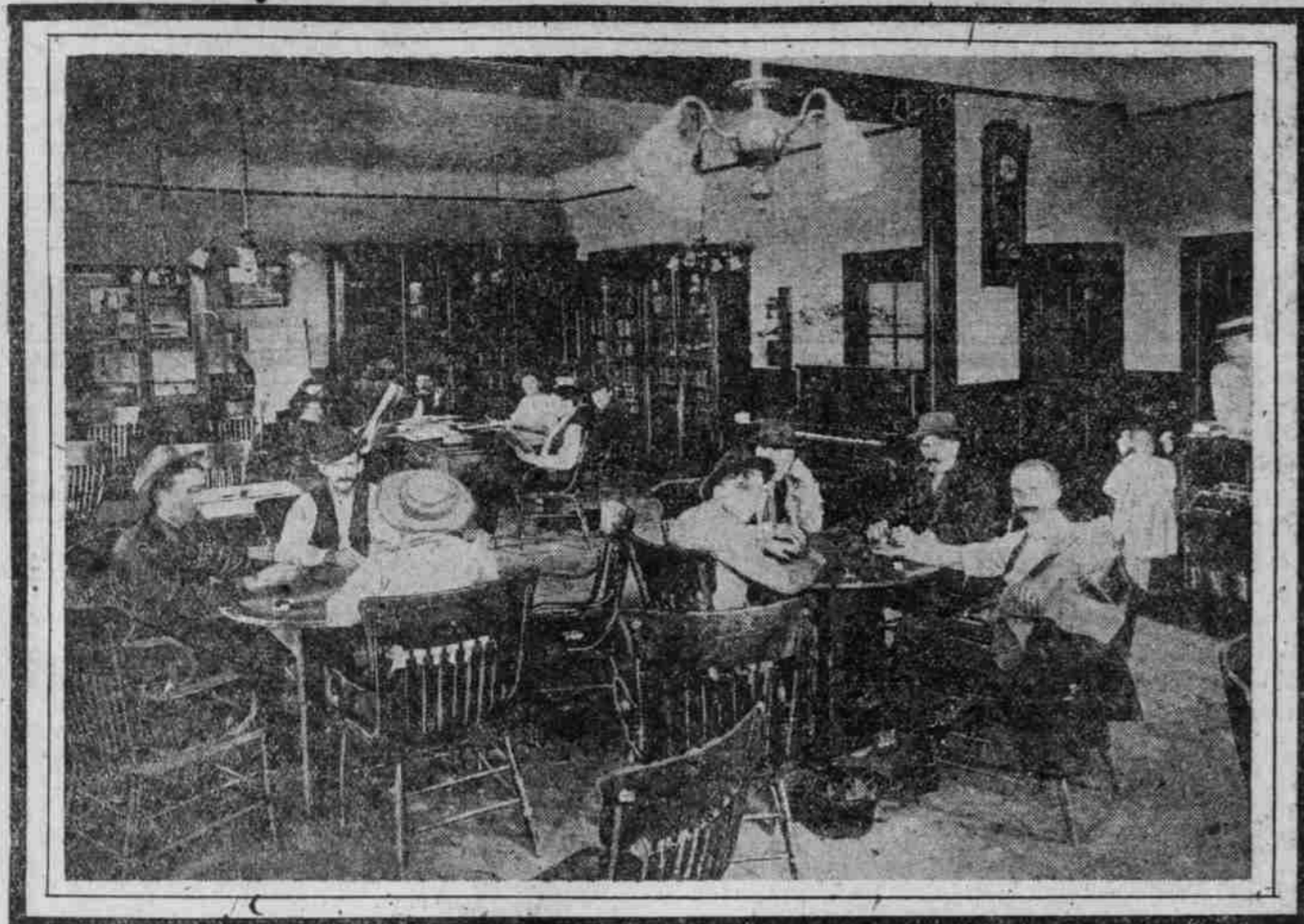
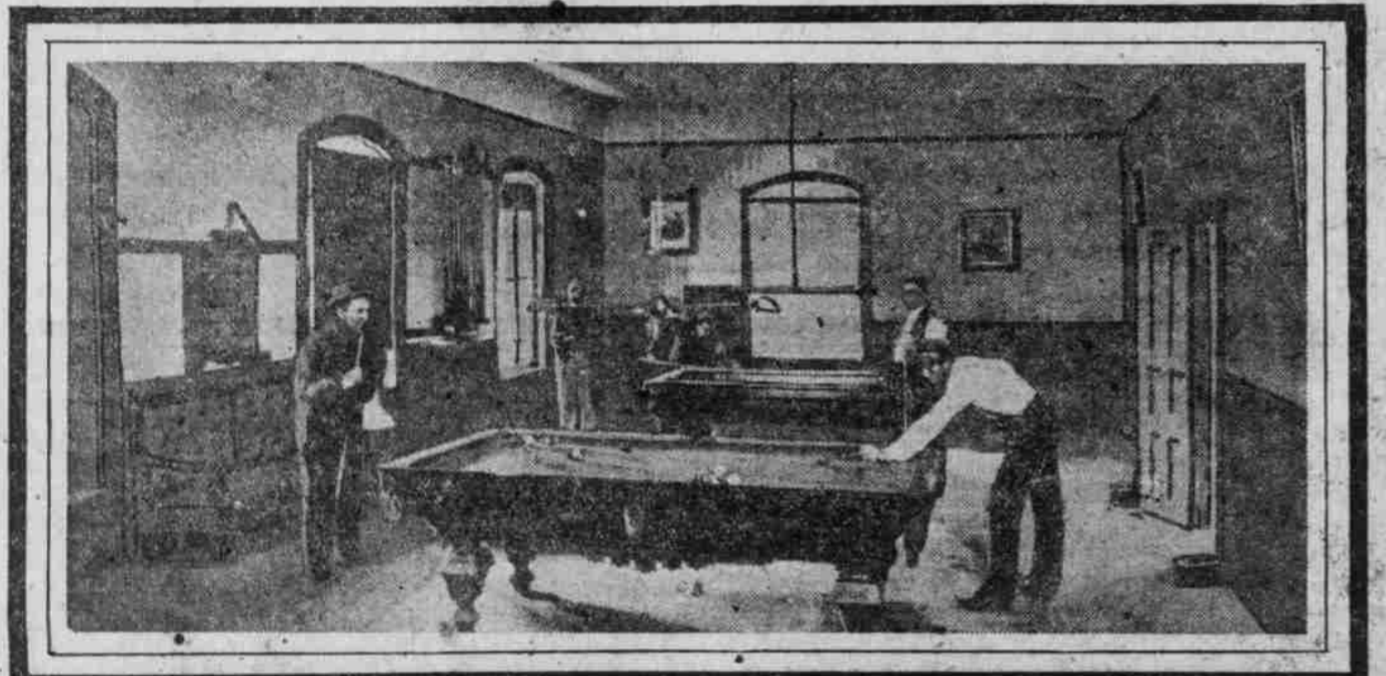


CLUB HOUSES FOR SOUTHERN PACIFIC MEN

Wherever They Are Established They Kill the Business of the Saloon



RAILROAD MEN IN OFF HOURS AT A SOUTHERN PACIFIC CLUB HOUSE



RECREATION AS WELL AS HEALTH AND COMFORT ARE PROVIDED FOR IN THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC CLUB HOUSES

I hereby certify that I am a bona fide employee of the Southern Pacific Company, and I hereby agree to conduct myself as a gentleman while enjoying any of the privileges of the club.

This is the only certificate of membership to be required of the men who will use the chain of clubhouses

that the Southern Pacific Company is building along its lines in Nevada, California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. Railway clubs are no new thing, but the Southern Pacific's are different. There is nothing of the conventional, the severe, or the hideous about the clubhouses. No expense is spared to make them beautiful as well as useful and comfortable, both without and within. Usually the style of architecture is determined by the surroundings. The explanation as to why the company is spending thousands of dollars on these

clubhouses is very simple. The expenditure might properly be charged up to improvement of service and safety appliances. Modern railroading requires men with clear heads and strong muscles. The railroad believes that it will be more likely to keep its men in this condition if it

provides comfortable quarters for them, with opportunities for healthy recreation and companionship. The bedrooms of the clubs, arranged so that they may be darkened during the day for men who have night runs, are spread with immaculate linen. The bath-

rooms, toilets and washrooms are models of inviting cleanliness. There are card-rooms, writing and reading tables, billiard, pool and lounging-rooms, all artistically furnished. Mr. Harriman is the Carnegie of the Southern Pacific Clubs, which are supplied with books, as well as



TYPE OF CLUB HOUSE THAT THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC IS BUILDING FOR ITS EMPLOYEES. THIS ONE IS AT TUCSON, ARIZ.



periodicals and daily papers. The fiction department of the library, which contains practically every current book of importance, is operated on a circulating system that gives to each club the benefit of a large number of volumes. Club stationery is furnished for members, and an effort is made to induce the men to keep in touch with their families and to continue home ties, however much their employment may keep them away from their own towns. Opportunities for study are offered and every inducement is made to the men to take advantage of these opportunities to improve their education.

In competition with the railway clubs, the saloon, which was formerly the only place the men had to go to, has proved a failure, the best testimony to this effect being found in the consistent opposition of saloon-keepers, wherever clubs are located. There is the same freedom in the railway club that the men formerly found in the saloons—and a great deal more comfort. No trampled rules are made. The men meet in the clubs on the equal footing of gentlemen. There are no membership fees and no deductions from the payroll for club maintenance. Trifling fees are charged for beds, bath and billiard-room—about enough to cover wear and tear and no more.

A Southern Pacific official who has from the start been closely associated with the establishment of the clubs, sums up their purpose in this way:

"The object is to raise the tone and character of the men by offering opportunities for healthful and moral recreation, and to make them feel that their own success, the success of the company, and the safety of the people who are served depends on each individual doing his part well, not because he has to do it, or is paid to do it, but because it is right."

A Side Light on History.

Harper's Weekly. The following is quoted verbatim and a Long Island City examination paper in English history: "William of Orange was a good and wise man. The people were tired of James I. rule and they hoped that Mary would become Queen. Just then James gave birth to a prince, and this done Mary out of her chance. The people would not stand for this, and they appointed William of Orange as their King."

THE HOTEL CLERK ON INDIAN TROUBLES

Change in the Fashion of Nether Garments Worked Reform in the Red Man



BY IRVIN S. COBB.

"A" NOTHING new in the papers tonight about the Indian uprising?" asked the Head Bell Boy of the Hotel St. Reckless, who still reads the Young Pathfinder series sometimes in the privacy of his apartment.

"I didn't know there'd been one," said the Hotel Clerk. "But at that I've always looked for the day to come when Buffalo Bill's troupe would organize the International Brotherhood of Scalp-Finishers and Feather Workers and go on strike for an eight-hour day and a closed shop. I suppose by this time Cody's name's been posted on the unfair list outside the Second Presbyterian Church and the Woman's Club at Rosebud, South Dakota, and they're fixing to take old Major Burke's union card away from him. Or maybe there's a walkout up at the Hippodrome on account of the employment of scab foreign war dancers from Canada? Right from the very start I always contended that the late Sitting Bull had the right name for a walking delegate, because I never saw any yet that would walk when he could sit, but why—"

Boy, evidently endeavoring to quote the account from memory. "The Ute is the last of the old on-civilized tribes and recently when efforts were made to reduce their rations, they broke from bounds, being by nature blood-thirsty in the extreme."

"Well, I don't much blame 'em for being thirsty," said the Hotel Clerk, "seeing as how our zealous Government restrains 'em from indulging in anything stronger than red pop. On a reservation it's just like life in Kansas without the hospitable drug stores, which I am told make glad even the most arid of Kansas landscapes. But you take it from me, Hops, it ain't blood that the Ute's been thirsty for; it begins with a b' and the other three letters are two e's and an r, and if you're a smart boy you can guess the rest of it for yourself."

"Ain't they the same bunch that broke loose about this time last year?" demanded the Head Bell Boy. "It seems to me like they wasn't so tame then."

"They're the same bunch, always allowing, for the natural increase in young Utelets since that time," said the Hotel Clerk, "and I distinctly recall the function on which they embarked. Possibly it wasn't so tame as you have just remarked, but if it had been any tamer than it was it would take words of one syllable to describe it. As I remember, the Utes were seized with a great longing to return to their old hunting ground far away to the westward in the general direction of the Setting Sun, not to mention the unseated Schmitz and the seatless Ruef. How should they have known that their former hunting grounds are now densely populated with real estate agents, homesteaders from Indiana and Federal officeholders engaged in working up a healthy third-term sentiment?"

partment, immediately ordered a large body of troops out and then ordered them back again, thus repeating a favorite military evolution which in our war with Spain was worked by us with such satisfactory results—for the Spaniards. Scores of heroic war correspondents crowded the buffet cars, all hurrying to the front, ready to expose themselves to the various magazines, and in them. Nothing is easier under such circumstances than for a war correspondent to expose himself.

"Meanwhile the Utes, led by their tribal leader, Chief Charlotte Ruse-ll, were sweeping across the defenseless country at the terrific rate of from 4 1/2 to 4 3/4 miles per day. I recall like 'was yesterday the horrifying accounts

which the newspapermen wrote on the spot, describing with tidily and vividness the hair-raising atrocities which the marauding band hadn't committed yet. "At this critical juncture somebody providentially swore out a warrant or an injunction, and a deputy constable went out the next morning before breakfast and surrounded the rebellious savages and arrested them for trespass or giving a street parade without a permit or something of that sort. Anyway, he drove them tentatively before him back to the reservation, where they resumed their regular avocation in life, such as eating, sleeping and selling club-footed innocents to Eastern tourists, with blue beads on them."

"Wot's the matter with them Injians anyway?" inquired the Head Bellboy, disgustedly.

"For one thing the frontier has grown up to an extent that makes it very hard to take the warpath without bumping into a cluster of two-story frames surrounding a young ladies' seminary or a carning works," said the Hotel Clerk. "If I was an Indian tribe preparing to embark on hostilities, I'd rent a vacant lot and pull off the event under a tent with the proper police protection and the privileges rented out to responsible parties. With the exception of parts of Chicago and Pittsburg, Breathitt County, Kentucky, and several wards in our own beloved New York, the whole country is now enjoying the most of the comforts and all of the discomforts of the higher civilization. They are playing diabolos this week in Newport, R. I., and the Pecos Valley

and as far away as Seattle I am informed the undertakers give green trading stamps to stimulate trade.

"But the main reason is pants—North American pants. When you encase the noble but slightly bowed limbs of our red brother in pants you have destroyed his possibilities as a warrior. I tell you, Hops, our Indian agents bulldozed wiser than they knew when they induced the ravening Modoc to wade into a regular pair of pants half way of himself. We should have learned the lesson from history, but we didn't. History teaches us that when the invading Gaul wore the first pair of pants into Italy the haughty noble of Imperial Rome simultaneously lost his toga and the gift of oratory and began acquiring the rudiments of the hot chestnut business, the hand organ industry, and the other lines of endeavor with which he has since been actively associated. See the haughty Roman in our midst today, and if he's got a monkey, the monkey will be wearing pants, too, along with a red coat, as a sign that he's a working member of society."

"But we delayed inaugurating the all-important step for upwards of 300 years. We assailed the Indian from without with machine guns and we assaulted him from within with patent medicines and mixed drinks. We recommended for him a constant change of scenery, and then sent the regulars along to see that he got it. But he still retained his original instincts and from time to time he went out and performed dermatology upon the peaceful white settler, who asked nothing more than to take his lands away from him without noise or excitement."

"And then here 15 years ago some statesman arose to discuss the Indian affairs and spoke the short, yet magic word 'pants,' and as for Lo, he's been as docile as Guinness ever since. Oh, that had thought of it sooner! How much trouble it would have spared us, and how much hair it would have saved us!"

"The great Tecumseh, dressed in a turkey tail fan and a small can of roofing paint, was an awe-inspiring spectacle, making his mighty oration against the palefaces, that will give us long as Modoc's Fourth Reader does. But suppose at the time he'd been wearing a pair of pants that bagged at the knees until, if you looked at him sideways, he'd appear to be getting ready to jump off the rostrum—would he have made that deathless speech? He would not. His remarks would have been confined to 'Gow' and asking for a plug of tobacco in the grunt language. Old Spotted Tail would now be prominently connected with the Wahoo Indian Troupe, and doing all his scapling at a cut-rate ticket office in Fargo, had he but enjoyed the manifold advantages of three dollars' worth of Plymouth Rock pantings in the days of his youth. As it is, he's quite dead, and

4 domesticated Blackfoot in a set of blue overalls and a golf cap is garnering the alfalfa above his grave for \$125 a day, so that on Saturday night he may have the money to buy pants for his growing family of little Black-footlets.

"The redman is now one of us, Hops. He cuts his own hair instead of ours. He has no fair accounted himself to the use of soap as to enjoy eating the scented varieties freely. He has worn pointed-toed shoes for so long that he only gives the ancient soap dance of his people when somebody steps on his foot. In Oklahoma he is getting ready to vote the Democratic ticket and organizing a Sluffy Ruffles contest. His favorite tune is a ragtime air called 'Sister Sioux.'"

"And so the other day when news was brought to me that the Utes had taken the warpath I consulted the authorities. From these references I learned that the Ute wore pants, not properly creased, perhaps, and lacking the fashionable braid that is so much seen on seams this fall, but nevertheless such as they were, they were pants. So I says to myself that these frightened inhabitants who have fled for refuge to the Carnegie libraries which dot even the loneliest and remotest sections of our country might just as well go back home and start the cottage organ to playing 'Shy Ann' again."

"Some of these days, Hops, we'll erect a large stone pair of pants on an imposing pedestal on top of Pike's Peak and label it 'Civilization.' I expect to attend the dedication myself."

"Ain't there no wild Injians anywhere no more—the kind that just naturally love to pile onto a white man and drive him into the ground?" asked the Head Bell Boy.

"Yep," said the Hotel Clerk. "I was hearing about just such a bunch the other day."



IT AIN'T BLOOD THAT THE UTES BEEN THIRSTY FOR.