

a fixed habit on your part to think of your own safety at all times, never to forget the other fellow, and your responsibility for his sake.

If the words "Safety First" have not meant something definite to you before if they have not taken a strong vital grip upon your imagination, thought, and actions, if they have not become a very part of your daily life, then I hope that my words to-night may have the power to awake you from your indifference and persuade you to study the whole question, and to positively decide that from this night on, you will both practice and preach "Safety First."

In railroad work especially you will come across the proverbial "one thousand and one" different ways and times where the habit of thinking "safety first, last and all the time," will help you to do the safe thing, when it might be far easier to run the risk, or to take the chance. The time was when the man higher up would wink at the risk taken by the reckless engineer, conductor or switchman; provided he got away with it; and only slightly punish the man, when an accident did happen. Now there was "Fake" Maloney, the boss of the yard crew in my native town, one of the most reckless railroaders I have ever known, but he had the proverbial luck of the Irishman, and would generally slip through by a hair's breadth. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad had just had a special vestibule train built by the Barney & Smith Car Co., of Dayton, Ohio. They had sent a locomotive and crew from their own lines to run the full train around the country as an advertisement of their new overland equipment. They left Dayton, Ohio, going south, the middle of the afternoon with orders giving them "right of way," through to Cincinnati; as they neared Middletown, Ohio, "Fake" was making one of his reckless flying switches, with a cut of cars and the yard engine. He got on the siding, but too late to throw the switch, I happened to be on top of a factory building, not far away, and viewed the wreck that followed. The C. M. & St. P. engine followed the yard engine in on the siding, and crashed into the rear of the other train. "Fake" and his crew jumped, and were not hurt. The engineer of the St. Paul train and his fireman were both pinned in the cab and were seriously hurt, and that fine train that had left Dayton only two hours before, was a jumbled mass of broken cars. "Fake" got a *thirty day* lay off, but it cost the Big Four over thirty thousand dollars, before the matter was cleared up. Happily those days are passing, and now there is more heed being taken of the passengers and employees.