

The Monitor

18
29

CHRISTMAS 1919



THE MOUNTAIN STATES TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

BEN B. READ
PRESIDENT

TELEPHONE BUILDING
1421 CHAMPA STREET

Denver, Colo., November 26, 1919.

To Employees of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, and The Tri-State Telephone Company:

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has again made an offer whereby certain eligible employees of our System may subscribe for American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock at par and pay for such stock by periodical deductions from their pay.

The details of this new offering are set forth in the pamphlet handed you herewith, entitled:

"Second Stock Purchase Plan of American Telephone and Telegraph Company for Bell System Employees."

The terms of the offering are as follows:

Any employee who on December 1, 1919, has been continuously for one year or more in the service of the Company may purchase the above stock at par (\$100 per share), one share for each \$300, or fraction thereof, of the annual rate of pay which he is receiving at December 1, 1919.

Payments on such stock are to be made by deductions from pay at the rate of \$300 per share per month for employees who are paid monthly; for employees paid semi-monthly, \$1.50 per share will be deducted semi-monthly; and for employees paid weekly, 75 cents per share will be deducted for each of the weekly pay-roll periods.

Employees will be credited with any dividends declared on the stock for which they have subscribed, and interest will be charged the employee on unpaid balances at the rate of 4% per annum. At any time on or after June 1, 1921, the employee may pay the balance then unpaid and take up the stock for which he has subscribed. The plan also provides that the employee may at any time withdraw from his purchase agreement by filing application therefor, and he will be entitled to receive the total amount withheld from his wages, with interest thereon at 4% per annum, compounded quarterly.

Inclosed with the pamphlet is a Purchase Agreement, Form S. N. 3457, which should be filled out and signed by any employee desiring to subscribe for the stock and passed to his immediate superior on or before December 31, 1919. These forms should then be passed through the lines of organization promptly to the General Auditor.

Attention is called to the fact that no employee is under any obligation to purchase stock, and no official is permitted to urge him to do so; also, that the present standing and future prospects of an employee will not be affected in the least degree by his decision as to the purchase of such stock.

The above stock offering furnishes an excellent opportunity for saving, and the very nature of the Plan, providing as it does for systematic deductions from the pay of the employee, practically assures an investment that would not otherwise be made. All the employees who have been saving some of their income through these stock purchase plans and through subscriptions to Liberty Loan Bonds have benefited by these savings, and particularly those who have held on to their investments.

If a reaction period or depression in the business world should follow the world war, those who have retained their accumulated savings in the form of good stocks and bonds are strengthened thereby and are in much better condition to weather the storms which come to all of us, than those who have no savings laid aside.

The savings of the employees of the Mountain States and Tri-State Companies through purchases of stocks and bonds by deductions from pay are a little over \$1,000,000. This is very gratifying, and it is certainly advisable with all of us that the saving habit formed should be continued.

The employees of the Mountain States System subscribed for American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock of the first offering and its Extension to the amount of \$253,248, and they also subscribed to the various Liberty Loan Bond issues to the amount of \$783,700. These figures alone show the benefits which the employee derives from a plan under which he may subscribe for stocks or bonds and pay for them on the installment plan. Just now THRIFT should be our watchword. The war is over, but we have yet to go through the reconstruction period. Nothing can benefit the country more, nor the individual more, than the habit of systematic saving. We have learned this lesson from the war.

Yours very truly,


President.

The MOUNTAIN STATES MONITOR

DENVER COLORADO

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

Hazel Thornton
C. A. Poff

Eastern Division
Western Division

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

E. A. Murphy
C. H. Philips

Northern Division
Southern Division

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

DECEMBER :: NINETEEN-NINETEEN

"Know Thyself"

THERE is a story in this issue of The Monitor in which its author tells why he has been with his present employer a number of years and expects to remain a good many years more.

The story is very much worth while, for it is calculated to cause the reader to compare his own experiences with those set out and to analyze the thoughts, the ideas, the impulses and the ambitions that have placed him in his present position. In fact, the reader is bound to indulge in self-analysis and to become inspired with a determination to increase his value to his company in the certain knowledge that his efforts will be proportionately rewarded.

It must be borne in upon one that the company doesn't wait for a position to grow large enough for an employe to fill, but it does wait for the employe to grow big enough to fill the bigger job. The wider one's

knowledge of the company's business, the greater is one's proficiency in his particular job, and the less supervision he requires. It is more desirable and more profitable to be the supervisor than the supervised.

After all is said and done, production is the measure of one's worth. Not necessarily the creating of material commodities, but the production of new ideas, improvement in methods, evolving plans for the elimination of waste or for time-saving in routines; all these are creative functions that may be exercised to the mutual benefit of both employe and employer.

It is a good thing to turn aside at frequent intervals for the study of self in order to discover the weak spots in the mental structure. There are always some to be found, and intelligent searching will also uncover a strengthening specific. The injunction to "know thyself" cannot be ignored with impunity. It is a very vital principle.



The Tale of a Christmas Ten

by Eleanor G. Kilbourn

IT WAS nearing time for the usual Compliments of the Season. December had arrived, that bleak month of short days and long, dark nights that is made bright and warm only by what we call Christmas cheer and Christmas spirit.

Many people felt that there wasn't a great deal of cheer floating around. They shook their heads doubtfully and prophesied a dull Christmas. What with the high cost (but possibly you've heard about it), there would not be—could not be—much Christmas giving. But a good custom like a good man can't be kept down, and in certain generous hearts and sane, wholesome minds the nineteen-hundred-year-old Yuletide spirit was stirring.

One busy little household of three women had scarcely as yet had time to think about Christmas. The two daughters were breadwinners; once they would have said bread and butter, but with the kiting price of the latter commodity they had discussed the substitution of newcoco or nutinola or some other nutty concoction. For more years than they cared to tell they had gone each morning down into the humming parts of the city and returned in the evening with "something completed, something done, to earn a night's repose." The mother was more or less of a shut-in and depended upon her daughters and the daily paper for information as to what was doing out in the topsy-turvy world. The girls often thought it a shame for her to know. She was a clock-watcher and didn't mind in the least who caught her at it, for the hour of all hours in the day, to her, was when the girls came home.

The short, dull day was closing in when a key turned in the lock and admitted Susan, the elder daughter—competent Susan, plain, practical and sensible as her name. She found her mother sitting before the grate fire, a trace of color in the usually pale cheeks and a new bank note in her hand. Susan saw the numerals "10" in the corners and the puzzled features and tousled hair of "Old Hickory" on a fresh, federal reserve note.

"Well," ejaculated Susan, "what's this? Have the ravens been dropping ten dollar bills on our humble doorstep?"

"No," replied her mother, "strange things are happening, but at that no miracles as yet, that I've heard of. It was the postman. This came in a letter from your Aunt Susan. She said we should buy a turkey

for Christmas dinner and if there was anything left the girls could get some gloves. But I'm just a little worried about it for I don't believe she really has that much to spare. Poor sister! Alone in the world, old and frail, but out of her small means she sends us this."

"Yes," said Susan, "she is and always was a dear. You remember in her last letter before this she said she was still learning something at her age, one of the war lessons being that she could do without some things that she used to consider quite indispensable. She had to do this in order to contribute to the various drives as they came along. She would not refuse, if it was only a mite that she could give."

The door opened again, and Elizabeth hustled in and threw off her hat and wrap. The ten dollars had been laid on a table under the electric lamp and caught Elizabeth's eye.

"My word," she exclaimed. "Where did all the kale come from?" Elizabeth worked in a bank and had an entirely impersonal feeling for the little stacks of money she was accustomed to see every day, but an unexpected ten in the household caused a flutter.

The mother explained again and Elizabeth added her appreciation of the good aunt who had denied herself some small comfort in order to make Christmas brighter and happier for her sister and nieces.

Susan was looking thoughtful and presently said: "I certainly appreciate that gift and the spirit that prompted it more than I can express. But you know we held a family council before Thanksgiving and decided that, if we could make it, we'd use our dusty turkey platter once in say three years, so 'blew' ourselves for a Thanksgiving bird. Now, in times like these I think one should conserve on fifty cents a pound meat—we might bull the market and so make it harder for some one who is right now planning on having his once-in-three-years turkey at Christmas time. If you agree with me than I ask you, What would two young—ahem!—able-bodied women do with all of ten unearned increment dollars? You know the old poem with a good point, 'Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on.' Let's pass the ten dollars on to some one who is sidestepping the wolf more energetically than we are. We can square ourselves by saying that we are keeping auntie's ten and giving ten of our own, and tell her that the turkey was fine—the Thanksgiving roast, of course."

The other two had a habit of agreeing with Susan, so over the evening meal they had an interesting time selecting the recipient of the Christmas ten. They narrowed down to Mrs. Lewis, a widow with two children, whose husband had been an influenza victim of the previous winter, and old Mr. and Mrs. Hardison. Frances Lewis had been a successful business girl before her marriage, a co-worker with Susan, and had returned to business life; the older child, Robert, had a paper route and called himself a "traveling man," and both he and his sister went to school. As food and clothing and shoes for growing kiddies were considerable items the Christmas Samaritans decided on giving the ten dollars—incognito, of course, for she would not accept it otherwise—to Frances, as in all likelihood others would remember the old couple. Accordingly, the next evening they sealed a ten dollar bill in an envelope and after dark quietly slipped it under Mrs. Lewis' door, rang the bell and scampered.

Grace Lewis answered, saw no one and was about to close the door on ten dollars when she spied the white envelope and gave it to her mother who opened it and took out the money and a card on which was typewritten: "With Christmas Greetings from—Never Mind Who."

"Well," said Mrs. Lewis, "St. Nicholas seems to be masquerading this year as 'Never Mind Who.' Where in the world could this have come from?" In perplexity she gazed at the same vignette of Andrew Jackson, but the note was not quite so new and clean as the one whose place it had taken, for Susan had carried out her plan of substituting ten dollars of her "own" money.

The children's eyes had grown larger and schemes were already forming in their busy brains to spend the money. Robert was more practical but Grace had visions for placing ten times ten dollars, and said,

"Oh, Mother, I can have a pair of roller skates out of it, can't I?"

"No," replied her mother. "you cannot. I won't have you making a nuisance of yourself on the sidewalks. Besides, it's against the law, and we are a law-abiding family, I hope. I wouldn't buy you a pair of roller skates if Santa Claus shoved ten thousand dollars under the door."

Grace's expression of beatitude changed and Robert, who liked to think of himself as the head of the family, said: "That envelope is addressed to mother. It's her money to do as she pleases with it."

They remained up for some time, querying as to who could have left the ten dollars, but at bedtime the mystery was as deep as ever. Frances Lewis pondered over it until she fell asleep, cheered and comforted, however, in the knowledge that not all the world thought only of profiteering. The following day at her work the strange appearance of the Christmas ten recurred to her constantly. And, like Susan she was forming a scheme to pass it on, not knowing that it had already undergone that process.

During the day an official of the company for which she worked mentioned to her that she was among those scheduled for a "raise" the first of the

year. She had heard about misfortunes never coming singly and was glad to know that there are occasions when good fortune follows that example.

That evening Frances said to the children: "Youngsters, the family fortunes are showing signs of improvement. Today I was promised a ten dollar increase in salary the first of the year. Fortunately for us we own this little home, and while we haven't much money I believe that what we have is well invested. So I have decided to present that nice, unexpected ten dollars that dear, generous 'Never Mind Who' left at our door, to Mrs. Hardison. You know the old lady used to come and take care of you kiddies, occasionally, while your father and I went to a show, and told stories and made candy for you. You ought to be strong for her. She and her husband are growing feeble, while we are young, healthy folks. I think the little pension money is about all they have now. What do you say?"

Robert's expression gave approval though Grace did not look so delighted. There were such a lot of things that ten dollars would buy, even with roller skates eliminated! But Grace's unexpressed objection was overruled and that evening the migratory ten, which had a habit of saying a voluntary goodbye and shifting its location, was left under the door of a poor, little rented house where dwelt an old couple who were pulling and stretching hard to make ends meet on a civil war pension. Once they had been able to get along quite comfortably with their small earnings added to that fund, but old age and feebleness had destroyed earning power while the cost of everything had doubled and trebled.

Grace finally entered into the spirit of the blessedness of giving, and the Lewis children thought it beat all Hallowe'en stunts to slip the envelope under the door, while their mother watched in the dark, hammer a tattoo with their strong fists and hurry away on a tiptoe run. The rapping roused the old gentleman from a dream of the brave days of the eighteen-sixties, and Mrs. Hardison, growing rheumatic, limped to the door, found the envelope and took out ten dollars that had twice before tried hard to give itself away. She was too astonished to speak, but the old man quavered, "Eh, what is it, mother?" "A ten dollar bill," she replied, "if I can believe my old eyes."

This time there was no card, not a word, and again the query was raised, "Who could have left it?" The old people had many friends, so querying was useless. They sat in the dark, by a conserve-fuel fire, their hearts lightened and cheered by the kindness of an unknown friend, and the old man put on a few extra dusky diamonds. "Old blood is chill, mother," he said, "but ten dollars will buy us quite a lot of warmth, even at the high price of coal. I wish we knew who to thank for that money, but as we don't we'll just thank the good Lord."



Too Natural

Dauber: "I made these sketches during a trip to the Rocky Mountains. Don't you think they are natural?"

Critic (glancing over them): "Well—er—they're certainly rocky."—Boston Transcript.



The Next to Go!



Much has been said and written since the beginning of the great war on the subject of conservation, particular emphasis being given to the elimination of waste in the matter of food, clothing, fuel and of

the various materials used in the operation of industry. As a result of this agitation there is no doubt that less usable food goes into the garbage cans, there is more "banking" of furnaces, electric lights are switched off oftener and fewer rubber bands, paper clips, pins and unused letterheads find their way to the waste basket.

Such examples of thrift contribute in no inconsiderable measure to our material welfare, not only as individuals, but they are reflected in our national wealth and industrial and commercial strength.

But the Colorado Public Health Association, in connection with a nation-wide movement, is calling attention to still another field for the exercise of conservation, and that is the conservation of human life, the most precious of all the riches of creation. The best method of conserving life is to prevent disease. The most insidious and destructive foe of human life is tuberculosis. Out of every one hundred deaths, ten are caused by the great white plague. The most effective prophylaxis that can be employed to arrest the spread of the disease is the practical education which develops from the promulgation of intelligent and intelligible information through the printed word, through lectures, through local clinics, traveling dispensaries and welfare work. And that is what is proposed in the plan of the Colorado Public Health Association.

It was popular intelligence intelligently applied that freed the world of the terrors of yellow fever, leprosy and the bubonic plague, they being no longer considered an active menace to public health. And now it is decreed that tuberculosis must be "The Next to Go," the slogan of the campaign.

Now, this anti-tuberculosis campaign must be financed. It will cost money, but it will be worth sums incalculable to pull the teeth of this great, white monster. The public health not only of our own, but of

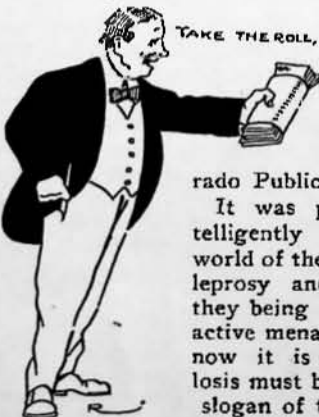
succeeding generations is involved. It is not only a question of humanity; but an economic factor is also involved, for as no individual with impaired health can reach the ultimate of his normal possibilities, neither can a nation attain to its highest natural destinies with a low standard of public health. Human activity, whether expressed in manual labor or mental effort is dependent upon a healthy body.

Federal and state agencies are teaching men how to prevent the spread of anthrax, glanders, cholera and footrot among their herds and flocks. Instructions are given in the matter of housing, feeding and the sanitary care of horses, cattle and swine, while children drift along through disease-inviting environment growing out of ignorance or carelessness or both.

As the whole end of earthly endeavor is simply to insure the perpetuation of the human race, our rational purpose must be to see that the children in the lap of the present generation are protected during their helpless years; that they may be assured of healthy bodies with which they in turn may do their share of the world's work and transmit the vital spark to their posterity, so that life may continue to be worth the living and the perpetuation of the race a thing worth while.

Active support may be given the anti-tuberculosis campaign by the purchase of Red Cross Christmas seals and health bonds, an investment that will produce health dividends for our children and our children's children, and that will operate to diminish the sum total of human suffering, than which there can be no more worthy purpose.

When the white-robed crusaders appear during the campaign from Dec. 1 to 11, with their offering of Christmas seals and health bonds, let there be no tightening of the purse strings. Listen to old Ben Johnson: "Oh health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! Who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying the world without thee. Be then not so sparing of your purses, honorable gentlemen."



TAKE THE ROLL, MISS

OH, THANKS!



Praise That Came Too Late

By A. U. Mayfield

He had lived as you have lived,
And he did the best he could;
He plodded on toward the goal
Where go the bad and good;
He planted here and there a thorn
And here and there a flow'r;
He met the ups and downs of life
Each week, each day, each hour.
And many times he stood the test
Of doing good to others—
He gave his substance, love and cheer
To struggling men—his brothers;
He never faltered in the road
As onward moved the van;
He did the very best he could
To aid his fellowman;
But now and then, as you and I,
He'd slip, and sometimes fall,
And for awhile it seemed to him
He scarce could move at all;
But on he'd plod with inner hope—
No bouquets fell his way—
No alabaster boxes came
When he was in dismay.



"What th' —?"

Alas, alas, his race was run—
The winding sheet his lot;
Then flowers came, and sweet perfume
Embanked his lowly cot.
The man of God, in sombre cloth,
Extolled the virtues rare
Of him whose lifeless form reposed
Before the pulpit there.
He tore the blooming lillies up
And plucked the roses frail,
Then scattered them with tear and sob,
Back o'er the winding trail;
He told of how this man had lived,
Unselfish, kind and true,
And praised the noble deeds he'd done—
A guide for me and you.
The silent mold of mortal man
That lay before the shrine,
Called back its spirit from beyond,
To hear this praise divine.
The casket opened wide its lid—
The corpse sat up, in vain.
"Too late; too late," is all it said,
And then dropt dead again.



The Marvels of the Human Body

In the human body there are about 200 bones.

Muscles, about 500. The length of the alimentary canal is 32 feet. The amount of blood in an adult averages 14 pounds, or fully one-tenth of the entire weight. The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats 70 times a minute. 4,200 times per hour, 36,792,000 times per year, 2,575,440,000 times in three score years and ten, and at each beat two and one-half ounces of blood are thrown out of it; 175 ounces per minute, 656 pounds per hour, 7¾ tons per day.

All the blood in the body passes through the heart in 3 minutes. This little organ, by its ceaseless industry, pumps each day what is equal to lifting 122 tons one foot high, or 1 ton 122 feet high.

The lungs of the average person will contain about 1 gallon of air at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average of 1,200 times per hour. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 200,000 square inches, an area of very nearly equal to the floor of a room 40 feet square.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is 3 pounds 8 ounces, of a female, 2 pounds 4 ounces. The nerves are all connected with it directly by the spinal marrow. These nerves, it is stated, with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number, forming as it were a bodyguard.

The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The atmospheric pressure being about 14 pounds to the square inch, a medium sized person is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds. Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a

little drain-pipe one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length in the entire surface of the body of 201,166 feet or a ditch for draining the body of almost 40 miles long.

The normal human body has in it the iron needed to make 7 large nails, the fat for 14 candles, the carbon for 65 gross of crayons, and phosphorus enough for 820,000 matches, and out of it can be obtained 20 coffee spoons of salt, 50 lumps of sugar, and 42 liters of water.

The rods in the retina of the eye, which are supposed to be the ultimate recipients of light, are estimated at 30,000,000; and the gray matter of the brain is built up of at least 600,000,000 cells.

The elements in the human body, roughly speaking, are oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, phosphorus, calcium, sulphur, chlorine, sodium (salt), iron, potassium, magnesium and silica.

From the mere mechanical point of view, the "make up" of the human frame surpasses in its perfection of structure, arrangement and adaptability to conditions and circumstances, any other machine in the world.

What man will be 10,000 years from now no one can tell; for the purpose of his coming to earth is apparently far from being fulfilled, and some of his most awe-inspiring and Christlike powers are only now being developed and receiving scientific recognition. Truly, as David said:

"I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvelous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well."

—Rev. John Spence, F. R. A. S., in "The Homeland of the Soul."



"GEE, Kate, I'm so stiff I can't make the grade. I can hardly walk."

"You haven't got anything on me, Mary. I can't laugh; it hurts my side."

"I say, didn't we have one grand time—such wonderful weather, such a beautiful ride, that moonlight on the way home, and Holy Mackerel, 'Them eats,'"

While Kate and Mary stop to draw a breath I'll tell you the cause of all these remarks. The Supervisors of the Denver Telephone Exchanges, accompanied by Mr. Yelton, Mr. Miller, the employees on the eighth floor, and matrons, held their annual beef steak fry at Filius Park, on Oct. 22 and 23. It was necessary to make it a two-day event to accommodate the crowd. They met at the entrance of the Telephone building at 1:30 p. m., where through the courtesy of Mr. Cochrane, a number of Chevrolet trucks were secured. The Brecht Candy Co. did their part to make the outing a success, by donating a large amount of candy, which was appreciated by every one.

Those two supervisors are chewing the rag again, let's listen.

"Say, Kate, what do you know about our new Denver Traffic Manager?"

"All I know is, the way that man made sandwiches, sure did reach my heart."

"Didn't Mr. Yelton look proud, standing by his new invention, the Automatic Coffee Pot?"

"Do you suppose Mrs. Rowan is in love? You know the old saying about the pickles."

"Mr. Holmes is sure a good old scout. We couldn't get along without him. I don't see where he had much of a good time."

"I don't either, Mary. His idea of a good time seems to be, 'Have you all been served?'"

"When that French chef stepped into view, I was no longer Mary, but Wee Wee Marie. O La! La! Gosh, isn't he a heart breaker? So this is Paris! Take me home."

"I almost fell for that naturally curly, soup strainer, myself, and fell harder for the way he fried steak. I claim Mr. Hospe missed his calling."

"Mr. Coffey reminds me of you, Mary, always doing the heavy work, like pouring cream into the coffee, but even at that he's a good ball player."

"Gosh, the Champa supervisors were surely proud of their chief operator, nearly winning the potato race. Miss Pitt forgot she had two thumbs, thought they were all fingers."

"Say, Kate, what do you think of that Gallup bunch?"

"Not many of them, but they can make themselves heard. Did you hear them yelling for their chief operator, a second Casey? They call her 'Home Run Milley.' I think we should notify the manager of the Chicago White Sox, and tell him what he is missing."

"Talking about noise, that Main bunch takes the cake. Mary, did you see that ball game? It was sure great! The Main chief operator had reached first base safely, when someone shouts 'Steal a base.' The stately Miss Krebs stoops over, picked up the 10-lb. base, and made a mad dash for home."

"Kate, who was the second Ty Cobb, that was putting the sphere everywhere, except over the plate?"

"Why, Mary, that's Mr. Johnson, on the eighth floor."

"Well, he sure is a scream the way he kept pulling that left trouser leg up, I thought he was advertising for some garter company."

"Say, Kate, didn't Mr. Moore have a good time. You couldn't get him to play anything but first base and he never caught a ball but I'd say he never missed anything else. Just ask Miss Loew, whose coat with arms made first base home."

"Glory be, when that balloon race started, me thought a second world war had been declared. But midst the roar of the balloons bursting, Miss Lamers and Miss Clark brought glory to the school, by winning the race and thereupon receiving two of the cutest little lead whistles."

"Kate, I held my breath all during that apple eating contest, I was so worried about Miss Marbach's chin, and I could have sworn Miss Shine would spend the rest of her days without a nose. You would have thought Miss Johnson and Miss Clark had received a Croux la Guerre when they were awarded first prize, a solid brass wrist watch for winning the contest."

"Well, Kate, all I can say is that still water runs deep. While we were all chewing the rag, they were roasting marshmallows by the moonlight. So you see they put one over on us there; I never did see marshmallows disappear so fast."

"You know, Mary, I think Miss Clark was kinda disappointed with the lovely cake spoon she won, because I heard her say to a couple of South girls, 'Cake spoons are nice, but there is another kind I like better?'"

"Kate, I think that Long Distance bunch must not

Confidence and Co-operation vs. Doubt and Distrust

Efficiency and pep are good words to remember and practice. If "pep" isn't in the dictionary, we hope at least that it is in us and will make itself manifest. But both words have been iterated and reiterated and applied so variously and promiscuously that they have lost some of their force and meaning—as mere words.

For the present situation there is another word for us to remember and practice, and that is CO-OPERATION. No nation or state or organization or business or individual can live to itself or himself alone, and it was never intended that they should do so. During the war we thought only of our country—its honor and success. We did unparalleled team-work, and the result was speedy victory.

A rich and favored nation of more than a hundred million co-operating people can accomplish anything within reason and righteousness that it undertakes, and become an example and a beacon-light to a distracted world. But we shall fail disastrously if little cliques of individuals pull in opposite directions, thinking only of selfish interests, or tearing down that

which has been slowly and laboriously built up. If "every fellow for himself" were substituted by "I'm for you if you're for me," what a change would come over the world almost overnight! And that olden, golden rule is needed now in this year A. D. 1919 as never before.

Misunderstanding should give way to understanding. To preserve our United States we must be a united, co-operating people.

We should do no less in our present-day crisis than did that cheerful old patriot who, when he had affixed his name to the Declaration of Independence, turned to his fellow immortals and said, "Now, we must all hang together or we shall all hang separately."

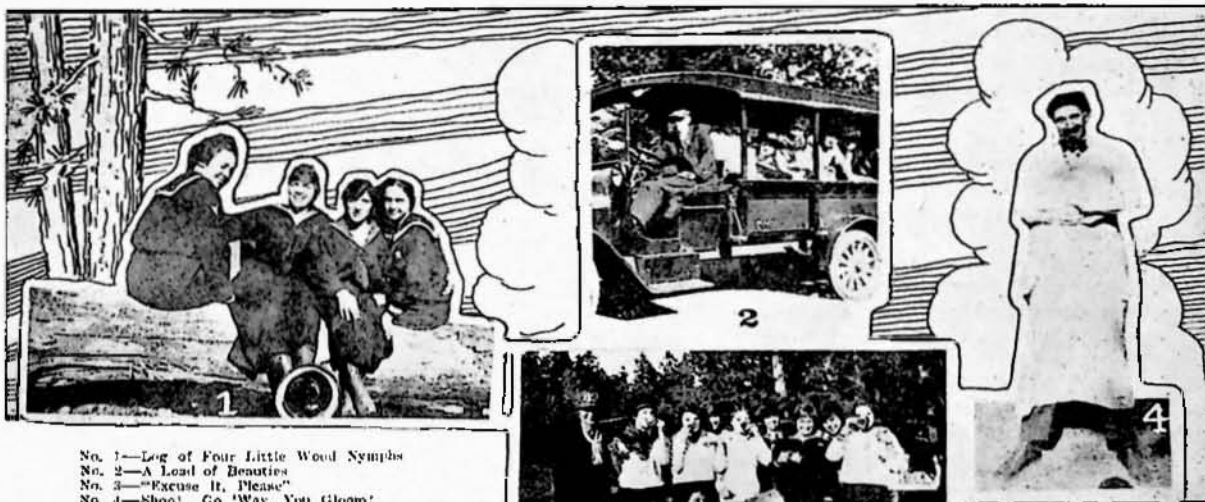
When you come really to know the other fellow you realize that he is generally a fairly decent chap after all, and usually inclined to meet you at the halfway house and talk it over. Then misunderstandings are cleared away; fellowship, friendship and co-operation follow, and you and he and the world are all better for it.

have eaten for a couple of days; I counted six buns that Miss Sheriff consumed all by herself."

"Miss Andrews was sure proud of her little red

ginging to sound cracked. That candy wet their parched throats."

"Same with us, Kate, when they halted at Lake-



No. 1—Log of Four Little Wood Nymphs
No. 2—A Load of Beauties
No. 3—"Excuse It, Please"
No. 4—Shoo! Go 'Way, You Gloom!

Ford, which she immediately climbed into and wended her way over the mystic maze again."

"Kate, when that Main girl tried to dance on the table, it reminded me of 'The Call of the Wild.' Wasn't she awkward, I thought at any minute the table would give way 'neath those gun-boats. The cows in the meadow had nothing on her."

"Mary, it certainly was a relief to my cars when they stopped on Lookout to pass that candy. Some of the girls' voices were changing, and they were be-

wood, we had sung everything from 'When You and I Were Young; Maggie,' to 'Minnie, Shake the Shimmie for Me.' But that cider and those doughnuts saved the day. Nothing ever sounded more homelike or sweeter to me than the matrons yodeling their cider. But all perfect days must end."

"Gee whiz, Mary, I got one minute to get back to the operating room. If I wasn't so stiff I could make it in half the time. So long, see you later."

Page Mrs. Washington

By Walter T. Lee, Montrose, Colo.
Winner of December Prize

THE present day is not devoid of its amusing incidents that serve to break the tedium of the usual daily routine, but they are by no means of as common occurrence as in the days when the telephone was young. Then there were no long distance operators, though some of the larger places boasted of a "territorial." In most cases one girl was a combination of local, long distance and chief operator and educator of the public.

As will be seen later, this latter was far from being the least important of her duties. Relatively few people had ever talked over the telephone, and we all soon learned to judge the customer by their slight variation of the universal alibi, "I am a little deaf and will you please tell John Doe at Pumpkin Center—etc." We understood then that they had to be educated in the technique of telephony.

Like all the other men who have achieved fame or had it thrust upon them, I started out as lineman, installer, trouble shooter, switchboard man, collector, night operator, and ex-officio Sunday relief operator. It was in this capacity that I loved best to serve, for it afforded me a chance to relax from my multifarious duties of the week, for no matter how urgent the case of trouble, I was not required to leave the switchboard on Sunday to fix it.

One Sunday I was on duty in a Southern town which had a large colored population with a consuming ambition to talk over the telephone. They always placed their calls collect, and no matter whom they called nor how unimportant the nature of the business, the called negro always managed to dig up the necessary money to pay, and considered himself the lucky one, as indeed he was for he was the envy of all Darktown when it became known that he had had a "foam call." I was sitting between the window and the switchboard alternately pouring over the pages of that ancient classic which none but the old timer will recall, "Telephone Troubles and How to Find Them," and gazing out of the window to the opposite side of the street, where the town's elite were marshalling for the weekly society parade.

I heard the soft pad of half bare feet coming up the stairs and I knew that I was going to have a dusky visitor, though experienced as I was in recognizing the sound of their footsteps, it was impossible in most cases to distinguish their sex as one may easily do from footfalls of the white race. There were other offices in the building, but I was betting with myself that I would have to go to work, when the door was pushed gently open, a woolly bare head was thrust inside and its owner inquired:

"H-h-h-ow long do it take to talk to Looseville?"

On the spur of the moment, I decided to have some fun out of my colored customer, and so I answered:

"That depends on how fast you can talk."

"Ah c'n tawk pretty fast some times."

"Give me a sample of your conversational ability."

"Sez which?"

"I say let me see how fast you can talk."

"What does you want me to say?"

"Oh, just anything. Suppose you try what you would like to say to the person you are going to call."

"Well, dat's easy," said he, as he came into the room, evidently encouraged by my seeming friendliness. At once he began repeating over and over at least a dozen times, gathering speed with each repetition:

"Wha didn't yo' come ovah, wha didn't yo' come ovah, wha didn't yo' come ovah."

I pretended to consult a wheatstone bridge which was setting on the test board.

"Great guns, man," I exclaimed in feigned astonishment. "I never heard of such a thing before, but you are talking a great deal better than a mile a minute."

"Is yo' tellin' me right?"

"I sho is," I replied, dropping into the vernacular of his race, a habit you have probably noticed in many Southerners who have been more or less intimately associated with the colored people.

"But does yo' s'pose ah c'd do dat well ovah de foam?"

"Probably better."

Deciding that I had had all the fun out of him that was advisable, I took his call, recorded it and gave it to the Louisville operator. I knew that village so well that I was sure that I could get any negro in it to the telephone in less than twenty minutes by the very effective method which I always used for colored people Sunday mornings or evenings. I merely had to request that Louisville have it announced from the pulpit of the A. M. E. church "dat Mrs. Titia Washington is desiahed to persent her presents at de foam auifice fer to c'municate wid Mr. Soph'cles Washington," and the trick was turned.

While I was passing the call to the Louisville operator, I noticed that the man went into the booth, took down the receiver, and in a voice loud enough to be heard in the neighboring village without the aid of the telephone, snapped out in the fastest manner possible, "Wha-didn't-yo'-come-ovah?"

In much less than twenty minutes, Louisville announced that Mrs. Washington was on the job, and I told the waiting negro that his answer was coming. He raced into the booth and I barely had time to connect him when the woman at the other end of the line yelled at the top of her voice:

"Ah missed mah train."

He did not speak a word in return, nor did she wait for him but they both hung up and he came out of the booth, a broad grin on his face, and asked:

"How long did it take me?"

"Eleven minutes."

"Well, dat sho wuz some fast tawkin'."

He went away and no doubt still thinks that his and Titia's voices had performed a marvelous feat in dancing down the shining strands of copper, twenty miles and back in the record breaking time of eleven minutes, flat.



With the Boulder District Construction Crew on Rabbit Ear Pass

By Otis Mulford

The construction crew of Boulder District has just returned from Routt and Grand counties where for the past three months they have been working on the Denver-Craig toll line. Foremen Thomas Moore and Harry Boland were in charge of the work, with a crew of about twenty-five men.

It had become very necessary that the lead over Rabbit Ear Pass between Kremmling and Steamboat Springs should be repaired before the heavy snows that that country is noted for should arrive, so a camp was established on the Pass, one crew working towards Steamboat Springs, while the other worked into Kremmling.

Each pole was stubbed with a native scrub cedar stub, besides the other necessary repairs such as new guy wires where needed, and pulling the slack at different places, and as it is sixty-five miles between the two exchanges one is easily able to get an idea of the magnitude of the work.

Next year we hope to be able to finish the lead from Idaho Springs to Craig with the same kind of repairs, and our battle with the winter storms will about be won for many years to come.

The camp was on Rabbit Ear Pass just twenty-six miles from Steamboat Springs in the prettiest of the many beautiful spots in that region, and many an Eastern friend would have given his all just to have lived the three months among such grandeur and outdoor amusements.

Hunting small game, such as grouse and sage chickens, and fishing for the mountain trout which were so plentiful, was a diversion of sport one does not have the opportunity to enjoy very often. And how good they would taste when prepared by our able chef we had with us at all times. Mr. and Mrs. Rock were with us a short time, also Mr. Ketterman, and they seemed to enjoy the outing.

An occasional run in to Steamboat Springs, and the baths and other attractions at that prosperous little city, helped break the monotony of the wild and rugged life of the mountaineer, and the visit to the Grand County Fair at Kremmling was enjoyed by everyone.

Those who reside on the Eastern slope can hardly realize that we came through eight inches of snow before we arrived back in Boulder, but we all are hoping that this coming winter will be very mild and short so we can once more, next season, thoroughly enjoy the great outdoors in one of the grandest states in the Union.

Rank Ingratitood, I Calls It!

By One Who Knew

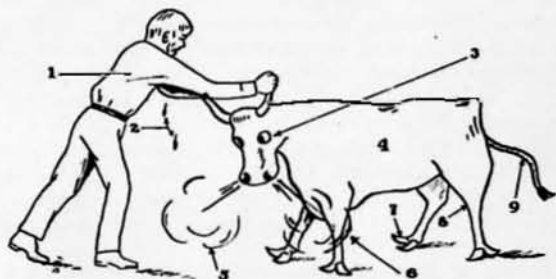
Bill Crayon sat down to his table wide,
His dutiful spouse sitting close by his side.
Together, they feasted on "venison steak."
Not dreaming, dear reader, that it was a fake.

Bill told his fair wife all the risks of the chase;
How Benedict beat the big buck in a race;
How 'twas shot through the neck; how it lay down and
died—
Not knowing, of course, that some sinner had lied.

Now the truth of the matter I'll try to relate;
How Ben, Hink and Rod, at a quite recent date,
Fared forth to the foothills in quest of a deer.
But were soon overtaken by a snowstorm so drear.

Upon their return, Bill (the petulant cuss),
At once set about to kick up quite a fuss;
Berating old Ben for not sharing the meat,
And showing much cholera, real anger and heat.

So the boys all decided it was a darned shame
That Bill should be bilked of his fair share of game.
And they chipped in and bought him a beef-steak quite
dark,
And set all the props for a laugh and a lark.



DESCRIPTIVE CHART

1-MAN 2-SWEAT OF BROW 3-BAD EYE 4-THE OX
5-MADNESS 6-DENOTES ACTION 7-MOOF
8-LEG 9-TAIL

Bill and the Venison

Bill sampled the beef and averred it was fine.
To wash it well down, he had purchased some wine.
He publicly claimed that this "venison" meat
Was above any praise—a delectable treat.

But when the drop fell, and the boys told old Bill
How he had been sold—'twas a rank, bitter pill.
He talked and he balked, and refused to buy smokes
(In return for the dinner) though it was a hoax.

Now what do you think of the ungrateful gink?
We think that his sporting-blood's gone on the blink.
We hope that his wife is a far different sort;
A good-natured loser and game little sport.

Next season, perhaps, Ben may have more success;
In which case (you know it), we'll all have a mess.
But when old Bill clamors for his share—why folk
We'll give him some beef-steak—and buy him a smoke!

But he'll be as happy as though it were deer.
Not knowing the difference—it would appear.
Where bliss is pure ignorance, knowledge were folly;
So why waste good venison on him, by golly!

The American Legion



The average opinion of the man who has seen service. What is it worth? What ideas did the Yank bring back with him? What is he doing now that he is a civilian?

These are questions heard every day. What is the answer and who is going to answer them?

Read what the American Legion stands for and you have it all.

"For God and Country we associate ourselves together for the following purposes:

"To uphold and defend the constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."

That's the soldier's answer. Is it worthy of your support? He answered the "Call of His Country" in the dark days of '17-18 and made history. Our country calls today not for soldiers but for Americans, the Legion answers.

Would it shock you to hear that the native German respected our flag in the Rhineland more than the radical element does here in the U. S. A. An insult to our flag, such as occurs nearly every day here, would result in heavy fine and drastic punishment for the offender over there.

Why should the standard of respect and reverence be lowered here, why should such ignoble deeds be tolerated?

The American Legion will not tolerate it. The American flag and all that it represents shall be respected by those who would drag it down into the mire

of Bolshevism. The ex-soldier's slogan—"America for Americans!"—means something.

The American Legion was founded in Paris, France, shortly after the armistice was signed and rapidly spread to the United States as the overseas veterans returned home. All those who were on active duty in the army, navy or marine corps between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, both dates inclusive, are eligible to membership, excepting those who were separated from the service on terms equal to a dishonorable discharge and those who did not perform unqualified duty due to conscientious, political or other similar objections. **Girls serving in the capacity of telephone operators in the Signal Corps** are eligible. Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army, Knight of Columbus and other similar war workers are not eligible to membership.

The American Legion is a civilian organization and is non-political. Military or naval rank is not recognized in the Legion and no man is allowed to be addressed by his former title in any Legion meeting or convention.

Membership in the American Legion does not in any way affect a man's liability for military or police service.

The Legion needs one hundred per cent Americans and one hundred per cent moral support. If you are eligible, **join now.** You will find a local post in practically every town and city of any size in the United States. If there is not a post in your locality you can organize one by obtaining fifteen signatures of ex-service men on a petition to the commander of the American Legion in the state in which you reside. It is desired that as many new posts as possible be organized. **Get busy.**

For those who are eligible in Denver, the J. Hunter Wickersham Post No. 51 extends a cordial invitation to attend any of its meetings and join if you will. There are a number of Denver Telephone boys in the post.

Any information in this connection will be gladly furnished by communicating with W. C. Taylor, general traffic department, Denver, Colorado.

If you are not eligible as a member give your support by being a one hundred per cent American.

Sterling to Denver

A new copper telephone wire was strung last week from Sterling to Fort Morgan by the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, and as soon as material is received this line will be extended to Denver. Two more circuits from Denver to Sterling will thus be provided, materially relieving the congestion which has marked the service. R. F. Smith is installing another section of the switchboard in the local exchange. When this work is completed ten girls will be employed on local and toll-line connection work.—Sterling (Colo.) Republican.



"When You Come to Forty Year"—

"Curly gold locks" may "cover foolish brains," but—
I don't love that old silver that shines in my hair,
Nor my brow that's all corrugated with care.
I'd turn Father Time back on his track if I might,
And hold up the old gent in his aeroplane flight.



Returning the Compliment

Speaker (to persistent heckler)—I look upon you as a confounded rascal.
Heckler—You may look upon me in any character you choose to assume.—Tit-Bits.

Little Boy Blue



Years may come, and years may go, but the memory of Little Boy Blue and the little toys he kissed and put away will live so long as there beats a tender heart, and now and then it is good to dig down into the almost forgotten past and bring these mute little images before our eyes. Eugene Field wrote many beautiful poems, but none that touched the heartstrings like this one, and as Christmas time is coming on let us give a moment's thought to Little Boy Blue and the dust-covered toys he left behind.

"Little Boy Blue" And His Faithful Friends

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said.
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys,
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue.—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of the little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.



Queer Letter Brands

When a stenographer writes a dictated letter she usually puts the initials of the author of the letter, together with her own, down in the left-hand lower corner of the paper. This is done as an identification of the dictator and stenographer should later questions arise concerning who wrote the letter. Once I had a stenographer whose initials were LET. Mine are AUM, and this is the way the "letter brand" looked: "AUM:LET." A letter came into this office the other day from Omaha, with this in the corner: "DAM:U." A Salt Lake letter bears this: "HEL:L." Another has "PIG:HAT" as the brand; one bears "FAT:HED;" another "SAM:BO." and another "NUF:SED."



"Young man, are you satisfied with your present position?"

"Naw, but its fifty-fifty. The boss ain't satisfied with the way I fill it, either."—Detroit Free Press.



A Dead Letter

Mrs. A.: "Your husband told my husband that his word was law at home."

Mrs. B.: "Yes, it's one of those laws that are never enforced."—Boston Transcript.

Words of Praise Make Brighter Days

Now and then even an editor who has given years of his life trying to please others, will hear something that tickles his vanity and makes him feel that it has not all been in vain: A few days ago the following letter came to the editor of The Monitor from "far off" Michigan and we are wondering if, after all, there are not quite a number of alabaster boxes left in the world that are opening for those who do their damdest:

"Dear Editor:

"I have been reading The Monitor for a good many years and have never yet expressed my appreciation of that publication so ably edited.

"I find the September-October number especially interesting. I enjoyed 'The Dean of Poleclimbers,' and 'The Tragedy of the Northland' is very interesting, but I have very little patience with Bertha. She should have had some consideration for her family and given the young man the benefit of the doubt under any circumstances, and more particularly in a blizzard.

"The story of the two little girl fire-fighters gives me a real thrill. Sure they are made of the right stuff and I am proud of them. Wish I were their 'ma.' I got a good lesson from 'Go to the Aint Thou Sluggish,' and hope to be greatly benefited by it. Also find the marriage scene in 'The Call of the Wild' very affecting. It certainly makes plain the responsibilities one assumes on committing matrimony.

"Now, Mr. Editor, I am sure you will not object to a bit of friendly criticism about the lady on the cover page. Surely she ought not to be allowed to knit a sock from the toe up, because it is not done that way in the best of families. One cannot finish a sock without 'toeing it off' and the way she is going she will have to 'knee it off,' and that is something unheard of. Now I trust this will give no offense either to you or to the 'drawer' of the knitting lady.

"As I have covered the ground pretty thoroughly, will close with the hope that The Monitor force may profit by my suggestions.

"Sincerely yours,

"KATHERINE G. H."

We thank you, Katherine, but we are just wondering if the artist didn't have in mind a choke-neck union sweater and if he doesn't intend that "the lady on the cover" shall "choke it off" instead of "toeing it off."

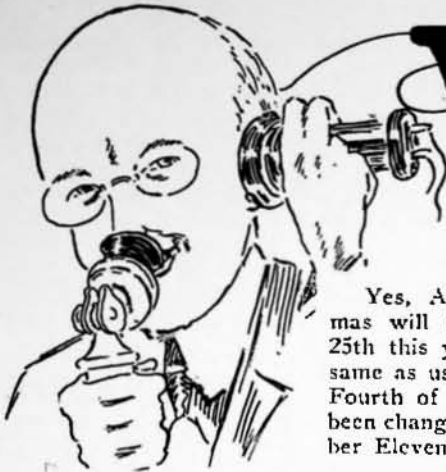


When Grease Meets Grease

When grease
Meets grease
In war
Or peace—
Or deace—
There's always
Something doing.
Some want
To fight,
Some want
A light—
Or bite—
And then
There's trouble brewing.



Murray MacNeill Asking Bill
Emerson for a Light



Voice to Voice by Rip-



Yes, Agnes, Christmas will come on the 25th this year, just the same as usual. No, the Fourth of July has not been changed to November Eleventh.

Service-at-any-cost is more reasonable than service without remuneration.

The trouble is, we invite gloom, while joy has to be thrust upon us.

A memorandum without a date
Is like a hook without the bait.

—The Office Cat.

Then—And Now

It usta be when I wuz young,
An' livin' home with dad.
If I got doughnuts in my sock
At Christmas I wuz glad;
An' maybe if the crops wuz good
An' hoppers didn't come,
I'd get a pair o' galluses—
An' onct I got a drum!
An' geemunce, but how we'd dance—
Us kids, on Christmas morn.
When Rosie got a dolly girl,
An' Lelox got a horn;
An' how our pa and ma would smile
An' act so innocent,
Ez if they didn't know a thing
What Santa Claus had sent.
O' them wuz happy days fer me—
An' yet, it makes me sad
To think o' times when I wuz young.
An' livin' home with dad.

But, now the times is changed around,
An' things ain't what they wuz—
Today the kids want lots o' things,
With fluffy-dubs an' fuz.
Our Oswald wants a automobile—
Lucile a grand piano—
Frederick Junior wants a cheque
So big 'twould choke a nanny;
An' ma an' me jes revel in
A restrospective spell,
Then listen to our modern kids,
An' wonder what the hell.
But times is changed an' we must try
To make our children glad—
But I would give a lot to be
This Christmas back with dad.

A. U. MAYFIELD.

Even the hen lays her plans for tomorrow.

The high cost of living is sometimes charged with
the high cost of loafing.

The fellow who makes the biggest splutter when
he applies for a job is usually the one who passes out
of it without being missed.

One may be successful in "nailing a lie" to the
smokehouse door, but the darned thing is still up
there where the skeptical can see it.

He met a little hello girl
Out where the rose was bloomin'.
"Well, I'll be darned, I didn't know,"
He said, "that they were human."

There is a tide in the affairs of men teeming with
soggy doughnuts. The day he eats thereof he grows
sordid and morose and he is sick from his toes up.
Then there is another tide that contains more joy than
you can put in two piles. This is the tide to bathe in.
Plunge right in and fill up on joy and bright hopes.
Satisfaction, contentment and good health will fol-
low. Sing ye unto the Lord and be joyous, O ye who
doth mope.

To Our Newspaper Friends

Should any of our newspaper friends desire to use
any of the illustrated stories or articles that appear
in The Monitor from month to month, we will be
pleased to mail to them, free of charge, the cuts that
go with the story. This applies to half-tones as well
as etchings. First come, first served, as we only
have one set of each.

Who Can Deny It

General Sherman's often quoted statement regard-
ing war, is not known by many in its entirety. Here
is what the famous general really did say, and it is a
classic:

"I confess without shame that I am tired and sick
of war. Its glory is all moonshine. Even success, the
most brilliant, is over dead and mangled bodies, the
anguish and lamentation of distant families appeal-
ing to me for missing sons, husbands and fathers. It
is only those who have not heard a shot nor heard the
shrieks and groans of the wounded and lacerated, that
cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more deso-
lation. War is hell!"

Flying in the Face of Fate

And it came to pass in the days of his youth that a certain scribe who had in charge the gathering together of sayings that were writ, and placing them in a binding that was held in place by gum arabic and wire staples, that he marveled much;

For it weighed heavily upon his mind that he should know what others thought of what he thought he knew about how to run a house organ. Selah.

And in those days he gathered about him sundry and varied interrogations that vexed him sorely, and he put them into words and sent them forth, even as Noah sent forth the unsuspecting dove, seeking knowledge and wisdom;

For it was upon the mind of the chief scribe that he knew not how to write of the blessings of bachelorhood with one hand and rock the baby with the other. Thus marveling he spread broadcast to his readers questions like unto these:

- 1—Wouldst thou long or short articles?
- 2—Doest the style of ye scribe please thee?
- 3—Hast thou suggestions concerning how to run an house parchment?
- 4—Should we crush Truth to the ground with Fiction, or wouldst thou bid us lay hold of fabrication and seek the straight and narrow?

Thus spake the chief scribe with loud acclaim and black ink!

And it came to pass that the storms came and beat heavily against the sanctum-sanctorium, and its walls swayed and bulged even as a gunnysack that is overcrowded with peeled cabbageheads, doth bulge.

And to question-mark No. 1 that came up out of the water, bearing on its forehead the image of the first interrogation, there were nine hundred and nine and ninety replies, and behold all but one of this number bore this strange device—"Make 'em short."

And the scribe marveled even with greater marvelings.

And the second seal was opened and an hundred and six and twenty voices cried aloud, "Come and see!" And even as they spake as if with two voices, the chief scribe heard three score and three proclaim into his left ear, "Rotten! rotten!! rotten!!!" And lo and behold at the same hour and the same minute of the same hour, his right ear drank in the sweet song of three score and three voices, saying, "Thy style is immaculate!" Then there was silence for the space of about half an hour.

And the third beast cried, "Come and see!" And the voices were as of many waters falling on a tin roof, and each voice spake in its own tongue, saying, "do it thus and so!" And when the office boy had mopped up the deluge it was found that there were no two suggestions alike, and the chief scribe wept and beat and tear his breast-bone, for the avalanche which he had invited was greater than he could bear.

And the scribe bethought him of the parable of the young bridegroom who sought to buy for his wife a hat of his own selection in hopes of pleasing her; and then he knew that "it can't be did." Selah.

And it came to pass that there were great rumbings and the weatherstrips rattled on the doors of the sanctum, and presently the roof caved in and the

fourth seal was broken and the contents of the phial were poured out upon the head of the chief scribe who had invited Fate to his feast; and the scribe bemoaned his folly and cried so that his voice was heard above the noonday whistle, "Woe is me! Come and see!"

And there were those who rushed into the presence of the scribe and gazed upon his pallid form as it lay upon the floor, and the wise men wagged their heads and sang a song and went out.

And a book was opened and in its pages were written this strange inscription:

"Hego! Hego! Damphoolo!"

Which, translated into the English language, means:

"Nuts!" Selah.

How Is Your Head Working?

Have you an idea, or do you just ramble?

If you have an idea, do you also just ramble?

Two boys started out with an idea that they would bring home a few cottontails for supper. Fine! They both had an object in mind. One of the lads wobbled off into the open sand dunes. He just rambled—that's all. The other lad headed for a patch of underbrush and tall weeds, where rabbit feed was plentiful—possibly alongside of a cornfield.

Guess which one came home with the cottontails. Correct.

If you want to shoot bears you must go where the bears stay. You can't catch fish playing poker back of a haystack. You may have an idea that you are putting it over on Dad, but after awhile he will being to suspect that you have been putting the wrong kind of bait on your hook.

Are you the thinker, or do you only harbor a brain-storm? Too many ideas at one time is on a parity with the empty head. Is your head a storehouse for workable ideas or is it a receptacle for embryal impossibilities?

Once I met a "pusson" who walked about the statehouse with considerable dignity, and I said to him:

"Good morning, Rastus. I see you hold a senatorial position now?"

"No, sah," he replied. "Ah doan hold no senatorial possishun; ah hold a janitorial possishun in dis heah legistah, sah. Ah aint no time foah dissimination of unrealizable ideas, sah."

Rastus had the right idea—he was satisfied to work out his "janitorial" possibilities, and be the best ever.



Work of The Telephone Prophet

THE Mountain States Telephone Company has a real prophet—several of them, in fact. Every well-regulated telephone company has a prophet.

"And whether young men shall dream dreams, or whether prophesies shall fail,"

be it known that the telephone prophet hits the brass tack on the head with remarkable precision, and there are men of speculative mind who diligently follow the prophesies of the telephone seer. Probably no great enterprise or industry in the world so carefully lays its plans for future development and expansion as does the telephone companies. In writing on this subject an eminent observer in an article in Harper's Weekly, briefly has this to say about how the telephone prophets go about their work:

"Taking the present population of the city, and the population for many years back, they plot a population curve, projecting this curve eighteen or twenty years into the future, establishing the population in 1937, let us say, so far as the past growth of the city can help in estimating the future growth. They then check this up in every way possible, by analyzing the industrial development, past, present, and future; by studying the transportation facilities present and proposed, the labor situation, the real estate market, the geographical location of the city.

"When this is done and they have arrived at what they believe the population of the city will be in 1937, they proceed to 'place' that population, to prophesy how and where it will distribute itself. This involves a tremendous amount of detail work. There must be a house-to-house count in the residential sections to show just how many families are living in each square block of the city, what percentage of them have telephones, and what class of service they are using. The character and nationalities of the population have to be taken into account, for some nationalities have a tendency to huddle together in great numbers in congested areas, while others show a marked tendency to live in separate little houses, thus spreading out over a larger area. The old settlers in each section must be talked with, as well as real estate men and other well-informed citizens.

"When the prophets get to the business section of the city they are confronted with a different problem, but one that, nevertheless, has to be met; they have to prepare for new office buildings, perhaps as yet undreamed of, for hotels and department stores. It is one thing to determine how a city is going to spread out, and quite another to tell where it is going to shoot up, suddenly demanding telephone cables to take care of from five hundred to a thousand telephone installations, as in a large office building or hotel, on one little spot. This requires a careful study of existing business conditions and a calculation of the probable future commercial growth, which is based primarily on population. If a population of so many thousands supports one hotel, three department stores, and twenty large office buildings, there will

be a certain ratio of increase in department stores, office buildings, and hotel patronage if the population increases, say, 50 per cent. This can be checked up by studying other cities which correspond in population and general characteristics.

"Hundreds of tables and charts are drawn up. Scores of maps are made, maps showing areas available for business and residential expansion, maps showing density and character of population, maps and charts showing the relation of the present telephone service to the present population.

"The prophets then make from the data thus acquired a great map of the city, assigning population to the various districts, locating new office buildings, apartment houses, department stores, schools, and hotels, and indicating on the map in every square block in the city just how many telephones and how many private exchanges will probably be required in 1937. Results from these methods are now coming into view:

"In one New England city a department store was located by the telephone prophets ten years ago less than a block away from where it has recently been built. In another city an office building was placed very close indeed to the spot where the building has just been erected. Many other instances might be cited if space permitted.

"I have seen the telephone prophets' map for the city of New Haven, Conn., for 1935. It was like peeping into the future to look at it. Everywhere there were little circles with figures in them. Blocks which are now vacant lots have their little circles with the number of telephones they will probably support by 1935. A street I had passed on my way to the telephone company's office, which is being torn up to be paved, was pointed out to me on the map. 'We are putting down our cables for 1935 under that street now. Cities no longer allow their streets to be torn up every few months. We have to watch every street and take advantage of repaving to put down our cables for the future,' said one of the prophets. 'Sometimes the cables will not be required for ten years, but they will be ready when they are needed.'"

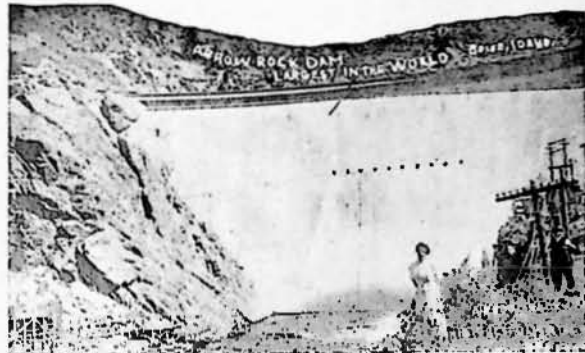


Knew What He Wanted

A Denver boy of three years always expects his grandmother to bring him something when she goes down town. One Sunday morning, seeing grandma dressed to go out he inquired where she was going, and she replied, "to church." He immediately asked the usual question, "What are you going to bring me, grandma?" The fond grandparent replied, "Well, I think I will bring you some gospel truth this time, Henry." That was something new and the boy might have taken a chance on it, but he played safe and quickly replied, "Oh, no, don't, grandma; bring me lifesavers; I like 'em a lot better."

Arrowrock Dam, Boise, Idaho

A RROWROCK DAM, the world famous irrigation reservoir across the Boise River, 22 miles east of Boise, saved enough crops during the year 1919 to pay its initial cost of \$4,750,000 with



enough over to almost pay the cost of building the elaborate network of canals used to distribute the water for irrigation.

During the summer months the water from this reservoir has been used on approximately 250,000 acres of land, which, without irrigation during an unusually dry season, would not produce crops worth

while harvesting, and a conservative estimate of the crops harvested this year on this land aggregate \$12,500,000.

This has been one of the driest seasons in the history of the State of Idaho, and the water has been scarce, so scarce, in fact, that crops suffered materially on tracts under other irrigation projects, but Arrowrock stood between 2,500 farmers and ruin.

The Arrowrock, which is the largest dam in the world, is 351 feet high, and approximately 1,978 miles of main canals and 208 miles of drainage ditch, form the distributing system. There are 45 main canals from which the water is distributed to the laterals, which in turn serve the various units of the project. A few years ago it was not uncommon for a farmer to use 5 to 7 acre feet of water to raise a crop, while this year, with entire absence of rain, an enormous crop was matured with 3.5 acre feet of water, which proves the value of improved methods and experience. Until proper irrigation methods were practiced, many farms suffered from waterlogging, which occurs when water is put on land year after year with no drainage. The water sinks, until it strikes a rock barrier and then fills up until it comes to the top. Where there is not sufficient natural drainage to prevent this condition, drain ditches must be provided.

'Twas Ever Thus

"What do men know of women's work?" fiercely queried the lady orator. "Is there a man here," she continued, folding her arms, "that has, day after day, got up in the morning, gone quietly downstairs, made the fire, cooked his own breakfast, sewed the missing buttons on the children's clothes, cleaned the pots and kettles, and swept the kitchen? If there is such a man in this audience, let him rise up. I should like to see him."

In the rear of the hall a mild-looking man in spectacles, in obedience to the summons, timidly arose. He was the husband of the eloquent speaker. This was the first chance he had ever had to assert himself.—From N. Y. Globe.



Cited by General Pershing

Miss Mary Vannier, a former Butte telephone operator, has returned to the city from France, where she had been chief operator on the long distance phone service at Paris for seventeen months. Shortly after the signing of the armistice, Miss Vannier was cited by General Pershing for meritorious service in the signal corps.

Before returning to America, Miss Vannier visited England, Ireland, Scotland, Belgium and Germany. She is now visiting with her sister, Mrs. Charles Merchant, 734 South Wyoming Street.—Butte Miner.



Trouble on the African Local



Ladies and



By A. U. Mayfield

BELIEVING that the employees of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company would be interested in knowing something more of the man who on April 11, 1919, was chosen as president of this company, I have been making some observations and have had the pleasure of talking with several persons who know Mr. Ben S. Read as he really is, and who have known him for a number of years. Back in Tennessee, where Mr. Read was born and reared, anything I might write of a laudatory nature touching on his human side would be heartily approved with "That's so! I know Ben, and that's just like him—always human, humane and gentle, but a stickler for thorough application to business." Well, that's all right; that's the way we like it out West, too.

If Mr. Read had time, I know he would like to immediately make the rounds and personally meet every employee of the company—and he plans to do that very thing—but as it would take more than two years to get back to his starting point, I am going to tell you now, as well as I can, "what manner of man is this who has come among us."

My belief that an article of this nature would be of interest to the seven thousand or more readers of The Monitor was confirmed by an incident involving Walter Pritchette, the colored attendant who sits with watchful eyes at the entrance gate leading to the president's office. When Mr. Read came to Denver to assume his duties it was only natural that the question should be whispered around, "What kind of a man is the new president?" Being in a strategic position to observe the new official, Walter was called upon for his opinion, and his answer was:

"Well, I've been watching Mr. Read as he passed in and out through this gate, and I think that just as soon as he gets onto our ways he will be all right."

Walter gave me the keynote of this article, and I determined to learn if Mr. Read was the kind of man

who would easily and quickly "get onto our ways," because, I reasoned, the president is but ONE; the employees are seven thousand. For him to "get onto the ways" of the intricate machinery that keeps in motion this wonderful system that has been running smoothly for years should not be a difficult undertaking for a man of his capacity and experience, but for the seven thousand employees to "get onto his ways," if his ways, perchance, happened to be different from theirs, might invite a muddle that it would take a long time to clarify.

After I thought sufficient time had elapsed, I asked Walter if he thought his previous estimate of the president had been correct. Walter replied:

"Well, sah, he is certainly doing mighty fine, mighty fine, and there ain't going to be no unnecessary ruffles. Yes, sah, I like Mr. Read mighty fine; mighty fine."



Ben S. Read is decidedly human—plain in manner, confident and kind. He is a man who has risen from the ranks; who has helped set poles and string wires with a gang; has worked at the bench and operated machines in the repair shops; has secured contracts, collected bad accounts and soothed irate subscribers as a local manager. In a word, at some time or other, he has likely held and knows the ins and outs of the very job you are holding today—its bright side and its trials and difficulties. He has come to his present position step by step. A friend of his told me that in all the years he had known Mr. Read he always seemed to be entirely satisfied with the job he was holding; that he never seemed to be worried about a promotion and was never bothering about "laying strings," "pulling wires," "putting up a front," or doing anything else supposed to be indispensable to success, except working just a little harder and trying to make a better showing on the job than the man who had held it before him.

Gents, Allow Me



Therefore, to my fellow-workers I can say with confidence, if you do your part I am sure Mr. Read will do his. If you are applying yourself so that you will get more out of your job than was ever before produced in that job, however humble it may be, there need be no fear on your part but that he will "get onto your ways" with wholesouled approval.

One day I steered our conversation around to a question as to what the "policy" of the new official would be. It does not take long to give his answer, and I think I can quote his exact words: "The policy of the president will be to recognize good where good exists and to try and correct the bad where bad is found. This policy is no different from that which has always obtained in this company and which should be and is always maintained in any well regulated organization."

When I start to analyze a man in whom I am interested, I try to find out, among other things, what his hobbies are. Everyone with genuine human impulses has one or more hobbies. Our president doesn't believe in a one-horse hobby any more than he believes in a one-man organization, so he has acquired several. The first one I mention is going to make a whole lot of our employees feel that he is a man after their own hearts—for he is a baseball fan! He learned and played the game back in Carthage, Tennessee, and rumor has it that he was about as good a catcher as could be found outside of professional ranks in that part of the state.

Then, he loves hunting, and if you want to see his eyes agleam with visions of happy times, talk with him about the days when he used to hunt in the forests of Tennessee and Kentucky. He loves a horse, a good dog and a fine gun, and while he claims to have lost a good deal of whatever ability he may have possessed at the business end of a shotgun, I would not recommend to Brer Rabbit that he take any chances when the former nimrod comes his way. He

has known what it is to be in at the end of a fox chase, but he hunts on horseback no more. Being a humane man he cannot bear to see the sad look in the horse's eyes at the prospect of having to carry 200 pounds.

Another of his hobbies is billiards, which he plays at home. Walter F. Brown says Mr. Read is the most enthusiastic and least skillful billiard player he ever saw. While he does not claim to be an expert, he seems to take a good deal of delight in the outcome of a game in which he participated recently. During the general managers' conference in October, a match game was played at the president's residence one evening with Mr. Read, Mr. DeNike and Mr. McAfee playing against Mr. Brown, Mr. Stratton and another telephone man who is something of a billiard expert. The first named team "cleaned up" and proceeded to hurl quite a few gibes at the losers. Before leaving the house Brown and Stratton vociferously contended that their bad showing was due entirely to the fact that they were tired from working on the provisional estimate and could not be expected to play up to form. When they got away they told the writer confidentially that they were not taking any chances on beating their boss in his own house and before his family, but that they were going to get him down to the club the next time Stratton was in town and "make him like it."

When you get right down to brass tacks, however, I think the president's greatest hobby is his home, and he is never happier than when in the company of his wife and two sons, one a junior in high school and the other a little fellow just getting into the first reader. He is essentially a home man. It was natural that in talking about his family he should mention the approach of Christmas. It is not every day that you can catch the president of a great corporation in a reminiscent mood, but with Christmas, its joys and expectations and realizations, in his

mind, Mr. Read dug down into memory's golden chest and this time he lifted from it a recollection of fond hopes and unforgettable disappointment, all interwoven into one sad, sweet memory of the long ago.

"Well, I'll tell you one of the saddest experiences of my life," said Mr. Read, as he leaned far over on the big table across which we were talking, and for a moment mentally pulled aside the curtain of the past. Then he continued:

"You see, at the age of ten I was but a little runt of a boy, and out of school hours I swept up my father's store, made fires and run errands. Father's store was about the only place where the people of the little town in which I lived could get anything from brown sugar, calico and molasses to red topped boots, shirt dickies and fur overcoats.

"Christmas was coming on. Has there ever been a boy who did not brush up at Christmas time! Then came the great day of all days. The snow was knee deep and the air was crisp and invigorating. As was the custom, the people had dodged into the store during the week and secretly bought their Christmas presents, with instructions to have them delivered at the church where the community tree would be set up on Christmas eve. A committee had been selected to hang the presents on the tree and decorate it.

"My job was to carry the presents from the store to the church. All day long I worked—pack after pack I carried—whistling and shouting in my boyish glee. So interested was I in my happy work, and in thinking of how many boys and girls would be made happy, that I did not even stop to eat my noon-day lunch. Each time I rapped at the church door and handed in a package. I would crane my neck in a vain attempt to get a peek at the Christmas tree. Each time I would ask the lady at the door if she had seen any present for me.

"'Oh, yes, a fine one for you, Ben—several of them,' she would reply.

"Finally the hour came, and although I had not had a bite to eat since morning, I was too excited to eat my supper. I washed up and put on my best home-spun Sunday clothes, and was right there on the front seat when the program started. My boy friends talked excitedly of what they expected to get, and of course I was naming over things I was looking for. Had not the woman at the door told me repeatedly that there was a present for me—'several of them'? And she wouldn't lie to a little runt of a boy like me, I was sure.

"The happy moment had come! The curtain was pulled aside and the big Christmas tree, laden with presents, stood out in front of us, a glittering dream of heaven. Then the sleighbells jingled and Santa Claus waddled in. No boy in all that gathering of townspeople was more excited than I, for I had been carrying presents all day and knew there must be a present for everyone.

"Then the real joy began. You have been there, haven't you, when Santa called off the names and the attendants scurried here and there delivering the presents? One of the boys next to me got a pair of

skates. I told him I thought I'd get a pair, too. Another got a fur cap. I wondered if Santa knew the size of my head. A little colored boy way back in the corner got a sled. And thus it went on and on—everybody happy and remembered.

"I waited to hear my name called—waited impatiently, yet full of hope and assurance. The tree grew lean and skeleton-like. The candles burned low and no one seemed to notice me at all—my name had not been called. And yet I hoped and waited—waited with an aching heart.

"Then—then, the saddest moment of my child-life came. I saw a little girl stand before me, on the platform. I hardly knew what she said, but she was reciting a poem about Santa Claus—"It was the night before Christmas"—and there were reindeers and jingling sleighbells and stockings filled with toys, and then came the end—

"A Merry Christmas to all

And to all a Goodnight."

"I had received no present. I was the only person in all that village, young or old, black or white, who had been forgotten at Christmas time. I need not tell you how I felt—how my heart ached and how dark the whole world seemed to me. It was all a mistake—an oversight, of course—but the damage had been done. Father had been too busy at the store—mother was sick—each depended upon the other to look after my presents—my presents that were not on the Christmas tree."

And the big, kind-hearted man who sat before me had lived over again that Christmas eve which had brought to him the saddest hour in his childhood life, and as I looked at him I knew and understood, and was convinced, that he is "decidedly human."

"Right then and there," concluded Mr. Read, "I made a vow that I would never lead anyone to expect something that I did not know beyond a reasonable doubt, he would receive."

Possibly it was because of this personal disappointment in the childhood life of Mr. Read that impelled him to resolve to be a friend of the boys—the young men—wherever he found them. More likely, however, his deep interest in boys and young men is an intuition that finds a satisfying outlet whenever he is in the company of boys. This is not a hobby with Mr. Read, it is a principle that comes from the "fulness of the heart," and to do what he can for young men is the greatest ambition in the truly "human side" of President Ben S. Read.

And this is the man who has come among us to "get onto our ways."



When Bills Don't Count

Having made his payments for Liberty Bonds, war-chest, rent, coal, gas, and groceries, the poor man was broke. But he needed winter clothes, so he compromised by digging through a closet and unearthing a heavy vest that belonged to a winter suit he had worn some years ago. He brushed the vest off and felt in the pockets.

Eureka! A discovery!

In the inside pocket of the vest was a roll of bills amounting to \$123.

And not one of them was receipted.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Thrift Habit a Virtue

THE announcement appearing on the inside front cover of The Monitor will be welcome news to many of our employe readers. No inconsiderable number of employes took advantage of previous opportunities to secure upon favorable terms the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, with the result that they are now receiving dividends from money saved which perhaps would have been accumulated in no other way.

The plan of the company under which it was possible for us to purchase Liberty Bonds and telephone stock through monthly payments, also had the effect of engendering and stimulating a habit of thrift that will stick through life. Thrift is a virtue. It implies consideration today of the needs of tomorrow. It means providing in the present for the exigencies of the future. It is a mark of good judgment and the open sesame to a degree of independence not otherwise attainable.

In case of an emergency creating a need for additional ready money the owner of a marketable security can walk into any bank as a welcome customer of the institution, put up his stock or bonds as collateral, secure the needed funds, and come out with no feeling that he has been granted an unusual favor, but rather that the bank is under obligations to him for his business.

One frequently sees estates dissipated through profligacy, but at no time and in no place does one see an estate that did not have its beginning in the exercise of thrift. The possession of this particular virtue is the best insurance to be realized upon in time of unexpected trouble, and is fundamental in the accumulation of those material things necessary to the abridgement at least, if not the elimination, of financial cares and anxieties. The thrift habit is a habit that should not only be cultivated but, like a friend, his adoption tried, should be grappled to one's soul with hoops of steel.



Ten Years With the Western and Why I Am Satisfied

A. B. Hazard, in *Western Electric*

THIS year I complete my tenth year of continuous service with the Western Electric Company. I shall soon be wearing the gold W. E. service button. Shall I soon be wearing the apologetically? How shall I answer the acquaintance who accosts me somewhat like this?

"So you're now a member of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Badgers? Well, I never thought you were the kind of a fellow who would stick around here for ten years. Believe me, I'll never stay here that long. Me for some job where they pay big money."

Some one is sure to ask me something like that. Many times I have heard such questions put to others. And I have my answer ready—one that satisfies me completely. It is a long answer. It covers the whole of my industrial experience and the lessons that experience has taught me, but I would like to put it down here, not because I have any reason to think that my personal history ought to interest anyone, but because I feel that certain things it has taught me are fundamental truths that must eventually be learned by everybody.

So I would like to start at the beginning and detail the experiences that resulted in my decision to sell my services to the Western.

At the time of my eighteenth birthday I was possessed of a grammar school education and several miscellaneous industrial acquisitions. I was experienced as an office boy, and my numerous other jobs had taught me to operate various kinds of machinery from a shirt, collar and cuff ironing machine to a stationary steam engine. My wages took care of my light expenses and left me enough for a good time. I was carefree and happy. Tomorrow was another day again, so why worry?

Well, soon after my eighteenth birthday, I met the girl. It was then that I commenced to think about the future and how to make more money. I decided that I would immediately get a job which would pay me twice as much as I was then getting. I confidently expected that I could do this because I knew of several young fellows no better equipped than I, who (according to their stories) were doing even better in the large cities. So I started out to get a job with a big live concern, a concern with red-blooded men who would appreciate other red-blooded men and who could pick a winner when they saw one.

I got a job. I got several jobs, but none of them proved to be the "big money" job. Through acquaintances that I made I would hear of wonderful opportunities with some other concern than the one enjoying my services, and I never let one of them go to waste. But somehow, on close inspection, each glittering new job looked remarkably like the one I had just left. I had to start at the bottom in each place and the road to the manager's office looked long and inaccessible. Secretly, I used to hope that some big man would take a liking to me and take me under his wing, but it never happened.

After I had changed jobs several times I discovered that I was still drawing a beginner's pay, while my friends who had stayed in one place and who had studied along the line of their work were advancing in position and wages. Apparently something was wrong with the big easy-money jobs or with my luck. I began to look around to find out which, and right then I made another discovery.

I found that in almost every case my friends and acquaintances, when talking about their salaries, exaggerated them anywhere from 50 to 100 per cent. I am convinced that this practice is not confined to the younger people but that it flourishes at all ages. It is a big factor in causing unrest and making all of us more or less dissatisfied at times.

After learning that the big money jobs were largely myths, I cast about for some way to make money at my own job. I figured the thing out this way:

I was selling a product (my services) to my employer

and he doubtless was willing to pay in proportion to the value of the product. Plainly, it was up to me to improve my product and I resolved to do so. I took up mechanical and electrical engineering by means of a correspondence school.

In two years' time I was able to earn a little more money. But it wasn't enough. My increase in wages hadn't even kept pace with my increased knowledge. I was sure of that. I felt that I had doubled my knowledge in those two years and I took pains to acquaint my employers and my fellow employees with that fact. I even spent hours of my employers' time figuring out difficult mathematical problems, but they were not impressed. I did not know then that my employers were not interested in what I knew but in what I produced, that is, in the quantity and quality of my product. I was then laboring under the common fallacy that I ought to be paid for what I knew.

Next I got the patent bug. I would make thousands selling my ideas, and retire by the time I was thirty. I even picked out the make of car I intended to buy when the money started rolling in.

Well, it's a short story, although it took considerable time. I am out about \$300 and ahead three "scraps of paper." They are beautifully engraved, to be sure, and fastened together with blue ribbon, the ends of which are held in place with a big red U. S. seal, but anyone hankering for patents can have these for one-tenth of what they cost me in money.

However, I do not count the time and money expended on these patents all wasted. Considerable study and thought was necessary in working out my ideas, and that helped to develop me somewhat. I learned, too, at last, that many men much more capable than I, are giving their full time to improving the useful arts, that they are employed by various concerns to do this very thing and that most of the patents which amount to anything in this day and age are not the work of any one man, but of several specialists working together.

About this time I determined that there was one man I could work for who would recognize my sterling worth and ability. That man was myself. All of us young fellows were of the same opinion. Just to get into business for oneself meant success and riches. Weren't men getting rich every day in small businesses of one kind or another? So I decided to go and do likewise. I didn't take the trouble to investigate first and to find out, as I might have, that the larger percentage of business ventures fail. I just rushed in like any other member of the proverbial class that go where angels fear to tread.

I bought a grocery store in a small town of 3,500 people. For two years I remained in this business, and while it was not an absolute failure I certainly did not get rich, as I had expected to.

I worked hard—much harder, than I ever did before. I reached the store at 6 A. M. and left it anywhere from 9 to 12 o'clock at night. But I didn't mind. I was working for a prince of a fellow, who appreciated my humble efforts.

I hadn't been in business very long before I found out that the blue ribbon winner was making mistakes and costly mistakes. For instance, I bought perishable goods that didn't sell. I trusted an old friend, who skipped out, owing me \$150. I failed to insure my horse and wagon against fire. The livery stable where I kept them, burned to the ground one night and \$300 worth of my property went up in smoke. At the end of the first year I counted up losses of over \$1,000 which were directly traceable to my carelessness and ignorance.

There were other trials, too. I had two clerks all of the time and four on Saturdays. To save my neck I couldn't get clerks who would do things the way I wanted them done. They would offend customers, forget to make charges,

and do everything but take a real interest in the welfare of the store. That, of course, meant money out of my pocket.

Then, too, I had to strive to please several hundred customers. We had a town election, the main issue of which was the selection of wet or dry candidates. My "wet" customers let me know that I must vote for their man or do without their patronage. My "dry" customers took equal pains to inform me that they traded only with tradespeople who stood for a dry town. Well, I was a regular Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, but I believe I had a more difficult time than he did, because I often found it necessary to assume both roles simultaneously.

At the end of two years I had had enough of the grocery business. I determined to get into something else. However, as the years were rolling by I decided that my next change must be the last. An article that I had read somewhere caused me to make this decision. The thought of the article in effect was as follows:

Any normal human being can make himself almost anything he wishes. The point is that he must have a definite goal in mind and work intelligently and unceasingly to reach that goal. An early start means an early success, but it is never too late to start. Such success will come to all those who strive for it intelligently. The most important thing is to make the start and then keep going. But first, of course, it is necessary to know the object for which you are striving, and to plan out the way to attain that object. If a ship's captain, just about to set sail, should tell you that he did not know what port he was bound for you would naturally think that he was crazy. Or supposing he named a port but admitted that he didn't know exactly where it was located, that he had never looked it up on a map and that, in fact, he didn't even have a map or chart with him, but he knew his destination lay off there somewhere—indicating with a broad sweep of his arm a very large area—and he expected to find it sooner or later, wouldn't you notify the psychopathic hospital to call for a new case?

After reading and digesting this analogy I decided to find out what port I wanted to make in this life and then to find out the shortest route to that port. I read books on vocational guidance and U. S. statistics showing the earnings of various trades and professions and finally decided to identify myself with the electrical manufacturing industry. I realized that with my scant knowledge of this field I would have to start at the bottom. The best way would have been to take an electrical engineering course at the state university, but that was out of the question, for one of my circumstances and the only way open was to secure a job with a growing electrical manufacturing concern and work my way up.

I secured information regarding several electrical manufacturing concerns. The Western Electric Company showed a steady and consistent increase in sales from year to year, and I reasoned that a company which had been in business nearly half a century and which showed such a constant growth would be likely to continue to grow indefinitely. I wanted to get in a concern that was growing, as I realized that more and greater opportunities would exist in such a concern.

For these reasons I decided to cast my lot with the Western, to sell my services to them. In July, 1909, I went in person to the Employment Department, told them my story and added that I wanted to start at the bottom and work up. I don't remember that they were wildly enthusiastic about my "identifying myself with them," as I termed it, but anyway, I got a job. And, oh, yes, I started at the bottom, all right. I was to get just about one-half of what I had been earning. When I told my wife of my lucky chance and what compensation I was to receive, she nearly collapsed, saying that she could probably manage to pay the grocer with it.

It has taken me a long time to tell you why I chose the Western, but I want to show you my state of mind and my attitude toward my job when I made the choice. I want to show especially to the younger men of from 18 to 25

the roundabout way I traveled before I found myself, so that they may choose a more direct route. What I mean by "finding myself" is coming to a realization of my true relation to my employer and to the world in general.

When I started with the Western I determined:

That I would take as keen an interest in its work as I would if I were owner of the company.

That I would be all that I had expected from my employees when I was in business.

That I would learn as much of the company's business as was humanely possible.

That I would take and carry as much responsibility as I was capable of.

That I would make myself so proficient that I would require little or no supervision.

That I would make as few mistakes as possible and any mistake not more than once.

That I would stick to my object no matter what came up.

In other words I determined that I would look after my job and the Western's interests honestly, and be as ready and work as hard to stop losses and to increase profits as I did when I was in business for myself. I am sure that if each and every person in the U. S. would conscientiously determine to take this attitude toward his work we would be one big, happy family, enjoying a prosperity which can never be realized until the great waste of time and effort which now exists is eliminated. Furthermore, I do not believe that this waste can ever be eliminated until every one of us does take this attitude. If the man who makes my shoes is inefficient and turns out only one-half of the work which he should turn out, I am the loser because I pay more for my shoes and hence for his inefficiency. Likewise, if I tolerate losses in my work and only do one-half what I am capable of, I am not giving a square deal to the man who must purchase and use the commodities I help produce.

But I am digressing from my story.

I started work inspecting relays, so I studied relays—how they were built, what they were used for, why a certain size wire was used on one relay and another size on others, why certain tests were made, etc. I asked myself why they weren't made according to ways that occurred to me. I was learning, but not for some years later did I discover the way to make use of my knowledge. But don't think that I let my investigations interfere with my output. I inspected from 50 per cent. to 200 per cent. more relays than any other inspectors. I was actually threatened with a beating if I didn't cut my output to a smaller amount, but I always laughed at such threats and they never materialized.

Well, I advanced slowly—very slowly it seemed to me. In fact, during the first five years I didn't advance any faster than the average man who didn't work and study as hard as I did. I was tempted to give up several times but I had gotten to the point where I didn't dare to attempt another change on account of my family, so I stuck.

I saw several of my fellow employees getting ahead faster than I. I tried to convince myself and others that "pull" was responsible for their being chosen instead of myself. Away down in my heart I knew that it wasn't. I knew that the trouble was in myself, but I found it easier to blame something else than to make a careful investigation of my own shortcomings.

Finally, I decided to study the methods of a young man who had advanced very rapidly, leaving me behind in a cloud of dust. My analysis of his achievements soon showed me the reason. He was doing work of much more value to the company than mine. True, I was doing a vast amount of work every day, but it was routine work, done by methods and systems that someone else had worked out. The man who had outdistanced me, I discovered, never did anything according to blind rule. He first looked about to see if there was not a better method. And generally he found one, too.

Developing new methods looked to me like the one sovereign rule for achieving success. This discovery gave me a new idea. I immediately applied for a transfer to

(Continued on page 26)

The Talking Wires

"OH, FLORENCE, I've been appointed assistant treasurer of the company I work for; will go to the bank, help pay off the help, and must give a ten thousand lollar bond. Maybe I don't feel IMPORTANT!"

"Very fine, Margaret," responded her friend, the long distance operator. "I like to see all my sisters, and especially my good friends, get ahead, and I congratulate you. I've been doing some thinking about my job; a statistician—some word but I've mastered the pronunciation—away off somewhere got me busy, and I've learned a few things about it that I hadn't given much thought to heretofore.

"From my little old position at the board it seems that I have access to and command of some \$41,424,000 worth of Mountain States property—and I don't give a bond, either. What do you think of that? I confess those figures rather staggered me when I first tried to grasp them.

"And, do you know, I can get into communication with any one of something more than 7,201,757 Bell stations—and make them sit up and take notice! I can start a message humming along any portion of some 3,000,000 miles of toll wire. With your mathematical head you can figure out how many times that would wrap around the globe and leave enough over to make several clothes lines. It would take about all the Poles in reconstructed Poland to hold up that wire, don't you think? Old New York, which is fond of calling itself little because it is so big; gay San Francisco, the beautiful City of the Angels; prosperous Seattle on the Sound; the twins, Minneapolis and St. Paul; big, bustling Chicago; dignified Boston, dreamy old New Orleans and all the way-stations between these points are on my calling list. While I sit at the board my voice may be interrupting the train of thought of a big meat packer in Omaha, as he speculates on the future of the hog market.

"Including exchange wire, there are some 23,000,000 miles of it buried underground, attached to poles, and what they call submarine wire. It goes over high mountain passes, and crosses the hot sands of the desert.

"Every day in the calendar year, over our great country the Bell local operators put up connections for something like 31,263,611 conversations on all manner of subjects from the gravest political matters and the biggest monetary deals down to the most frivolous and frothy topics.

"Behind the wires of the great Bell system are some 200,000 employees, each man and woman fitted and trained for the job. On the supposition that each employee of the Bell system is on an average the breadwinner and support of three people—himself and two others—600,000 people are clothed and fed, and save a little money, it is to be hoped, from the pay checks handed out by the Bell System companies.

"My," gasped Margaret, "you've surely got something else besides the board at your finger tips and

the tip of your tongue. You are one of a large family, aren't you?"

"Yes," responded Florence, "and there is an esprit de corps not to be overlooked. When Bell meets Bell, there is a handshake and a glad-to-see-you greeting. Employees in good standing, who desire a change of location for any reason, may be transferred from one part of the United States to another, and take with him or her the service record established with the former company, which carries with it all the sick benefits, insurance, and pension time earned.

"Then, to turn to the patron's side of telephone advantages, you can perhaps imagine what a comfort a telephone is to a lonely prospector or homesteader far out on a mountain side or a bleak prairie. A friend of mine who works in a little mountain exchange told me a story that will apply right here. She said that one night when the wind was blowing and the snow swirling against the windows of the exchange a man called in a weak voice and said that he was very ill; could she get a doctor for him, or send someone, 'for God's sake; I don't want to die here alone.' She remembered that the local doctor had been called away late that evening. She must assist in some way; what could it be? But telephone girls learn to be resourceful. She remembered that a woman who owned a beautiful summer home within a few miles of the sick man's cabin had remained late to spend Thanksgiving in her mountain home. Would she dare call the lady of wealth and ask her to go to the aid of the suffering man?

"The cause of humanity knows no barriers; whether his assets amount to a million or a hundred, 'a man's a man for a' that.' So she called Mrs. Millions, stated the case in a few words, found that her heart was large and her sympathy ready, and the lady of the limousine soon had her chauffeur at the wheel of the vehicle and in a few minutes they were at the cabin: the sick man was assisted into the automobile and comfortably moved to a luxurious mountain home, a doctor procured as soon as possible, and a few days later the grateful prospector, restored to health, returned to his cabin.

"The loneliness of the sheppherd, with only his faithful dog for company, is proverbial. I've never yet heard of a telephone in a sheep wagon, but doubtless that will be managed some time.

"Yes, it's a great business, Florence, and I'm glad to do my humble share in it."



New Phone Manager

H. W. Bolton, of Sterling, Colo., is expected to arrive in Lupton this week to assume the duties of manager for the Mountain States Telephone Company. Mr. Ballou, who has been manager here for several months, will move to Durango, Colo., to take charge of the company's interests there.—Ft. Lupton Press.

Thankful for the "Leavin's"

We rummaged for the Belgians,
We ransacked for the French,
And parted with old clothing
Without a single wrench.
We went through trunks and closets
For the Poles, the Serbians, too.
And sent our ships a-sailing
With our duds across the blue.

Our flocks of sheep were dotted
O'er a thousand Western hills,
Dixie kept on raising cotton
To supply the Northern mills.
We thought that we should worry
About suits and coats and shoes—
Our good old land of plenty
Would produce more than we'd use

But prices keep on soaring,
Their flight seems hard to stop;
We cannot touch a hand-me-down,
Or buy a winter wrap.
So we'll have another rummage
Through the drawers and the shelves,
If perchance we find some leavin's,
We'll use them for ourselves.

ELEANOR C. KILBOURN.



Labor Hath Its Reward

Because of the recent shortage of potato pickers in the Greeley district, several of our plant men and the district traffic chief, ventured out on Sunday the 19th of October, to assist in saving the crop of tubers from the coming frosts. They were to have left Greeley at 6 o'clock, which in accordance with the regular custom, timed their departure from the city about 7 o'clock. They arrived at the ranch house at about 7:30 a. m. and were soon busily engaged in gathering the very grateful vegetables.

It was thought that the big event was to have been the picking, but it was discovered that the noon hour was the



appointed time. Dinner! That's it. A big, old fashioned, chicken dinner. And of all of the big, old fashioned chicken dinners ever set this was the best. What the hungry workers did not eat at dinner was disposed of at the evening meal. It is thought that the supper must have been rather slim if this was the case, so we surmise that at least five more chickens were beheaded for the evening repast.

Perhaps the estimate is large but the picture herewith will give some idea of the personnel of the squad and the readers may judge for themselves as to the estimation.

Capt. L. G. Gomez Ends His Life

On November 4 the startling news reached Denver friends of Capt. Louis G. Gomez that he had taken his life at his home in Springfield, Illinois.

At the time of the declaration of war in April, 1917, Mr. Gomez was in Denver completing his work of investigating telephone matters for the Colorado State Public Utilities Commission. He applied for and received a commission as lieutenant in the signal corps and later trained at Fort Leavenworth, getting overseas in time to take part in some of the earlier engagements of the A. E. F. Early in the fall of 1918 he was badly gassed and remained for several months in a hospital in France. His recovery seemed almost complete when he left the hospital, and he was promoted to a captaincy and assigned to duty as chief signal officer at Bordeaux, from which place he embarked for home in September of this year, returning on the same boat with Capt. Kunsemiller, of Denver.

While he looked well and seemed cheerful, according to Capt. Kunsemiller, it is undoubtedly true that Capt. Gomez still suffered from the effects of the poison gas and that brooding over his condition brought on a mental state which caused him to commit the rash act. His friends all feel that he gave his life for his country quite as much as though a German bullet had ended it suddenly.

Capt. Gomez was born at Springfield, Illinois, 34 years ago. He was highly educated, at one time serving as an instructor at Stanford University.



The following clever parodies, written for The Monitor by Miss Ruby Phillips:

"Operators' Smiles"

There are calls that make us happy,
There are calls that make us sad,
There are calls that sound an awful lot like
Some other girl's old grouchy dad;
But the calls that have a tender meaning,
Are the calls when someone says to you,
Little Miss, won't you give me your number?
Chief Operator's going to get the dope on you.

"Lineman's Bubbles"

I'm forever shooting troubles,
High upon a lofty pole,
Sometimes it's light, sometimes it's night,
Sometimes it's doggone cold and blight.
Fortunes never travel along my lonesome way.
So, I'm forever shooting trouble,
For the sake of another pay-day.

Ten Years With the Western

(Continued from page 22)

the Methods Department. My immediate superior felt that I had earned the transfer if I wanted it, and readily agreed to arrange an interview for me with the Methods Department head.

That night I walked home on air. Soon I would be coming down an hour later than usual. I would sit at my desk, take life easy and get paid for what I knew. At last I was to receive my reward.

But wait. There was still something wrong. The Methods Department head wanted to be shown. He didn't care to hear what I knew or what I thought I could do. He wanted to know what I had done, what my past performance was. He conceded that I had a good record and stated that he wanted hard working steady men, but that I must show him that I could produce the results he was after before he could take me. That looked unreasonable to me. I told him that I couldn't show him unless he gave me a chance. "Chance," he replied. "Why, man, can't you see that the job you are on is running over with chances for you to show what you can do?"

Well, after I got over being sore, I decided that he was right, both in refusing to take me into his department and in his statement of the possibilities in my own job. I began to see that the principle was the same as in buying an automobile. Anyone naturally chooses one with a record for the kind of service he expects of it. The fact that a maker thinks his car will produce results won't keep a crank-shaft from breaking on the road.

So I started in to improve things in my own department. All of my suggestions went to my immediate superior, as we didn't have the suggestion boxes at that time. He adopted many of them and put them into effect. Generally they worked. Some even saved considerable money. I remember well my high hopes at the next raise period.

Imagine my feelings when I failed to receive all that I had figured was due me. I felt that I should at least have received a substantial percentage of the savings directly traceable to my work. However, I felt less bitter about it later, when I found that the selling price of the article on which I had effected the greatest saving had been reduced in less than a year's time after the change went into effect. Most of the savings had been passed along to the public, where it rightfully belonged. I feel today that the raise I received was entirely adequate.

At that time, however, I did not see things that way. Doubt as to the proper placing of credit for my work began to assail me. Was my immediate superior hogging all of the credit? Did the men up in the front office know of my work or even that I existed? I know now that they watch all of us all of the time and that they have to wait, not for the job big enough for us to fill, but for us to grow big enough to fill the many jobs calling for men who can be trusted with greater responsibilities. That fact proved out in my case, too. As I slowly grew I received greater responsibilities and larger opportunities. I found that the only limit to a man's advancement in this company is his own limitations. Today I am convinced that if I was of superintendent's caliber I would be one of the company's superintendents. It's up to me—not up to conditions.

That is the reason I have "stuck around here for ten years." That is the reason I mean to stick for ten more years and for ten after that if I can. At the start of my Western Electric service I had learned from sad experience that a rolling stone gathers no moss. My ten years here have taught me something of even more value: A man needn't be a moss-back, even though he doesn't roll.



Well, What Do You Know!

Held at bay by his own gun, in his own home, while a burglar backed out the rear door with jewelry valued at nearly \$400, was the unique experience of

H. D. McVay, local manager of the telephone company. The intruder's loot consisted largely of rings, pins, bracelets and other jewelry belonging to Mrs. McVay and of Mr. McVay's pistol.

Mr. McVay returned to his home, 20 W. Willetta Street, at 8 o'clock after having been out to dinner with his wife. Upon entering he heard a noise and before he could turn on the lights in the front room, observed a man in the dining room. The intruder immediately flashed a light in Mr. McVay's face and started to back toward the rear door, which he unlocked, and stepped out onto the porch, locking the door behind him. He took the key and left Mr. McVay holding the inner knob.

Upon investigation Mr. McVay discovered that the burglar had gained entrance by breaking a kitchen window. The entire house was rifled, as drawers were drawn and the contents heaped upon the floor.

Owing to the fact that the burglar remained behind a flash light while making his departure, it was impossible for Mr. McVay to secure a description of him.—Phoenix Gazette.



Mrs. C. C. Campbell, Salt Lake City

Walter T. Lee Wins First Prize

YOU MAY BE NEXT

Walter T. Lee of Montrose, Colorado, is winner of the first \$5 prize offered by The Monitor for the best telephone story. "Page Mrs. Washington" is the title of his story and it appears in this issue of The Monitor.

There are four prizes left—each one a nice crisp \$5 bill. Read the following instructions and then get busy:

The Monitor has arranged to give \$25.00 in cash prizes for short stories written by telephone employees. The editors of The Monitor and the associate editors are barred, but the regular correspondents and any and all other employees are in on it.

A cash prize of \$5.00 will be given each month for a period of five months, thus giving each author five chances at the \$25.00.

THE PLAN.—The employee who writes the best true telephone story for the January number of The Monitor will receive \$5.00 cash. The same amount will be given for the best true telephone story for February, March and April. The winner of any one of these prizes is not barred from the contest on the other prizes.

By a "true" story we mean that the article must be based upon some real incident, in construction, operation, business, usefulness, love, war, romance, humor or anything where the telephone played some important part.

The story will be judged upon its merits as a story, without laying too much stress upon form, style of punctuation. Three competent judges will be selected for each month.

Write upon one side of the paper only and use typewriter if possible. The story should contain about 1,000 words or less.

IMPORTANT.—All stories for this contest must be signed and sent to the associate editor in the division where you are employed not later than the 15th of the month preceding the month in which the prize story is to be published. Mark copy with the words "Contest Editor."

There are many good subjects for short stories right in your own town; or perhaps some incident of years ago in another community comes to memory. Write it up. This is no "high-brow" contest, and the critic of literary classics isn't in on it—it's "just among ourselves," and—well, that \$25.00 looks good.

THE EDITOR.

What in H— Is Coming Next?

(Helena Record-News)

Job was a patient man. In fact, he earned undying fame for his patience. However, he never lived during the days of the world war, nor experienced the million drives and tag days that accompanied it. If he had, perhaps he too would have lost his proverbial patience, just as John D. Roswell of Billings had his torn into the well known shreds.

Roswell submitted to a lot during the past few years, but survived, just as Job "pulled through," but Job never was called on to contribute to a fund to prosecute cattle and horse thieves. Maybe it would have broken the straw on his back, too.

Anyway, Roswell thinks he has reached the limit of endurance and told Frank C. Lavigne, chief stock inspector, as much in a letter in which he graphically explained why he could contribute no longer. The letter follows:

"I have your letter requesting a donation for what you consider a very worthy cause, viz., a contribution to a fund to prosecute cattle and horse thieves. I flatter myself that I have a spirit of loyalty and generosity. I have contributed to each and every object that has been presented to me, but I have to decline helping your cause along, for the following reasons:

"I have been held up, held down, sand-bagged, walked on, sat on, rolled over, flattened out and squeezed; first, by the United States government for the federal war tax, the excess profits tax, the Liberty Loan bonds, and the bonds of matrimony. I have been soaked for the state tax, the highway tax, the income tax, the automobile tax, school tax, dog tax, the syntax and every society and organization the inventive mind of man can invent, to extract what you may not possess, from the Society of John the Baptist, the G. A. R., the Woman's Relief corps, the men's relief, the stomach relief, the wifeless, the husbandless, the childless, the conscienceless, the Navy league, the Red Cross, the green cross, the double cross, and every other cross of all

colors. My stock of booze is gone. The mortgage on my ranch is about due, no grass on the range, the water holes dry and my cattle stolen—my barn burned down lately and because I will not sell all I got left and go beg, borrow or steal, I have been cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to and lied about, held up, hung up, robbed and nearly ruined by a bunch of rustlers, and the only reason I am clinging to life, is to see what in hell is coming next.

Yours frantically,

"JOHN D. ROSWELL."



The Wise Fool

"It is the unexpected that always happens," observed the Sage.

"Well," commented the Fool, "if this is true, why don't we learn to expect it?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.



A Natural Hope

Alice—It's quite a secret, but I was married last week to Dick Gay.

Jane—Indeed, I should have thought you'd be the last person in the world to marry him.

Alice—Well, I hope I am.—Edinburgh Scotsman.



Poor Little Willie

A swarm of bees chased Willie
Till the boy was almost wild,
His anxious parents wondered
Why the bees pursued the child.

To diagnose they summoned

Their physician, Dr. Ives.

"I see," he said, "the reason's clear,

Your Willie has the hives!"

—Walter Pulitzer in N. Y. Globe.



She Knew It

"The professor seems to be a man of rare gifts," remarked Mrs. Naybor.

"He is," agreed the professor's wife. "He hasn't given me one since we were married."—Philadelphia Public-Ledger.

How the World Gets the News

WHILE the President was speaking at the City Auditorium in Pueblo, Colo., recently, says the Chieftain, few of many persons in the Auditorium realized the minuteness of detail with which the world was informed of what the President was saying.

The minute the President entered the city a bulletin was sent forth on the Associated Press that he had arrived. The second the great crowd in the Auditorium started cheering as the President came upon the stage, another bulletin was flashed out that the President was being cheered, he had arrived at the Auditorium.

Right under the stage where the President was speaking an Associated Press wire was in perfect working condition. Operator J. H. Cameron of the Star-Journal was operating this wire. The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph company, over whose wires the news was flashed, had a corps of six expert men surrounding that instrument constantly to see that nothing went wrong.

Then to handle the news end of it, two expert stenographers, Miss Carroll of the Chieftain and Mrs. A. L. Pahl of the Star-Journal, assisted by J. C. Rogers, were seated in a box to take the speech word by word. They worked in relays. Underneath the stage, also, were typewriters, and as soon as one stenographer had completed a portion of the address she hastened to a typewriter and transcribed it. Willis H. Parker, news editor of the Chieftain and a correspondent of the Associated Press, edited this copy and handed it to Mr. Cameron, the operator, who flashed it to the world.

Three other Associated Press correspondents were present also. One of them was an advance man, who arrived before the President's train and saw to it that all arrangements were perfected. Two were with President Wilson's party. They sat in the orchestra pit, where tables had been provided for the correspondents with the Presidential party. One of these men, Mr. Price, wrote in long hand the general lead to the President's address and shoved it through a hole into the basement, where Operator Cameron flashed it off as fast as the electric current could carry it. The other Associated Press correspondent, Mr. Miller, watched President Wilson only to see how he was standing the strain and such other conditions that might arise.

Then, in the orchestra pit, at a long table fully supplied with pencils and paper and pins and telegraph blanks, were other press correspondents, some representing Eastern newspapers and others representing news bureaus and agencies. These men hastily wrote their telegrams and passed them through to the basement, where messenger boys of both the Western Union and Postal Telegraph Companies rushed them to the telegraph offices, where they were dispatched with all possible speed and were given right of way over most other messages.

The President's address in Pueblo; his visit to Pueblo; all that he did in Pueblo and his entertainment here were flashed to every quarter of the United States, where thousands upon thousands of persons read the newspapers and now know that President Wilson was in Pueblo.



The Boss Didn't Care

I skipped out to the game one sunny p. m.,
And we beat out the Phillies for fair;
I didn't report at the office at all,
But the Boss didn't seem to care.

The Boss sent me over to Gotham on biz;
I got tanned by the White Light's glare,
I was a day behind schedule getting back to my desk,
But the Boss didn't seem to care.

I sneaked off and went fishing with Jim.
We played poker all night with Sinclair,
I fell asleep at my desk the day I got back,
But the Boss didn't seem to care.

I over-pounded my ear Monday morning.
But braced in with a nonchalant air;
He glanced at the clock as I hung up my coat,
But the Boss didn't seem to care.

I struck for a raise, from the old man today—
I did not know he could be such a bear—
And not getting it, quit; took my coat and walked out,
But the Boss didn't seem to care.

—The Kodak Salesman.

A Fair Little Winner

Miss Dorothy Flint, aged eighteen months, the daughter of W. M. Flint, of the Eastern Division Engineering Department, is a winning youngster, carrying off second prize in a Better Babies' Contest held in connection with the Adams County Fair, at Brighton, Colorado. There were thirty-seven entries, so Miss Dorothy had some competition. The young lady weighs twenty-six pounds, and is just as happy and sweet as she looks in the picture, wearing the winning smile at all times. Just now she is probably waiting expectantly for Santa Claus.



"The City Is Safe"

"THE city is safe." The dark clouds hung low, tumbling and rolling, now and then rent and torn by darts of unchained electricity! And above the incessant roar of the storm-tossed sea and the howling of the cutting gale dreadful peals of thunder could be heard like the voice of a mighty Tecumseh commanding an attack of demons!

The strong sea wall that held back the lashing waves groaned as the troubled sea lunged against its breast. The earth trembled and the surf leaped far above the walls and splashed millions of tons of water over into the cuddling city whose foundations was below the level of the sea.

Darkness was upon the face of the deep and to landward there was no light. The storm raged and drenched the city by the sea. Outside the pales of the inundated province thousands of anxious relatives and friends restlessly awaited some assuring word from within. All traffic had been stopped. Railroads were washed out. Trains halted many miles from the city and no wheels were turned. Automobiles could not withstand the torrents and the wind. Telegraph wires were down. Even the telephone poles, that ran like an endless row of silent sentinels from the seaport back into the land-world, toppled here and there and crashed to the ground.

Minutes dragged into hours. No tidings came to the anxious friends. The city was cut off from all earthly assistance. Hours crept snail-like on and the watchful waiters whose mothers, wives, children and

loved ones dwelt within the path of the storm cried aloud, "When, O, when will the morning come!"

During these dreadful hours of storm and anxiety, there slowly, but surely, plodded a man, grim and determined, feeling his way through the darkness and dangers, out toward the world that lay beyond the city of distress. Along devious roads; over hills and through the soaked and tangled woods, he pressed on and on. He thought not of himself nor of the dangers and hardships—his was to serve mankind and to serve as best he could.

A short distance outside the limits of the city this man of service stumbled across a telephone pole that had been snapped at the base. A hurried splice was made, and then the man who was to again connect the "lost city" with the outer world, "tested in."

"Hello! Hello! This is Bill, the trouble-shooter! Tell the 'big chief' he can get through now."

A minute later the "big chief," who was the mayor of the city, sent this glorious message over the telephone wire:

"The city is safe!"

And Galveston was again in touch with the outer world.

This story sounds like a scenario for a motion picture screen, but it is an actual happening, and is told that we may have a more personal understanding of what a little electricity, when properly harnessed and hitched up to the telephone transmitter and receiver, can do to reach the hearts of the people.



Use of Electricity in the World War

America's hand in winning the great war against the common enemy played a far greater part than the world knew of during the time of the conflict, and now that the victory is won we are hearing of many things of which we had little or no knowledge or conception.

Dr. Frank B. Jewett, chief engineer of the Western Electric Company, and lieutenant colonel of the signal corps of the U. S. army, who gave a lecture in Denver recently, gave something of an insight into the part taken by American ingenuity through the use of electricity in completely destroying the kaiser's submarine warfare equipment.

Dr. Jewett's lecture was brimful of interesting information which was best understood by the several hundred electrical engineers, telephone and telegraph men present. Electrical devices used to locate submarines were explained. Probably the most wonderful little apparatus he told of was that which not only indicated the exact direction from which came the sound of an enemy gun on land, but it so accurately located the gun that fire could be directed toward it with telling effect. This device was used on the fields of battle, and not until the war was over did Germany

know why such accuracy was attained by the guns of the allies. Dr. Jewett was largely responsible for the success of these devices.

While in Denver Dr. Jewett was entertained at a dinner given by Ben S. Read, president of the Mountain States Company, at the Denver Athletic Club, to which the general officials of the Western Electric and Mountain States companies were also invited. Dr. Jewett was also the guest at a dinner given by the Denver section of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, at the Shirley Hotel, about 100 hosts being present. R. B. Bonney, section secretary, had the general entertainment in charge.



Steamboat to South Side

The Mountain States Telephone Company has a crew of men building a telephone line from Steamboat beyond the South Side neighborhood.—Steamboat Springs (Colo.) Sentinel.



Effects of the Storm

Pueblo—Nearly 500 telephones were put out of commission here by the severe rain that visited the city. Long distance lines between Pueblo and Canon City were equally affected.



What a Bunch of Lovely Ladies!

By Marjorie Paterson

The sign had called the clans to meet beneath the ark of flame That guards the grand, majestic hall that bears our Chapter's name.

A good start, don't you think? Sounds well in print. That is more than we can say for some of Mr. Stryker's exclamations. But then, as to the Clans. Yes, it happened the night of the 13th. About seventy-five were present, all in costume. Yes, and it would have taken Hot Slough the Sleuth to have distinguished Lizzie from Alice, and Sadie from Pansy, as they were well disguised, to say the least. Why, certainly, I am talking about the party and dance given by Chapter Number Six.

We gave prizes 'n' everything! Uh-huh, Leah Holmes walks off with the first prize, which was a Chinese god, a good luck omen, which makes it nice for her. Now she can stop looking for horseshoes. She (Leah Holmes) looked like Sis Hopkins, only more so. Yes, girls, she had stockings on, only they were pink. I looked close.

Fan Sherman got the little girl's prize, which was a vase, the "a" pronounced "ah," and the "s" pronounced as "z" as in Zeppelin, "Yahz." You do that with a vase which costs over fifty dollars. Fan looked just like a little girl about ten, and oh, how realistic she acted the part. All evening she was hunting a hair ribbon. Finally to keep the little girl quiet, Dorothy Johnson, another little girl about Fan's age, took a white ribbon off her hat and presented

Like the old man that looked upon a real live camel for the first time. He looked and looked, his eyes growing bigger and bigger. Then turning around suddenly, he exclaimed, "Oh, Heck, there ain't no such animal." So I'm like that man. Although I saw them with my eyes open it is more than mortal man could believe. We, therefore, give you a picture as the camera seems to be braver than I.

Aileen Wilson was described by one of her many admirers as a "big Chinese doll." Now the Chinese puzzle is whether she should have another of her admirers fight a duel with the man who made this remark, or consider it a compliment and accept his invitation out to dinner. If it is going to be a good dinner, I know what I'd do!

Senorita Thornton rode on the back of Yama Yama Curtis through the hall, and although we dislike remarking upon the avoidupois of the fair Senorita, at the same time we think it no more than right to congratulate Yama Yama Curtis on her terrific strength!

Mary Coopersmith, in the dress of a farmer boy, spent more of her time crawling around on the floor. I thought at first the boy was looking for four-leaf clovers, but discovered he was picking up china eggs which were continually dropping out of the basket which was carried by his wife, Dora Silverberg.

Every time I looked at Sophia Probst, in her Turkish costume, I became thirsty for one of those famous Helmar cigarettes.

We had with us five U. S. Gobs, one Gentleman that slipped out of vogue, and one U. S. Colonel. And say, maybe we men weren't popular. They went "Wild, Simply Wild Over Us." But we men survived the ordeal and are still heart whole and fancy free.

Miss Lang, Miss Rosseau, and Miss Hall, dressed as little girls, won our hearts, but of course we couldn't be Mormons.

Anita Chance, just back from France, dressed as a Gypsy, told fortunes and our fate was sealed for good, or for evil, in just a few words from her ruby lips.

Oh, dear! I could keep this up for hours, but Mr. Editor says no, get on to the cats. Isn't that just like a man? But here goes! We all sat down together, while the orchestra rested, and we were served by ten winsome maidens and oh, what shrimps—I mean those we ate. Shrimp salad, olives, hot rolls, coffee, Baur's vanilla, strawberry and orange ice, and all kinds of fancy cakes. We ate, and we ate, till we nearly died eating; but then what happier death could there be?

After eating we danced some more, until the hour struck, reminding us that it was time to go; or to be exact and to give a more serious reason, the orchestra stopped playing.

Then there was a wild scramble to get our things and catch our cars. We were all betting on Miss Yancy, for she was two laps ahead of the crowd when, oh dear, something happened. We will never know whether her feet became tangled in her wonderful curls, or whether the streets were slippery, but one minute she was flying down Fifteenth street on the wings of the morning—the next, she wasn't. But this is a sore subject so we shall let it rest.

Well, the party, dance and cats are over, but thinking over what happened is like eating perfumed candy. Even after it's done and gone it leaves a good taste in your mouth.



Witches and Goblins Have a Merry Halloween

it to Fan in person, after which little Fan was happy, and we were then able to have our pictures taken. (Isn't it funny what small things will hold up a nation?)

Who received the couple's prize? Oh dear, what a foolish question! The same one, of course, Marie Bisant; only she has taken unto herself another husband. Now the fickle person has for her pal Clara Frei, and between the two they walked off with the prize, which was a telephone disguiser—I mean a telephone beautifier—I mean, oh, I don't know what it was. Anyway it is one of those things that makes a telephone look like it ain't.

But as to describing their make-up, well, there are some things the mind cannot grasp, even when the object is seen.

Main

Wanted—One bird cage. Have the bird but no place to put him.—Gussie Marbach.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—An oxollis. Has white spot over each eye. Finder please notify Julia McCarthy.

Wanted—A handsome chauffeur. No homely one need apply.—Louise Krebs.

Wanted—A six-foot policeman for the Main retiring room to keep Marie Bisant from disturbing the peace.—Mrs. Worth.

Will some one kindly donate us an alarm clock set for 12:55? Goldie Emberling and Zeta Koehne, care The Sick Room.

Information wanted as to the whereabouts of Pete. Last seen walking the railroad tracks around East Denver.—Eliz. McDermott.

Why spread gloom around the operating room when the windows and transoms are opened?—Mr. Hospe.

Don't throw or give away your old mufflers or ear muffs. They will be very acceptable to the Main Operating Clerks.

Will some one kindly suggest the name of a good hair tonic. Something that will grow hair over night.—Mary O'Connor.

Wanted—A partner for movie comedies. Experience necessary.—Clara Frei.



Weddings and Tacks

"Blessed is the man who sitteth on a tack, for he shall arise quickly."

The general traffic department can boast of a wedding. On November 15, our Eddie Mahon married Miss Stella Lowrey, a petite and charming brunette of North Denver. We all wish them the best of luck and all possible happiness.

But the real story is this: The stage was all set and a morning arrived when the bridegroom was expected back to work. For once the traffic force arrived before 8:30. Everyone was waiting for the groom to appear. But alas and a lack! He did not come. The hours passed but no bridegroom.

Suddenly the air was blue. "Golly Moses, I" ? ? ! Such was the language that disturbed us. Looking up we saw our dignified R. J. Garretson standing by Eddie's desk, a very pained expression on his face, and holding Eddie's chair pad very gingerly between two fingers. It seems that some imp of satan had planted some tacks in the pad, expecting the groom to sit on them, but instead of the groom Mr. Garretson had fallen victim to the pranks of some unknown person. The guilty person will never be known.

Moral: Never sit down on a bridegroom's chair without first examining it thoroughly; you never can tell what might happen.



Denver District

Hazel Thornton, Correspondent

In spite of the fact that the careless and inefficient Monitor staff omitted the "write up" last month, Miss Mattie Kempton was married on October 8 to Robert Burt of Dallas, Texas. The young couple will make their home in Dallas. We miss Mrs. Burt very much and send a host of good wishes to her and the lucky man.

Miss Myrtle Dove has been transferred to the Division Cashier's office. We are glad to welcome her. We think all birds should be in a cage.

Someone presented one of the contract girls with a copy of "The Vamp." I won't mention any names but I really don't see where they get the idea.

If you want some suggestions for your Christmas shopping just ask "Big Bill" to show you the birthday present given him by the girls of the contract department. Talk about being useful!

We were all very sorry when Louise Klipfel resigned to accept a position in the State House. To us she was just "Klipie," and by her sweet disposition and interest in every one she had won us all as friends. We miss her very much and we know she will have great success in her new position.

York

Some day, if we ever meet Cupid, we are going to ask him a few, very personal and important questions. It seems to us that he could have gotten along very nicely without Miss Finch and Miss Off, not to mention many others. Anyway, we are going to register a complaint, Pronto! Here, too, is Gertie Hughes, who comes to work with a danger signal on the forbidden finger, and we feel that we are soon to bid farewell to her, also. Miss O'Donnell, our evening chief operator, decided she would like to try a nice cozy home of her own for a change, but because Miss Minot has taken her place we are partly consoled for her loss.

Mr. Hospe and Mr. Wetherall have been transferred from York to Main. (It seems that we are getting left by everyone, doesn't it?) Mr. Moore is our new manager. We hope he will like York and be with us for some time.

There was another exodus to Main lately. We hope the girls will have good luck.

We, of the York office, offer our deepest and sincerest sympathy to Miss Margaret Hurley, who lately lost her mother.

We are glad to see Miss Perkins back in the ranks again, after her long absence.

One of the evening girls tells this one: She had been explaining to her chum, the object of the "hospital" in a telephone office. After she had very carefully told all there was to tell, her friend asked this question, "Say, if you don't pay your telephone bill do they put you in the hospital?" I don't know, I never heard of such a case, did you?

Thursday and Friday were picnic days for all the managers, traffic chiefs, supervisors and matrons, and everybody says they had the loveliest time. Even though we were not invited we are glad they did.

South

Saturday evening, November 1st, the South supervisors entertained the girls of the South exchange at a Hallow'en party and dance. About seventy-five girls, most of them in costume, enjoyed the affair. There was a little old lady all bent over and walking with a cane, who, it was discovered, was Miss Tremblay. A charming old-fashioned bride was Miss Lois Smith. Of course, there were Yama girls, the chief entertainer, as is always the case, being Miss Virginia Monahan. What is a dance without young men? To be sure, there were only "two" at this party, but they were such handsome ones and had such winning ways that they captured the hearts of all the young lads. Who were they? None other than Miss Elsie Verback and Miss Ethel Johnson. Last but not least, there was ice cream and everything to eat. Here's hoping the supervisors will give another party very soon.

Miss Ruth Compton has resigned to return to her home in California.

Miss Lenore Bell was quietly married to Mr. Harold Little at Littleton on Monday evening, November 10. Miss Bell has been an employee of the company for five years and had many friends among the employees who were sorry to see her leave. We wish her much happiness.

On Thanksgiving day, Miss Mary Jeremiah was married to Leo Wenzinger at Saint Francis De Sales church.



Parked in Denver's Mountain
Pack
Katherine Kirk, Fannie Cox,
Louise Krebs and Augusta
Woutergaard

Pueblo District

W. E. Quarles, Correspondent

Thursday night, October 29, at Fisher's hall, was the time and place of much hilarity. Anyone upon investigating would have discovered that the cause of the uproar was none other than about fifty lady employees of the Pueblo exchange enjoying a Hallowe'en masquerade party. Did we have a good time? Well we'll say we did.

The hall was appropriately decorated for the occasion with the usual black cats, witches, etc. There were freaks of all descriptions and some spooky ghosts who seemed to be enjoying their trip to earth tremendously. Uncle

Sam was there with some of his brave soldier and sailor lads, cr—er, yes, lads (s'funny though some of them wore high heels.) Yes and George Washington was there, too, and two freakish looking persons who kept everyone laughing, though they never spoke. It was rumored that these two were none other than our dignified district traffic chief, Mrs. Agnew, and our equally dignified(?) matron, Mrs. Ferguson. This proved to be the case when it came time to feed our faces as neither could withstand the temptation, so off came their masks.

Numerous appropriate games were played, a short program was enjoyed, followed by dancing. Much credit is due the refreshment committee for the delicious eats served at eleven o'clock—pumpkin pie, doughnuts, coffee, 'n' everything.

We adjourned for the night having decided that this would not be the last party by any means.

During the last few months, Dan Cupid has certainly been busy in the Pueblo office. Some of the recent weddings are those of Miss Nina Hunter, relief supervisor, and Ben Donahue, recently returned from overseas service.

Miss Henrietta Feurhardt and Douglas Patterson (better known as Pat) of the plant department.

Mary Washburn, Margaret Hedges, Olga Thunborg, Velma Hocking and Bessie McCarthy are among the newly-weds.

Miss Ethel Richards is enjoying a month's furlough in Oklahoma City.

Miss Clara Galde, information clerk, has resigned and left for California where she will spend the winter.

Miss Mabel Stall, toll operator, has been transferred to Hugo as chief operator and manager of that exchange.

Miss Lena Engle, service observer, has returned from a pleasant two weeks' vacation.

Lamar

Wire Chief Moore is qualifying for sharpshooter in the Lamar Rifle Club. Is probably trying to raise his average as a "bug" hunter.

Combination Man Sears received a large shipment of "chickens" from Texas. You can draw your own conclusions.

Miss Ida Hawks of the traffic department has been transferred to Aurora, Colorado.

Misses Margaret Ocks and Gladys Darr are recent additions to our operating force.

The two-mile stretch of road to the Santa Fe Trail north of town is being concreted. Our district officials will be glad to note the improvement.

Wiley

Manager J. J. Houston and two companions recently bagged fifty-five ducks in an afternoon's shooting. This is a good day's shooting. Mr. Houston will soon qualify for the Arkansas Valley Duck Hunters Association.

Las Animas

Troubles never come singly. With the coal strike, and coal looking like diamonds, Old King Blizzard arrived and caused a lot of trouble, mostly east of here.

Miss Hayes spent Sunday in Rocky Ford visiting friends. Miss Viola Brookhart is a very good football roofer, judging from the pep she shows from the side lines.

Miss Glada Yargus has been added to the operating force.

J. W. Mullins went to Pueblo the first of the month to work there. Everyone, including the school marms, was sorry to see Jimmie go.

John Campbell drove up from Lamar at which place he repaired the damage done by the blizzard. We expect him back at Las Animas one of these days soon. He will then complete the toll line patrol.

Greeley District

Charles W. St. John, Correspondent

Miss Elizabeth De Boer, formerly chief operator of the Greeley exchange, was married on October 24 to Dr. Don Paul Jones, who has just recently returned from overseas. This event was forced upon us rather suddenly, but we wish them all kinds of success and happiness in their new home at Lockney, Texas.

Miss Mayme Holmes has been made chief operator, and Miss Katie Ward is made assistant.

Fort Lupton

Miss Ida Gray has resigned to be married, the event to take place on November 19. Miss Lenore Trezise has been made assistant chief operator at Fort Lupton, to take the place of Miss Gray. We are sorry to lose Ida but our best wishes go with her.

Laten Ballou, who has been exchange manager at this place for the past three months, has been transferred to Durango as manager, and Harry Bolton of Julesburg has been placed in charge of the local exchange. Mr. Bolton has done some good work at Julesburg and we are sure he will be liked in the Lupton area.

Julesburg

G. E. Griffey, of Denver, who for five years was manager of the exchange at Berthoud, has been made manager at Julesburg.

Boulder District

J. L. Patterson, Correspondent

After an absence of five years, W. H. (Doc) Day dropped in to say "Howdy," to the Boulder bunch. Mr. Day was a member of the Boulder plant department for many years, where his genial disposition and faithful service won for him the admiration of all who knew him. His many friends will be glad to hear of him again. Good luck to you Doc, and call again.

Harold Ames of the Boulder commercial department, and Miss Hildegard Lesser sprung a surprise on their many friends by getting married at ten o'clock instead of waiting till eight, Nov. 8, as had been announced as the hour for the wedding. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride, 1005 Portland place, by Rev. Father Hubert N. Walters. They were attended by Howard Williams as best man, and by Miss Anna Denham as maid of honor. After the ceremony the bridal party left for Denver in Mr. Williams' car. Mr. and Mrs. Ames will go on to Colorado Springs for a few days and upon their return will make their home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Lesser.

The bride never looked more charming than in her going away gown of blue wool tricolette with hat to match, and a corsage bouquet of orchids and cupid roses. The witnesses were members of the immediate families of the bride and bridegroom.

Mrs. Ames has been a resident of Boulder for eleven years and was in charge of the art department of the White Davis store until resigning to prepare for her wedding.

During the last few weeks she has been the guest of honor at a number of showers and parties.

Mr. Ames is the son of Dr. and Mrs. George E. Ames and has been a popular member of the Boulder commercial department for some time. Both have a large circle of friends who were preparing to give them a big send-off, but who were outwitted by Mr. Ames and his bride.—Daily Camera.

Mr. and Mrs. Ames have returned from a week's trip to Colorado Springs, where they spent their honeymoon. Mr. Ames passed around some mighty good cigars and candy today. The Boulder force extend to Mr. and Mrs. Ames their hearty congratulations, and wish them every happiness.

The A. T. & T. auxiliary met on Nov. 3 at the home of Mrs. W. E. Ketterman, for its regular business session. After the business meeting a fine social time was had, the evening being spent in looking at the trophies brought from overseas by Miss Maud Hayward. At the close of the program, Mrs. Ketterman was assisted by the Misses Ethel Sieburg, Anna Wood and Elsie Frazier, and Mrs. Jennie Rossman, in the serving of a delicious luncheon.

Miss Anna Wood has resigned her position in the traffic and commercial departments, and will soon become the bride of Thad Ely. On Monday night, the 17th, a miscellaneous shower was given for her at the home of Miss Carrie DeWalt. A number of girls from the telephone office were present, and showered the honor guest with many useful gifts. An elegant luncheon followed the social time.



Grand Junction District

Anna Woodridge, Correspondent

We are all very glad to see Miss Arthur after a three months' furlough. Needless to say that her bright and smiling face looks good to all of us.

Miss Emma Holden, long distance operator, has been given the position of information and supervisor succeeding Miss Burgess, who intends to leave us soon.

Were you at our Hallowe'en party? Well, if you were not, you missed a good time. On the night of October 29 at 10 o'clock there assembled at Margery hall a lot of queer looking people. The party was a masquerade. Mrs. Risley was the dearest little man you could imagine. Mrs. Shepherd looked charming in a sweet little dress of red trimmed with green ribbons. Every important personage was represented from satan to a Red Cross nurse. Miss Myrtle Kennedy was a wonderful fortune teller, if you didn't happen to hear her tell the rest of the fortunes. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour and we were then served with ideal Hallowe'en refreshments, such as doughnuts, cider and pumpkin pie. Did we have a good time? Just ask Mr. Risley about it.

Miss Adelaide Waite is spending a few days with us in the office learning the commercial work in order to take Mrs. Boster's place as chief operator at Palisade.

Didn't we tell you not long ago that Mr. FuQuae was here for more than a visit? Well Miss Edna Lilly is not Miss Lilly any more. She is Mrs. R. B. FuQuae and we gave her the nicest concert and a joy ride down Main street in a wheel-barrow.

Montrose

The Montrose force was greatly grieved and shocked to learn of the sudden death of Mrs. Hobough, mother of our very dear friend, Miss Mary Hobough, local cashier. We wish it were possible for us to express the sincere sympathy which we all feel.

Paul Leisy, for the past year janitor of the Montrose exchange, has been granted leave of absence to become head lineman for the Cedar Telephone Company, during the construction of an extensive plant, to care for the rapidly growing business of the western part of this county. It looks like a far cry from janitor to head lineman, but Paul

has kept his eyes wide open and spent so much of what would have been unoccupied time on the trucks with the combination men, that there are none of us to doubt his making good.

Mrs. H. W. Wolfing, wife of our manager, has been in the east for the past few weeks superintending the packing and shipping of their household goods to Montrose. They have purchased a beautiful home on the south side and soon will be cozily fixed for an extended stay in this city.

Aspen

Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis and the telephone force surprised Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Johnson at their home not long ago. To say we took them by surprise is putting it mildly; however, we were given a real welcome and all reported a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis entertained at a Hallowe'en party on the evening of October 30. All kinds of games were played and at just the right time lunch was served consisting of all the season's dainties. All departed at a late hour voting Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis royal entertainers.



Colorado Springs District

J. D. Dingell, Correspondent

Traffic Department

Probably the most successful and elaborate party ever conducted, and while not exclusively for traffic employees, was largely attended and given by them, sponsored and planned in detail by Mrs. Margaret Coleman, matron, occurred on Hallowe'en night.

The retiring rooms were a "hive of action" throughout the day; preparations were being made providing "eats" for the evening. Light lunches were served, with coffee, cake, ice cream, pumpkin pie, candies a-plenty of various kinds, with dainty after-dinner mints.

Streamers of Hallowe'en colors were suspended with the usual decorations, comprising dragons and various kinds of green-eyed monsters. The "turnout" of girls was complete. Everyone not on duty was present and dressed in some well chosen, quite becoming costume.

When the grand march began "Mickey" was there, with a perfect imitation. Two Japanese maidens, all decked out in silk, bright red and blue as their colors. There were big "little dolls" and some little big girls in pinafores. An "old maid" was imitated by one who was young; a "baker," too, was there. A Yama girl that looked as well as Bessie McCoy was in the merry whirl. Two booths with fortune tellers were kept busy revealing the secret depths of the past and disclosing present facts, and further delving into the closeness of the untold future. So many distinct characters, in fact, that enumeration of all is impossible.

When dancing began the whirl appeared as a kaleidoscope of ever-changing color. They were all happy and light-hearted, but at the same time mindful of the girls on the "board," who were at work but treated to the goodies, nevertheless.

As the evening drew toward a close, the blaze of color simmered to a fading rainbow that disappeared when all went home.



Palmer-Jackson Marriage

The marriage of Miss Hazel Palmer to Lee Elder Jackson came as a complete surprise to the many friends of the young couple. After staying at home one day from her position with the Mountain States Telephone Company, under the pretense of being ill, Miss Palmer was married to Mr. Jackson at the Methodist church by the Rev. W. L. French on Wednesday evening. The sister of the groom was the only attendant at the wedding.

Miss Palmer has been in the employ of the telephone company as an operator for two years and lives with her mother in the Burlington addition.

Educational Department

Telegraph and Toll Testing Equipment

ELECTROLYSIS

Why is the positive pole of the central office storage battery grounded rather than the negative?

The Educational Department has received several queries in regard to electrolysis and in regard to the why of certain practices, the answers to which involve electrolysis. Two questions in this latter class are, "Why is the positive pole of the central office storage battery grounded instead of the negative?" and "Why do street railway systems have the negative pole of the current supply connected to the track (ground) and the positive pole connected to the trolley?" Believing that the employees of the Company in general will be interested in this subject, the following information is given as the Educational Department's contribution to this issue of *The Monitor*. The first part is two articles from Section 10 of Plant Course No. 4—Outside Plant—on electrolysis of underground cables. The second part includes an answer to a student asking the questions quoted above.

Electrolysis

While the conductors of underground cables are practically free from mechanical injury and from contact with circuits carrying dangerous electric currents, they are subject to damage due to the action of earth currents eating away the lead cable sheaths by electrolysis, which, if not checked or prevented, will soon allow moisture to enter the cable core and thus destroy the serviceability of the cable. As brought out in Plant Course No. 2, when a current leaves a metal in contact with an electrolyte, generally the metal tends to dissolve into the electrolyte. This action, which makes possible such useful processes as electroplating and electrotyping, is very detrimental to the underground cable plant.

In electroplating the object to be plated (the cathode) and a piece of the kind of metal with which it is to be plated (the anode) are submerged in an electrolyte. The anode and the cathode are then connected to the two sides of a source of direct current, the anode being connected to the positive lead and the cathode to the negative. The current then flows from the metal of the anode through the electrolyte to the object to be plated, dissolving metal from the former into the solution and depositing it on the latter from the solution.

Lead is a metal that is rapidly eaten away by electrolysis. Moist earth usually forms a good electrolyte since it may contain salts or acids in the presence of which some metals, especially lead, dissolve readily under electrolytic conditions. The return current from street railway systems is the principal cause of the electrolytic action on the underground cable sheaths.

Most street railway systems are, at the present time, operated on the direct current single trolley system, using the track usually supplemented by negative return feeders as a return circuit. The general practice is to connect the positive bus of the generating machine to the trolley wire and the negative bus to the track and return feeders. The current thus flows from the generating machines at the power house to the trolley wire, thence through the motors of the cars to the track and back through the track, return feeders and earth to the power house. To increase the

conductivity of the track, the different lengths of rails are bonded, that is electrically connected together by bonds of copper, or are welded together. Also, in good practice, parallel rails are cross-bonded at stated intervals to keep down difference of potential between them and to preserve the conductivity of the track in the event of a bond at a rail joint becoming broken. The lead sheaths of the underground telephone cables form such good conductors that the return current from the street car tracks usually find a path back to the power house through the cable sheath in addition to that through the track system. Owing to the heavy current used to operate the street cars, that which must return from the trolley wires to the power house through the tracks is great and the potential of the earth near the ends of the car lines is raised considerably above that at the power house or power substations.

The extent of an underground cable system permits it to electrically connect points in the earth that are at a considerable difference of potential. However, owing to the low resistance of the cable sheaths, a very heavy current is caused to flow through them between points having only

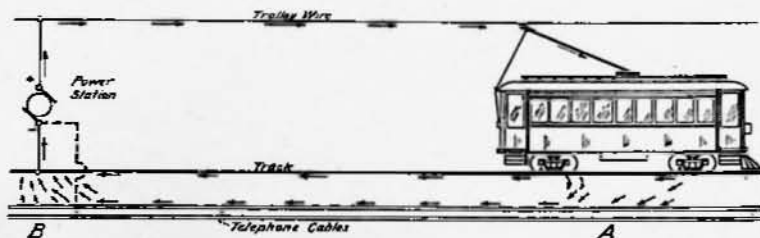


Figure No. 79

a small difference of potential. The point "A," Figure No. 79, at which the current enters the cable sheath, is not generally subject to injury by electrolysis, but the point "B," at which the current leaves the sheath and flows into the electrolyte of the earth, is the point at which the lead will be eaten away. This process, if not prevented, may be rapid enough to destroy the sheath and allow the entrance of moisture in a few hours in some cases.

Prevention of Electrolysis

If the cable sheath could be insulated from the ground throughout its entire length by enclosing it in a conduit that would absorb no moisture and be of high insulation, electrolysis could be prevented. This type of construction has not been found possible. While vitrified clay conduit is a fair insulator, the joints in the conduit and the exposure of the cables at the manholes lowers the insulation of the cable from the earth. The seepage of moisture and slime into the duct at joints practically destroys the high insulation afforded by the vitrified clay and permits the sheath to make electrical contact with the earth at points between manholes. Also, storms may at times cause a flooded condition of the conduits and manholes, with a consequent deposit of mud in the ducts.

While it is not practicable to prevent earth currents from entering the cable sheaths, it is possible to prevent this current where leaving the sheaths, from passing directly into the earth. Where the earth currents are produced by

street railway systems, it is seen that the tendency of these currents will be to enter the cable sheaths at points remote from the power house or power substations, and flow toward the power station, leaving the cable sheaths near this place and passing through the earth to the rails near the power station and thus to the negative bus of the generating machines. Connecting the cable sheath at the point where the current is found to be leaving it, by a metallic conductor to the negative bus bar at the power station will allow the current to leave the cable without passing to the ground through an electrolyte, thus preventing damage to the sheath. The dotted line, Figure No. 79, indicates where this "drainage" conductor would be connected. The measures usually taken to prevent electrolysis are based on this principle. Usually that portion of the cable system which would be electro-positive to the earth, and from which the current would tend to flow into the earth, will be near the power station. A large copper conductor, known as a drainage conductor, is in this case connected to the sheaths of the cables and to the negative bus of the machines. This drainage conductor provides a low resistance path through which the current from the sheaths will flow, leaving none to pass through the earth. The cable sheaths of the different cables are all bonded together by means of lead strips wiped on to the cable sheaths at all manholes in order that the earth currents may pass from one cable to the other through these bonds and thus take the path of the lowest resistance through the cable sheaths. If this were not done, the currents would have to pass through the damp conduit or earth from one cable to the other and thus cause electrolytic damage to the sheaths.

Electrolysis surveys are regularly made with a voltmeter to determine the magnitude and direction of the potential which exists between a cable sheath and nearby conductors, such as pipes, street car rails, etc., and between the cable sheath and the earth. As long the cable is shown to be negative in relation to these objects, there is no danger of electrolysis, as the earth currents are then flowing to the cable, but at any place where a cable is found to be positive to the adjacent ground or conductors, that point is a danger point. The point at which the cable is found to be tending to drain the heaviest current to the power station is, where practicable, connected by a drainage conductor to the negative bus at the power station to which these currents are returning.

Tests are made at regular intervals to locate these danger points and when found, steps are immediately taken to secure relief. The currents causing electrolysis are irregular as to intensity, and in some localities even as to direction, but it is possible to so bond and electrically drain an underground cable system that electrolysis will be eliminated, provided the car system is operated in accordance with what is generally considered good practice. Here, as in other things, eternal vigilance is the price of safety, and only regular tests and prompt corrective measures serve to prevent electrolysis.

The telephone plant of a common battery exchange may be damaged by electrolysis due to the current from the central office storage battery, if this current is permitted to flow from the metal conductors to moist earth or from the conductors through wet insulation, etc. In wet weather, there is some leakage from such places as where bridle and drop wires emerge from the insulation to connect to open wire, the leakage taking place over the wet surface of the insulation which may have traces of salts and acids dissolved in the moisture. Leakage from a conductor to wet insulation of interior wires will cause electrolyte action since the insulation contains chemicals due to the dyes, etc. If the leakage is from the insulation to the metallic conductor no corrosive action will take place on the conductor, and it is in order that the leakage will be in this direction that the positive pole of the central office battery is grounded rather than the negative.

The positive pole of the central office storage battery is grounded and the negative pole is connected to the "live" side to the telephone plant, so that negative poten-

tial instead of positive will stand on the plant, that is, the plant will be at a lower instead of at a higher potential than the earth. It is seen, with the negative pole of the battery connected to the lines, that any leakage between the lines and ground will be from the earth to the lines, and not from the lines to the earth, so that there will be no corroding electrolytic action at these points of leakage. Of course, current flows from the central office ground plate to the earth. This plate is buried in crushed coke which prevents direct contact with the ground. If necessary, this plate can be replaced from time to time.

Street railway companies connect the positive bus to the trolley and the negative bus to the rails, which are virtually ground, for electrolysis reasons only, in connection with underground cable and pipe systems. If the positive bus were connected to the rails, that is, ground, the underground metallic systems would have a large spread of positive area and over the outlying parts of the system and it would not be practical to drain them for protection. With the negative bus connected to ground, the return current, which takes a path through the underground metallic systems, leaves these systems near the power house, as explained in the extract from Section 10. Plant Course No. 4, given herewith, thus making the positive area near the power house and a comparatively simple matter to "drain," and electrolysis can be prevented by bonding.

Certificates Issued Between Oct. 21 and Nov. 20, 1919
Plant Course No. 1—Electricity and Magnetism

Cox, H. (P).....	Great Falls, Montana
Des Moines, C. (G. F.).....	Denver, Colorado
Eddy, P. L. (P).....	Denver, Colorado
Fewless, W. (P).....	Littleton, Colorado
Hyde, O. R. (P).....	Denver, Colorado
McFerran, W. (M).....	Denver, Colorado
Reed, J. (P).....	Trinidad, Colorado
Sullivan, M. (P).....	Denver, Colorado
Weber, G. L. (A. T. & T. Co.).....	Denver, Colorado

Plant Course No. 2—Substation Practice

Weber, G. L. (A. T. & T. Co.).....	Denver, Colorado
Platt, G. H. (P).....	Glasgow, Montana

Parts 1 and 2 of Plant Course No. 5—Central Office Equipment

Roberts, N. O. (P).....	Denver, Colorado
-------------------------	------------------

Lecture Course No. 1—Personal Development and The Bell System

Carnine, G. E. (E. M.).....	Arco, Idaho
A. T. & T. Co.....	American Tel. & Tel. Co.
F. W. P.....	Exchange Manager
G. P.....	General Plant Dept.
P.....	Plant Dept.
M.....	Mailing Dept.



Like Iron

"My dear sir," said the salesman, courteously, as he handed the customer his package and no change, "you will find that your suit will wear like iron."

And sure enough, it did. The man hadn't worn it two months when it began to look rusty.—Tit-Bits.



The Scheme That Failed

The young lawyer had just opened his new office, where the paint was hardly dry. Hearing a step outside, and seeing a man's form through the glass of the door, he stepped over to the brand-new telephone and, taking down the receiver, assumed the appearance of being in deep conversation.

"Very well, Mr. Allen," he was saying, as the visitor entered. "I'll attend to that government work all right, although I'm frightfully rushed just now. Overwhelmed with cases. . . . Quite right. . . . Oh, yes. . . . Certainly. . . . Good-bye."

Hanging up the receiver, he turned to his visitor, hoping to see him duly impressed.

"Excuse me for interrupting you, sir," said the stranger apologetically. "I've just come along to connect up the telephone."—Youth's Companion.

Merry Christmas, Health and Happiness

BY GERTRUDE ORP

WHEN the Christmas seal girl offers you a smile and a handful of Red Cross Christmas stickers, return the smile, but keep the stickers for your Christmas parcels.

"Merry Christmas, Health and a Happy New Year" is the message on the gay little seals which will be sold by the millions for a penny each in every state of the country during December.

Local associations in Utah, Wyoming and New Mexico have organized for the national campaign for 1920, when \$6,500,000 will be spent in the United States to combat the white plague.

In Colorado the state campaign is being directed by the Colorado Public Health Association, which expects to raise \$150,000 by December 11th, to be expended locally during the coming year. Health organizations and tuberculosis clinics will be established in five counties of the state. Two traveling dispensaries will be equipped, which will reach sections of the state which are remote from doctors. These will be preceded by public health nurses, who will search out cases of sickness, and especially of tuberculosis. The "traveling" doctors will do the rest.

High water marks, dirty hands and unbrushed teeth are going out of style as a result of the crusade which has made a

game for the child of cleanly habits which ordinarily meet with such aversion. For the reward of a pin adorned with the double-barred Red Cross of the Colorado Public Health Association and the title of "Knight," the school children are joyously performing "health chores" which could be accomplished with no amount of parental persuasion.

The work of the Public Health Association is directed primarily against tuberculosis. Despite the fact that this disease is both preventable and curable, it claims 150,000 lives annually at a cost of \$500,000,000 in productive labor. Eighteen hundred lives sacrificed to the disease in Colorado alone last year cost that state seven millions.

As part of its educational work the association is trying to get to every man, woman and

child the message that tuberculosis is a preventable, curable disease. Predisposing causes in environment are bad living and working conditions, especially impure air, darkness, dirt and dust. Predisposing causes in the person are weakened physical condition, overwork, lack of proper food, alcoholism, dissipation, influenza, colds; any disease that materially weakens the system.

Tuberculosis is never inherited; it results from inhaling tubercular germ.

