

RECOLLECTIONS OF THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS SPENT IN RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE

By N. H. POWER

(Editor's Note—This article was written by Mr. Power upon request, the substance of which was delivered in an address by him at the Farmington Exchange Club gathering in January.)

I was appointed to the R. M. S. April 26, 1883 when I was a little over 22 years of age. My appointment came about in a rather curious way. One day while on the streets of Farmington I met a man whom I knew slightly. He wore a cap which bore on its frontpiece the letters R. M. S. The meaning of those letters puzzled me. I was a country boy with a limited knowledge of things. R. M. S. could mean "Ready Made Shoes" or "Rum, Molasses and Sugar." Finally I asked him "Why," he says, "I am in the Railway Mail Service and that is what the letters stand for." He also told me that he handled mail on the trains, that it was a Government job and that he worked half time, was paid for full time at a salary of \$66.00 a month.

I had been teaching a country school at \$26.00 a month and boarding myself. There was a considerable difference. It was long before the days of the Civil Service Law. He told me he got the job through his congressman and asked me why I did not try for the same kind of a place. In those days I thought I was a great politician and that my activity in town and county politics should be rewarded. All positions in the government service at that time were obtained by political influence. I went to the Hon. P. Dean Warner, at that time one of the leading citizens of Farmington, and asked him to write me a letter of introduction to our congressman, General Oliver Spaulding of St. Johns. He did so and in the letter said some very kind things about me. I knew that General Spaulding was to be in Detroit on a certain day and I met him there and gave him my letter. He read it carefully, inquired about Mr. Warner, with whom he was well acquainted and told me he had no other application and that he would forward my letter to Washington with his indorsement and I would get the first vacancy. Times have changed. Not a single applicant then. Now scores are on the eligible list who have taken the Civil Service examination and are waiting for an appointment.

It was much elated but the days came and went and merged into weeks and months and no appointment. I gave it up and went into Sam Smith's law office at Pontiac to study law. I had been there less than a week when I received notice from Washington of my appointment. I was at a loss to do. Whether to go into the mail or to go into the mail. Providence directed and I took the mail route to Mr. S. A. clerk of the R. M. S. as sworn in and assigned to the Big Rapids route. For a few days I taught me some things I did not know. The rural mail and was not. However I did not mind it and it was with me that I received the chief clerk in order from the office and that I was assigned to duty by my superior and catching up the mail at non-stop stations was the thing most dreaded by me. It is a well known fact that at many places the mail is run in a train at a high rate of speed. The train clerk knows where this is to be done and has no trouble. But the new man is nervous and fearful and that was me. There were seven catch stations on my route and on my first trip I missed three entirely, and did not succeed in getting two and did so. The efficient clerk makes few false motions and catches the mail easily and without personal danger. His motions are swift and effective. If a fast mail train was running through Farmington at 50 miles an hour the clerk would deliver the local pouch, unlock it, work the mail and have his Redford mail ready for delivery long before his arrival at the latter place. Not so with the new clerk. He probably would not get the Farmington mail distributed by the time he reached Redford. A short time after my entrance

Gentleman of the Old School

By H. IRVING KING

MR. DILLINGHAM could not exactly be said to be "in business"; but he had large interests—mostly inherited—over which he kept a close supervision. Also a geographer—secretary and an only son—each about twenty-five years of age.

Now you think that Walter is going to fall in love with Cynthia, that Curtis is going to object violently, when I have up to the roof and the lovers are going to be married in spite of everything and everybody. Just hold your horses a minute and see. Come with me to one of those English-basement, brownstone fronts on West Thirty-Something street. A smaller house on the right has a restaurant in the basement, a "Modiste" on the first floor and offices representing heterogeneous enterprises on the second floor. The house on the left is a "rooming-house." In fact, No. 39 is the only house on the block still in the occupancy of the family which owned it and dwell therein these people spots of brown granite and the crude and bustling seventies were trying to outdo the idle and splendid forties. Step right into the drawing room and let me introduce to you Margaret Blair and Mr. Walter Dillingham.

"Margaret," Walter was saying, "I don't see any sense in waiting any longer. I have heard him speak of John Blair in such terms that I don't think he will object much to having John Blair's daughter for a daughter-in-law."

"Perhaps not," replied Margaret thoughtfully. "For he might think—oh, he might think a lot of things—the situation being as it is—that I had indulged you or something like that. Anyway we must wait until the end of the year when my contract expires and in the meantime I want you to promise me that you won't say a word on the subject to your father."

"I will not make any such fool promise," said Walter. And then he put his arms around her and kissed her and promised that he would not say a word to his father—unless circumstances forced him to. Margaret's father had once been wealthy, but his fortune had dwindled; and as it dwindled he and his wife had gradually withdrawn from society—and been forgotten. When Mrs. Blair died society remembered her for a whole week—she had been a famous hostess in her day. When, two years later, John Blair died society remembered again, even went to the funeral, and said that "something ought to be done for Margaret. But Margaret refused all offers of assistance, and society, having done its duty, went away and forgot her existence—which was just what she wanted society to do. John Blair had left a daughter in the brownstone house in Thirty-Something street and a little, very little money. She had to work to "piece out."

Two old servants, a man and his wife, remained with her; drawing nominal wages, it is true, but possessed of healthy appetites and wasteful ways brought over from opulent times. These had to be fed and clothed. The sensible thing for Margaret to do would have been to turn the old servants adrift, sell the house and go to live in a boarding house. But she wouldn't do it. No, she would hang on. Walter Dillingham did not often invade the library when his father was at work there with his pretty stenographer-secretary. But sometimes he did, and when he did he could not help looking at the young woman. For Miss Cynthia Waldron was good to look at. Several times the elder Dillingham caught his son gazing upon the secretary with a look which was most objectionable to him. Finally he one day summoned Walter into his august presence and discoursed to him concerning various matters pertaining to love, marriage and ethics. "My son," said he, "I trust you will always remember that you are a gentleman—born so. I do not like your manner toward my secretary, Miss Waldron. Strongly object to it. Write Miss Waldron in my name."

FOR SINCLAIR SERVICE

Call Phone 91

Farmington Michigan

O-ACE-SEZ INN

For all Forms of Terpsichorean Entertainment

Every Thursday Night

SATURDAY NIGHTS OLD TIME DANCING

Box full of age like it wuz a word-out cloak

AT FARMINGTON JUNCTION

WHERE ALL TRAILS CROSS

Music by Toe Teasing Syncopaters \$1.00 per couple


How is Your Heating Plant Working these days ?

Are you warm and comfortable, or are you just burning coal with no results. If you are having the latter trouble this is the time to call 148.

YERKES & FOSS

Plumbing and Heating Contractors

Phone 148 Farmington



Buick owners enjoy the savings of leadership

In purchase price and daily use, Buick owners profit by the savings of leadership. The price of a Buick is moderate, but it buys a car built to the very finest quality ideals—one that would cost you considerably more, if it were not for Buick volume.

For years, the savings provided by great volume have been devoted to the enrichment of Buick value.

And for years, Buick owners have had a more dependable motor car—one in which high quality lessens upkeep expense.

Buy a Buick! It is an investment in economy and satisfaction.

THE GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT

PLYMOUTH BUICK SALES CO.

Phone 262 Plymouth, Mich.

Enterprise Liners Bring Quick Results


CORNAIR & GILMOUR

General Trucking

LONG AND SHORT HAULS

Telephone 18

Farmington Mich.



The Largest Bank In Oakland County

Welcomes Your Patronage.

Complete Safety Vault Protection For Less Than 1 Cent A Day.

PONTIAC COMMERCIAL and SAVINGS BANK

Pontiac, Michigan

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DORA LOU HAIR SHOP

Dora Lou Sauter, Prop.

Second Floor Peoples State Bank Building Phone 193 for Appointment

SPECIAL!

Mondays and Tuesdays until further notice: Short Hair Shampoo and Wave, \$1.25.

Farmington Mich.

Dr. Wilbur H. Johnston

Osteopathic Physician

At the Steele Residence on East Grand River Avenue

Saturday 2 to 3 p. m.

Phones Farmington 98 Northville 177

DR. G. J. AKENS

Osteopathic Physician

Office 22025 Grand River Avenue

Office Hours: 8:30 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m. and on Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays, 7 to 3 p. m.

Telephone 1160 Redford

Z. R. ASCHENBRENNER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office Hours 2:00 to 4:00 P. M. Evenings Except Sun. and Wed. 7:30-8:00

Residence Phone 47-F14 Farmington, Phone 160.

Dr. E. J. Chaput

Dentist

18629 Grand River Avenue Opp. Redford Theatre

Hours: 9:00 to 12:00 a. m. 1:30 to 5:30 p. m. Phone 348 Redford 7:00 to 8:00 p. m. Mich.

INTERIOR TILE CO.

The Walls - Floors - Fireplaces Bathroom Fixtures

4911 Joy Road. (Near Grand River)

Phones: Office, Gar. 2293; Res. Gar 4549M Detroit, Michigan

GEORGE FULFORD

Lathing & Plastering Contracts

Stucco Work

Phone 217 Redford

Wells D. Butterfield Emily H. Butterfield

Butterfield & Butterfield ARCHITECTS

2847 Grand River Avenue Detroit Telephone Glendale 8911

Postfach Studio: Phone 3687 15 W. Lawrence St.

THOS. ARMSTRONG

RUG AND CARPET CLEANING

3 and 5 a square foot

Farmington Mich.