

# The Nerve of Foley

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN



HERE had been rumors all winter that the engineers were going to strike. Certainly we of the operating department had warning enough. Yet in the railroad life there is always friction in some quarter. The railroad man sleeps like the soldier, with an ear alert, but just the same he sleeps, for with waking comes duty.

Our engineers were good fellows. If they had faults they were American faults—rashness, a liberality bordering on extravagance and a headstrong, violent way of reaching conclusions—traits born of ability and self-confidence and developed by prosperity.

One of the best men we had on a locomotive was Andrew Cameron; at the same time he was one of the hardest to manage, because he was young and headstrong. Andy, a big, powerful fellow, ran opposite Felix Kennedy on the floor. The fast runs require young men. If you will notice, you will rarely see an old engineer on a fast passenger run. Even a young man can stand only a few years of that kind of work. High speed on a locomotive is a question of nerve and endurance—to put it bluntly, a question of flesh and blood.

"You don't think much of this strike, do you, Mr. Reed?" said Andy to me one night.

"Don't think there's going to be any, Andy."

He laughed knowingly.

"What actual grievance have the boys?" I asked.

"The trouble's on the East End," he replied evasively.

"Is that any reason for calling a thousand men out on this end?"

"If one goes out, they all go."

"Would you go out?"

"Would I? You bet!"

"A man with a home and a wife and a baby boy like yours ought to have more sense."

Getting up to leave, he laughed again contentedly. "That's all right. We'll bring you fellows to terms."

"Maybe," I reported as he closed the door. But I hadn't the slightest idea they would begin the attempt that night. I was at home and sound asleep when the caller tapped on my window. I threw up the sash; it was pouring rain and dark as a pocket.

"What is it, Barney? A wreck?" I exclaimed.

"Worse than that. Everything's tied up."

"What do you mean?"

"The engineers have struck."

"Struck? What time is it?"

"Half past 3. They went out at 3 o'clock." Throwing on my clothes, I floundered behind Barney's lantern to the depot. The superintendent was already in his office talking to the master mechanic.

Bulletins came in every few minutes from various points announcing trains tied up. Before long we began to hear from the East End. Chicago reported all engineers out; Omaha wired no trains moving. When the sun rose that morning our entire system, extending through seven states and territories, was absolutely paralyzed.

It was an astounding situation, but one that must be met. It meant either an ignominious surrender to the engineers or a fight to the death. For our part, we had only to wait for orders. It was just 6 o'clock when the chief train dispatcher, who was tapping at a key, said:

"Here's something from headquarters."

We crowded close around him. His pen flew across the clip; the message was addressed to all division superintendents. It was short, but at the end of it he wrote a name we rarely saw in our office. It was that of the railroad magnate we knew as "the old man," the president of the system, and his words were few:

"Move the trains!"

"Move the trains!" repeated the superintendent. "Yes, but trains can't be moved by pinch bars nor by main force."

We spent the day arguing with the strikers. They were friendly, but firm. Persuasion, entreaties, threats, we exhausted and ended just where we began, except that we had lost our tempers. The sun set without the turn of a wheel. The victory of the first day was certainly with the strikers.

Next day it looked pretty blue around the depot. Not a car was moved. The engineers and firemen were a unit. But the wires sang hard all that day and all that night. Just before midnight Chicago wired that No. 1—our big passenger train, the Denver flier—had started out on time, with the superintendent of motive power as engineer and a wiper for fireman. The message came from the second vice president. He promised to deliver the train to our division on time the next evening, and he asked, "Can you get it through to Denver?"

We looked at each other. At last all eyes gravitated toward Neighbor, our master mechanic.

The train dispatcher was waiting. "What shall I say?" he asked.

"The division chief of the motive power was a tremendously big Irishman with a voice like a fog horn. Without

steamed slowly out of the house. A minute showed he was at home on an engine.

"Can you handle it?" I asked as he shut off after backing down to the roundhouse.

"You use soft coal," he replied, trying the injector. "I'm used to hard. This injector is new to me. Guess I can work it, though."

"What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say."

"What is it?" I asked curtly.

"Foley."

"Well, Foley, if you have as much sense as you have gall you ought to get along. If you act straight, you'll never want a job again as long as you live. If you don't, you won't want to live very long."

"Got any tobacco?"

"Here, Baxter," said I, turning to the roundhouse foreman, "this is Foley. Give him a chew, and mark him up to go out on 77 tonight. If he monkeys with anything around the house, kill him."

Baxter looked at Foley, and Foley looked at Baxter, and Baxter not getting the tobacco out quick enough, Foley reminded him he was waiting.

We didn't pretend to run freights, but I concluded to try the fellow on one, feeling sure that if he was crooked he would ditch it and skip.

So Foley ran a long string of empties and a car or two of rotten oranges down to Harvard Junction that night, with one of the dispatchers for pilot. Under my orders they had a train made up at the Junction for him to bring back to McCloud. They had picked up all the strays in the yards, including half a dozen cars of meat that the local board of health had condemned after it had laid out in the sun for two weeks and a car of butter we had been shifting around ever since the beginning of the strike.

When the strikers saw the stuff coming in next morning behind Foley they concluded I had gone crazy.

"What do you think of the track, Foley?" said I.

"Fair," he replied, sitting down on my desk. "Stiff hill down there by Zanesville."

"Any trouble to climb it?" I asked.

"I had purposely given him a heavy train."

"Not with that car of butter. If you hold that butter another week, it will climb a hill without any engine."

"Can you handle a passenger train?"

"I guess so."

"I'm going to send you west on No. 1 tonight."

"Then you'll have to give me a fireman. That guy you sent out last night is a lightning rod peddler. The dispatcher threw most of the coal."

"I'll go with you myself, Foley. I can give you steam. Can you stand it to double back tonight?"

"I can stand it if you can."

When I walked into the roundhouse in the evening with a pair of overalls on Foley was in the cab getting ready for the run.

Neighbor brought the flier in from the east. As soon as he had uncoupled and got out of the way we backed down with the 448. It was the best engine we had left and, luckily for my back, an easy steamer. Just as we coupled to the mail car a crowd of strikers swarmed out of the dusk. They were in an ugly mood, and when Andy Cameron and Bat Nicholson sprang up into the cab I saw we were in for trouble.

"Look here, partner," exclaimed Cameron, laying a heavy hand on Foley's shoulder. "You don't want to take this train out, do you? You wouldn't beat honest workmen out of a job?"

"I'm not beating anybody out of a job. If you want to take out this train, take it out. If you don't, get out of this cab."

Cameron was nonplused. Nicholson, a surly brute, raised his fist menacingly.

"See here, boss," he growled, "we won't stand no scabs on this line."

"Get out of this cab."

"I'll promise you you'll never get out of it alive, my buck, if you ever get into it again!" cried Cameron, swinging down. Nicholson followed, muttering angrily. I hoped we were out of the scrape; but, to my consternation, Foley, picking up his oil can, got right down behind them and began filling his cups without the least attention to anybody.

Nicholson sprang on him like a tiger. The onslaught was so sudden that they



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(Continued on next page.)

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

A. J. Graves ete Pflf. vs Virginia Graves ete Dft. Equity

By virtue of a judgment and Order of Sale of the Crittenden Circuit Court, rendered at the March term thereof, 1907, in the above cause, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door in Marion to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, Monday the 13th day of May 1907 at 1 o'clock P. M. or thereabout, (being Court day), upon a credit of six months, the following described property, to wit:

A certain house and lot near Dycusburg, Crittenden county Ky., containing 7 1/2 acres and bounded as follows beginning on the Eddyville road and comes to Mrs. Cooksey thence with her line N 60 E 36 poles to her corner a stake thence with another line of her's S 18 E 25 poles to a stake on side of road thence N 55 E 56 poles to old line of Jacobs thence with same N 89 W 62 poles to a stake on Eddyville road, thence with said road S 31 1/2 W 19 poles, thence S 14 W 22 poles to the beginning.

For the purchase price the purchaser, with approved security or securities, must execute Bond, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

J. G. ROCHESTER, Commissioner.

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Joe L. Clinton, Pflf vs Jas. F. Cook, et al, Dft. Equity

By virtue of a Judgment and Order of Sale of the Crittenden Circuit Court, rendered at the March Term thereof, 1907, in the above cause for the sum of \$3,513.68 with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from the 25 day of August 1906 on \$1451 and interest on remainder from November 25, 1902, until paid, and \$250 costs herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door in Marion to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, on Monday the 13th day of May 1907, at 1 o'clock P. M., or thereabout, (being Court day) upon a credit of six, twelve and eighteen months, the following described property, to-wit:

A certain tract of land situated in Crittenden county, Ky., and known as the John Walter Cook farm, near Mattoon. This farm is situated within two miles of Repton, on the L. C. R. R. and within six miles of Weston, on the Ohio River, and lies on the old Fynn's ferry road between said points, and is in a fine state of cultivation, with good improvements and well watered, and contains 180 acres.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. For the purchase price the purchaser, with approved security or securities, must execute bond, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

J. G. ROCHESTER, Commissioner.

## Sale For School Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due Marion Graded Common School District No 27 of Crittenden county Kentucky. I will on Monday May 13th, 1907, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 2 o'clock p. m. expose to public sale, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following property, for so much thereof as may be necessary, to satisfy the amount of the taxes due and costs, and assessed in the following names to wit:

Marion Ky taxes for 1904-5-6	12.10
Givens J. W. house and lot in Marion Ky taxes for 1904-5-6	25.95
Henry Albert M. house and lot in Marion Ky taxes for 1904-5-6	7.80
Henry S. N. house and lot in Marion Ky taxes for 1905-6	11.45

H. A. HAYNES Treasurer, Marion Graded Common School Dist. No. 27

This April 1st, 1907.

## Eczema is Now Curable

ZEMO, a scientific preparation for external use. Stops itching instantly and destroys the germs that cause skin diseases. Eczema quickly yields and is permanently cured by this remarkable medicine. All Druggists. Write for sample. E. W. Rose Med. Co., St. Louis, Mo. HAYNES & TAYLOR.

Louis O. Lowery, of Fredonia, Ky., has been appointed an eligible substitute in the railway mail service out of Louisville. He will soon be assigned to lines under the local office.—Louisville Herald.

Pain caused by boils, burns, cuts, scalds and skin diseases is promptly relieved by De Witt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. Good for piles. Sold by J. H. Orme.

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

D. T. White, Pflf. vs A. J. Grant, etc., Dft. Equity

By virtue of a Judgment and Order of Sale of the Crittenden Circuit Court, rendered at the March Term thereof, 1907, in the above cause for the sum of \$300 with interest at 6 per cent. per annum from the 8 day of Oct. 1902, until paid, and \$50 costs herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door in Marion to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, on Monday the 13th day of May, 1907, at 1 o'clock P. M., or thereabout, (being Court day), upon a credit of six months, the following described property to wit:

A certain tract of land lying and being in the county of Crittenden and state of Kentucky and being the same tract of land purchased by A. J. Grant from J. B. McKinley on the 8th day of Oct. 1902. See deed recorded in deed book 13, page 159, in the office of the Clerk of the Crittenden County Court Said land is bounded as follows:

Beginning on a white oak corner T. W. Hughes, thence S. 20, E. 26 poles to a hickory, thence N. 83, E. 26 poles to a stone, thence S. 64, E. 56 poles to a stone at the North corner of the lane, thence N. 15, E. 48 poles to a white oak, thence 16 E. 94 poles to a stake, thence 75 W. 20 poles to a small black oak (now down), thence W. 54 poles to a poplar, thence about South and about 12 poles to a white oak and hickory, thence S. 60, W. 15 poles to a white oak, thence S. 22, W. 44 poles to beginning containing 57 acres.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. For the purchase price the purchaser, with approved security or securities, must execute Bond, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a Judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply with these terms.

J. G. ROCHESTER, Commissioner.

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

R. C. Hill Pflf. vs W. E. Curry Dft. Equity

By virtue of a judgment and Order of sale of the Crittenden Circuit Court, rendered at the March term thereof, 1907, in the above cause for the sum of \$261.99 with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from the 9th day of July 1906, until paid, and \$40.00 costs herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door in Marion to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, on Monday the 13th day of May 1907, at 1 o'clock P. M. or thereabouts, (being Court day), upon a credit of three months the following property, to wit:

Three mules, one horse and one log wagon, all sound and in good fix.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. For the purchase price the purchaser with approved security or securities, must execute Bond, bearing legal interest from day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgement. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

J. G. ROCHESTER, Commissioner.

## "KEEP SMILING."

Feed your horse fine hay. Timothy Hay, Baled Hay will be sold this month. See PRES FORD & W. R. CRUCE.

## AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

To every one wanting insurance in reliable companies.

We Sell FIRE TORNADO ACCIDENT HEALTH TEAMS BURGLARY LIABILITY and BOILER

We can insure you against anything but death.

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Come in and Cool Off.

Twentieth Century Sanitary Soda Fountain

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Is the oft repeated expression which tells its own tale of putting off till tomorrow that which should have been done today.

Neglecting to insure causes a loss of many millions of dollars every year to property owners. Don't be one of them, but get your insurance now.

I represent one of the strongest insurance offices in the land, and without question the oldest in the world, being established in 1710.

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Jno. A. Moore

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# LOOK!

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All Work Thoroughly Guaranteed

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Is due in a large measure to abuse of the bowels, by employing drastic purgatives. To avoid all danger, use only Dr. King's New Life Pills, the safe gentle cleansers and invigorators. Guaranteed to cure headache, biliousness, malaria and jaundice, at J. H. Orme's drug store. 25c.

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