

A few years later Tom left the Burlington and went over to take charge of the Union Pacific. He had an agreement that gave him a fabulous salary, and the written promise of the owners of the property that the road should be run by him from Omaha and not by anyone else, and, above all, that he should not be compelled to take signals from the seaboard, given by men who were in the habit of putting a day coach in the shops to have the stove changed to "the front end," instead of turning the car on the table or running it round a "Y."

This good and useful man had been at his new post but one short year when he was called in by the Great Manager of the Universe, and when the news of his death went over the wire it made heavy the hearts of thousands of railway employees all over this continent, for he was, without question, one of the most humane managers that has ever lived.

All night long, from North to South, from East to West, as the conductor swung down from a coach or a way car, the operator would meet him and say in a low tone, "Tom Potter's