolded from our Pacific borders no feature presents stronger recommendations for Congressional action than the establishment of communication by sub-marine telegraph with Honolulu.

The geographical position of the Hawaiian group in relation to our Pacific States creates a natural interdependency and mutuality of interest which our present treaties were intended to foster, and which make close communication a logical and commercial necessity.

TOM WHEELER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

(By EDGAR W. COLLINS.)

Tom Wheeler, poor old boy, I don't know what became of him. He was a "rounder" fifteen years ago. The ties on the various railroads throughout the United States have often echoed to the sound of Tom's feet, and the box cars could tell some interesting tales on him could they speak. The night operators along these same railroads have been entertained time and again by Tom's presence. He seemed to live in the dark noon of midnight, when ghosts are said to hold full sway. From the midnight gloom he would often come unheralded. No sounding of trumpets or music by the band ever proclaimed his arrival. His constant companion was a long and hungry looking carpet bag. His personal appearance after one of his jaunts would never draw a prize at a church fair; but when the bad taste had been eliminated from his mouth, and he had been "toggled out" by a contribution, there was a wonderful transformation, and he was at home in the best of society. He was a well informed and entertaining conversationalist, and his fund of quaint humor inexhaustible. Among the younger members of the profession in those days it was an acknowledgement of a neglected education for one to say that he had not at some period of his development received a visit from, and seen some of the wonderful brass pounding performances of old Tom Wheeler.

The last time I saw the old man was in '72 while I was doing night duty on the Union Pacific in Wyoming. A freight had passed west about 11.45 P. M. on a cold wintry night in December. I reported the train on time, sat down and with eyes covered with the brim of my hat, dropped into a doze. The hand-made desk or shelf on which the solitary instrument ticked out its varied story, reached from one side of the room to the other, a distance of some 12 feet. I had been asleep perhaps 15 or 20 minutes when I was awakened by what seemed to me the sweetest music that ever flowed from mortal lips. In front of the instrument sat old Tom Wheeler with his chair tipped forward, his head resting on the desk, while his sad, sweet voice filled the old depot with its melody. Imagine if you can a "rounder" in the stillness of a winter night singing this hymn:

"I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul;
Where no storm ever beats on the glittering strand
While the years of eternity roll.

"O, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
And I fancy but dimly the veil intervenes,
Between that fair city and me.

There in the solitary depot, at that midnight hour these soft notes were brought home to my heart, and their echoes come down the years, I knew then that Old Tom's life had not always been that of a rounder. The religious sentiment born of home and a mother's love and training, would bud and blossom and throw its perfume around Old Tom's heart in spite of him. He was apparently unconscious of my presence and when the last notes of the beautiful hymn had gone upward the same sweet voice started:

"When you and I were young, Maggie".

After this song had been sung he raised his head and I could see that his eyes were moist. Something had carried him back to happier days filled with love and hope and joy. With a hearty "Hello, old stocking," he began reciting the story of his past life, which though highly interesting is too long for this sketch. With eager eloquence he carried me back to his mother's bed-side; he led me gently to her last resting place; he told me of a nearer one yet and a dearer one still than all others; he pictured the old tree by the rumbling, rippling, murmuring brook, where he had carved her name, which had since grown into the old tree's heart as it had

into his. He showed where some other hand had also carved her name later on, this time on marble bearing the words of B. F. Taylor, "and the echo of her little life shall linger like a rhyme." Soon the 2.30 A. M. freight steamed up to the depot, I went out with the flag and lantern, and on my return found that old Tom had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. The hitherto omnipresent carpet bag remained and I hoped of Tom's returning to finish his history, but I waited in vain. I took care of the gaunt and hungry looking carpet bag for four years, not knowing its contents. Finally, on Christmas eve 1876 I received a letter dated "Los Angeles, Cal, Dec 10, 1876," which read: "Say, pard, I left my trunk on your clicker desk in 1872. It contains all I have in the world. Kick the roof off, send me the testament and keep the balance of the wearing apparel, jewelry, etc, as a Christmas present from me. Yours perpendicularly, Tom Wheeler. P.S. If you can't get the roof off send me the keyhole by return mail and I'll get a key to fit it. T. W." "According to directions I took the "roof off" and found therein the testament, a well worn testament which proved to be a Christmas present years before. The balance of "wearing apparel; jewelry, etc," consisted of a pint flask of whiskey labeled, "Poison" and a pair of soiled hose. I mailed the testament, and accepted the Christmas present in the spirit in which it was given; though I was well supplied with that kind of hose. Poor old Tom! all phases of life have been explored by you, the path that would lead you by the still waters, and render you susceptible to the influences of her whose name lies buried in the heart of the old tree, and in yours, and the "echo of whose little life shall linger like a rhyme," must certainly be a pleasanter road than the one on which your feet have trodden these long weary years. Try it once again Tom, and may you find on it a "Merry Christmas."

As Mr. Blaine stepped out of the Fifth Avenue Hotel a few days ago, a stout, dark-haired young man, whose eye was keenly alive to the identity of the white-haired statesman, stopped a moment to look after him and then walked alertly on his way along the great shopping thoroughfare. This stout, dark-haired young man has got to be quite a figure in the literary and business world since Mr. Blaine knew him. He used to be a great friend of Howard Owen, Blaine's private secretary, up in Maine, where he—the literary and business celebrity of to-day—was a telegraph operator as recently as in 1882. The ambitious young telegrapher thought he would like to come New York and start a literary weekly. He formed the brilliant plan of advertising his forthcoming journal by getting Mr. Blaine to write for it. Through his friend, the private secretary, he approached the Mogul of Augusta to that effect. "No," answered Mr. Blaine, "I will not aid and abet your ruin. If you go to start that paper the New York sharks will eat you up in no time!" But the ambitious telegrapher came any way. At first he got a place as editor of the *Golden Argosy*. That paper failed. Then he bought it, in 1883, put his own ideas into its management, changed its name to the *Argosy* and gradually built it up to be a property paying him a handsome fortune yearly. His name is Frank A. Munsey, he is about five feet 10½ inches high, thirty years old and weighs 170 pounds.

Miss Addie Smith, formerly in the Western Union office at No. 195 Broadway, is now in charge of the telegraph line in the Battery Park Hotel at Ashville, N. C. On election night while the returns were pouring in there came a message to herself. It announced the death of her mother in Massachusetts, and was perhaps the saddest and most trying message an operator ever had to receive. There was no one to take her place and with this sorrow at her heart she kept her post until 3 o'clock in the morning. She has been presented with a generous purse by the grateful and sympathetic guests of the hotel.

MY FIRST AND LAST TELEGRAPH STUDENT.

By GARRY W. RUSSELL.

While seated in Central Park one day last summer, dreamily observing the gaudy turnouts which enliven that beautiful quarter of the city, and indulging in thoughts of the past, pregnant with bright and sad memories, I was awakened from my reverie by a vigorous tap on the shoulder, and, upon looking up, saw my old friend M. gazing at me with an expression varying between delight and curiosity. We had long worked at the key; had seen much of the country, but for the past few years our anchor had been cast in the metropolis.

We had had our share of the frivolities of life and had now determined to find the maximum of proper enjoyment at the minimum of expense; be as cheerful as possible, and cease vain regrets over lost opportunities.

"Why, my boy, you look as despondent as a day man who fails to catch on for extra after 5.30 P. M., what's the matter?"

"Matter enough, Jack," said I, removing my wig, "behold this bald pate. I am sad to-day thinking how it happened."

"What!" said he in astonishment, "you bald?"

"Too true, Jack. You surely never saw me with a 'pay day hair cut'."

"Well" that's a fact my boy. I never have. Often myself when the finances were low and the crop was unusually heavy, I have had to stand many a strong hint from the boys to take up a collection and have it cut, and finally when I appeared with it cut the insinuations were redoubled, dozens of congratulations came to me, inquiring as to what lawn mower was used; if I had employed the barber by the day or by contract. But tell me how you became bald?"

"The story, Jack, is identified with my first and last telegraph student."

"The little village of Mohegan, on the west bank of the Thames river, is to-day the home of the remnant of the once powerful tribe of Mohegan Indians. The Thames, fed by the Yantic and Shetucket rivers, flows gracefully down through a picturesque country finally emptying into Long Island Sound, at a point where once the powerful Pequod tribe stubbornly disputed the onward march of the early white settlers. At its source twenty miles above, the Uncas tribe once held sway, and their chieftain lies buried near the scene of his former glory, beneath an imposing monument erected a century ago by the whites. This entire region to-day, in the names of its towns and otherwise, is characteristic of its once aboriginal condition, and abounds in traditions and legends that afford bountiful material for romantic story.

Years ago, I was train despatcher near this section. A severe lightning storm one night created sad havoc with our wires, stripping and destroying the poles for miles. Accompanying the repairers to the scene of the trouble, to offer such suggestions as would more quickly restore our telegraphic facilities, I found myself at the village of Mohegan. The simple minded Indians weary of gazing at the evidence of the storm in the boundless forest had collected at the station, their numbers constantly augmenting after our arrival.

One of them a young Indian maiden of about sixteen years, particularly impressed me.

Vain indeed, Jack, for me to essay a description of her wonderful, yet native beauty of form and features. Susceptible as I am to female charms, I was far more struck by her superior bearing and the eager and intelligent interest she manifested in our rough and toilsome labors.

I found occasion to speak to her and learned that her name was Ulanora, or Pride of the Forest.

She spoke English well, having been educated at the village school, but preserved her mother tongue, as indeed she did the simple manners and marked traits of her people. Roaming through the forest alone and fearless; clambering

over crags and up the mountain side; standing queen-like on their giddy heights to sing a weird but touching melody to the silent river below, and finally returning to her home freighted with wild flowers to the settlement. Such were her pastimes. So she was called Ulanora.

Beloved by all her friends, 'twere perilous to strive for her love, yet I attempted it. In an evil hour I resolved to teach her the telegraphic art. My visits to Mohegan became frequent. By an understanding we met in a secluded region, and by constructing a small circuit, I had "The Pride of the Forest" initiated into the mysteries of dot, dash and space and other technicalities of the business. Meanwhile, I was not idle. I studied the Indian tongue. I absorbed Indian literature. "Hiawatha," I could repeat with ease. I finally mastered the language. She had mastered telegraphing and was installed as operator in Mohegan office. We alone and the Great Spirit, knew how dear we were to each other.

One day Ulee asked me "Do the wires lead to the happy hunting grounds, Chief?" (she called me Chief, now) I vainly tried to remember such a station in the tariff book. I thought it might be a cable station. I re-called romantic names of Colorado towns, "Deadwood," "Sleepy River," "Wolf's Hole," "Bear's Fork" and was giving up in despair, when I suddenly answered: "Do you mean Promised Land, Long Island?"

"No, Chief."

"Good Ground, L. I," said I desperately; "tariff 25 and 3 to Quogue, and \$1.00 delivery by stage?"

"No, Chief" said she sadly, the tears erstwhile leaping to her eyes; "the land of my fathers" said she, pointing to the sky.

"Why do you ask?" said I. "Because I often listen with my ear close, oh, so close, to the telegraph poles and when the music is soft and low, I think of my mother, but when it is wild and terrible, I think it's the voice of the old man and I run away in fear. Thus we while away the happy moments: I, in the dispatcher's office; she at Mohegan. Our conversation was done exclusively in the Mohegan tongue. The boys on the line were dumbfounded; never did they interrupt us with the modern interruptions of "go ahead, straw hat," "read the riot act" or "oh! come off." We were left severely alone. The wire indeed grew weak under the exertion of carrying the Indian dialect and one lovely evening when I said: "Ulanora, Raz mag Lo Lo te ovagzch wolkkl kanko?" the old wire completely collapsed and a new one had to be constructed.

Well, Jack, such progress as I had made in her affections could not fail of exciting suspicions. She was dull and listless with her people; she was bright and vivacious with me. One of the braves, a ferocious fellow, Ulgalulah, or "War to the Knife," had vainly sought the affection of Ulanora. His chief attraction was an ability to whistle "Home, sweet home," with soprano and alto variations with a single lip movement. She listened wearily. One evening when the fair moon and stars seemed to lend me hope, I visited Mohegan. Met at the trysting place by "The Pride of the Forest," we embraced.

* * * * *

A stunning blow—a pricking sensation—a horrible tearing and laceration—unconscious! * * * * *

Several days afterwards I awoke. Ulanora was at my bedside. She vowed she never would leave me whatever might betide. Poor heartbroken Ulanora! Poor scalplless me!

I soon grew convalescent, and, in her girlish innocence of the disastrous consequences that might result, she began to "talk shop" to me. With stoic like fortitude I endured it. Little knew she that no captive at the stake, tortured by her ancestors, ever endured as much as this shop talk inflicts upon a listener.

She quoted from memory, and with much show of feeling the touching essay printed on the Western Union blank, beginning: "To guard against mistakes and delays the

sender of a message should order it repeated." When she reached the words: "and this company is hereby made the agent of the sender without liability," the tears rushed to my eyes. I howled outright at her pathetic rendering of the line: "this company will not be liable for damages in any case" and when she came to the concluding remark: "in writing within sixty days after sending the message" I had swooned.

I never saw her after that. I learned that she went West and married, and I often imagine that from her has descended the large class that annually reach the metropolis and bore old-timers to death with a narration of deeds of their splendid work.

A REMINISCENCE OF OLD TIMES.

BY JOHN MORISON.

While Finnegan enjoyed post-prandial snoozing,
One glorious afternoon near Christmas-tide,
There came along a fellow who had been boozing,
And who sought to gain more "price" from friends inside.

Tom Finnegan was not to be caught napping;
He had his mind's eye open all the while;
But when busily engaged in wordy "scrapping,"
An aged couple slipped by up the aisle.

A white haired man whose strong and rugged features
Marked the rare Irish gentleman of rare old stock;
An on his arm, one of God's noblest creatures—
A dear, good woman—chipped from a similar block.

To the center of the spacious room they wandered,
Through the clatter of the busy, buzzing crowd;
On scenes of other days, the old man pondered
And presently revealed his thoughts aloud.

"Oh moi! Oh moi! But here s galore strange faces,
(An' purty wans too, there amongst the girls)
The tables, aisles, and "tickers" have changed places.
(That's a beauty there, with dark eyes an' short curls)."

"Oh ye Villyan!" said the lady. Are ye mashin?
Forninst me own two eyes! Well here's fine jigs!"
"Hush! Whisper, darlint!" said he, (Blarney fashion)
"Shure me heart is true to you, dear, an' the pigs."

An' darlint, shure, since seeing is believing;
Short hair is most becoming and methinks,
For this fashion you no longer need be grieving,
You may cut your's off an' do it up in kinks."

She was mollified. The old man then resuming,
The interrupted tenor of his thought;
And many an old-time memory exhuming,
He spoke of good old friends, who, alas! are not.

"Here's yet some dear old frinds, may kind good fortion"
Attind thim all ere they life's labors cease,
But Bif' Cook, Largay, Sprague and poor Ed. Morton
Have passed away! God rest their souls in peace!"

"The cable room was where they have the 'farm' on,
There was the Landy's and the Tierney's boys, av coarse;
And Robinson, Sabine and Dinny Harman,
The most industrious min upon the force."

"With other first-class men. Such a galaxy
Of talent and diableric combined;
(Oh! the tricks they played upon me) Let me ax ye
Where in the world its equal could you find?"

"God bless ye boys and girls! May ye be merry
In these holidays as any in the land;
An when ye have to pass o'er Charon's ferry,
Bedad, may ye have yer tickets in yer hand!"

"Come now, ould woman, shure we must be going;"

Then silently they moved toward the door;
The good old man in passing, thus bestowing
This address upon his bosom friend of yore:

"It isn't in me heart, dear Tom, to wake ye,
Tho' its many a long, long day since I was here;
But I'll wish ye all dear Tom before I shake ye,
A Merry Christmas and a glad New Year."

"You're as snug as any 'bug in a rug' Tom;
You've a few more wrinkles and some whiter hair;
But you've the same old healthy bloom upon yer mug, Tom;"
And then they slowly vanished down the stair.

Said Finnegan, awaking: "Was I dreaming?
I'll bet me best high hat 'gin a benanny
There's not a doubt. In shure it was not seeming;
That was 'old man Kav' and his good wife Johanney!"

NO MONOPOLY IN TICKERS.—Judge Andrews, of the Supreme Court, December 4th, filed his decision in the suit of the Commercial Telegram Company against the President of the New York Stock Exchange, James D. Smith; the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company and the Western Union Telegraph Company. The suit was to enjoin the Stock Exchange from interfering with the right of the plaintiff to collect upon the floor of the Exchange the quotations of dealings made and to distribute such quotations to its customers throughout the country. The decision is favorable to the Commercial Company.

The case was first tried in Supreme Court in January, 1887, before Judge Ingraham, who decided in favor of the Stock Exchange. From this decision the plaintiff appealed to the General Term.

Mr. Joe Brooks of the Western Union, Galveston, although laying no claims to being an artist, has just completed an oil painting that would reflect credit on the brush of some of the most pretentious artists. The painting is Shakespearean, and represents Othello describing his battles to the father of Desdemona, who sits in admiration and wonder. All the figures are well posed and the expression is in thorough keeping with the story, showing that Mr. Brooks has the real artist in his composition and is able to make the faces of his subjects tell their own story.

CABLE EXTENSIONS.—Representative Bartholomew, of the Sandwich Islands, is in New York and has placed some large orders for telegraph wire and cable, with New York and London firms. The Hawaiian Government has offered to give any company which connects that country with one of the continents, \$300,000. The wire and cable ordered recently are for a company titled the Baker-Bartholomew cables. With it, it is proposed to connect to seaboard and interior towns with Honolulu, in anticipation of final cable connection with one of the continents.

A SMALL CONSOLIDATION. At noon on December 1st, the Western Union Telegraph Company took possession of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Telegraph Company's lines at St. Louis, and announced at once a reduction in rates to all points covered by the new line. There are about 3,000 miles of telegraph in the Santa Fe system, and nearly two-thirds of it is in Texas and the Indian Territory. It is said the absorption will help Texas and result in a more efficient service.

Eugene Perkins, recently from Siam, is studying medicine in the New York Hospital here.

The Postal Company lost the suit for \$10,000 recently tried in Chicago, for making an error in a message, which was mentioned in the last issue.

"TRY AGAIN"
(By WM. J. DEALY.)

Everywhere we hear the chimes. It is Christmas morning the world is glad, the telegrapher is helping to make it so; he has taken up the strain of those midnight bells and sent their tones in greeting to his friends along the line; he has begun the work of the day and in the instruments and wires around him, he hears the chimes from every land. He is the distributor of joy. Follow him where'er you may.

He lifts in every town and village, by the peals of his merry nature, many around him to a higher and better plane.

He strikes the key for merry voices at every station, in every office, in every home.

The world seems not so large now as it did before the wires were strung, yet there are more people in it; but the telegrapher brings them closer together. Without him, it is true—the Christmas Chimes might ring, but their tones could not be brought as he brings them in the music of the wires, over the mountain, through the valley, under the sea. Many are the threads of fact that might be woven into Christmas telegraphic stories.

I remember an incident that occurred on the day before Christmas at 145 Broadway, several years ago. Two messages, for which the senders were unable to give definite address, were about to be numbered among the undelivered, when Mr. Hill, the manager, seeing in their purport that which suggested a Merry Christmas by delivery, or perhaps tears of disappointment by failure, told one of his clerks to "try again"; and the messenger, honest, earnest and bright, whose merry whistling told of the joy within him, and who had heard what had passed between Manager and Clerk, tramped all the morning and part of the afternoon, following what detectives might call, the clues that were given him. But feeling the responsibility which had been placed upon him on he went like a young Santa Claus, covered with snow, merry within and whistling, until at last he was successful. The pay for delivery in those days was three cents a message; he thought not of that. Sympathetic and kind-hearted "Billy" Hill, however, who had once himself been a messenger, knew what good service was, and reported the facts in the case to the then Gen'l Supt. (General Eckert) who sent for the boy, and thrilled his heart with a merry peal, that burst as it were, in chimes on every nerve. "Let me see your ticket" said the Chief, and upon it he wrote, "six dollars instead of six cents" and the echo of that boy's whistle is lingering yet in the vicinity of the old building. He is now a well known man in Wall Street.

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY.

(By JAMES D. REID).

Many congratulations are no doubt coming to you at this season. It may be that mine may be welcome. In the natural course of things I cannot expect to be able to send many more, so I send you smile and benison and good cheer. With a profound sense of personal gladness, I hope you are as happy as myself.

One of the many pleasant memories of my telegraphic life is connected with my first introduction to Southern hospitality. In 1850, while in Louisville, Ky., I undertook, without much reflection, the restoration of the People's line to New Orleans. Except between a few offices in Tennessee and Kentucky, although newly built, it lay idle and its whole route strewed with debt. Its chief source of profit was cut off by the bursting of the levees below Baton Rouge, the Mississippi plunging through the levee toward Lake Pontchartrain and sweeping away the telegraph like a child's castle.

Although at that time under appointment by three companies as superintendent, with their knowledge, but without aid from them, I offered to restore the line and to pay a considerable sum for its lease. My offer was gladly accepted and off I went, unacclimated, to Southern skies in the heat

of a hot July. I had with me one faithful man and a purse and I had need for both. The steamer landed me at Bonnet Carre, some miles above New Orleans. The Mississippi was still dashing its way tumultuously through the levee, and the air was heavy with the odors of dead animals. The first problem before me was how to suspend a wire across 500 yards of crevasse. With the use of a small wire I determined to use the few fruit trees still standing in the background. No boat could be found. There was no material for a raft. It was fearfully hot. But by one means or another, I gained the trees, strung my wire and successfully established communication.

By this time the sun was low. There was no house nearer than a mile and I was exhausted and hungry. My feet had so swollen from standing in the water that my boots had to be cut off and I had to start in search of food with stiffened joints and walking in my stockings.

Towards sundown I reached the yard of a rich planter named Delomar and gladly seated myself on a bench. One of the overseers seeing me, demanded my business. When I told him, he said: "Well, Master will be here soon; if he likes you, all right; if he don't, the quicker you get away from here, the better." He felt, no doubt, that I was possibly a tramp.

It was not long before Master came. He was a massive man with a face of iron. But I was too wearied to fear or care. He asked me who I was, with a whimsical, half amused face, as if I was a decidedly new specimen. I certainly was. I had, however, the wit left to answer him in his own humor and he laughed. It was a good broad laugh and I saw clearly that I had won. He at once went to the house and brought me a glass with whiskey enough in it to kill a sailor and told me to drink it. I refused, not because I was a Prohibitionist, but fearing extinction. He asked me if I wanted to be killed, and I answered mildly in the negative. Well, said he, drink that quick, and I did, expecting to see constellations in the heavens, snakes in the earth, and a graveyard. But I grew chippy and survived. He then led me to the great house, gave me his best room and clean linen, and a long and dreamless sleep followed. Later he introduced me to his wife and large family of accomplished daughters. They had never seen a live Scotchman before. I was treated like a king. Nothing was too good for me, and when a day later, the steamer carried me away, Delomar and his whole household stood on the levee and waved their handkerchiefs until a bend of the river hid me from sight. That was my first introduction to Southern hospitality. I never forgot it.

A CHRISTMAS FRAGMENT.

(By EDWARD CURRY).

"Christmas comes but once a year.
And when it comes it brings good cheer."

The request for a few lines appropriate to the approaching Christmas season, finds my repertory poorly prepared, through meagre contact, I suppose, with the world outside an office. Still it calls up a mere fragment fast fading into the great ocean of forgetfulness, and you, as editor, shall judge as to its fitness to again live; this time in print form, and possibly to some purpose.

Several years ago, twenty more or less, on a bleak, stormy night, I was quietly drumming up a few stray dollars along the line, to help out a line builder upon whom disease from exposure, aggravated by a recent accident, was fast closing its account. Across the stormy northwestern prairies came sundry promises and words of sympathy, for telegraphers, usually poor, are usually liberal when a cry for help is sounded along their ranks, and Jack, the lineman, had become a favorite. Fitted for a better class of work, failing health had driven him westward. I had just told some enquirer that he was fast sinking, when a still, small voice from a station agent's little daughter piped in, if I may use the

expression, and dotted out in not very excellent Morse (but the recording angel who forgave Uncle Toby's rash oath, must have overlooked that feature), the words: "Look for a package by conductor; am sorrow for his family." The package proved to be a dollar in small coins, evidently from a child's savings bank, and an elaborately gotten up doll, candies and tinsel for a Christmas tree, used once already; but what of that?

Jack was proud of his two little girls and baby, and had promised them, if times ran smoothly, a Christmas tree and a good time generally. But a stormy night, a wrecked train, and *only one man hurt*, with its attendant sorrows and expenses, had driven good St. Nicholas from their doors.

The dollar soon grew into two, as such dollars generally do; the doll likewise became one of a family of twins, and that night a well filled basket was prepared. A turkey was put in; such a one as stingy old Scrooge must have sent poor Bob Cratchit, when his heart was softened by his weird Christmas vision of want, so charmingly told by Dickens. On each side a doll smiling as guardian angels, and a quantity of provisions and tree ornaments were packed. A friend had sent in an evergreen tree to help out the celebration, for it lacked not many days of Christmas. About midnight I called on Jack. This name will do; old telegraphic friends will know whom is meant. I told him kind friends had sent a purse to tide over his home matters, and provided bountifully for his family's Christmas, and that I would see it carried out, tree and all. A quiver shook his lips, for he was past speaking, and he pressed my hand, and refused to let it go. I told him I understood what he meant. He turned his head aside, fell into a sleep, and in a few hours died.

Though the widow's heart was broken, the children, with the providentially short memory of youth, which brings quickly sunshine after shower, were enraptured, and the great family calamity was partially obliterated. Even the baby's eyes grew in wonder during the festive preparations, and the tree on Christmas eve, must, if it had feelings at all, have felt proud at its dazzling appearance; and I have always been sorry the little donor had not seen the glory and pleasant memories that grew out of the dollar and its suggestions.

Some years afterward, when the widow and orphans were among friends and seeing better days, I heard of the dolls, fairies they were called, and no part of the house was too good for them. And here my Christmas fragment from real life ends, where it began so many years ago.

Not much of a story, says the disappointed reader. No, for none was promised. Merely a suggestive memorial. No denouement; no finish, nor—No, merely a recital of how a little stranger's kindness helped to smooth a dying man's passage into the great unknown—gave a silver lining to the clouds of adversity suddenly cast over a family, and a kindly remembrance running through after years, to end who can tell when or where?

A WELL KNOWN EX-TELEGRAPHER COMMITS SUICIDE.

"DOC." WARREN, THE BRILLIANT EX-TELEGRAPHER OF CINCINNATI COMMITS SUICIDE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Dr. H. V. Warren, of Nordhoff, Cal., committed suicide in San Francisco on Nov. 19, at the International Hotel, by cutting his throat.

The fact of the suicide was discovered in the afternoon, when the door of his room was forced open and Warren was found stretched on the floor dead. The surroundings presented a sickening sight to the porter and the clerk who had forced the door. The dead man was lying on a rubber overcoat which had been spread on the carpet by Warren with the evident purpose of preventing the blood from the wounds which he had inflicted upon himself from soiling the carpet.

The victim's throat was cut from ear to ear, and a jagged and heavy piece of glass besmeared with gore, lying along side the body, was the instrument with which the doctor ended his own life. A glance at the stationary water basin in the room showed more fully the desperate act of the dead man.

The piece of glass with which he had cut his throat had been broken from the tumbler in his room, and he probably stood over the water basin when he made the wound, for it was nearly half full of blood. The body was cold when found, and life had evidently been extinct for some hours.

There were no papers found assigning a cause for his suicide. When he went to the International hotel he registered as Dr. H. V. Warren, Nordhoff, Ventura county, and explained that he arrived in the city the day before and had taken up his quarters elsewhere in lodgings that did not suit him. He directed the hotel people to send for his baggage, which was done, he then left the house and was not seen again until about 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. He then went into the office apparently much the worse for liquor, and complained that he had been robbed of every dollar he had on earth.

He was not sober enough to give an intelligible account of his trouble, and he was told to report the matter to the Chief of Police but he evidently did not do so.

It is less than two weeks, since we received a letter from Dr. Warren. In the communication he gave no intimation of trouble. Quite the contrary; he stated that he was prosperous and contented in California, and he desired to be remembered to his old friends in New York. "Doc." Warren was a well-known and brilliant operator ten years ago, located in Cincinnati, where he had resided for a number of years. About six years ago he removed to California, where he has resided ever since, practicing medicine.

CHRISTMAS AT SANDY'S RUN.

(BY RALPH D. BLUMENFELD.)

It was Christmas eve. Young John Raynor, the agent and operator, sat before his instrument in the little log cabin station and peered musingly into the cold, dark, stormy night. He was listening abstractedly to the clicking of his old sander. The operators at the various stations were chatting over the wires in a good-natured manner, and many were the fervent wishes of future merry Christmases that flashed over the electric circuit. Raynor was in a bad humor. What happiness was there for him, whether it be Christmas eve or any other holiday? He had no one in this wide world who cared for him or who would think of remembering him with even so commonplace a courtesy as the compliments of the season, unless it be rough miners and cowboys who frequent the camp. Ever since his parents had died—his father was a ranchman—John had been left alone at Sandy's Run. He had previously acquired a slight knowledge of telegraphy and when the iron horse invaded the country, he was installed as agent and operator, with just enough pay to keep body and soul together. He mused on. The overland express darted by like a flying demon of the night. The storm increased in fury and the snow and hail dashed wildly against the cabin's single window. Suddenly Raynor was awakened from reverie by a terrible crash in the distance. He sprang up from his seat and rushed out on the platform. Away off, where the track turns by the ravine, he could see through the darkness that a terrible accident had occurred.

"My God!" he cried, "The overland has run into the ravine."

He snatched up a lantern and sped along the track. The ravine was fully a mile away. The man ran through the terrible night like a frightened deer. As he came nearer he heard loud cries for help. The train had jumped the track at the curve, and had rolled over into the deep ravine below. The wrecked cars were on fire and continued what little destruction there was left to do. It was horrible! Raynor

climbed down. The dead, dying and mangled were lying everywhere. He worked like a madman to extricate people from perilous positions. At last assistance arrived and at midnight Raynor, more dead than alive started sorrowfully for his cabin to make a full telegraph report to the superintendent.

The wailing of a child attracted his attention. He looked down and there in the arms of its dead mother was a beautiful girl baby, not more than two years old. By its mother's side lay a man, evidently the father, cold in death. Raynor took the little one in his arms and hurried away.

Weeks passed and no one claimed the child. Advertisements were inserted in the San Francisco and Omaha papers but no replies were received. So John Raynor placed the little one in the arms of good old Mrs. Frayton, the wife of Jim, the storekeeper. She was the only woman in the camp. The child could only speak intelligibly enough to say that her name was "Ray." A locket covered with small pearls which was found fastened to a chair around her neck also had the name engraved on it. She was simply known to the men about the camp as "John Raynor's kid," and there wasn't a miner or cow boy within 500 miles who would not have laid down his life for her.

The child grew up to be a beautiful girl. Sandys Run shook off its primitive camp life and became a city. Ray was sent to school and there was no prouder man in the place than Raynor when she came into the now pretentious station after school was over, and recited her lessons to Uncle John.

Time rolled on and the girl became a woman. Fifteen years had passed since Ray had been taken from her dead mother's arms in the ravine. She was a favorite with everybody, but she liked none as well as her benefactor, that quiet, grave, big hearted fellow at the station.

One day she was missing. A note written in a hurried hand was found on John's desk. "I have gone to find out who I am. I will be back some day—Ray." That was all. The days passed slowly enough for Raynor after that. Until then he had not realized his great love for her who had grown up under his eyes. He was a young man yet, but the shock had completely unnerved him.

For two long years he waited and watched every train for the light of his life, and as each train passed without leaving her behind, he turned back into the station house with tears in his eyes.

* * * * *

It was Christmas eve. John Raynor sat before his instrument and peered out into the dark, unfathomable night. A terrific hail and snow storm raged outside. It was just such a dismal Christmas eve as that eventful one seventeen years ago. Then he had found an angel. She had left him; her benefactor; left him without even bidding him farewell. Would she ever return? Wh-z-z z! 'Twas the overland express dashing by. Raynor continued his musings. Suddenly there is a crash in the distance. Without waiting to see what it was Raynor snatched his lantern and ran—ran as if possessed, along the track. He knew that the overland had again gone down the ravine.

Through the dead and mangled he rushed until he was arrested by the cry of John! John! He looked and it was she! pinned down between two seats. She fell fainting in his arms.

It was weeks before Ray regained her senses. Then she told her benefactor that over three years before, she had seen in an old New York newspaper an advertisement for the heirs to the estate of Mrs. Ray Meredith, whose daughter, with her husband and child had been killed in a railroad accident. It preyed upon her mind until at the end of a year, she resolved to find out for herself. She knew it would cost money to go into the world and rather than put Raynor to the expense, she determined to fight her battle in secret. She went to New York and sustained life by working in a tele-

graph office. How often she had thanked God that Raynor had taught her the art! At last, after a long search she was successful. She proved her claim to the Meredith property by the locket which had belonged to her grandmother and by her striking resemblance to her mother. She was rich now and had hurried West without writing. She wanted to surprise him. She intended to go to the station beyond Sandy's Run, stay there until morning and then surprise him at the breakfast table. The accident spoiled it all.

"And I have come, dear John," she said, between smiles and blushes "to ask you if you will not take the fortune which I have found and which has caused you so much trouble. Let us share it together."

ONE CHRISTMAS.

By W. J. MAGUIRE.

Members of the telegraphic profession as a rule are not over superstitious, still there are quite a number who incline that way, and these have their "mascots" and their "hoodoos" to as great an extent as almost any gentleman of color.

It may be a favorite town, where no matter, at what season of the year, or under what circumstances they reach it, good luck is sure to follow.

Or, it very often happens to be a chair, into which, when once in position they can break the best fast record.

I have seen men hunt all over an office to find their "mascot" chair and when found, for the life of me I could detect no difference between it and the one vacated. And it was quite evident that the private marks of school boy days had been resorted to. I have also seen men search high and low for a trick pen holder, one that when pen in hand, no living man could rush them. Sometimes the pen holder could not be found, a fact which nearly always resulted in the disappointed searcher being rushed.

Strangely enough, the hospitable city of Louisville has always been my "hoodoo." I have had occasion to visit and pass through that city several times and it has been my misfortune to have departed from it with a heavy heart each time. If I were making a change (as operators sometimes do,) and my path lay through Louisville, the prospects might have been ever so bright, but when Louisville was reached, something of an unexpected nature would be sure to confront and dishearten me. If I attempted to lay over a day or two for a visit I would be taken violently sick, or encounter weather, the like of which never appeared there before.

A few years ago on my way up from Memphis, I stopped off at Louisville. necessarily of course, (the railroad pass is looked upon as a necessity,) expecting to take up my journey northward without interruption. I enquired of the young man at the ticket window in the depot, and even had the courage to ask him to look again.

My passes were not there!

What else could I expect? I bethought me of an old time acquaintance, a clerk at the Galt house, and concluded to go there and spend the night. Arriving at the Galt, they informed that me my friend had left some time ago.

Disappointment sat heavily upon me as I went to my room that night, waking in the morning only to find the rain beating furiously against the walls of that gloomy hostelry.

In the language of the telegraphic pass holder, I "used the wire freely" in tracing my missing transportation, with no better result, however, than a forced detention of five days. It was Christmas Eve when I left Louisville on a J. M. and I. train bound for Chicago, where I looked forward to a Christmas dinner with an old friend.

For reasons best known to myself I did not take a sleeper on this occasion.

Glancing around the dimly lighted car, I saw there was but one other occupant besides myself. His boots were in the aisle and he was already slumbering laboriously in a seat

a little ahead of mine on the opposite side of the car. His stockings were also in the aisle, but these contained his feet, a realization that stole upon me ere we had journeyed very far.

After showing my paper to the conductor, I fixed myself in as comfortable, or I should say uncomfortable a position as possible, and being sleepy, soon forgot my existence.

But if I forgot my existence during the night, I had good cause to be fully aware of it in the morning.

The slamming of doors, the cold draught of air, and the scurrying of heavy feet through the car, opened my eyes to the situation.

We were stuck in a snow bank. I looked at my watch, it was seven o'clock, and instead of being in the vicinity of Chicago, I learned from the talk of the train men, who rushed in every few minutes to heap more coal into the stoves and warm up, that we were somewhere in the classic neighborhood of Cicero or Windfall, Ind.

It was bitter cold, one of our coaches had a hot box, and there was a wreck ahead of us. The prospect for an early start was very poor. As far as the eye could reach on either side there was naught to be seen but a solitary farm house and barn, almost buried in the great white drifts. The wind whistled wildly, making its way through the crevices and lodging the snow in every little nook.

The constant opening of the doors by the men running in and out had made the temperature of the car a little low for comfort. As I looked out into the dreary waste, I mentally blessed the Pan Handle road and the entire outfit.

My eyes soon tired of the outer view and I turned them to my neighbor, who was sitting bolt upright listening to the train hands discourse on hot boxes.

My first glimpse of him assured me that he belonged to that vast army who find it a very difficult "job" to sound the letter "J." He was a Swede, and as far from home as I was myself.

Lifting a large old-fashioned carpet bag into his lap, he opened it and took out a loaf of bread, following this, a large section of cheese and quite a chunk of smoked ham. These he laid upon the seat beside him, having first spread a newspaper. Then came from his pocket an immense clasp knife, with which he cut great pieces from all three, making a sandwich of enormous proportions. He had scarcely commenced to devour it, when a traveling man, a short thick, fussy-looking individual, came hurriedly in from the sleeper, with slippered feet, and paper in hand. He glanced quickly at me, but my face must have hurt him, for he turned to my neighbor and asked in a petulant voice, "What's the matter? what's the matter here?"

Holding his breakfast firmly in one hand, while the knife poised in the other, that gentleman calmly remarked, "A tank at's box on track," and then quietly commenced to eat. Visions of a large packing case (perchance a Christmas box) which had fallen from the baggage car and obstructed the train, hovered before the poor fellow's eyes.

It must have been noon when we got started again. A short stop at Logansport, I believe, when the passengers got off for lunch, was a signal for my traveling companion to duplicate his morning repast.

I remained in my seat thinking hard of the half-tasted sumptuous meals at the Galt and of the generous tip I gave the waiter. Supper time came and went, and I again had the privilege of feasting my eyes upon the Swede's regular diet and noting that I never before saw so much contentment depicted in one face.

What cared he for wrecks or hot boxes? He took them as a matter of every day travel, no doubt.

We journeyed very slowly on account of the drifts, but at last reached Chicago, about 10 o'clock. I found my friend who had almost given me up.

As we had not seen each other for years, it was quite a touching re-union. We exchanged our little confidences and

laughed heartily over old times. But what touched me most about this meeting was when my friend incidentally remarked that it was quite late and insisted on my having some supper. To use the words of Rosina Vokes in that most delightful little comedy "The Circus Rider," "you can scarcely imagine how deeply touched I was."

THE POSTAL WIRES EXTENDING SOUTH.

THE POSTAL COMPANY TO PUSH ITS CIRCUITS RAPIDLY TO GALVESTON AND NEW ORLEANS.

On to Galveston! To New Orleans with the opposition, will be the next move of Mr. A. B. Chandler, president of the Postal Company. When Mr. Chandler makes up his mind to do anything, the craft can rely upon the fulfillment of the promise. Hundreds of new offices will, within a few months, be opened south of the Potomac and the telegraph profession will then be called upon to push to the front the most available men to fill those new offices. Some people are curious to know whether or not the Western Union will oppose the Postal's extension. We can say with considerable degree of truthfulness, that the monopoly would like to twist the Postal's neck, but, if it could, it dare not. The strangling of the Postal would create instant and more formidable opposition. The country is large and can sustain two companies, and the Western Union is now going to quietly submit to the inevitable. The lion will lie down with the lamb, but all the while the lamb is growing up and the lion is getting old. Level heads are in control of the Postal. They are not shooting forth tongues of fire to alarm the country or making rash predictions as to their strength, but they are quietly minding their own business and making money for those who have entrusted them with the capital.

About \$1,000,000 will be expended on new lines in the South. The mistakes of all former companies will be avoided and not a dollar will be needlessly thrown away. There will be no cut throat rates. The South stands ready to welcome the Postal and the Postal will prove the worthy recipient of its generosity and favors. We bespeak for the opposition a right royal welcome in the land of Dixie.

The lines will be erected in a substantial manner. Poles intended to hold four wires will not be burdened with twelve or sixteen, as are those of the Western Union, which results in their partial demolition every time the winds blow through them. You can over-burden a pole with wires and endanger its stability, to the same extent that you can overwork an operator and destroy his efficiency. The Postal wires are erected with care and deterioration is not allowed to gain a foothold. What is the result! The last time the wind blew was on November 26th. The Western Union system was paralyzed; the Postal circuits were in good working order and the increased business handled netted a fair revenue on the money invested in strengthening the poles during the past year. Can one realize the loss to the Western Union for a single day's stoppage of business? Calculate from these statistics of New York City, alone: loss of 60,000 commercial messages, estimated at \$21,000; loss of rentals for 160 leased wires, estimated, \$10,000 and loss from salaries \$4,000. The loss to construction department is immense and beyond estimation, because the demand for supplies—poles, wire, cross arms, insulators and linemen—is met at innumerable points. Our estimation of a \$35,000 loss in cash alone for one day's stoppage of the Western Union service is not therefore an exaggerated one. Unfortunately, the repaired wires, after a terrific storm are not so durable as before, for the reason that they are patched as expeditiously as possible to restore communication, and what is intended as temporary repairs, often become permanent, only to cause further and increased trouble later on. These facts are worth studying by the rising generation of operators now being schooled to assume charge of the lines at no distant day. They are also mistakes, which the Postal Company, now so strong and vigorous, can well afford to heed. It is



PROFESSOR MORSE.



JAMES D. REID.

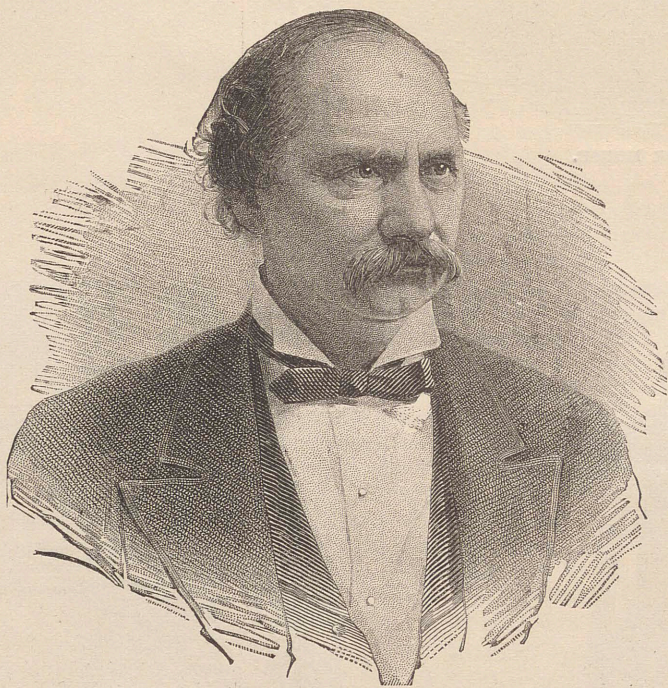


THE MORSE STATUE, CENTRAL PARK, N. Y.



*Greeting and thanks to the
"Telegraph Fraternity throughout
"the world. Glory to God in the High-
"est, on Earth Peace. Goodwill
"to men:
S. F. B. Morse.*

THE FAREWELL AND THE MESSAGE



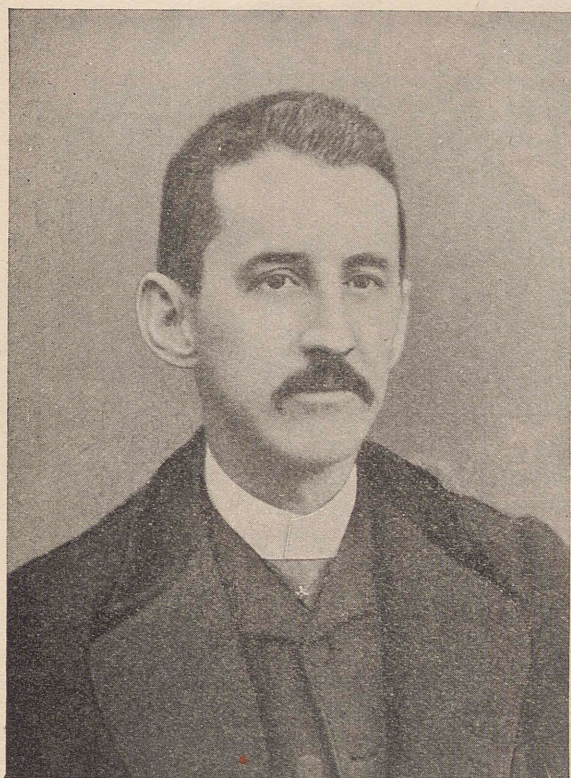
DR. NORVIN GREEN,
President of the W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



ALBERT E. SINK,
Night Manager W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



FRED. W. BALDWIN,
Wire Chief W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



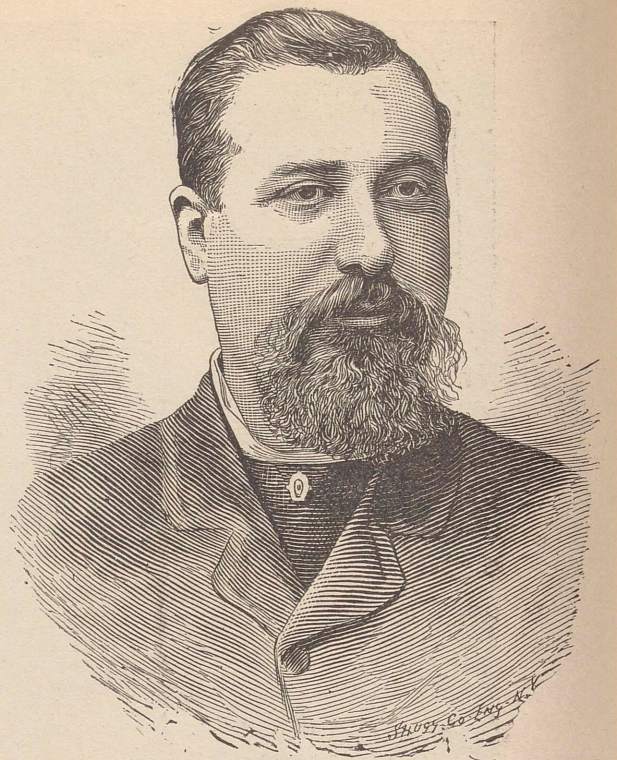
LESLIE W. BRADLEY,
Operator, W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



PAUL SHEEHAN,
All-Night Asst. Wire Chief, W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



GEORGE G. WARD,
Secretary and General Manager Commercial Cable Co., New York.



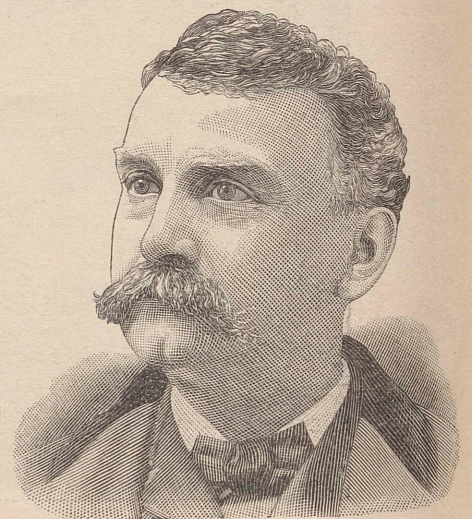
JAMES BROWN,
Supt. Direct Cable Co., New York.



SIR JOHN PENDER, K. C. M. G.
Managing Director of Cables, London,
England.



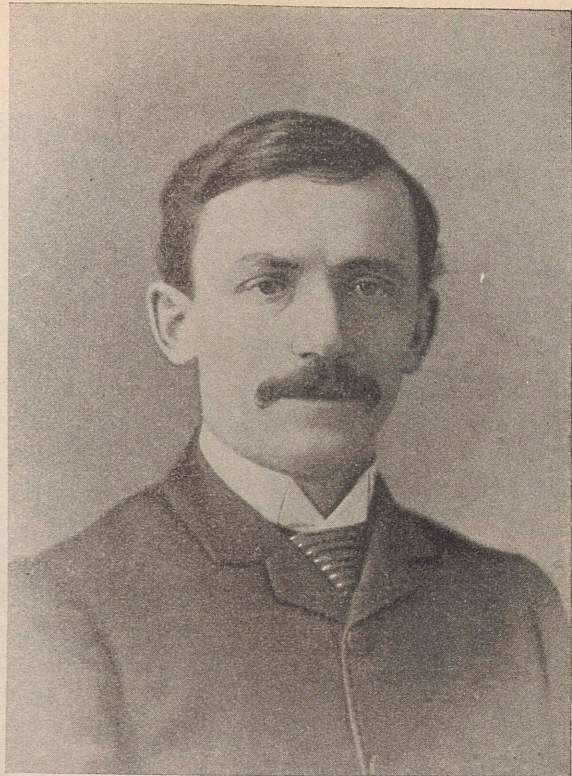
WM. J. DEALY,
Manager W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



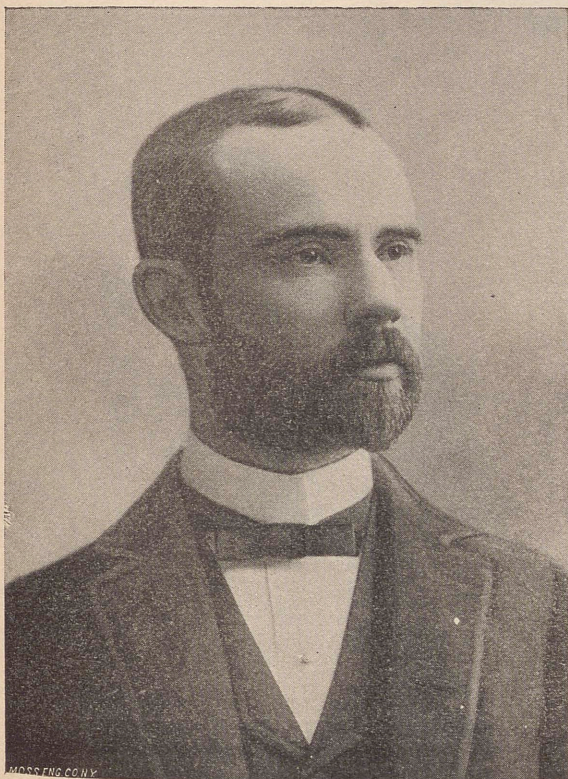
GERRITT SMITH,
Electrician W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



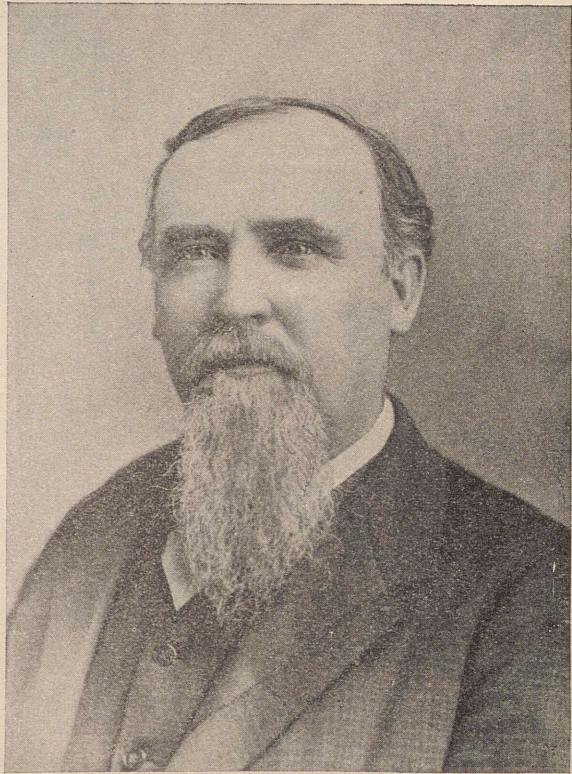
FRANCIS W. JONES,
Asst. Gen'l Manager and Electrician Postal Tel. Co.,
New York.



CHARLES R. HOSMER,
Manager Tel. Canadian Pacific, Montreal, Quebec.



WM. J. LLOYD,
Manager W. U. Tel. Co., Chicago, Ills.



CHARLES E. TAYLOR,
Prest. Old Timers Ass'n, Frankfort, Ky.



JOHN VAN HORNE.
Vice-President W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



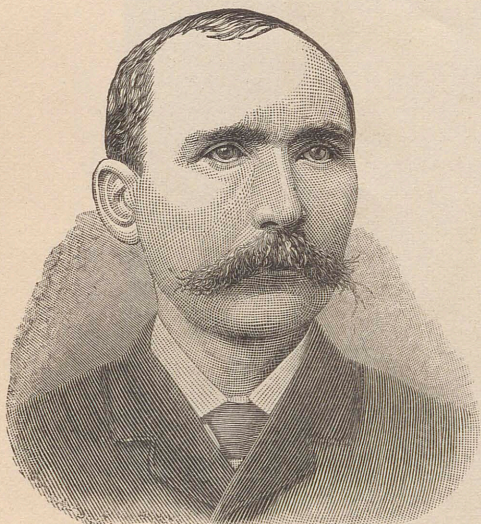
ERASTUS WIMAN.
President Great North-Western Tel.
Co., New York.



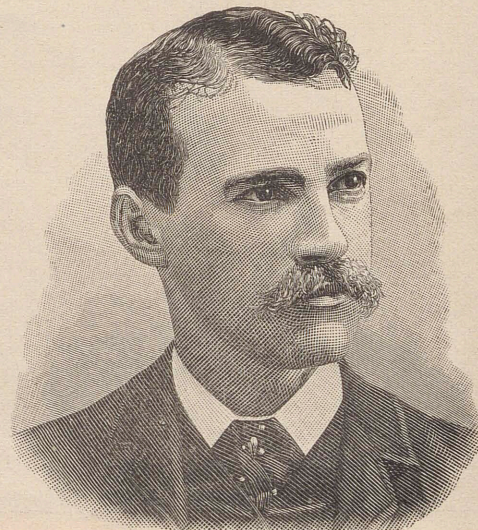
S. B. GIFFORD.
Supt. W. U. Tel. Co., Syracuse, N. Y.



JOHN B. VAN EVERY.
Auditor W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



THOS. BRENNAN.
Asst. Manager W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



A. R. BREWER.
Secretary W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



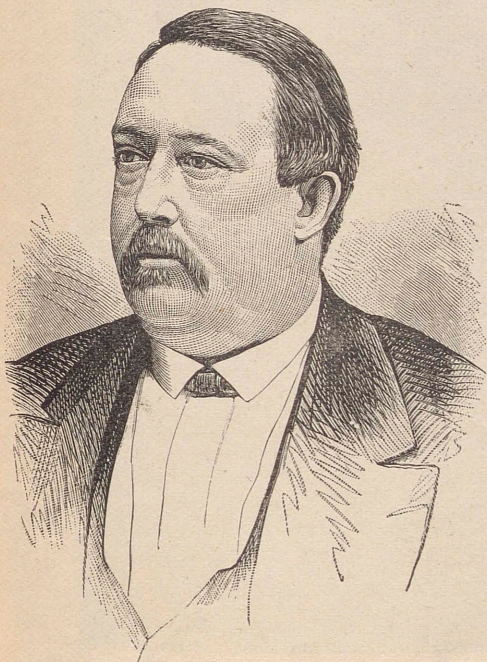
GEORGE A. HAMILTON,
Electrician W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



W. C. HUMSTONE,
Supt. W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



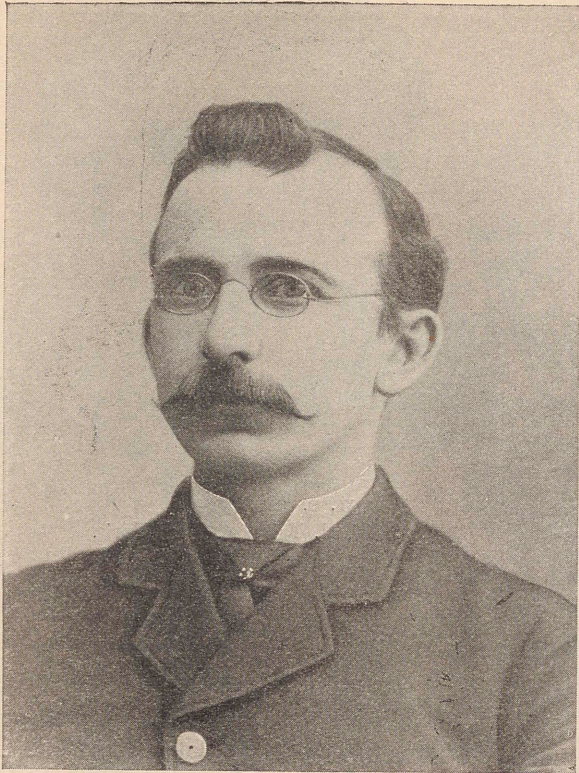
I. N. MILLER,
Supt. W. U. Tel. Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



CHAS. G. MERIWETHER,
Supt. W. U. Tel. Co., Mobile, Ala.



COE D. REED,
Chief Operator Erie R'y, New York.



JOHN CAMPBELL,
Manager Postal Tel. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.



CHRIS. P. FLOOD,
Manager Postal Tel. Co. New York.



JESSE H. BUNNELL,
Old Time and Military Telegrapher, New York.



CHARLES MC LAUGHLIN,
Old Time Operator and Line Repairer, New York.



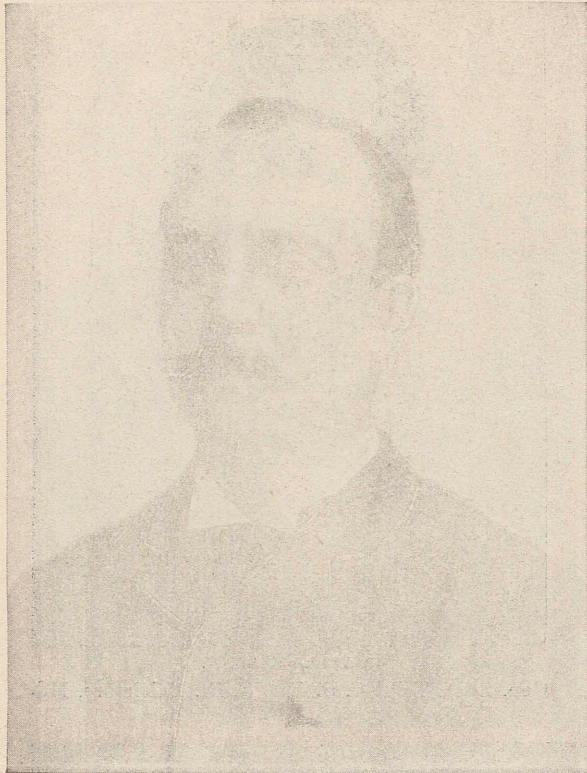
WM. J. HOLMES,
Supt. W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



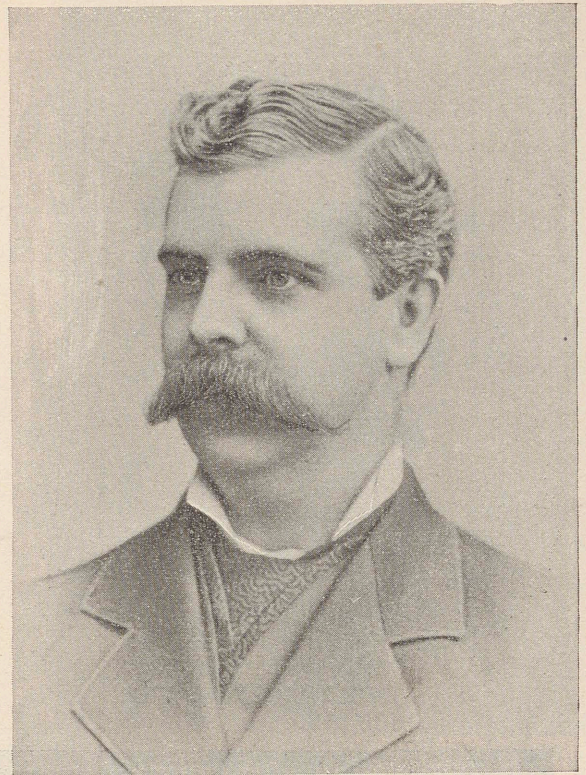
CHARLES SELDEN,
Gen. Supt. Telghs., B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.



TOP ROW.—1, W. E. ATHEARN, Washington, D. C. 2, J. M. CREAMER, W. U., Baltimore, Md. 3, F. N. ANDREWS, Rutland, Vt. 4, R. C. McDONALD, W. U., N. Y. 5, JAMES MCKENZIE, JR., W. U., N. Y. 6, W. E. RATH, W. U., N. Y. 7, W. H. MOFFATT, W. U., N. Y. 8, J. J. KIHM, W. U., N. Y. 9, W. H. NEWMAN, W. U., N. Y. BOTTOM ROW.—1, C. A. SCHUTT, W. U., N. Y. 2, C. T. THOMPSON, W. U., N. Y. 3, F. F. NORTON, Postal, N. Y. 4, G. W. GARDANIER, W. U., N. Y. 5, J. W. McLAREN, N. Y. 6, HUGH WALLACE, Long Distance Telep., N. Y. 7, M. O. HOFFMAN, W. U., N. Y. 8, A. H. BAUER, Electrician Pullman Palace Car Co., Chicago, Ill.



CLARENCE A. STIMPSON,
Chief Operator Postal Tel. Co., Philadelphia.



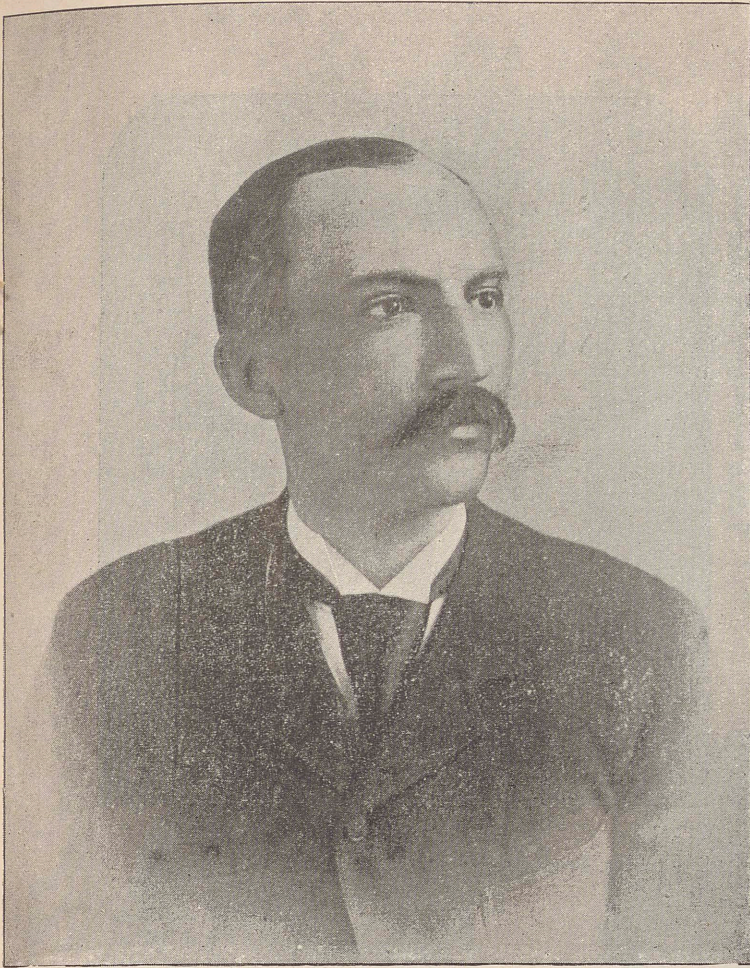
JAMES E. PETTIT,
Sec'y. Military Telghrs Assn., and Chief Operator Postal
Tel. Co., Chicago, Ill.



CHARLES SHIRLEY,
Night Manager Postal Tel. Co., New York.



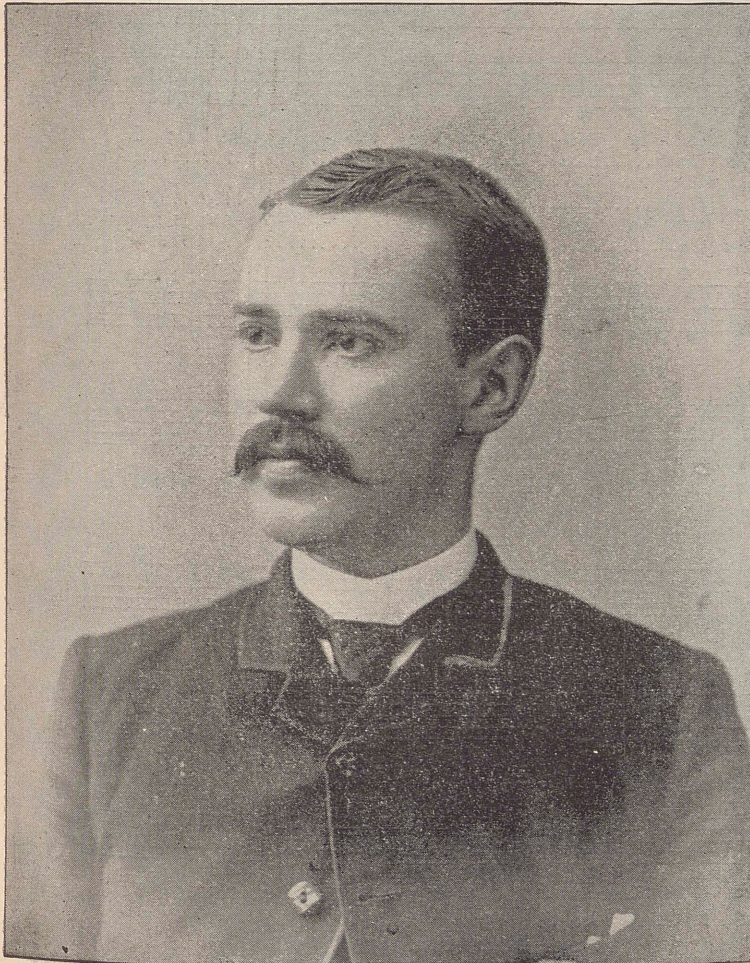
JAMES C. ROBINSON,
Night City Line Traffic Chief W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



FRANK KITTON,
Chief Operator, W. U. Tel. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



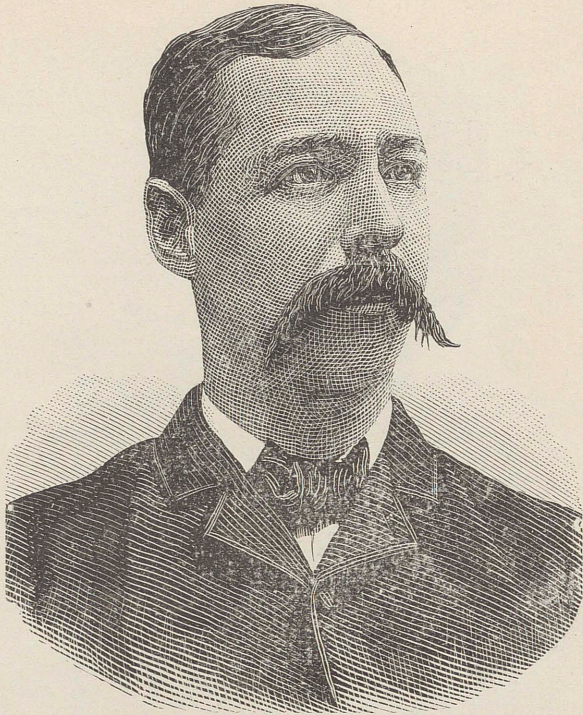
GEO. H. USHER,
Asst. Chief Operator W. U. Tel. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



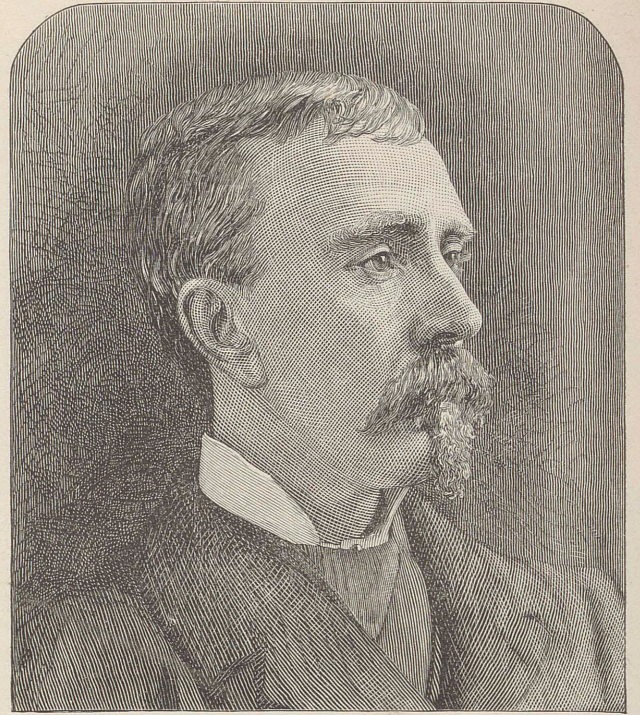
ASTLEY C. TERRY,
Chief Repeater Dept. W. U. Tel. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



WM. FINN,
Charge Wheatstone Service, W. U. Tel. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



FRANK C. MASON,
Supt. Police Telghs., Brooklyn, N. Y.



WM. B. SOMERVILLE,
Supt. Press Bureau, W. U. Tel. Co., New York.

MY TELEGRAPH GIRL.—MALE QUARTETT.

Written especially for the ELECTRIC AGE.

Words and Music by WM. A. MAY.

Firm, steady and brisk. m

1. I fell deep in love with a fair la - dy, Who dai - ly vi - brat - ed a tel - e - graph key; I }
 } met her one morn, with a pay - day smile, And I [Omit.....] }
 2. I trod squarely on a ba - na - na peel, That wound me up tight like a reg - is - ter reel! I }
 } fell to the gut - ter as she pass'd on, And I [Omit.....] }
 3. She still rat - tles on with a Cat - lin grip, And turns out her cop - y in del - i - cate script; But }
 } mes - sage of love nev - er sends to me, For the [Omit.....] }

2. *rit.* CHORUS. *accel.* *dim.* *rit.*
 took off my der - by in main - of - fice style. Oh, quad - ru - plex, mul - ti - plex, all in a whirl! When you fall in love with a
 knew by her laughter my lines were all gone.
 cir - cuit is brok - en, — it ev - er will be!

tempo. *m* *cresc.* *m* *rit.*
 tel - e - graph girl, Be sure that you bal - ance up ev - 'ry - thing right, If the cur - rent of love you would ex - pe - dite!

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JOSEPH A. MCCLARY,
Manager Sugar Dist. Postal Tel. Co.,
New York.



EDWARD ALLISONE RADIGAN,
Manager Stock, Grain and Fruit Dist's
New York.



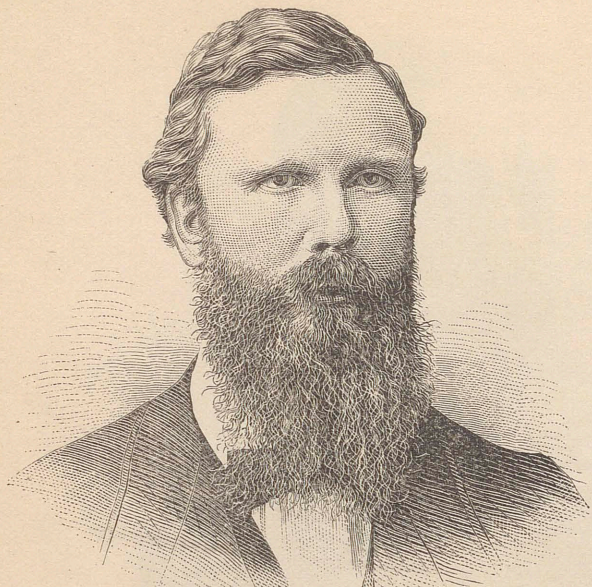
E. G. COCHRANE,
Supt. Postal Tel. Co., New York.



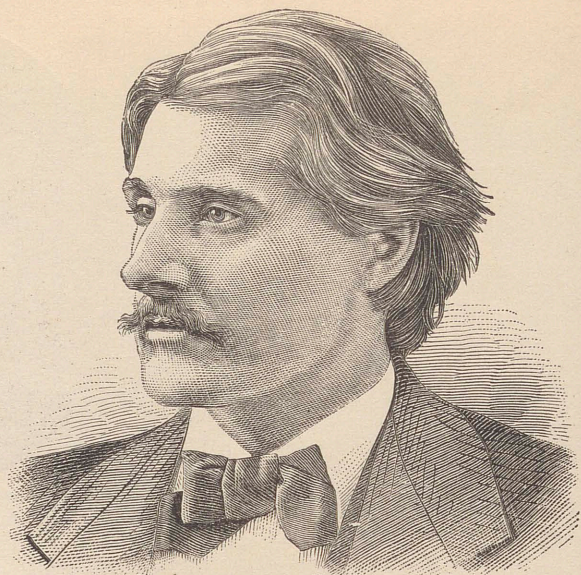
LEVI PARKER COLE,
Manager Dry Goods Dist. Postal Tel.
Co. New York.



JOHN J. COCHRANE,
Manager Produce Exchange Office,
New York.



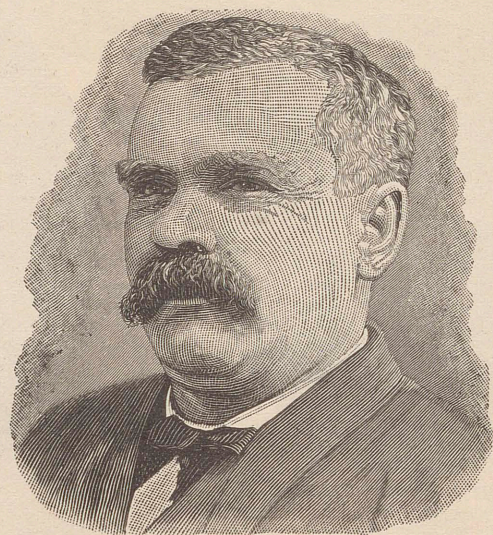
E. P. WRIGHT,
Supt. W. U. Tel. Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



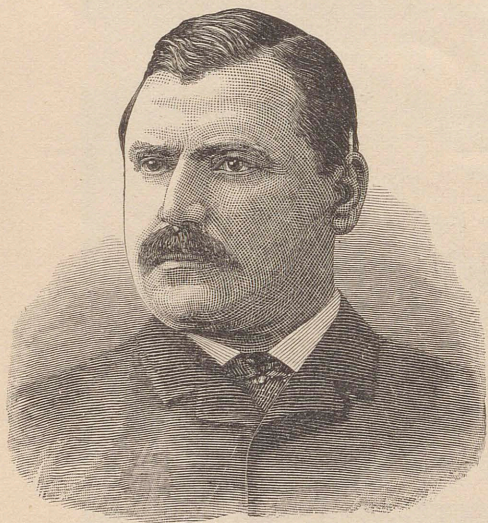
ALBERT B. CHANDLER,
Pres. and Gen'l Manager Postal Tel. Co., New York.



J. F. WALLICK,
Supt. W. U. Tel. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.



CHARLES W. HAMMOND,
Gen'l Supt. Tel. Gould System, St. Louis, Mo.



JOHN H. EMERICK,
Gen'l Supt. Postal Tel. Co. New York.



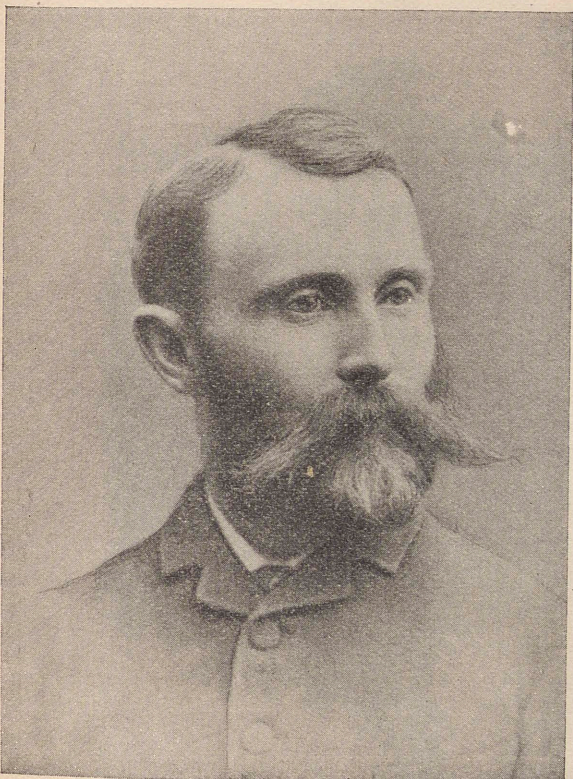
CHARLES O. ROWE,
Supt. W. U. Tel. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.



CHARLES C. ADAMS,
Supt. Postal Tel. Co., Philadelphia.



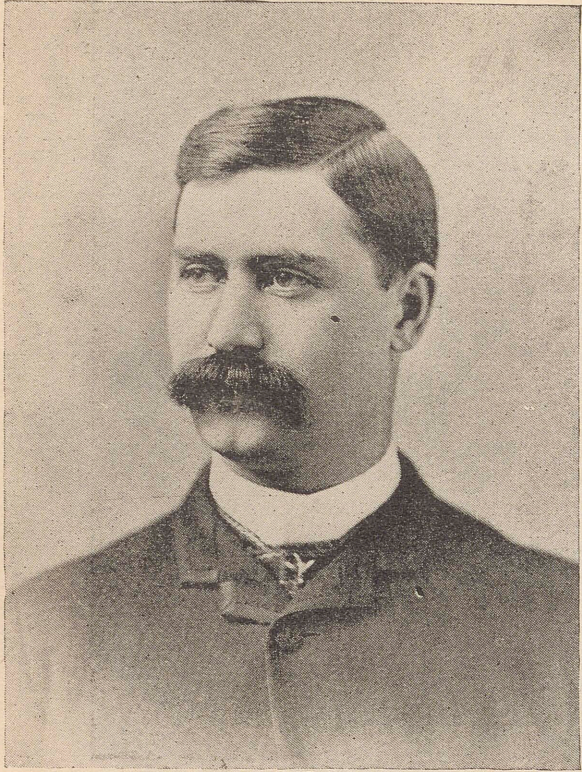
STEPHEN F. AUSTIN,
Supt. French Cable Co., New York.



JOHN W. MCLAREN,
Gen. Supt. Empire and Bay State Tel. Co. New York.



FRANK S. GANNON,
Gen. Supt. Staten Island Rapid Transit R. R., New York.



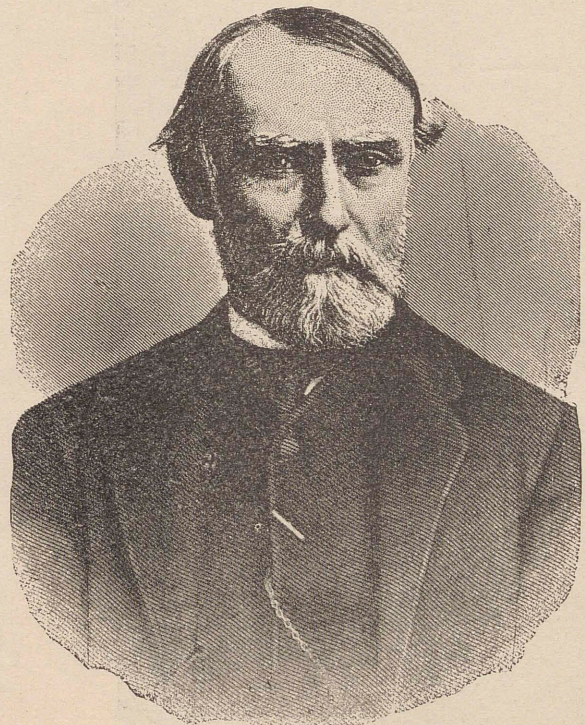
GEORGE M. MYERS,
Gen'l Manager Home Tel. Co., Kansas City, Mo.



TOM O'REILLY,
New York.



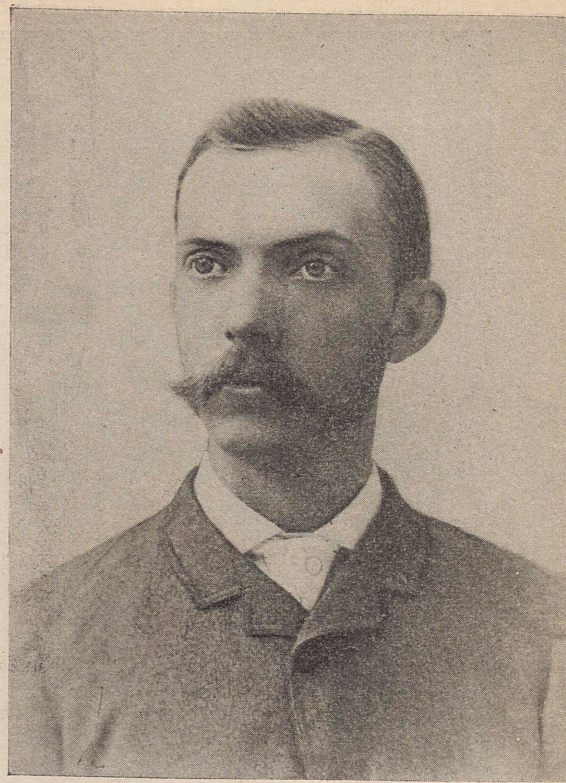
WALTER P. PHILLIPS,
Gen'l Manager United Press, New York.



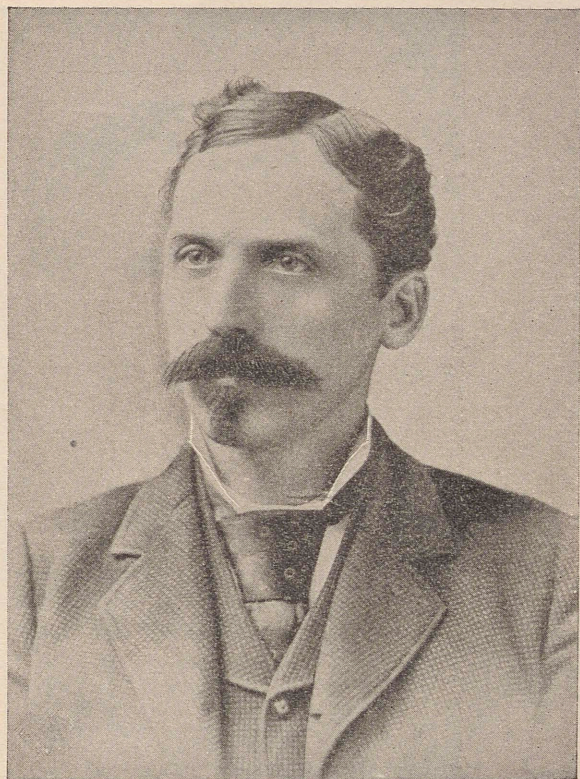
H. P. DWIGHT,
Gen'l Manager G. N. W. Tel. Co., Toronto, Ont.



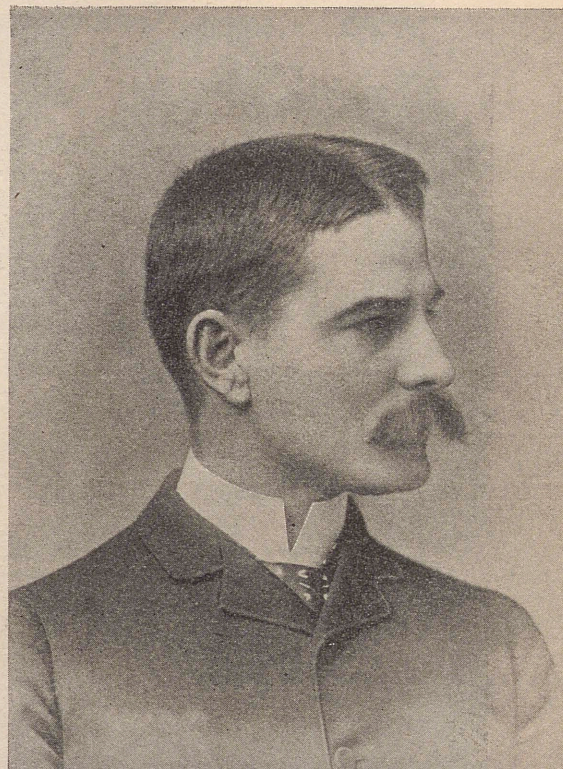
CONRAD A. MEYER,
Chief Operator W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



GARDNER IRVING,
Chief Operator Commercial News Dept. New York.



DAVID B. MITCHELL,
Chief Operator W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



CHARLES P. BRUCH,
Secretary T. M. B. Assn., New York.



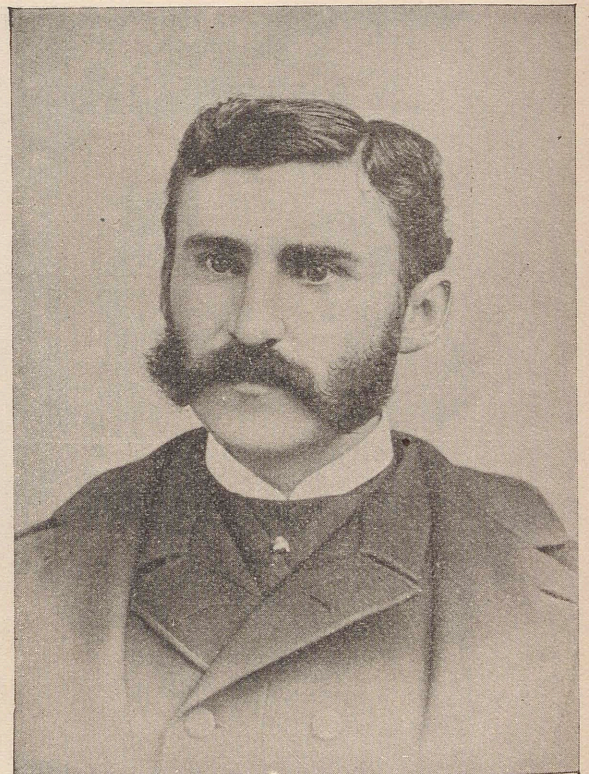
MISS FRANCES L. DAILEY,
Chief Operator City Lines W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



MISS KATE E. DONOVAN,
Wire Chief City Lines W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



JOHN B. SABINE,
Night Asst. Wire Chief W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



EDWARD F. CUMMINGS,
Night Gen. Traffic Chief W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



R. T. CLINCH,
Supt. W. U. Tel. Co., St. John, N. B.



E. E. Vance

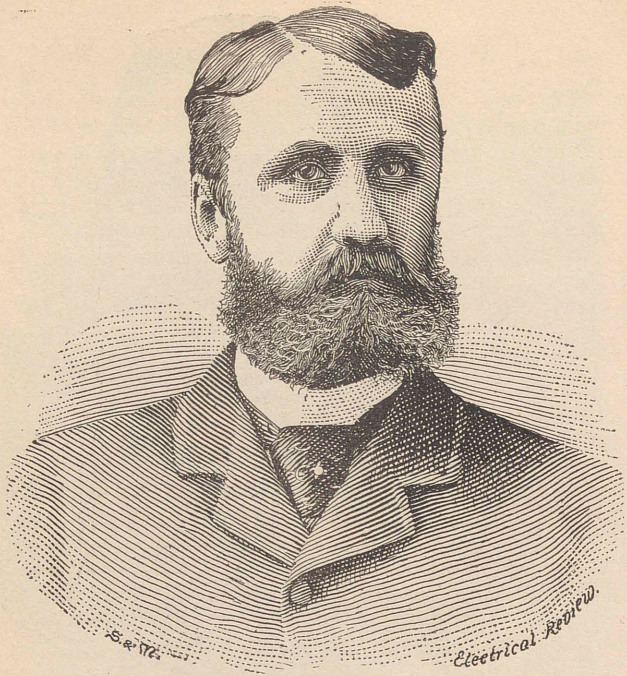
E. E. VANCE,
Telegraph Operator, Columbus, Ohio.



EDGAR W. COLLINS,
Chief Operator Postal Tel. Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



GEORGE E. HOLBROOK,
All Night Traffic Chief W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



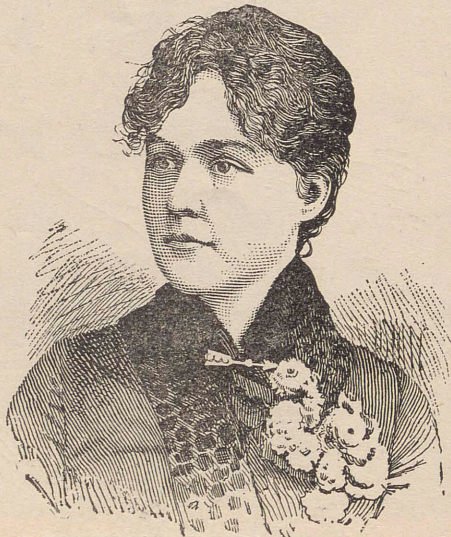
M. W. GOODYEAR,
Electric Club, New York.



HARRY J. QUIGG,
Train Master L. I. R. R., New York.



JOSEPH E. FENN,
Electrician W. U. Tel. Co., New York.



MISS BEDA L. ARNOLD,
Assd. Press Operator, Bridgeport, Conn.



CHAS. E. ARNOLD,
Gen'l Manager Com. Union Tel Co., Albany, N. Y.

very tempting for an official to figure the moderate cost of four additional wires on existing pole lines to Boston, which could be rented for \$20,000 per annum, but in the end the company must spend the greater portion of the money keeping the line in repair, for the increased weight of the wires in wind, snow and sleet storms will certainly break down the poles. That is the trouble with the Western Union system to-day and the sooner the evil is remedied the better it will be for the future welfare of the company.

ALBERT B. CHANDLER.

The man whose brains has placed the Postal in the prosperous position it now occupies, is Mr. Albert B. Chandler, one of the most modest and unassuming individuals we have ever met. No wonder the Western Union would not put a straw in his way. He is an excellent friend and a charitable enemy. He believes in honest competition and fair rates. The money of Mr. John W. Mackay is in trustworthy hands, and the same interest is manifested in its disbursement as though it were Mr. Chandler's own.

CLEVELAND TELEGRAPHERS' BALL.—The first grand ball of the telegraphers of Cleveland, Ohio, will be held on Tuesday evening January 1st, 1889. The reception and invitation committee consists of A. V. Kurtz, president; O. A. Gurley, vice president; A. K. Sampsey, secretary; Isaac Morris, treasurer; J. C. Murphy, E. J. Cox, E. C. Denaple, J. M. Watts, J. T. Hanford, E. C. Stockwell, W. H. Gray, H. E. Cook, D. C. Shull, Samuel Kramer, S. A. Lytle, W. A. Neill and O. M. Sayre.

DIED.—M. J. Gaines, superintendent Anglo-American Cable Co., at Duxbury, Mass., died December 4th, aged 67 years. Mr. Gaines was at one time United States Minister at Tripoli. He was appointed superintendent at Duxbury in 1869. Many telegraph people attended the funeral.

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FOR SALE.—Large lot of second hand electrical materials, relays, magnet wire, electro magnets, binding posts, bases, brass parts, etc., good as new. Will be sold at a low figure. No order too small to receive prompt attention. Write for anything wanted.

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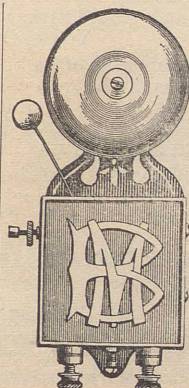
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Gold

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Medal,

Medal



Miss M. E. Orr.

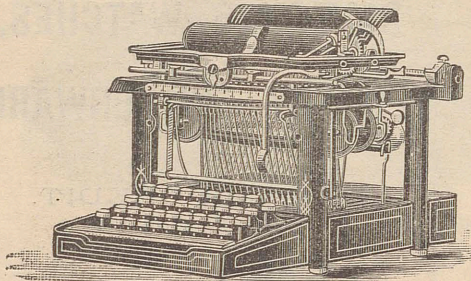
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CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

AT TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1888.

OFFICIAL REPORT: "On General Writing—law, evidence and commercial matter—Miss M. E. Orr won the Gold Medal for the Championship of the World. Mr. McGurrin won the Silver Medal in the same class."
Both Miss Orr and Mr. McGurrin used the Remington Typewriter.

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Read what the foremost Telegraphers in New York say of the

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPE-WRITER

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GENTLEMEN: We have used the REMINGTON TYPE-WRITER for some time and are highly pleased with the rapidity and ease with which matter can be copied from the wires. Operators who are expert with the type-writer find no difficulty in copying the fastest sending. Its work is entirely satisfactory to the compositors and copy readers of the *World*, and we find it a great improvement over the pen.
Yours, truly, W. A. McALLISTER and A. J. BOOTH, Telegraph Staff.

SUN OFFICE, NEW YORK, Sept. 19th, 1887.

GENTLEMEN: About two months ago I received a No. 2 REMINGTON machine to practice on. It wasn't in the office more than half an hour before all hands, from the editors down to the office devil, had written their names. and at the next meeting of the *Evening Sun* Association, the "REMINGTON" was unanimously voted a "dandy," and a valuable acquisition to the office. I am now able to write from 40 to 45 words per minute, and would rather miss my Sunday dinner than be without it.
Yours, O. S. KENNEDY, Operator, *Evening Sun*.

The REMINGTON TYPE-WRITER is, without a doubt, the best machine of its kind extant. A thorough test has convinced us of this fact, and it is only a matter of time when it will be used exclusively in connection with the telegraph. The "REMINGTON" is in use in the New York office of The United Press, as well as in other offices throughout the United States.

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The REMINGTON TYPE-WRITER is used exclusively in this office. Its usefulness in connection with telegraphy cannot be too highly praised. It is of much benefit to an operator, rendering "receiving" an easy task, when the machine is once mastered.

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12	" ".....	Engraved Ferrules.....		0.75
13	" ".....	" ".....		1.00
14	PEARL ".....	" ".....		2.00

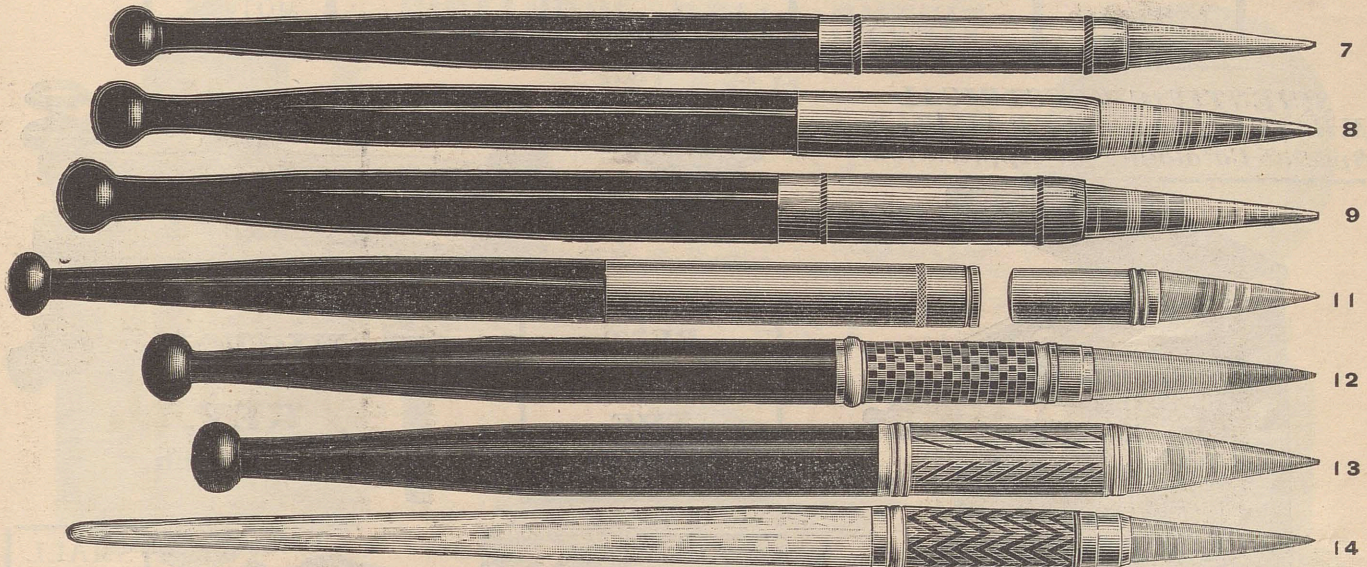
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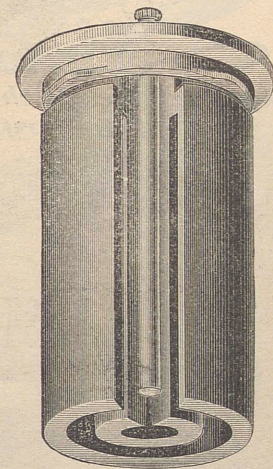
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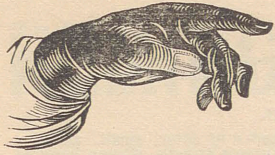


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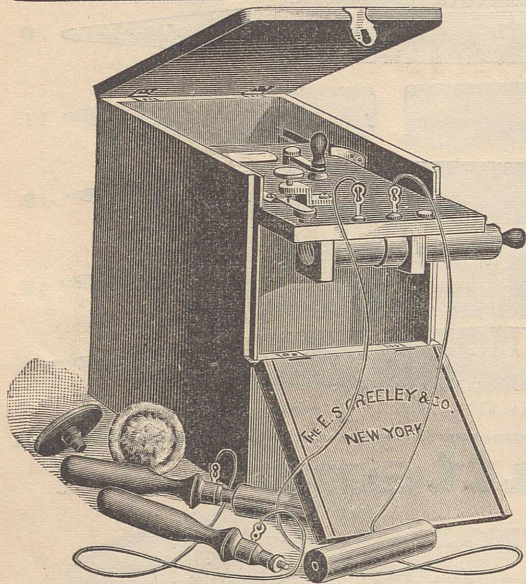
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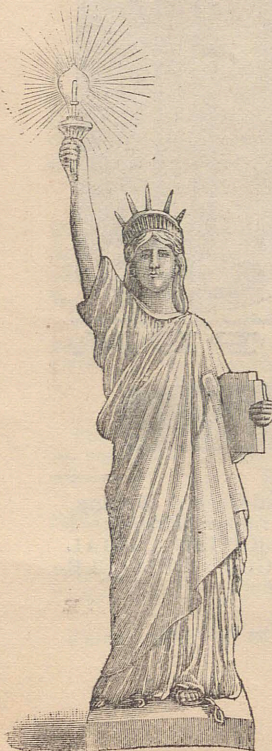
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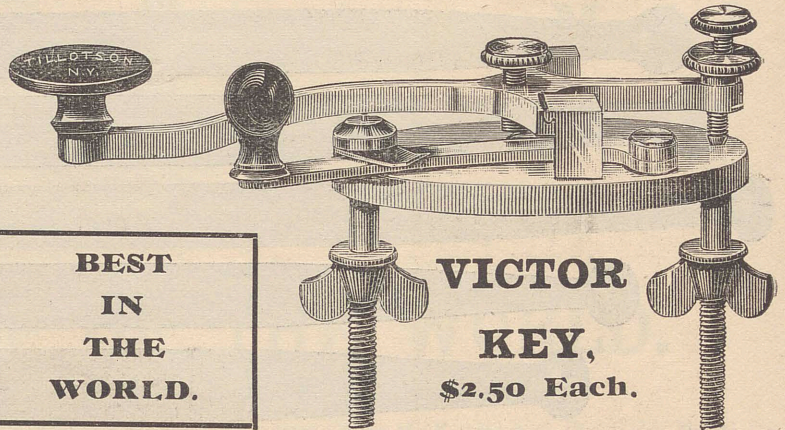


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(WITH BATTERY.)

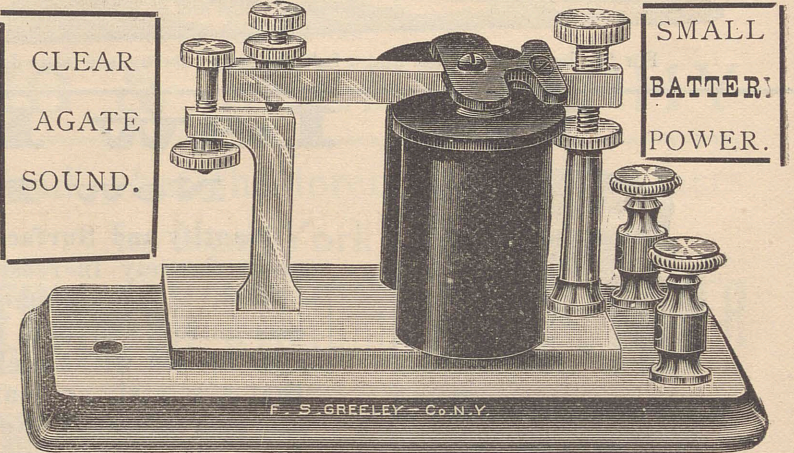
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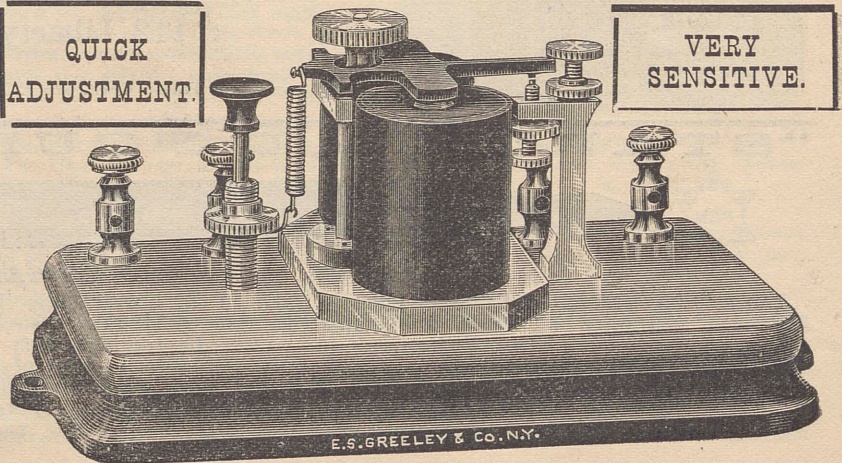
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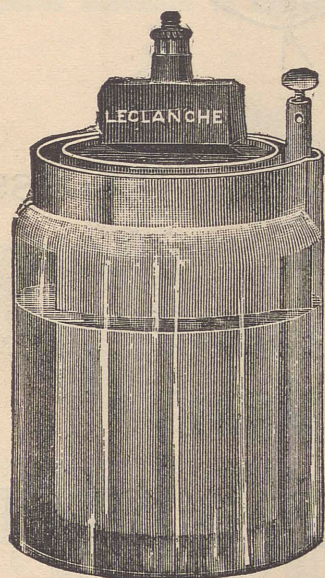
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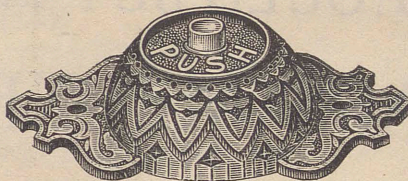
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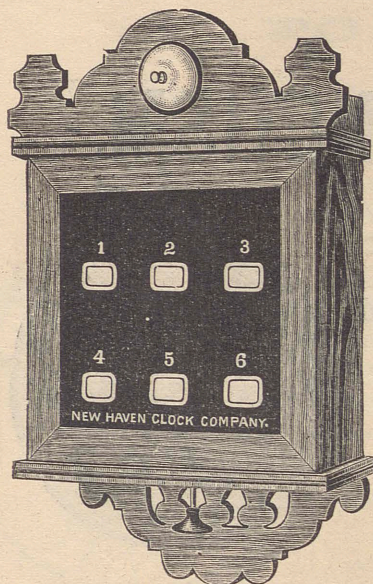


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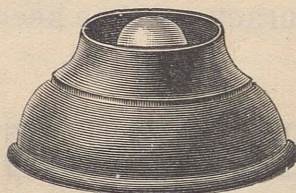
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- 4 lbs. Annunciator Wire,
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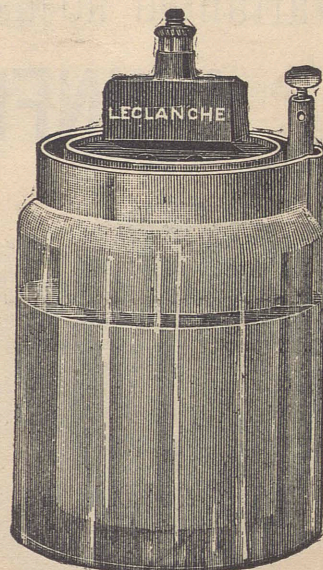
\$9.00

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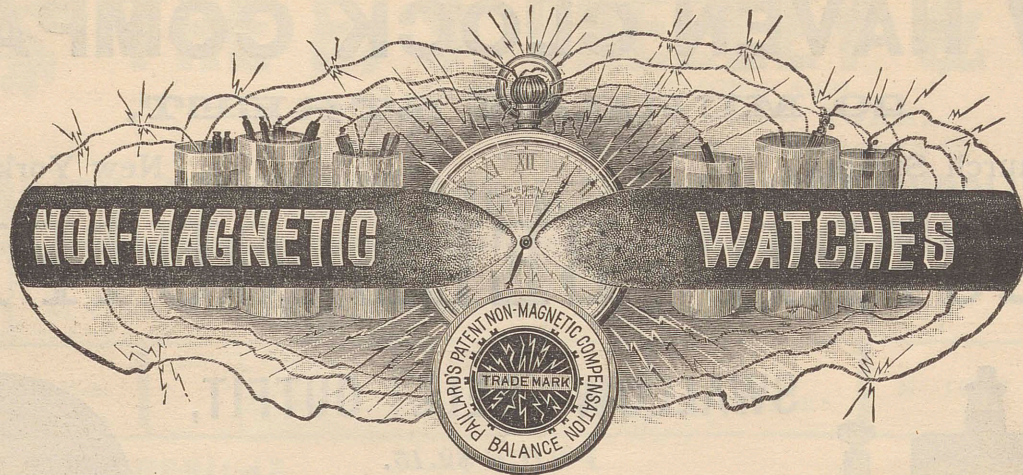
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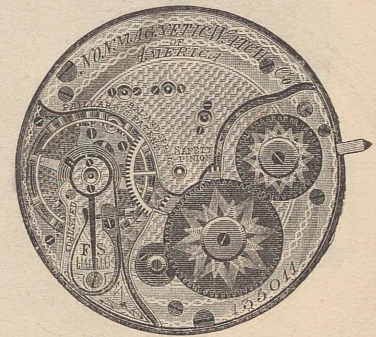
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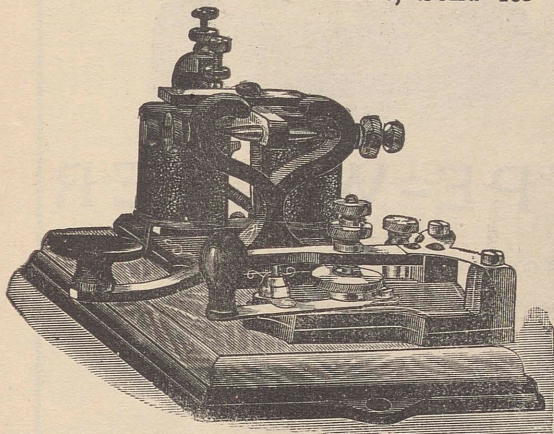
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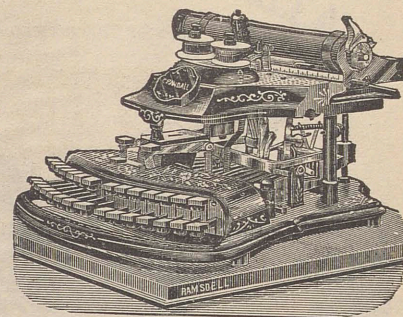
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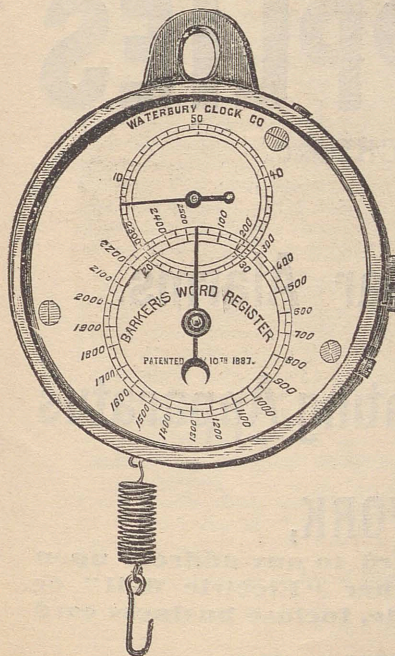
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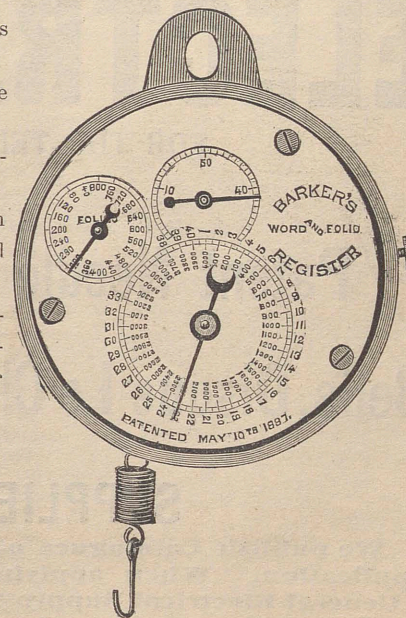
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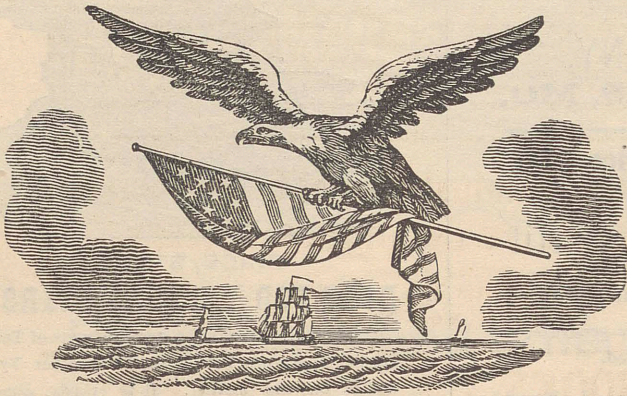
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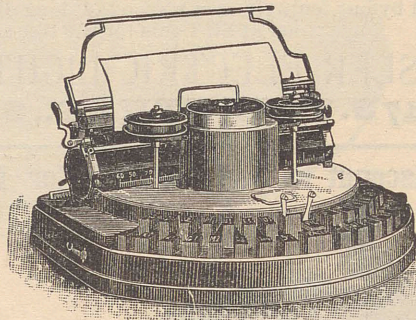
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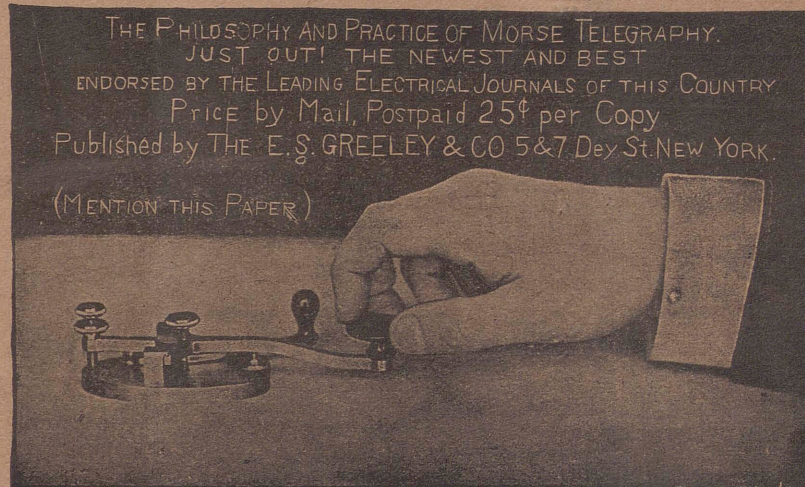
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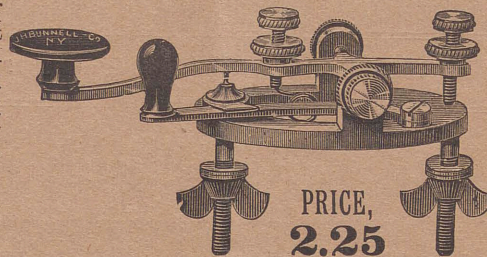
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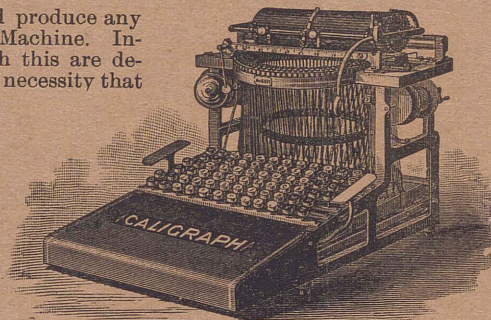
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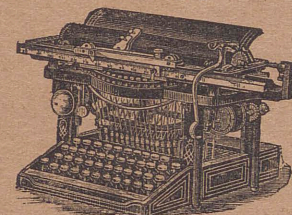
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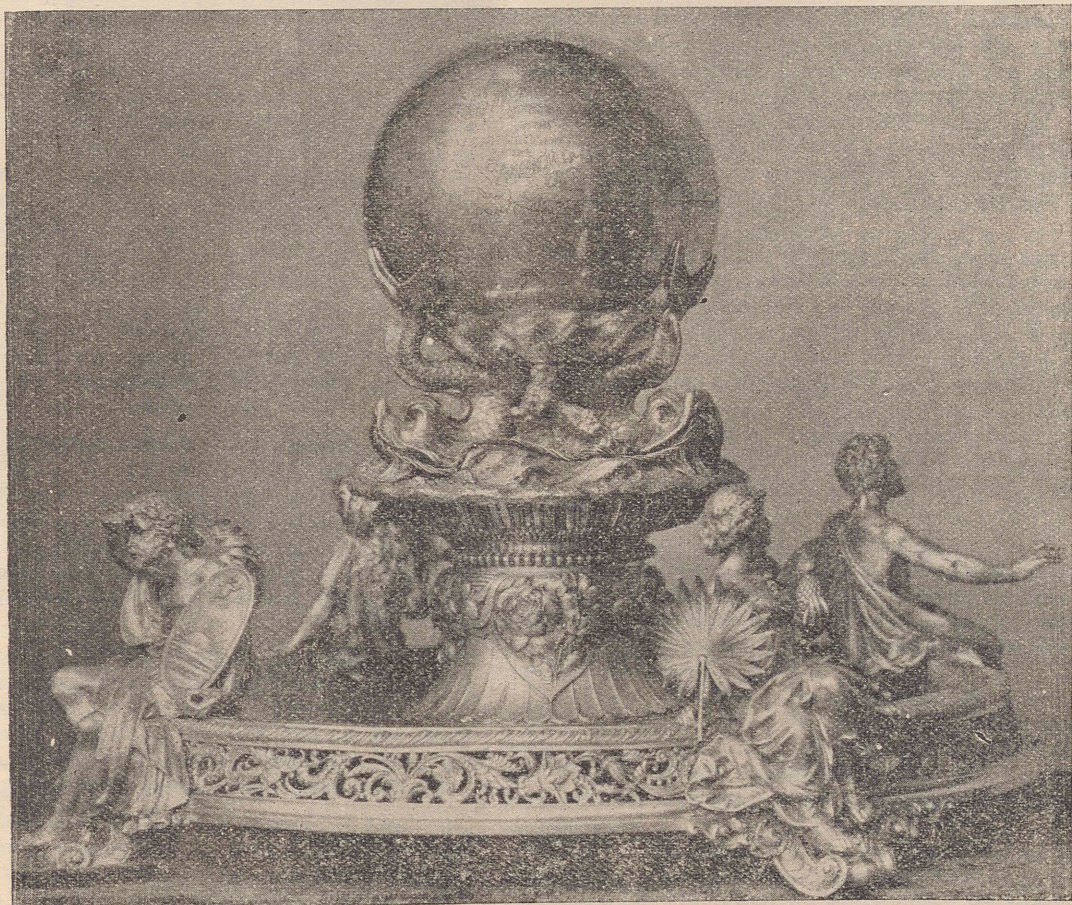
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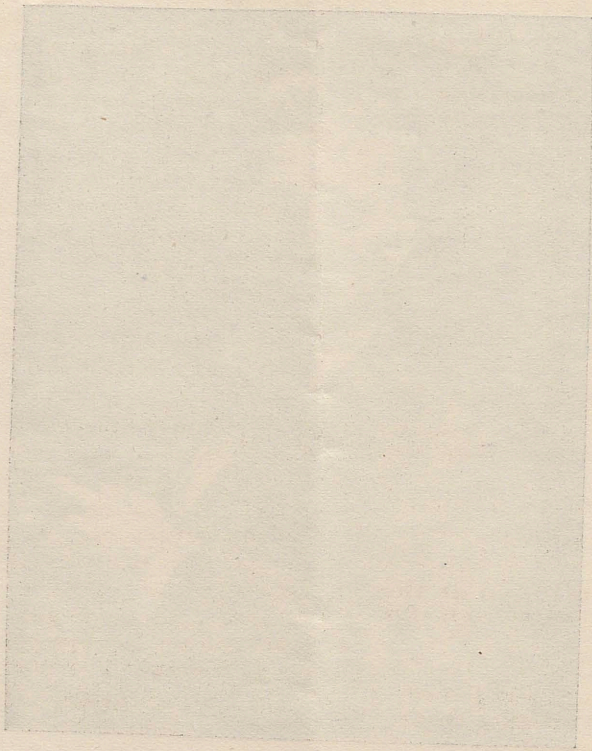
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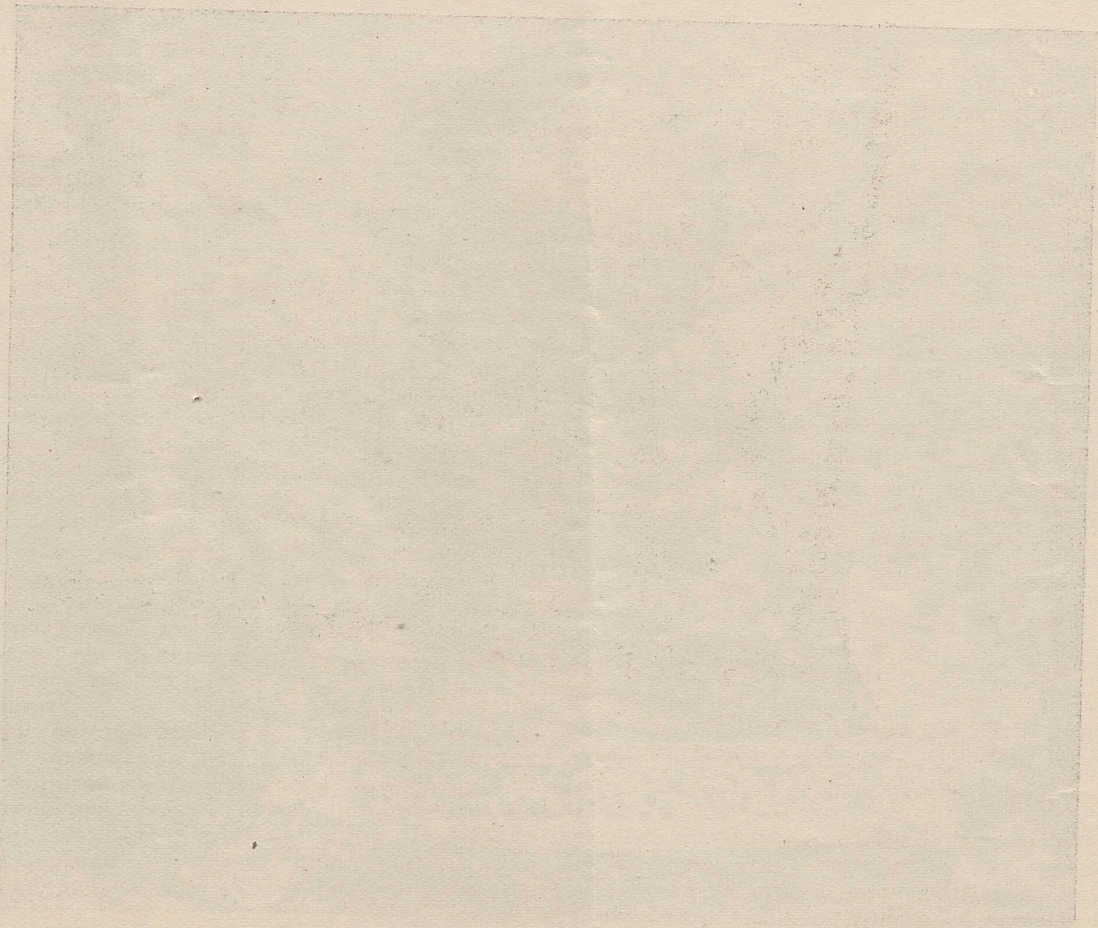
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NEW YORK, JANUARY 1, 1889.

Telegraph men are usually a happy lot at this season of the year, but perhaps the happiest one of all to-day, in New York City, is Mr. G. G. Ward, of the Commercial Cable. Through the hearty co-operation of the entire Commercial Cable staff, in Europe and America, Mr. Ward has been enabled to partially repay the Silver King for his repeated generosity toward his cable employees, by the presentation to him of a valuable silver testimonial of appropriate and beautiful design. Notwithstanding the fact that it is but a few months since Mr. Mackay surprised his cable force with a general and liberal increase in salaries, he has made this Christmas no exception to the previous ones, and ordered that every member of the force be given an extra two weeks' pay as a Christmas present. As evidence of appreciation of these unsolicited and unprecedented favors, Mr. Mackay is made the recipient of a testimonial, a description and an engraving of which appears in another page.

Our Southern patrons are alive to the importance of the extension of the Postal circuits to the Gulf of Mexico. The Postal has an excellent reputation which goes far in its recommendation in that section. Letters received at this office from Southern friends confirm the belief expressed in these columns some time ago that a hearty reception would be accorded the opposition in every town and city through which it constructed its circuits.

A San Francisco paper recently made the charge that the Western Union Company was importing Wheatstone operators from England. This is a mistake. The English operators are much better paid where they are, and are not likely to be induced to come to America. Besides, there are laws forbidding the importation of labor, which must be obeyed.

International difficulties have arisen among the American, Spanish and French owners of the cables extending from Florida to Hayti, which accounts for the meagre and unsatisfactory news from the republic of Hayti. All the three governments first named have been requested to see that justice is done.

The semaphore signals, recently erected on the Amboy division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, are now in complete working order. Both telegraph operators and trainmen express themselves as pleased with the change, and say the signals will add to the safety of railroad travel.

R. R. Dobell, a Quebec lumber merchant, is understood to be organizing a company with a capital of \$2,000,000 to undertake the laying of a telegraph cable from Blanc Sablon, at the Straits of Belle Isle, to a point on the coast of Scotland or Ireland.

Two men were killed recently through an error of an operator, on the Rio Grande road, which caused a smash up. The operator was severely censured by the jury, but he heard it not. He had fled to avoid arrest.

The Western Union Telegraph Company and the Union Pacific Railway Company are at loggerheads in the United States Circuit Court. The latter company is making an effort to cancel the contract with the former.

The Postal Company is now erecting wires through the State of Virginia en route South. The Commercial Cable will have some valuable feeders when the Southern cities are tapped.

It is said that the Western Union Company has expended \$1,500,000 on underground wires since 1876, with unsatisfactory results.

The Postmaster General favors Postal telegraphy and recommends the appointment of a commission to inquire into the subject.

Three or four years after the British Government had secured the ownership and control of the telegraph lines of Great Britain the following result of its administration were ascertained: The number of offices for business had increased thirty per cent.; the number of words sent two hundred per cent.; the cost of sending has been reduced forty per cent.; and it has actually cost the Government nothing, for it borrowed the money for the enterprise at three per cent., and the profits for the business were four and three-tenths per cent. Government in England can conduct a great telegraphic enterprise for the people better than private enterprise. If Government in America cannot, it is time that we find out the reason why.—*Lyman Abbot in Century.*

THE ELECTRIC AGE, of New York, has established a patent bureau in connection with its publication, for the transaction of a general business pertaining to patents. This department is in charge of Mr. J. B. Sabine, a gentleman well-known to most electricians. Mr. Sabine has grown up with the telegraph business, and at the same time has kept abreast of the progress. His experience as a patent attorney covers several years, so that this knowledge, of itself, is most valuable. Mr. Sabine is capable and thorough, and can be trusted with electrical cases of the most intricate and difficult character.—*Ex.*

The Christmas number of the ELECTRIC AGE, John B. Taltavall, publisher, New York, is a handsome souvenir and should be in the hands of every telegrapher and electric light or telephone employe. It contains about one hundred electro-photo engravings of the prominent electricians of the day.—*Saratogian, Dec. 18.*

ELECTRIC RAILWAY SIGNALS.—M. de Freycinet, the French Minister of War, is preparing a project for the definite unification of optic, electric, and acoustic signals for the French railway companies. This measure, which has been generally demanded, will be carried into effect as soon as possible.

Edison announces that he is able to transmit kisses by phonograph. We don't want any such kind of phonographs. Phonographic kisses may do well enough for persons whose marriage is a failure, but they will not be popular with any one else.—*Ex.*

MAGNIFICENT PRESENT TO JOHN W. MACKAY.

We have seen on exhibition at the Gorham Manufacturing Company, Nineteenth street and Broadway, an elegant piece of silver plate, representing on a globe the Commercial Cable Company's system, in a chaste design for a center piece. It is a Christmas present from the officers and staff of the company, to its president, Mr. J. W. Mackay, to commemorate the fourth anniversary of the opening of the cables to the public, and as an expression of their esteem for him. This will be accompanied by a beautifully illuminated album, containing an address and the signature of every member of the staff, both in the United States and in Europe. The album is a work of art, and is being made by Mr. Ames, of No. 207 Broadway, the well-known expert.

Letter to Mr. Mackay accompanying the token :

We, the undersigned officers and staff of the Commercial Cable Company, realizing the many benefits we enjoy in the sphere of usefulness opened up to us by the establishment of the company, desire on this, the fourth anniversary of its active existence to mark, by the accompanying token, our admiration of the enterprise and public spirit which led you, in the face of powerful opposition, adverse conditions and at great financial risk, to found the extensive system of cables which will ever be connected with your name. We especially desire to recognize your sturdy courage and resolute determination to maintain the company's independent position, in which achievement we are all proud to have co-operated.

With a keen and grateful remembrance of your many acts of kindly interest in our welfare, we pray for your continued prosperity and the unalloyed happiness of yourself and family.

Verses composed for the occasion by one of the staff, at Bristol, England :

"How vast the chasm parting rich from poor,
 "None know so well as they whose happy fate
 "Hath led them from the gloomy nether shore,
 "By paths adventurous, to the higher state.
 "And this, thy honor, Mackay, thou dost know,
 "The dreadful way between, Yet dost not cease
 "To stretch out helpful hands to those below,
 "Bridging the gulf with human sympathies.
 "Thy tender feelings span the gulf profound,
 "E'en as the cables the Atlantic span ;
 "And with our thanks two Continents resound
 "All hail to thee, our kindly fellow-man."

"B. Z."

DESCRIPTION OF THE SILVER PIECE.

The standard or base is a circular concave piece twenty-two and a quarter inches in diameter and supported upon four gracefully wrought standards. The interior of this concave base is gilded and glows with all the lustre and sheen of a piece of gold satin. This is the jardiniere proper.

Its rim is a fac-simile of a telegraph cable with the many strands of wire closely twisted together. From this rim downward the sides afford scope for beautiful pierced and open repousee work in fantastic but graceful curves and sprays, and the figure does not become tiresome to the eye as no attempt at set repetition is made. Over each standard sits in easy attitude an ideal figure, symbolical of the four points of the compass as well as typical of the countries. North is a female figure holding a magnet and significant of the lode-star and its influence. South is likewise a beautiful figure but with an aspect more mild and luxurious. She holds tropical fruits in her hands and a waving palm leaf. East and West are male figures thoroughly representative of the Orient and Occident. The former carries a shield with an ancient Egyptian sun as a symbol upon it, while its characteristic look is that of indolent but warlike barbarity.

The latter, however, is a figure in direct contrast. It bears a tablet showing the setting sun, and at the top a bat as the symbol of watchfulness. The pose of the figure is that of restless energy ; and he leans forward shading with his hands, as he gazes expectantly into the future, the untold possibilities of coming time. All the figures show perfect modeling skill and at the same time a departure from conventionalities.

From the centre of the base rises an ornate raffle upon which dashes and surges the foam of a restless sea, and in its centre are three dolphins bearing upon their backs the globe ; pendant from the mouths of the dolphin is a miniature submarine cable resting on the bed of the ocean. The globe affords the finest example imaginable of the art of etching and is geographically correct. Every country with its divisions and boundaries in either hemisphere is distinctly traced. Every mountain chain, every threading river, every city and town of importance, and every inlet, gulf or cape is to be found and identified. On the face of the globe is an ideal gold cable showing the system of the Mackay-Bennett lines between Great Britain, France and the United States.

The oxidizing is done with rare discrimination, and the various lights and shadows lend intelligence to the whole piece which is its chief charm. The globe is divided at the equator and can be used as a receptacle for fruit or flowers. The basin portion being gilded affords a brilliant and harmonious contrast to the balance of the entire piece which is oxidized ; but its chief claim will be best appreciated when filled with glowing flowers.

On the globe is the following inscription : " To John W. Mackay, presented by the Officers and Staff of the Commercial Cable Company, December 24th, 1888."

This magnificent piece of work was done by the Gorham Manufacturing Company. The total height is nineteen inches, and in its manufacture 480 ounces of fine silver were used. Add to this its elaborate design and the elegant finish, and it forms a piece worthy to be representative of the high regard in which Mr. Mackay's employees hold him.

The employees of The Commercial Cable Co. on both sides of the Atlantic were made happy December 24 by being informed that a Christmas present of half a month's salary awaited their acceptance, the gift of John W. Mackay, the generous president of the company.

Mr. Mackay had written instructions from San Francisco to the above effect, but evidently fearing that they might not arrive in time, General Manager Ward was reminded of the matter by telegraph on Saturday, as follows :

San Francisco, Dec. 22nd,

GEO. G. WARD,

New York :

Don't forget the usual Christmas box for your staff.

J. W. MACKAY.

This is the fourth Christmas Mr. Mackay has remembered his cable staff, (numbering some 270 people) in a similar manner.

It is an unprecedented act of liberality.

A corporation that treats its employees well, insures a good service to its patrons.

Let other presidents go and do likewise.

We wish the Silver King and his cable staff much prosperity.

VALUABLE BOOKS AS PREMIUMS.

For two new cash subscriptions we will send a copy of Elmer E. Vance's new railway romance, "Nellie Harland" to any address in the world. This is an excellent opportunity to secure a splendid book for a little labor.

LIGHTNING FLASHES AND ELECTRIC DASHES.—A volume of choice telegraphic literature, humor, wit and wisdom, profusely illustrated, 160 large, double column pages, cloth. Price \$1.00, REDUCED FROM \$1.50. The contents comprise

short, bright, crisp, ably-written stories, and sketches from the pens of the foremost writers in the ranks of telegraphic literature, as well as several prominent writers outside of the business. One article alone, that by Benson J. Lossing; L. L. D., the well-known historian and personal friend of Professor Morse, is well worth the entire price of the volume, as it contains a brief life of the Father of the Telegraph with which every operator in the land should be thoroughly familiar. Will be sent to any address on receipt of \$1.00 in cash or on receipt of two new yearly cash subscriptions.

WIRED LOVE; a romance of dots and dashes, by Ella Cheever Thayer, 256 pages, handsomely bound in cloth. Price 75 cents. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. Four different editions of this admirable telegraphic love story have been published, which fact demonstrates its popularity, both in and out of the profession. The book is cordially recommended to telegraphers as a most entertaining, bright, and amusing work. This book will be mailed to any address as a premium on receipt of \$3 worth of new cash subscriptions. Copies of any of these or any other books promptly mailed to any address in the world, postage prepaid on receipt of price. Remit by Postal Note. Post-Office Order, Draft, Registered Letter or Express. Address J. B. Taltavall, 5 Dey street, New York.

THE CATLIN GRIP.—Send ten cents to the ELECTRIC AGE, 5 Dey street, New York, and secure a copy of the picture "THE VICTOR KEY AND CATLIN GRIP" which is especially printed for framing. The picture will make an elegant and instructive ornament in any telegraph office. A large number have already been sold for this purpose. It is the cheapest and most suggestive telegraph picture on the market. Send for copy, only ten cents.

RUBBER FINGER SHIELDS.—Pure rubber shields for penholders, pencils and styluses. They give firmness to the grip and ease the fingers from cramp and fatigue; protects the fingers from becoming smeared with ink; protects everything within reach of the pen; it elevates the pen from the desk end prevents it from rolling off; checks the natural habit of dipping a pen too deep in an inkwell. Price five cents. Address J. B. Taltavall, 5 Dey street, New York.

Married.—Mr. Walter Ogden, of Chicago, was married to Miss Fannie Belle, daughter of Dr. C. A. Jennings, of Salisbury, Mo., Nov. 13th. He has the congratulations of his many friends.

BORN.—Voorhees Degraw Boileau was born in Philadelphia last week. If the young man proves to be as good a sender as his father, Mr. E. C. Boileau, or his namesake, P. V. DeGraw, the future generation of telegraphers will have to work.

DIED.—H. D. Forey, superintendent of construction for the Duluth Electric light, and the American District Messenger Service Company, died suddenly of apoplexy, November 15th, at Duluth, Minn., while apparently in good health. He claimed Syracuse, N. Y., as his home.

DIED.—John Graham, an old-timer, died at Galveston, Tex., on Dec. 12, after a long and painful illness. He leaves a widow and two children. His remains were buried by the Knights of Pythias, of which society he was a member. He was universally liked by the telegraphers.

DIED.—Mrs. A. J. Lafaye, wife of A. J. Lafaye, of the Petroleum Exchange, died December 2d, after a lingering illness. Mrs. Lafaye *nee* Rodman, was at one time a well-known operator, at 195 Broadway.

DIED.—Philip Degen, of the W. U. Delivery Department, New York, died December 18th. He held certificate No. 70, of the T. M. B. A.

DIED.—D. C. Wilkinson, agent G. T. R., Prescott, Ont., died December 18th, of Dropsy.

Mr. John Cleverdon, of the W. U. 195 Broadway office, has the sympathy of his numerous friends in the loss of his

wife, who died a few days ago. The funeral took place at Bridgeport, Conn., and was attended by John Brant, Lant S. Jones, Wm. Maver, Jr., W. L. Ives, and Mr. Moody, of New York.

Mr. W. E. Fohl, of the W. U., Cleveland, was married a few days ago to one of Pennsylvania's fairest daughters.

Mrs. Mockridge, wife of Superintendent Mockridge, of the Western Union Cable office, Penzance, England, died a few days ago.

TRANSFERS.—S. W. Dunning, Syracuse, N. Y., to Kansas City, Missouri; Frank J. Abel, Cameron, to Pine Station, Pa.; G. A. Sinclair, Toronto, Ont., to Burlington, Iowa; Walter Brown, Syracuse, to Camden, N. Y.; L. A. Bowes and H. E. Brown, Philadelphia, to Bald Knob, Ark.; Wm. M. Proctor, Philadelphia, to Cowenton, Md.; M. S. Harris, Jacksonville, Fla., to Atlanta, Ga.; Michael O'Brien, Fulton, to Utica, N. Y.; Chas. Melrose, Cincinnati, O., to St. Paul, Minn.; Leon Fabre, Los Angeles, to Sacramento, Cala.; O. L. Emley, San Francisco, to El Paso, Tex.; J. W. Barrett, Denison, to Dallas, Tex.; O. E. Eaton, Dallas, to Galveston, Tex.; Jno. Ufford, Helena, Mont., to Portland, Oregon; W. S. McRoy, Meridian, Miss., to Columbus, Ga.; L. E. Owens, to Starkville, Miss.; R. P. Lowery, Meridian, Miss., to Leland, Miss.; J. G. Lester, Virginia City, Nev., to Baltimore, Md.; E. J. Kendall, Yreka, to Sacramento, Cala.; A. Davis, Guelph, Ont., to Cleveland, O.; W. Giblin, Springfield, to Chicopee, Mass.; F. S. McQuinn, Detroit, Mich., to Chicago, Ills.; W. F. Sedgwick and W. C. Corbitt, San Francisco, Cala., to Reno, Nevada; E. W. Black, Reno, Nevada, to Sacramento, Cala.; G. E. Shoemaker, San Francisco, Cala., to Virginia City, Nevada; J. W. Hickey, Boyce, La., to Big Spring, Tex.; A. T. Hickey, from night operator, Boyce, La., to manager same place; Miss C. H. Taylor, San Antonio, Tex., to Boyce, La.; R. L. Hall, Arkansas, to Boyce, La.

T. M. B. A.—Assessment No. 225 has been levied to meet the claims arising from the deaths of R. J. Clute and Henry Beeder, and should be paid before January 31.

T. M. B. A.—APPOINTMENT.—Mr Chas. P. Burch having resigned the secretaryship of this association to accept a similar position with the Non-Magnetic Watch Company of America, Mr. T. E. Fleming has been elected by the Executive Committee to succeed him. Mr. Fleming is well and favorably known to all New Yorkers, having been identified with telegraphic interests all his life. He was with the Mutual Union, in Washington, for about two years, afterwards secretary to General Superintendent Leslie, of the Baltimore and Ohio, and continued with the latter company until the consolidation was effected. He is well qualified to act as secretary of the association.

Mr. Chas. Cuttriss, Electrician of the Commercial Cable Co. was presented on Xmas morning with a handsome silver-headed cane by those under him.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Non-Magnetic Watch Company of America, Messrs. H. W. Struss and A. C. Smith resigned as treasurer and secretary, respectively. Mr. E. T. Gilliland was elected as treasurer, and Mr. Chas. P. Bruch as secretary. Mr. A. C. Smith remains the general sales agent for the United States.

Judge Shepherd, of the Superior Court of North Carolina, who has just resigned, is an old time telegrapher. He was succeeded by Judge Brown, another well-known ex-telegrapher, at one time a member of the New York force. These distinguished gentlemen stand very high in their profession.

The Postal Company has opened an office at Erie, Pa., with Geo. J. Goalding, as manager.

Mr. W. C. Humstone, superintendent of the W. U., Richard Waycott, chief operator W. U., and C. P. Flood, manager of the Postal, New York, have been elected officers of prominent Brooklyn lodges of Masons. Mr. Humstone was elected Master.

THE TELEGRAPH SAVES A MAN'S LIFE.

(By FINNELL D. MADEIRA.)

Like most men who have at any time in their life been telegraph operators, I have had some strange experiences and have figured in many stirring scenes. The incident in my career as a telegrapher which stands out most clearly, in my memory however, occurred in 1876, at Forrest City, Ark., I had charge of the Western Union office at that place and there were two wires to care for, one running from Little Rock to Memphis passing through my office, the other from Helena to Forrest City. Political feeling in that section ran very high then, especially among the negroes, and to vote the democratic ticket was, to one of that race, certain social ostracism, and frequently caused the offender's death in an election fray. In one of these fights a negro named Dan Berry, a remarkably powerful fellow and a democrat, killed two of his colored republican assailants, and after a trial before a negro jury was sentenced to be hanged. He was a great favorite with the whites, and Sheriff Adamson, in whose custody he was placed, was especially partial to him and allowed him the most extraordinary liberties even after he was sentenced to death, and it was not an unusual thing to see Dan seated alone on the Sheriff's wagon bringing up a load of corn from a neighboring field where he had been sent without a guard of any kind.

A. H. Garland, now Attorney General, was elected Governor of Arkansas, about six weeks before the day fixed for Berry's execution, and great pressure was immediately brought to bear upon him to commute the sentence, or pardon the poor fellow, it being perfectly clear that he acted purely in self defense, and Governor Brooks, a republican, having refused for political reasons to interfere, Gov. Garland agreed to do so. The day fixed for the execution by a coincidence, was the day upon which Gov. Garland was to be inaugurated at Little Rock, and it was arranged that the Governor's first official act would be the commutation of Berry's sentence to imprisonment for life. The negroes of course were kept in ignorance of this fact, and when the time finally arrived for the hanging, great crowds of them came in from all parts of the surrounding country to witness the spectacle. The night before there had been a terrific storm and when I arrived at the office in the morning, I found telegraphic communications cut off in all directions. There was but one train a day from Little Rock, and that train, was not due until nightfall, and the hour for the execution was 3 p. m. Things looked blue for the doomed man, as no communication of any kind could possibly reach Forrest City from Little Rock, by any other means than the telegraph; and there seemed no prospect of the wires being repaired during the day, but Jerry Carroll, the repairer, started on a hand car to run the line to Memphis, and a boy who knew something of repairing started for Helena, they being the nearest points from which we might expect a message. The hours wore away and two o'clock came, but still no signs on the wires; 2.30 came, and my office was crowded with sympathizing whites, imploring me to try to do something toward getting a message, but of course I was powerless. The clock ticked away the minutes and 2.45 was indicated by the hands, and the jail was a half mile away. At last just as we had given up all hope, a sharp click of the sounder on the Helena wire, made me jump for the key to answer the welcome sound of "Z," my call. Billy Mulford at Helena began: Little Rock, Jan'y 15th, '76. To Sheriff J. R. Adamson, Forrest City, Ark. Stay the "ex—" and here the wire busted flat. I was as nervous as a "plug" over his first message, but hastily adding on my own responsibility—"—ecution of Dan Berry till you hear from me by mail" and signing it A. H. Garland, Governor," I handed it to one of the deputy sheriffs who was in waiting and dropped in the chair almost exhausted from sheer ex-

citement. The rest of the story is soon told. The message reached the jail just as the negro was being led out to the gallows hard by, and the Sheriff with tears of gratitude took him back. He was conveyed that night to Little Rock and put in the Penitentiary, having narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of an unfuried mob of negroes at the Forrest City depot. My guess at the contents of the message, proved nearly verbatim and it had gone from Little Rock to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Memphis and Helena, before reaching me. Berry was pardoned in about three months after his incarceration in the Penitentiary, and returned to Forrest City. The negroes, changeable as the air, hailed his return with delight and gave him a welcome amounting to an ovation.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN A LARGE OFFICE.

(By W. J. CURTIS.)

I have enjoyed the reputation of belonging to that Nomadic tribe of telegraphers who think it beneath their dignity to become permanently attached to any one particular office and who regard with unutterable scorn the poor drone who has never missed a day from his post since the station was founded, and whose meagre salary is regularly pared down to keep pace with the annual increase in company dividends. I have also sometimes thought that these reductions were made with the idea in view of keeping fresh in his mind the fact that such a poor devil is allowed to live at all.

During my peregrinations I have been employed in queer offices and worked under the most remarkable of persons, and have seen many queer sights. The recollection of the first big office I ever worked in, however, and the impressions then made upon me by my first meeting with the great operators, are subjects that will only be effaced from my memory by death.

I had worked up from a messenger boy to press operator, and my first employers unanimously voted me a memorial as being the laziest, most irresponsible "kid" that ever donned a peaked cap—New York district messengers included. I had filled the important position of press operator for a jayhawker daily paper for a year, and my expert manipulation caused the railroad operators and first citizens of the town to regard me with awe, as being a sort of superior being. This, of course, filled me with a rather exaggerated idea of my own prowess, and I decided to give the broader fields of telegraphy the benefit (?) of my skill. I determined upon St. Louis as a fair place from which to waft my lightning-like Morse to the far distant boundaries of the country.

I arrived in the city on a morning train, and after freshening up a bit at a hotel, proceeded to the dingy old office on the corner of Olive and Third streets, and prepared to ascend to the sacred precincts of the operating room on the fourth floor. When I started up, however, the vastness of things in general created within me a feeling of apprehension that I possibly was not as great as I had been cracked up to be. I continued on up, nevertheless, and reached the operating floor in due course. The heavy hum of the busy-tongued instruments was wafted to my ears, and I glanced in wonder at the large force of operators sitting stoop-shouldered behind the many little glass partitions. This was not the way things were done at Fort Scott. I could not distinguish the click of a single instrument, and I began to fear that I had made a mistake, and had better gracefully retreat into the country again. While feasting my eyes upon the animated scene within, rooted to the spot with a sort of fascination, the operators changed tricks. The men, as they came up-stairs, then engaged my attention. They were laughing, joking and indulging in conversation that was most mysterious to me. They were well dressed, but wore their clothes in a careless fashion, and seemed to be gay fellows

who knew a thing or two, and were up to all kinds of larks. They bestowed a short, inquiring glance upon me, as if to recall to their minds in what part of the world they might have seen me, and not reaching a satisfactory conclusion, dismissed me from their minds and passed on. After all the men had come and gone, and about ten minutes after the trick had been changed, I had lost my courage completely and had sorrowfully decided to go away without entering the presence of that great and mighty personage, the chief operator. Just then I heard some one ascending the stairs, with a slow and measured tread, as if time was no object whatever. A man then appeared, and looking up at me halted, as if to speak. He was a short, slightly-built fellow, of about 23 years. His face was rather long, and was set off with a pair of bulging eyes and a nose of generous proportions, that was of a beautiful reddish tint. His derby hat was set rakishly over one ear. His lips were half-parted in an amused smile and his facial expression denoted a devil-may-care jollity that was positively refreshing. His nether limbs were encased in a pair of the tightest, blue-black and red-checked trousers, that I have ever seen. It was "Billy" Foy (heaven rest his soul), and he was what he looked—one of the biggest-hearted, open-handed, honorable, jolliest boys that the profession has ever seen. Out of all the men who had passed me, he was the only one that seemed to realize that I was in difficulty and thought it worth while to address me.

"Hullo, young fellow! What's the matter; do you want to see any one inside, eh?"

I then informed him of my desires and ambition, and imparted to him my telegraphic history. I also told him I was fearful that I could not do the work in such a big office.

"Pshaw, 'Billy.' I'll call you 'Billy,' for short. Don't bother about that. I'll fix it up for you. You just go up to 'Top' and tell him you want a first-class job. They're short of men. Now, don't tell him you're only a year in the business. That would settle your hash right off. Tell him your first-class and have worked in Chicago and Galveston, and took a job at Fort Scott to help you out. Tell him you can work the New York duplex, and that big press wires are your pie. Tell him you ain't young, but look so because your beard is shaved off. Now, don't get rattled. Just go up as if you thought you'd condescend to work in such a jim-crow office, and ask him what's he got for a strictly first-class operator. If you get a job, crack the salary to him. If you let him name the 'sal,' he'll cut it off short. Don't work for any 30 or 40 plunks. Tell him you can't pay your board and cigar bill with less than \$75, and if he don't give it to you, you just say, 'What do you take me for, a ham? If you do, you're off your base,' and walk out."

I went in with Foy and approached the overpowering "Top" with some trepidation, but Foy went around back of him and by numerous winks and pantomimic gestures kept me from falling before the sharp, quick volleys of "Top's" incisive questions, and by the time I was almost ready to wilt, I was booked for a job and put on the night trick. The first wire I was assigned to was the New York duplex. I knew it was do or die, and I made the effort of my life. I of course thought it incumbent upon me to send with might and main, and I did it for two mortal hours. As I look back upon it now, it must have been terrible. If I have never sought pardon from that sufferer on the N. Y. end I do so now, and ask his forgiveness. Of course, when we changed, he fired into me so heavily that I nearly forgot the Morse alphabet, and don't know to this day now much the company lost by the operation. But when the dreaded "bull slips" came around, nearly driving me frantic through fear, I even had visions of a distant prison in view as a penalty. I took them to Foy, who laughed my fears to scorn, and derided me for being too simple to crawl out of such a small hole as that. One of the claims was for \$2,500, and Foy said that I was in great luck. Its so big the company can't make

you work it out on dead-horse style. He said: "I'd rather have a bull for \$1,000 than for ten dollars every time, because they'll deduct \$10 from your salary, while they can never make you pay for a thousand." He then drew up a set of "answers to reference" that would have done credit to Tom Ochiltree, and gravely instructed me to "never own up to making a bull; swear it come that way and you can prove it by Foy, who was standing at the instrument listening to the N. Y. operator's bad sending."

I followed implicitly Foy's valuable instructions, and soon came to be a first-class operator, in every sense of the term—crawling out of tight and threatening situations inclusive.

CINCINNATI NOTES.—The first ball of the season, being the second of year 1888, given at Gas Hall, on December 6th, was a decided success in every particular, and enjoyed, as only those accustomed to the dull routine of a telegraph office, can appreciate these bits of social relaxation and rays of sunshine, as it were, cast occasionally upon an otherwise monotonous life. The spread by Gillespie was in every way worthy the occasion and was served during the intermission. A glance into the palatial dining rooms at this hour revealed a company of ladies and gentlemen, the fine appearance of which we venture to say, could not be excelled; all was enjoyment and mirth, entirely free from the annoying care of dots and dashes. Among the prominent people present were W. I. Capen, manager United Lines, and wife, E. O. Eshelby, city comptroller, an old telegrapher and many others equally well-known in telegraph circles, including the following: Mr. and Mrs. George Renner, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Latham, Mr. and Mrs. George Stultz, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Duey, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Duey, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Horn, Misses Alice Tozzer, Mary Donovan, Nellie Leahy, Mary Kaufman, Addie Hart, Louise Roegge, Alice Newbry and Dora Keebler, Messrs. F. N. Foster, C. J. Christie, A. A. Brown, G. A. Smith, C. W. Popp, Geo. B. Ashley, Harry Gould, J. L. Dudley, Charles Frazer, H. E. Jones, Max Sater, E. S. Collins, Ferd Basson, J. F. Colligan, H. J. Kleim-eier, F. W. Schmer, John Jacob, A. F. Bagge, A. J. Herrmann, H. W. Windsor, M. P. Capen, A. J. Doyle, H. J. Horn, Wm. Downey, George Duey, A. Farbach, Jesse McDonald, John Rey, Samuel Higdon, Frank Wilson and Joe Joseph. Among the visitors were J. B. Martin and F. Sullivan, from Columbus. The originators of this as well as the previous affair of the year, may well feel proud of the result of their efforts. H. W. Windsor has lately been changed from the regular to night force. Charles F. Melrose has accepted a position with Northern Pacific Railroad, at St. Paul, Minn. W. E. Dunham, from Richmond, Va., an old Cincinnati boy, is again with us. Ely says there is no place like the Queen City. C. D. Duffy and C. Cormier have gone South for the Winter, the former to Atlanta, the latter to New Orleans. Business, since the election has been very light and the force is consequently working very short, no vacancies being filled. The death of Harvey Betts cast a gloom over the whole office. Although inevitable and expected, the shock was none the less, great, and he counted his friends not by numbers, but by all with whom he was associated in business or in society. He was laid to rest near Richmond, Va., whence W. E. Dunham, accompanied the remains, in company with his parents who reside in West Virginia. Night Manager Dunlap met with a severe affliction a few weeks since in the very sudden death of his son, Thane, a particularly bright and promising lad, one whom everybody loved and respected. Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap have the sympathy of the entire force, in their sore bereavement and irreparable loss.

The art of telegraphy soon becomes second nature to an operator. An absent minded New Yorker, the other day, asked the fellow at the Galveston end of the wire for a chew of tobacco. He will receive it in one week, weather permitting.

TRAVELING THIRTY MILES IN THIRTY MINUTES TO LICK THE OPERATOR.—A LAUGHABLE TELEGRAPH BLUNDER.

WICHITA, KAS., NOV. 25th.—The extraordinary action of Trainmaster Garver in clearing the tracks between here and Mulrane in order to come on a special engine to whip Frank Lindwall, a train dispatcher here, has been explained. According to this explanation Lindwall did send Garver a most insulting telegram, but wholly through a mistake in manipulating the switches on his key-board. Lindwall was only working temporarily in place of a sick operator, and the mistake was one which could easily occur without especial blame to him. Since the explanation has been made, however, wonder at Mr. Garver's extraordinary haste in traveling to Wichita has greatly lessened. The telegram which Garver received was intended for another, and while quite harmless in itself, read by Garver it had a most offensive bearing.

The true cause of the assault, it is claimed, was ascertained only to-day by Billy Galvin and Fred Lafflin, two well-known horsemen, calling at the Western Union Telegraph office to ascertain why a telegram which the latter had sent to the former had not reached its destination. It appears that Galvin was at Winfield, Kas., negotiating for the purchase of a trotting mare named Jennie Marvin, an animal that has shown considerable speed at the county fairs in Southern Kansas during the past season, but not having sufficient knowledge of the mare he had telegraphed to Fred Lafflin, who is remarkably well posted and could probably give not only the pedigree, but the past history of every race horse in Kansas. Galvin had received the following telegram from Wichita :

WICHITA, NOV. 22.—Jennie is all right. No. 1 on time.
F. L.

Mr. Galvin had no reason to doubt that the telegram was from Lafflin, who would naturally not wish to put his name to a telegram affecting the reputation of a horse, with the possibility of making enemies for himself. Galvin accordingly purchased Jennie Marvin, paying \$2,000 for her. He tried her speed the day following, however, and found that she could not beat a three-minute gait, and on passing too near her heels, when she balked in the second heat, he had received a kick that knocked him senseless. Subsequent information showed that Jennie Marvin was anything but "all right," and while she had a reputation for making some very fast spurts, owing to her bad temper and other causes she was almost worthless on the track. He came up to Wichita to get even with Lafflin, but the latter denied the telegram so strenuously that Galvin postponed his intended vengeance until inquiries could be made at the telegraph office. The telegram which Fred Lafflin sent was found in the office, and was wholly different from the one which Galvin received.

After reading the true telegram Galvin went away satisfied with Lafflin, but breathing threats of a suit for damages against the Western Union Telegraph Company. The manager of the latter, in looking the matter up further, discovered that the telegram sent by Lafflin to Galvin had been sent all right, but had been deflected from its true course, somewhere in the city. Having heard of the Garver-Lindwall trouble he assumed there might be some connection between this and the disappearance of the Lafflin-Galvin telegram. He at once called Garver up and found this to be the case.

Lindwall had, it was learned, received a telegram to be delivered to Miss Jennie McPhee, a most estimable young lady of Anthony, in this State, who is said to be the intended bride of the trainmaster, and was en route from her home to Topeka. Lindwall was instructed to deliver the telegram to her on the train when it stopped at the Union depot in this city, and also let Garver know how the young lady was. He did so, but in the telegram which Galvin received the "No. 1 on time" referred to train No. 1 instead of the speed

of Jennie Marvin as he had supposed. It appears that Lindwall had in some way accidentally thrown the switch of the commercial wire on the board, so as to take the place of the one which he intended to use, and vice versa. He had thus sent Lafflin's telegram to Garver instead of Galvin, and, while it would have been of the utmost use to the latter, it can readily be seen that it was likely to give grave dissatisfaction, coming to a trainmaster from one of his subordinates, with whom he was not even on terms of intimacy, and referring to his fiancee.

The telegram which Mr. Garver received, and which caused his extraordinary ire, was as follows :

WICHITA, NOV. 22.—Old boy, have nothing to do with Jennie if you take my advice. I know her well, having frequently had her in my sulky. She has a villainous temper, and has more than once kicked me over the dashboard. At the Abilene Fair in October, she kicked Tom O'Brien in the jaw and landed him in the judge's stand. I am well aware that she is fast, but not profitably so. She will never bring you in a dollar as the result of her spurts. Her reputation was bad before her going into Harvey's stable, and you can see that she has had hard usage if you examine her flanks and back. They are covered with scars. She is a regular old skate, and cannot be let alone too well.

F. L.

When Mr. Garver had read this telegram he longed for a process by which he could telegraph himself to Wichita. But this being impossible he thought of the next best way of reaching there in a hurry. Ordinary means were altogether too slow for his purpose. He longed ardently for an opportunity to mop the floor with the man who dared to so vilely calumniate his sweetheart. He was advised by his friends to be calm, but the advice fell upon unheeding ears. He flew to the telegraph instrument and at once gave orders to clear the track for a special engine. A passenger train was side-tracked just after it left here for Winfield and freight No. 43 was ordered held at a small station south of Mulrane. A mogul engine was ordered out of the round-house and Mr. Garver, together with an operator to take the place of Lindwall, stepped on board. Just ten minutes from reading the last word of the horse telegram the engine bearing the irate trainmaster was pulling out from Mulrane with orders to keep the throttle wide open. The locomotive flew with lightning speed, but all too slow for the impatience of Mr. Garver, who leaned far out of the cab window in his haste to place his hands upon Lindwall. The thirty miles were passed over in thirty minutes, being about as good time as has ever been made on any railroad track in America.

Without waiting for the locomotive to come to a full stop Mr. Garver jumped as soon as the Wichita Station platform was reached and rushed with breathless haste into the room occupied by Lindwall. Without a word of explanation he sprang upon the latter like an enraged tiger and proceeded to wipe the cobwebs from off the ceiling, and dust from the floor alternately with Lindwall's body. The latter was wholly unprepared for the attack, but would probably have been able to oppose no successful opposition to the wild fury of the trackmaster if he had been looking for him.

"I'll teach you who's fast and who kicks men over the dash-board," howled Garver, as he took a fresh swing at the now almost unconscious operator.

"I'll let you know who has scars on her flanks and back, you black-hearted defamer," he screamed as he hurled Lindwall over the office counter, "and I'll let you know who has come from scrub-stock, whoop!" and he again had the prostrate key-pounder by the hair, dragging him about searching for a sufficiently solid object to strike him against.

"Maybe that is the way O'Brien was kicked into the judge's stand," he yelled as he lifted the almost insensible

Lindwall back over the counter with a savage kick and sprang after him in his haste for revenge.

By this time quite a crowd had collected with several policemen among the number. These rushed to the rescue of Lindwall, and after a fierce struggle with Garver, succeeded in holding him until the fearfully-punished operator could be borne away to a place of safety and needed rest.

When Mr. Garver had time to catch his breath he put on the new operator in Lindwall's place and gave orders allowing traffic on the railroad to be resumed.

It is hoped that Lindwall will be able to be out in a couple of weeks. When the nature of the mistake he had made was explained to him to-day, he fully exonerated Trainmaster Garver, and it is understood that he will take a position on the road as soon as he recovers fully.

HOW AN OPERATOR BECAME A DETECTIVE.

By J. MACKENZIE, JR.

It was 11.30 P. M., of a very wet evening, in the month of September, 1882, John Barrett, the night operator at P—, a station near New York, had his attention suddenly arrested by a most peculiar noise breaking the graveyard stillness of the room. He discovered that it proceeded from a Morse relay, cut in on a way circuit. Upon closer examination he heard vocal sounds emanating from it. After his first astonishment had subsided, he reasoned out that this was the result of the phenomena of electrical science which is called induction. It could be caused by the telegraph and a telephone wire running parallel and close together for some distance. The relay armature acted as a telephone diaphragm.

The overheard conversation indicated that authority was asked by one of the speaker to discharge a negro who had absented himself without leave that evening, returned drunk and threatened to "do for him," as he had done for another man that night.

The talk ended, but Barrett was unable to dismiss the matter entirely from his mind; hence when the morning paper arrived from the neighboring city and he saw an account of a brutal murder therein, he immediately connected the discharged negro with the crime.

As Barrett had long needed a rest, he applied for and obtained leave of absence from duty.

He then went to the scene of the crime by train.

His application for admittance at the victim's house was met by suspicion and rudeness from the detectives of the city force, who always resent the suggestions and efforts of persons not in their guild.

By perseverance he finally succeeded in getting an interview with Mrs. Benjamin, a daughter of the deceased. He narrated to her the unusual incident of the previous night and stated his suspicion. She was so much impressed thereby that permission was instantly given to view the victims room.

Examining it closely, he observes the outline of two human feet near the window, done in peculiar manner and with a mixture of clay from surrounding roads, and an iron ash in small grains from elsewhere. The outside lines at toes were noticeably the plainest. A fragment of so called "bones," used by negroes was picked up.

Mrs. Benjamin informed him as he departed that an antique flute had been taken by the assassin. Having pledged Mrs. B. to secrecy, Barrett said nothing to, nor asked assistance from anybody, but sought the lineman of his division of road, and soon ascertained where a private telephone wire had been strung by official permission between a prominent hotel, some twenty miles distant, and the private cottage of its owner several miles away.

Barrett proceeded to the hotel and whilst prowling around was gratified to have his suspicions strengthened by noticing the composition of ashes used to improve the paths near the servants' quarters. In front of one of the lower story

windows of this house, he observed the good natured face of a negro who was strumming a banjo. Rightly judging that this gave him an excellent opportunity to obtain desirable information by talking to the negro, he opened by complimenting the musician on his performance.

The latter with a grin replied, "Boss, I'se no great shakes on de bones, but I'se moughty pow'ful on de strings."

Barrett followed up this advantage by asking him who were the noted artists on the bones.

Sam replied, "Andrew Jackson; Lincoln Lee am de King pin, and Feet Harris a good one."

"'Feet Harris' is a queer handle isn't it?" inquired Barrett.

"Yes sir; but you'ah see, boss, he runs to feet, and we makes no mistake in de name."

"What oddity is there about his feet," asked the detective.

"Oh, his pedal extre-mightys am de mos' remark'ble produshuns o' natur—Ho! Ho! Boss, yud tink dat he war in bus'ness as a spile driver."

Barrett now handed over a cigar which made the darky even more complaisant.

"Well, Sam, I'll tell you on the quiet that I am on the lookout for curious people like this Harris, to engage them for a dime museum. Will you introduce me as a friend of yours?"

"Kerrect, boss; I'se you'ah man." Ef you'ah meet me at de Main street and Ocean Pier, dis ebening at 9 'clock, I'se take you to a leetle racket we cullud ladies and gen'lemen gwine hab, whar "Feety" gwine be massa saramonies." This was agreed to by Barrett, who kept the appointment, met the darky and proceeded to the settlement of colored people two miles inland from the large hotels of the seaside town. A numerous party of the denizens of the hamlet were in attendance, including among the various shades of color, a few low class whites, so the presence of the operator did not attract unusual attention. After a short time spent manoeuvring, the desired chat with Harris was obtained and an appointment made by him to meet the amateur detective in New York City the next day, when the negro would bring all his musical instruments with him.

When this satisfactory result had been reached, Barrett left the house and caught the next train for New York. He sought and obtained an interview with Mrs. Benjamin, narrated all he had done and suspected, and requested her presence the following morning at the two hotel rooms, which he had engaged by telegraph. The attendance at the same time of police officers was also promised.

All the machinery thus set in motion moved smoothly. The lady and the officers, previous to the arrival of Harris, were installed in an inner room. A sufficient statement of the case had been made to the officers to allow them to act intelligently, if signalled. On the negroes' arrival he accepted an invitation to display his accomplishments, by showing the steps of the clog dance, strumming his banjo and later produced a pair of bones, one of which was damaged. Barrett asked him if he played on the flute. At this, Harris started uneasily, and after a minute's stare, said n. Believing that he had obtained sufficient circumstantial evidence to warrant the detention of the negro, Mr. Barrett diverted the former's attention to cover the entrance of the officers. The arrest was made after a hard struggle. When searched, the missing flute was concealed on his person.

These various links of evidence hardly needed the confession made by the negro the next day, to convict him on trial and cause his retirement from the front rank of colored musical society for twenty years.

The capacity for detective work which had been displayed in this case so pleased the superintendent of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, that he made an opening for the shrewd operator in their service, which greatly benefited his financial condition.

MONTREAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY STOCK-
HOLDERS NOT WILLING TO ACCEPT
REDUCED DIVIDENDS.

MONTREAL.—Indignation is strong against Erastus Wiman in the bosoms of the shareholders of the Montreal Telegraph Company, who are not backward in denouncing in strong language the president of the Great Northwestern. For months past there has been rumors that Mr. Wiman would endeavor to get the shareholders of the Montreal Company to accept a dividend of six instead of eight per cent., which it was agreed they should receive when their company amalgamated with the Great Northwestern, and now it is learned that Mr. Wiman has confirmed these rumors by forwarding to each shareholder of the Montreal Company a circular asking them to agree to the proposed reduction. A statement accompanies the circular which shows that the net revenue to September 1 of the present year was \$186,361.73 and the annual dividend \$242,500, a deficiency of \$56,138.27.

A general meeting of the shareholders was held, Dec. 19 to consider the circular. The meeting was a stormy one and Mr. Wiman was roundly abused, it being claimed that the whole circular was a wilful misstatement of facts. It was finally resolved that President Andrew Allen should send the following letter to Mr. Wiman:

"Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 14th inst., inclosing a circular addressed to the president, directors and shareholders of the Montreal Telegraph Company. The subject matter of both letter and circular having been carefully considered by the board and the contents of the circular having been found misleading and incorrect, the directors are constrained to withhold their consent and countenance to the distribution of matter evidently intended to create an uneasiness in the minds of the shareholders, any reason for which the board believe does not exist."

LOUISVILLE, KY., NOTES.—Night Chief Arnold who has been sick for several days, is again at his post of duty. Phil. G. Kern has been transferred from a branch to the main office, as has also M. H. Heddene. Albert Loeffler, late night check, has been appointed manager of the branch office at the Bourbon Stock Yards. Miss Lillie Morris, formerly of the Louisville Hotel, has also been transferred to the main office. Operator Chas. McCaffrey of the night force, has become quite a talented violinist. It is remarked that next season he will be a member of one of our leading orchestras. Operator Coleman, of the night force, is taking a holiday vacation. The President's message was received by operators Fitzhugh, Culp, Thomas and Farrell, of the night force. The message was started at 12:30 and "30" given at 4:20 A. M. E. J. Randall, an operator having considerable reputation as a traveler, while working here recently, conducted himself in a manner calculated to bring discredit upon the profession. Randall agreed to sub six weeks for an operator who desired to leave the city on a vacation. Randall finding where the operator roomed and representing himself as a friend of the operator for whom he was subbing, succeeded in securing a room without reference for himself and an operator named Treadwell and J. C. Lynch, an operator from New York, arrived here a few days latter, and Randall induced him to share this room. Upon getting up the first morning Lynch missed both his room mates and also his pocket book containing all the money he had. After some delay he found Randall and Treadwell in a neighboring saloon. Upon charging Randall with the theft, he admitted taking the money and said he had given Treadwell half of it. They settled the matter by giving Lynch joint due bills on the manager for the amount stated, but left town before all the due bills was paid. He afterwards behaved in such a disgraceful manner in his room, as to cause the lady of the house to have him ejected by the police. Arrived: Book, Cinninnati; Lynch, New York, and Van Kuren from the West.

PORTLAND, OREGON, NOTES.—Owing to increase of business, requiring better facilities on Northern Circuits, a quad. is now in operation between Portland, Tacoma and Seattle. It is rumored additional quad. circuits will soon be established South and East. A quad. is now being placed in position at Ashland preparatory to the removal of the repeaters from Yreka to Ashland on San Francisco circuits. Election returns from the State were carefully compiled and distributed by Manager J. W. Hayes, assisted by Secretary Drake and members of The Press Association. Lizzie Annandale, of the Abbott Opera Co., was remembered by the Portland fraternity by the presentation of an elegant floral tribute at the matinee November 3d. The force generally have been indulging in "sore arms" the past week or two, owing to vaccination, superinduced by a threatened small pox epidemic in the city. The danger is now said to be over; the scare and disease, abating rapidly. Recent changes: Arrivals, E. W. Howe, A. Poindexter, Montana; J. A. Forehand, San Francisco; J. G. Spencer, Postal, City. Departures, J. W. Miller, as train dispatcher, Spokane Falls, W. T. R. G. Paddock, as train master of a narrow gauge railway, City. Jayo McConniff, J. F. Loftus, San Francisco.

BALTIMORE NOTES.—Since my last letter there has been nothing to ruffle the smoothness of office routine or disturb the harmony thereof, characteristics that have prevailed in this office for a long time. I have just laughed at the 344th story, for this year, from our funny man, E. T. Ward. It was said that Barnum offered him a large salary to travel as 1st clown and that he declined because he "couldn't get a sub." This may be mere rumor, but I will back him against any competitor for telling the most stories to the square inch. I cannot omit speaking in terms of praise of Mr. J. W. McLean, who has charge of the bookkeeping department, and who accepted the agency of the T. M. B. A., Nov., 1887. Since that time he has largely increased the membership in this section and is still energetic in the good work. His perseverance will produce success, and I would modestly and respectfully suggest, to every agent of the association to "Go thou and do likewise." The A. D. T. Co.'s Automatic Burglar Alarm, of which Mr. J. B. Yeakle, its General Manager, is patentee, has for the past six years recommended itself. The Inspectors and Linemen connected with this service are D. W. Kohler, chief; Chas. Collins, H. C. Kohler, B. H. Lane, Robt. Simmons, H. Culp, Geo. Llewellyn and Geo. Holton. Jno. J. Lafferty is night superintendent.

GALVESTON, TEX., NOTES.—The personnel of this office is Mr. Bell Brooks, manager; G. A. Clark, chief operator; J. W. Brooks, assistant in charge of the cable business; Charley Aycock, V. D. Thompson, W. G. Knittle, Mr. Burke, of Natchez, Miss; W. E. Cross, Mr. Puckett, Mr. Wetmore, Mr. Fairman, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Richardson, Miss Esperson. On the night force we find: Mr. W. I. Church, chief operator; C. G. Gray, cable wire; Mr. Beall, on report; Mr. Cline, of Chicago, *News* office; Mr. Barr, of Chicago, sends report; Mr. Ferris, of Chicago; Mr. Moore, of Chicago; Mr. Eaton, of Detroit; Mr. Brooks, Mr. McLeod, of Kansas; Gus Ewing and Tom Corbitt, Kansas City; Mr. Fred Harrison, all night chief. Albert Lupan, the smoothest check boy in the business, keeps things moving nicely. We have no complaints at all now as there is scarcely any "sticking;" but of course we look forward to the day when we will get extra.

SUPERINTENDENT APPOINTED.—It is understood that Mr. Jos. W. Kates is to be the general Superintendent of the Southern department of the Postal Telegraph Company.

A new play has been written, called "The Telegraph Messenger," and all the funny men are saying at once that it will never get there.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

William B. Gill, Superintendent of the Western Union, Philadelphia, has been prominently mentioned as Postmaster of Philadelphia under the incoming administration.

LITTLE-ROCK.—The most forcible intimation that winter is at hand is the number of men we see here daily, passing through for the Sunny South where office dusters and straw hats command the same dignified respect in winter as in summer. Hardly a day passes but what we see a group of men on "the block" here. We advise the fraternity to take another route. Salaries are low in this part of the country and there are more men than vacancies. In the W. U. office, of which Mr. E. C. Newton is the very popular manager, we have the following: Geo. A. Davis, day chief, with operators Frese, Bard, N. W. Nolley, Webber and Mellon. At night we find Earnest E. Lash in charge. Mr. Lash was, prior to the consolidation, superintendent of the B. and O. connection here. He is not only a capable chief operator, but a gentleman in every respect and commands the admiration of every one who knows him. T. A. Nolley works St. Louis; C. S. Weaver takes night report and George Flowers sends report to Ft. Smith. Although the night force is very often stuck from one to three hours, we get no extra pay. During the election we were told that we would be paid extra for extra work but when pay day came we found our time had been computed at the rate of about nine hours per day.

TORONTO, ONT., NOTES.—In an important suit, the Electric District Messenger Dispatch Co. versus the Bell Telephone Co. to prevent the latter from leasing their telephones to the G. N. W. Telegraph Co., in order to compete with the Electric District Dispatch Co., the judge decided in favor of the defendants, the plaintiffs to pay costs. On the occasion of the departure of Miss Smith, operator of the C. P. R. for her Christmas vacation Miss Wynn of the same company, has given one of her very popular "At Homes," at which fifty couple indulged in the fantastic until midnight and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The many friends of Frank Mahon, Montreal, the expert operator of the C. P. R., will be glad to learn that he is recovering from his prolonged illness of typhoid fever, and will resume work in another month.

DALLAS, TEX., NOTES.—There has been quite a number of changes since our last item. Those worthy of note are as follows: Arrivals, Claude Wilson from Fort Worth; D. H. Breen, J. H. Bean, J. W. Barrett, Denison; C. L. Norvell, New Orleans; A. J. Broderick, New York; C. A. Read, Los Angeles. Departures, J. L. Wilking, Waco; F. H. Phillips, Mexico; H. M. Asher, E. C. Lyon, W. U., St. Louis. J. C. Langley, formerly all night man, has resigned to engage in other business. The President's message was handled here in very creditable shape by Messrs. Bean, Breen and Broderick. Business dull, and several reductions in force have taken place.

CLEVELAND TELEGRAPHERS' AID SOCIETY.—The third annual meeting of the Railroaders' and Telegraphers' Aid Society of Cleveland, Ohio, occurred December 11, the president, Mr. D. C. Shull, presiding with more than one hundred lady and gentleman members present. The president's report, showed that the association is in a flourishing condition. It now has a membership of 112, and lost one by death during the year just past. Thirty-four members have been dropped from the rolls, the greater number of them having removed from the city, and thirty-six were admitted during the year. The reports of the secretary and treasurer showed a surplus in the treasury of \$1,151. The amount paid out during the year for sick benefits was \$165, and one death claim of \$50 was liquidated. The receipts for the year were \$1,492.94, and the expenditures \$341.94. Mr. Isaac Morris, the treasurer, suggested in his report that, as there was considerable surplus in the treasury, it should be reduced to about \$500. The monthly dues have been 50 cents and the association has been remarkably successful. A motion was made that \$1,000 of the surplus be divided pro rata among the members, according to what

they had paid in, and this caused considerable discussion. Some of the members thought that this would be a good thing for the members, and an advertisement for the association. After a long and good-natured discussion an amendment was offered that \$600 be divided pro rata among the members, and this was adopted almost unanimously. A resolution by Mr. Sayre was adopted that the president appoint a committee of five, whose duty it should be to revise the constitution and by-laws. The following members were named as the committee: Messrs. Sayre, Lytle, Murphy, Koch, and Bradley. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted: president, J. C. Murphy; vice president, E. C. Stockwell; secretary, Isaac Morris; treasurer, C. B. Doty; executive committee, D. C. Shull, O. A. Gurley, O. M. Sayre, W. C. Pierce, J. H. Koch, J. M. Watt, and S. A. Lytle; auditing committee: J. G. Poole, C. F. Eisenhauer, and Miss Phœbe Bradley. When the officers had been elected Mr. O. A. Gurley paid a tribute to Isaac Morris, the retiring treasurer, for the manner in which he had performed his duties during the past three years, and on motion he was presented with \$25 as a token of his efficiency. A vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring officers, and also to Mr. J. M. Watts for furnishing a room for the meetings of the executive committee free of charge. The association then adjourned, and the ladies and gentlemen indulged in a lunch furnished by the members. It was quite late before "thirty" was announced.

AN EXPLANATION.—In the November 16th issue of the AGE, is an anonymous communication bearing on my trouble, if it can be termed such, with The United Press, at the *Globe* office, in this city. The story is ridiculous. I was not dismissed, as the writer evidently wishes the reader to believe, but disliking some correspondence which passed between Chicago and St. Paul parties, about the 1st of November, I decided to sever my connections with that concern and after mature consideration, resigned, demanding an immediate acceptance.

My alleged "not attending to business" while chief operator at the North American in this city, is absurd. I resigned one month previous to leaving, and left in good standing.

I have conclusive proof that there was but one loop in working order and this one was opened in the *Dispatch* office on the evening in question.

My friends are aware of all the facts in this matter and no explanation to them is necessary, but as the anonymous article in the AGE might mislead others, I respectfully request that you give this statement the same prominence as was given the first one. Very respectfully,

HARRY COLLINS, St. Paul, Minn.

RAILROAD STATISTICS.—State Statistician Peelle, of Indiana, in his last report gives some valuable data concerning the railroads of that state. One thing that is very apparent is the low wages paid to the railroad employes in general. The telegraph operators, who are responsible in great part for the proper running of trains loaded with human freight and valuable merchandise, are as poorly paid as any class in the service, some of them receiving only \$35 per month. The average for station agents and operators is \$43.48 per month. The average for station agents, not operators, is \$54.64. The average for operators, not station agents, is \$48.69. The only class receiving lower wages than the operators is the wipers. The passenger engineers average \$111.20. These figures tell their own story.

REDUCTION IN SALARIES.—The salaries of all the G. C. and S. F. Ry. employes have been cut 10 per cent.; to take effect December 1st. The operators are becoming disgusted and leaving the service of the company.

Charles E. Knight, a well-known New York lineman, has gone to Boston, for the District company.

ST. PAUL, MINN. NOTES:—The night chiefship here at present writing is vacant, A. J. Cummings, having held that position for over a year, left town quite suddenly the 20th ult., causing a great deal of surprise, and the first scandal that has ever occurred in St. Paul office. Cummings, up to a week before his departure, was a married man, but by successfully bulldozing and browbeating his wife, procured a divorce. Mrs. Cummings refused to appear in a divorce suit, but finally, upon the repeated solicitation of her husband with the advice of his lawyer and the material inducements (a deed of a house and 1st and \$200) she yielded. It finally leaked out that for some time past, the "divorcee" has been enamored of a certain young lady operator of the main office, who, if reports are correct, is at present in Pittsburg. There are some conflicting reports of scandalous work on the part of Cummings regarding this case, and it is a well-known fact that a brother of his second love called on him at the office one evening and without any pretext, disfigured the ex-chief's optics. Monday evening, Dec. 3, witnessed the initial performance at the People's Theatre of a new play, entitled "Our Foreign Correspondent," by Mr. W. O. Bates, of this city. The piece is a four-act comedy, of a high standard, and proved a grand success. Mr. Bates, the author, has been for a number of years, the Northwestern agent of the Associated Press here, and is well known among the profession. O. M. Mitchell, formerly with the United Press here, but now with the Northern Pacific at Helena, Mont., called on us last week. While here, he was married to Miss Susie Wilmot, a prominent young society lady of St. Paul. A promotion to the position of dispatcher awaits Mr. Mitchell on his return to Helena. We return heartiest congratulations. The St. Paul friends of "Billy" Nelson, formerly of the W. U. here, but now located at Winnipeg, are pleased to hear that he was married about Nov. 20th, to a Miss McMillan, of Toronto. Frank Pressell, of the A. P., nights, here, is seeking a much-needed rest at his home in Philadelphia, and will be absent for a month. Harry Collins is his substitute. Miss Theresa McCauley, has been transferred from the Ryan Hotel to the main office. She is succeeded by Miss Georgie J. Hubbard. The annual presidential message caused the usual stir in the Western Union office. Messrs. G. G. Cooper, C. E. Thompson, J. W. Bohannon, and James Anderson handled it. Their work was very favorably commented upon by the telegraph editors of our dailies. A. W. Billings, formerly of the W. U. main office, is with the United Press, nights vice Collins. Harry Talcott, N. C. O., of the North American here, has returned to the W. U. James Coleman leaves on a visit to his old home, Detroit, Mich., on the 20th inst. Steve Welch, of the United Press, Duluth, paid us a short visit a few days ago. Arrivals—J. E. Bell, Syracuse, N. Y.; Frank Schanz, Chicago to Northern Pacific general office here; Frank Benton, Duluth; W. H. Hammond, Wadena, Minn. Departures—F. I. Barnhart, Cincinnati. Mr. A. B. Van Bergen has returned to work after a six weeks' sickness of typhoid fever.

GRAND FORKS, DAK., NOTES.—The W. U. force here consists of O. O. Mercer, manager, W. B. Blatt and J. R. Brown, operators. Mr. Brown receives The Associated Press nights in a most satisfactory manner. Mr. Blatt, in addition to being a first class operator, is an able electrician. A division of the O. R. T. was formed here recently. About twenty-five members were installed. As bulls seem to be the fad at present, we offer the following, which is charged up to a Minneapolis artist: The service message to Minneapolis read as follows; "Ours to-day is addressed Red River Valley, Elv. Co., instead of R. E. Driver, Valley ave. So." As an instance to show the modesty of Dakota femininity the following is not bad: A young lady appeared at the counter of the telegraph office and inquired what a message would cost to Satan's Lake, Dakota. The operator never having

heard of the place, perused the tariff book and informed his customer that there was no such office in Dakota. However, the young lady was sure there was such a place and also said that it harbored a telegraph office, and furthermore told its exact geographical location. At this juncture an idea began to dawn upon the mind of the puzzled operator and he asked the young lady if she did not have reference to Devil's Lake. The maiden hung her head and blushed, and hesitatingly admitted that she believed it was sometimes called by that name.

BOSTON NOTES.—Arrivals, J. A. Hanna, from broker's office; H. F. Tugo, Winnipeg, Man.; H. F. Lynch, Postal, City; F. J. Murphy, White River J'ct., Vt. Departures, G. F. Towne, John Ahern, to Postal, city; A. P. Dewar, W. U., Worcester, Mass. The President's message was ably handled on four wires by Messrs. Nason, Austin, Phillips and Patterson. Miss Annie Flanagan, of the Postal office, Marlboro, Mass., visited the main operating room, Sunday last, Mr. W. A. Kenna, doing the honors. A new fifty wire section has just been added to the southern board in the main room. The tables in the city department have been re-arranged to make room for thirteen additional circuits, which are to be transferred from the main department where the tables thus made vacant, will be used for other purposes. Mr. F. E. Perkins, of the *Globe* office staff, slipped off very quietly recently and was absent about a week. When he returned he brought a charming Mrs. Perkins with him. Our heartiest congratulations, "Perk." Our annual ball occurs Friday, February 8th. We hope to see good sized delegations present from New York and other cities. The veteran, "Marsh" Bryant is on the sick list suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism. During his absence, Mr. Nason looks after the repeaters and cable quad, from 5.30 to 1 A. M.

HELENA, MONT., NOTES.—The force here in the Northern Pacific office consists of Mr. John Savoy, manager, with Messrs. Denver, P. Dayton, O. M. Mitchell, H. B. Nixon and Barney A. Hummell, days; Messrs. C. A. Murray, night chief with Mr. Beall, all nights, and C. H. Smith, split trick. We are very crowded in our small office here on account of the large business done, which is principally relaying, but we shall be in princely shape when the new general offices of the Northern Pacific are finished. The force will be increased by an addition of three dispatchers. Mr. O. M. Mitchell has left, to be married. It is also rumored that Mr. B. A. Hummel was married to Miss Mabel C. Hamilton, of the W. U., Milwaukee, on December 25th. They will spend their honeymoon at Spencer and St. Paul, returning to Helena, about January 2d. The best wishes of the force is with these gentlemen.

SAN FRANCISCO NOTES. Among the recent arrivals are Messrs. Courtright, Decatur, Seaman, Harry Miller and Miss Hoffman, from Sacramento. Departures.—Bleakny, to Portland; Kalaher, to Winnemucca; F. C. Miller, to Oakland Pier, Desmond; Tommy Ominger and Andy Cook, for the South; also "Fatty" Stone. The outlook here at present, is not very encouraging for the boys. Several extra men are on the block yet, but they are gradually getting froze out on account of their inability even to secure subbing, the company preferring to excuse the men. This is a chilly place, and I would advise operators to stay away for the present at least. "Col." Stevens, of the Central Pacific, has returned from his vacation, pleased with his trip through the East. Mr. Keeler, also of that road, has met many friends since coming to San Francisco. The Postal office is undergoing repairs to make more room.

Several Western Union Messengers have been discharged in New York city for receiving Christmas presents from customers. The French Cable Company provided excellent greetings for its messengers, and they reaped a well deserved harvest.

A GHOST STORY.

BY GEO. E. HOLBROOK.

While it was never positively known just how Tom Jerome, our head brakeman, met his death at Ravine Road, on the night of November 13, 1872, circumstances connected therewith tended to show that he was either blown from the train or, in attempting upon hands and knees to make his way over running boards covered with snow and sleet, he missed his hold in an effort to reach the next car, fell between the two and was thrown under the wheels.

Less than a mile beyond this point we broke in two. Picking up my red and white lamps and slipping them on my left arm, I got down on the last step of the caboose and having selected a suitable place to drop off, did so. Dark and stormy as was the night, a million stars were visible when I alighted. After my head had assumed a more erect position, I slid over the ice covered earth in a quiet, though undignified way for a distance that, at the time seemed a mile, but which, I afterward learned, was about sixty feet. A neighboring telegraph pole here obstructed further progress and I stopped with a suddenness that swung my lanterns from me with sufficient violence to break the globe of one and extinguish the light in both. Match after match was blown out by the fierce wind, until finally, there was but one left. Taking this up gingerly and shielding it from the cutting storm as best I could, I was rewarded by seeing a flash. Picking up the oil cup and carefully placing the wick beneath the flame, I held my breath. For a second only, there was a splutter and then I again was in total darkness. The situation was growing desperate. It was at this juncture I heard the whistle of the train I was expected to flag, and the thought that it might pass without my being able to warn it of impending danger, was almost maddening. From the frame of my red lantern I took two torpedoes and having placed them in my pocket, started down the track. Against a strong hard wind, advancement was necessarily slow. But slipping and stumbling, I plodded along in the face of the approaching train, now but a mile distant. Having gone as far as I thought necessary, to protect our newly painted caboose and the new cook stove within from being disturbed, I stooped and after removing my gloves from hands almost as inflexible, fastened a torpedo to the rail. This done, I hurriedly crossed the track to repeat the experiment, when a gust of wind swept down through the narrow gulch in the mountain side that prostrated me across the still warm body of poor Tom. A chill, the like of which I hope never again in life to experience, crept over me as I staggered to my feet in an almost superhuman effort to escape from the presence of the dead. I had taken but a few steps when the rays from a light behind me revealed the staring sightless eyes, the heavy brow, the open mouth, glistening teeth, and withal the distorted countenance of one who in life had been a noble-hearted companion. That he, kind, honest fellow, who never by word or action, injured a soul on earth, whose only thought was how to make happy those with whom he came in contact, should, like the most depraved criminal in France, suffer decapitation, seemed indeed horrible.

Ha-a-W-o-o-o!

It was the shrill, piercing shriek of an engine's whistle calling for "down brakes." And, as back from the mountain sides surrounding the little valley came the echo like a query: Wh-o-o? a voice almost hissed in my ear the words: "Poor Tom."

The strong, outstretched arms that supported me were those of our conductor, Howard Wesley, who, having seen me fall, hastened back in time to save from further mutilation the dismembered body of our late comrade.

A swinging door torn from an empty box car answered the purpose of a stretcher, and upon this, piece by piece, was

placed all that remained of what was once a man. Having conveyed the remains to the next station to await the action of the Coroner's Jury, we proceeded on our way.

The following morning the Coroner found that "deceased came to his death while in the performance of his duty;" granted the usual permit for the removal of the remains and two days later they were buried.

Scarcely had the frost left the ground before it became bruited about among knots of employes wherever assembled, that Tom Jerome's head had been seen rolling along the track near Ravine Road, by both the engineer and fireman of the midnight freight. Less than a week later, the crew of another engine reported having seen the same hideous object roll along inside of, but close to the outer rail, for a distance of several yards, when, like vapor, it vanished; no one knew where. The eagerness with which, night after night, those seated upon the semi-circle bench in the round house, craned their necks to catch from the lips of one of their number, every word that he had heard, together with a great many he had not, made up a scene at once impressive and picturesque.

One week, two weeks, rolled slowly by and though nothing more was either seen or heard of the "ghost," an indescribable sensation, as a comparison of notes later on disclosed, took possession of each and every crew whenever they approached Ravine Road after night fall.

On the night of May 13th, we were ordered to run "light" and "wild" to the gravel pit, to take out the following morning a train-load of ballast. The air was so intensely still and sultry, that in order to enjoy in greater comfort the ride before us, the conductor, head-brakeman and myself clambered upon the pilot and seated ourselves on the long tool box directly in front of the smoke arch. Here we got an exhilarating breeze. A ride of a few miles brought us into a beautiful valley. Far off over the mountain tops we could see the almost incessant flashes of lightning and now and then hear the muffled roll of thunder. While thus engaged we were startled to hear our engine's call for brakes. Instinctively grasping the head light stanchion to resist the shock, I held on for dear life. The next instant I was horrified to see not ten yards ahead, bumping along over the ties, now on this side of the rail, now on the other, the object we all so dreaded. It was not until I saw the short, lithe form of Bill Lewis, our engineer, who we had often heard remark "feared nothing on earth," dart in front of the engine and down the track that we realized that the engine was at a standstill. On, on, rolled the dead man's head, with Bill in hot pursuit yelling "Stop! Stop! Stop!" in tones that almost froze our blood. "Good God!" exclaimed Wesley, grasping my arm with a vise-like grip "Bill has gone stark mad." "Hey Sam," he yelled in almost the same breath, to the fireman "let her out a peg till we overtake him." The ponderous drivers had hardly made a dozen revolutions when, to our horror we heard Bill utter a blood-curdling yell and saw him throw himself upon the object he had been pursuing. It was now intensely cold on the front end and we three went inside; Sam, the fireman, with blanched face and nervous hand, held the throttle. We were again at a standstill. "Look!" said he and then the engine, as if in perfect accord with our feelings, slowly recoiled from the scene. "Great God!" was his next exclamation as he shut off steam and pointed his long, bony fingers straight ahead: See! he's got it." Coming straight towards us waving his cap in the air with his left hand, he held in his right by the long coarse hair, the severed head. Its face seemed even whiter and more ghastly than when last seen by us exactly six months before. We could no longer look at it and so turning our heads in an opposite direction, waited, we knew not for what. "I've put it safely away in the box, boys," said a voice as low and sweet as a woman's, "so now let's git." It was Bill who spoke and standing silently with one hand on the throt-

tle and the other on the reverse lever, he appeared to be the only self-possessed man in the cab. The storm in all its fury burst upon us before we had covered two miles; nor did it cease until our arrival at the Gravel Pit. Each occupant of the cab seemed wrapped in melancholy thought. Not a word was spoken until the engine had backed into the switch. Then after "knocking out her front end" and covering her "fire, Bill, who never conversed while the engine was in motion, "thawed out." "Poor Tom's head," said he, "looks as natural as life. We can do nothing with it to-night, so let us see that it is all right and then turn in." One by one we descended from the cab and assembled in front of the pilot. "Don't be alarmed, Pinkey," said Bill, placing his hand in a fatherly way upon my shoulder "it won't hurt you; besides it might mistake your face for a boiled shirt and crawl into it." Even as he spoke these words, big, honest tears coursed down his cheeks and, mingling with his beard, glistened like morning dew. Reverently he approached the box and raised the lid. Through eyes dimmed with tears every motion was noticed in painful silence. Carefully removing an old pair of overalls, tattered and torn almost to shreds, he thrust his hand deeper into the box and brought forth a piece of canvass. Spreading this across the bumping blocks he paused a moment, wiped tears from his eyes and in an attitude of prayer, knelt before the box. In another instant we were horrified to see dangling by its hair, tightly clutched in his strong right arm, the grinning teeth, the half-closed eyes and the snow-white breast of an opossum.

TO THE MEMORY OF AN OLD FRIEND.

By EDWARD DELANEY.

The relays and sounders almost cried
 The night Jim Golden died.
 And a hush came o'er the wires that night,
 As upward Jim's spirit took its flight.
 The fellow that sat on my right hand side
 Said he wouldn't work
 The night Jim Golden died.

The wires couldn't work harder if they tried
 The night Jim Golden died.
 The ink seemed thick and the blanks were rough,
 Some how or other we all felt tough;
 Just like you'd feel if your mo'her died,
 And there wasn't a joke told
 The night Jim Golden died.

Even the wires on the pole out side,
 Seemed to grieve when Jim Golden died.
 The mournful dirge they seemed to sing.
 All through the office came whispering,
 And the distant rumbling of the heavy tide
 Came as a death knell,
 When Jim Golden died.

If the Gods ere wept, they surely cried
 The night Jim Golden died.
 The elements were so mixed up in him,
 You couldn't help but love poor Jim;
 His heart was big; his friendship wide.
 There was a stranger in Heaven,
 When Jim Golden died.

MY TELEGRAPHIC DUEL.

A TRUE STORY.

(BY HARRY A. DU SOUCHET.)

I lay with my head resting upon my left arm, while my right hand grasped the key. I was suffering excruciating pains in body, limbs and head from the swamp fever, which had taken possession of me the day before.

But duty is duty, and the train reports laying on the desk before me, and which had accumulated by reason of the pros-

tration of the wire for some hours previously, must be sent that the train despatchers record might be complete. The clearing of one office meant a struggle all along the line for circuit. I made but little effort in this direction myself, preferring rather to bide my time and take such present comfort as my position allowed.

I had been on the road less than a month, stationed at that death trap built upon piles in the swamp—Frenier, Louisiana—and as yet knew personally not a single operator on the line. If you have ever been so ill and suffering such bodily torment that you cared not the flip of a penny whether you lived or died on the instant and was yet compelled to work; peevish, irritable and with a feeling of resentful animus toward all mankind, you will be able to the more clearly see and justify my subsequent action.

Byrum had secured the circuit and was sending his reports. Some one either in a spirit of mischief or pique, was alternately opening and closing the circuit causing the sender to stumble and slur his work. He bore this in silence for some moments until the impatient despatcher tartly remarked: "You'd better jack up the points on that relay while somebody else uses the circuit." "It's not my instrument; I know what it is very well; It's that blank blank blankety blank at Frenier."

I was astonished, naturally, at this wholly gratuitous, baseless and cruel accusation, and quick as a flash I retorted, "You are a liar." The torrent of abuse, vituperation and base innuendo which he now heaped upon me, an utter stranger, is unfit for polite ears or eyes; it did him credit only in so far as it showed him possessed of a most vivid imagination and an able command of billingsgate. His peroration conveyed the deadly southern insult that I was a "half nigger."

I was powerless to reply; the hot blood surged in torrents to my already throbbing brain; my arms and hands were bundles of tingling nerves; I was fighting mad with the object of my wrath nearly a hundred miles away; verbal vituperative vengeance were vain vapid vapping. I was powerless for the nonce to do aught else than to open the key and feebly ejaculate "OK. F" Presently when the wire was at leisure and I had walked off some of my superabundant excitement I called him up. I said, "You have insulted me grossly, Mr. Mollis, and as I was innocent of the act with which you charged me I demand that you retract in as public a manner as you accused." He declined with asperity, coupled with an invitation to go to a place the very existence of which is a mooted theological question, qualified by the satiation of my desires, or, reduced to the vernacular, "If I didn't like it I could go to—."

"If you are not a rank coward you will give me satisfaction," I said. "I will meet you at any time or place you may designate" was the retort.

It was arranged that we should meet at Amite City, the point at which the passengers of the north and south bound accommodation trains had 20 minutes for dinner; the weapons pistols; the *place de combat* a secluded spot near the depot; the time the next day (Sunday). Lean Nichols the operator at Amite agreed to act as my second, while an operator at the next station South of Byrum consented to perform a similar office for Mollis.

Tossing, fever-wracked upon the shake-down which served me as a bed in the same room with the instruments I heard Mollis arrange these necessary details over the wire as I also heard him later in the evening ask and receive of the despatcher a telegraphic pass from Byrum to Amite City and return for the next morning.

An hour later I made a similar request; it was refused as was also permission to absent myself from my station; I urged the matter but without avail. What was I to do? Wholly without money and in debt to the section boss for my board my trip to Amite began to look doubtful. Determined to keep my engagement at all hazards, however, I wrote two telegraphic passes—one to Amite City and return, the other

from Amite City to Frenier and return, thus obviating either of them being "take up" by the conductor.

When the accommodation arrived I dragged my attenuated form aboard and slinking into a corner of the car with a big Colt's revolver wrapped in a newspaper in my hand I must indeed have been a forlorn looking object.

At Pass Mancha, the first station North, the operator, a fine strapping fellow, who had severed his connection with the Russian Army by a process known as "French leave" and who was considerably handicapped by the English language entered the train, and upon my being pointed out to him by the conductor, had just time to wish me luck and inform me that Mollis also had started. It is almost certain that he had the conductor's ear for a moment before the train pulled out, as that gentleman very shortly took a seat beside me and put me in possession of a vast amount of information concerning the magnificent physique, nerve and shooting qualities of my opponent, all of which did not have the effect of throwing me into a wild delirium of joy, nor can it be truthfully said that it had the reverse effect. I was limpidly indifferent as to what fate fortune had in store for me. At each station the operator would board the train, grasp me by the hand, volunteer the information that Mollis was still coming South, and jumping off as the train pulled out, rush into the telegraph office and bulletin similar information concerning me "to all offices." The conductor pointed out my second standing upon the platform at Amite and approaching him and making myself known I said: "Well, Mr. Nichols, point out my man and let's have this job over as quickly as possible. Have you arranged the preliminaries?" "Everything is fixed" he replied in a tone of deep disgust, "Except that we are short a principal. You will scarcely believe it but that cowardly cur jumped the train at the last station before reaching here, and what makes it appear worse for him is that the onerousness of the action is assumed by his second who said his shoes were in such a wretched condition that pride would not permit him to appear in them under what might prove to be circumstances of considerable publicity."

The taunts and jeers to which Mollis was subjected to drove him off the road within two weeks.

As for me I was found two days after the date of the duel which I did not fight, by the conductor and engineer of a gravel train who had stopped at Frenier for orders, in a wild and fevered delirium; I had the office barricaded, and with a Colts' army revolver was holding the fort against all comers and banging away at everything in sight.

It required more *finesse* than they were capable of to get what they came for.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. NOTES.—Harry F. Ettinger, test operator for the last six months at the depot office, was transferred to Philadelphia main office, and is succeeded by George R. Wells, of Philadelphia, extra force. Mr. Wells mourns the loss of his wardrobe, which he had packed in a trunk, to be shipped after him. Unfortunately, his room companion, who left about the same time for parts unknown, took his trunk with him. Edward Runyon is operator at canal office, assistant to C. W. Sedam, who has been there a number of years. Joe Cahill runs the broker's wire for Cahill Bros. Tommy Mulligan, has succeeded John Dawson, as W. U. lineman here. He hails from Baltimore, and is a first class representative of the profession. F. J. Reilly, is clerk at main office and W. E. Wineland, manager. J. M. Burnham is manager of the Telephone Co., here, and also handled election returns on November 6th. He is an old time telegraph operator from Baltimore. The telephone business seems to be the object of a great many of our telegraphers at present.

JACKSONVILLE NOTES.—Superintendent Dillon and chief foreman Hedelin are putting in the new New York quad, which will be known as No. 34. This gives us two quads to New York. Another single wire has also been put in to South Florida, to Punta Gorda. The Board of Health of

Jacksonville has at last raised quarantine, and the telegraphers here are glad to get "30" on this epidemic. New men have been engaged, and will report on 15th. Mr. J. M. Stroud of cable office, New York, will work the Cuba end of the cable wire. Among the old force who will return, are G. C. Harris and E. B. King. Mr. Dunn, of Augusta, will also arrive. Mr. Turner leaves us for his old place in the Cotton Exchange, Augusta. G. H. Armstrong also goes to Augusta. Business is increasing very fast, and we expect our usual winter roast.

DETROIT NOTES.—Since our last notes the following changes have occurred: Mr. Burns has been transferred from the split trick to the regular night force; Mr. Connolly, nights to split trick; Mr. Carroll, nights to day force; Mr. Booth, days to night force, and Mr. O'Neill from Board of Trade to main force. Mr. Albert Brown from Wolverhampton, England, is a late arrival and is working the split trick. Mr. C. W. Williams from Chicago, is also a recent arrival. Departures are Messrs. Nelson and Donovan. On the holidays the force was divided up as usual, giving the weary knights an opportunity of chewing something besides the regular diet of "rag." It was during the forenoon of Thanksgiving day that a member of the W. U. force, who is also a member of an athletic club, participated in a game of foot-ball. That is, he participated to the extent of one inning, and then mounting a convenient fence proceeded to take notes on the number of broken noses, and free fights that occurred. He escaped with his life and was thankful.

ST. JOHN, N. B. NOTES.—Some changes have taken place here. Mr. T. M. Robinson, who had been manager for about 30 years, resigned on account of ill health, and Mr. B. S. Black, who has been a like number of years in the service, was appointed manager. Mr. Geo. S. Dodge was promoted from evening to day chief, and Mr. Geo. M. Robertson from operator to evening chief. The force: C. A. Shamber, J. M. Barnes, F. McClausland Bailey; Miss M. E. Thomas, Miss A. Thomas; Miss Helen Rogerson, A. Sterling Morrison; split trick; E. Meloy, H. H. Allingham; J. W. Ryan; North Sydney cable circuit, W. Stone Rainnie; R. Palmer Peake and William P. Robinson; Miss K. Hutchinson and C. A. McManus, checks; T. C. Wetmore, book-keeper; P. W. Snyder, cashier; R. L. B. Betts and J. I. Robinson, delivery clerks. The Canadian Pacific Telegraph Company expect to open an office here by January 1st. A great deal of speculation is indulged in as to who will be employed by the new company, but the secret is well kept, not even a rumor is afloat. The following incident shows that the average student has a great deal more "nerve" than most C. O.'s (common operators, not chief operators). An operator was sending a message to a student at a country office a few days ago, when, after repeated requests to "rend stof," the student remarked, "the book of rules says the sending operator must regulate his speed according to the ability of the receiver." The operator replied: "the rule doesn't say anything about students. Get the, operator." We wish the AGE a very Merry Christmas and a most prosperous New Year.

Nicholas Sonnenfield, a German telegraph operator, who recently arrived in New York, was induced to accept a position on an oyster steamer and after working a month was put ashore in Virginia without pay.

W. O. Snyder, a well-known Philadelphia operator, is now in the broker business and we are pleased to say is prospering.

General Superintendent Emerick, of the Postal Company, has removed his office from No. 187 to No. 1 Broadway.

E. B. Hoimes, manager of the W. U., at Port Jervis, N. Y., gave us a call recently.

Mr. D. J. Bill is now located at High Bridge, N. Y., for the N. Y. & N. R. R.

WESTERN UNION NOTES.—Miss Nora Conkling, a well-known operator in the main office, had only been at work a few minutes on Thanksgiving morning when she received word from home that her mother was dead. Miss Conkling had left her in good health an hour before and the sudden shock of the terrible news prostrated her. "Wait a minute, fight" said the man at a branch office on Thanksgiving day, to the young lady who was endeavoring to catch up with the rapidly accumulating business. It was about ten minutes afterward that a very rocky response was received from the office and the result of the encounter was learned when the instrument sorrowfully ticked out: "I've been hurt; I'm going home in a cab." Mr. Coxe and man for Mr. Cox, coachman, is the latest. Some of the telegrams passing through the office attract considerable attention. Here are a few: "In concurrence of the storm I have purshaded Mary Ann to stay all night." "I will be home 12 o'clock Drunk."

Miss Eva Pope of 990 6th ave. wire, has exchanged places for the present with Miss Robinson of the Western way wires. It is said that Miss Fillhart, of the Maritime Exchange wire has been left a considerable fortune by a distant relative. The split trick (for ladies) having been done away, as is usual on the approach of Winter, the ladies are correspondingly happy.

The joy which naturally pervades the soul of man or boy on pay day has considerably increased in Mr. John J. O'Brien's case by the presentation to him by his wife of a 13-pound baby girl, on November 30. Mr. O'Brien already hopes for another increase in a short time (not in family, but in salary). Miss Lucy Geary has returned to the office after being indisposed for a week.

At 1:30 o'clock on the morning of Dec. 3, the President's message, under the personal supervision of Chief Operator Con Myers, was started simultaneously by Messrs. King, O'Connor, Rath and Gaffney, on the South; Fitzpatrick, Heldman, Dutcher and Heritage, on the Southwest; Leith, Robbins and Patterson on the East, and Kranshaar Jennings, Nace and Green on the West. The regular night traffic chiefs, Firmin, Eastman, Burrill and McAllister, looked after its movement in their respective divisions, and as a consequence there was a "hitch" nowhere. The message contained 13,803 words and was finished by 4 o'clock. The relief operators were James Collins on the South, Frank Flood on the Southwest, and Johnny Martin on the East. The wires were in excellent condition for fast work, and were looked after at the switch by Mr. Kennedy on the East, Paul Sheehan on the South, Dr. Hallock on the Southwest, and John Sabine on West. The reason why Harry Heritage is so much better-natured than usual is accounted for by the arrival at his house a few days ago of a pretty little daughter. The following correspondence speaks for itself: "Mr. Tobin: We were piled up at midnight to-night and asked your help. You sent Mr. Delaney (The 'Brevity Man'—Ed.) and he was the best sub. we ever had in this office, either as regular Morse or abbreviating sender. His work for an hour and a half was remarkable. Thanks.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean Bureau.*" When this communication reached Mr. Sink, a smile was seen to steal over the face of the genial night manager as he reached for his pen and "respectfully referred" to Mr. Delaney the document with this endorsement: "This is very nice. Keep it up. "You'll get there yet." Martin Irwin is spending the holidays at his old home, Columbus, Pa. The neatly-framed diagram of the electric light circuit in the general operating department which adorns the wall on the north side of the building is a work of art that reflects much credit upon the designer, Mr. Wm. A. Van Orden, who unassisted traced out and located the various loops, connections, etc.

Our sympathies are extended to Messrs. John Cleverdon and Nixey Wedin who have met with irreparable losses by the death of their wives; also to Jack Riley who recently

lost his son, a bright, manly young fellow, and last but not least to All Night Wire Chief Paul Sheehan, whose father-in-law died a few days before Christmas. For the first time in the history of this journal, every subscriber in the office received his or her copy of the Christmas number of the ELECTRIC AGE. Those whose habit it has been to appropriate to their own use that for which others had paid were for the first time in their lives put to the painful necessity of either buying a copy or going without. The large sales justifies the assertion that very few cared to do the latter. Harry Jolly's kindness in stepping forth and volunteering to deliver to each subscriber personally, his or her paper, rendered it impossible for any to go astray. As each number weighed close on to a pound, some idea of the enormous load he carried that day (no, dear reader, Harry is strictly temperate) may be imagined from the fact that no less than three mail sacks filled to the top were received here for distribution. Your correspondent returns thanks to Chief Operators Con Myers, Cummings and Miss McNally, for courtesies extended in making the Christmas number such a beautiful album.

POSTAL NOTES.—As usual at this season of the year, business has fallen off considerably. Several operators have been laid off on this account and others have been given split tricks. As soon as business warrants it, they will all resume their former positions. Mr. E. W. Applegate has resigned. F. E. McKiernan succeeds him as Western Wire Chief, with C. A. Richardson, as assistant. F. A. Ganung has been appointed city chief in place of Mr. Richardson. The promotions are all so well deserved that the management of the office cannot fail to be benefited thereby. Mr. Butterfield has taken charge of the pay rolls instead of Mr. Lewis. His system of paying off the operators will need a few slight changes before it can be called perfection. A large photograph of all the chiefs connected with the office has been taken and no doubt will prove to be an interesting picture when finished. Several non-paying Mutual District wires have been abandoned. Miss M. L. Wenk has resigned.

Mr. John J. Seitz, our Hamilton, Ont. agent, displays his enterprise and appreciation of the AGE, by sending us a list of forty subscribers secured in about one week.

Mr. A. E. Wackford, of the W. U., Springfield, Mass., won \$5,000 recently in the Louisiana lottery. He had expended \$8.00 in the scheme altogether.

Richard C. Toft has been transferred to the eighth district A. D. T. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Frank B. Rae, a well-known operator, is building an electric railway at Elkhart, Ind.

Mr. M. L. Smith has accepted a position with the Consolidated Coal Co., at St. Louis, Mo.

Charles B. Obst, a well-known New York operator, buried his father a few days ago.

R. J. Shannon, of New York, has gone to Boston for the Financial Telegram Co.

F. N. Andrews, formerly of Albany, is now in Rutland, Vt.

Sherman McIlhaney has been appointed manager of the W. U., Ashland, Ky., vice C. W. Walker, who has transferred to Charleston, Va., where he relieves E. C. Buechler, who goes to Nashville, Tenn.

Mr. H. J. Duncan, formerly with the W. U., at Elizabeth, N. J., has been appointed secretary to R. Stewart, superintendent of telegraph, Central R. R., of N. J.

Mr. M. Dolan, day manager and E. W. Sherman, night manager for the West Shore at Weehawken, N. J., have exchanged positions.

Electrician Burke claims to have perfected his new cable system so that a speed of twenty-seven words per minute has been attained by Morse signals.

MARRIED.—December 25th, Mr. D. J. Bill to Miss Mamie L. Wenk, both well-known telegraphers of New York. Miss Wenk was a popular member of the Postal force, all the members of which unite in an expression of hearty congratulation. Mr. Bill was for a long time with the Long Island road. He is now stenographer and operator for the New York and Northern, and is well and favorably known.

One day in September last, Miss Grace N. Hutchinson, the beautiful daughter of C. F. Hutchinson, a well-known Boston telegrapher, fell into the Ipswich river, at Ipswich, Mass., and was rescued by Charles E. Goodhue as she was going down beneath the water for the third time. Mr. Goodhue carried a silver watch, and it was ruined by water. On Christmas eve, before a company of friends, Mr. Hutchinson presented Mr. Goodhue with a costly gold watch, which was appropriately inscribed.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—The telegraph people distributed the usual number of presents. General Superintendent Zuebliin, of Columbus, Ohio, presented each of his employes with a turkey. Manager Weinman, of the Postal office, Dayton, Ohio, performed a similar kindness to the married men, while the single ones down to the messengers, received appropriate gifts.

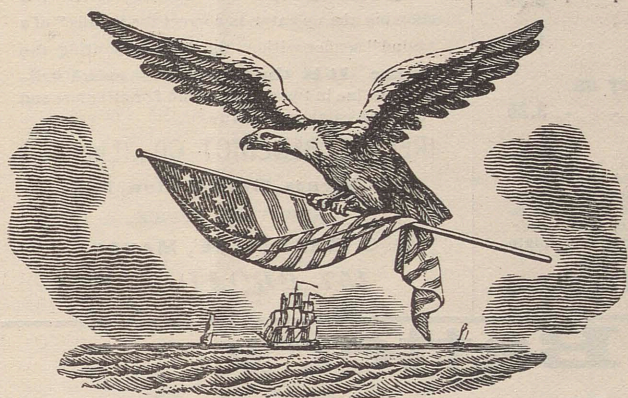
Cable Appointment.—Mr. Robert J. Needham has been appointed superintendent of the Anglo-American Cable Co., at Duxbury, Mass., *vice* Gaines, deceased.

NOTICE.

Closing Performance and Reception by the New York Telegraph Operators, at Turn Hall, on Tuesday evening, February 19th. Address all communications, J. C. Vancura, Secretary, 195 Broadway, New York.

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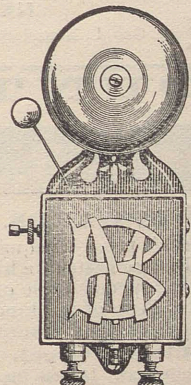
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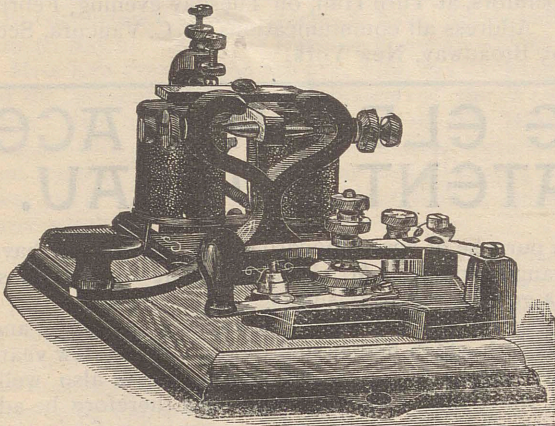
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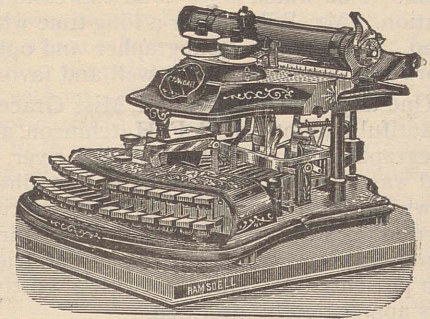
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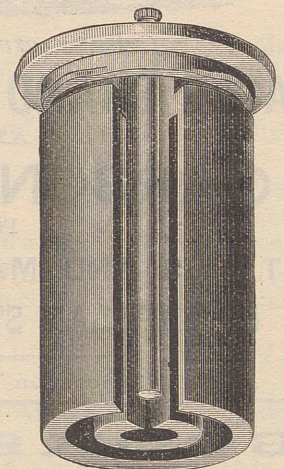
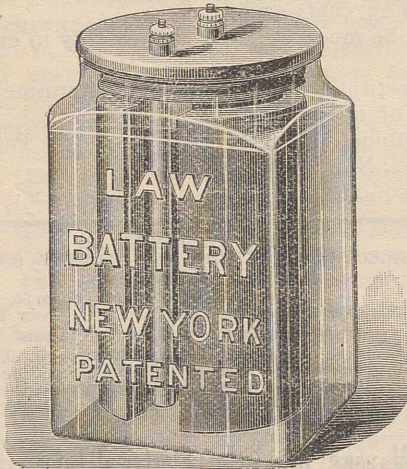
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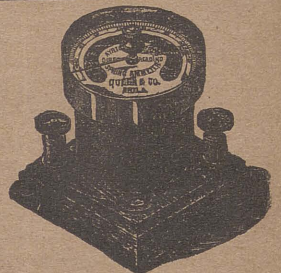
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