

BUILDERS OF OUR NEW PACIFIC HIGHWAYS

The Four New Railroads Are the Work of a Former Mechanic's Apprentice, a Former Country School Teacher, a Former Office Boy, a Former Telegrapher, a Former Drug Clerk, and a Former Life Insurance Agent



EDWARD T. JEFFERY, BUILDER OF THE WESTERN PACIFIC



CHARLES H. SCHLAACK, RIGHT HAND MAN OF E. T. JEFFERY IN THE BUILDING OF THE WESTERN PACIFIC

BY E. J. EDWARDS.

POSSIBLY you are numbered among those Americans who can easily recall the great excitement occasioned throughout the country when the Union Pacific and Great Northern Railroads met, and it was at last possible to journey across the continent by rail.

If this is the case, then you doubtless remember, also, the great interest the country took in the completion of another steel highway to the Pacific—Henry Villard's Northern Pacific. And in this connection, perhaps you will recall that these two Pacifics, the Northern and the Union, in alliance with the Central and the Southern, would furnish the United States all of the transcontinental transportation facilities that it would need for the next half century.

But there came along, after a few years, a man who thought differently—James J. Hill—and he is world-famous today because he pushed through a third steam highway to the Pacific Coast. He was followed some 15 years later by Edward P. Ripley, whose energy and faith, backed largely by Boston capital, gave to the country yet another transcontinental outlet, the Atchafalaya, Topeka & Santa Fe system.

In part coincident with the building of this last system came the advent of E. H. Harriman into the Pacific railways, and when at last he had triumphed the knowing ones of that day said:

"At last we have in the United States three great Pacific railway systems—the Hill system, the Harriman system, the Santa Fe system—and it will be many a long year before there will come need of another."

But, as James J. Hill confuted the knowing ones of his young manhood by building the Great Northern, and Edward P. Ripley drove their confusion further home a decade and a half later by building the Santa Fe system, so the knowing ones of a few years ago stand today stripped of their prophetic garments by a former drug clerk, a former telegrapher, a former machinist's apprentice, a former office boy, a former life insurance agent, and a former country school teacher.

Two New Pacifics in One Year.

The former life insurance agent expected, these are the men, who, with the proper financial backing, have given to the country within the last four years three new highways to the Pacific. And, curiously enough, two of them were completed this year almost on the same day, an event in the railway history of the country that is unparalleled.

The former drug clerk is Roswell Miller; the former telegrapher is Albert J. Earling. As chairman of the board of directors and as president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, respectively, these two men planned, and pushed through to completion this year, after four years' arduous actual construction, the 465-mile extension of their road from Glenham, S. D., to the Puget Sound harbor of Seattle and Tacoma.

The former machinist's apprentice is Edward J. Schlaack. Mr. Jeffery, as president of the Denver & Rio Grande, a Gould property, showed George Gould how he could easily secure a Pacific outlet for his Missouri Pacific. Mr. Gould approved, and just about the time that President Earling was witnessing the driving of the last spike in the St. Paul extension, Mr. Jeffery and his right-hand man, Schlaack, announced to Mr. Gould the spiking in place of the final rail of the Western Pacific, running from Salt Lake City to Oakland, Cal., opposite San Francisco, with a trackage of 530 miles.

The former country school teacher is a copper king, a former United States Senator, and, incidentally, he has been accused by his enemies of carrying around in a handy pocket one of the largest states that go to make up the Union. The name he signs to his checks is W. A. Clark. His Pacific railway stretches in a southeasterly direction from Salt Lake City to San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, a distance of 806 miles. It runs through a desert for more than 500 miles, it almost skirts Death Valley, it has eaten up millions of its builder's dollars; yet it is a true outlet to the Pacific, and its owner is confident that some day, with the coming of water, even the desert through which the road runs will blossom as the rose. This is the road that is known as the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake, and it was completed about four years ago.

As for the former life insurance agent, until now excepted, his name is Arthur E. Stillwell, and he it is who is rapidly pushing to completion this year the Pacific railroad that is ultimately to become

a true transcontinental system, and, possibly, may be the first railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific entirely under one control. He has named his road the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient, and its course is southeasterly from Kansas City to the Mexican harbor of Topolobampo, a railroad distance of 1253 miles. Common report has it that he and Edwin Hawley are working in harmony; Hawley's well-known ambition is to perfect a true transcontinental system, and so Mr. Stillwell's Pacific road ultimately may be a very important link in the proposed transcontinental system.

Roswell Miller, a Modest Big Man.

Clark, Earling, Stillwell—these are men whose careers are more or less familiar to followers of current events. So, too, there is no lack of popular knowledge of William Rockefeller, whose millions largely backed the building of the St. Paul extension to Puget Sound. As for the rest of the builders of our new Pacifics, they, also, are big railroad men, but for some reason or other, all have escaped wide popular attention.

In the case of Roswell Miller, now chairman of the board of directors of the St. Paul system, this is due greatly to the fact that he is a constant shunner of personal publicity, being modest to the point of shyness, as his friends declare. Another of his characteristics is that he is as quiet, outwardly, as his "side-kicker," President Earling, who is quick and restless. But Mr. Earling, who has a reputation of pushing himself to the limit for all his nervous activity, doesn't "put it over" the chairman of the board in the amount of work he does in a day.

In explanation of Mr. Miller's intense-ness when at work, and of his love for the railroad in which he is one of the two dominating figures, his friends say that not until he had got along well in life did he give a thought to domestic comforts. Then, when he had come to be looked upon as a confirmed bachelor by one and all, he left off looking after his railroad long enough to go to Connecticut and there marry the daughter of a clergyman. Today, though he is now 66, and hence, at an age when most men who have reached it let up a little in their activities, or retire altogether, Mr. Miller keeps pounding away with clock-like persistence, and with no apparent diminution of the energy he displayed in his younger years, when he was engaged in building up the St. Paul.

If you were to meet Mr. Miller in his office or on the street, practically the only thing you would see on him of what might be called unessential adornment, would be the little coat-lapel button of the Loyal Legion. He is entitled to wear this badge of high distinction because, when Lincoln made his first call for volunteers, he threw up his job of selling tooth brushes, cough syrup, castor oil and other sovereign necessities to the good people of Auburn, N. Y., and enlisted forthwith as an artilleryman.

He was then only 18—a mere boy, as were tens of thousands of soldiers on both sides. But despite his said years, the war hadn't been under way long before Roswell Miller felt the weight of straps on his shoulders. As a Lieutenant, he was present at the fall of Richmond—

was, in fact, one of the first members of the Union Army to enter the fallen Confederate capital. But these facts you won't find told about in any "Who's Who" sketch of Mr. Miller; he doesn't take to that sort of thing.

When the war was at an end, Lieutenant Miller found that he had lost all of his early desire to dispense pills and potions to the good people of Auburn, N. Y. So he struck out for the metropolis, determined to try his fortune. There he had the good fortune of meeting General Burnside, with whom he had come in contact during the war, and who was now engaged in building railroads in the Middle West. Recognizing that the young Lieutenant was ambitious, the General took him in his employ, and so put Mr. Miller in the path that he was to follow all his life.

Thus Mr. Miller got his railroad training, and while he was helping his employer to build in that part of Illinois familiarly known as Egypt, a railroad running from Cairo to Vincennes, Ind., he had the extra good fortune to come under the eye and gain the approval of J. P. Morgan, then one of the chief stockholders of the new road, which is now a part of the Big Four system. As a result, the banker ultimately made Mr. Miller a vice-president and the treasurer of another road in which his sponsor was deeply interested.

Here Mr. Miller remained a year, and then went to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul as assistant to the general manager. Seven years later he was president of the road, and as such he practically made this property what it is today.

Miller Remakes the St. Paul. For years prior to his becoming president of the St. Paul, it had been borrowing money with which to declare dividends. The new executive gave it as his opinion that he didn't see the wisdom of robbing Peter to pay Paul, and stopped paying dividends until such time as the road actually earned them.

Also, for years prior to his advent as president, that part of the road lying west of the Mississippi was practically run separately from that part of the road lying east of the great river. In other words, the two parts were rivals, to all intents and purposes, the management of each part making no pretense to work in any except the most superficial harmony. Even the signals by which trains were moved were different on each part of the road as divided by the Mississippi. Here was a splendid chance for executive action, and Mr. Miller seized it at once, with the result that a great many things happened until there was established among the employees an esprit de corps that stretched from end to end of the system.

Nine crowded years Mr. Miller put in as president of the St. Paul. Then, that he might devote most of his time to the financial end, he became chairman of the board of directors, surrendering the presidency to Albert J. Earling, who, like his immediate predecessor, is said to be on friendly terms with every spike and tie in the road with which he began as a telegrapher. The friends of both men say that Mr.

Miller and Mr. Earling work together so harmoniously largely because of the fact that to each man the St. Paul is the business apple of his eye. On one occasion, Mr. Harriman, who got to know Mr. Earling well in the board meetings of the Union Pacific, said to the latter: "Earling, would you be willing to become president of such and such a railroad (naming it), at such and such a salary (naming it)?"

"Mr. Harriman," was Mr. Earling's reply, "all my life has been spent with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. I have grown up with it. It was only a few years old when I entered its employ. I know as much about it as man can learn. It is everything to me except my home and family, and I think my place is there as long as the stockholders and directors want me."

Mr. Earling, who is six years younger than his colleague, entered the employ of the St. Paul when he was 18, just Mr. Miller's age when he went to the defense of the Union. Both men, by the way, are not only self-made in business, but also in education. Mr. Miller has been an inveterate reader all his life and his large library is well thumbed. His one hobby is collecting antiques, an indulgence that he permitted himself even in the years before he took up the task of putting new life into the St. Paul.

Jeffery, Builder of Western Pacific.

The career of Edward T. Jeffery, George Jay Gould's effective and victorious right arm so far as the construction of the Western Pacific Railroad is concerned, furnishes an excellent illustration of the fact that the higher prices of the railway service do not go by favor, nor are they won by any family influence or social distinction, or political pull.

Born in Liverpool the same year that Roswell Miller saw light in the little Pennsylvania town of Hartford, Mr. Jeffery was brought to this country by his parents while still a lad, and he was only 13 when he became an apprentice in the machine shops of the Illinois Central in Chicago. He went into the shops without attracting notice and without friends. But one day the superintendent of his department discovered he had attempted to teach himself the rudiments of mechanical drawing, and from that time forth he received plenty of opportunities to show what was in him for the good of the Illinois Central. And so, 21 years after entering the road's employ, he, a young man of only 34, became its general superintendent.

At that time the Illinois Central was gradually but surely expanding toward the West and the Southwest, and one day General Superintendent Jeffery would be in St. Louis, another in Southern Illinois, another at Memphis, and yet another at Kansas City, studying general railroad conditions. In such manner he taught himself what the resources of the remote West are, and what the relation of railway transportation to the development of them would be. It was the possession of this expert knowledge that brought him ultimately into close association with George Gould and so made of him the chief builder of the Western Pacific.

When Jay Gould took hold of the Missouri Pacific system, as he said half facetiously, to see what he could do with it—to find out if he had constructive railway ability—he realized that if the system were to be perfected, it must get at least as far west as Colorado, and there touch the Union Pacific. When George Gould came into absolute control of the Gould roads, he realized that the highest consummation of the Missouri Pacific would be through the creation of a transcontinental line, reaching westerly to the Pacific, and easterly to the Atlantic, partly by means of the Wabash railroad, another Gould property. How he was kept from reaching the Atlantic seaboard is recent railroad history.

But Mr. Jeffery, then, as now, president of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, also a Gould property, agreed perfectly with Mr. Gould that it was of the highest consequence to the Gould system that there be such continuation of it as would give it an outlet to the Pacific Coast. Mr. Jeffery insisted that a railroad could be constructed from Salt Lake City with such low grades and such slight curves, and through a region already teeming with industrial and agricultural activity sure to be increased, that it would be certain to obtain profitable business from the start.

"How is it going to be financed?" Mr. Gould asked. "Let the Denver & Rio Grande be its sponsor, replied Mr. Jeffery. "Let us take its stock, let us guarantee its traffic,

and there will be no difficulty about securing funds."

Mr. Gould bowed before the wisdom of Mr. Jeffery, and even when told that he would arouse the antagonism of Mr. Harriman and the Santa Fe crowd by undertaking the proposed line, he persisted in doing so. So the Western Pacific, completed this year, stands as a memorial to the indefatigable energy and the railway statesmanship of Edward T. Jeffery, who was directly in charge of the work of construction, as the road's president, but one of the numerous Gould railroads presides that he holds, the number including that of the Wabash. In fact, it is upon Mr. Jeffery that Mr. Gould relies in very great measure for satisfactory operation of the Gould properties.

The late E. H. Harriman, excellent judge that he was of men, and railway men in particular, used to speak in high admiration of the manner in which Mr. Jeffery was then building the Western Pacific, and also of the latter's persistency in insisting that the engineers should construct the road that it would have very low grades and inappreciable curves. It is said that Mr. Jeffery himself not infrequently demonstrated to his engineers how a low-grade or reduced curve could be obtained, calling to his aid at such a time his knowledge of draughtsmanship gained when he was with the Illinois Central as a young man. As a draughtsman he was probably in without a peer among the higher railroad officials of his time.

Man Who Planned the World's Fair.

Indeed, so skilful a draughtsman is Mr. Jeffery, and so thoroughly did he master the details of building construction, that when the commissioners who were preparing for the great world's fair at Chicago were looking about for just the man who could tell them how to plan their buildings, and how to construct them after they were planned, someone called attention to Mr. Jeffery, who at that time had become general manager of the Illinois Central. When the commissioners approached Mr. Jeffery and told him what they wanted, he was delighted, for he recalled those apprentice days when he was studying the draughtsman's art.

They said to him: "It will be necessary for you to go to Paris. We want you to go there and see how the French people have planned the buildings for their world's exposition."

It is said that Mr. Jeffery, it was his first opportunity to cross the ocean, since, as a little boy, he was brought here from his native city. He spent many months studying the building construction for the Paris exposition, and when he came back he was made the sole authority upon the laying out of the grounds and upon the plans for the buildings of what was to be the greatest American exposition since the Centennial. No one connected with the world's fair at Chicago gave greater time or more intense concentration of purpose to the plans than did Mr. Jeffery.

And he was the fair you remember, of course, the beautiful arrangement of the buildings, their exquisite architectural splendor, their wonderful grouping—a veritable fairyland, rising, Venice-like, from the water. That was largely the work of Edward T. Jeffery, work for which he refused to accept a cent in payment. He has always had a strong love for Chicago, the place where he lived and worked as a boy, and he was glad to do this much, he said, for the city that had sheltered him and given him his chance to make good.

Right Hand Men of Jeffery and Clark.

President Jeffery's right-hand man in the construction of the Western Pacific was Charles H. Schlaack, who is the big Gould man in Denver.

Like his chief, Mr. Schlaack began his railroad career with the Illinois Central. Thirty years ago he went with that railroad as an office boy. He, like Mr. Jeffery, showed a desire to get beyond his initial job, and so was given an opportunity to train himself as a railway mechanician. In the building of the Western Pacific, Mr. Schlaack's mechanical knowledge stood President Jeffery in excellent stead. Today Mr. Schlaack's official position is that of general manager of the Denver & Rio Grande.

Frederick G. Wann was the right-hand man of Senator Clark in the construction of his railroad, and he remains the Senator's right-hand man in the operation of that property, built with a large faith and many millions through a desert against the day when irrigation will make

that ghastly region blossom as the rose and give to the road all the traffic it can comfortably take care of.

Mr. Wann is to the Clark property what John C. Stubbs is to the Harriman lines—he's the man who finds traffic, creates traffic, directs traffic. And this he has done, even in vast stretches of desert land, to an extent little short of remarkable to other railway men.

Were you to see Mr. Wann at his office in Salt Lake City, or somewhere along the line of the road under his traffic charges, you would at once know that he is pure Celt by his ruddy hair, ruddy complexion, blue eyes, his nervous and incessantly active movements, and by his wit, which drops from his tongue with all the traditional Irish frequency.

Frederick G. and his brother, John Thomas, were natives of the northern part of Ireland. They were of a family that was fairly prosperous. Fred loved the outdoors, John was studious, but both had a quick command of figures. Fred also showed a gift for mechanics. He was always doing something with his hands, and as a youngster he planned a railroad to run from Dublin to Belfast. John T. entered college and was graduated at Belfast University, where he was known as a master of the science of algebra.

Coming to this country, Fred took to the building and the operating side of railroading, to satisfy his desire to do out doors and cultivate his early ambition to build railroads. Studious John became an expert in railway books and accounts, and for that reason was promoted until, at last, he became the comptroller and general auditor of the Erie Railroad, a position which he holds today. He is one of the best-known railway officials of his class, just as his brother Fred is ranked as one of the country's best traffic managers, even though his is a desert railroad—of our new Pacifics.

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Their Final Disposition.

Subscriber—Do tell me what you do with all these clever jokes after you've printed them.

Magazine Editor—Madame, we send 'em down to Washington, whence they are issued, slightly revised, as the vast sayings of our Congressmen—Puck.

Indiscretions. I. Now Whacker told a story of the money he had made, and no one there believed a single word. And Todd remarked (in accents shy): "Now, Whacker, I don't believe a word of it." "Twas indiscreet, for Whacker overheard."

(Spoken with feeling) Poor Todd!

So indiscreet . . . So indiscreet . . . Whacker's flat was like a ham. And he had an awful slam. And we all knew then that Todd was indiscreet.

II. Now Todd admired a lady, and the lady had a past: He wrote her formal letters, very short. But one fine day, when feeling blue, He wrote, "Dear Nell: I love but you!" 'Twas indiscreet; she haled him into court.

Poor Todd!

So indiscreet . . . She sued, she wept, she won, And she took poor Todd's man, And we all knew then that Todd was indiscreet.

III. A safe was being hoisted in a window over the street: 'Twas fastened wrong and soon began to swing: The rope was slipping all aside, "Just wait a moment!" Todd cried. He ran beneath and tried to fix the string.

Poor Todd! So indiscreet . . . The safe weighed many a ton, And it came down on the run—And we all knew then that Todd was indiscreet.

—New York Sun.