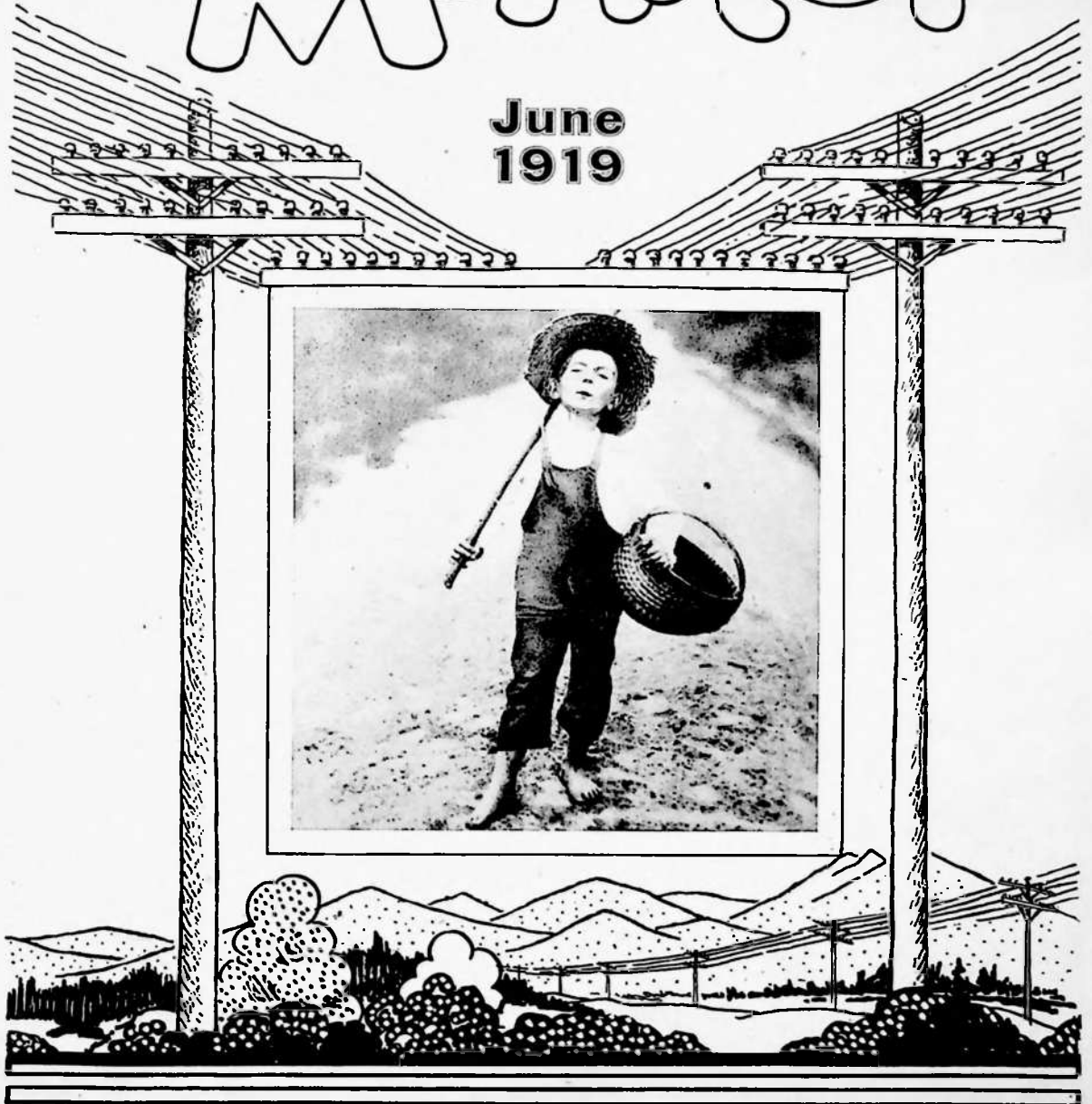


The Monitor

June
1919



The Mountain States Telephone *and* Telegraph Co.

The Barefoot Boy

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry, whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace.
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride,
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

—Whittier.

The MOUNTAIN STATES MONITOR

DENVER COLORADO

J. F. GREENAWALT, Editor Δ ELEANOR C. KILBOURN, Asst. Editor

P. R. Hospe
C. A. Poff

Eastern Division }
Western Division }

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

J. U. Hiltz
E. A. J. Seddon

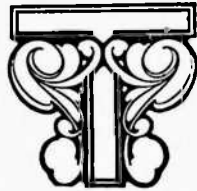
Northern Division
Southern Division

Issued Every Month by The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company
Subscription Price One Dollar a Year. Free to Employees

JUNE :: NINETEEN-NINETEEN

Cobwebs and Cables

"Least is he marked that doth
as most men do."—Drayton.



THE line of least resistance has a peculiar fascination for most people. The traveled road of endeavor is crowded with the plodding mass while only the few blaze new trails into the farther realms of thought and action. To be sure it requires courage, independence and self-confidence to break away from the beaten paths of daily routine and essay to establish unproven theories or methods; but out of such excursions into the untried, the big worth-while things of our political and commercial world have been evolved.

These thoughts apply very intimately to our own institution. We see examples all about us that emphasize the truth of the quotation, "Least is he marked that doth as most men do." Conversely, too, this truth stands out in the examples

we see of those who have had the initiative to evolve new ideas and the courage to proclaim them. They are most marked among us for not being satisfied with doing as most men do in following the rut of custom. They are the ones among us who keep our methods, our policies and our development in the forefront of commercial and industrial progress.

An old proverb says "Habits are at first cobwebs, then cables." While they are still filmy fibers habits are easily shaken off; but having become cables, they are permanent shackles that make progress difficult.

The point is that it pays to originate ideas; to think new thoughts concerning one's particular job; to study out undiscovered possibilities; to refuse to accept as perfect what custom or habit has established. Individual progress is impossible along the road of level monotony. It must follow the road that leads uphill all the way.



GEYSERS TO GLACIERS



By E. A. MURPHY



GEYSERS TO GLACIERS—not the title to a mythical story, nor the expression of a poet's dream, but the name of the motor trail which links together two of nature's wonderlands, lands which are among the wonders of the world.

On June 20, 1919, the first link in a great motor highway system connecting the national parks of the West and Northwest will be opened. Over this highway, which is designated as the "Geysers-to-Glaciers Trail," will be operated, on regular schedule,

the big motor busses of the Yellowstone and Glacier Parks, both systems terminating at Helena, which is midway between the two parks and the transfer point for tourists.

It is not my intention to describe, nor could I, if I so desired, the wonderful scenes through which the trail leads us, for who can describe the grandeur of the Wolf Creek canon, with its towering cliffs, just north of Helena, or paint the beauties of the stately pines and babbling mountain streams stocked with fish through which we pass? Talmage, with all the

inspiration of his soul, and Moran, with his wonderful touch of the brush on canvas, have confessed their in-

ability to adequately describe either in words or colors the magnificence of the scenery with which Montana is endowed.

The officials of the two parks, H. W. Child and Roe Emery, after many trial trips of inspection and investigation, selected the shortest and best route across Montana between the two parks. The route, as finally selected, passes through eight counties—Park, Gallatin, Broadwater, Jefferson, Lewis and Clarke, Teton, Pondera and Glacier.

The distance from the Gardiner entrance of the Yellowstone Park to the entrance of the Glacier Park is 385 miles, and the trip is to be made in two days. Helena to be the night stopover point at the end of the first day's journey.

The trail is over what is proclaimed by eminent naturalists and tourists to be the most wonderful scenic highway in America, and finds expression in the words of the late James J. Hill: "Montana has the most wonderful scenery in the United States."

Starting at Gardiner, the motorist drives along the Yellowstone river, through the beautiful canons of Park county, passes through the thriving city of Livingston, and then enters the prosperous farming community of the Gallatin valley, on the banks of the silvery Gallatin river—a section of the state which won for Montana the title of "The Granary of the World." Bozeman, the site of the State Agricultural College, and the county seat of Gallatin county, is the luncheon stop of the first day, exactly 89.6 miles from our starting point. Leaving Bozeman, the tourist passes through two contrasting types of scenery—just after



Swift Current Pass, Showing Nine Lakes and Many Glaciers, Glacier National Park



Broadwater Hotel and Plunge, Near Helena



Trophy Awarded Lewis and Clarke County for Best Roadways Covered in Tour from St. Paul to Pacific Coast

leaving Bozeman will be seen some of the best farms in the United States, but soon the green and verdure of the level lowlands blends into a scene of mountains and ravines. This marks our entrance into Jefferson county, and on our way to Boulder, the county seat and the site of the State School for Deaf and Dumb, will be found a spectacular mountain road of easy grades, picturesque turns and beautiful views.

In a short time the motorist is in Lewis and Clarke county, whose roadways were awarded the \$1,000 silver trophy offered by Louis W. Hill to the county having the best roads traversed in an automobile tour from St. Paul to the Pacific coast. Motoring along past extensive cattle ranches, modern dairies and fields of waving grain, we pass through the smelter city of East Helena, with its high smokestacks rising hundreds of feet in the air.

No sooner have we turned our eyes from these silent sentinels, representative of one of Montana's greatest industries, than we suddenly come into view of Helena, the capital of Montana and the "Tourist's

palatial homes, the Indian has migrated and given way to the white man and civilization, and the quaint and curious stage coach, seen now only on the screen portraying frontier days in the far West, has been relegated to that particular location which is valued at so much per pound, and its replacement by automobiles in such large numbers has made the reputation for Helena of a city of motor cars. Soon we are speeding up the main business thoroughfare of the city, Main street, formerly the famous Last Chance gulch, and from which was taken \$30,000,000 in gold with pick and shovel, sluice-box, sieve and pan. Traveling westward, we pass through another residence section, a section of beautiful and expensive homes, surrounded with beds of flowers, fountains and sunken gardens. By way of either the scenic LeGrand canon or Hauser boulevard we reach our overnight stopping place, Broadwater—"The Carlsbad of America." Here we find at the foot of Mt. Helena, a peak of the Rocky Mountains, and at the mouth of a beautiful canon through which flows the Ten-Mile creek, a



Trout Creek Canon, Near Helena

Twilight on Lake Helena

Priest Pass Road, West of Helena

Paradise." To the left is seen the state capitol building, a credit to modern architectural beauty. To the right as far as the eye can see we look out over the Prickly Pear valley, where lie more than a million acres of the state's most productive land. Still further in the distance, like a silver thread on a bed of green, flows the mighty Missouri, which in addition to irrigating the valley through which it wends its way has been harnessed by the ingenuity of man and made to furnish light and power for homes and industries throughout the state.

Traveling over paved streets, parked on both sides with grass and trees, and brilliantly lighted at night, we enter a section of the business district of the city. Don't anticipate, kind reader or prospective tourist, seeing a community of log huts, Indians in their primitive wartime regalia and early-day stage coaches, for if such is your anticipation you will be sadly disappointed. Although such was Helena's beginning, like many other towns in Montana, the log huts have long since been replaced by modern business buildings and

modern and well-appointed hotel and the Broadwater natatorium, the largest inclosed natural hot water plunge in the world, measuring 150 by 400 feet. The water is supplied by natural hot springs, beneficial for rheumatism, and has an average temperature of about 100 degrees. Here the tired traveler may be refreshed in a pool which will ever be remembered as one of the real pleasures of the trip. The well-kept lawns, beds of flowers and spraying fountains give the impression of a private garden rather than a tourist resort.

From Helena side trips will be operated to various places of interest and beauty. One of these trips, and one which should not be overlooked by tourists, is a trip through the productive Prickly Pear valley, already mentioned, to Lake Helena on the Missouri river, a distance of about sixteen miles from the heart of the city. A launch ride through the historic Gate of the Mountains and along towering cliffs discloses the beauty of a type of Montana scenery which can only be enjoyed by being viewed from the water.

Helena has made ample arrangements for caring for the thousands of tourists who will enter its portals each year. Its hotels are among the best in the country and well equipped to accommodate them, and the tourist will find in Helena citizens a welcome and hospitality which has never been lost sight of since the early frontier days—the days of the vigilantes and outlaws.

Here our journey is half over and we transfer to the Glacier Park cars, which cover the last lap of the trail. Leaving Helena, we travel northward, past the State Fair exposition grounds, through a fertile farming country, and view to our left the famous Scratch Gravel mining district. This stretch of our journey takes us over the best roads in the state and through a country most abundantly endowed with nature's beauties. Following the Little Prickly Pear river, we motor through Wolf Creek and Dearborn canons. This particular stretch of roadway is described by H. W. Child, who has toured in almost every state of the Union and many foreign countries, as the most wonderful drive he has ever taken.

Passing through Augusta, the trail leads us into Choteau, the seat of Teton county, 108 miles from Helena and 89.5 miles from our destination. Here luncheon is obtained. Motoring northwest, we go through a stock country where graze in large herds premium Montana cattle, and get a taste of real Western romance as we pass through the Blackfoot Indian reservation—across prairie and plain, up and down, and around buttes and mountains, stopping at Browning, where we see a modern Western trading station, with Indians and cowboys in their native haunts.

Always along the route can be seen towering in the distance the great snow-capped peaks of the Rockies, which guide the motorist into Glacier Park.

Along the routes are innumerable camping spots, with fresh mountain springs bubbling from the ground, where touring campers can pitch their tents and enjoy the pleasures and excitement of angling for mountain trout, the gamest fish that swims in fresh waters.

The route from park to park is marked every two miles with handsome steel markers showing the route to be followed, the distance to the next town and the distance from the last stop, so that there is no possibility for the motorist to go astray.

The toll lines of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company follow this highway practically the whole distance. From Livingston to Helena the route is paralleled by the Helena-Beach toll lead, which carries a loaded phantom circuit for transcontinental service. This lead carries from one to five crossarms and from five to twenty-five circuits. The lines of the Telephone Company pass through eighteen toll stations and seven exchanges along the highway, so that tourists can readily obtain connection with any point desired.

From Helena northward can be seen the Helena-Great Falls toll lead connecting the more settled communities with the new towns of the northern part of the state.

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company has done much toward the development of Montana, having linked together, through its miles of copper wires, cities, towns and hamlets. Even before a wagon road is clearly established, and long before railroad connection is even dreamed of, the Telephone Company, unsolicited and unheralded, oftentimes over precipitous mountains and rushing streams, and through forests and underbrush, blazes a trail and establishes connection between the new-found community and the outside world.

Cooperating with the county and state highway commissions is the federal government, through the secretary of the interior, who has announced that federal funds are available for keeping in shape the park-to-park highway connecting the great system of national parks, embracing the Rocky Mountain National Park of Colorado (Estes), the Yellowstone of Wyoming and Glacier of Montana.

Montana, through Helena, its capital, extends to every citizen of this country a real Western invitation to come and motor within its boundaries, assuring everyone that a Western invitation will mean a Western reception.

Pictures, courtesy of Leslie Lyle, Helena, and Helena Commercial Club.



Group of Typical American Officers

Looking very serene and warlike, and dolled up in their Sam Browne belts, the officers of the 405th telegraph battalion lined up in front of headquarters in Mayen, on the Rhine, this time facing nothing more formidable than a camera, and had a group picture taken.



Left to right, they are, first row: Major Richard E. Walsh, battalion commander; Major A. W. Young, Captain E. R. Hannibal and Captain J. W. Wine, medical officer.

Second row: First Lieutenant Norman E. Baylor, First Lieutenant Charles F. Kunsemiller, Jr., Adjutant; First Lieutenant Frank W. Blythe, First Lieutenant Robert W. Abright, Second Lieutenant John Z. Hoke.

A. W. Young, with whom most of us are acquainted, now wears the gold leaf of a major, and Captain Hannibal, who left us a first lieutenant, will return with the two silver bars.

"Splicing" the "Bridle Wire"



Mr. and Mrs. Dean Dalton Clark of El Paso, Texas

When Ella Miriam Sullivan, one of the most popular society editors on a big Denver daily, wrote "30" at the end of her last "story," the staff gathered around her in the "rep" room and wanted to know why she wouldn't "fill the space" any more?

"Oh, nothing much," she said. "You see, it's just this way: This 'copy grind' of writing 'double-leaded ten-point' accounts of 'nonpareil fillers' is about to 'pi' my nervous system, and I'm going to 'lock up' the

'forms' and 'go to press' for life."

Then Freckles, the office boy, grinned and blurted out: "Oh, I know! She's goin' to 'splice' up with that telephone feller down in Texas, that's what she is."

"Well, he needs a 'bridle wire electrose insulator' anyway," put in the P. B. X. operator, "and then besides, a 'twisted pair' is stronger than a 'one-party' after it is 'cut over'—and then——"

"COPY!" yelled the old "print," and the "makeup man" grabbed the "shooting stick" and drove a "quoin" into the "chase."

But, seriously—or happily, rather—it was a May wedding of more than ordinary interest to Mountain States people that united Mrs. Ella Miriam Sullivan, a popular and successful newspaper woman of Denver, and Mr. Dean D. Clark, division commercial superintendent of our company, of El Paso, Texas. With only a few of their relatives and most intimate friends about them, the ceremony was read by Rev. H. S. Foster, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert George, in Denver. As the central figure in an environment of spring blossoms, the bride was lovely in her gown of orchid pink georgette and tricolette and the groom looked his happiest in the conventional black.

Before starting on her journalistic career, Mrs. Sullivan was with the Mountain States company in Denver, and the wedding was the outcome of a very deep mutual interest which developed into the stronger attachment.

A number of handsome and valuable gifts were received by the bride, who is widely known and greatly liked in social and newspaper circles in Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark left for their home in El Paso on the evening of their wedding day.



Restoration of Telephone Systems to Former Control Asked of Congress

The following letter, jointly signed by President Vail of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and President G. W. Robinson of the U. S. Independent Telephone Association, has been addressed to Congress, now in session:

To the Members of the Senate and House of Representatives:

On midnight, July 31, 1918, under the authority of Congress for war purposes, the President took supervision, possession, control and operation of the telephone systems of the country, and has since operated them. The war has practically ceased. The public press is strongly demanding, the general public and the owners of the telephone properties are urging, that they be returned as speedily as possible, that former conditions may be restored and more satisfactory service be afforded. The President and the Postmaster-General have announced that this will be done as soon as adequate arrangements be provided for receiving and advantageously operating them. It remains only for Congress to enact such legislation as speedily as possible.

The expenses of these systems have largely increased during the past year, for wages alone, at the rate of more than \$20,000,000 per annum. This was inevitable and necessary by reason of larger proportional increases by the railroads and industries of the country. The revenues are inadequate to care for such increases, and the deficit of the government on that account to date is largely and steadily increasing. The Postmaster-General ordered that steps be taken to secure adequate revenues, but contentions with the regulatory authorities of the states, not yet settled, have prevented such adjustments.

If such conditions continue, necessarily the credit of the operating companies will be impaired, proper expenses cannot be met, the best operating forces cannot be retained, needed extensions and satisfactory service cannot be provided. A deterioration will ensue which in some localities may threaten a recurrence to public ownership or operation in order to care, even inadequately, for public needs. By prompt action Congress can prevent this contingency.

Just and speedy settlements should be made for all properties taken under the existing law, that such balances now in the possession of the government may be restored to assist in the upbuilding and extension of the various systems for better public use. The conditions and regulation of operation should be clearly defined so as to permit the companies to re-establish and maintain a satisfactory service, with reasonable rates, without discrimination, and procure the benefits of legitimate competition. The principal operating companies of the United States are vitally interested in co-operating with Congress and the officials of the government to accomplish these results.

THEO. N. VAIL,

President American Telephone & Telegraph Co.

G. W. ROBINSON,

President U. S. Independent Telephone Ass'n.



The occupation soldiers' interpretation of S. O. S. is "Stuck Over Seas."

They say love makes the world go round. No wonder the love-lorn get so dizzy.

Friendship is the thing that gets you up out of bed to let your neighbor use your telephone.

In politics it is not what a man is, but what the voters think he is, that puts him over or under.

Our appetites may have been just as good in the old days of L. C. L., but we didn't notice them so much.

When you see a good thing, get behind it; but don't lie down in the shade while the other fellow does the pushing.

Our boys in France have been eating 200,000 pounds of lemon drops per month. Even at that, they are the sweetest bunch over there.

Little Johnny, being called on the rug by his daddy for being at the foot of the class, diplomatically replied: "That's all right, Pa. They teach the same at both ends."

The man who professes to believe that he has no responsibility in this world other than to exist, would benefit the community more if he would cease doing even that much.

And now they say the 17-year locusts are booked for the middle states this year. Oh, well, there's at least honor among the little cormorants—they let us know they're coming.

There's an equal chance for you and me, no matter just where we stand; so don't get blue and cease to strive because you can't lead the band; there are things to do and lots to learn while marching along the trail—if you can't be leading the herd to grass, then twist some slow steer's tail; so don't give up and get cold feet—keep prodding as best you can, and by and by your turn will come to show your worth as a man.

SHORT CIRCUIT THROBS BY RIPS



Logical and Sound Reasoning

"As a working principle, the average citizen means to be fair in his judgment concerning public utilities," says the New State Magazine, Arizona, "but a popular assumption is that franchise holders, through their monopoly, have not only a steady but a protected revenue that insures big profits. * * * More often than otherwise this assumption is a fiction that fast develops into a prejudice which receives a new impetus with each succeeding collection day.

"The only automatic governor that can regulate this growing sentiment is to hammer into the public mind by one means or another a knowledge of the actual conditions under which each public service utility is operated. Too many of us cherish our prejudices rather than open our minds to enlightenment.

"Public utilities are a public necessity. To impair the service means a greater loss to the public, and a more important one, than the loss to investors in public securities. Yet it is an incontestable fact that the price at which any service can be continuously sold must be governed by its cost. This is no less true under public ownership than under private ownership. Sixty-five per cent of the telephone's gross revenue is paid for labor, which cost has increased more than 35 per cent. This, with the increase in the cost of materials, runs into stupendous figures."

The other day I sat down beside a man (?) who ate mashed potatoes with his knife, and devoured his soup with loud avidity. I couldn't stand the inhuman onslaught he was making on the defenseless viands on



his plate, so I moved. The waitress was peeved because she had to give me a transfer, but I smiled through it all, because the Telephone Company teaches us to be polite, courteous and long-suffering even in the face of human swine.

Tell It to Others

Folks, here's a chance for you to help others, and that is one of the finest things anyone can do. No, it won't cost you a cent, and it will give to you an opportunity to let the rest of us know "how you did it."



Do you know, there are just a lot of us fellows and fellowesses, who really want to be thrifty, but don't know how! And we are going to ask you who have gotten the edge on Old Man Hard Up to tell us all about it in a short article in The Monitor. Tell it in your own sweet way. The article may be signed or unsigned, but we would like to have your name for our own reference.

Tell us how you got ahead. Did you raise a pig, keep a hen, buy war stamps, teach dancing lessons, raise a garden, invest in stocks or bonds, or start a fish hatchery? There are hundreds of employes in this great telephone family who want to get ahead, but don't seem to know how. There are others who have been more thrifty and have accumulated enough for a nice little start in life.

How did you do it? Tell us something about it. Your story might be of possible service to your associates in directing their minds toward accredited channels of saving and investment.

* * * *

Upper Story Rentals

Are there any vacant rooms in your head, or are your thought-cells all occupied by good live tenants? And is God's investment in you bringing any dividends, or is your belfry dusty and hollow?

Rather impertinent questions to ask of a thinking man, you will say; but even the thinking man who reads this may find some food for profitable thought. A man whose head is so chock-full that he can't learn any more has passed his point of usefulness.

The Lincoln Telephone News makes a good point when it asks just how roomy is the space in a man's head, and then says that nobody has ever been able to measure just how great it is. Alexander Graham Bell built a giant telephone system in his. Thomas A. Edison has erected innumerable things inside his skull, and is still at it. Charles M. Schwab, who was recently offered fifty-three millions for his interest in the Bethlehem steel mills, pieced the plant together under where his hair luxuriates.

Everything that men's hands have put together previously existed in men's brains. The world's great inventors and business builders didn't just guess at results. They didn't pick up things as a child would a handful of blocks and think that by throwing them together chance might fashion something worth while.

Get the idea? Well, the point we are seeking to make is this: What's the room in your head worth to you? Are you paying a good rent for that room? The world isn't going to keep on doing things in the way she is doing now; neither is she going to keep on using the same tools and methods. Somebody is going to think these new things out. What's the matter

with you being one of those somebodies? Each day, in your work, you handle things or follow methods that someone before you in that job devised. Turn your brain loose and see if you can't do better than he did. Instead of marveling at the ingenuity of that fellow, let your fancy free. Fill up the room in your head with something that will pay you dividends.

* * * *

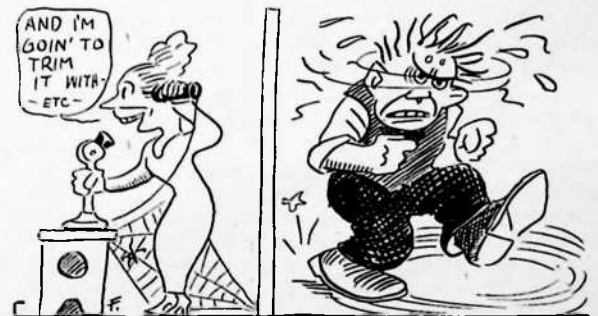
"Beat It!"



There's an axiom in life composed of two words; just stop for a thought and repeat it; you'll find it will help wherever you go—the two little words are "beat it." In love or in war there is no walk-away—you've got a big fight to defeat it; so buckle your cinch right up to the hilt, and go in with a vim to "beat it." No matter what comes or goes, my friend, at home, in business or play, it's up to you to get in the van and do your part each day, and though the road is rough and steep, just swell up your chest and meet it, and if your wife hangs out the rug, just grab up a club—and "beat it!"

* * * *

This "carry-on" plea we are hearing so much about doesn't mean that two women on a "party line" should carry on a conversation until the cows come



home, while the other party-liners are walking the floor and saying mean things about the telephone company.

* * * *

Old Men For Achievement

The great war has imposed burdens and strains on the men in responsibility which, in a large measure, are beyond comprehension. The ages of the men who have carried these burdens and have accomplished results are quite astonishing:

Clemenceau	77	Wilson	62
Foch	67	Okuma	80
Joffre	67	Mercier	67
Asquith	66	Orlando	58
Lloyd-George	55	Sonnino	71
Hindenburg	71	Earl Grey	67

Pounding a Typewriter

By Geraldine Remwood

"Clinton McKean, United States District attorney for the state of Oregon, passed swiftly through the crowded anteroom, seated himself behind the heavy oak table in his own office and put his finger on the button which announced to Miss Myrtle Point, busily pounding the typewriter among all these waiting people, that he was ready for his daily round."



So ran the opening paragraph of a story in a recent number of a widely-read magazine. It wasn't very striking, although critics say that the opening paragraph should have a punch, and it wouldn't have attracted my attention if I hadn't queried why Myrtle was "pounding" the typewriter. But it seems that a stenographer, in fact or in fiction, doesn't do her duty by a typewriter unless she "pounds" it, and in the name of the maligned and suffering sisterhood of stenographers, I, a self-appointed champion, protest. It sounds as if the nimble-fingered operator, who may pride herself on the lightness of her touch, had a chronic spite against the inoffensive machine and wanted to beat it to death. There may be days when she feels that she would like to beat something or somebody, but the average typist has no grievance against the machine. She only wishes it had a permanent ribbon that never had to be changed, for that is one job she wriggles out of if there is an office boy anywhere that can be inveigled into it. Even the prettiest bi-chrome, red and black affair has no attraction, though girls do like ribbons, and as for the hectograph, that undoes the work of the best manicurist, a bas with it!

But the typewriter has been to many girls a very present help in time of need. I have no idea how many graduate, post-graduate and under-graduate stenographers there are living under the star-spangled banner, but in the course of a somewhat extended business career I've met several hundred, and I do know that but for the old reliable Underwoods and Remingtons a good many of the craft would be fretting and discontented at work that was far less pleasant and remunerative.

So they come from the farms and stores and factories to pore over pothooks and learn the latest approved method of "pounding" a typewriter. There is a story of a girl who had to be shown by her preceptress how to put the paper in the machine, and there is another one that beats that, of a girl fresh from the ranch, with the scent of the sweet clover still clinging round her skirts, who had never seen a typewriter until it met her interested gaze in a business college.

Personally I've sent several machines to the repair shop, and put a few out of commission, "pounded" them to death, as the penny-a-line writer, in his original way, would express it. But that was because I needed the money and not that I had any grudge against the poor machines. The one I'm tapping this story out on will have to go to its rest ere long. When the repair man came to look it over and got its number he informed me that it was rather an ancient

piece of mechanism; that the factory had turned out 499,791 machines since this one learned to spell. Shades of Remington and Underwood! It is borne in upon me sadly that my fingers and not my face are my fortune!

While I'm about it, there's another cheap joke and favorite little libel that I wish to refute. The four million dollars' worth of chewing gum that enabled a certain manufacturer to buy a large island off the Pacific coast was not all chewed by stenographers. We have the written word of no less an authority than Mr. Irvin Cobb, who has been about quite a bit, mixing with the populace, that the bulk of the chewing



gum produced in this country must be purchased and chewed—and then thrown away—by Chautauqua audiences; he is sure of it, for has it not stuck to his new buckskin shoes and his clothing, and at times almost spoiled his serenity? And we know that Chautauqua audiences are not composed entirely of the sweet creatures who never make a typographical error. We are beginning to suspect that even high-brows backslide when they are on a Chautauqua orgy.

The typewriter is a great little invention even though it does insist upon having its cranky spells just when there is a mountain of work on hand, and no perfect muffler has yet been devised to decrease its noise. I recall one occasion when I was tearing along on daily copy in an important lawsuit that was being tried in a small town miles from a typewriter repair shop. The rolls of the machine wouldn't work together; one grew tired, the other felt fresh and active, so they went andante and allegro until the work looked as if it had been cut out by a dressmaker—on the bias. One of those long hypothetical questions that no witness ever understands and lawyers themselves wander around in and finally lose their way, would start, let us say, on line 3 in the upper left-hand corner of numbered line paper and dip at an angle of 45 degrees until it would finish on line 27 lower right hand, making a beautiful bias. The court stenographer tinkered, and the master in chancery

laid aside his judicial dignity and lent a hand, but to no avail. Finally the master in chancery looked back to see the name of the witness whose testimony angled off into the distance, and a great light dawned upon him. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "I knew when that witness was on the stand that he was biased and prejudiced." We finally rustled up another machine, and were by way of forgetting our troubles in a scramble to make up for lost time, but the jinx was abroad that night. "Horseless carriages" are numerous and becoming more so, but noiseless typewriters were not then nor even now. Around 2 a. m. the machine was still clinkety-clinking when a bellboy tapped and said the man in the next room couldn't sleep on account of the racket. Racket? There was a dance in progress just under us, and we ventured the opinion that it might be the sound of revelry that was cheating the poor victim of his repose. But the boy said, no, the guest had advised that the dance didn't disturb him, but he wished they would have that "confounded typewriter" moved as far from his vicinity as they could get it. So we left the poor insomniac to his lullaby of scraping feet and wailing strings while we removed ourselves and our offending machine to a far corner of the hostelry.

Almost anybody can do a little "pounding" on a typewriter these days—or think they can—from our president and Princess Mary of England down through the ranks, and I don't blame them. It's a

most laborious task to take in hand even the best gold-mounted fountain pen and write a letter. Before you reach the second paragraph you're weary and impatient, and long before attaining "Yours truly" almost anyone would give up and wait for a chance to whack a typewriter. When my rich uncle dies and



Irvin S. Cobb Gum-Shoing Around the Chautauqua Circuit

leaves me a legacy and I retire, I'm going to have a machine a ecrire, as our French allies call them, in a cabinet de luxe in my boudoir.

Indeed, I shall never be ashamed of the way I got my start. And I doubt not that my finish—my obituary notice—will be tapped out on a typewriter. But that will be enough. I trust there are no typewriters beyond the Great Divide.



Wolf Point, Montana

Wolf Point, Sheridan County, Montana, is coming to the front by leaps and bounds, and gives promise of being one of the most important towns in the northeastern part of the state.

So important has become Wolf Point as a shipping point that it has been made a division station on the

Great Northern railroad. The chief products in this section of Montana are cattle, wool and grain. Wolf Point is built on the north side of the Missouri river, in the fertile valley bordering on the historic Fort Peck Indian reservation, known in history as the "Land of the fat cattle."



Upper—Town of Wolf Point, Montana Lower—Ice Gorge in the Missouri Near Wolf Point

History of a Montana Pioneer

By Mabel Roberts



TO the youth of the present who have merely to choose from a number of pleasant professions, little is known of the hardships and suffering that our early pioneer settlers endured. Montana's debt to the men who struggled and overcame the difficulties surrounding them will never be paid.

It is with pride, therefore, that the capital city of Montana claims Hon. Anton M. Holter, one of the best known and most highly honored pioneer citizens of the state.

He came when civilization first struggled to gain a foothold on the frontier, and he proved himself a veritable pioneer by his

constructive ability and indomitable energy.

Anton M. Holter was born in the little seaport town of Moss, thirty-two miles south of Christiana, Norway, on June 29, 1831. When twenty-three years old, with others of his countrymen, he set sail for America. After nearly two months they arrived at Quebec, and then set forth by railroad for the United States. At Rock Island, Illinois, the quarantine officers presented a new difficulty, as it was reported that some of the immigrants had suffered attacks of cholera. Determined not to be detained, and with no knowledge of English, Mr. Holter seized his trunk and forced his way through the quarantine ranks to a boat, on which he embarked without any idea as to the destination of the vessel. He finally made his way to Freeport, Iowa, where he joined a boyhood friend and found employment. At the end of a year he had accumulated property valued at \$300, by means of speculating in town lots.

In 1860 Mr. Holter joined the rush to the newly discovered gold fields in the Pikes Peak district of Colorado. The following extracts are from a statement by himself, entitled "Pioneer Lumbering in Montana," issued by a lumber paper at Portland, Oregon:

"After three years' residence at Pikes Peak, I returned to my former home in Iowa, and in the spring of 1863 started with a team of oxen back to Colorado, where I stopped about six weeks. During this time a company of two hundred men was organized to go to what was then called Stinking Water, Idaho, but what is now known as Ruby River, in Madison County, Montana. This company left Colorado on September 16, 1863. It was well organized, having a captain and other officers, and was governed by a for-

mal set of rules and regulations. The weather was pleasant and the food for the stock was excellent. Hunting and fishing were especially fine—too much so, in fact—for so much time was spent in sport that we made slow progress, and finally a Mr. Evanson, with whom I had formed a partnership and with whom I afterwards did business under the firm name of Holter & Evanson, and myself became fearful that we would be unable to reach our destination before winter, and we decided it was best for us to leave the train and strike out for ourselves at a greater rate of speed. We had purchased a second-hand sawmill outfit, intending to go into the lumbering business on reaching our destination. There were yet at least a thousand miles to cover, so one morning we yoked up our oxen and started out alone. During the night a few more teams overtook us, and every night thereafter other teams caught up with us, until we were about forty souls in all. We had some heavy snowstorms in November, but finally reached Bevin's Gulch, our temporary destination, about eighteen miles from Virginia City, Montana. The remainder of the company, however, got snowed in, and, so far as I ever learned, never reached Montana.

"Mr. Evanson and I finally selected a location for our sawmill and after considerable hardship we reached the top of the divide between Bevin's and Ramshorn Gulches on December 7th. There we went into temporary camp, with no shelter beyond that afforded by a large spruce tree. As the snow was getting deep and there was no feed for stock, I started the next morning for Virginia City—eighteen miles distant—with the cattle, hoping to sell them. Finding no buyer, I started to take them out to the ranch of an acquaintance, twenty-five miles down the Stinking Water. On the way I was held up and robbed by the notorious George Ives and his companion, Irvin. After I had complied with Mr. Ives' command to hand him my purse I was ordered to drive on. He still held his revolver in his hand, which looked suspicious to me, so in speaking to my team I quickly turned my head and found that he had his revolver leveled on me, taking sight at my head. Instantly I dodged as the shot went by, and I received the full force of the powder in my face, the bullet passing through my hat and hair. It stunned me for an instant and I staggered against the near leader, accidentally getting my arm over his neck, which pre-



Hon. Anton M. Holter

vented me from falling. Almost at once I regained my senses and faced Ives, who had his pistol lowered, but who raised it with a jerk, pointing at my breast. I heard the click of the hammer, but the gun missed fire. I ran around the oxen, which became very much excited, and my coming in a rush on the other side scared them still more, and they rushed against Ives' horse, which in turn got into a tangle with Irvin's horse, and during the confusion I struck out for some beaver dams which I noticed close by, but the men soon got control of their horses and, to my agreeable surprise, they started off in the opposite direction. What had apparently changed their purpose was

the sight which now met my eyes also, that of a man who had just appeared over the hill and who was driving a horse team with which he had approached to a point near us.

"I learned afterward that Ives and Irvin had stopped at Laurin, about two miles from the point where they overtook me, and that Ives had fired five shots at the bottles on the shelves because the bartender refused them whiskey. This accounted for the fact that only one charge was left in his revolver when he attacked me. At the camp next day Mr. Evanson disfigured my face badly in extracting the powder. So with my face bandaged up, in the cold and the snow.

Continued on Page 24



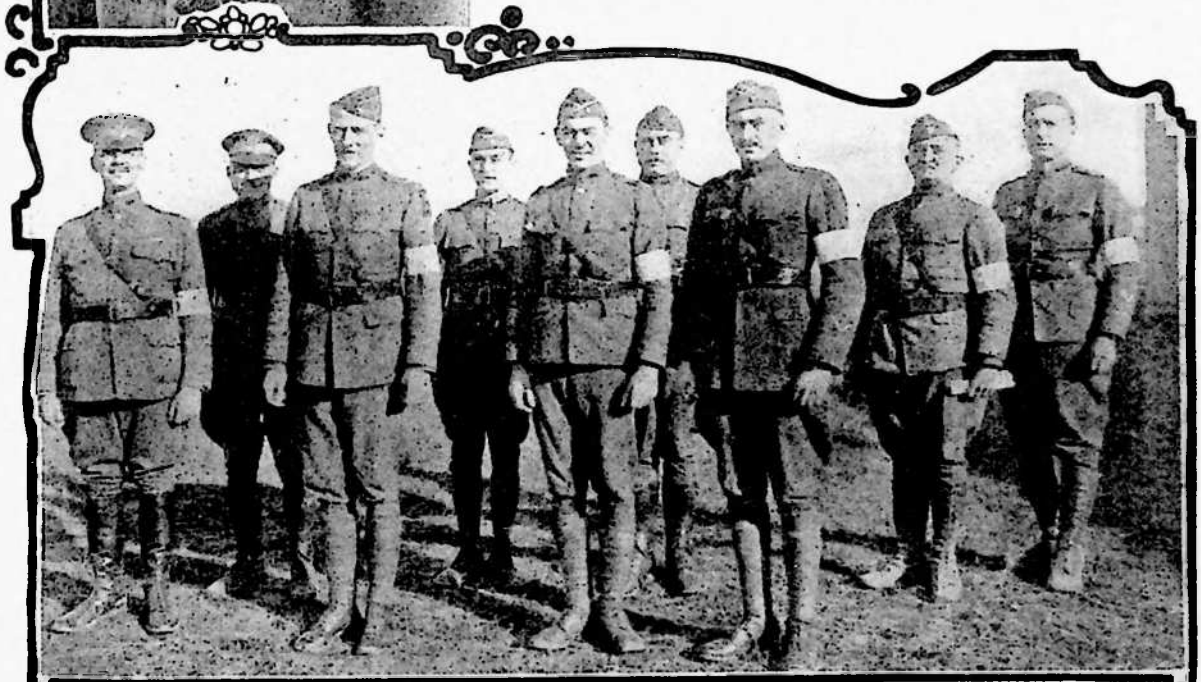
Captain Ralph L. Burgess Returns from France

CAPTAIN RALPH L. BURGESS is home again. He returned from France on May 31, and is enjoying a fifteen day furlough with his parents and friends in Denver. He will report at Fort D. A. Russell in a few days for honorable discharge.

Enlisting as a volunteer in the aviation section at San Antonio, Texas, December 13, 1917, Ralph at once went into training at Fort Sam Houston. He was commissioned First Lieutenant on January 25, 1918, and sailed for France in March the same year. Because of his splendid application to service he has been promoted to the office of Captain, and returns to the States wearing his second gold chevron for foreign service, of which we are all justly proud.

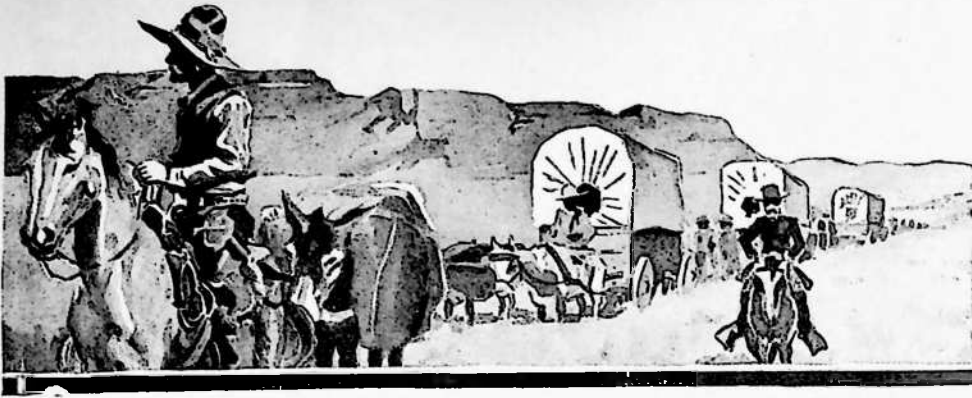
Captain Burgess' first duties were with the service of supply, which took him over all the sections of France occupied by the American forces. He was next transferred to the First Army and took part in the St. Mihiel drive and in the fighting in the Argonne near Sedan.

When Captain Burgess enlisted he was district manager at Tucson, and is well and favorably known throughout most of the districts of the Telephone Company. He is the son of our General Manager, E. M. Burgess.



CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER OF FIRST ARMY AND STAFF

Front Row (left to right)—Lt. Col. Behm, Col. Hitt, Maj. Wedgewood, Maj. Bichelhaupt, Capt. Beaumont
Rear Row—Capt. Keller, Capt. Burgess, Capt. Pratt, Lieut. Gillette



When the East Met the West

FIFTY eventful years have passed since the strong band of steel that girdled a fourth of the earth and sent the pulsing, throbbing visions of new and wonderful empires along the course of the iron trail, was welded together and pinned to the globe with an untarnishable spike of precious gold.

Fifty years have passed since the first railroad was built connecting the surging Atlantic and the placid Pacific oceans by an unbroken belt of wood and iron, and today, this 10th day of May, A. D. 1919, it is fitting that the "golden wedding" of the two great oceans be celebrated where the last tie was laid, where the last rail was placed, where the last spike was driven—the golden spike of half a century ago.

Fifty years—within the lifetime of many men and women who still live—there have come some of the greatest achievements known in the world's history. Among them there are none greater than the telephone, and it is interesting to know that, following the completion of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific railroads, the telephone was the next great enterprise to touch the shores of the Great Salt Lake some ten years later.

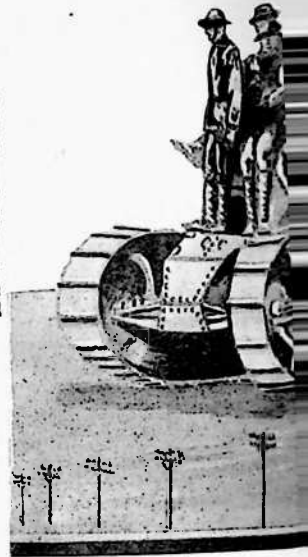
The Golden Spike anniversary carries us back, in our mind's eye, fifty years, when the cry was "On to Echo!" Forthwith teams and wagons loaded with workmen, tools, provisions and camping outfits went rolling over the mountains from the populous valley west of the Wasatch toward that spot historic, not as, ten years earlier, many of these same men had gone thither to resist the advance of an invading army, but to welcome and help into and across the smiling vales of their rock-rimmed, desert-girt paradise the onward march of civilization toward the Occident.

'Twas in the early '60s that the first shovelful of earth was turned at the city of Sacramento, California, by the Central Pacific Railroad Company. The same was true in the far East. The Union Pacific Railroad Company was coming west. Contracts were let in Utah. Ten thousand men were needed and, therefore, with these facts now in their possession there was great rejoicing in the "valleys of the mountains."

In a memorial to Congress in 1859 the people of the territory of Utah said: "A great band of union throughout the family of man is a common interest; a central road would unite that interest with a chain of iron, and would effectually hold together our federal union with an imperishable identity of mutual interest, thereby consolidating our relations with foreign powers in time of peace and steadily enforcing our rights in time of war."

So while the people of Utah with bare arms, strong muscles, busy brains and tireless energy were overturning mountains, shattering the granite rock, bridging the mountain torrents, piercing the hitherto supposed impenetrable canons, filling up the valleys, leveling the hills and preparing a pathway for the iron horse, let us see what those working westward were encountering.

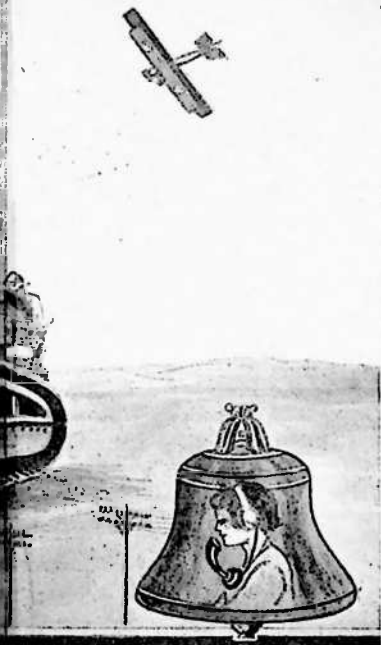
By the year 1867 it was possible for a locomotive to run 540 miles west of the Missouri. This company (Union Pacific) was seriously annoyed by the hostility of the Indians. These were ever with the surveyors going in advance of the construction trains. Many a promising engineer found a grave in the prairie. Nor did the Sioux hesitate to attack the plate-laying gangs, stealing upon them under cover of a swell in the ground, and before help could come massacring



By L



Joining the Rail



Bingham

had left a busy band of toiling comrades. So serious were the losses in the ranks that it became necessary to import military guards to watch over the navvies as they struggled with ties and rails.

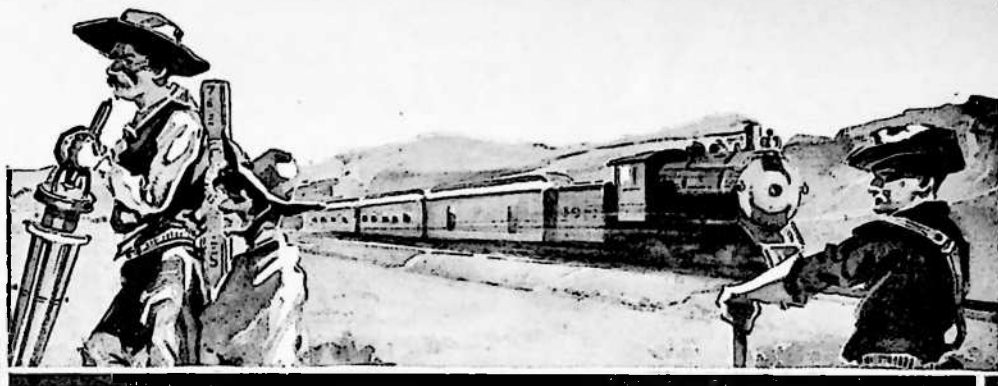
Nor were the Central Pacific folk idle. By this time they had breasted the Sierras and prepared for the attack on the desert of Utah, where the Mormon stronghold of Salt Lake City alone had beaten back the desolation of that rainless country.

On March 8, 1869, the track-layers of the Union Pacific came in sight of Ogden, Utah. Great was the rejoicing. Bands played; people shouted; the noise

and thunder of artillery echoed and re-echoed up the mountain gorges and were sent ringing across the waters of the Great Salt Lake to greet old Neptune in his watery realm and acquaint him with the glad tidings.

The completion of the great highway took place on May 10, 1869. "Metals met metals" at Promontory point, fifty-three miles northwest of Ogden on the northern shore of the Great Salt Lake, 690 miles east of Sacramento and 1,085.8 miles west of Omaha.

The ceremonies attending the completion of the great highway took place about noon.



Driving the Golden Spike

At 8 a. m. spectators began to arrive. These were denizens of the railroad camps and workmen on the lines. Soon the whistle of a locomotive was heard and the first train to arrive came speeding over the Central Pacific with many passengers. Shortly afterwards two trains from the east, over the Union Pacific, arrived. About noon Hon. Leland Stanford, governor of California and president of the Central Pacific, arrived from the west. "Jupiter" was the name of his locomotive, and it was gaily decorated. There were present representatives of almost all civilized nations of the world, numbering about 1,100. The Twenty-first regiment, United States infantry, was also present, and the delightful music of their fine band, wafted far and wide on the mountain breezes, gave zest and enjoyment to the occasion.

The Chinese laborers on the western line leveled the roadbed preparatory to putting in place the last ties and rails. The Union Pacific people brought up their last pair of rails, and the work of placing them was done by Europeans. The Central Pacific people then laid their last pair of rails, the labor being performed by Mongolians. The foremen in both cases were Americans. Here, near the center of the great American continent, were representatives of Asia, Europe and America—America directing and controlling.

Reverend Dr. Todd of Massachusetts then offered the following dedicatory prayer:

"Our Father and God and our fathers' God, God of Creation and God of Providence: Thou hast created the heavens and the earth, the valleys and the hills; Thou art also the God of all mercies and blessings. We rejoice that Thou hast created the human mind with its powers of invention, its capacity of expansion and its guerdon of success. We have assembled here this day, upon the height of the continent, from varied sections of our country, to do homage to Thy wonderful name, in that Thou hast brought this mighty enterprise, combining the commerce of the East with the gold of the West, to so glorious a completion. And now we ask Thee that this great work, so auspicious



ciously begun and so magnificently completed, may remain a monument of our faith and of our good works. We do here consecrate this great highway for the good of Thy people. O God, we implore Thy blessings upon it, and upon those who may direct its operations. O Father, God of our fathers, we desire to acknowledge Thy handiwork in this great work, and ask Thy blessings upon us here assembled, upon the rulers of our government and upon Thy people everywhere; that peace may flow unto them as a gentle stream, and that this mighty enterprise may be unto us as the Atlantic of Thy strength and the Pacific of Thy love, through Jesus the Redeemer. Amen."

Then the spikes were presented. Dr. Harkness of Sacramento presented Governor Stanford with a

spike of pure gold and said: "The last spike needed to unite the Atlantic and Pacific by a new line of trade and commerce is about to be driven. California, from her mines of gold, has forged a spike; from her laurel woods she has hewn a tie, and by the hands of her citizens she offers them to become a part

of the great highway which is about to unite her in closer fellowship with her sisters of the Atlantic."

The gold spike was seven inches long. It was made from twenty-three twenty-dollar gold pieces, and was worth \$460. On the head of it were engraved the words: "The last spike."

At the conclusion of the proceedings the two locomotives, standing face to face, moved up until they touched each other, and a bottle of wine was poured as a libation on the last rail.

Thus was the great railway completed. Thus was accomplished the mightiest human achievement of the times. Thus, over Utah, the keystone of the arch, the mediator of the hour, the East and the West shook hands, and the continent was girdled with its belt of steel.

No sooner had this great feat been accomplished than industry throughout the world took on a different aspect. India was reached by a different course.

Other nations of the Orient were linked closer to the Great American continent. Vast prairie lands, the haunts of the buffalo, were turned into homes for man; richly clad mountains were penetrated; it was the "forward march" for the world.

Half a century has passed since the completion of the great transcontinental railroad, and in commemoration of that eventful day the people of Ogden, along with over 20,000 visitors, celebrated. One of the greatest pageants that has ever been held in the West was staged. Whistles from scores of engines heralded the day. What a contrast to fifty years ago, when one lone engine hove in sight!

Fifty years to the minute from the time the golden spike was driven whistles again blew. Intermingled could be heard the yells from thousands of people, the honks of innumerable automobiles, and now and

then could be heard above the general din the hum of the airplane overhead as it performed for the occasion. Pandemonium reigned.

All canons, resorts and parks were almost filled to capacity when speeches were made by white-haired veterans who were actually on the scene when the golden



spike was driven.

Old "landmarks" received their proper devotion, as they were the only things natural to the eyes of many who had left immediately after the road was completed. With wondering eyes, the veterans would gaze far out over the fertile valleys, dotted with modern homes, where a heavy rainfall the preceding night had made all nature more beautiful. Reminiscences were rife, and one could spend many tireless hours listening to stories of the brave old days.

During the evening music was furnished by the great Mormon choir of Salt Lake City and the Ogden choir. Theaters and dancing pavilions were filled.

Many were sorry to see the close of the eventful day, but toward morning group after group were "homeward plodding their weary way," and there, after falling asleep, in their dreams lived over again the great day of the golden wedding celebration of the union of the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard.



When Trouble Comes Aroun'

When Trouble knocks hard on my kitchen door,
I don't git up an' answer no more;
I set right still till his han's git sore.

Years ago, when I was young an' thin,
I useter git up an' ask him in,
An' listen to all the yarns he'd spin.

An' I'd think all day, an' I'd dream all night,
Till I didn't have no appetite,
An' I couldn't work, an' I couldn't fight.

Then I woke one day with an awful start,
With a change of head and a change of heart,
An' I laid fer Trouble, to play my part.

When he come along an' he saw my eye,
He turned 'way out, fer to pass me by;
An' I held my head up bold an' high.

So now when he knocks at my kitchen door,
I git my club, an' I cross the floor;
But Trouble don't hang aroun' no more.

—Century Magazine.

Doctoring by Telephone

Woman (at telephone, holding crying baby)—Is that you, doctor? I'm nearly distracted. I simply cannot get baby to sleep.

Voice at other end—Put the receiver to his ear and I'll sing him a lullaby.

Man of His Word

Manager H. W. Wolffing of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company is a man of his word and has purchased an amount of bonds equal to the whole amount purchased by the employes of the Company in Montrose, Ouray and Ridgway, which amounted to \$950 worth, \$1,000 being the amount subscribed by Mr. Wolffing. Such stunts as the above are what put this loan over.

—Montrose (Colorado) Enterprise.

As She Is Spoke

"Wheurjygo las night?"

"Nowrs. Staydat home."

"I seen Mary Pickferd in a swell play. Jim come overn picked me upp in the Lizzie."

"Heeza live one, ainty?"

"Buhlieve me."

"Goan out t'night?"

"Uh-huh. Hean Coraz goantuh Gert's. Jyever go over there?"

"Uh-huh. Slong. Gottagitoff nexttp."

"Slong."

—The Marine's Magazine.

Both Were Efficient

Mrs. W. S. Cowles, who for the past two years has given such efficient and satisfactory service as manager of the local telephone office, has resigned.

Mrs. Hulda Hursh will succeed her as manager. Mrs. Hursh was manager here a few years ago and we are glad to have her back again, she being one of the most efficient managers we have had in this exchange.

—Carlondale (Colorado) Item.

Coming His Way

A lieutenant in the army said to an Italian private: "Peter, what did you do with your peanut wagon when you were drafted?"

"I sold it," said Pete.

"And what did you do with the organ?"

"I sold that, too."

"And what did you do with the monkey?"

"Oh! they drafted him and made a lieutenant out of him," replied Pete.

Extension Work Goes On

Manager John Young for the Telephone Company at this place has been advised that \$6,700 now is available for improvements advocated by him some time ago, and within a few days a crew of men under Wire Chief "Happy" Carroll will begin stringing a cable to cover the eastern and southern portion of South Durango. It has been necessary for the Phone Company to render only two, three and four-party line service in this part of the city, but when the cable is strung better service will be possible and private lines will be available.

—Durango (Colorado) Correspondent.

Cited for Bravery

Word has been received in Helena that Harry L. Burdick, a former employe of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company here, and who has been serving in France as a Y. M. C. A. secretary, has been decorated with the French War Cross for his work with the 53rd regiment of French infantry, with which he served for seven months. Mr. Burdick is a veteran of the Philippine war, where he was decorated for bravery while serving in the Astor battery. That decoration was conferred by General March, now chief of staff of the American army.

—Helena (Montana) Record.

Fishing by Telephone

A strange way of discovering the whereabouts of fish is practiced in some parts of Norway, and the method was discovered by a clever Norwegian. A microphone, which is an instrument that will trans-

mit the slightest sound, is lowered into the water from a fishing boat and a wire from the microphone is attached to a telephone fixed in the boat. The operator takes the receiver of the telephone and places it to his ear, ready to signal to the fishermen when he hears the least sound beneath the waters, and the fishing boat is then immediately steered in the direction whence the sounds come. The result is—a splendid haul.

As cod, herring and mackerel swim in enormous shoals, their passage through the water causes a rushing sound, which is clearly heard by the fishermen.

Still in the Service

Several local men who are members of the 405th telegraph battalion and were sent overseas as members of the signal corps to assist in keeping up the telephone communication lines, will probably not get home for some time, according to information received here.

The battalion was recruited entirely from employes of the Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Company and Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company. Enlisted in the battalion are seven Colorado Springs men, including Luther Pitts, Napoleon Dwyer, Charles Randall, J. L. Beavers, Russell Ladwig and George Smith. Information recently received here stated that Beavers and Smith have been assigned to "trouble shooting" in Paris, and the remainder of the local battalion are in camp in southern France, but expect to be called back into service soon.

—Colorado Springs Telegraph.

Increases Proved Necessary

Recent government control and operation of the railroads, telephone, telegraph and express business has most clearly proven two things: First, that increased rates were necessary under government control, the same as under private, and that the claims of the private companies that such increases were absolutely necessary, were fully substantiated. Second, that under permanent government ownership of such utilities the public could never expect to receive the accommodations and improvements in service that it would receive at the hand of private management, dependent on public favor for increased business.

Return of these properties to private management and granting of rates sufficient to enable them to pay good wages and secure money to make the many extensions and improvements now necessary, thus giving employment to thousands of additional persons, is the main feature in the readjustment program now before us.

—Brush (Colorado) Republican.

A Wise Dog

Taffy is not a Welshman or a thief, but a dog, living on a ranch in Oregon. The telephone at Taffy's is on a party line, and when any one of the seven parties on the line is called the bells ring in the homes of all the others. Of course, each one has his respective call, one bell, two bells and so forth, and the subscribers pay no attention to any call but their own.

The call at Taffy's house is four rings, and how Taffy learned to do this no one knows. He was not taught the trick, but wherever his mistress is when the telephone rings four bells Taffy will go to her and give four short barks. He never makes a mistake, never barks other than four short barks, never goes to her unless the call is four rings. To "show off" this feat, Taffy's mistress will call up a neighbor and ask her in a few minutes to ring her. Then she goes to another part of the house, leaving Taffy in the room where the telephone is, and he never fails to give evidence of his faithful summoning.

—American Field.

Fifty-Fifty

Doctor—Say, how do you feel when you kill a man?

Colonel—Oh, not so bad, how do you feel?

A Lineman From the Sky

Little Mabel (aged four, to Mother)—In de sky do dey wear blue overalls and spurs on dey feet?

Mother—No, my dear; they wear wings. What gave you such an idea?

Mabel—Well, when I looked out of de window dis morning I saw one of dem coming down a pole.

—Pacific Telephone Magazine.

New Wire Chief

Tom Hobbs, a former employe of the Mountain States Telephone Company, is back in the city after an absence of nearly two years. Mr. Hobbs has been appointed wire chief of the local exchange to succeed H. E. Drowns, who has departed for Tucson. Mr. Hobbs held the position of manager at the Wilcox exchange prior to being transferred to this city.

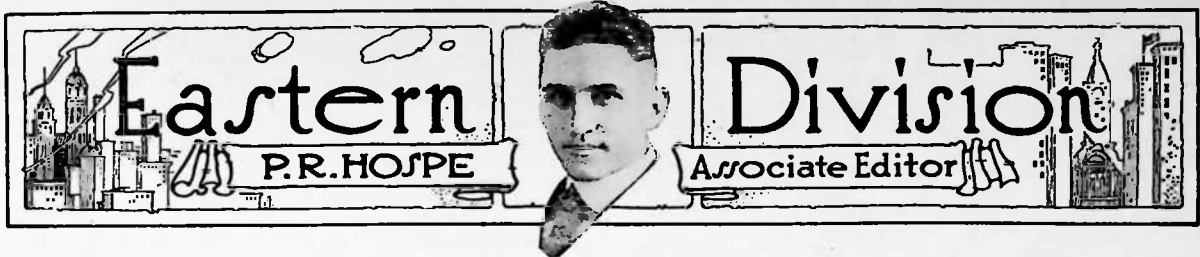
—Globe (Arizona) Record.

No Cussing Over the Phone

In a nearby city a certain doctor has no telephone. The telephone powers took it out and refused to put it back again. The reason they gave when the doctor sued to get his phone reinstated was that "Doc" swore over the wires. What effect this had on the wires was not stated, but the telephone girls complained to the manager, and the management did the rest. The rest consisted in removing the telephone. It does not appear from the testimony that any interference is intended or sought with the personal liberty to cuss when things fail to come right. The idea was to limit the range and let "Doc" cuss his head off if he desired within his own office or domicile.

Without trying the case in the newspapers, it is safe to assume that something must have occurred not once but often. The fact is that a telephone girl is easy to get along with and that no service is more willingly rendered than that the "hello girl" affords. The good Lord may have made better natured girls than the telephone girl, but if so, where are they, and what did He do with them? So the man who uses a telephone continually will incline to the belief that when those girls bucked they had a pretty good reason for it.

—The Plainsman.



Denver District

Hazel Thornton, Correspondent

Mr. Althouse has decided that too much is enough. We always share everything with him, and consequently when an epidemic of colds struck the department he was not forgotten. Somehow, we believe that he fails to appreciate our generosity. It was just at the time of the rate change, too, and we were so rushed and so miserable with our colds that we thought the world was treating us entirely too harshly. Not until very recently could we see any humor in the situation.

"Big Bill" is all puffed up. What? Oh, yes he can. "Teddy" Rash, formerly of the contract department, is the daddy of a baby boy born April 28th and named after Mr. Lamping—William Albert Rash. That is the reason "Uncle Bill" is so puffed up.

Mr. Emerson has moved again. Guess there is nothing else to be said. We think maybe he wants to be like Mr. Brown. He has the habit, too.

It is very evident that the officials do not consider the commercial department of as much importance as we consider it. We have not as yet seen our new president, but we are looking forward to a visit from him soon.

Mr. Lamping's hoodoo follows him even on the train. The conductor was "put wise" and told to cause him a little trouble, so when he presented his ticket he was informed that it was no good. From all reports, things were "fair and warmer" (mostly warmer) for some few minutes. We haven't had any word from him either, so possibly he did not arrive at the destination for which he started.

Miss Elizabeth Dulin is the new member of the "duplicate bills" staff. Enuff! I hope all those who have been asking her name will see this.

As we said in the last issue, Genevieve Clark will not return to work here. Now we know the reason. She was married to Mr. S. F. Blake on May 15th in Kansas City. She writes back that she is the happiest person in the world and that they will return in August to make their home in Denver.

South

It seems as if Cupid certainly has his eye on the South exchange, for in one week he claimed three of our girls. Of course, we were not surprised to have Miss Dougherty leave us, for we have expected that for a long time, but we were surprised when Mary Gaul handed in her time and Miss Heuer changed her name to Mrs. Alfred. Congratulations!

A number of our girls surprised Miss Dougherty with a miscellaneous shower at the home of Miss Jeremiah. Besides the best wishes of the girls, Alice received many beautiful gifts.

Miss Loretta Lane and Miss Jewett have been appointed supervisors. Miss Mary Smith is now the clerks' assistant.

Miss Hazel Andrews has been transferred to Main and Miss Wampler of York has been sent to South.

There have been rumors of a tennis club and a few of the girls have already started to play. The Misses L. Bills, J. Bills, Verback, Woods, L. Smith, Cottle, Binkley and Barkdall are proving themselves most efficient players.

York

Like everything in the spring, we are growing. We are now the proud possessors of three new "B" board positions and a new manager. Mr. Hospe has come to us from Main, and we are very glad to have him with us, but we wish we could have kept Mr. Cochran, too. York also boasts of a new stove. The day it arrived we all gathered in the kitchen to praise its black, shiny appearance and gloat over the good things we can have cooked on it.

We wonder just what Mr. Cochran meant when he requested Miss Marcus "to think of York when she's singing the song of 'The Suds,' accompanied by the washboard on Monday mornings." While we may be very wrong in our opinion, most of us think it sounds like that interfering chap Cupid again. What do you think?

We all have spring fever, I know, or why is it after a week or ten days the girls blissfully keep saying when asked for the time, "That service has been discontinued." instead of our nice new phrase, "I'm sorry, but we do not give out the time"?

The student operator, when it comes time to report a D. A. on a trunk connection, instead of asking "B" operator for number on given trunk, absentmindedly opens her key, and asks bewildered subscriber: "Trunk 378, what have I?" (Central, how could you?)

Morrison-Evergreen

Morrison and Evergreen were 100 per cent on the Fifth Liberty Loan.

Miss Madeline Moore of Denver spent her vacation at Morrison, the guest of Thelma Reiks.

Miss Rachel Baker is learning the board at Morrison.

R. W. Lindsay has been inspecting poles between Denver and Evergreen and will continue up Turkey Creek on the Leadville line.

Evergreen had mostly silent numbers for two days during April. The storm was so severe that all lines excepting four locals were out. Under such able surgeons as William Braby, Charles Tuttle, Mr. Collier and his gang, line troubles soon vanish.

Gallup

Miss Margaret McCloskey has been transferred from South to Gallup.

Miss Margaret McGill is again with us after an illness of two months.

Miss Elsie Johns resigned to take a position in Colorado Springs.

Mr. P. R. Hospe, from Main, is our new manager. Mr. Cochran has been transferred to long distance.



Sergt. Frank Kennedy, an A. E. P. Formerly Wire Chief Gallup Exchange Photo Taken at Mayen, Germany

Miss Catherine Gagan left us the first of the month to be married. Gallup girls extend best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

Main

May brought us the dearest little telephone operator in the world. Mr. and Mrs. Osborn are the happy parents of a bouncing baby girl, born May 24.

It is with regret we note the departure of Mr. Hospe. We surely wish him success as day manager at York.

Three operators, Misses Davis, Hinds and Crowder, have resigned, contemplating a trip to California.

We were always under the impression that June was the most popular month for brides and were hardly prepared to lose two of our girls so soon. Miss Anna Harrison, now Mrs. Everett Hinton, was the first to take the big step, and from what we hear is very happy in her new home. Miss Mary Collins, our popular house-board operator, resigned and was quietly married May 21 to Mr. Chas. Smith. These two girls are greatly missed by their former associates and many good wishes follow them in their new life.

Miss Dorothy Scheck has been transferred to Sterling, Colorado.

Miss Vivian Hulse is assisting the clerks during the absence of Miss Myrtle Hofstad, who is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

From all reports Mrs. Martin is having a glorious time (in Texas especially).



Boulder District

Ellen Groesbeck, Correspondent

When it became known that Ben Barnes and Arthur Streich had taken a homestead over in Moffat county and were about to leave us, there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth. Not that we were in any way jealous of their good fortune, but it is hard to replace one good man, and when it comes to two—Mr. Rock was somewhat upset. All our pleading was in vain, however, and the fatal step has been taken. Since this is the case, we do not wish to discourage the boys, but the fact is, the other evening we had a dream, that went something like this:

A weary and dejected man sat on his cabin stoop;
A corncob pipe adorned his face with an apathetic droop;
His clothes were torn and dusty, his boots out at the toes,
His glance lay on a field of spindling corn in crooked rows.
Beside him sat his neighbor, as battered up as he,
And he was talking loud and fast, with his fist upon his knee.
"This homesteading is the greatest game that ever I got
under;
If mosquitoes brought a cent a head we'd be as rich as
thunder;
The sage brush on that northwest half has got so blooming
tall
We could open up a lumber camp and sell 'em, tops and all;
And now that cooties are out of date, I'll tell you, Ben, by
heck,
We'll muster out our woodticks and sell 'em by the peck!"

On the evening of May 9th Grovener Ketterman and Miss Dora Dunsmore were married at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. Curry of the First Baptist church officiating. The bride's gown was of white georgette crepe and she carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and sweet-heart roses. Only the immediate relatives of the young couple were present. At the close of the ceremony a supper was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Ketterman left for Denver. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Dunsmore of this city and has many friends here. The groom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ketterman

and is highly respected by everyone who knows him. The young couple will make their home in Boulder.

On Saturday, May 10th, Mr. Fred Weber of Boulder and Miss Mildred Smith of Loveland were married in Denver. Fred Weber has been an employe of the Company for several years and since his return from service has been employed at the Loveland exchange. The young couple spent their honeymoon at Sulphur Springs. They will make their home in Longmont.

Miss Gertrude Talmadge has resigned her position in the commercial department, and she and her mother will return to their former home in Omaha, Nebraska. Miss Talmadge has many friends in the Boulder exchange who were sorry to see her go. We wish her good luck in her new home.

Miss Minnie Haenselman has been transferred from the traffic department to take the position left vacant by the resignation of Miss Talmadge.

Phil Comer left for Estes Park Monday to fill the position of combination man at that exchange during the summer.

Mr. H. A. Rossman went to Broomfield recently to check out Mrs. Bessie Buckingham and check in the new manager, Miss Stella Eggleston.

Mr. Whittemore, general traveling traffic supervisor, was a Boulder visitor during the month. He will make a tour of the exchanges, accompanied by Mr. Copps.

A special meeting of the A. T. and T. Auxiliary was held at the home of Mrs. Charles Wilson on May 3rd. It is with regret that we are losing three of our members—Mrs. Arthur Streich, Mrs. Ben Barnes and Miss Talmadge. The meeting was a sort of farewell gathering in honor of these ladies. A delicious luncheon, served by the hostess, was heartily enjoyed by all.



Cheyenne District

Hull Kring, Correspondent

Walter F. Brown, division general manager; N. O. Pierce, division plant chief, and Chief Clerk P. H. Baxter were welcome callers in May.

C. E. Long, division toll line wire chief, was busy renewing old acquaintances in the plant department during May, incidentally to look over the through line repeater and other central office equipment.

Richard Le Rossignol, district construction foreman, and crew are repairing and rebuilding toll lines, working north and west out of Cheyenne. Mr. Rossignol has his headquarters in Cheyenne while in charge of this work. Mrs. Rossignol is with him and they are keeping house on East Twenty-second street.

Royal C. Papendick, installation foreman, supervised the cutting in of the through repeater on the Denver-Casper circuit at 10:20 a. m. on Friday, May 16th. The Cheyenne exchange is now the proud possessor of two telephone repeater units, consisting of one cord circuit repeater and one through line repeater. Mr. Papendick and his assistants, C. H. Blanchard and A. B. French, and Harris DeGroat have also been engaged in installing and completing composite coil rack No. 3, putting in networks for repeater circuits, replacing old central office charging unit with a mercury arc rectifier, installing new sixteen-cell battery, which was cut in with rectifier, giving this exchange a modern charging unit. They also completed and cut in fire alarm battery and charging unit for same.

D. D. Waitley, who returned from France in early spring, is our night switchboard man. Mr. Waitley was assistant to Major Bush, divisional surgeon, 34th division, 126th F. A., both belonging to a crack Iowa National Guard regiment. Mr. Waitley is a brother of Ward Waitley, combination man with our company for several years.

Rawlins

Rawlins has been backward sending in Monitor notes, as we have been holding out, waiting for something to happen. We have come to the conclusion that this would result in

no notes at all, so it has been decided to say a lot about nothing.

✓ We are very proud to say that we have at last moved to our new building, after a wait of almost two years. The cut-over was effected on January 30th at the modest hour of 6 a. m. With the able assistance of A. B. Collins, A. B. Forbes, R. G. Spore and R. C. Papendick, the work of cutting over was accomplished in a neat, smooth manner and was a huge success. Great credit is also due Mr. Jones, construction foreman, for his good work on the outside. In addition to the new building and all new equipment, the open wire throughout the town was replaced by cable and removed from the streets to the alleys. This bit of work from a civic standpoint aided materially in beautifying the city. People in Wyoming appreciate the efforts of our company along such progressive lines as new buildings and new plants, and are very liberal in their praise of these improvements. And, naturally, the employes are very proud of their new home, and we are sure that it has created renewed effort along the lines of Company loyalty and good work.

The development of oil fields around Rawlins has created new business, and we are coming into our share of the boom by more subscribers and an increasing toll and local business. The oil men have been looking for the oil in this section for the past few years. We like to see the oil men come and look—besides the business they bring they renew in us the feeling that confidence is still a virtue.

Mr. C. L. Titus, our district manager, was a recent visitor at Rawlins and expressed himself as well satisfied with the new building and the interior arrangement. We would probably see more of Mr. Titus in this part of his district were it not for the fact that the busy oil centers around Casper keep him on the jump, and a man of Mr. Titus' size on the jump is some busy man. A. B. Forbes, district plant chief, was in Rawlins the first part of May, and after a short stay doubled back to Cheyenne. Mr. Spore, traffic chief, has not been heard from for some months. He likes to fish, so the general impression is that he is waiting for the fishing season to open at Saratoga before he makes a traffic study of Rawlins.

C. E. Crenshaw, local wire chief, spent his vacation in Denver the first of the month. When he returned he reported to Dinsmore that the street cars looked just as good as ever and that the lights on Curtis street are still burning. He is of the opinion that it will be several months before Rawlins catches up to Denver in size.

Miss Ester Byrnes, our chief operator, expects to leave next week for an extended trip in the East, and on her return will visit relatives in Omaha. Ulala Eyre enjoyed her vacation by house cleaning and tells us that the enjoyable part of it all was when she returned to work. Miss Ada Anderson and Miss Helen Stevens have been added to the force in the past two weeks.

Encampment and Saratoga exchanges are now preparing for the rush of the tourist season. These two points are noted for fine fishing and the telephone office is the center of business during the summer months. Miss Priquet, manager at Saratoga, is spending her vacation on a ranch near home and Miss Petty will look after the exchange in her absence.

Casper

Everyone is busy in this booming oil city. Our tickets average around 300 per day and the last peg count showed 15,564 local calls in one day.

Mrs. Anna Gibbons, former cashier, resigned in April to accept a position in the postoffice. Miss Gladys Colby, our present cashier, is taking a month's furlough in Nebraska and Kansas in an effort to improve her health. Miss Carrie M. Eckel, who comes from El Paso, Texas, is acting in her place and Mrs. Katherine Anthens from Douglas is our new stenographer.

A party was given in honor of Miss Gladycy Pritchett, a spring bride, in our new rest room. A chest of silver was presented to the young lady, Miss Esther Tillgren making the presentation speech. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Ostrander, Mrs. Malon Van Arsdale and Misses Taylor

and York, and music and dancing were enjoyed. Miss Pritchett has been employed at the local exchange for several years. Miss Esther Tillgren has succeeded her as chief operator. Miss Pritchett is now the wife of Mr. Frank Probst, our switchboard man, and she and Mr. Probst spent their honeymoon in Denver.

Misses Edna Adriance, Fay Hartford and Mae Martin have returned from their vacations. Misses Hazel Palmel and Magdalene Upheil are now on their vacations.

Mrs. Lillie Lingrel is our new matron and Miss Velma Kirk has been promoted to a supervisorship.

Misses Elizabeth Mayhan, Grace Newton and Pearl McGowan have been added to our force.

Toll Rest Room

In our department, as well as others in the Casper exchange, great strides have been made since the first of the year in the line of new business. On January 1st we had three Morse leases. We now have seven leases working and orders to start another as soon as possible. This, together with the scarcity of help, keeps the boys in the department pretty busy.

As is generally known, Casper has come back, this time the excitement being much more intense than during the previous oil boom.

Mr. James C. Durham came up from Colorado Springs May 7th to get into the harness as a testboard and repeater man. Mr. Durham is one of the boys who went over with our 405th. He comes to us full of pep and we believe he has the makin's in him.

Mr. C. J. McKee anticipates starting on his vacation June 1st, after which he will take a two weeks' furlough, the entire time to be spent on a visit with home folks in New York. Our best wishes go with him and we hope that upon his return he will feel fine and full of pep. However, it hardly seems possible that he could show more than ordinarily, as he is not lacking in this necessity.



Grand Junction District

Agnes Wooldridge, Correspondent

Mr. Cecil, switchboard man at Grand Junction for the past year, has resigned and gone to Denver. We wish him success in his new location.

Miss Ethel Delaplain, local operator at Grand Junction, has resigned on account of her mother's illness.

Miss Edna Lillie is now information operator.

Mr. Burns is the proud possessor of a new car. He took it to Montrose last Sunday. Just why? Well, that is the detective's secret.

A delightful surprise party was given some time ago in honor of Miss Norah Stone, who will leave soon for Seattle. More than thirty people were present and each brought a gift for the honor guest. Several hours were spent with games and music and a delicious two-course dinner was served by Mrs. Hiatt. Everyone had a wonderful time.

The telephone girls and their friends enjoyed a trip to the Book Cliff coal mines last Sunday. The Book Cliff train started from Grand Junction about 10 o'clock and returned late in the afternoon. After making an inspection of the mine they enjoyed a picnic lunch and iced lemonade served by Mr. Wright, manager of the mine. A good time was reported by all who made the trip.

Montrose

"Coming events cast their shadows before," as the circus bill posters used to say, and the rippling trout streams are casting their spell of witchery over us. When one's palm itches for the feel of rod and reel it is in poor fettle to wield a pen. In other words, if this sunshine were not so soft and enticing; if these breezes were not so laden with the aroma of budding sage brush; if those moths out there did not so greatly resemble the willow fly, perhaps we might take our pen in hand and write something which would serve a better purpose than filling space.

We have just been watching the peculiar actions of our

exchange manager as he sat in his easy chair poring over Bulletin C-500 in a vain endeavor to find out what charge to make for an inside move for an E. N. S. The lights and shadows of his benign countenance gave no clue to the thoughts that were in his mind, but the involuntary action and reaction of the muscles of his right arm told plainer than words that in fancy, at least, he was yanking out the speckled beauties at a tremendous rate. We counted eighty-five of them safely landed, and one big fellow which must have weighed at least fifteen pounds evidently escaped to his native element.

Miss Alma Heath of our local force entertained her co-workers recently at a "little girls'" party and took advantage of the occasion to announce her engagement to Mr. Glenn S. Woodruff of Sacramento, California, a former well-known and generally esteemed Montrose young man.

Lake City

Miss Lamb, who was our manager at Basalt, is now Mrs. Kaltenberger and lives in Colorado Springs. Mr. Kaltenberger is a policeman, big and tall, and ought to be able to care for a little Lamb. Miss Lupton took Miss Lamb's place about two months ago and on May 1st she fell in line and got married, too. Mrs. Luksinger of Basalt took Miss Lupton's place and, with her daughter, is handling the office very nicely.

Moving down the line to Carbondale, we find that Miss Helen Cowles has also tired of single life and is now Mrs. Wilford Perry. Mr. and Mrs. Perry will be at home on the ranch near Marble, Colorado, and will kill a "yaller"-legged chicken any time any of the telephone bunch happen up that way. As Mrs. Cowles feels that she can't run the office without Helen's help, she is resigning, May 15th and will be succeeded by Hulda P. Hursh, who handled the office two or three years ago.

Bessie Fitzgerald is taking her vacation at present, spending part of it at Grand Junction visiting friends. We think she is coming back and are in hopes she will, for we know that Miss Carrie Robinson, our C. O. and cashier, may drop the middle "n" out of her name any time. "He" is a Western Union man and, of course, if it must happen we hope it will be a "happy union."

Our force at present is as follows: Carrie Robinson, C. O. and cashier; Bessie Fitzgerald, assistant C. O.; Lillie Kuntz, L. D. operator; Josie Gallo, L. D. operator; May Hadsell, L. D. operator; Mary Clelland, L. operator; Ethel Williams, L. operator; Rose Demaestri, A. N. operator, and Lena Tapero, student.

Among the boys, Clyde Yates has been transferred to Palisade; First Lieutenant T. R. Goette (just "Bob" now) is back from the army and is herding No. 72-A up and down the valley between Basalt, Carbondale, Redstone, Glenwood Springs, Eagle, New Castle and Silt. We don't take care of Rifle and Grand Valley out of Glenwood now, as we have a manager at Rifle.

Sam Levin is still with us, and so is Belden.

Clarence Dougan, who was working in the Western division before he went to France, has been helping us through the extra work caused by recent storms and while Sam Levin took his vacation.

A letter from Paul Cribbs, written from Rittensdorf, Germany, and dated April 26th, says he really thinks he will be pulling out of Germany before long and wants us to save a job for him.

Our swimming pool in Glenwood is wide open now and we heartily invite you to come and take a dip with us.

Aspen

Manager Jarvis is having all kinds of trouble these days on the line, caused by wind and snow. Out in the country it takes the poles down as fast as he can put them up. In town it is continually crossing our wires with electric light wires and making the whole board noisy. Here's hoping the wind will stop blowing soon so we will be able to clear all the trouble.

Miss Lace has been absent from duty, owing to the death of her sister. The sympathy of the entire exchange is extended to her in her loss. Miss Leonard is taking Miss Lace's place during her absence.

Ned Parsons is working as groundman during the rush. Aspen has had no complaints on the raise in telephone rates, for which we are very thankful.

The fire siren which has been placed on top of the telephone building was tested out by the mayor and operators on April 21st. After the test the mayor treated the operators to candy.



Sowing and Reaping

By Rips

Now there was a certain man whose first name was Jack—in fact, Jack is still his name; and his surname we will not mention, because that would be too personal. Well, one day Greenawalt got to bragging around about how much he knew about gardening, so on Saturday afternoon he loaded his Shiverlay with divers kinds of seeds and went home to show off. We get it from the next-door neighbors that the following is what happened:

"O Jack! Won't you ever learn anything about planting garden seeds? Just look what you've gone and done—planted those onion sets upside down and put the popcorn in without shelling it off the cob; and—say, man alive, what do you mean by burying those good fresh eggs—trying to raise egg plants? The next thing we know you'll be trying to raise colts by planting horseradish! Won't you ever be intelligent? Jack, Jack, you never will be anything but a newspaperman!"

"Here, here, Margie—hold on! Don't assail the profession! I'll dig up every seed of kindness I've planted if you don't go right back in the house and quit pestivating me."

And the mail-order gardener sat down on a bed of posies and hung his feet over and wondered if there was really anything personal in what his wife said about intellect being unnecessary in newspaper work.

Anyway, wasn't he just a mere country editor when she married him, and now look who he is—publicity manager of a corporation bigger 'n seven states!

"Well, I guess she'll retract or I'll pull up every dill pickle in the garden! The idea! 'Won't I ever be intelligent!' Say, that makes me sore! Anyway, I don't have to be intelligent to make garden! And—say, who started this argument?"

"O Jack, dear; supper is ready. Come on in, honey, and bring that box of puffed wheat you took out to sow and we'll have it for dessert."

"Coming, dearie, just as soon as I skim the cream off this milkweed and squeeze some syrup from the sugarbeet."

And it was the beginning of the end of a regular day, for Jack loved his own wife and he didn't want to make a noise like a lemon in the garden of love.



An Easy Excuse

"There's no excuse for a loafer."

"Maybe there is," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "So long as excuse has been made fur not fightin' I don't see why a loafer couldn't describe himself as a conscientious objector to work."



Some Good Ones

Short Stories of General Interest
Selected from Division Correspondence



According to Routine

Contributed by Ellen Groesbeck, Boulder

THE senior member of the firm, glancing across the table at his partner, noticed that the latter's scarf pin was about to fall out of his cravat. When he returned to his office he summoned his secretary and dictated the following letter:

"Mr. J. A. Jones,

"Dear Sir: It has recently come to my notice that the diamond scarf pin, which you prize most highly, is about to fall from your cravat. Fearing that you have not observed the fact, I am calling your attention to the matter,

trusting it may save you considerable trouble. I beg to remain,

"W. H. BROWN."

The secretary, having typed the letter, called the office boy and dispatched it to the private office of the junior member, where it was opened and read by his secretary and turned over to him for approval. He read the letter, rescued the scarf pin, and calling his secretary, dictated an answer as follows:

"Mr. W. H. Brown,

"Dear Sir: Your letter of recent date received and contents noted. This is to say that the matter in question has received my personal attention, and any impending trouble has been averted for the present. I wish to thank you for your opportune advice and trusting that I may be able to return the compliment in the future, I am, sir,

"Very respectfully yours,

"J. A. JONES."

Having written the letter, the secretary dispatched it to the office of the senior member. It was opened and read by the latter's secretary, and turned over to his employer, who returned it with his approval. The secretary then turned it over to the filing clerk to be filed as "Personal Correspondence."

Uncle Eph's Conclusion

(Boise, Idaho, District)

Recently a colored gentleman came to the public office in Boise and requested a telephone to be installed in his residence. Upon being advised that the installation charge would be \$3.50, he exclaimed: "Lawd sake, have you rized de charges, too!" The whys and wherefores were explained and finally he said: "Well, sah, I reckon it's all right; dey has rized de price ob fishing license, too, but I s'pose it costs more to feed de fishes now days."

Local Prognostication

(Morrison-Evergreen, Eastern Division)

Subscriber: "Operator, do you know if it is going to storm tomorrow evening?"

Operator: "Just a moment. I'll ask Mrs. Kirby."

Rolled Her Threes

(Ogden District)

Operator: "Number, please?"

Subscriber: "323."

Operator: "323 (repeated in an authorized manner).

Subscriber: "Central, wouldn't you like a cup of coffee with those rolls?"

Coming Through

("Pep," Ogden, Utah)

If a body trust a body
And fail to get prompt pay,
May a body ask a body,
"Please remit today?"

P. S.—This touching little ditty should be sung to the air of a certain familiar song, slowly and with great feeling.

Aftermath of War

(Eleanor Kilbourn, Denver)

- It is up to Germany to accept the terms offered to the defeated, so why should Count Brockorff Rantzau? Also, it is difficult for us to understand what Italy has to Fiume about.

Would our telephone operators be offended if we were to refer to them as the "central powers"?

"I Am"

(Southern Division)

I am the autocrat of the office, the tyrant of the land. I am a human enigma that no man understands. I can write the finest letters; they suit you to a "T," or make "Illinois" read "Illness," or spell "Kansas" with a "C". Yet you have to have me, though I write "Yours of recent date" in lines of blackest record, so it reads "Yours on roller skates." I know all about the freight rates from Peduck to Japan, and I know this nation's language is wholly in my hands. I am a cog in the wheel of business that the world can't do without; I know every hook of the office, and every salesman's route. With a head full of facts and pencils, with hands full of carbon and notes, I do my bit in the business world, and think I should have the vote.

I Am Your Stenographer

Hits 'er Up at Ol' Chian

Wild and Woolly Wrangler Wails Like a Lame Coyote, then Takes A-Nuther

By HUFF KRING, Cheyenne District

A LONG, lean, tanned cattleman strolled into our office one afternoon recently, after having "hit 'em up" in several thirst-quenching places. A patient and painful interview was had with Roy G. Spore, district traffic chief (the patient and painful part was Roy's), after which a toll call was placed to a party in Edgemont, Nebraska. After a few minutes of skillful maneuvering to keep the high-spirited puncher from getting back of the counter into the sanctum sanctorum, where employes only are supposed to gather, the operator reported no toll station in Nebraska named Edgemont. Roy suggested it might be Edgemont, South Dakota.

"Did I say Nebrasky, pardner?" ejaculated the puncher. "By the red-eyed horned toad of Alkali Flats, I begs your pardon. Dakoty, the best gold-darned state in the Union, is whar I lives and wants to talk to. Get Hank Wash on the line in Dakoty. That's the ole side-kick I wants to palaver with. Hear me? Get Hank on the line right now."

Do You Remember?

By C. H. Filler



Roy promised to have Henry on the line in a minute, and then beat it for a quieter and fresher place where the Old Crow aroma wasn't so strong. The Dakotan was in high spirits by this time and spreading about six-feet-two of brawn and muscle in one of the chairs and on the floor, he started to regale the office force with old-time songs. After two or three selections about the "lonesome prair-e-e," he was just warming up on Annie Laurie when the door of the district grand plenipotentiary opened and our jolly boss, C. L. Titus, stepped out and looked over the situation. He went to the side of the happy bronco-buster and told him he was some singer and would be featured at the local opera house that evening, but that for the present he would appreciate it if the light-hearted gentleman would cease the ditty, as it brought back sad memories; that he was almost at the point of breaking into song (or the measles) himself on hearing that sweet old-timer, Annie Laurie.

"Sure, pardner, put 'er thar; nobody ever asks a favor of Jeb Simpson of South Dakoty and could tell the truth and say he didn't grant it," said Jeb. "Shake, pard, shake. What do you say to a little nip of Old Crow? Gosh, I'm drier 'n an alkali desert in Arizony."

Mr. Titus thanked the gentleman kindly, but declined, saying that a very important meeting of the council was about to convene, and as he was president pro tem, etc., he would have to forego the pleasure. The minute having passed in which it was promised Henry would be on the line, the old-timer, unable to longer control his thirst, quietly departed on his rather bumpy trail.



History of a Montana Pioneer

Continued from Page 13

we managed to build a brush road on the grade around the steep mountain to our mill location on the creek. We made a hand-sled with cross-beams extending outside the runners far enough so that when necessary we were able to nip it along with hand-spikes on each side. With this handled we moved our outfit to the creek, and we did all the logging this way during the entire winter." * * *

The foregoing account indicates some of the adverse circumstances and conditions which Mr. Holter had to face. It was due to him that the first planing mill was established in Montana in 1865, also the first sash and door factory in 1868, and a lumber business at Great Falls in 1886, where operations still continue. Later he was actively identified with lumbering operations in Idaho, Oregon and Alaska.

In 1890 Mr. Holter, with others, made application for the use of the waters of the Missouri River near Helena for power purposes, and had a bill enacted by Congress permitting a dam to be built across the river. This event records the start of hydro-electric development in Montana.

Mr. Holter is now past his eighty-seventh year, and strong mentally and physically.

"Brought Out" President Read

THERE is always a feeling of justifiable pride and satisfaction to the man who "brings out" or "discovers" a fellow-worker who makes good, and The Monitor is pleased to publish the following personal letter from the third vice-president of the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company:

Mr. J. F. Greenawalt, Editor,

The Mountain States Monitor.

My dear Sir: Copy of the May, 1919, issue of The Monitor has reached my desk, and I have read with special interest the first two pages, which are devoted to presenting your new President, Mr. Ben S. Read, to the rank and file of the organization.

Mr. Read's advancement in the telephone business has been rapid and remarkable. It seems to me only a comparatively short time ago when I went to Carthage, Tenn., for the purpose of securing a new agent for the telephone office at that point. It was only when the merchants of that town realized that the service would be discontinued unless one of them would agree to take the agency, which was then in unsatisfactory hands, that Mr. T. B. Read, Sr., who was then a leading and prosperous merchant at Carthage, agreed to take the telephone office with the understanding that one of his little boys would look after the same, and it was then that he called for Ben, a lad of some fourteen years

of age, and presented him to me. I looked him over and decided to entrust the office to the young man, but I did so largely on account of the fact that I knew his father to be a man of sterling integrity, and I felt sure that he would watch over and direct Ben in his business relations with the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company. While it is a fact that Ben Read can be termed a "self-made man," it is just as true that he was brought up under the influence of a godly father and a good Christian mother. The father has long since gone to his reward, but the mother is still graciously spared, and her life is a benediction not only to her sons and their families, but her influence for good is exerted throughout the town and community in which she resides. Ben Read's brothers are all prominent business men of Carthage, and they have the esteem not only of the people at home, but among the wholesale merchants, manufacturers and jobbers of Nashville and other cities where they are known and where they trade. Your people are fortunate in having Mr. Read at the head of your organization. He is a man of indomitable energy, of executive ability, and in his personal life he is an example worthy of emulation. It will not be long until each of you will esteem him as a personal friend, and I count the Mountain States Telephone organization extremely fortunate in securing so worthy a successor to my good friend, Mr. Edward B. Field, Sr., deceased.

Yours very truly,

LELAND HUME.



Answering the Call of the Wild

Some Snapshots of General Accounting Employees Taken on a Hike Up Lookout Mountain, Denver's Mountain Parks, in Early Springtime

1. Ready for the Climb. Left to right: E. H. Wendell, G. D. Ringbauer, P. E. Remington, A. D. Stryker, B. C. Dyer and C. M. Ohlander.
2. A Rest on the Way Up.
3. Another Rest, Farther Up.
4. Preparing a Puree of Pine Cones for Lunch.
5. Enjoying the View From the Summit.
6. Mr. Ohlander Attempts to Spread Bolshevist Propaganda.

Educational Department

Some Principles of Management—Continued

In the April issue of the Monitor four articles of Commercial Course No. 1, Management, were published. These articles were: 29 General, 30 Managerial Requirements, 31 Property, and 32 Development. The remaining articles of this section are printed here. They are: 33 Employee Relations, 34 Dissemination of Information, and 35 Instruction and Training.

33. Employee Relations

ORGANIZATION and policy are useful and necessary in the conduct of business enterprises. The standardization of methods and systematic routines are necessary for the promotion of efficiency, but with the most approved organization, policy and routines, no business enterprise can attain success unless the personnel—the human material, is of the proper type and adequately equipped morally, physically and mentally to be competent to handle the work. Although some forms of organization and some types of management are better suited to certain enterprises and conditions than others, success does not depend so much on the form of organization and the type of management as it does upon the personnel, because with the proper type of men and women working in the true sense of co-operation and loyalty, success may be attained regardless, to a great extent, of the plan of organization.

Employee relations takes into consideration the employee, the employer and society at large. It promotes a conservation of normal human needs, taking into consideration physical health, adequate income, steady employment, opportunity for instruction and training, a chance to make personality count, and the development of the individuality of the employee. It is the conservation of the physical, intellectual and moral integrity of every worker. It is of vital importance to the employer and the employee alike and both must take a thorough interest in its development.

Under the law, a corporation is considered to be an individual, so that the composite characteristics and personalities of the personnel form the personality of the corporation. As an individual should develop all of his moral, mental and physical faculties, so that he may be well balanced in every respect, so must the corporation or business concern develop all of the members of its personnel in such a way as to obtain the best balance possible of the faculties represented thereby. This principle is being rapidly recognized to its full extent by both employe and employer in the great industries of our country, and a great deal of constructive work is being done toward the moral, mental and physical development of the personnel of business.

In arranging a scale of wages and salaries for the various activities in the company, due consideration is given to proper advancement and increase of pay based upon both the length of service of the employe and his merits in connection with his work. These practices tend to assist the employes in their social development and relieve their minds of worry, so that they may be able to put their best efforts into their everyday work for the company, because it is recognized that no one who has personal worries will be able to do his best work.

The company contributes to, and encourages the development of, the personnel in social, athletic and educational activities by fostering the Telephone Society of the Mountain States and in other ways. In establishing a liberal plan by which the employes may purchase stock of the company, or of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and pay for it by installments deducted monthly from their pay, the company encourages thrift on the part of the employes. Through this plan the employes are encouraged to save small amounts out of their wages monthly, thus fortifying themselves financially for the future, and investing their savings in such a way as to bring in attractive returns.

Continuity of service, due regard for safety practices in regular work, and personal habits contributing to physical fitness and personal hygiene, are promoted through the establishment of the Benefit Plan. This plan includes the provision for pensions, accident disability benefits, sickness disability benefits and death benefits, providing for reasonable benefits under all of these heads for those employes who are afflicted. The plan is worked out in such a way that reasonable benefit and proper restrictions are provided in order that those who are afflicted, particularly while engaged in company business, may not be worried as to financial difficulties on account of these afflictions and may be at ease in their minds as regards leaving their families when they are called from their activities by death, and may be fortified as to their condition in old age when they are unable to work any longer, but at the same time may not feel that the plan in any way can be called a charity. The whole plan is an expression on the part of the company of good-will toward, and interest in, the individual employe. For this reason all those who have to do with the routine of the plan should take a personal interest in seeing that every consideration is given to the beneficiary.

This matter of personal interest in the individual should in no way be restricted to the operation of the Benefit Plan, but it should extend through all company activities and be practiced by the executive in charge of every group of workers without regard to the number in the group or the kind of work required of the individuals. One of every executive's chief duties is to study and understand each of his individual workers and direct, lead and encourage them in their work. Every consideration must be given the individual so that personal development, loyalty and co-operation may be promoted and the highest quality and greatest amount of work may be done consistent with the well-being and contentment of the workers. There is as much need for loyalty to the workers on the part of the executive as there is for loyalty to the cause by the workers themselves. These problems must be handled with that consideration, decision and firmness which is so necessary to efficient management, which means that justice and mercy must always prevail.

34. Dissemination of Information

In order that the executives and employes in the field may be kept posted as to methods, standards and general practices of the company, instructions are constantly being issued to the field forces through circulars, bulletins, correspondence and specifications. The circulars and bulletins have a wide distribution among the employes in the field, extending even to the minor executives in the exchanges. The standard circulars contain information, compiled in great detail, relative to the methods and practices of the company. These circulars are revised frequently so that the practices and methods may be kept up to date, and the bulletins are issued frequently as supplementary information to that contained in the circulars.

Those employes who keep posted on the contents of these circulars and read the bulletins regularly as they are distributed, acquire a comprehensive knowledge of the general routines and practices of all of the departments of the company. On the other hand, those who do not keep posted as to the contents of these circulars and bulletins cannot possibly keep up with the development of the business, and if they neglect those which deal with the activities of the

department in which they are engaged they must necessarily fail to keep up to the efficiency expected of them. With a full knowledge of the requirements of the business as outlined in these circulars and bulletins, and with proper effort to carry them out, a very high degree of efficiency may be maintained by the employes in every branch of the organization.

Engineering instructions covering plant practices and construction details are issued in the form of written specifications and blue prints of drawings, for the use of plant forces in carrying out the work of construction and maintenance in connection with all classes of plant. These specifications require careful study on the part of those using them, because all work must be done strictly as specified in order that the desired results may be obtained with the least cost and expense.

The Mountain States Monitor, edited and published by the Publicity Department, is a very valuable medium of general information about company activities. The conditions met with in the various parts of the territory and many items of personal interest are published, stimulating a spirit of co-operation between the members of the organization throughout the entire territory. The articles in The Monitor are not restricted to telephone matters, but bring out very interesting and instructive material relative to geographical, topographical, industrial and social conditions of the different mountain states. Such information is very valuable because it has a very direct bearing on the development of our company. Personal and cooperative interest is stimulated through the space given to the correspondents of the various divisions and districts. So that The Monitor is a very valuable factor in the management of the business—in promoting common interest between the employes and the management throughout all parts of the territory, and in disseminating general current information about our territory.

With all these forms of dissemination of information to employes, it is possible to develop an organization of high efficiency, but even with all these facilities for putting information into the hands of everyone, satisfactory results could not be attained if the employes were not eager for this information, and did not enter into the whole spirit of its dissemination.

35. Instruction and Training

Mental development and training along the lines of the particular business in which the employe is engaged is very important, and there are several different methods of giving this training. Instruction and training courses are conducted in several ways for fitting employes for their work and giving them a broad knowledge of the business as a whole.

An educational plan is being developed, based upon the principle that every permanent employe of the company should have the opportunity, and be encouraged to study and become familiar with the activities of all the departments of the business, as well as to receive training for becoming more efficient in his own particular line of work. The necessity in these days of great industrial and public service activities for the division of labor—for the individual to specialize on a particular line of work, tends to narrow the person's point of view to his particular work and makes it difficult for him to acquire comprehensive knowledge of other activities in the business in which he is engaged. It also makes it difficult for the executives to select employes for advancement, particularly where such advancement takes the employe into a different department than that in which he has previously been employed.

The plan is being developed in such a way that it will benefit all employes who desire to take advantage of it in the small exchanges as well as in the larger cities and towns in the territory. For this reason the work has taken the form of correspondence courses. The company stands all the expenses in connection with this work, because it is believed that the increased efficiency of the employes made possible through this plan is of considerable value to the company.

One very important feature of the Educational Plan is

to encourage all employes to constantly do something along the lines of self-education, particularly toward fitting themselves for more responsible telephone work. It is recognized that systematic study is of value, whether in direct relation to our present occupation, or for the purpose of training for broader lines. There are a good many employes throughout the territory who are taking specific courses of study in different educational institutions, and are spending a large amount of their spare time in diligently following up these studies. These employes are encouraged to continue and complete these courses and furnish the Educational Department with a record of their progress and proficiency in them.

A system of records is kept under the educational plan for the purpose of keeping, in comprehensive and concentrated form, records of the proficiency of the students in their various company courses, and in the various outside courses, together with information relative to each student's industrial efficiency as reported from time to time by his immediate superior. These records are used to facilitate the selection of human material for different positions in the company, and for increasing the company organization efficiency by placing employes in those positions for which they are best fitted.

The Traffic Department conducts a very adequate school for the training of young women for switchboard operation. In this school training is given in the rules and regulations and the general principles of operating service under regular instructors, using comprehensive textbooks and charts. In addition to this general instruction given in the classes for training the mind in the various requirements of telephone operation, the school is provided with adequate equipment composed of the various units of standard switchboard apparatus, which is used for training the students in the mechanical art of the operation of switchboards and in giving them sufficient practice to make them familiar with the switchboards before they are required to take up regular operating duties.

Some other classes of employes, before being required to take up their regular duties in the department in which they have been employed, are given practical training in the various parts of the business. This is done by having them accompany those who actually do the work in the plant, traffic and commercial departments, and observe what is being done and how it is done. Along with this observation these students are coached by those whom they accompany and given a certain amount of instruction in the work.

All employes in taking up their regular duties are, of course, constantly being coached and instructed by their immediate superiors and the older employes with whom they work, in regard to the proper methods and practices to be followed in performing their duties. It is expected that every executive who has the responsibility of selecting persons for employment will use his best judgment. He is expected to give consideration to the character, education, initiative, adaptability and personal habits of all applicants and select those who have the best qualifications. After they have been employed he is expected to keep in personal touch with them for the purpose of supervising their training, observing their progress and assisting them in development along the lines to which they seem best adapted.

Certificates Issued Between April 21, 1919, and May 20, 1919

Plant Course No. 1—Electricity and Magnetism	
Bennecke, Roland (P.).....	Pueblo, Colorado
Brockmeyer, W. F. (P.).....	Billings, Montana
Downing, C. S. (P.).....	Pueblo, Colorado
Jones, T. J. (D. C.).....	Salt Lake City, Utah
Macdonald, R. A. (P.).....	Mesa, Arizona
Reed, Marvin (P.).....	Trinidad, Colorado
Plant Course No. 2—Substation Practice	
Bunnell, J. C. (P.).....	Pocatello, Idaho
Plant Course No. 4—Outside Plant	
Underhill, W. R. (P.).....	Pocatello, Idaho
	Plant Department
	D. C. Division Construction Department

To Build and Foster

A COMMUNITY always welcomes the establishing of an institution that fills a recognized community need; unfortunately it doesn't always manifest a lively interest in the health of such an institution after it is established.

It is one thing to establish industries; it is quite another thing to build up, develop and maintain them.

An industry can be established by the investment of capital; its development and maintenance depend upon the attitude of the public toward the enterprise and toward the product.

Likewise, the permanency of an institution depends upon the willingness of its customers to pay a sufficient price for its product to enable it to continue strong and healthy financially.

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company's system of wires, furnishing the means of communication over mountains, plains and desert, is a tremendous factor in the development of the West.

Telephone service is a "home product" of every community in the mountain states, and is woven into the very warp and woof of commercial and social life. The permanency and adequacy of telephone service depend upon the same factors as are involved in the security and permanency of every other established industry.

With very, very few exceptions the people of the West recognize these principles and pursue a "live and let live" policy toward all legitimate business institutions.

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph
Company