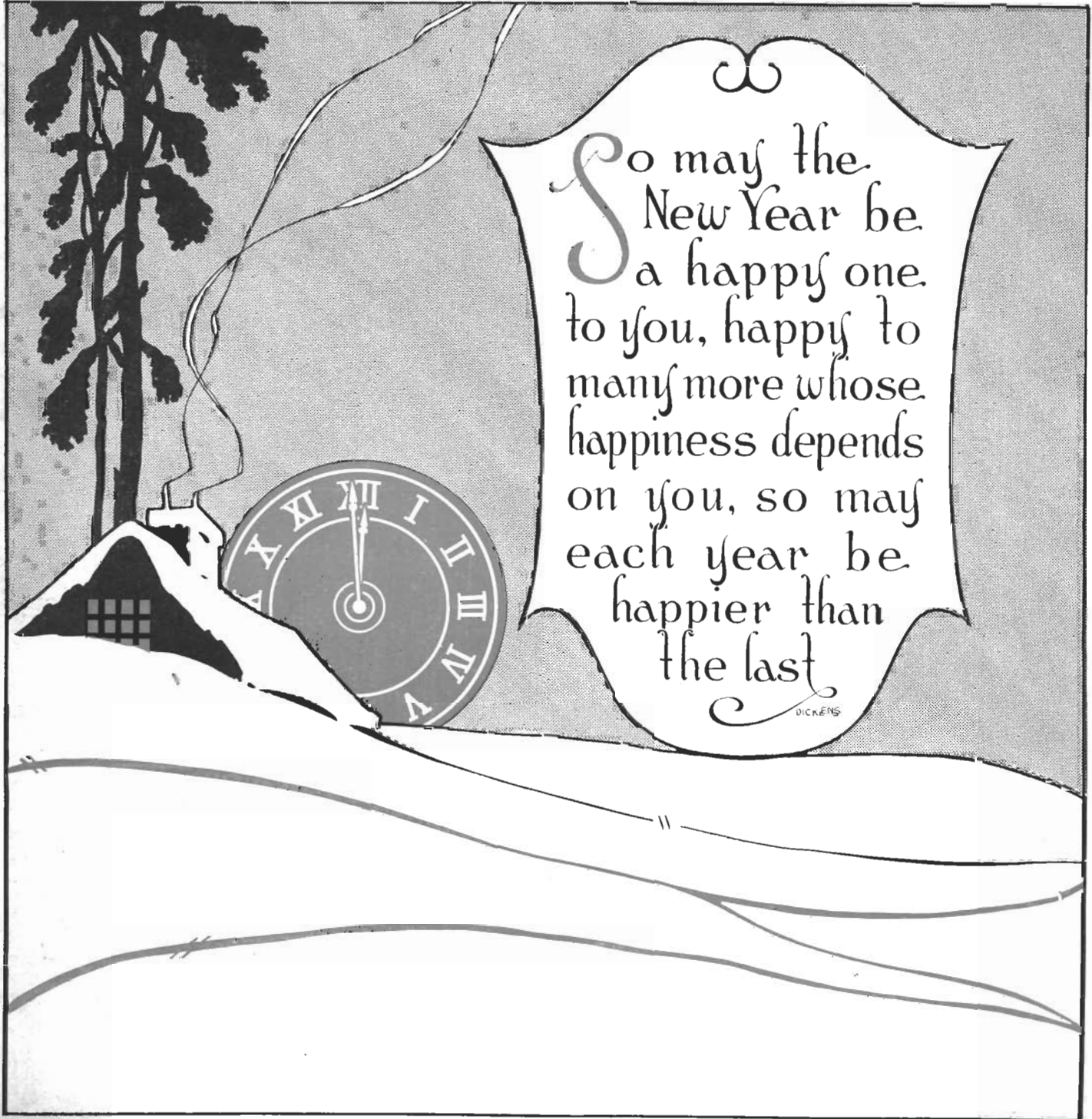


THE FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

VOL. II No. 4

JANUARY 1925



So may the
New Year be
a happy one
to you, happy to
many more whose
happiness depends
on you, so may
each year be
happier than
the last

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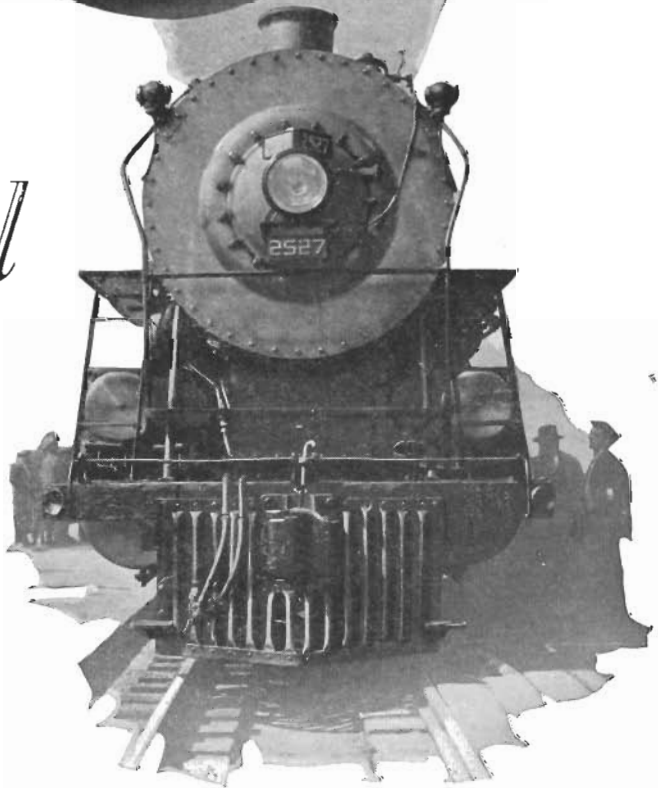
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We want the readers of the Frisco Employees' Magazine to be able to say that they have enjoyed the famous Ibsen Candies. That is the reason these two very special offers are being made exclusively to readers of this magazine right at Christmas Time, when everyone wants the best of candies. Ibsen Candies are well known to hundreds of Frisco employes, and they are famous in England, Germany, France and Cuba as well as all over the United States.

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3 Pound Box of Candy for \$2.00

This is a wonderful box of Ibsen's fine goodies, priced to make every reader use the coupon. It is the best, popular-priced bargain in Christmas Candies we can assemble, containing a tempting array of assorted chocolates, bon bons, delicious crystalized fruits of many kinds, nougats, caramels, all dressed up with dainty little extras that make a box of fine candy really fine. Order by the coupon which identifies you as a Frisco Employees' Magazine reader.

Frisco Employees' Special

USE COUPON—\$1.00 BOX FREE

The coupon below is good for an extra one-pound box of Ibsen Candy, regularly priced at \$1.00, when used by a reader of this magazine in purchasing a five-pound box of our Supreme candy at \$5.00. Both boxes, each of the same quality, are marvels of confection containing nougats, caramels, chips, maraschino cherries, cream centers of maple and pecan, vanilla, mint, pineapple pecan, and chocolate covered pecans, brazils, almonds, puddings and English walnuts as well as many other candies.



Bring or Mail the Coupon at once and enjoy Big City Candy for Christmas! We pay the parcel post charges!



COUPON

Good until January 15, 1925, to readers of the FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE for either or both of two special offers.

- Send me the Christmas Special for the \$2.00 enclosed.
- Send me the Frisco Employees' Special for the \$5.00 enclosed.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....



IBSEN'S

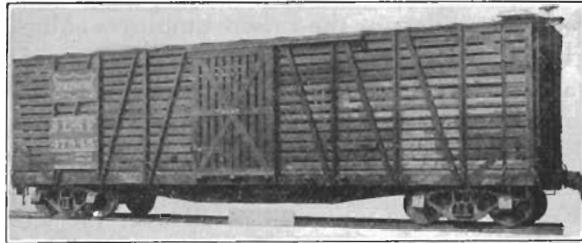
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THE FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

645 FRISCO BUILDING :: ST. LOUIS

Edited by FLOYD L. BELL
MARTHA C. MOORE, Associate Editor

VOL. II

JANUARY, 1925

No. 4

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THE FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Frisco Employees' Magazine is a monthly publication devoted primarily to the interests of the more than 25,000 active and retired employes of the Frisco Lines. It contains stories, items of current news, personal notes about employes and their families, articles dealing with various phases of railroad work, poems, cartoons and notices regarding the service. Good clear photographs suitable for reproduction are especially desired. All cartoons and drawings must be in black India drawing ink.

Employes are invited to write articles for the magazine. Contributions should be typewritten, on one side of the sheet only, and should be addressed to the Editor, Frisco Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Distributed free among Frisco employes. To others, price 15 cents a copy; subscription rate \$1.50 a year. Advertising rates will be made known upon application.

DALLAS

The Center of a Rich and Fertile Zone

By Z. E. BLACK, Manager Convention Department Dallas Chamber of Commerce

NO SECTION of America is making more progress or attracting more attention today than the Southwest, and typical of its development is the growth of Dallas, its central city, which has jumped from 86th city in population rank in 1900 to 39th today, according to the Government census bureau. Showing the importance the Southwest is attaining. This section is producing around \$5,000,000,000 worth of new wealth annually, or approximately \$500 per capita. This represents agriculture, live stock, oil and other minerals and timber, and manufactured products. Indicating the potential production of the territory, only little more than one-fourth of the available tillable land of the Southwest is in cultivation. By the Southwest is meant, Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana and New Mexico.

An example reflecting the development of the Southwest is the record of the Federal Reserve Bank of the 11th District, located at Dallas, and which largely serves the territory mentioned. When the bank was started in 1914 it had 25 employes housed in a small building and its assets were but \$968,738. It is now in its new \$1,750,000 home, has about 500 employes here and at its branches at Houston and El Paso and had assets of \$171,325,000 at the beginning of 1923.

With such a large, productive, versatile and growing trade territory it is easier to understand why Dallas has made a record equal to that of cities of much greater size in other sections. Dallas, while only 39th in population, ranks 15th among the jobbing centers of the Nation, with an annual business of \$700,000,000 in 1923. It has fully 550 wholesale establish-

ments. Dallas does a retail business of about \$250,000,000 annually. The output of Dallas' more than 500 factories is around \$150,000,000 a year. While this is far below the wholesale figures, manufacturing is steadily growing and the next important stage of growth will be the manufacturing era. Dallas ranks

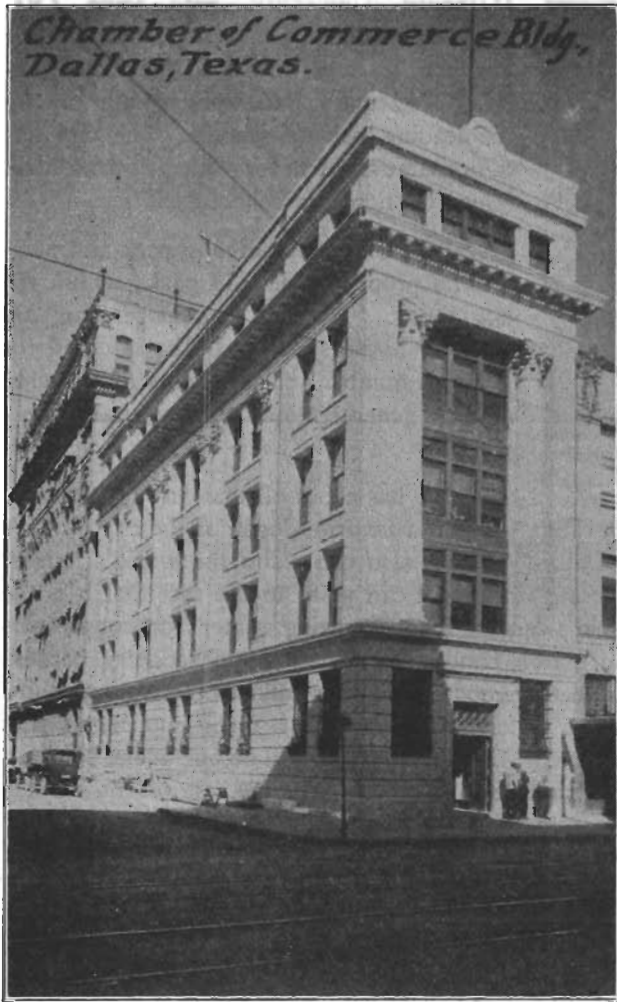
24th in postal receipts, with a total of more than \$3,000,000 in 1923, and 13th in volume of second class mail matter and 16th in volume of parcel post business. In express business was exceeded in 1923 by only fifteen cities. Dallas is the principal financial city of the Southwest and in 1923 it ranked 23rd in the Nation both in bank clearings and bank debits. Dallas has 14 national or state banks with combined resources on the call of October 10th, 1924, of \$164,371,980 and deposits of \$139,077,323.

For a number of years Dallas has been the fastest building city of the Nation, on a per capita basis, with the exception of Los Angeles alone. Dallas' building permits, since restrictions were removed following the war, have totaled \$110,000,000. On a gross valuation basis, also, Dallas has high rank, its volume of building per-

mits over the period being exceeded by not more than 20 cities in America. Building permits in Dallas for the first ten months of 1924 totaled \$24,415,236, or more than the total for any preceding entire year.

A writer in Collier's a few years ago said that, with the exception of New York, Dallas had the Nation's most imposing skyline. Dallas can claim more than 100 buildings from 5 to 29 stories in height and they are so grouped and arranged as to present a most effective appearance. Some outstanding construction





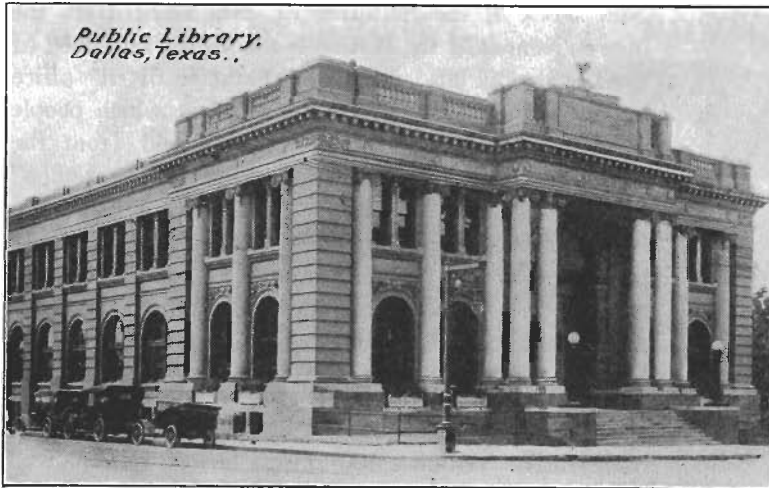
projects are either under way or just completed. Among these is the \$5,000,000 Santa Fe Terminal Building, with more than 31 acres of floor space. It comprises a 20-story office building and four warehouse units. The Ford Motor Company is erecting a \$1,250,000 assembling plant; the \$1,000,000 Dallas Textile Mills was completed the past year; the \$2,000,000 Dallas Athletic Club is nearing completion; a \$1,000,000 addition to the plant of the Brown Cracker & Candy Company recently was opened; the new 20-story building of the Republic National Bank is under way. A hotel building program is under way that by the end of 1925 will mean Dallas will have a total hotel valuation of \$25,000,000 and accommodations for 17,000 guests. Among hotels either just completed or under way are the \$2,000,000 Melrose Court; \$1,000,000 Stoneleigh Court; \$1,000,000 Maple Terrace; \$750,000 addition of 22 stories to the Adolphus Hotel; the new 700-room Baker Hotel, to cost more than \$4,000,000, including site; the 14-story Hilton Hotel; 18-story Allen Hotel.

New York of the Southwest." Not alone from the impressiveness of the skyline is the visitor reminded of Broadway, but also from the character of the office buildings and hotels; from the speed at which people walk and the general traffic moves and from the volume of business transacted, and the general "tempo" of business and industry. Dallas contains more Northern people than any other Texas city; this largely being due to the fact that almost as many Northern and Eastern concerns maintain distributing branches in Dallas as in all other Texas cities combined.

The territory immediately surrounding Dallas is known as Texas' famous "blackland belt," noted for its fertility. Within a 100-mile radius of Dallas dwell approximately 2,000,000 people, or almost as many as within a similar radius of either St. Louis or Kansas City, the population of the central city being disregarded in each instance. Serving this area are six electric interurban railway lines, and Dallas as a whole has 20 steam or electric railway outlets. The eight steam railway systems operate 155 package cars out of Dallas, giving the city a marked advantage as a distributing center. Within 24-hour mail service of Dallas dwell some 10,000,000 people. Steam railroads serving Dallas are the Frisco, Rock Island, Santa Fe, Southern Pacific, St. Louis-Southwestern, Houston & Texas Central, Texas & Pacific and Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad. Two of Dallas' electric interurban railway lines were completed within the past year.

The coal, oil and gas fields of four States, including Texas, are conveniently located with reference to Dallas, affording local industries a low fuel cost. Within over-night travel of Dallas is produced about one-half of the oil of the Nation. Dallas has an excellent water supply. Both surface reservoirs and artesian wells are used. Looking to the future, Dallas is now constructing a new \$5,000,000 reservoir that will be completed within two or three years and will be able to care for the needs of a city of 750,000 to 1,000,000. Dallas is now a city of about 245,000, including suburbs, several of which are not including in the incorporated limits, and the city is growing at the rate of about 15,000 to 20,000 a year. To care for the ever-increasing light and power needs of the City, the Dallas Power & Light Company recently completed a \$2,000,000 addition to their plant. The concern is now placing all its wires under ground in the downtown district at a total cost of \$2,000,000. During the year the Dallas Telephone Company installed its 50,000th telephone here. But few cities of the world outrank Dallas in telephone on a per capita basis. Dallas also can claim the distinction

Dallas is frequently referred to by visitors as "the



of having more automatic or machine switching telephones than any other city, the city now being on that basis entirely.

Educationally, Dallas has high rank, with 130 schools, including 45 elementary, six high and 80 private schools, colleges and universities. The public school plant represents a real estate investment of \$7,500,000, and the public schools employ more than 1,000 instructors at salaries averaging higher than those paid in any other Texas city. The Southern

Methodist University, with some 2,500 students, Dallas University and Baylor University's departments of medicine, dentistry, pharmacy and nursing are among the leading private schools. The city has the reputation of never voting down a bond issue for increased school facilities.

Dallas has 38,000 acres in park and playground property, with 38 parks within the city limits. The city has more than 200 miles of paved streets. Dallas is noted for its large number and high class of churches and its general moral and cultural atmosphere.

Dallas has about all that any modern city can claim. In fact a favorite slogan of the city is: "It's in Dallas." Dallas also can claim the world's longest concrete viaduct; it can point to the fact that it is the world's largest manufacturing center for cotton gins and cotton handling machinery and saddlery harness and leather goods. The city ranks as the Nation's third largest distributing center for farm implements and machinery. Dallas believes it will be one of the Nation's important textile centers in time, and it now leads Texas in this respect, with five cotton mills or other textile concerns.

S. S. Butler Expresses Appreciation of Group Insurance Plan

Mr. Geo. L. Ball,
Supt. Insurance & Safety,
Building.

My dear Mr. Ball:

Desire with this to acknowledge receipt of your letter November 24th with which was enclosed Metropolitan Insurance Company's check No. 102070 in the sum of \$3,000.00 payable to the order of Mrs. Mary M. Merrick, widow of Ralph B. Merrick, former commercial agent, Springfield, Missouri.

Permit me to express to you and through you to the Insurance Company, my personal appreciation, as well as that of Mrs. Merrick and the entire traffic department, for the very liberal and prompt attention given this claim.

Mr. Merrick is survived by his wife and two small children, who, unfortunately, are not very well provided for, due to the fact that the deceased had for a number of years been unable to secure insurance.

When Mr. Merrick entered our service last July, and learned of our group insurance plan, available to officers and employes without medical examination, he immediately applied therefor. This application, however, was returned by this department account your rule requiring three months probationary service. Again, October 21st, Mr. Merrick submitted his application for the limit under our plan and paid only one premium, \$2.60, when his death occurred suddenly, as you know, November 5th.

This case serves as a very splendid example, and brings forcibly to our attention, the value of the insurance plan, which Mr. Kurn so generously offered to officers and employes.

Will personally deliver check to Mrs. Merrick at Kansas City, where I hope to be Wednesday, and feel sure she will join me in grateful appreciation.

Yours truly,
S. S. BUTLER,
Freight Traffic Manager.

Mr. Worman Gives Interesting Data on Locomotive Repairs at West Shops

In the belief that figures showing repairs made, and the cost thereof to rolling stock are always interesting, I have had prepared the following statements showing these items with reference to locomotives recently repaired in our West Shops at Springfield.

Full credit is due Superintendent Beyer and his splendid force:

Type of locomotive 2-8-0, switch, slide valve, tonnage class 34.

Date of arrival at shop, September 2, 1924.

Date placed in shop, September 5, 1924.

Date unwheeled, September 8, 1924.

Date stripped, September 9, 1924.

Class repairs, 3.

Date released for service, September 17, 1924.

Shop time, 11 eight hour days, or 88 hours.

Boiler Work

All flues removed (231-2" flues).

Flues cleaned, repaired and reset and electric welded in back flue sheet.

Applied hollow staybolts back of grate bars.

Repaired and welded mudring corners.

Changed flexible caps.

Re-drove leaky staybolts.

Machinery

Forged and machined 2 new bottom guide bars, planed top guides.

Removed and overhauled rocker boxes and lift shaft and applied new bolts.

Renewed all cylinder splice and cylinder frame bolts.

Front and back cylinder heads ground in and applied all new cylinder studs.

Changed air pump brackets from No. 2 to No. 6 pump.

Forged machined and applied new engine truck fulcrum.

Renewed all bolts in brake hanger brackets.

Removed expansion pads and applied all new studs.

Bored out back deck and applied new bushing.

Re-designed spring rigging and overhauled brake rigging.

Renewed all motion plate bolts.

Applied new smoke stack.

Planed steam chest covers and applied new gaskets.

Overhauled engine truck.

Driving tires turned from 3 3/8" to 2 1/16"—two tires reset.

Applied 2 new driving axles and 6 new crank pins.

Applied 4 new driving boxes, all new crown brasses and cellars.

Changed from oil to grease.

Faced jaws, fit binders, applied 6 new shoes and 6 wedges.

Applied 2 new crosshead gibs, 4

By

H. L. WORMAN

Superintendent of Motive Power

new brass liners, 2 new crosshead pins and all new bolts.

Applied 2 new pistons complete.

All main and side rods annealed and repaired, right back side rod.

Received new jaw end, applied all new rod bushings.

Overhauled link motion and applied new link blocks and plates, all pins and bushings being case hardened.

Repaired all cab fittings and boiler mountings.

New jacket made and applied.

Overhauled tank trucks and applied all new wheels.

Made and applied new wooden tank frame, new wooden cab and running boards.

Labor

	Hours	Cost
Machinists	2,244 1/2	\$1 316.07
Boilermakers	900 3/4	504.54
Blacksmiths	560	338.63
Carpenters	246	159.05
Tinners	140 1/2	81.44
Pipefitters	213 1/2	125.33
Electricians	19	14.25
Painters	84	51.04

Total labor 4,408 1/4 \$2,590.35

Total material 2,649.08

Total cost \$5,239.43

This engine has made 55,001 miles since last shopping, May 31, 1921. In making the above repairs, regularly assigned gang was used, no additional force being used to facilitate quick handling.

Statement showing detail of repairs made and cost of same to St. L.-S. F. locomotive No. 1,506, at Springfield West Shops:

Type of locomotive, mountain 4-8-2-passenger.

Tonnage class, 54.

Date of arrival at shops, September 8th, 1924.

Date placed in shops, September 9th, 1924.

Date unwheeled, September 10th, 1924.

Date stripped, September 11th, 1924.

Class repairs, 3.

Date released for service, September 20th, 1924.

Shop time 11 eight hour days or 88 hours.

Boiler Work

Applied new back flue sheet and both side sheets.

Cleaned, repaired and tested flues (45-5 1/2 x 21' and 219-2 1/4 x 21').

Re-drove all radials and snapped same, changed all flexible caps.

Caulked all rivets and seams on back head.

Welded caulking edge on door sheet and mudring corners.

Scaled and washed boiler and electric welded flues.

Cleaned out oil tank, re-drove leaky rivets and tested same and applied new oil heater.

Re-bolted braces in cistern.

Machinery

Renewed 53 cylinder and frame bolts, relined guides, removed and overhauled all cab fittings and boiler mountings, removed and replaced lagging, jacket and pipe work from back end and connection course on boiler.

Machined and applied two new valve bushings and bored over two.

Removed and replaced cab brackets, overhauled engine and trailer truck.

Renewed pins and bushings in Baker Valve Gear and lift shaft.

Driver tires turned from 3 3/8" to 2 3/4", tires No. 1, 3 and 4 reset.

All new crown brass, new grease cellars applied.

All driver boxes planed, 2 pair journals turned and rolled.

Seven new shoes and all new adjustable wedges applied, jaws faced and binders repaired and fit up.

Two new bull rings machined and applied, two new crosshead shoes and 4 new brass liners, 1 new crosshead pin and all new bolts applied.

All new main and side rod bushings, renewed middle connection and back end main rod, Hunt Spiller bushings being ground.

Superheater units removed, re-ground in head and replaced.

Exhaust tip bridge changed and steam pipes tested.

Throttle box and valve removed, overhauled and replaced.

Steel cab relined and new curtains applied.

1 pair new tank wheels mounted and applied, 5 pairs tank wheels turned.

Tank truck overhauled.

Spring and brake rigging overhauled.

Labor

	Hours	Cost
Machinists	2,066 1/2	\$1,144.66
Boilermakers	1,711	985.85
Blacksmiths	170	105.33
Carpenters	92	57.80
Tinners	181 1/2	99.53
Pipefitters	289	170.86
Electricians	24	18.00
Painters	157	91.13

Total Labor 4,691 \$2,672.96

Total Material..... 2,629.28

Total Cost \$5,302.24

This locomotive has made 110,559 miles since being built April, 1923. In making the above repairs a regular gang was used, no special effort being put forth to establish a record for repairs of this kind.

Statement showing detail of repairs made and cost of same to St. L.-S. F. locomotive No. 1,332 at Springfield West Shop.

- Type of locomotive, 2-8-0, freight.
- Tonnage class, 49.
- Date of arrival at shop, September 4th, 1924.
- Date placed in shop, September 5th, 1924.
- Date unwheeled, September 8th, 1924.
- Date stripped, September 8th, 1924.
- Class repairs, 3.
- Date released for service, September 19th, 1924.
- Shop time, 13 eight hour days, or 104 hours.

Boiler Work

- Cleaned, repaired and tested flues (32-5/8"x15' 6" and 247-2"x15' 6").
- Applied patch 36"x72" to belly of boiler.
- Welded mudring corners, scaled and washed boiler.
- Renewed four arch tubes and electric welded all flues.

Machinery

- Both cylinder and valve chamber bushings bored and front cylinder heads ground.
- Guide bars relined, waist sheet removed and replaced account patch in boiler.
- Reservoirs removed, tested and replaced and No. 6 air pump applied.
- New bushings applied to lift shaft, links removed, ground and new pins and bushings case hardened and applied, new ends applied to combination

levers, all spring rigging, brake rigging, cab fittings and boiler mountings removed and overhauled.

All side rods annealed, repaired and new bushings applied, knuckle pins and bushings hardened and ground, throttle box and valve removed and overhauled.

No. 4 driving axle renewed, 2 new driving boxes machined and applied, 6 old boxes relined, all new driving box brass applied, all new shoes and 5 new wedges machined and applied, frame jaws faced, binders repaired and refit, all new driving tires applied and 7 new crank pins machined and applied, all new grease cellars applied.

Engine truck overhauled and new pins applied.

2 pair of driving journals turned.

4 new crosshead shoes, 2 new crosshead pins and all new bolts applied. Piston rods ground.

18" patch applied across slope sheet in tank and 1/2 side sheets applied in coal space.

150 rivets renewed in bottom of cistern.

4 pair of new wheels applied to tender and trucks overhauled.

New wooden cab built and applied.

Labor

	Hours	Cost
Machinists	2,146 3/4	\$1,230.66
Boilermakers	1,090 1/2	643.43
Blacksmiths	271	162.93
Carpenters	178	116.13
Tinners	150	87.58
Pipefitters	156	93.94
Electricians	46	34.50
Painters	89	54.16
Total Labor	4,127 1/4	\$2,423.33
Total Material....		3,464.77
Total Cost		\$5,888.10

"A LETTER FROM EPHRAIM"

By F. L. KYLER

Dear Editor:

Well quite a space of time has rolled around since the writer has had the privilege of grasping the old mill by the ear and walking around over the keys for another spasm. Things down here in the Buck Brush are about the same, except that some of our fellow criminals have come and went. Some say they hope they never come back, but the general run of opinion is to the contrary, as one of them is known to be sojourning around Deah Ol Nu Yawk and it is hoped that when he comes back his satchel will contain a sample or two of that antedeluvian and now extinct product of Bonnie Bros. Some of the boys have been trying to consume this varnish and embalming fluid the law violators call "good stuff," and as yet none have been successful to a very great extent. Several of the village authorities have been conduct-

ing inopportune raids from time to time, which has caused the price to hike way out of sight and no self respecting snake would lower himself to use an inferior product.

Say, gang, want to hear a good one? Well, you read the article a short time ago that our fair correspondent contributed, speaking in such vitrolric and bemeaning terms about "Mr. Mere Man," and all of his many faults and failings. Well, you see it's like this, we're not jealous, or even envious, but we do notice that the erstwhile correspondent has been seen in the company of a certain man of late, and we wonder if she isn't ready to retract her previous statement. Well, perhaps he isn't just what you'd call a "Mere Man," but knowing him pretty well, I've yet to notice any evidence of little wing sprouts, which leaves him in the same class as the rest of the Bozos of this locality. Honest,

now, I don't mean any harm, but that's the way I look at it, so thar ya are. Speaking of Mr. Ben Lewis, the erstwhile "Texas Coyote," and his line of excellent wit that is so dispensable to the sheet, I wonder if Benjamin ever heard a sure 'nuff old back woods Missouri donkey place his means of locomotion against the tin side wall of a two by four barn in a forcible manner and sing his cradle song to some hired man? Well, we can say this much, if he hasn't then he don't know how to appreciate real vocal talent, for a little two by six hard tail ginney can outdo any artist on Grand Opera, and his plaintive voice is just as sweet to the sons of old Missouri as spaghetti is to a south Italian. There are some around within a rockthrow who sure ought to be back on the old job as man servant to a team of them hard tails instead of being where they're at. Now that's a general statement, and not directed at any one person, but if you notice a tendency of the shoe fitting, don't take just one, wear the pair. They're just as cheap.

Well, I've shot off enough, so I'll hang up the old Royal and take a turn down Main Street in search of the elusive and werra warry female; hear there's a new one or two in the burg, and as I am supposed to be a sort of sheik, I can't afford to be accused as falling down on the job.

"Dixie Series" Was Played Entirely on Frisco

Each year the pennant winners of the Southern League and the Texas League play a post-season series for the Dixie championship.

This year it was Memphis in the Southern and Fort Worth in the Texas League, who won the pennants, and in the play-off it was Fort Worth that captured the "little world series" championship.

Both teams traveled the Frisco route and expressed their pleasure at Frisco service.

A Bit of Van Dyke

"I turned an ancient poet's book
And found upon the page:
'Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage.'

Yes, that is true, and something more,

You'll find where'er you roam,
That marble floors and gilded walls
Can never make a home.

But every house where LOVE abides
And friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home, sweet home
For there the heart can rest."

—Henry Van Dyke.

Here Is a Real "Fish Story"— With a Picture to Prove It

WHILE playing on the key-board a few days ago, I heard someone say, "Good Morning, Miss Stenographer." Looking up from my work, who should it be but George Hollman, the B&B painter. I haven't been on very good terms with George since the day he was painting the ceiling in our office and threatened to drop paint on my head. At any rate, George is all right and you will think so, too, when you read this fish story and see the picture.

George exclaimed that he had a real fish story to tell me and I wouldn't believe him until he produced



proof of it—hence this picture. Carl Lindberg, a business man of Springfield and George spent two days on White River at Forsythe, October 12th and 13th. They caught 23 channel cat fish, totaling $72\frac{1}{2}$ pounds in weight. These fish were all caught on trout line at night. The largest of the fish weighed $8\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. George said the fish was not allowed to spoil or go to waste—as they were distributed among the employes of the B&B Department and no one would be justified in calling them fish hogs.

There are several particulars that may be noticed in this picture. We have known George for some time, but have never as yet known him to show signs of exertion equal to the one shown in the picture. The dog in the picture that usually follows George, being a fair size dog, is very insignificant in size when compared to the fish. Do not believe there is any question as to this being George's dog as he is very jealous of his dog and does not take any interest in any other. George is noted for doing whatever he does well, and we must admit that this is some catch.

PLEASE BE CAREFUL

Conductor Underwood Reviews November Magazine

FROM William L. Underwood, conductor on the Tupelo Sub-division, comes the following highly complimentary and greatly appreciated letter:

"Dear Editor: If you will permit me to do so, I should like to make a few comments on the November issue of the Frisco Employes Magazine—'our magazine.' I say 'our magazine,' because with each succeeding issue we are brought to realize more fully that it is indeed ours, for it is filled with splendid articles each month, every one of these helpful, educational and entertaining to the rank and file of our railroad.

"Our funmakers give us a much-appreciated smile in each issue. The cartoons, jokes, dialect stories and monologues are all interesting. Your page of humor is super-excellent, because of its originality. Few of your jokes are clipped and all are localized.

"The 'family news' or locals are of real interest to all of us. They give a real personal contact with one another that we could not otherwise obtain.

"Stories by and of 'old-timers,' such as this month's story of that dear, old veteran, Ben McCrum, are of great heart interest.

"Then that 'Homemakers' Page.' It is interesting to all, to the men, as well as the women, and I believe you have found a jewel in this Miss Connor, the editor.

"And the babies' pictures, God bless them, without them much of our inspiration would be gone.

"I always enjoy your editorials. They indicate real thought, and are timely and well written. They give the maximum of thought in a minimum of space.

"There are two special articles in the November issue of great interest to me—Sam Hughes' article on 'Thoughts on Things, Material and Spiritual' and the reprint of Elbert Hubbard's 'Message to Garcia.' How these articles should awaken in each of us a sense of our own responsibility and bring forth the best there is in us. Sam Hughes' article is wonderful, no other description fits it. And it teaches us the great truth that we must look to Divine Providence for our real aid and sympathy. With this we need life, love and laughter, material things to make our life and the lives of those about us pleasant and worth while.

"Ben Lewis—may his tribe increase—how I do enjoy reading the 'Coyote's' articles. And then there are Martha Moore, John L. Godsey, Eddie Bernard, Lloyd Lamb, and 'Premiskus Lee,' as well as others. You have a great staff of writers.

"THIRTY-FOUR YEARS WITH THE FRISCO"

BERTHA V. REED

THE Frisco has in its employ, at the Store Room, a man by the name of Joe H. Wilson, who has been connected with this company for thirty-four years and account of the length of his service and the many changes that have occurred during this time, thought perhaps it would be interesting to the Frisco employes,



JOE H. WILSON

especially those who are acquainted with Joe, to tell about his life and the remarkable changes in the past thirty-four years.

I made an appointment with Mr. Wilson for Sunday morning, October 12th. I arrived at the office at the appointed time and found Mr. Wilson ready to tell me his story, which is as follows:

I was born November 28th, 1866, at Brush Creek, Miller County, Mo., near the Osage River, one of the roughest places on earth, I learned in later years. When I was one year old, my parents moved to Lebanon, Mo. I attended the Holt School in Hickory County. In those days the seats in the school room were made out of slabs sawed off of logs and wooden pegs were put in these slabs for legs. We only had to study two books—the blue-back speller and the first reader. At noon and recess we played a game known as "Fox and Hound." The school house was located in the woods and it was just a dandy place to play this game. We just ran wild over the woods and one day the boy that played the part of the fox climbed into a large tree and the boys that were playing the part of the hounds raked a pile of leaves around the tree and set fire to them and the smoke almost suffocated the boy in the tree and in this manner the hounds captured the fox. It was an

exciting game in those days.

Later I attended the Green Street School at Lebanon and, to tell the truth, I had the meanest teacher on earth. He was just like a wild cat, and I am not mentioning any names, but this teacher lives near Billings, Mo., to this day, and I am afraid that he will come to Springfield some day and give me a whipping that he failed to give me many years ago. We played what we called "town ball" at this school.

We later moved on a farm near Cross Timbers and then moved to Preston where my father died. After his death, we moved to Stoutland, Mo., and I worked on the farm and at any other kind of work I could get until I was twenty-four years old. At this time I started my career with the Frisco Railroad Company as flagman with an extra ditching gang at Sleeper, Mo., in the year 1890. It was one of the warmest days in August when I was called to a wreck near Richland, Mo. Two car loads of beer were wrecked and when I reached the scene, ice and beer were piled up in the middle of the track and Jerry McCarty, roadmaster, stood in the middle of the beer and ice and wouldn't let anyone have a bottle at all. The large, yellow bottles looked mighty tempting, but it didn't do any good. The extra gang was working at Richland at the time of the wreck and they made a get-away with 18 cases before Uncle Jerry arrived at the wreck. I never will forget how thirsty I was and to think beer just everywhere and not a drop to drink.

In 1892, I came to Springfield and commenced work on the supply gang

for V. M. Newbill. They had a rule that if any employe threw snowballs they were to get a ten-day lay-off. One winter morning an employe threw a snowball and broke a window light. Nothing was said about it until the next August when Mr. Carney went to the boiler shop foreman and told him he would have to give this employe a ten-day lay-off for throwing snowballs. Mr. Carney just happened to think of this small incident and he was determined to carry out the rules even though it had been several months past.

I was transferred to the machine shop as helper in 1894 and worked there one year for Joe Hart. They had seven helpers when I started to work in the machine shop, and before the year was over they layed off all the men with the exception of myself and I had to do the work that all seven men had been doing. I was kept too busy for any fun this year. I weighed 135 pounds when I began working in the machine shop and at the time I was transferred to the Store Department in 1895 as teamster, I weighed 118 pounds.

On the Fourth of July a few of the employes decided to celebrate. We had an old cannon in the Store Room yard. It was an old relic from the Spanish-American War. I sent to Sears & Roebuck for 100 primers for this cannon and they cost three cents each. We loaded this old cannon rather heavy and when it was discharged, it knocked the window lights out of the old general office building, now known as the superintendent's office, and Mr. Carney gave orders to

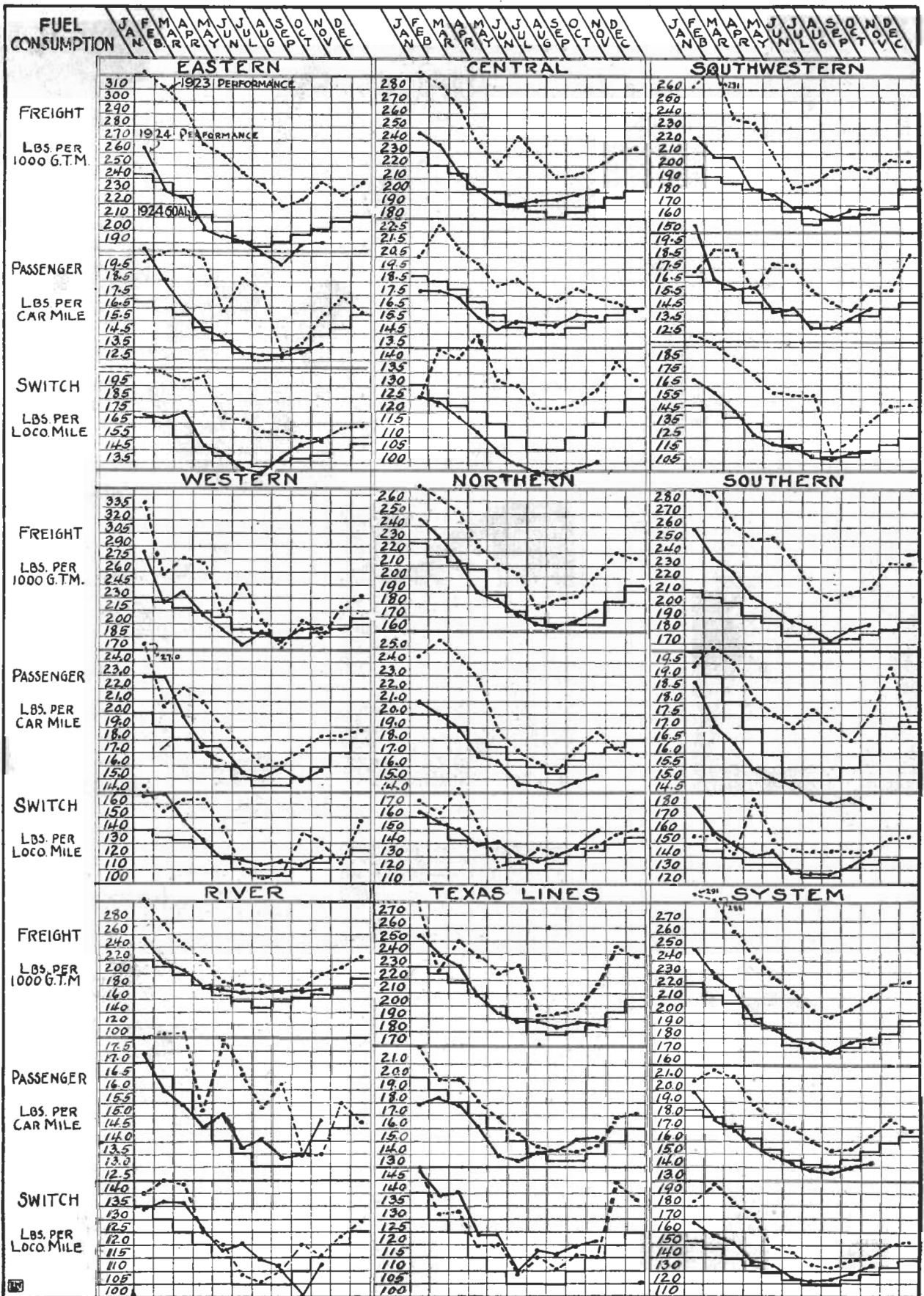
(Continued on Page 25.)



Jap, James and Jim Barker



1. Willa Maxine Eastburn, age 10 months; daughter of Wm. Eastburn, car clerk, Springfield, Mo. 2. Eloise Bloodworth, age 4 months; daughter of C. Bloodworth, agent, Haworth, Okla. 3. Martha Louise Wilkes, age 6 months; daughter of Harold Wilkes, claim investigator, office Supt. F. L. & D. Claims. 4. Tom, age 9; Marjorie, age 6 and Billie, age 3 years; children of Ernest Jackson, North Shops, Springfield. 5. Twila Maralee McBride, age 20 months; daughter of W. L. McBride, agent, Haverhill, Kansas. 6. Charles, age 14; Wilbur, age 9; Helen, age 3; children of Homer Wainman, West Shops, Springfield. 7. Martha Reed Wettman, age 3 years; niece of Bertha Reed, Store Room, Springfield, Mo. 8. Jack Albert Reid, age 8 months; grandson of Fred J. Ketcham (Jiggs), steel bridge foreman, Springfield. 9. "Billy" Wayne Wettman, age one year; nephew of Bertha Reed, Store Room, Springfield. 10. Bobbie, age 3 years; son of Chief Clerk Bearden, Paris, Texas. 11. Five months old son of W. A. Schubert, Southwest Division, Oklahoma City. 12. Wilma Eileen Price, age 7 years; daughter of W. D. Price, stock clerk, Store Room.



FUEL CHART FOR NOVEMBER

SOME KIND WORDS OF PRAISE FROM USERS OF FRISCO SERVICE

Thanks the Frisco for Prompt Settlement

Minnie E. Dixon of Aurora, Nebraska, writes as follows:

"Mr. J. W. Nourse, general passenger agent, Frisco Lines. Dear sir: I received the voucher for \$16.89 in settlement for damage to my baggage. Thank you very much for same also for the speed and courtesy shown in the matter."

Veteran J. M. Brown Loves the Very Name of Frisco

Veteran J. M. Brown of Aberdeen, Miss., is an enthusiast where the Frisco is concerned. In a highly interesting letter to the editor he says, in part:

"I have just read the letter from Mr. Ben McCrum to Miss Moore. I am not a good letter writer and cannot say as much as does Mr. McCrum, but I do want to tell you that I love the very name of the Frisco. I went to work for the old K. C. M. & B., in November, 1886, while J. C. Monroe was master mechanic. I was put to work watching the engine on work train for W. A. Persing, engineer, and D. L. Forsythe, fireman. Mr. Birdsong was roadmaster. A short time later Mr. Forsythe went on the main line and I was given his job, holding this for about two years. During this time we had a head on collision with a fast freight train, and I was sent to Memphis with the disabled engine. I was then placed on a freight engine with Engineer Tom Cosgsoni. After firing for him a while I was put on a passenger train with Harvey Campbell, then R. H. Briggs asked me if I would go to Amory and be engine dispatcher. We had no seniority on the road at that time and I gladly went. I stayed there about two years, and a little later, having the rights on the Aberdeen branch, I was sent to Aberdeen, where I did the extra running. I kept this until a siege of neuritis in my arm took me off the road for ten months. At the end of that time Mr. R. F. Carr, then division superintendent insisted on my applying for a pension, I did so, and the pension board graciously allowed my claim. I have been on that list for the past ten years.

"The good old Frisco is not playing second fiddle to any road in the world. I have passed my seventy-first mile post and shall always remain a Frisco booster.

"There are few men left in service who were there when I came to the road, and I think of only one who is older than I in the service, that being Frank Lettwich, on the road between Memphis and Amory. I wanted very much to attend the reunion at Springfield, but was prevented from doing so by the illness of Mrs. Brown. May-

be some day I will tell you more of the old 'link and pin' days. I have been connected with the road payroll for 37 years. And please accept my best wishes for your very excellent magazine, the best in the country of its kind."

Patron Thanks Frisco for Extraordinary Service

The following letter was written by D. J. Smith, realtor, St. Albans, West Virginia, to J. W. Kiser, agent.

"I write this letter to you for the purpose of thanking Mr. Springston, St. Albans' ticket agent for the Chesapeake and Ohio, for his kind and courteous attention shown me in planning and arranging a trip for my father to Severy, Kansas, the early part of this month.

"My father advises me that he was met by a representative of the Frisco in St. Louis and his every need looked after until his arrival at his destination. The modern railroad of today is offering to the traveling public real service, and as one who has occasion to use this service, I feel it my duty to convey my appreciation. My father is past 83 years old but enjoyed every moment of his 1,000 mile trip."

The letter is signed by D. J. Smith.

Chapman Milling Company Congratulates the Frisco

Mr. O. H. McCarty, vice-president and general superintendent of the Frisco Lines in Texas, writes:

"Am enclosing letter from the Chapman Milling Company of Sherman, Texas, reading as follows:

"We had a car of burlap bags booked from Mente & Company of New Orleans, and we instructed them to route this car to us via Frisco. We were very much pleased with the service. They shipped a car out of New Orleans on October 13, and the car reached us on October 17. This kind of service is a fine inducement for shippers to route more of their cars via your lines, and we hope you will be able to continue this extra good service. We also wish to compliment you on your service out of Kansas City. We have in the past received several carload shipments out of Kansas City and we have often noted that we received good service via your line."

The letter is signed by the Chapman Milling Co.

Sales Manager has Naught but Praise for Frisco Service

W. J. McGinnis, sales manager for the State of Oklahoma of the Goetz Products Company of St. Joseph, Mo., one of the largest bottling concerns in the west, writes:

"I have recently been using the

Frisco a great deal, both for traveling and for receipt of and shipping of our products. My sincere appreciation and thanks for the splendid service and the more than usual courtesy shown. Results have been splendid, and I want to thank all concerned for their unflinching good nature and courtesy at all times."

Mr. McGinnis very kindly adds a word of praise for the Frisco Employees' Magazine.

Newspaper Man Compliments Frisco on Service Given

V. A. Jackson, of the Denver Times, recently had occasion to make a trip over the Frisco Lines in Texas and he has the following kind words of commendation:

"I would be ungrateful did I not express in some measure my appreciation of the excellent service and uniform courtesy found on the Frisco Lines during my trip. I assure you that traveling was made a distinct pleasure by reason of this. Your 'Texas Special' is one of the finest trains I have ever patronized."

These Letters Say Much

The following letter was received by Harrison Will, City Passenger Agent, St. Louis:

"My dear Mr. Will, please accept our thanks and appreciation for your courtesy and kindness to me while in St. Louis.

"You certainly did everything you could to make my trip pleasant and I appreciate your fine spirit of co-operation.

"Sincerely yours,
W. E. HOLLER."

Mr. Holler is vice-president and general manager of the Flint Motor Car Company, with headquarters in Flint, Michigan.

Chicago Office Again Scores

Running true to form for 1924, our Chicago office won another victory against keen and persistent competition. Although their opposition was extensive, they succeeded in securing enough business to the International Petroleum Exposition to necessitate special train service from Chicago to Tulsa and return—via St. Louis both ways—which shows they did not overlook the long haul feature.

The personnel of their train included prominent and influential members of the oil industry from Chicago and adjacent territory. D. P. A. Baker, of Chicago, accompanied this distinguished party, and he reports 100% co-operation from all departments. Baker's complimentary remarks about the successful handling of the party included "Unquestionably the Frisco has developed to a high degree the science of being a railroad."

Team Work Spells Fuel Economy

By H. R. DAVIS, Engineer, River Division

In order to obtain the best results in fuel economy, there must be team work among all classes of employes whose duties are in any way connected with the use of fuel.

The first thing, and which I consider the most important of all, is a real honest desire to save. This will require concentrated thought, after which systematic action must follow before good results are obtained.

A majority of the railroads use coal-burning locomotives, therefore, coal is the most important fuel used, although oil and grease are used by some roads. There are very few employes on railroads who are not in some way connected with the use of fuel, some more directly than others. I will take the management first, as I feel that they are the men that can give us the right kind of a start.

The most efficient move would be to assign engineers to regular engines where work will permit us. This will assist much in keeping the engines in good condition and make it possible to determine engines that are burning too much coal. Second, there should be no erratic schedules; time tables should be arranged so that trains will not interfere with each other. Waste of power should be eliminated wherever possible; the trainmaster's judgment in allotting work will have a direct bearing on fuel consumption. Heavy drags should not be stopped to set off or pick up loads. This can be provided for by leaving the shorts at nearest points to their destination; that is, where a stop is necessary and allowing local crews to handle them. Pickups to be handled the same way. Avoid overloading one engine and running another light when practical. Make proper allowance for weather conditions. A bad wind, slippery rails, or cold weather affects an engine's performance more than is usually figured.

Engines should be loaded so they can make the hardest grades at a fair rate of speed, and be able to start their trains if they should slip down or have to stop for some cause, for we know doubling hills consumes much fuel. The dispatcher should be careful in listing trains, so that engines can be coupled on and get away from terminals with the least possible delay. At meeting points, let the light train take siding when practical. The engineer's method of handling his engine has a more direct effect upon fuel consumption than any other thing. He should start trains carefully, giving engine a chance to pick up train as it should. A careful study of the best manner of handling the reverse lever and throttle to get the most work possible out of steam, saves fuel. He should also use brakes intelligently and start carefully to avoid bad orders. Proper lubrication and the condition of

sanders will also have their effect. He should also use judgment in going into stations, so there will be no unnecessary time consumed at stations. He should be thoroughly familiar with the handling of locomotives and see that all appliances are kept in good working order, especially valve motion and draft appliances. A lame or bad drafted engine wastes fuel. Injectors should respond instantly; slow responding injectors waste fuel. The fireman also has a direct effect upon fuel saving. He should fire light and often and keep the fire always in good condition. Engine pumping is very important. Also being perfectly familiar with the road is important. I understand that with a mechanical stoker, the fireman's responsibility is increased.

I will state some things worthy of mentioning:

Arrange coal on top of the tenders so none will not fall off; see that none falls out of gangway;

Build up fire and get grates covered evenly with a good layer of coke before engine is to be used;

Build fire carefully, for if it is spoiled at the start, it will give more or less trouble and that means more fuel;

Have a good supply of water in the boiler at the start;

Always be ready before starting;

Keep an even temperature at all times in firebox;

Excessive heat in one place has a tendency to melt mineral matter in coal and cause clinkers;

Clinkers take up heating space and interfere with air circulation and allows unburnt gases to escape;

Water in boiler should be kept at nearly the same level as possible and as high as it can be carried without carrying it through the throttle, as water carried through the throttle not only causes loss of heat, but interferes with the engine's performance;

Going into stations where engines have to stand a few minutes, have water at a level that you can avoid engine popping;

Keep grates working properly and loosen them before fire gets too heavy, move grates only when necessary.

Do not overload tank when taking coal. Make a thorough study of combustion as you will find it beneficial. Strive to make each trip better. If each of us will concentrate and save a little each trip, it will soon amount to tons. Conductors can direct the work to be done in such a way that unnecessary switching can be avoided. Figure out the moves in advance and give proper information to the

entire crew. This will have a considerable bearing on the amount of coal consumed. Conductors should keep the dispatchers advised as to the time he will consume in doing necessary work. Get away from stations with the least possible delay.

The brakeman also can help considerably, by being alert in detecting hot boxes. Remedy them before they get too hot. Detect high and low draw bars, leaky train lines, bad breaks and other causes of bad order. The roundhouse forces, if careful in their work, can save many delays on the road, which will also save fuel. Engines should be kept as nearly in perfect condition as possible. Fire builders should give attention both as to the time of starting them and the method of doing so and not have engines ready too long before leaving time. Also watch cinder pit waste closely. Roundhouse foremen should try to detect steam leaks in pipe line from stationary boilers, for, as Franklin said, "Little leaks will sink a mighty ship." Car department men can do their part by carefully inspecting boxes and bad orders. This avoids the necessity of sending them out. Yard crews should try to have trains made up properly so no unnecessary switching on the part of train crews is necessary. The switchmen can also help by not making unnecessary moves and giving proper signals. Roadmaster can also help by watching track conditions that will cause slowing down of heavy trains. Section foremen can also help by arranging their work to avoid slowing down of heavy trains. Operators can also help by being prompt in their work. Tower men can also help by being prompt with their signals. Bridge foremen should arrange to pass trains with the least possible delay. Many delays are caused by someone's carelessness. The following quotations have been very beneficial to me:

SUBJECT: CARELESSNESS

I am not much of a mathematician, says Carelessness, but I can add to your troubles, and subtract from your earnings, multiply your aches and pains, take interest from your work and discount your chance for safety. Besides this, I can divide your thoughts between business and pleasure, and be a potent factor in your failures, even if I am with you a small fraction of the time. I can lessen your chances for success. I am a figure to be reckoned with. Cancel me from your habits and I will add to your total happiness.

The more we study the problem of saving, the more evident becomes the necessity of co-operation from every source.



FRISCO RAILWAY BOWLING LEAGUE

SEASON OF 1924-1925

Team Standing and Averages Including Games
November 14, 1924

Teams	Games	Won	Lost	Percentage	High Single	High Three
Engineering	27	17	10	630	938	2,647
Passenger	27	15	12	556	865	2,424
Freight Traffic	27	15	12	556	934	2,569
Tower Grove	27	15	12	556	896	2,501
Interline	27	14	13	519	900	2,577
General Freight	27	11	16	407	789	2,288
Revising	27	11	16	407	841	2,469
Auditing	27	10	17	370	916	2,432

TEAM RECORD

High Three

Engineering	2,647
Interline	2,577
Freight Traffic	2,471
Revising	2,469
Tower Grove	2,436

High Single

Freight Traffic	934
Auditing	916
Interline	900
Tower Grove	896
Engineering	870

INDIVIDUAL

High Three

Wilson	627
Spielman	620
Conley	591
Schaffnit	585
Rohfling	572

High Single

Duffy	237
Conley	222
McAuliffe	222
Houlihan	217
Jochum	216
McBride	216
Bacon	216

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES

Names	Games	Averages
Tschampers	9	182
Spielman	27	177
Schaffnit	27	175
Conley	27	171
Wilson	15	170
Duffy	27	168
Shad	21	167
Thielker	9	167
Gauvin	24	166
Bacon	18	166
Rose	27	165
McAuliffe	27	163
Grob	12	163
Sullivan	21	162
Jochum	24	161
Rohfling	27	160

HIGH SINGLE — INDIVIDUAL

November 14, 1924

Gauvin	214
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INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES

November 14, 1924

Auditing

Games	Averages
27 McAuliffe	163

21 Berkeley	143
18 Egan	137

Tower Grove

Games	Averages
27 Spielman	177
27 Conley	171
21 Shad	167
27 Weisheyer	151
6 Lyons	148
3 Zeis	147

F. W. ROSE, Secretary.

"Y, Oh Y" Should it be "Y?"

The editor of this magazine, whose middle initial happens to be "L," wonders why, and how, so many correspondents have obtained the impression that it is "Y." Fully one-half the letters addressed to this office come to "Floyd 'Y.' Bell." It's a nice letter and a useful one, but "why?"

The Stove League Opens Its Sessions

Winter has, or at least it had when this was written, the country within its grasp, but the hot stove burns brightly, and around its pleasant warmth the hot stove fans and leaguers gather to discuss the plans for the coming spring and summer in baseball.

The Frisco Lines will again have a strong baseball team in the field next spring, and plans are already being outlined for the season.

Last season a very creditable showing was made, and every real Frisco fan was proud of that record. The coming season, however, it is expected that the team will surpass its efforts of last year, and there is good ground for the belief that the team will be a pennant contender all the way.

Baseball is, after all, the great American sport, and it awakens in the minds and hearts of its followers a sympathy of thought, and even of action, which perhaps no other game arouses.

Spring training of the Frisco team will begin as soon as the weather man passes the word that spring is with us.

They Are Closely Bunched

Look at the team records of the Frisco bowlers this month. Five teams closely bunched. It's a "hoss race." And may the best team win. Some records there, too. The Frisco has developed some real bowlers in the past few seasons, bowlers who are a credit to the sport. We are all pulling for them to make a great showing in the various tournaments this year, and to cop considerable of the prize money.

24 Durfield	157
24 Reinheimer	154
21 Kinworthy	151
18 Bullerdick	145
21 McDermott	143

Engineering

Games	Averages
15 Wilson	170
24 Gauvin	166
27 Kranefuss	151
27 Schopfer	148
27 McBride	147

Freight Traffic

Games	Averages
27 Rose	165
21 Sullivan	162
24 Jochum	161
24 Spinner	159
12 Norden	158
18 Bauer	139
9 Curran	138

General Freight

Games	Averages
27 Stemmler	150
24 Wolfert	147
24 Braun	146
15 Bather	137
15 Heckel	139
12 Bardgett	137
9 Reed	137

Interline

Games	Averages
9 Tschampers	182
27 Duffy	168
9 Thielker	167
18 Bacon	166
27 Burgdorf	158
27 Peters	158
12 Voss	127

Passenger

27 Schaffnit	175
27 Houlihan	167
24 Tremayne	153
24 Eichnauer	153
15 Hallman	139
27 Stoessel	134

Revising

Games	Averages
12 Grob	163
27 Rohfling	160
21 Bucheit	155
18 McLean	152

"MY JOB"—AND WHAT I MAKE IT

A QUESTION RESTING ENTIRELY WITH "ME"

By

E. G. HUGHETT

Regardless of any and all other influences entering into my life more depends on my Job than anything else. It would matter not if I were the owner of bank stock and oil wells, or the controller of railroads, my Job would be the most important thing in the world to me. I might be able to live in ease and comfort without work, but to live in ease and comfort, healthy and happy, without a Job would not be possible. I might not have to labor to make a living, yet to know that there was no Job in the world for me to fill, no Job for me to call my own, would take the joy out of living and there would be no real life after all. President Kurn, no doubt, is much more independent of his Job, as far as the financial end of it is concerned, than you and I, yet, I imagine, he is just as proud of his job as a Job, as any employe on the railroad—proud that he has work to perform, a task to accomplish, a Job to fill. We remember the story of the "Man Without a Country," and how miserable he was, but his misery could not be anything like as discomforting, conscience-killing and hope-destroying as the man without a Job.

I'm mighty glad I have a Job. I have a place to fill in this old world and the filling of that place creditably depends almost altogether on this Job of mine. I'm not talking about "Positions" in this article. A position, you know, is merely a place in life. We may have high or low positions in life but that doesn't amount to much. It's the Job we have, and the faithful handling of that Job that really counts. My, how much depends on my Job! That boy of mine meets me every day when I go home from work with a happy face, a healthy body, full of life, all directly or indirectly because I have a Job. His education, his joy, his very life depends on my Job. He's my pal, but he wouldn't be if it were not for my Job. And that Flapper I married when I was a Jelly Bean; she has turned out to be a mighty fine partner in my affairs; always cheerful, helpful, keeping a little Heaven down at the House for me to slip into when the day's work is done. But for my Job I would miss all the pleasures of a real home. Then there's the Lodge, the School and the Church, all depending on your Job and mine. And every time we fall down on our Jobs all these things suffer. Yes, all this and more depends on our Jobs.

Oh, I'm proud of my Job! But I sometimes wonder if I show my appreciation for it as I should. How can I show my appreciation? Well, there is only one way. If I appreciate my Job; if I'm proud of it, I'll

fill my Job to the very best of my ability. I'll put eight hours hard work every day into the faithful performance of the duties of my Job. I'll concentrate upon my Job. I'll cut out a lot of mental and physical loafing while on the Job. I'll work earnestly, carefully, conscientiously while I'm on the Job, then I'll play or rest with a clear conscience, happy that I did my dead-level best.

And I'm not going to worry because my Job does not have a big title, nor because some other fellow is paid a lot more money on his Job than I. I'm just as proud of MY JOB as any other fellow on the Frisco; therefore, I am going to forget about the title or the money and hand out to my job all I have in appreciation for what it is giving out to me every day. The Laborer on 34 cents per hour, or the Mechanic on 77 cents; the clerk who is paid \$125 per month, or the official who pulls down \$300, is just as dependent and obligated to his Job as the President or anybody else on the road. No doubt Mr. Kurn would be discharged just as surely and promptly for falling down on his job as you or I on ours. Maybe he has to put a lot more into his Job than you or I to keep it. So let's you and me forget about the other fellow and his Job and think a great deal more about ourselves and our jobs.

I have heard many of our employes say that they have received fairer, better treatment on the Frisco than anywhere they have ever worked, though they had worked for many different railroads, as well as other companies. I can say the same thing. The Frisco has been good to me, better, perhaps than I have at times deserved. I suppose I could get a Job with some other company. I don't know about that and just at this time I'm not concerned about that, for I know if I get to drifting here and there in my day dreams, I can't fill my Job with the Frisco as well as I ought to. I know that if I ever get to the place where I think the Frisco is trying to keep me down and give every good thing to the other fellow (we get that way sometimes, you know), or to the place where I can no longer be loyal to its interests, I'm simply going to quit and let some worthier brother have the Job who will appreciate it more than I.

The Frisco is a good railroad. It is progressive and desires to win on merit alone. It has, in recent years,

I know, desired to give efficient service and satisfaction to its employes as well as to its patrons. It deserves the respect and love of every man and woman who has a Job with it. A fellow who has a job on the Frisco Lines, however humble it may be, has something he should feel grateful for and be proud of. And he does not fill his Job completely when he leaves the premises of the company, but his job is to boost the Frisco, sell its service, and stand behind its endeavor to give satisfaction, regardless of what department his Job happens to be in, or where he may be when opportunity presents itself.

I'm for you strong, Old Frisco;
I'm proud I'm a Frisco Man;
Proud of the job you give me,
And I'll serve you the best I can.
May your trains run often and safely,
With never a wreck or delay,
Well loaded each trip that they make,
And business increase every day.

Success

By J. J. Stephenson
The working span
Of a railroad man
Is one score years and ten.
But if he shirk
His daily work
You can write, "That is the end."

But the man who'll try
And never say die
And the hardest task will do
Is the kind of a man
His boss won't "pan"
If he works 'til he's ninety-two.

A New Year Wish

The gracious Lord attend yer needs,
And prosper you as lang's ye're here,
Forgive yer numerous misdeeds,
And clean yer slate tae start the year.

J. H. Brennan Joins "Hole In One Club"

J. H. Brennan, superintendent of telegraph, entered the Golfers' Hall of Fame on Saturday, November 8, by becoming a bona fide member of the "hole in one" club.

Mr. Brennan made this on the course of the Springfield, Mo., Country Club, being the fifth member of that club to have made a hole in one, since the organization of the club several years ago.

The popular superintendent of telegraph is modest about his achievement, and receives the congratulations of his associates with a bashful graciousness which befits a real champion.

"Of Such Are The Kingdom"

This is the story of an M-K-T veteran, and of an act of real charity.

Maybe it does not rightly belong in a Frisco Magazine. However, the editor believes that it does and he leaves it to your judgment whether or not his viewpoint is correct, after reading the little story.

But, whether or not it belongs in this magazine, we know that it has its place in the archives of the Recording Angel, and that when the final scroll is written against the name of the principal character of this little story it will be inscribed in letters that all may read, "This was charity."

E. C. Laine was for years a trainman on the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Lines, and had an excellent record. Then along came misfortune in the guise of an illness which has kept Mr. Laine practically a "shut-in" for the past several years.

Out at the Hamilton Hotel, in St. Louis, where he lives, he is known as "the cheerful man." And the title has been fairly won. Where many another would have sulked or flunked in pure despair, Mr. Laine has faced life and its burdens with a smile, a smile that is always with him no matter how sharp the pain nor how dull and drab the day may be to others.

Maybe it was because of his own experiences, but the other day Mr. Laine read in a copy of the Frisco Employes' Magazine of Hazel Stroud, the little Frisco messenger who had

been sent to Arizona to recover her health, and of how Hazel was being kept in Arizona principally through the efforts of Frisco officials and employes at the general offices in St. Louis, and of how Miss Mildred Johnson had directed the "campaign" in Hazel's interests.

Calling to the editor one night not long since, Mr. Laine, apostle of good cheer and optimism, told of his interest being awakened in this little girl's case and asked if he might not be permitted to make a contribution toward the fund necessary for keeping her in Arizona. The editor at first demurred but then he realized that it was from the depth of a truly generous heart and one which might feel offended if the contribution were not accepted.

And so to Hazel Stroud, courageous little messenger girl down in Phoenix, grimly fighting against the monster who has all but lost his battle, goes not only that bit of currency which Mr. Laine so generously donated, but likewise his best wishes and heartfelt desires for her complete recovery.

Mr. Laine will not like this story of his charitable act. We are seriously afraid that in writing this we may be doing exactly the wrong thing, but we felt, and we believe you will feel with us, that such an act, and from a man not at all connected with the Frisco, is worthy of note.

Are You Sharp-Shod?

Have you ever watched a horse, neither sharp-shod nor otherwise properly equipped, trying to make his way along an icy street in a gale? Have you watched his attempts to go forward, and the inevitable back-sliding of his powerful, sleek body, which a moment ago was so graceful and sure, now a squirming, awkward mass? Have you watched the great body struggle to its feet, only to sink again to its knees at the next icy strip?

I have stood by helplessly and watched unprotected horses suffer, and my reaction has always been one of helpless pity.

Unconsciously, I have drawn comparisons between men I have known and the horse on the icy pavement—the horse which hasn't been sharp-shod.

Have you stood impersonally and watched a man, uncertain of his footing, try to make strides and come to grief? Every day man is driven pitilessly by the most heartless of masters—Fate. He is forced over "icy pavements" at every step. Unlike the horse, however, man is shackled with "responsibilities"—results of civilization. If man sinks to his knees, and cannot find strength to struggle back to his feet, he must take with him his wife and children. His natural daring stride is impeded by the knowledge that any false step will make his family objects of pity.

As the comparison goes on, one begins to feel that the horse is perhaps the luckier of the two animals. He can hold his own during three seasons of the year—man must be sharp-shod during every season. During every season he must take measures to insure permanence of footing for himself and his family.

The responsibilities man has acquired through the ages weigh heavily against the horse's comparative freedom.

All wise men make frequent and regular trips to the blacksmith. Some men have themselves sharp-shod at the bank, others at the insurance office.

Money put away systematically in the savings bank insures against want in old age, when man's stride is not so sure, and the "pavement" slippery. Man's insurance gives elasticity to his strides while he is still young and has a firm footing. It gives him a sense of freedom in his daily encounters, and a security, that, if he should sink to his knees in the struggle, his "responsibilities" will be taken care of—his wife and children will never be objects of pity.

Your Group Insurance helps you to strike your stride. It makes you "sharp-shod" and enables you to keep a firm footing as you step along the path of life. The man who has failed to visit the blacksmith in his youth, or the one whom the blacksmith was afraid to sharp-shod because of ill health, is protected through Group Insurance, and in turn, he protects his "responsibilities."

Ben McCrum Had Human Heart

R. C. Ruddick, Section No. 64, Aurora, Missouri, writes as follows:

"I am an employe, section man at Aurora, Mo., and read the magazine each month, and am well pleased with it. I certainly enjoy reading the various articles it contains, but do want to see more regarding the trackmen. I consider the trackman one of the most necessary of employes. So let us hear from some of them.

"I think the November issue is the best we have yet had. The articles on Pages 12 and 13, about Mr. McCrum, and the one by Division Roadmaster Holland are especially interesting to me. Wish every trackman on the lines could read this and take heed. I hope none of our men are just working for the pay check. If so they are doing both themselves and the company a great injustice.

"The article about Mr. McCrum, written by Miss Moore, calls to my mind an incident in which Ben McCrum was the principal actor. I was, at that time, in the employ of the K. C., F. S. & M. Railway, as freight brakeman, on the division from Webb City to Cherokee, and Mr. McCrum was engineer on the passenger from Webb City to Fort Scott, and drove Engine 19, a large engine at that time. One day while off duty I was hunting on Spring River near

Lowell, Kansas. I noticed two fine hunting dogs on the bridge across the river and the passenger train was approaching. I expected the dogs to be killed, but McCrum stopped the train and getting off the engine, picked those dogs up and placed them in the cab, carried them across the bridge and then placed them safely on the ground. I took off my hat and thanked God for a man with such love of animals in his heart."

Southwest Missouri to Have Harvest Show

Plans have been formulated for a Harvest Show Association of a permanent nature in Southwest Missouri, and at a meeting held in Sarcoxie, on December 2, tangible, definite ideas were submitted and acted upon.

The interest in the Harvest Show has grown to such an extent that big things are expected of it in the future. The association has been organized for two and one-half years, and the leading business men of six cities in that section are back of the movement.

Some form of publicity for the entire Southwest Missouri section, to "sell" that section to the outside world, is to be put into effect as rapidly as possible.



Always Be Careful



First Aid

Most of us have been present, or near, when an accident occurred to a fellow workman.

And here is what usually happens.

In a few fleeting moments a milling mass of humanity surrounds the unfortunate victim, curious to get a glimpse before the doctor or ambulance arrives.

We stand around and wonder why someone doesn't do something to relieve the sufferer by easing his fallen position, or fanning him; clearing the space to provide fresh air, or by giving him a cooling drink of water.

Then it is just possible that a boy, a member of the Boy Scouts, pushes his way through the crowd and performs first aid services according to his teachings, and when the doctor arrives, pats him on the head and says, "Good work, my lad," we feel ashamed and we should feel ashamed, too, to think that we stood around and let a mere boy do that which we should have been capable of doing.

Regarding First Aid, Dr. Harry W. Gentles, Chairman, First Aid Committee, Chicago Chapter, American Red Cross, writes in the National Safety News as follows:

"With the increasing interest being displayed in first aid there is an increasing demand for information about the essentials of this important subject.

In the first place, there should be a clear understanding of what first aid really is. First aid is not a substitute for accident prevention. An ounce of prevention is still worth a pound of cure, but we have not yet reached the point where we can dispense with the cure. But first aid is a valuable addition to accident prevention activities and industrial concerns which have trained large numbers of their employes in first aid and have also made substantial reductions in accidents. The employe trained in first aid is invariably a safe worker and a good influence in the plant.

"Nor is first aid intended to take the place of medical service. Its place is rather to fill in the gap between the accident and the arrival of the physician when seconds are valuable and skilled treatment by the trained layman may be the means of saving the patient's life.

"To know what to do in an emergency is the most important thing. It does not always require extraordinary skill or special equipment. The man who can put his thumb on an artery spurting blood and hold it there until someone else can summon a physician will often save a life.

"Almost equally important is the knowledge of what not to do. The good samaritan who runs to the assistance of a man who has fallen from a scaffold and hoists him to his feet converts a simple fracture into a compound. The man who paints an infected wound with iodine a second or third time and the policeman who has to be knocked down before artificial respiration can be applied to a gassed victim are other examples of dangerous ignorance.

"The trained man, however, knows what to do and he does it while his fellow workers are debating what should be done and suggesting all manner of crude remedies.

"The benefits of first aid instruction are not always confined to the plant. At home, on the street and on vacation, emergencies may arise at any time when the training of the first aider may save a life. And proper first aid training by teaching persons to think clearly and act promptly will help to prevent accidents in addition to minimizing the severity of those which do occur."

Hesitate and Be Saved

A train traveling 50 miles an hour covers a half mile in 36 seconds and a train of ordinary length will pass a crossing in about 6 seconds.

It doesn't take long to wait 42 seconds when a life is at stake.

A person may be cool and collected when driving a car. He may be a splendid judge of distance and know his car well enough to depend upon its capabilities, but the nervous system is a delicate part of our make up and in the face of an on-rushing train, is liable to skip in its function, causing a twitching muscle to do the wrong thing in manipulation of the car, irrespective of the mind's direction. If, perchance, the error brings the car within range of the moving train, 36 seconds isn't going to be very long to get it out of danger.

There is no argument in favor of running such a chance. Wait—you may lose.

Thirty a Day

(Cape Girardeau "S. E. Missourian.")

This day 30 Americans are killed or injured at railroad grade crossings, if today is only an average day. In the whole year 1924 a total of 2,800 will be killed and 8,000 injured at crossings.

Is it any wonder that you are being asked to wear a metal plate on your automobile announcing that you come to a full stop at all railroad crossings?

Something has got to be done to reduce this needless loss of life.

Of course there is no way of preventing people from dashing upon railroad tracks in front of trains. Those people would be killing themselves in some other manner if denied the privilege of risking their necks in front of trains. But the sad part of it is that these reckless drivers so often carry with them to death sensible and careful people who do not deserve the fate of the thoughtless motor driver.

Inventor of the First Locomotive

A small model, stated to be the original model of a locomotive constructed by William Murdock, is about to be submitted for auction in London. The Times, referring to the model, concludes its notice with the words, "it was left to Stephenson to gather fame as the inventor of the first locomotive." Despite the growth of education and general distribution of encyclopedias, it appears impossible to kill the fallacy that "Stephenson invented the locomotive." Neither Stephenson nor his friends ever claimed that he was "the inventor of the locomotive," while there are many standard works on locomotive history giving the true facts. In view of information available, and that three important works dealing with early locomotive history have been published within the past few months, it is regrettable that The Times repeats the inaccurate claim as to Stephenson being the "inventor of the locomotive." Cugnot's locomotive was running in the streets of Paris in 1769.

Murdock's model of a road locomotive is said to have been constructed about 1784, and measures 19 inches long, 7 inches wide, and 14 inches high. A replica is in the South Kensington Museum. Murdock's model was stated to have been made at Redruth. In the neighboring Cornish mining town of Camborne, Richard Trevithick is credited with producing a parlor model locomotive in 1796 and on Christmas Eve, 1801, had a steam locomotive running in the streets of Camborne, to the great consternation and fright of the inhabitants.

In August, 1802, Richard Trevithick built the first railway locomotive at Coalbrookdale, while Trevithick's second railway locomotive performed a successful journey on the Pen-y-Darren Tramroad in South Wales in February, 1804, and as the result of a wager won its backer a bet of 500 guineas.—South African Railways and Harbours Magazine.

A PAGE OF POT POURRI

All Interesting to Someone—Some to All

Why Change?

When American Railroads With
Widespread Ownership Lead
the World

A silent revolution is transferring ownership to the public. Moreover, the new generation of administrators of these enterprises has firmly grasped its responsibility to the public. Indeed there are deep and promising currents, originating in our economic life driving toward a mutualization of public and private interest, employer and employe interest, with promise of a new period in industrial development. There has been a genuine growth of business conscience and service, and this growth is far more precious than any amount of legislation.

And from it all we have by and large evolved the best actual service to the people from utilities that there is in the world. It may not be perfect, but no one who has tried a European Government railway or telephone needs conviction of our superior service. Moreover there is a diffusion of service and use among our people double and treble the proportions to the population of any other country.

We ship more goods per person, and our workmen have more power at their elbow than any other workmen in the world. The wages in our utilities give the highest standard of living and comfort on the earth. If our utilities were dominated by the malignity that some contend these things would never have come about.

To whatever extent we have failed in control, whether it be through over-control or through insufficient control, it is a challenge to us to perfect our system. There have been mistakes and will be others.

But I may say at once that if the American people have not the intelligence, if they have not the character, if they have not the political mechanism by which private competition can be maintained and yet abuse can be prevented, then they do not possess the character or the political mechanism by which they can undertake the gigantic operation of these enterprises.

—Herbert Hoover.

CHESTER SAYS—

By C. C. Kratky

"Don't cry over spilled milk," is a good one to keep in mind, but a better one to remember is—"Don't spill the milk," and then there won't be any occasion to cry.

By making faithfulness your creed, you can't go wrong. It will also en-

able you to follow Shakespeare's advise, namely, "To thine ownself be true," which in the end means that when you try to put something over on somebody else, you are really hurting yourself.

Everything in life runs in cycles, and whatever you do, good or bad, is bound to come back somehow, sometime, some place. Therefore, guard every moment of your life and fill it with deeds of gentility and charm, and then, when the pendulum swings on its downward course, it is bound to dole out to you the same kind of stuff that you have allowed to emanate from your own soul.

No one was ever successful unless in earnest. Let us not allow cobwebs to grow under our feet.

Some are content with life as it is; but don't you think, if each of us strove a bit more, that we could make it better?

Always remember that there is one Obligatory Being to whom we will have to account some day for the things we do now. Make it easy on yourself!

This one is in the President's office, on the wall to the right of him: "For when the one Great Scorer comes to mark against your name, He writes not that you won or lost, but how you played the game." That's good healing balm for the soul, and makes you realize that success is not always measured in dollars and cents, but more often in the amount of and the direction in which effort is expended.

Short Essay on Courage

By C. W. Yarbrough

Courage is a great word with a great meaning. Anyone can say, "I can't and there is no use trying." Anybody can say, "I might if I tried but I don't think it worth my effort." It takes courage to say I can, or I will try. Try human wreckage and failures of the world is composed of persons who did not have the courage to jump out of the old rut and trust their own initiative and learn that vital lesson of self-reliance and courage. Because Washington had courage, we now rank among the leading nations of the world; because Lincoln had courage, this nation was preserved; because Wilbur and Orville Wright had courage, the flying machine was made possible; because Henry Ford had courage, the flivver was made possible; Whitney, Cooper, Fulton, Edison, Marconi and Steinmetz were all men of indomitable courage, the world laughed at them at first, as it does at all original ideas, but they had the courage to stem the tide of adversity and gave to the laughing, ridiculing world its priceless treasures of scientific knowledge.

Sensations in an Iron Mine

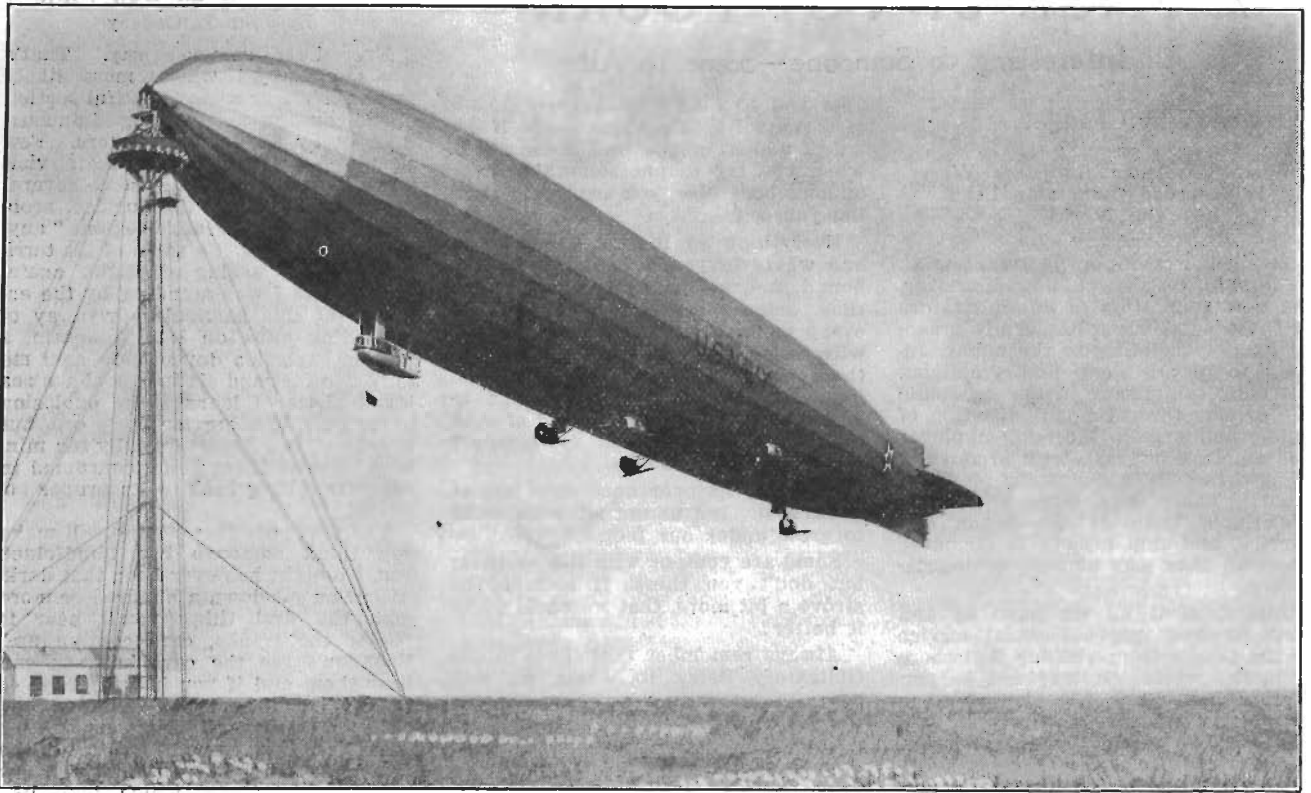
By John L. Godsey

Ever hear someone say. "That's God's country," which most likely means home or some beautiful section of the country that has caused unusual interest by its scenic wonders. Few people ever think of taking a visit down under a mountain, some several thousand feet from the surface, probably in some of "Pluto's regions," anyway you'll think it's some of his territory before seeing daylight again. Even while I was standing by the entrance of this particular driveway of Spaulding mine on Red Mountain, a sudden explosion down below sent me fully two feet and six inches above sea level. Later I learned the explosion to be only blasting for more ore, but it delayed our departure fully ten minutes. Six of these being consumed in my hair falling back to its proper position.

The first peep into a mine will make you think someone has blindfolded you. No night has ever been that dark. After you get down a hundred or more feet, the first thing you'll hear is "Clear the tracks, cars coming up." You can't see the cars but you can hear them and if you have a sense of feeling, you'll find the wall and hug close up to it until they pass. After your eyes get "tuned" up to all the darkness, you can distinguish a few lights away down, which look like lightning bugs flying around. These lights are nothing but headlights worn by the miners.

Now we get near the vein. When you speak of a vein, one might think ore flows along and they get it out with a net, but these veins are solid iron. When one of these veins are found, the miners establish a living room, or parlor, as we shall call it. These parlors are large enough to accommodate a good number of miners, also visitors who are crazy enough to come down. The many lights from the miners' caps make it light enough so you can see all the work going on, and a few other things you don't care so much about, such as water dripping all around, and you wonder if it's not the bottom of some creek. These parlors have nice poles all around to hold up the slate tops and probably to keep them from caving in while visitors are there. The little cars we passed some time ago, also stop here and are loaded up with the ore. It is also in these parlors that miners are trapped and entombed by cave-ins and explosions. But I was hoping that all pebbles would remain secure while I was there.

As a form of amusement, the miners will take a drill some six feet long and drill a hole in the vein long enough for several sticks of dynamite to blast the ore. One of these blasts is what we heard while up on the earth. Now we are right where they are going to explode with a thousand feet to daylight. I was going to run it out, but one of the fellows said, "Taint no use runnin', jest move back and watch it." Before I could get turned round the thing had done busted.



"THE SHENANDOAH" AT ITS MOORINGS IN FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Are You Living or Existing?

An Article From the N. C. and St. L. Railway "News Item"

By T. ASHLEY WALKER

Are you living or existing? What is life? What is meant by existence? Living is often inaccurately defined, and few of us ever know the real meaning of it. We often use the word living when we mean existing; a term applied to anything present in the universe. Life implies more; it means growth, development and enlargement.

Let us note the little one-celled animal called the Amoeba. No one will dare say that this animal really lives in the broadest sense of the word. It is true that it grows and develops (by cell division) but it is entirely dependent on outside sources for its growth. If the environment is favorable the process of development is continued; if unfavorable, it perishes. It has no power within itself to conquer or change environment or to live above its surroundings. In short, the Amoeba can never know or partake of real life.

This happy privilege is for man only. He alone has the power to change and shape not only his own life, but also the life of those with

whom he comes in contact. You may remember that lower animals and plants either become dwarfed or actually perish when living under wrong conditions. Man cannot only live amidst, but can actually grow and develop while doing so. We all know the story of the poet who struggled in the slums, but lived above them in his poetry. We all know of the poverty-stricken mother, who instills in the minds and souls of her children the things that are big and noble. They live surrounded by adverse conditions, and yet they neither become dwarfed, nor do they die. These are the souls who know life in its fullest. These may truthfully answer, "I am living."

Unless we are living for something and know what it is; unless we have a definite aim in view; unless we are making the most of every talent with which Nature or a kind Providence has given us; unless we are developing every day by judicious exercise every faculty that we possess; unless we are gradually but never ceasingly broadening — expanding — growing —

achieving better and better and greater and greater results as the days and weeks and months go by; unless we are doing all these things, we are not living in the right sense of the word.

If we are spending our days in anything short of searching out the forces within us, and without a daily, active, vigorous, aggressive struggle to accomplish the aim of our life and to live up to the best that is in us, we are not living, but existing.

—T. Ashley Walker.

Safety Department Now Under Mr. H. W. Hudgens

Effective December 1, the Safety First work was placed under the direction of H. W. Hudgen, chief claim agent. George L. Ball, former superintendent of safety and insurance, will hereafter give all of his time to the insurance end, the "group insurance" on the Frisco having reached such large proportions as to require this.

"To-Day"

By Sam A. Hughes

Consider well this day for it is life, the very life of life, in its brief course lie all the realities of our very existence, the bliss of growth, the glory of action, the splendor of beauty, akin to the glory of action is the unconsciousness of doing good. For yesterday is but a dream and tomorrow is only a vision, but today well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope.

And this leads us up to a living picture revealed to me, as it now hangs upon memory's wall never to be erased, a most beautiful painting and one that time cannot dim, for the passing years only act as a brush in hand to freshen it.

It was Christmas morning, the day of all days when men cease their toil, seeking the sanctity of their homes, all over the world for the purpose of celebrating the glad day, nor is this glorious privilege denied the people of any nation or any locality upon the face of the globe, not excepting the desert in the far west where the white man, the child of fortune, the health-seeker, the tourist and the investor from all over the world touch elbows with the Spanish-American, the peon, the black man and last the red man, claiming as he does priority in American citizenship by reason of having pitched his tent before the coming of the pale face, the rich, the mediocre, the poor, all joining in the universal joyful and solemn action upon the part of mankind in general.

The scene of this simple little true story is laid away out in the middle west, within the confines of the United States of America, upon the banks of the Rio Grande River, whose waters go toward forming the dividing line between the U. S. A. and the Republic of Mexico, a land of romance, of poetry, of melodrama and tragedy combined, where the dying embers of the last Apache tepee camp have long since faded away, the warriors having gone to their happy hunting ground, and the scene of their murderous marauding is supplemented by happy homes sheltering law abiding, peaceable people, who believe in God and in the world to come. Upon this historic ground there now resides one of God's noblemen, who by reason of circumstances and a desire to serve his Country's Flag in the preservation of the civilization of the world, now finds him resting upon a couch in a little bungalow nestled amongst the trees and shrubbery, fruits and flowers, made possible by irrigation from the river flowing near by.

It was in this unpretentious little place of abode, far from the madden-

ing throng, that one Lloyd Storm reclined upon his bed of pain, having sacrificed all in the late war, a young man of good pious parentage, who doted upon the boy, whose ambitions looked far and beyond to a life of success and unmeasured achievements, when alas! He fell, stricken in body but with a heart full to overflowing with the milk of human kindness and a burning desire to serve his fellowman, and particularly in bringing happiness to the children of the poor on Christmas Day.

It was in the year of our Lord 1923, and upon Christmas Day, that this same Lloyd Storm arose at dawn and gazed upon the gorgeous sunrise as it appeared in the east over the range of Sandia (Watermelon) Mountains, casting its rays over the land, as it seemed to join in by temporing the cool atmosphere making it ideal for the celebration of the day of our Lord, and turning to his faithful nurse, he called for his field glass, which had served him so well in his aerial flights with his squadron in battle formation, and gazing long and intently he silently viewed the simple life people, all ages and colors, as they earnestly trod the mesa, the lowlands and the desert enroute to the little adobe church, with its black robe and its shining altar, there to join the communicants in silent prayer and adoration in memory of the birth of our Saviour, and then turning to his nurse, he remarked, "Yes, there is a God!"

He then turned his glass in the opposite direction and discovered automobiles filled with the smiling faces of children, poor children from the town and surrounding country, speeding toward the home of Lloyd Storm, who had inaugurated the plan of giving happiness to the poor kiddies the preceding year and they loved him, for in their glad anticipation they fancied they could see the Christmas tree with its bright colored lights, its presents for all and the many good things to eat awaiting them. On they came in the cars provided by loving, sympathetic friends who had called at the poor homes and picked up the children so dear to their parents, promising to return them safely.

Upon arrival at the Storm home, out they jumped, running into the house and forming a circle as they gazed upon that tree with admiration and amazement, and then they were ushered into the dining room with its long and well filled table, where they put on their red, white and blue paper caps, and then pandemonium broke loose when they began blowing their

horns, for they were competing for the cash prize offered for the loudest blower, their faces appearing to be out of shape and at times it seemed they would fall to function by reason of exhaustion, but they were supremely happy, and then the order was given for them to fall in and march past the Christmas tree and before reaching it to draw a number from a hat, the highest number entitling them to a choice of presents hanging upon the tree, and so round and round they went until but one little tot remained whose eyes gazed longingly at the rapidly vanishing watches, pocket knives, books, baseballs, etc., there were dolls, hair ribbons and many suitable presents for the little girls, the last to draw was not disappointed for her host lovingly looked after her in an adjoining room and all went home loaded down with gifts, together with stockings of mosquito netting containing oranges, apples, nuts, enough food to keep them busy for days to come, and then they assembled on the lawn where the picture revealed their happy faces as they departed for their homes laden with many gifts and great joy, eager to tell the story of Santa Claus and his wonderful power of bringing happiness to them.

Oh! would to God! that this picture could be exhibited to all the world now so badly torn with selfishness, jealousy and strife with its vast army of little children, who know no Christmas and no Santa Claus, but the day is not far distant, I am sure when men's hearts shall be changed and the emulation of Lloyd Storm will be practiced throughout this broad land of ours, and throughout the entire world.

Congressman From Washington Buys Taxi to Enable Him to Catch Train

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 15—Congressman Albert Johnson, Washington, stepped into a taxi last night and ordered the driver to speed over the international boundary line for Vancouver to make connection with a train for Montreal.

Canadian customs officials refused to allow the cab to proceed without a bond, a procedure which would have required several hours. Having only an hour to make the train, thirty miles away, Representative Johnson, in order to comply with the law and avoid the threatened delay, purchased the taxi on the spot for \$2,000.

As owner of the machine, Congressman Johnson, who was accompanied by his daughter, was free to proceed without the bond required from the occupants of rented machines crossing the line.

Write The Editor

Please give us your honest opinion or criticism of the Magazine.

John Steele, Engineer, Tells of an "Oilyette" Haircut

It was a hot sultry afternoon in late August, when the service car in which I was making a survey of the Woof-Woof County oil fields in West Texas, landed me in the bustling little town of Oilyette.

No rain had fallen over this territory in some time, and the ground lay baked and parched, glistening in the heat of the summer sun. The roads, which had only been in use a short time, were worn and churned with the passing of heavily loaded trucks. A heavy white alkali dust lay some six inches deep in the tracks, and arose in a fog with the passing of each vehicle. This dust naturally settled on passengers and conveyance, and clung with a tenacity that was hard to appreciate.

Under these conditions I arrived in Oilyette.

The town was a boom town of the first water, and consisted only of frame shacks and tents. The streets run without form or reason, and no questions asked.

After registering at the Beaver Board Hotel, and being assigned to Cot No. 5 in a room containing six, I hastened out to find a barber shop.

Inquiring of one of the loungers in front of the hotel, I was directed to a shop at the other end of the block. I thought I detected a suppressed smile as this information was furnished, which intuition proved to be correct as recorded by later events.

Entering the barber shop, which was a lean-to shack with living quarters in the rear, I was greeted and waved to the one chair by the only occupant of the place, no doubt the barber, as he wore the regulation white coat.

The chair was evidently of the 1863 vintage, and was a relic of age. This chair had at one time possessed four legs, but at the present time rested on three and a stack of brick. The chair appeared to be covered, or upholstered, in horse hair, and the springs in the seat and back rose and fell in gullies and hillocks that were extremely annoying.

Once seated, the barber appeared to be very solicitous, and used extreme care in tilting the chair back to a reclining position. Why such care was manifested developed later.

While I had asked for a haircut, it suddenly dawned upon me that the barber now had me in a position for a shave. As a boom town barber was a new experience I settled into the most comfortable position possible and awaited developments.

A small stove was located at one side of the shop upon which a gallon can of water was steaming, with a steady cloud of vapor mounting ceilingward.

The barber poured some of the hot water into a vessel, at one time evidently a sugar bowl, and appeared to be churning it with a spoon, as there was no brush in evidence. He appeared to be having some trouble in producing a lather, and raising his voice called to his wife, who it appeared was in the rear portion of the shack, to bring him another cake of soap. She entered the room almost immediately with a large bar of washing soap of the cheapest quality.

When I try to recall the harrowing details of that shave, words fail me. Suffice to say, the razor was dull. The soap with its alkaline content scorched my face and seared my brain. In fact, for days afterward, I looked like I was a smallpox patient on the slow road to recovery.

The barber was loquacious, and launched into a graphic detail of his life's history, while he shaved with an energy that was not to be denied.

"Yes, my name's Bill Skeet. I am the son of old man Skeet who used to have a ranch out on Bear Creek, but dad's gone now. Dad was a good scout, but dad just simply couldn't tell a cattle brand. Some cattle got mixed up with dad's, and some way dad's brand got on them, and when the vigilance committee called on dad, well, I could see that dad wouldn't be interested in cattle much longer. Well after dad died, mother married the foreman, and as he and I couldn't get along, I left. They sold the ranch and moved to New Mexico. As dad left so quick he didn't make a will, and I didn't get anything from the estate. I don't care though, I'll get along some way. Yes, I go back to the old ranch once a year to see the old cottonwood tree down by the corral. Dad was pretty strongly attached to that tree, and it just seems that I can still see him there in the moonlight.

"Well, I punched cattle for a while, drifting from one ranch to another. When I had saved up a few dollars, I bought a little place on Turkey Creek, and started in the sheep business. Then I got married—married Sally Skinner. Her people were poor, but she has made me a good wife.

"Yes, we have four children. Mary is ten, she is the oldest. Then there is Pete, he is nine. Jack is eight, and Sweetie is seven, she is the cut-up of the family."

Then raising his voice, "Sally, Sally, come here, I think the man needs a manducure."

Sally entered carrying a small dish pan full of water and several instruments of torture, including a large butcher knife, a large pair of shears, a heavy farm implement file, also an instrument that I could not name,

but used to see the same instrument used by blacksmiths in trimming horses hoofs when I was a boy. Anyway, you know what I mean.

Sally proceeded to get busy. Her intentions were good, but, ye Gods, she was rough.

When Sally entered, the four children followed her in, and sat down in a row upon a bench near the opposite wall. They sat winking and blinking, and appeared timid in the presence of a stranger.

I noticed in a few moments, however, that in conversation among themselves their power of thought seemed to run in the same channel. That they spoke in disjointed sentences; for example, one of them would start a sentence, the next would take it up, the third add to it, and the fourth finish it.

All at once their interest returned to me, and fastening their gaze, Sweetie started the sentence:

"See the —"

Pete come in and added:

"Man —"

Jack added:

"Getta —"

Mary finished:

"Shave."

The sentence was complete: "See the man get a shave."

After starting the sentence Sweetie had left the bench, and was now out of sight behind my chair.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, my feet flew skyward, and my head hit the floor with a thud. The fall being partly broken by the barber and his wife making a desperate effort to catch me in my flight. I had grasped the arms of the chair and held myself in position practically standing on my head. Sally had upset the pan of water, which had struck me above the waist line and run down toward my head. There was water in my eyes, ears, nose and throat, which being highly impregnated with cheap laundry soap was causing the most irritating feeling. In addition, the chair had been knocked off of the brick and was now in a three cornered position. I could not quite analyze my situation. Could not quite determine whether I was making a nose dive, looping the loop, or going into a tail spin. Neither could I arrive at a solution of the matter.

While these thoughts were flashing through my brain, the barber had succeeded in getting a strangle hold on the back of the chair and raised it back to a normal position, while Sally put the brick in place.

Before this was accomplished, the barber shop entertainers had put over another one:

Sweetie started: "Stay in—"

Jack: "There—"

Pete: "Cowboy—"

Mary: "Ride her cowboy."

The barber then apologized, stating that the lever on the side of the chair was broken, and that he had it propped up with a two by four under the head rest. He also said that the prop must have slipped out.

I noticed, however, that Sweetie had returned to the bench, and that there seemed to be a mirthful understanding between all four of them.

The razor in the hand of the barber had cut a hole through my shirt and grazed my ribs, as he tried to restrain my flight. I could feel the blood oozing toward my waist line. Also the springs in the bottom of the chair had bursted through, and the sharp ends were causing an unlimited amount of annoyance.

I was now fully restored to a sitting position. The barber announced that he would let the shave go at that, and started on the hair cut. For which I was thankful.

He now took up the recital where he had left off:

"Well, Sally and I made some money the first few years we were on the ranch. Then the war come on, and prices went up. We bought more sheep and land, and — and when the slump came after the war, well, we lost our little home, stock and all.

"Sally took it mighty hard at first, but she's a game girl, and we commenced over. I got a job with Clem Hill herding goats, and worked for him three years, just barely making a living. Yes, we had a hard time, but there were some good times, too.

"You know I got to be an expert on shearing goats, for the last three years I have held the West Texas championship. The first year I sheared my goat in two minutes flat, winning the prize. The second year I won in one minute and fifty-eight seconds, and last year I won in one minute, fifty-seven and one-half seconds. The contest comes up again in October, and I guess that I will have to get some practice."

All this time he seemed to be in an exalted frame of mind, and was clipping away at a furious rate, but, as he had an absorbing way of telling his story, I was paying more attention to the story than to the hair cut. Also I was under the impression that he was clipping around the edges, however, I had noticed that he was using the largest pair of clippers I had ever seen, and seemed to use them with professional dexterity.

Suddenly, in the midst of his story, he seemed to hesitate, then his mind grasped the harbored thought.

"Pete, Pete, get your blackening and give this gentleman a shine, don't you see his shoes are all dusty."

Pete was soon brushing away with a vengeance.

The barber resumed:

"Then the oil field started up, and we come up here and opened this shop. I thought I saw a chance to make some money, and we have done

pretty well for the two weeks we have been here. I don't know much about the barber business, but I can learn. We haven't got very good tools, but I'll buy some as soon as we get on our feet. See this pair of clippers I am using, well that's the pair I won the shearing contest with last year. I have the most trouble in shaving, though. It's awful hard to keep a sharp edge on a pocket knife.

"You know I got this idea of going into the barber business from a trip I once made to the Dallas Fair with dad, just before he died.

"Yes, dad and I went to the Dallas Fair. We arrived there early in the morning, and, after we eat breakfast, dad decided I ought to have my hair cut, so that I would look like other people. So he told me to hunt up a barber shop, get a hair cut, and then meet him in the vestibule of the hotel.

"Well, that's where we went wrong.

"I found a barber shop alright, but instead of being in there thirty minutes, I was in there two hours. That barber found everything wrong with me. He give me a hair cut, shampugh, swinge, hair oil, shave, massage, shine and clothes brushed. Well, I lacked ten cents of having enough money to pay him, but he said that would be alright, and I could pay him the balance some other time.

"I didn't know I was so badly in need of repairs, but I guess it doesn't pay to let your appearance run down.

"Well, then I started out to find dad, but to save my soul I couldn't remember the name of the hotel—I finally wound up at the railroad depot, and sat in the waiting room all night. The next day I again tried to find dad, but had no luck. Well, to make a long story short, as I had not eaten for two days, and still had the return portion of my ticket, I got on the train and come home. I didn't get to see the Dallas Fair, but I had a nice trip anyway.

"Dad was almost crazy, he told me afterwards. He had the police looking for me, and was sure I had been run over, or robbed and killed. He advertised in the newspapers, but finally give it up and come home. However, I had beat him in ten days."

He had apparently long since finished the hair cut, and was waiting on Pete to finish the shine. It was not until that moment that I noticed that Pete had used stove polish.

With a quick wrist motion he flipped the towel from around my neck, and with a second motion rolled the shorn hair across my stomach into a compact roll. Much upon the same order I imagine as recovering the shorn fleece from a goat, or sheep, in record time.

He next rushed my head through a shampoo, and started for a candle to give me a singe, but I balked at this. He did, however, insist that I needed hair oil, and he applied harness oil before I could get out of the chair.

Jack now come into the scene with a large feather duster, and proceeded to brush me up, and down.

The barber had evidently taken on a new supply of gas and was starting out again:

"Well, the next time you come out this way we will try and be fixed up better. We want to please you oil men (he had me down wrong), and are going to put in a bath as soon as they get water here. If you want a bath now you will have to go out on the south road four miles to a spring.

Your Bill?

"Oh yes, shave, haircut, shampoo, manycure, hair oil, shine, brush —

"Yes, this is an oil town, and everything is awfully high. Wouldn't charge you so much if it didn't cost so much to live."

I handed him a bill and proceeded to depart, but not in time to escape, as Sweetie had started another sentence:

Sweetie: "See the —"

Jack: "Bald —"

Pete: "Headed —"

Mary: "Man —"

This must have been a compound sentence, as they went on:

Sweetie: "The bald —"

Jack: "Headed man —"

Pete: "Looks like —"

Mary: "A goat."

As there was no mirror in the shop I could not dispute their word, but I fled.

A Poetic Gem

"My Garden"—which appears here-with—is a product from the pen of Miss Virginia Forrester, daughter of George M. Forrester, who is commercial agent at Springfield:

MY GARDEN

Tall larkspur blue,
Of Heaven's own hue,
Bloom 'mid my lilies fair.
The poppies red,
Fling up each head
To drink the fresh spring air.

White daisies bold,
With hearts of gold,
Sway with the iris there.
The birds and bees,
With flowers and trees,
Make all my garden fair.

Of all the rest,
I love spring best;
It's sweet call come to me.
'Tis garden time,
And life's all rhyme,
From cares and toil I'm free.

Sunday Edition of Rogers Daily Post Appears

Rogers, Ark., boasts a new distinction. The Daily Post, under the able management of Jack Senter, has begun publication of a fine Sunday edition, a real credit to the city.

VICE-PRESIDENT OF B. R. T. WRITES TO RAILWAY EDITORS

By W. N. DOAK

W. N. Doak, vice-president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, has addressed a letter, parts of which are reprinted below, to the editors of railway magazines:

In our efforts to make a plan of co-operation effective, it is important that we start right. Therefore, I begin with the premises that privately owned and operated systems of railway constitute the very cornerstone and foundation of co-operation between employer and employe in the transportation industry.

Believing as I do that there will be no public ownership or operation of the transportation lines, because I am firmly of the belief that public sentiment settles all questions right eventually and there being no justification of any such plan, it will fail, I will attempt to point out a few things that seem essential in bringing about co-operation to the fullest extent on the privately owned and operated railroads of the United States.

You may ask why it is that we have not made more progress in the direction of industrial peace, and my honest opinion is that there are too many leeches and parasites who are sucking the life-blood instead of healing the wounds.

We need less theory and more common sense; less meddling and more whole-hearted support; less selfishness and more broadmindedness; less grand-standing and more lofty action; and less hypocrisy and more genuine sincerity.

The only objects I can see that any employer or employe could have in fighting each other are those of unfair advantage or downright selfishness.

We so often find people regulating industry or labor who know not the slightest about either, and the only interest they have is to keep each so sufficiently suspicious of the other that they profit by these differences.

About the meanest of them all, however, are those who for the love of conflict are constantly causing strife between capital and labor by malicious propaganda * * * *

Success can only follow where justice prevails. The only safe, sane and sure method is that which affords em-

ployer and employe the opportunity of a free exchange of ideas across the conference table * * * *

Investor and management are safer when they meet each other on a mutual basis. Just so with employe and employer. It is not meant that collective exchanges are to be supplanted by individual conferences, but on the contrary, collectivity of action should be encouraged.

But neither class needs an intermediary as between them and the other, and they should be represented by their own men, who know the business and speak the language of the class.

It seems to be about the height of absurdity to create boards, commissions or so-called adjustment tribunals to adjust disputes between practical, experienced, high class business men—to place men on boards or commissions who have served in minor positions all their lives to regulate men who have held and are holding the most responsible positions of trust in our community life and drawing salaries that are ten times as much as the men who are regulating them.

My own experience with and observation of the men who run our railroads, for instance, convince me that they are men who know and understand the human side of the industrial questions and would, were they permitted, do the right thing for everybody.

On the other hand, I have found the men who handle labor questions for the railroad men to be just, fair and honest men, who can be trusted with any responsibility, and things were getting along all right until some little brain conceived the idea that some theorist was needed to prescribe for some alleged fancied ill, and that our practical, highly trained and experienced fellows were all wrong and must be regulated.

Data, propoganda, theories, hypotheses, suggestions, charges and counter-charges, intimidations, accusations and insinuations are and have been the order of the day, and what have these things done for us more than to cause trouble?

Nothing, and they never will.

work there, inasmuch as he was a member last semester.

Mike Is In Our Class

Pat and Mike stood before a store window, wherein were placed trunks on sale.

Said Pat: "Moike, why dontcha buy a troonk?"

"What for? and pray tell me."

"To put your clothes in, you blitherin' ijit."

"What! and me go naked?"

—R. J. Gee.

Excessive Gold

By H. M. Strecker, Townerman
Last Chance, Mo.

It's nice to live a luxurious life,
With servants to answer calls.
It's nice to have much precious gold
Or dwell in marble halls.
It's nice to greet the morning sun
And feel refreshed anew,
And walk along the garden path
And brush the crystal dew.

It must be nice to have the price
For this or that you wish;
To feel ordeal at any meal
And choose most any dish.
Me thinks how could I choose much
more
With such a bliss as this.
What sort of dart could pierce my
heart
And make my life amiss?

Ah, vain thought, my friend,
Great woe these lines recall,
For sorrows greatest profound scroll
Has ruled in marble hall.
Why then choose gold or mansions
bold
To make your life a glare?
Why thus you choose, yourself abuse,
When pleasure isn't there?

We can vary not from nature,
Since God has made the plan.
You can be poor and happy,
But gold beguiles the man.
If you have a humble cottage,
Or a cabin by the lane,
It can be your little mansion,
Though you walk on crutch or cane.

If you have a little family,
And a little garden green,
It can be a cozier corner
Than all gold has ever seen.
It's not the gold that glitters
That gives this life its cheers.
The saddest luck, it runs amuck
And brings most bitter tears.

Let me speak to you in earnest
And explain this if I can,
You can't indulge in millions
And conform to nature's plan;
For while you roll in luxury,
Waxing fat with furs and silk,
Children cry for bread and butter,
And a baby cries for milk.

So those who now are living,
In the ways that I expose,
Should help to feed the hungry
And to buy the poor some clothes;
Then their burdens will be lightened
And the poor and hungry fed,
And their names will be remembered
Many years when they are dead.

Double Disappointment

Rural Magistrate—"I'll have to fine ye a dollar, Jeff."

Jeff—"I'll have to borrow it off'n ye, Judge."

Rural Magistrate—"Great Snakes! It was only to git a dollar that I was fining ye. Git out! Ye ain't guilty, anyway."—Reginia (Canada) Leader.

Traffic Institute at K. C.

The Traffic Institute held at 407 Gordon-Koppel Building, 1005 Walnut Street, each succeeding Thursday evening has quite a number of the Frisco force at Kansas City enrolled this year. Melvin Anderson, Joseph Kramer, Elmer Lindeman, Sol. Botwinik, Milo Seiglar, Harry Bowers of the local office, and Wm. Walsh of Rosedale, are studying with the Institute. Louie Poncik intends to enroll within a short time and resume

"THIRTY-FOUR YEARS WITH THE FRISCO"

(Continued from Page 10.)

get the paint boss to put the lights back before Mr. Groves returned, who at that time was superintendent of motive power. The cannon was later moved to the Drury College campus on Benton Avenue where it was mounted on a stone base and it is there to this day. When I pass and see the cannon, it brings back memories of the good, old days.

I thought my job at the Store Room was about the easiest job I had ever had. Mr. Carney had a nice team of young horses, and he thought they should be exercised every day, so part of my duties at the Store Room was to exercise the horses. In 1895 all the Frisco had to carry on the hauling of baggage and freight was an old horse, "Nance," and a wagon. When I was busy exercising Mr. Carney's young horses and there was any baggage to haul, instead of my boss having me hitch the horse up to the wagon, he would have a man take the baggage to the depot in a wheelbarrow. That is when the depot was located on the north side of Springfield. Jap James and Jim Barker worked with me. I have a picture of these two men taken with me in the old wagon and you will notice the old depot in the background. I exercised Mr. Carney's horses for three years and I grew so tired of doing this kind of work I almost hated the horses.

Business began to pick up and it was impossible to do the work with one horse and the company hired a team of horses and that did away with exercising the young horses for Mr. Carney. We kept the work up with a team and one wagon for several years. The company also purchased a mule named "Maude" and I drove the mule until business picked up so much they hired a truck from the Herrick Storage Company at which time they sold old Maude and the wagon to John Mosier. We had too much hauling to bother with a wagon and mule.

In 1913 they purchased an electric shop mule to help carry on the volume of work. In 1915 the company purchased three Bethlehem trucks and they kept two at Springfield and

sent one to St. Louis. In 1922 the Chauffeur and he calls himself the company purchased a Henry Ford shop mule and Bud Carter is the rough rider. Bud made the remark that he can pull anything that is loose at both ends and if we could get anyone that would stay with him on the shop mule, we would put up a wild west show. We now work two shifts a day. First shift starts work at eight o'clock and the second shift at five o'clock and works until 1 a. m. I also have a picture of the trucks and shop mule and the chauffeurs. You will notice from this picture that there has been considerable change in the last ten years. The little fellow on the left is Ora Bitterick, counterman; next is George Mutz, driver of Truck No. 2, and the big fat man with the sweater on is "me," next is Joe Earl, driver of Truck No. 1, and last, but not least, Bud Carter, the famous rider of the shop mule. The Ford represents messenger service.

In my younger days the small engines could only pull fifteen small cars and it was considered a heavy load. We now have from 75 to 80 cars in each train, also have the oil-burner engines, which is some change in thirty-four years.

During my spare time at home I carve different objects out of wood, such as elephants, slippers, bathing girls, boats, totem poles, small houses, etc. If you care to, Bertha, you may come to my home and see some of my work.

I accepted Mr. Wilson's invitation with pleasure, and it was well worth my time. I took a kodak with me and Joe gladly consented to let me take a picture of his carvings and I am sure everyone will enjoy the picture. I noticed in particular one bathing girl. Her head was flat as a pancake. Of course, I inquired as to why the flat head and Joe said it was his first piece of work and he supposed she had water on the brain.

While at Mr. Wilson's home I had the pleasure of meeting his mother and also his wife. His mother is 78 years of age and resides with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson at 1634 Clay Street.

Frisco Claim Agent's Paper Attracts Unusual Attention from Australia

The South Australian Railways claim department was so impressed with the excellence of a paper read by Harry Allard, district claim agent Frisco Lines, that Mr. Allard has been asked to give his permission for its use in Australia.

The paper in question was read by Mr. Allard at the meeting of the Association of Railway Claim Agents, held in West Baden, Indiana, last May. The topic chosen was, "The Written Statement."

G. T. Powlesland, claim agent of the South Australian Railways, highly compliments Mr. Allard on the paper.

Railway Editors in St. Louis Serve on Important Committee

Editors of railway magazines, published in St. Louis have been signally honored by R. M. Van Sant, president of the Conference of Railway Editors and editor of the Baltimore and Ohio Magazine. In naming members of the committee on a new constitution and by-laws for the railway editors association, President Van Sant left the entire work of drafting the new instrument with the St. Louis members of the conference, as follows:

Floyd L. Bell, Frisco, chairman; Hugh L. Moore, M. K. T. Magazine; E. H. McReynolds, Missouri-Pacific Magazine and Ray D. Casey, Pennsylvania News.

The Smithy

By James Houghton White

Upon the spot where there once stood,
a spreading chestnut tree;
The village smithy stands forlorn,
downhearted as you can see.
No longer we hear the anvil ring
as the laughing crowds go by,
No longer we see the heating iron,
as the roaring bellows sigh;
But now the smith of long ago
in the days that are now remote,
Plods along day and night, in his
gasoline boat.
He curses the tires for going bum,
and the crank shaft for needing oil.
In vain he tries to fix the lights,
with anger he doth boil,
And thus the smithy works along,
until he cries out with remorse,
Oh! bring back to me those wonderful
days,
The days of the four legged horse.

Hot Shots from the City Ticket Office—St. Louis

Report received from Marion, Ill., at which place Rolla House, ticket seller, spent his vacation. Rolla claims to be an expert rifleman. However, when Rolla shot his first deer, Cy Perkins, owner of the adjacent farm, started suit for \$10,000, being the value of one blue ribbon Jersey heifer. Wonder if Rolla was using one of them new rubber-neck guns that shoot around corners. Stew bad, Rolla, you can't do better next time.

Wilfred Bergmann recently visited Niagara Falls. Willie says there is more water up there than he'll ever be able to use.

New Bowling Enthusiasts Threaten Supremacy of "Frisco Regulars"

There's a real danger cloud just over the horizon for the members of the Frisco Lines bowling team. In the past these men have had things all their own way. Few there have been hardy enough or bold enough to face them on the alleys.

But, listen well, folks. A new trio of bowling enthusiasts has appeared. Quietly and without undue advance notice, Messrs. L. E. Martin, assistant to the president; A. H. Jones, assistant to the vice-president of operation, and B. H. Stanage, assistant freight traffic manager, have been "prepping" and now they are ready to challenge any and all comers.

Some have wondered why these three have been losing weight, and have shown signs of a return of youth. It is due solely to the fact that each noon, for many weeks, they have been quietly gathering at the Rogers alleys on Washington avenue, and there have bowled a couple of games each day. The only possible thing which may cause the defeat of the team is disension in its own ranks as to who of the trio is the best bowler.

To get inside information we queried each individual and received the identical reply from each, "well, of course, I don't want to appear conceited, but look at my score."

The FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

Published on the Fifteenth of Each Month

By the

St. Louis-San Francisco Railway

Edited by FLOYD L. BELL

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No. 4

The Holiday Season

FAR in advance, owing to the fact that this magazine is issued a fortnight preceding date, we beg leave to once more extend to you, the readers of this magazine, our very best wishes for a glad, contented and happy holiday season.

The day of the Prince of Peace, of the dawn of a New Year and, right at this time, of the season of thanksgiving is once more upon us.

It is a time of peace and plenty. There is so much that is good in this little old world that we are disposed to overlook the bad and it is in following the teachings of long ago that we derive still our greatest contentment.

It has been a happy year for the employes of the Frisco Lines, we are sure of that. And to each and every one of you—Good Luck and God Bless You.

Co-Operation

A MANIFESTATION of interest and eagerness to co-operate with the railroads that has come to our notice, is a printed circular advocating efficiency in marking, packing and checking their freight shipments put out by Janney-Semple Hill Co., a large wholesale hardware and cutlery concern, located at Minneapolis, Minn.

The instructions issued to the employes, who are charged with the duties of preparing shipments for transportation, are very comprehensive, and a few extracts therefrom are printed below:

“WE MUST do everything we can to co-operate with the railroads so as to get the very best possible service for our customers.”

“OLD MARKS NOT ERASED—IMPROPER MARKING and POOR PACKING seem to have been causing the most trouble. It is necessary that WE ALL do our best to correct these things.”

“PACKERS MUST NOT pack more weight in cartons than the stamp on same shows. Many of our shipments are held up on this account.”

“NEVER USE second hand cartons or boxes unless they have been put in first class shipping condition.”

“IN SENDING GOODS TO THE DEPOTS, checkers must BE SURE that all packages and goods are packed and marked according to the shipping bill, and ALL GOODS are in good condition. REMEMBER THIS!”

“Our trade mark is SERVICE AND QUALITY and we expect our employes to ALWAYS do their best to help us in bringing and holding business.”

C. N. Cox, who is connected with the traffic department of the concern, has fostered this work and we understand to him a large share of credit is due.

Give the Railroads a Chance

Reprinted From The Indiana Farmers' Guide, Huntington, Indiana.

WHEN there is nothing else to complain about there is always the railroads. It is the popular pastime to kick about high freight rates, watered stocks, special privileges, etc., and the politicians make it their business to keep the subject before the public. They can always take a crack at the railroads when making a speech and feel pretty sure of getting applause. This harassing discourages the railroads from giving the very service everyone is loudly calling for and it is really a wonder the men who manage them do not give up in disgust and ask the politicians and naggers to show what they can do. The late President Harding aptly expressed the situation when he said: “It is a curious trait of human nature that we acclaimed railroads in the building, and then turned to hamper them in the operation.”

I have just been reading the address of Samuel Harden Church, president of Carnegie Institute, on the farmers and the railroads, in which he asks the question: “Who built the

railroads, and who owns them?" Then he proceeds to answer in this wise: "They were not built by railroad men, and they are not owned by railroad men. They were built by the merchants and farmers of the United States, and the whole splendid system of railroads as it exists today was built with capital, energy and brains furnished by American business men and American farmers with the high purpose of developing the commercial and agricultural interests of the country. Everyone knows that as soon as the iron horse drew his shadow across the land the farms which the government could scarcely give away suddenly jumped in value fifty or a hundred dollars an acre, because the railroads had supplied them with the means of development, production and distribution."

No thoughtful man will deny for one moment the fact that the development of this country has been made possible by the aid of the railroads, and no one can deny that they are essential to the continued welfare of our nation, and yet politicians have been permitted to hamper them with laws and private citizens encouraged to find fault and look upon the railroads as enemies rather than as friends.

Mr. Church, in his address, went on to say: "Wise and protective laws are as essential to the honest conduct of business as they are to the safeguarding of life and property. But wise and protective laws are one thing, while laws which control, operate and confiscate the bold enterprises of our business men is quite another thing. While American railroads were operated without the shackles of oppressive and restrictive laws this nation enjoyed the best and cheapest and most constantly progressive system of transportation in the world."

I hold no brief for the railroads or any other public service corporation that is not giving the public a square deal. Railroad managers of the past have not been above criticism and some of them conducted their business in a manner that called for regulation. But they have been regulated with a vengeance, much of it resulting in higher operating costs and increased freight rates. Rates are too high from the farmer's standpoint but continuing to bind the roads with laws will not likely bring rates down and at the same time give service; the repealing of some laws may be more productive of the desired results.

Congratulations, Mr. Roach

EUGENE ROACH, editor and publisher of the Carthage, Mo., Democrat, one of the best of the smaller dailies on the Frisco Lines, has been elected president of the Missouri Editorial Association.

Our congratulations to Mr. Roach, and even more hearty ones to the editors, for in selecting their new executive, rare judgment and sound sense have been displayed. 'Gene Roach is one of the most popular newspaper men in Missouri, and he deserves every ounce of his popularity. For years he has been an exponent of better things for the Ozark region, and there is no more tireless worker nor more conscientious laborer than is he.

Welcome, 1925. Farewell, 1924

ANOTHER year casts the roseate hue of its coming over the horizon. Another year filled with hope and promised prosperity, a promise we are certain will be fulfilled.

The year now waning, 1924, has been fraught with many pleasant delights to the railroad world. During its life there has been indicated on the part of the people of the United States a more friendly feeling than ever before toward the transportation interests. By their attitude and their verdict whenever possible, they have shown a willingness and a desire to be fair, to let the railroads alone.

We are sure the forthcoming year will bring even more pleasure than its predecessor. We predict that in the year 1925 the Frisco Lines will reach a pinnacle of greatness and of prosperity higher than any yet attained.

Welcome, New Year.

A Veteran Editor and His Book

WILLIAM H. HOOKER, dean of railway editors, whose "regular job" is editing the Erie Railroad Magazine (and a mighty good job he makes of it, too), has recently published a book, "The Bullwhacker," which gives in a reminiscent, narrative form some of his early experiences.

It is well worth reading. In this day of frothy, trashy writing which has flooded the bookstalls, it is a welcome and soul-satisfying relief to find such a book. We feel that it is a book worthy of editorial mention and that we may with sincerity recommend that it be read by every reader of this magazine.

JUST BROWSING 'ROUND AMONG RAILROAD MAGAZINES

The Baltimore and Ohio Magazine for October featured "National Apple Week," October 31—November 6, with a cover front and rear, of unusual and striking beauty and attractiveness. On the front cover was carried, in colors of course, an orchard scene, with a young woman picking the apples from the tree, a boy, a lovable cherub, about to take such a bite as only a boy can, from a luscious apple, and in the rear others picking and loading the fruit. On the back cover was a wonderful display of apples, hanging from the boughs, packed in crates and in barrels—all in natural colors. The cover was one of the most attractive that has ever appeared on a railway magazine. R. M. Sant, editor, is president of the Conference of Railway Editors.

The "Right Way Magazine"—published by the Central of Georgia Railway, carries many excellent "talking points," with reference to the railroad situation, in its November issue. And on the cover is a Thanksgiving dinner scene, showing "The Public" about to devour a large turkey whose name is "transportation and good service." D. A. Pritchard is editor.

The Union Pacific Magazine, Howard Elliott, editor, is featuring, much as does the Frisco Employes' Magazine, cities and towns along its lines and is using many photographs and excellent word pictures of these places of interest. The Union Pacific has one of the best "departmental notes" sections published.

The Illinois Central Magazine, edited by George M. Crowson, is one of the most readable of the railway publications and contains always much of interest to employee and patron alike. The covers on the Illinois Central are not the least attractive feature of that well edited magazine.

The Boston & Maine Magazine, for November, carries this pertinent and well worth thinking about message from one of its veteran engineers:

"Is there any greater word than obligation. Yes, there is. Obligation is only the positive degree, the superlative is privilege—the privilege that we have of service to our road. It is my hope, and I trust the hope of all of us, to give equal return of service and loyalty for the pleasure and contentment that our years of service have brought to us."

"The Great Northern Goat" is the title of a breezy, interesting little magazine published by the Great Northern Railway under the direction

of Hoke Smith. Years ago Hoke Smith was our first "boss" when he was city editor of the Minneapolis Tribune, and we shall always recall his first bit of advice when we came on the staff as a cub. "Don't ever lose your enthusiasm, but don't ever let enthusiasm overcome good judgment." It's still good advice.

"Along the Line," published by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway, is running stories of "Famous New Haven Trains." In the October issue there is told the story of "The Ghost Train," technically the White Train, the first trip of which was made on March 17, 1891. The stories are filled with interest.

The Erie Magazine, edited by William Francis Hooker, dean of railway editors, and always filled from cover to cover with interesting material, publishes each month three or four pages "of literary chat" and book reviews. Editor Hooker, who has made an investigation as to the merit of this, has found that the department is one of the most popular in the magazine. "Railroad people read, and read a great deal," says he, and they like to be kept informed as to the latest news in the field of literature."

The M-K-T Magazine, edited, and well edited, by Hugh L. Moore, carries each month a number of brief and instructive paragraphs under the heading, "What Every Katy Employee Should Know." And in this balled down, condensed manner much of real value is given the employees.

The Missouri Pacific Magazine, edited by E. H. McReynolds, has a "field editor," who, by the way, is "Ike" Brown, veteran railroad man, and features interesting stories of men and women along the lines. The field notes of this magazine have proven unusually entertaining and profitable to its readers.

The Norfolk & Western Magazine, ably edited by Holcombe Parke, has a department for the boys and girls, and it is better edited and fully as interesting as that carried in many national magazines of wider circulation.

Maybe you didn't know it—we did not, but we learned recently through the medium of "The Long Island Bulletin," that "the Long Island Railway carries each year more ducks than any other railroad in the world." So perhaps that "Long Island duckling" on your menu really did come from that rather well known New

York suburb. George Flatow, editor of the Bulletin, manages to find time, between his "six other jobs," to get out a very interesting publication.

The Pennsylvania publishes four bi-weekly newspapers, one in each of its "regions," and each bearing the title, "Pennsylvania News." And in each is to be found much of genuine interest in the railroad world.

The Rock Island Magazine is edited by W. E. Babb, former St. Louis and Chicago newspaper man, and is filled to the brim with articles and features that interest those whose deepest interest lies in railroad work.

Had This Man Been Frisco Bowler—How Different Result

The Bowlers Journal of Chicago tells of Herbert Brendon, one of the most popular of that city's bowlers, who recently bowled a perfect game of 300. By rolling the twelve straight strikes he achieved the ultimate of the bowlers' ambition.

But, here is the tragic part. The league in which he was rolling has not been sanctioned by the American Bowling Congress, and therefore Brendon receives no official recognition and is not awarded the gold medal given to bowlers who achieve this result in an officially recognized league.

Secretary Rose calls attention to the fact that the Frisco Bowling League has this sanction, and that any Frisco man who bowls 300 will get all the credit due him nationally, as well as being given the medal.

Notes of Frisco Bowlers

"Red" Byars of the Tower Groves was operated upon October 23, and is now well on the road to recovery. The other four members of the team worked hard to keep up "Red's" reputation while he was necessarily absent from the alleys.

L. M. Martin, assistant to the president, came down to see the boys perform in their league session October 17 and expressed his pleasure at the manner in which the boys were toppling the pins. Come again, Mr. Martin, and watch 'em now.

St. Louis Times Uses Magazine Story

In its issue of Wednesday, November 26, the St. Louis Times used the story of the Frisco's Chemical Plant, crediting both the magazine and the author, M. A. Herzog, Chief Chemist. The story by Mr. Herzog attracted a great deal of favorable attention and was one of those "somewhat different" articles which the editor is so anxious always to receive. If you failed to read it, get the December issue now and make up for lost time. It will be well worth your time.

HE "CARRIED A MESSAGE" AND SWEARS "NEVER AGAIN"

R. A. Laney, of the West Shops at Springfield, likes the "Message to Garcia" very well, but he is not so sure that his own experience in carrying a message justify Elbert Hubbards' enthusiasm.

In a letter to the magazine he says: "I have read in the November issue a copy of Elbert Hubbard's 'Message to Garcia.' This message has been translated into every known language including the Scandinavian, I have read it a couple of hundred times, heard countless speakers talk on it during my high school days and our class orator haggled it well. I once carried a message myself.

"A few years ago the superintendent of motive power came through the roundhouse and handed me a letter, 'Take this message' he says, 'to Brown, the shop superintendent.'

"I knew by the determined look in his eyes what he had been reading so I snappily answered, 'Yes, sir.'

"I went to Brown's office. The boy informed me that Brown would not be in until afternoon. I thought of Rowan. What would he do? Now Rowan had only a bunch of Spaniards with which to deal, while I had a hard boiled machinist and a pair of winders down on the '554,' to say nothing of the roundhouse foreman. So I left the letter with the girl and hurried back to the job.

"The superintendent met me at the through stall and asked, 'Did you give that message to Brown?' I replied, 'No, sir, I gave it to the girl.'

"'Helen damnation,' says he.

"'No, sir,' says I, 'her name was Helen Smith.'"

But remembering the message to Garcia, I went after the message and went to Brown's house with it. There I learned that he was attending a funeral, so I sat on the front porch and waited for his return, at about 11 a. m., when I gave him the message and returned to work.

"The roundhouse foreman saw me come in—he was waiting for me in fact. 'Whereinell have you been?' says he.

"I've been carrying a message to Garcia,' I replied.

"'Who in thunder is Garcia?' he asked.

"'The roundhouse foreman,' I answered.

"'You're a nut,' says he, 'the roundhouse foreman is Brown.'

"I explained between cussings what I meant and he roared, 'Who in the devil sent you?' When I told him he said, 'By the Eternal, doesn't he know enough not to take a man off an engine job to send him on a fool job carrying messages?'

"Since then I have often looked out at the front end of an engine, the sweat washing the soot off my face, and wondered if Rowan ever got that hot in Cuba. If he did his image should not be cast in bronze. Bronze is not deathless and hard enough. What he needs is an asbestos coated statue of hardened steel.

"Now let me discuss that part of the message concerning numbskull office employes who are suddenly asked to do something entirely out of their line of work. Look up the life of Corregio. I may be a born fault finder or have biased judgment, but I believe any clerk who would go forth unhesitatingly, wholly unprepared, knowing neither how nor why, and look up something that has nothing whatever to do with his work is a real 'nut.'

"Should my foreman say to me, 'Get me a pair of calipers,' would it be my part to ask, 'What kind? What size?' or should I shake right out and get the first size and kind I could lay hands on?

"You see, I have carried a message and I don't hanker for another, and so, whenever I see a man rushing around looking for something, he don't know exactly what nor why, I say to myself, 'There goes another duck carrying a message to Garcia.'

"Mr. Editor, I like the message. I am glad to see it published. I am glad to see a higher tone of reading matter in railway magazines. And just a suggestion, I see we have a good many would be poets, why not now and then publish one or two of the old standbys? Many of us would like to read and re-read them. I've knocked enough this evening. Thank you for your attention and attendance."

Eddie Bernard Now Employed in Offices of the Magazine

You all know Eddie Bernard; he is the interesting and entertaining author of those well-written, satirical articles on "How to Play Golf, by an Inexperienced Kelly Pool Chump."

Eddie is now in the offices of the magazine at St. Louis as general all-round man, aiding in magazine, advertising and publicity departments.

Missouri Governor Was a Railroad Man

Governor-Elect Sam Baker of Missouri was once a "railroad man." In fact, his first job was that of a section hand.

The Modern Samuel Pepys Again Visits the Frisco

Up betimes and to my work, if not gladly then making the most of necessity and appearing almost on time at my desk.

Saw President Kurn entering with a smile which all but covers his countenance. Forsooth, he must be well pleased with the election results printed in that "extra" he is carrying.

Vice-President Koontz relating to a friend that he "made it in 72 Saturday." I know not to what he is referring, but assume from the expression of pleasure that it is some praiseworthy rate adjustment. At that I'll wager I could defeat him at cribbage.

C. L. Morrill, entering—always in a hurry. Must be going somewhere. Feel much elated that he greeted me with a cheery, "Hi there, Colonel." Of course I really have no title to such but it warms the cockles of my heart to be called such in public. Methinks I am not yet too old to join the Home Guards.

Bob Cummings, Beau Brummel of the chief engineer's department, remarking to a friend, "Well, they knocked us off yesterday." Would that I had the courage to inquire from friend Cummings from whence he had been brushed off.

Colonel F. G. Jonah stopped to pat a newsboy on the head and to remark, "How are you this morning, my lad?" And to generously wave aside the change from a five cent piece.

H. F. Sanborn, with a look of profound thought. Greeting him and inquiring the cause of his far-away look I learned that he is thinking of the high cost of living, and that his train of thought has been engendered by a meeting with his landlord—may the tribe perish from the earth.

My wife, poor soul, hath prepared a tasty lunch of sauerbrat and salami for me. Methinks I shall lunch at a downtown tavern and gladden the heart of some office cat with the lunch. But my wife, miserable that she is, shall not be informed of this.

When Is Milking Time in Oklahoma

L. T. Rogers, ticket clerk at Sapulpa, says:

"Just answered the telephone and had the following conversation:

"Feminine Voice: 'Is this the ticket office?'

"Answer: 'Yes, madam.'

"F. V.: 'What time is the first train in from Holdenville before dark?'

"Answer: '5:30 p. m.'

"F. V.: 'What is the next one?'

"Answer: '10 o'clock.'

"F. V. (in forlorn tone): 'Well, well, that is too bad. Was just hoping he would get home in time to milk, but guess I'll have to do it.' Good-bye.'"

AND NOW WE CAN USE
MORE BABY PICTURES

INSPECTING LOCOMOTIVES IS AN INTERESTING JOB

By J. E. C. HUNT, Locomotive Inspector, Amory, Miss.

There are so many things with which a locomotive inspector should be conversant that I will make no effort in this brief article to cover the field, hoping at some future time to be granted the opportunity and the space in which to deal with other problems. At present, however, I shall "hit the high spots" only.

Inspecting a locomotive is no small job. That sounds like an axiom. It is—and a true one.

To begin with, the inspector must know the names of the various parts comprising the engine, and he must go further and know the function of each, and just what constitutes a defect of any sort. He must never assume the responsibility of a foreman; just find the facts and state them as such. The foreman will make the repairs or renewals, as the case may be.

Several years ago I began work with the Frisco as a water boy, then worked laying steel and putting in switches over a period of eight months. Offered the position of section foreman, it was refused, to take one as engine watchman on the work train. Later a transfer was made to the roundhouse to attend the fires and become a wiper. In this job familiarity was gained with the many parts that go to make a locomotive. The next step being boiler washing, and it was here that the opportunity was given to observe a locomotive boiler, and to learn how to properly wash such.

From boiler washer to fireman was the next step. Knowing that the next step was to engineer, and that it would be necessary to pass an examination to qualify for this all important job, I enrolled in the International Correspondence Schools, and when I was

not working, I was studying. When the time came for promotion, I was ready, and for ten years ran an engine. As, in those days, we were required to inspect our own engines, my period of actual engine inspection runs over quite a space of time.

Never have I seen a finer bunch of men than the Frisco officials, and never have I seen such splendid co-operation from all departments as on this road.

Now, that is a long preface, but it has been written merely to show that a locomotive inspector is not "made in a day." A locomotive must be completely inspected. That means not "some of the parts," but ALL of the parts. They must be measured and tested with great care. The rods, main and side, must be thoroughly gone over and tested for possible cracks or other defects. To be certain they are not worn thin and may crack, it is necessary to use heat. Some rods are covered with many many coats of paint, and if the crack is an old one and filled with paint, the heat, in most cases, will be the only definite way of finding the defect. The rod should be forged and milled perfect. Tool marks and flaws must be avoided. One thing I certainly do not like to see: that is a finely milled rod taken off in "shopping" an engine and in numbering same, and using a large chisel which will cut deep gashes in the steel. Some times the mechanic, in a hurry, will use the rod for an anvil to cut liners, thereby making other flaws.

It is my belief that we have, on the Southern Division, some of the finest locomotives in use in America, and like Doctor Coue, we are "getting better and better."

"If—"

If I were King, when I had finished reading my copy of the Frisco Employes' Magazine, I would order my Prime Minister to deposit it carefully in the archives of the Kingdom.

If—I were President, the "Mag" would be placed in the Congressional Library and the Smithsonian Institute.

If—I were President of the Frisco, it should be given the place of honor in the best room of my home.

If—I were an engineer, it should be taken home to the wife, or handed to some friend at a local station.

If—I were an agent, it should be placed in the waiting room of my station as a silent invitation to the traveler to get some real information as to the Frisco Lines.

If—I were a "Knocker" or "Discontent," I would never read it at all. No, I would throw it aside and sneer at

the efforts of my fellow employes and workers.

If—I were a "Booster," I would read every word of it, speak a good word for it whenever opportunity offered and pass it along for someone else to enjoy—or preserve it to read again.

AND—if I were you, I would try to contribute something each month to help the editor get out a magazine. He is doing his best, we all know that, and he will appreciate your help I am sure.

"We Sure Like You When You Smile that Way"

Ben B. Lewis, of Fort Worth, suggests the above as a possible slogan to use. He says the ordinary, "Smile, Damn You, Smile" is too harsh and apt to prove offensive, and so he wants a new slogan to take its place, one which suggests to a man that the smile does win, and that the man

with a smile is the man who gets the business and wins the affection and gratitude of his patrons.

Perhaps someone else has a slogan they think might fit even better than this. How about it?

ANNOUNCEMENT

Miss Martha C. Moore
Becomes Associate Editor of
the Magazine

With this issue, Miss Martha C. Moore becomes Associate Editor of the Frisco Employes' Magazine. Since the very first issue of the magazine, Miss Moore has been one of its most valued staff correspondents. In addition to ably handling the reportorial work of the Mechanical Department at Springfield, she has contributed many feature stories of human interest.

During the life of the "Frisco Mechanic," Miss Moore assisted in the editorial work of that publication, which, by the way, will now be revived as a department in this magazine, under the direction of Miss Moore.

The addition of an Associate Editor to the staff means also that the editor can give more time to the gathering of stories and material for the magazine, and he hopes it means a bigger and better magazine.

Hard to Beat This

A. L. Miller, agent at Altamont, Kansas, sends the following from the "Daily Labetta," published by the students of the Labetta County High School, and his comment is: "Hard to beat:"

Mr. H. K. Mourning, general merchant of Altamont, bought a car of potatoes through a firm in K. C., sending the telegram at 2:50 p. m., last Wednesday. The car was given to the Frisco Railway and delivered at Altamont to Mr. Mourning at 2:40 p. m., Thursday, less than a day from the time the telegram was sent.

Did You?

By J. I. Stephenson

Did you ever stop to figure
That the mean things you do,
And the mean words you utter,
Will come right back to you?

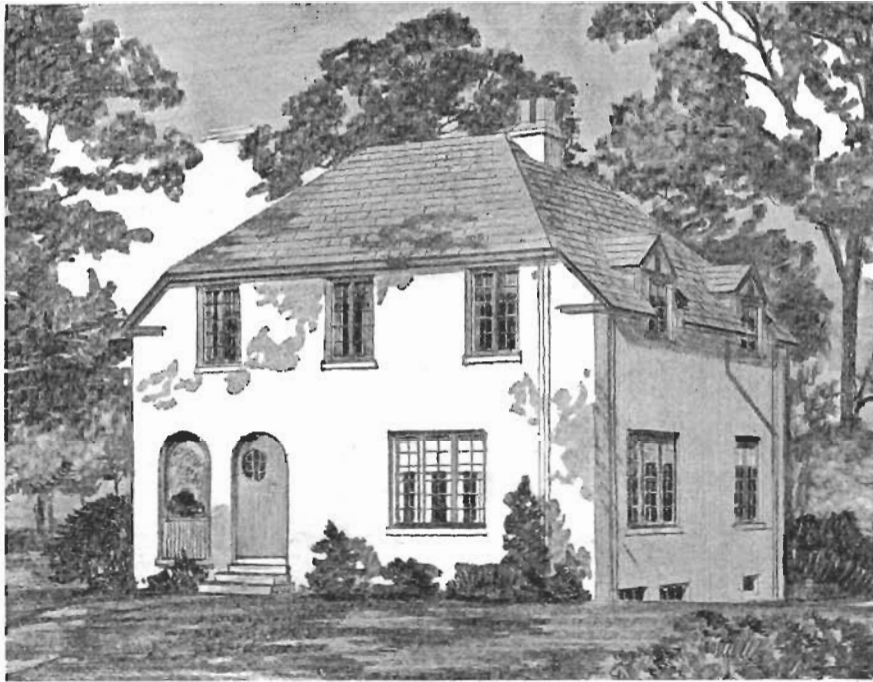
Did you ever stop to figure
That that other person, too,
Might be justified in saying
Those same things about you?

Did you ever stop to figure,
When you utter words of praise,
That it starts the ball to rolling
And someone else will use the
phrase?

Why not stop, then, and consider,
As you go along life's way,
That a kindly word, a kindly smile
Are the things that always pay?

Practical Hints for Aspiring Home Builders

KLINGENSMITH, RICE & WILKINS, Architects, St. Louis, Mo.



No. 5210—THE LA SALLE

This plan, in proportions and roof lines, is suggestive of French design, perhaps a natural consequence of the French influence of early days in the Mississippi Valley.

A variation in grade line effects an interesting change of appearance in front and rear elevations. One enters the house directly into the stair hall, which connects with living room and rear entry. The kitchen is of good size, well lighted and equipped. The dining room alcove is very convenient and practical for a small family. The living room serves for more formal meals. In the living room, the excellent lighting and the artistic treatment of the wall in which the fireplace is located, are good features.

The sleeping quarters consist of two bedrooms, so shaped as to make furniture placing easy and convenient. Both have good closets.

The builder will notice, in the accompanying plans, that there are no cramped, "tucked-up" rooms in this

house. All of them are large and spacious, giving the owner a sense of luxury impossible with small, inadequate rooms.

It is a home that will be attractive and in harmony with the surroundings, whether it is on a city lot or on the broader acres of a country estate.

A fifty-foot frontage to the south would best accommodate this house, since it would admit morning sunshine to the dining alcove, but a west frontage will also do very well.

When built with concrete block walls, upon which an exterior covering of portland cement stucco of chosen tint has been applied, and with an appropriately colored concrete tile or cement asbestos shingle roof, this house is attractive in appearance, fire-safe, and practically free from upkeep. Besides, it is warm in winter and cool in summer.

An illustrated booklet called, "A Plain Talk on Beautiful Homes," containing pictures of more than a dozen

homes in different sections of the country may be obtained free of charge upon writing to the editor. In it, also, is much other information of interest and value to anyone planning to build a home.

Fort Worth

W. E. Meek

A glance way back in days gone by,
You'll note our city a village shy.
No rails to build a place of fame,
But a fort inland, and hence the name.
A few survive the stories to tell,
But history speaks to us as well.
The bleak north winds could blow
all day,

Then coyotes at night would come for prey.

Inhabitants few would risk their lives,
In search of food beyond their dives.
Because the natives, the savage race,
Would pitch their camps about the place.

The cattle made trails across the town,

From running free for miles around.
But time soars on, events take place,
Railroads were built to keep the pace.
Cow tracks and trails are now so rare,
A city stands firm, as built with care.
And guarded well are interests here,
That growing continues from year to year.

Conventions, held from time to time,
Adds growth, you see, that is sublime.
Prosperity sways an upward trend,
And welcomes all who may attend.

Office of General Manager

Orville Coble, Reporter

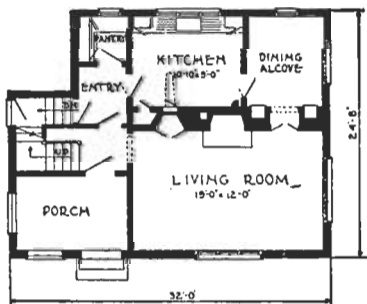
Pete Powell grew reminiscent the other day after finding his long lost pipe and told of his boyhood days at Thayer on the old Gulf Road. It seems the boys all played brakemen hopping trains as they slowed on the grade, and otherwise dangerously deported themselves. But the favorite sport was when they found empty flats on the siding at the top of the hill. They'd climb aboard, release the brakes, and glide downward, often attaining a speed of thirty miles per hour before striking the loaded gravel cars stored at the end of the siding. These skillful boys were such adepts that none of them were ever hurt, for just at the moment of the impact they would all leap lightly into the air, alighting gracefully after the crash was over.

Williams has made another trip to Kansas City. He not only always meets interesting people on his travels but he always keeps his eyes open to the interests of this Company.

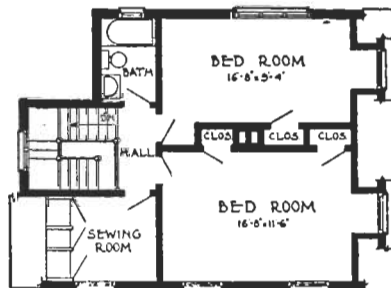
Mrs. G. W. Arnold, mother of our file clerk, was recently knocked down and painfully injured by an automobile. At this writing she is recovering splendidly.

During the absence of F. J. Peterson, because of the illness of his sister, Tom Feehan served as secretary to the assistant general manager. Tom is raising a moustache and threatens to add a beard to his adornments.

Mr. King is no longer patronizing the Springfield Traction Company but rides a Ford coupe.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

The Arts Bldg.
Dallas, Texas



Dallas University
Dallas, Texas



Southern Methodist University
Main Bldg., Dallas, Texas



Park Scene,
Dallas, Texas



Municipal Bathing Pool
Dallas, Texas



Interior of
Palace Th...



View in Adolphus Hotel
Room, Dallas, Texas



High School - Dallas

Dallas Country Club
Dallas, Texas



Tenison Bros. Saddlery Co.
Dallas, Texas

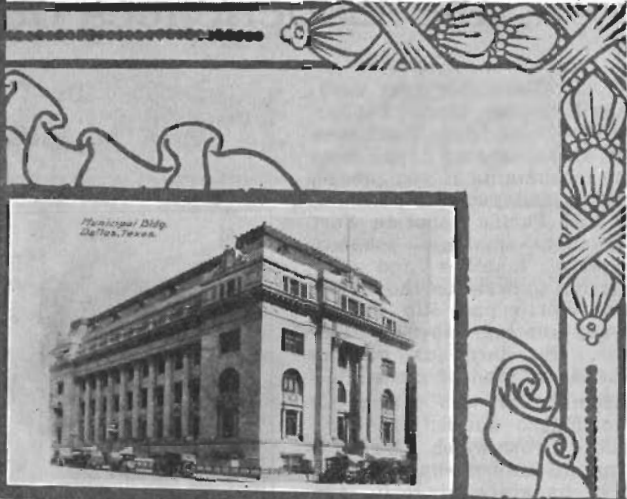


4650600 Union Station,
Dallas, Texas





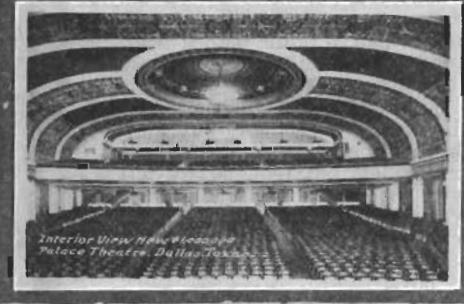
*Scottish Rite Cathedral
Dallas, Texas.*



*Municipal Bldg.
Dallas, Texas.*



*A Backyard View in Highland Park
Dallas, Texas.*



*Interior View New Grand
Palace Theatre, Dallas, Texas.*



Statelike Court



*View in Fair Park,
Dallas, Texas.*



Dallas



*Dallas Homes,
Dallas, Texas.*



*Jefferson Hotel
Dallas, Texas.*



All Aboard the "Tenderfoot Limited"— the Experiences of Hunters Bold

Eleven P. M., November (pay day), and Marshall Evans, Clyde Pendergrass, Walter Meek, Joe Tomlinson and myself, all accounting department employees, accountants if you please, were hurrying and scurrying around the Texas and Pacific depot in Fort Worth, getting smoking tobacco, chocolate bars, matches and star navy, preparing to leave on the eleven thirty Fort Worth and Rio Grande for a one day hunting trip near Menard, Texas, the terminus of the "Grande," and the land of game.

The station caller was calling all aboard the Frisco south, Granbury, Stephenville, Brownwood, Brady, Menard and all intermediate points. Each one of us grabs his grip, gun and hunting bag, making a dash for the gate, pass in hand, presenting said commutation to the gate man. "Boys, before I can let you through, your passes must be signed," said the dumpy red nose gate man.

"Lend me your pencil, Joe," "I haven't got any," he said, and everyone, though an office man, was shy a pencil. An old lady carrying a box of soda crackers and a cage, containing a parrot, was anxious to get through the gate, so we accepted her offer to let us use her writing stick, and each pass signed, another race for the train was in order. In the rush, Marshall hung his boot toe in a stack of cuspidors, lying near the track to be cleaned, and slid most of the way to the smoker. We got on alright, and only had to sit there twenty minutes waiting for the train to leave.

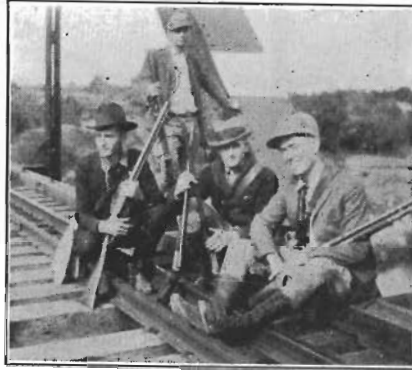
"Tickets, please, get your tickets ready," shouts W. O. Powers, the conductor, as he swings open the door to our coach. I reached for my pass, and instead got hold of my hunting license, and Conductor Powers, by mistake, punched it, opened it up, and seeing it was not a pass says, "This won't work on this train, and I don't need you to work, so I'll just call my brakeman, G. K. Boone, and porter, Alf Chaney, and have them throw you off."

After some confusion, my confusion, and plenty sweating, and this wasn't the conductor sweating either, I located my dead head slip, and everything was lovely, but my hunting license was punched and void, lucky it wasn't my face. We tried to work our faces for a pillow to rest our heads on, but Porter Chaney was a business man, and finally rented us one apiece. He only leased those pillows, but I think we paid for them.

Friend Clyde, to be sure, started calling the stations immediately after we left Fort Worth, poor boy, he forgot they had a brakeman hired for that purpose. He kept everybody but Meek awake. I believe that boy

By

JOHN M. FREEMAN



"THE TENDERFEET"

could sleep under any conditions, and snore, no he don't snore, he reverberates. A debate was started, subject, "Could a man get stewed on blackberry wine?" Certainly we didn't have any, but if we had, could you? Very simple little debate, Clyde taking the affirmative and that left me the negative. It didn't make any difference which side he took I would take the opposite side and show him where he was wrong. I got along fine on my side until a young man came sauntering, well, come to think about it, he was staggering into our coach, and people—he was certainly well organized. Right there I felt myself slipping on that debate. Clyde strikes up a warm friendship with the stew, and desiring to settle the possibilities of blackberry wine, popped the question to his new friend.

"Well, I'll tell you, son," he says, (get that son stuff, he was five years younger than Clyde), "all I've got to hic, shay is anybody what, hic, can't get drunk on wine, hic, is jus' an ole sot."

Did you hear all that laughing? Yes, they were laughing at me, every one in the car, sure was funny, but something prevented me from tittering.

Well, anyway, we settled that debate and decided to sleep some. Everybody woke up at Brownwood for breakfast, but sleeping Meek, and he slumbered on. He says now it sure is a long time between meals, especially when you miss one. After breakfast a pillow fight was started and several pillows clipped various chins, but no one hurt so don't shoot, to use Clyde's words.

We finally arrived at our destination, and guns loaded, hiked out

across country. Bang went the report of a gun, and a rabbit bit the dust; then the shooting commenced in real fashion, and by dinner we had rabbits, squirrels, dove and quail, and if any of you are game wardens, that's a lie about those quail, they were larks, because the season was closed on quail, don't tell anybody, but we opened it up, though.

A fire was started on the river bank, thanks to Joe, cause my feet were wet and tender, and a good oak fire felt fine. Meek, the sleeping beauty, the young gent who snoozed himself out of a breakfast, was so anxious for dinner that he did the cooking and the rest of us cleaned the game. We carried two loaves of bread, frying pan, grease and flour, so fried game and bread was the chuck, and if you ask me, it was some meal for five weary, hungry hunters after a fifteen mile hunt, loaded down with game.

Everybody filled from toes to head, another jaunt was started. Hadn't gone more than a mile before Marshall spied an armadillo, and in three shots (expert marksman) with his trusty pump we had accumulated armadillo meat for supper, but Marshall shot such a big hole in it, there was nothing left but feet, so we left those with the toes turned up. Everything was going along smoothly when a game warden rode up on his spotted horse shouting, "Let's see your license, boys."

"Oh, the devil," I says to myself, and that blamed conductor nulled and voided mine, but with persuasion and pleading I got by with it, and sure was glad we ate those quail, I mean larks, for dinner.

Several of us got some squirrel and ducks to take home, and tired and worn out waited for the night train back to Fort Worth. We had negotiations with Mr. Pullman on the return trip, and each turned in to dream of the swell time we had. The next thing I knew the Pullman porter was tugging at the sheet to wake me up. Sure did hate to crawl out, but it was back to the "laundry" for us. We were treated royally by Conductor Powers and his crew, and a good time was had by all, even if I did lose every argument and shoot all the game.

Where Peace Reigns

The cider's safe in barrels now,
And with the nuts and apples, it
On winter nights will nicely fit,
When temperatures are falling low,
And while we're sitting round the fire
That crackles sharply on the hearth,
We see but peace upon the earth,
While friendly words our hearts inspire.



He Rode the Bull, of Course

R. H. Whitlow of Rogers, Ark., is a real friend of the Frisco—none better. Mr. Whitlow is active head of a big insurance company, active in civic affairs, has one of the finest stock farms in Northwest Arkansas, has built one of the most attractive and beautiful homes ("Dixieland") to be found in the Ozark regions, and has a thousand and one other things to occupy his attention, but he always finds time to say a good word for the Frisco and to call at the Frisco offices when in St. Louis.

Mr. Whitlow has one prize bull of which he is very proud. And it is "some" bull. There is no gainsaying that. An aristocrat of the livestock world, the bull has carried off so many prizes that when entered in a livestock show, "His Majesty" wears rather a bored and sophisticated look.

Not long ago, Mr. Whitlow was telling a Frisco official of the speed of this bull. "Why," said he waxing warm in his enthusiasm, "that bull is so fast that when he hears Number Six coming, he gives it a hundred yards handicap and beats it down the two-mile right of way by a big distance." The Frisco official was so impressed with the story of the bull's speed that he decided to stop off in Rogers and view the animal.

About a week later, therefore, he stepped off the train, and walked toward the building of the Mutual Aid Union. Looking forth from his offices, Mr. Whitlow saw the Frisco man approaching and panic seized him; he began to fear that he had, perhaps, grown a bit too enthusiastic over that bull and his speed. Turning to his secretary he said, "Here comes that Frisco man to see the bull speed. Now I am afraid the old boy isn't up to form today, and I don't want to be placed in the position of having lied. So I'll go upstairs and you tell this man that I have gone out of town and cannot be here today. Tell him I was called away last night."

"Very well," said the secretary, "where shall I say you have gone?"

"Oh tell him I've gone to Fort Worth, Dallas, Birmingham and Jacksonville, and that I won't be back until tomorrow."

"But, Mr. Whitlow," remonstrated the secretary, "how in the world could you cover that distance in so short a time, won't he wonder about that."

"Oh that's easily explained," said Whitlow, "tell him I rode that bull."

The Prince and the Railroad

By Jimmy, the Office Boy

Well, patrons, I been interviewing the Prince of Whales.

Didn't know he was coming onto our ralerode until the last minute, but I knew him as soon as I recognized him by the striking unsimilarity to any picture I had ever seen.

I braces right up to him and says, "Howdy, Prince, old boy. You're the kind of a guy I like, I tried to ride horseback once myself and I gotta sympathy for any other guy that tried. The horse seemed to like it after I was looking up at him from the ground, but I can't say as much for me."

The Prince acts right cordial. Like he was just told he had to stay overnight in the camp, or was about to be given a tablespoonful of castor oil or something like that. So I continues:

"What do you think of our ralerode? Well, that's fine, I've heard worse about it. Come to think of it, you probably gotta better impression of it than you will have later. We ain't shown you the half of it yet."

I asks him about how he felt about the election and he kinda puzzles me, for he answers, "Oh, that. Well, McDonald had it coming." Now, I didn't see this here McDonald's name on the ballot at all, but I suppose he was running on some ticket that didn't get on the ballot in this here good, old Republican state of Missouri.

The Prince remarks that he feels kinda tried and I replied cordial like, "Oh, that's all right, I don't expect to keep you up late and I don't mind a bit if you don't answer all my questions, no one ever did do that."

The Prince takes a piece of toffy from his coat pocket and bites off a liberal hunk of it, but doesn't offer me none, probably that being his last piece. I've done the same thing with my last bit of Climax several times.

"What about the world serious?" says I.

"Oh, that," replies the Prince snappily, "it isn't as bad as it is painted."

"Do you think the next war will be fought in the air?" says I.

And he answers, "No, in the subways."

About this time a guy all dressed up like a traffic cop comes up and pushes me to one side, but I've finished my interview anyway, so I goes down the street and make a date with the cashier in the cafeteria to go out to lunch with me.

THE EDITOR'S PERISCOPE

Home is a place where the air is full of indignation when Dad wishes to use the car.

The "merit" that lifts some guys consists in their ability to "soft soap" the boss.

Heaven won't mean much to an efficiency expert. For if it isn't a place to loaf gloriously, then it is not heaven.

Almost every boy passes through the stage when nothing seems quite so romantic as carrying a pistol.

The approach to Easy Street is easily recognized by the discarded illusions along the way.

Perhaps the only way to assure people stopping at railway crossings is to put up hot dog stands.

Old Dobbin had his faults, but he would not attack a locomotive even when you "stepped on him."

Fable—Once there was a mother who didn't think her daughter was an unusual child.

Another dismal failure—Man's attempt to look modest while admitting that he was right.

Every town and every organization has at least one man who wonders how the world would get along without him.

Another reason why girls leave home—Because it's so lonesome there with the old folks away.

One way to get the right number is to remove the cigar or gum from your mouth before addressing Central.

There are people we know who could lose their reputations and never miss them.



Homemakers' Page



MISS LORETTO A. CONNOR, Editor

Don't Miss This

Lady Winifred Diana Manners, the celebrated English stage star, familiarly known as "Lady Di," has achieved sufficient publicity, through her beauty and marvelous acting in "The Miracle," to make her do's and don'ts of more than passing interest to feminine readers.

Lady Di's Do's for Beauty

Be yourself, your best self, always. Keep your heart and body young. Smart clothes are beauty's handmaidens.

Well cut clothes are most important. The individual touch of dress emphasizes the personality.

Use cosmetics if they suit your style.

Keep your hands and skin soft.

Well kept nails adorn the hands and stamp the quality of the woman.

Use plenty of ice on your face, neck and shoulders.

Select colors that become you.

Speak clearly in a well modulated voice.

Develop poise.

Cultivate charm.

Keep your hair healthy and neatly dressed.

Remember that beauty depends upon the harmony of the whole.

Lady Di's Don'ts for Beauty

Don't be disagreeable.

Don't dress carelessly.

Don't use a shade of rouge that is in vogue unless it becomes you.

Don't overture.

Don't dress, make up, walk or speak in a manner that offends the eye, the ear, the spiritual or moral senses of the beholder.

Don't appear conscious of your looks or actions.

Don't follow style blindly.

Don't bob your hair unless you have the time and money to keep it well dressed.

Don't neglect your health.

Don't bleach your hair.

Don't make your finger nails illuminated head lights.

Don't forget good taste is simplicity.

Don't overdress or over make up.

Don't speak loudly or in a shrill voice.

Don't forget to be your best self always.—McCall's Needlework.

Home or House?

Is your's a "home" or is it just a house. Think it over. All of us want homes.

This Isn't Chester Saying

It's his mother and in our opinion she has a great many worth-while things to say when it comes to the art of cookery.

Last year when the girls of the executive offices, St. Louis, held their annual Christmas party, Mrs. Kratky contributed a delightful surprise in the shape of a Christmas Lamb Cake to the merry-making. The lamb, with its snowy fleece of cocoanut and festive trimmings, was so decorative in effect and the cake itself so delicious that we felt it would be an injustice to our readers for Mrs. Kratky not to pass on the recipe:

- 3 Eggs
 - 1 Cup of sugar
 - 1/2 Cup butter (good)
 - 2 Heaping cups flour
 - 1 Pinch salt
 - 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- Assorted nuts—cut fine.

After completing the batter, place in lamb mould, which should be thoroughly greased and powdered with flour. Cake rises to fill other portion of mould. After baked, remove from mould, make icing of whites of eggs, powdered sugar and water, spread over cake and then sprinkle cocoanut over it, giving the appearance of fleece. A couple of coffee beans or raisins serve as eyes, and a red or blue ribbon around adds a nifty finishing touch.

Batik Work

By Bess Toon

Not so long ago Greenwich Village had a monopoly on Batik work. Today any woman who enjoys dabbling with paint and brush can include smart handkerchiefs, fascinating scarfs or exceedingly lovely lamp shades in Batik among her choice Christmas gifts.

Batik, an ancient Japanese art, has become so popular among Westerners that the dealers in art goods are showing complete and conveniently packed outfits for the process. These contain packets of dye, cakes of wax, brushes, colored diagrams and directions for the work.

The process is essentially one of decorating fabrics by alternately dyeing and stopping out portions of a design with wax. Melted wax is applied to the material, preferably a soft silk, and the wax resist easily removed from the finished pieces by pressing with hot irons and washing in gasoline.

Stuffed Celery

Homemakers of today are coming to recognize unlimited possibilities in the humble stalk of celery—that very necessary adjunct to any successful holiday dinner menu.

Stuffed celery is one of the latest favorites, a popular filling being cream cheese, mixed with a relish like pimento.

Lucy G. Allen, director of the Boston School of Cookery, recommends the following recipe:

Select celery stalks with a decided curve in order that sufficient filling can be used. Cut the stalks in two and one-half inch lengths, fringe the tops and stand them in ice water a few hours. Remove, wipe thoroughly and fill with a paste made by combining equal parts of dairy butter and peanut butter, seasoned highly with salt and cayenne and chopped olivettes. Put two pieces together and serve on small plates, each fitted with a lace paper doily. Garnishing lightly with parsley or cress will make the dish more attractive.

Malaga Salad

Remove skins and seeds from white grapes. Insert a filbert, almond, or bit of pimento in each grape and add an equal quantity of nut meats broken in pieces. Serve on lettuce leaves with French or Mayonnaise dressing. Garnish each salad with a maraschino cherry or fancy shapes cut from pimento.

Cheese Balls

- 1/2 pound cheese
- 1 Tablespoon butter or margarine

Press the cheese through a coarse sieve or pass it through a food chopper. Add the butter or margarine and work it in with a fork. Divide into portions and with butter paddles form into small balls in the same manner as for butter balls.

After-Dinner Mints

- 2 cups sugar
- 2-3 cup water
- 6 drops oil of mint

Put the sugar and water together into a heavy saucepan and stir until the sugar dissolves, then cook without stirring until a soft ball forms when a little is dropped in cold water. If a candy thermometer is used cook to 238 degrees F. Cool slightly, add the oil of mint, then beat until creamy and drop from the tip of a spoon onto waxed paper or onto a board covered with table oilcloth. Let stand undisturbed until set.

Holiday Goodies

When Old Father Time ushers in the Yuletide Season the thoughts of Homemakers, amateurs and veterans, just naturally gravitate toward sweetmeats and confections.

With this in mind we secured from Miss Jennie Gilmore, in charge of the Domestic Science Department, McKinley High School, St. Louis, a number of recipes for candy.

The fortunate recipients of Miss Gilmore's Christmas candies are unanimous in declaring her an artist along this line. A few of her "sure-to-succeed" recipes follow:

Divinity Candy

- 3 cups granulated sugar
- ½ cup boiling water
- ½ cup Karo
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ½ pound pecan nuts
- ¼ pound candied cherries
- 3 egg whites.

Boil sugar, Karo and water until mixture forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. Beat the whites of eggs stiff and pour half the syrup on gradually, continue beating. Cook the remaining syrup until it forms a hard ball; add syrup slowly, beating the whole until smooth, add nuts and vanilla, continue beating till it begins to harden; spread smooth. When cool cut in squares.

Marshmallow Fudge

- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 cup cream
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 2 squares chocolate
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ½ pound marshmallows cut in halves.

Stir the sugar and cream over a slow fire until sugar is melted. Then cook over a quick fire without stirring to a soft ball degree (236° F.), add butter, salt and chocolate melted and boil up vigorously; cool, add vanilla and beat vigorously until it begins to thicken; then turn half into a pan lined with wax paper. At once place the marshmallows close together upon top and pour rest of fudge over the marshmallows. Cut in cubes.

Butter Scotch

- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup molasses
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 tablespoons boiling water
- ½ cup butter

Boil ingredients together until, when tried in cold water, mixture will become brittle. Pour into a well-buttered pan; when slightly cool mark with a sharp knife in squares or drop on oiled paper.

Peanut Nougat

2 cups sugar 1 quart peanuts
Shell, remove skins and finely chop nuts. Sprinkle with ¼ teaspoon salt. Put sugar in a perfectly smooth saucepan, heat and stir constantly until melted to a syrup. Add nuts; pour

at once into a warm, buttered pan and mark in small squares.

Turkish Paste

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup orange juice
- Grated rinds of two oranges
- 2 tablespoons granulated gelatine
- ¼ cup cold water.

Soak gelatine in cold water for ten minutes; mix sugar juice and rind, add gelatine; boil twenty minutes, pour into a pan that has been wet with cold water. Let stand twenty-four hours. To unmold, separate the paste from the pan—at the edge—with a sharp pointed knife. Sift confectioner's sugar over the top, then with the tips of the fingers gently pull the paste from the pan to a board dredged with sugar, cut into strips. Roll in confectioner's sugar.

Peanut Brittle

One cup white corn syrup. One tablespoon vinegar. One-quarter teaspoon salt. One teaspoon vanilla. One cup freshly roasted peanuts, halved.

Cook corn syrup, vinegar and salt in a saucepan until a little dropped in cold water forms a soft ball. Put the peanuts and this syrup into an iron skillet and stir until the syrup becomes a golden brown. Remove from fire and stir in vanilla. Have ready a shallow buttered pan, pour candy in and spread out in a thin sheet. Allow to cool, then remove from pan and crack into pieces.

Peanut Butter Fudge

Two cups granulated sugar, one-half cup milk, butter size of a walnut. Boil until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove from stove and beat in two tablespoons peanut butter. Beat until it hardens around the edge of the pan. Pour into buttered pan to cool.

Chocolate Cream Pudding

Two cups milk, five tablespoons flour, half cup sugar, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one and a half squares melted chocolate, three tablespoons hot water, whites of two eggs, one teaspoon vanilla.

Mix the flour, sugar and salt. Add cold milk gradually. Melt chocolate in hot water and add to the other mixture. Cook in double boiler ten minutes, stirring occasionally. Beat three minutes. Add stiffly beaten whites of eggs and vanilla. Serve with whipped cream.

Chocolate Cake

Half cup butter, one cup sugar, two eggs, half cup milk, one and a half cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder, a pinch of salt, vanilla, two squares of melted chocolate.

Icing for Cake—Two squares melted chocolate, butter size of walnut, about one-half package powdered sugar, milk enough to make of consistency to spread.

Sweet Potato Croquettes

Three cups hot riced sweet potatoes mixed with three tablespoons butter, three-quarters teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper and one egg beaten and added to other ingredients. Cool mixture and form into little cakes, using a little hot milk if mixture is too stiff. Dip in egg, then cracker crumbs and fry.

Chocolate Doughnuts

One and one-fourth cups sugar, two eggs, three teaspoons melted butter, two squares melted chocolate, one cup milk, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream of tartar, four cups flour, half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon vanilla.

Beat eggs, add sugar, butter, chocolate, then milk and dry ingredients alternately. Add vanilla. Roll out, cut with doughnut cutter and fry in deep fat.

Hard Sauce

One tablespoon butter, one cup powdered sugar, one egg, one cup whipped cream. Cream butter and sugar. Add beaten yolk of egg and cream some more. Then add beaten white of egg. Add whipped cream and when well mixed put in a cool place and keep until used.

Smile

Try to smile even if it hurts you. You really haven't any idea how hard a time the other fellow's having to keep his head above the water—and a smile does a world of good. And if you don't feel like smiling, just try being courteous to someone, and see how the corners of your mouth will start turning up.

For Dessert—Mirth


GRATITUDE and FAITH beaten together and piled up in snowy shapes. These will look light if run over night in the moulds of Solid Trust and Patience.

A dish of the bonbons, Good Cheer and Kindliness with everyday mottoes, Knots and Reasons in shape of Puzzles and Answers; the whole ornamented with Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver, of the kind mentioned in the Book of Proverbs.

This is a short and simple bill of fare. There is not a costly thing in it; not a thing which cannot be procured without difficulty.

If meat be desired, it can be added. That is another excellence about our bill of fare. It has nothing in it which makes it incongruous with the richest or the plainest tables. It is not overcrowded by the addition of roast goose and plum pudding; it is not harmed by the addition of herring and potatoes. Nay, it can give flavor and richness to broken bits of stale bread served on a doorstep and eaten by beggars."

—H. H. in Our American Holidays.



FRISCO FAMILY NEWS

Transportation Department Springfield, Mo.

H. C. Holmes, Reporter

L. R. Hoff and wife have returned from a vacation in the east.

Betty Laker is back at her desk after a visit of a month in New York City.

The typing bureau has received an announcement from Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Reams, Jacksonville, Fla., of the arrival of Annette Jane, October 9th. Mrs. Reams was formerly Maude Beard, a typist of this department.

A. T. Silver, having disposed of his home at Nichols, has purchased a home and now living in Springfield.

Cora Pitts spent a recent week-end with relatives at Buffalo, Mo.

Eva Westerberger was a bridesmaid at the marriage, November 9th, of Josephine Welch to Charles Moret. Miss Welch was formerly a Frisco employe.

Local Freight Office Kansas City

Ruby A. Monroe, Reporter

V. E. Minsker left November 1st for two months' vacation in Los Angeles, which is Spanish for "place of angels." Vincent didn't have any idea what the name of the city signified, but wanted to go merely for change of climate.

Marie McGirr has a new nephew who came to Kansas City October 25. Marie is one of those people who makes an ideal auntie anyway, and we can understand the little fellow's choice.

Guess Earl Leonard didn't get married on his vacation as was reported; at any rate he's still smiling.

Wonder if Bill Collins served on the election board the 4th? He was away from the office that day. Couldn't be, though, because Cal was elected, and Bill wasn't voting that way.

Georgia Rich was away from the office the 28th and 29th of October. George is getting ready to move into the new home one of these days and there is a world of things to be done.

Frank Fenner has his new trees all set out now. Took a lot of work, and F. H. walked around for several days with his knees rather weak; but we're all counting on a bumper crop pretty soon if Mildred Fenner doesn't "skin so many cats" on the trees that the apples get scared.

Josephine Brophy was away from the office for two weeks, beginning November 7th, owing to the illness of

her sister, who has been quite ill. Milly Jacobs relieved her in the cashier's office during her absence. They are asking if it was Herm or George who got married, 'cause George acts so much like a bridegroom. I wonder why?

"Courtesy"

By E. L. Ashford

A number of times we receive letters from superior officers concerning courtesy to patrons. Did it ever occur to you that the real courtesy of life is the courtesy that is a part of a person's life, and doesn't have to be assumed? There are few patrons who would not be able to tell after a few words that an individual is courteous automatically, and to an extent it is more or less appreciated. The kind of courtesy that indeed pays dividends (and is just as much a part of a railroad's equipment as the cars) is the courtesy that is born of an honest desire to make something of a life more than the hum-drum everyday clerk. The everyday clerk is essential to the road's life and development but I venture to say that there isn't a superior officer on the system who isn't eagerly watching for the individual who is showing some signs of ambition—the ambition of character, industry, culture and courtesy. We do not find many people who achieve any position really worth while in any industry without courtesy. They may appear to have reached some pinnacle but maybe they are just hanging on the ragged edge when it comes to a real sure footing. Aside from your position, and your work, courtesy is one of the requisites of well-rounded, worth-while character. Your friends associate with you a few hours in the day, a few days a year in the aggregate, but you're going to stare your character in the face every time you turn around. It is something that is going to stay right at your elbow, and is somewhat like the ghost chasing the colored fellow through the cemetery at midnight; the faster he goes, the faster it goes. The restlessness and irritability and nervousness of commercial life today is largely due to a lack of courtesy, not toward patrons, but toward each other; the being considerate in little things, even if you're not being paid for it. That's a poor argument. For you are being paid for it in the long run—for if you get interested in courtesy toward your office associates, it is going to

become a habit and not be assumed when you are talking to the Frisco's patrons.

To love someone more dearly every day,
To help a wandering child to find his way:
To ponder o'er a noble thought and pray,
And smile when evening comes,
And smile when evening comes,
This is my task.

To long for truth as blind men long for light,
To do my best from dawn of day till night,
To keep my heart fit for His holy sight,
And answer when He calls,
And answer when He calls,
This is my task.

And then at last my Saviour dear to meet
When faith hath made her task on earth complete,
And lay our trophies at the Saviour's feet,
Within the jasper walls,
Within the jasper walls,
This crowns my task.
—E. L. Ashford.

Office Superintendent of Terminals—Springfield, Mo.

By Cleone Stebbins

Things have calmed down considerably since the election. Chris Ellison, bill clerk, is \$30.00 richer than he was before. Expected him to set them up, but am still waiting.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Spencer, October 3rd, Martha Ellen Spencer, weight 8¼ pounds.

Norman L. Hinds made a bet two or three months ago that he would not smoke until after Christmas. So far he is winner, unless he slips a smoke in at night after office hours. Stick to it, Norman, we're with you.

L. E. Sullivan, chief yard clerk, has been temporarily appointed chief clerk to Superintendent Terminals E. L. Magers, during the absence of S. J. Breckenridge, who is ill at his home. We trust Mr. Breckenridge will be able to be with us again shortly.

W. P. Gustin, general yardmaster, was confined to his home a few days account of sickness.

E. L. Magers, superintendent terminals is driving a new model Studebaker—some class.

Statistical Department

Mallie King, Reporter

Our chief clerk, D. M. Todd, accompanied by his wife, are spending two weeks in the south—Galveston, New Orleans, etc. During Todd's absence C. W. Martin, traveling accountant is acting as chief clerk.

The first day of quail season Claude Jarratt and Claude Emery went a hunting, a rabbit to get, and for all we know that rabbit's running yet. However, later in the week they went again and shot seven quails and the tail off of a rabbit.

Mrs. Julia Bassett, who has been in the Frisco Hospital at St. Louis, is home again and is getting along nicely.

Mrs. B. C. McDonald, of Camden, Ark., who is known to us as Irene Cornwell, paid us a nice visit and was entertained at a noon luncheon by the girls in the office.

Our file clerk received a package from St. Louis from Mr. Kerr, containing a khaki suit. Said she didn't know whether to give it to the Salvation Army or to the cleaners, as it surely needed the cleaners attention. However, upon interviewing him upon his return, found out he rode the engine on No. 4 to St. Louis, and from all indications must have been combination coal and oil burner, with Mr. Kerr acting fireman.

Engineer John Moore was born in Peirce City, Mo., on January 12, 1878. That being the most important feature in his life, it is quite natural to note it first.

On January 1, 1901, Mr. Moore began firing with the Frisco out of Monett, and was promoted to become an engineer on August 1, 1907.

While on the extra board at Monett, he ran three ways, down the Central, Kansas and Southwestern divisions and had a regular run between Monett and Sapulpa, on the Southwestern, the last seven years.

At present Engineer Moore is "captain" of Engine 4,114, one of the new oil burners. He is described by one of his associates as a "great big, red-faced, jolly, good natured Irish boy, always willing to do more than his share of work. He loves to smoke his Missouri cob pipe, and when John gets the fog coming out of that pipe, full strength, it has the same effect as a booster cut in on the 4,114."

Western Division

Transportation Department

Our Slogan—Boost or Blow

A. L. Kinkade and Elma Williams, Reporters

Employees on the Western join in sending an unbustable good wish and hearty cheer for a very Merry Christmas and the best of a New Year,

from start to finish, for Mr. Bell and each of his readers.

Operator Miller: "Look here at this message, how do you spell 'Tallahassee'?"

Collins Reed: "My typewriter don't spell very good, especially on a cold day like this."

The South end has certainly helped the farmers care for a great amount of cotton this year, the largest crop in several years. Agent Haigh, at Davidson, says he gets excited in his sleep and thinks the mattress is a bale of cotton.

Dan Callahan: "Engine 775 doubled into Lathan last evening account too much tonnage."

Guy Oldham: "That's nothing, I doubled last night, too, account eating too much."

John Morgan: "When these balance sheets won't balance I just wish I could vanish."

Tessie Smith: "Did you ever try vanishing cream?"

Dispatcher O. J. Storm has just returned from a vacation spent in the east; states he likes New York alright but takes him too long to see the town.

Ada Dillon, steno to chief clerk, evidently believes in doing her Christmas shopping early. She sojourned to Oklahoma City, about the middle of November, for what purpose, of course, we do not know, unless it was that she was looking for Santa.

G. W. Durkee: "Pretty muddy but a fine day over head."

Walt Kennedy: "Yes, but not very many going that way."

At the present writing Mrs. A. Campbell is in a hospital at Oklahoma City, having undergone an operation a short time ago. While her condition has not been reported very encouraging past few days, we understand she is now beginning to improve. We hope for her speedy recovery and early return to her family at Enid.

Hi Harriss: "Did you ever see a blue negro?"

Carl Brewer: "Now don't get funny, I've heard of those read newspapers, green rose bushes and brown shoe blackening before."

Hi: "Yes, but did you see that green black board uptown?"

P. D. Hayes, chief clerk in superintendent's office, is in the St. Louis Hospital at this time for removal of appendix, which we hope will be successful and speedy. We need that light.

We are sorry to report the death of C. A. Piper on November 2nd. Conductor Piper has been in the service of this company twenty-six years. Our heartfelt sympathy is extended the family in their sorrow.

A Frisco Booster



JAMES RICH,
Warehouman at Cabool, Mo.

"Limericks"

Submitted by Roy Bendoff

The June-bug is a foolish bug
With scarcely any mind—
He roams across the field at night
With his headlight on behind.

The Bugamist

A June-bug married an angle worm
An accident cut her in two,
They charged the bug with bigamy,
Now what could the poor thing do?

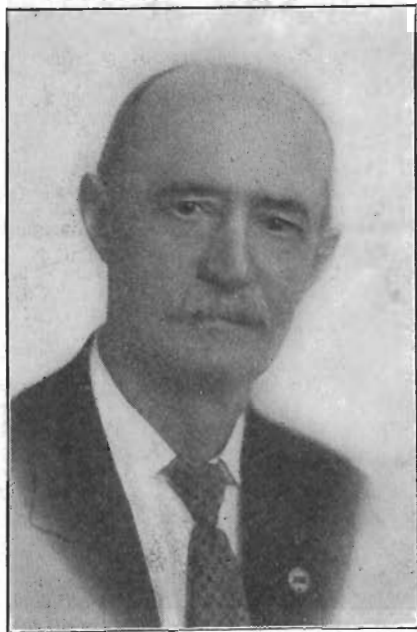
A City and a chorus girl
Are much alike, it's true—
A city is built with outskirts,
A chorus girls is, too.

When Eve brought woe to all man-kind,
Old Adam called her woe-man;
But when she wooed with love so kind,
He then pronounced her woo-man.
But now with folly and with pride,
Her husband's pockets trimmin'
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them w(h)immen.

To a hen, said Henry Ward Beecher:
"You are such a beautiful creature."
The hen just for that,
Laid an egg in his hat,
And thus did the hen reward Beecher.

Once I heard a mother utter:
"Daughter, go and shut the shutter."
"Shutter's shut," the daughter muttered,
"I can't shut it any shutter."

FATHER AND SONS GIVE 108 YEARS SERVICE



BEN McCRUM

Now Pensioned—52 Years in Service



RAY McCRUM

Engineer in Kansas City District

The McCrums—Ben, the Father, and his sons, Ray and Paul, have a combined service record of 108 years with the Frisco Lines.

OIL RECORDS OF ENGINEER HYNES

The following oil records were kept by Engineer J. Hynes and turned in to the assistant fuel agent:

Oct. 1st,	Engine 3,742,	Engineer Hynes,	Fireman Sims314	gals. 8 hrs.
" 2nd "	3,749	" "	" Lunch 416	" " "
" 3rd "	3,742	" "	" Delaney 385	" " " 55 Mins.
" 4th "	3,751	" "	" " 340	" " "
" 5th "	3,745	" "	" " 304	" " " 10 "
" 6th "	3,746	" "	" " 608	" " " 25 "
" 7th "	3,745	" "	" " 550	" " " 50 "
" 8th "	3,749	" "	" " 451	" " "
" 9th "	3,742	" "	" " 520	" " " 2 "
" 10th "	3,751	" "	" " 519	" " " 30 "
" 11th "	3,745	" "	" " 444	" " " 25 "
" 12th "	3,746	" "	" " 404	" " "
" 13th "	3,745	" "	" " 395	" " "
" 14th "	3,751	" "	" " 361	" " "

The Attack on the Railroads (Ft. Worth Star-Telegram.)

American railroads for several years have been subjected to a relentless propaganda which, if it were once successful, would cripple if it did not destroy the country's transportation system in its present form of private ownership. This propa-

ganda operates principally through juggling of figures of railroad income, creating a spurious showing of enormous increases in rail revenues during the past few years. Much of the La Follette campaign in the recent elections was predicated upon this picture of the country's railroads swollen with prosperity and denying to their employes, on the one hand, increased

wages, and to the public, on the other hand, lower freight rates.

The books of the railroads are open. They make regular reports to various Government bureaus, and just as regularly these reports are published to the country. There would appear to be no chance for misrepresentation of the significance of these reports, but it is a fact that few people read statistical reports of this sort, and therefore are easy subjects for false propaganda. The spuriousness of the charge that railway profits have increased at a phenomenal rate is evident from a bare comparison of increases in revenues with increases in operating expenses and investment. The year 1916 was the most prosperous year of American railroads before the war and the year 1923 the most prosperous since the war. Between the two there was a net change in operating revenues of \$2,692,714,261, as shown by records of the railroads and of the Government, this figure representing an increase for 1923 over 1916. This fact is often pointed out by anti-railroad propagandists. Its companion figure, which no comparison can ignore, showing operating expenses of the roads during the same period increased \$2,770,843,322 is not mentioned in such propaganda. The showing is, that far from becoming swollen with excess earnings, the railroads of the country, with a constant increase in investment, are today actually returning \$78,129,061 less net income than in 1916. Railroads today are paying \$1,419,474,487 more for labor than they did in 1916, and \$174,802,087 more for taxes, in addition to greater cost of fuel, materials, and hire of equipment.

The obvious denouement, if not the intentional goal, of such propaganda is Government ownership through wrecking private ownership. If the people of this country want Government ownership of the railroads they have reason to commend the constant harrying and misrepresentation to which the railroads are subjected. If they do not want Government ownership, they should rouse themselves to rebuke such tactics which seek to cripple the utility most important to the welfare and prosperity of the country.

Jerry, The Office Boy, Tells How to Play Bridge, and, Occasionally Poker

This here guy, Eddie Bernard, has been telling you folks how to play golf. And from what I gather 'round the building, the right way to play it is to read what he has to say and then forget that you ever read it.

Now golf is too tame for me. I never could quite get the idea of slapping an inoffensive little white pellet around the pasture. That ball never did nothing to me, and I ain't mad at nobody, so why should I hit it in the slats? Besides I am a proficient liar anyway.

Frisco Peaches



Lucille Birmingham (left), step-daughter of Pumper S. Ennis, and her cousin Lillie Birmingham, on the sunny hills along the FRISCO, one mile south of Miller, Mississippi.

But bridge, whist and poker.

Now you're right in my kitchen. What it takes to play them games I've got. What there is to learn about, I have learned, and paid tuition, too.

Let us first consider bridge, because that is the easiest game in the world if you know how to play it, and from what I hear, there is 90 per cent of America knows how—they admit it.

In the first place, always trump your partner's ace. That will produce results. Try it.

In bidding remember that you are bidding just for excitement anyway, and, if your partner's blood pressure is high, he will appreciate your bidding "three spades" with the ten spot high.

Every bid should mean something. That one does. It means a riot and a police call, and you'll get all the excitement you crave.

Lead always from an ace. What's the sense of having the ace in your hand otherwise. Don't pay any attention to the books about bridge, they were written by guys who have played all their lives, and probably have gone stale playing.

If you're playing with your wife, always say, "What in the world did you do that for? Don't you know that's wrong?" That is sure to make a happy evening, and, after the guests have left, you can amuse yourself picking the rolling pin splinters from your scalp.

If it's your husband you are playing with, go about with a little more diplomacy. Pleasantly remark, "Gee, I hate to play with my own husband. George don't know how to play this anyway, but I don't dare tell him so, except in company. Say, fathead, what did you do that for?"

Never return your partner's lead. He leads to get that card out of his hand and won't expect you to pay any attention to it. Besides, you probably know how to play the game better than he does anyway.

With these few rules you can play a good game of bridge at any Thursday night bridge club. Try 'em. Next month I'll tell you how to play poker.

"OZARKS"

—Bonaparte.

Every person has his or her idea of what a "God's country" really is. I am no exception, and I am forced by nothing more or less than pride to admit that the Ozarks happen to hit the spot. Oh, yes, I was born at the foot of them, but that has no bearing on the matter. I have been out of them more than once, but no more than I could help.

We have our springs, rivers, caves, gulfs and other natural wonders, and this country would make one of the finest government reserves in the world. There is every reason to believe that some day we will have just that. We have the fish galore, squirrels, rabbits, quail and everything but bear, and other real mean animals. Believe me, if I had Edgar A. Guest's gift for about five minutes, I'd have a big bunch of you readers down to see how much truth there is in my article. It's all truth without an exception and it's truly a wonderful country.

The Grand Gulf is located about seven miles out from Thayer, Mo., and Mammoth Spring is only two and one-half miles from Thayer. Greer Spring is about twenty-five miles out from Thayer, by way of Alton, which is the county seat of Oregon County. Then, we have the Gasconade, a beautiful river noted for the fine catches that have been made there. Piney river, out from Cabool, is a wonderful place for a nice day. Roaring River is another natural beauty which should not be overlooked, and is now fighting for second place as the world's next largest spring, Mammoth Spring being considered largest.

If this country were flashed on the screen like Switzerland, Colorado, California and other beautiful places, we would have an innumerable lot of tourists down to see just what a real "God's country" is. We'll give you any hints that will help, and you'll never go half way across the continent to see natural beauties when you have them at home. The Frisco Lines will bring you to the beauties of this wonderful section. Come visit us.

Always Working for the Frisco



ENGINEER JOHN MOORE

One of the best-known and best-liked trainmen of the Frisco Lines. An engineer with an enviable record.

Hear Dem Bells

"Is this the speedometer?" she asked, as she tapped on the glass which covered that instrument.

"Yes, dear," I replied in a sweet, gentle voice.

"Don't they call this the dashlight?" she queried, fingering the little nickel-plated illuminator.

"Yes, honey." My words floated out softly as before.

"And this is the cutout?" she inquired.

"Yes, toodles," as I took my foot off the accelerator. Not more than 200 feet away our course was blocked by a fast moving freight train.

"But what on earth is this funny looking pedal?" she said in a curious tone, as she gave the accelerator a vigorous push with her dainty foot.

"This, sweetheart, is Heaven," I said in a soft, celestial voice, as I picked up a golden harp and flew away.—Yale Record.

What Is a Mountain Pass?

Lesson in geography. Teacher asks son of a railroad man, "What is a mountain pass?"

"A mountain pass," said the pupil, is a pass given by a railroad to its employes so that they can spend their vacations in the mountains."

Love Letters

By Dave Thornton

Dear Molly, my heart has the fidgets for thee;
 And oh! with sad tears in my eyes,
 I plead that you come o'er the FRISCO to me,
 For the "Special" from Texas it flies.
 Oh! why do you linger? Oh! why do you stay
 Down in Texas with all your young charms.
 When the FRISCO can bring you in less than a day,
 Sure and safe to your own lover's arms?

A week has elapsed since you wrote, dearest jewel,
 You'd be led on my arm to the altar,
 With joy in your willing heart—not like a mule,
 Which is led here and there by a halter!
 But this moment, dear sweetheart, my soul knows no joy,
 Because it would seem you've forgot
 That the FRISCO is running its trains; and oh, boy!
 They always get there on the dot!

Oh! think not, sweet maiden, your love is misplaced,
 For I've loved you since ever I met you;
 Don't break our engagement, but to me make haste,
 So the "Coyote" of Texas can't get you!
 Dear darling, don't tarry; right now say you will
 Come over the FRISCO to me,
 A space in my life and my roadster to fill,
 Which no one can fill, dear, but thee!

—Clarence.

Dear lover, you ask me in verses tear-stained,
 To come o'er the FRISCO to you,
 Because you are lonesome and wish to be chained
 To a better half, tender and true!
 For assurance you've had, dear, for several days
 I'm just wild to be proud Mrs. Bratton;
 Then no longer I'll hear your complaints on cafes,
 Since I'll cook you good meals to get fat on!

I linger in Texas because I'm constrained
 To do so (despite my young charms)
 Oh! think not my love for you, dearest, is feigned;
 For I long to be held in your arms!
 But, sweetheart, there's one thing you do not consider:
 Namely this, that in Texas I'm stranded;
 And, therefore, I plead that you ask yourself whether
 One can start on a trip empty handed?

—Molly.

NIGHT LETTER

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 7th, 1924.

Dear Molly, I read your sweet lines with delight,
 While dining on hot dog *au Crisco*;
 But to dinners like this I shall soon say "Good night,"
 If at once you'll come over the FRISCO,
 To have a ticket I've sent you a check,
 With assurance you don't run the risk o'
 Being thrown from a window and breaking your neck,
 When you ride the steel trains of the FRISCO.

—C.

Office Supervisor Car Repair Bills

P. F. Spangler is entertaining his sister and children from London, England.

Our chief clerk, E. K. Caldwell, spent his vacation in Cincinnati and Kansas City.

W. E. Vaughan, the newlywed in our office, says his wife is a wonderful cook. Judging from the tasteful menus he quotes, she surely must be. Look out for the grocer's bill.

Lois Hughes has excited the suspicions of the office with her sewing during noon hour. She says "they" are Xmas presents. How about it, Lois?

Gladys Hooper is wearing a new diamond ring, but hasn't named the day.

Lillian Yates seems to be getting thinner. Wonder if she is on a diet or in love?

We notice in the last issue of the Magazine the Kansas City Mechanical Department inquiring about our traveling car inspector, J. T. Williams. We wonder ourselves. The last we heard, Monett was the center of attraction.

As for S. P. Enslin and C. F. Davidson, we have ceased trying to keep up with them long ago.

"Blank" (R. G. Blankenbaker) has the radio fever so we don't expect much work from him.

J. B. Rogers attended the Poultry Shop at Kansas City. He had some "big fellows" to compete with, but managed to carry off some of the honors. He has some fine birds of the Wyandotte variety.

Cora Wolkins and Lela Pride attended the White Shrine dance and had a wonderful time.

Miss Blood and Miss Wymer have some narcissus bulbs, which are growing nicely, and we will probably have flowers for Christmas.

"Jerry" Anderson is vacationing in Tulsa. He being the only single fellow in the office, we keep pretty close tab on him.

Gee! It must be great to spend a whole month in California, and on arriving home have a brand new Ford coupe waiting for you to drive it around. That's what Helen Yates did, and she keeps the new "Lizzy" navigating, too.

Ernest Carstensen, from Ft. Smith, honored us with a visit the other day. We are always glad to see Ernest as he used to belong to our fold.

B. G. Watkins says he has some persimmons preserved which will soon be good. Hope it doesn't turn out to be brandy.

S. E. Baer is the same old "bear." He will step out to banquets now and then.

Before closing, we want to wish everyone a Very Merry Xmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Office of Operating Department Statistician—Springfield

Mallie L. King, Reporter

By the time this is ready for you to read, the Christmas rush will be upon us; we will be wondering what the day will bring forth. Here's hoping, girls, that you will be strutting new (notice I said new) diamond rings, bar pins or wrist watches, and here's hoping, fellows, you'll at least get something new to drape around your neck—tie or muffler. There's an old, old saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." A hint to the wise is enough, so take heed and do your stuff.

After Christmas is over, then we begin to think of New Year and the making of resolutions. Not going to make any this year? Well, all right. It is better to make none at all than to make a whole string and then not live up to them. Just like getting up steam on a locomotive that never goes anywhere; all the fuel goes to waste.

Marguerite O'Brien resolved last year to quit chewing gum, but I think she bit off more than she could chew, because she just will chew, even if it is nothing but the rag.

Feirba Justice has resolved to keep her temper, for she says she has found out that nobody else wants it anyway.

Dora Weigle resolved to leave off her little white apron, since it makes one of the traveling accountants think of a sewing circle, pink tea, etc.

Cuma Magers recently drove overland to Wichita, Kans., but didn't come back that way. Says the guy that said the roads were fine must have been named "Mud."

Russell James, traveling accountant out of Mr. Perkin's office, while in Springfield, gives a pretty good lineup on his whereabouts, even up until "Three o'Clock in the Morning." Any of the girls wishing to get into communication with him at any hour, please call 75 for full information.

Wonder how our "used to be" office boy, Cecil Jones, likes Sapulpa by this time? If he gets along as well, and likes the place and people as well as Lewis Blevans does Monett, he'll never come back.

George Dunlap says Newburg is a good place to leave, or did you say live?

John Randolph Edwards, F. P. C. at Enid, says it keeps him busy moving to keep from paying rent.

Transportation Department Springfield, Mo.

H. C. Holmes, Reporter

As this goes to press Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Hoff are making an extended trip through the East.

The young ladies of this department enjoyed the evening of October 24th at a "House Warming" at the new Hindman home. Musical selections were rendered by the double quartette of the Typing Bureau, the most popular song of the evening being a parody on "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," composed by Jacqueline Tisdale, and Catherine Toon. Vinne Hindman, the hostess, was presented with a beautiful painting. About thirty-five guests were present.

Mrs. Pearl Townes is visiting in Oklahoma City, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Barton and family, formerly of Springfield.

J. H. Doggrell attended a meeting of the Trans-Missouri-Kansas Shippers' Regional Advisory Board, Hotel Baltimore, Kansas City, October 17th.

W. C. Mathias recently motored to Centerville, Kans., then made a rail trip visiting Kansas City and Bloomington, Ill.

Eva Westerberger spent a recent week-end with friends in St. Louis.

Mother had come in from the farm to visit her daughter in the city. After the kiss of greeting, she noticed her daughter's bobbed hair. Her eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"Well, fer pity's sake, Lizzy," she exclaimed, "you never even writ me you had the typhoid."—Life.

Stores Department, Sherman

Mrs. Iva Sewell, Reporter

This report is gonna be short and sweet as ever'body is busy with the annual inventory and news is scarce, too.

Latest News—C. V. Montgomery went pecan hunting one Sunday recently and fell out of the tree on his head. Wonder if some woman passed under the tree or how come all the commotion?

K. P. Guin is in Fort Worth on business.

Jimmie Honaker attended the State Fair at Dallas Sunday, October 17. He wanted to get a thrill so he rode "lightning" and he claims he got it. Wasn't necessary for us to go to the Fair as he told us all about it.

Wonder what has become of the reporter for the Mechanical Department at Sherman? Maybe this cool weather will bring him to life.

L. McMillan and wife spent a few days in Springfield recently and they report a splendid time looking over the city.

Hobert Glascock found it necessary to go to West Texas this month. Hobert, how are things progressing anyway?

Mechanical Department

By G. E. Daugherty

We are very glad that the world's series is over, as our office gang appears to be in better spirits now.

Understand our efficient shop checker has been "taking home the bacon," while the other folks scarcely had car fare to get home.

Dan Cupid still plays havoc when least expected, but we surely did enjoy the cigars and candy that Mr. Gunn so liberally brought down when he took unto himself a September bride. We wish both Mr. and Mrs. Gunn a very happy life together.

Gladys Roux resigned a few weeks ago, and it is learned that she has taken a permanent position to cook and darn and is now addressed as Mrs. W. A. Hairsine. Mr. Hairsine is also one of our employes, so we feel that Gladys is still one of the family. Congratulations.

We were very glad to welcome Josephine O'Brien back into the Frisco family. She was formerly employed by the Store Department. She has been employed as stenographer for Mr. Gamble in place of Miss Irwin who took the position made vacant by the resignation of Miss Roux.

We have had the honor of having Mr. Williams, M. C. B. instructor on the Southern Division, for the past few weeks. Some people wonder why it took so long to check up this time, but we all have our suspicions.

Not having rained in quite a spell, our assistant chief clerk, Mr. Henny, has been able to use his Ford.

We missed the smiling face of George Morris a few days the other week. Understand some attraction has been taking him to Ft. Smith.

Albert Hubener has been transferred from Springfield to take the place of Erecting Foreman E. W. Brown.

W. H. Calhoun has been promoted to night roundhouse foreman at Amory. S. N. Ferguson was assigned to the position of assistant night roundhouse foreman at Memphis, which was made vacant by Mr. Calhoun.

Office Supervisor Car Repair Bills

Ethel Wymer attended the Petroleum Exposition at Tulsa, which she reports as very wonderful.

Mr. Baer has been "stepping out" quite a bit of late. He has attended two banquets this week.

Raymond Blankenbaker has returned from his vacation spent at Tulsa, which he enjoyed very much.

The girls in the office don't have much luck getting married but leave it to the fellows. W. E. Vaughn was married to Dica Groves October 4th. They are honeymooning in Colorado Springs and Denver. We wish them lots of happiness and prosperity.

Gladys Hooper has promised to save the girls' record. She came down wearing a big diamond ring. We now have a grudge against Ralph (Slim) Matthews of the West Shops.

Jerry Anderson, our only single fellow, has turned out to be a "Jelly Bean." He is wearing "cake eater" trousers.

J. B. Rogers' chickens carried off several prizes at the state fair.

Ark-an-saw

By C. B. Crow

You can talk of the riches of Eastern states,

And the states in the Golden West;
But there is a state in Dixie Land,
That the good Lord has surely blest.

She has the richest oil fields yet,
And her rivers have the finest of pearls;

Her towns are small, but growing fast,
With a host of beautiful girls.

She has the only bauxite mine
You can find in the United States,
And the finest diamonds the world produces,
Are mined within her gates.

She is the home of the Elberta peach,
And her apple crops are mighty fine;
They are hauled to market on a red-ball freight,
When shipped on the Frisco Lines.

Her cotton fields of snowy white,
And her fields of alfalfa hay
Can be seen either day or night,
Along the Frisco right-of-way.

She has both white and willow oak,
And long-leaf yellow pine,
And lots of berries and elder blooms,
That make the best of wine.

She has most all kind of churches,
Yes, she has most anything,
And her younger generation,
Burns the midnight gasoline.

She has marble and granite mines,
And asphalt mines, oh, well—
She has a hundred different things,
I hav'nt the space to tell.

She's the only state that I have found,
That the good book speaks about,
It was in those days of the mighty flood,

When Noah was floating out.
And now I'll try and tell you the name

Of this Dixie state if I can:
The good book says that Noah,
Stood on the ARK-AN-SAW land.

"Axel" Reaches His Majority

J. Henry "Axel" Andersen, secretary to assistant general attorney, was only two days late in arriving in America, thus preventing him from voting on election day. "Axel" arrived in America on the 6th day of November, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and three, and in celebration of his reaching his majority it is rumored that on payday all his co-workers are to be treated to a most pleasant repast. "Axel" says "now I feel like a man."

WICHITA

Wichita will be our "Feature City" next month.

Office of General Manager

Orville Coble, Reporter

Born—A son to Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Lodge, August 5th. And George is far more proud of George Jr., than is a girl with her first diamond. He is already planning the fishing trips they will take together.

While George was staying in town, prepared to welcome his son, Tom Feehan went out on the 1,100 as secretary to Mr. G. Fraser. Ask Tom about the mountain ride at Forest Park Highlands and what he did with his hat on the first dip.

V. C. Williams was able to bring his daughter home from Kansas City where she has been under the care of a specialist. We all wish her a speedy and permanent recovery.

Several of the fellows are wearing new neckties. Bothwell is evidently not familiar with M. of W. rule 17, second sentence.

In the evolutionary argument that waxed warm the other noon Coble was the only one willing to acknowledge his kin.

The boys in the file room have been rehabilitating Doggrell's discarded "jelly roll." If only people would keep their fingers out.

Commercial Office

By G. F. Kleinhoffer

On account of the non-partisan attitude taken by this magazine it will perhaps not be amiss to mention that the seeds of Bolshevism have been sown in the office garden and a giant harvest is to be expected since the nomination as mayor of Staycomo and Furnace Tender in the persons of Rudolph Willtore and Duke Warner. Added glory for the Knights of the Broken Sod.

Edith Walters has lengthened her skirt a couple of feet since the non-spitting on the floor rule went into effect. Another victory for the women.

Cy Clone was in from Texas a gust of A. Wind and J. Garlic Sachen the Dodge torch burner.

Last week while at Lansing, I met several old bill clerks, revision clerks and the like—and was offered a few annuals in exchange for a one way back home, but I told Geo. Thomas and Mel Anderson I better not.

The electric greeting sign just approved by the Merriam Improvement Association measures 50x10 feet, and truly exemplifies the spirit of the people of this growing Kansas town.

George Storey and Bill Deveney have just returned from lunch. The first one since last check day.

Duke Warner, the "Shepherd of the Stills," has been offered a job at the zoo in Swope Park, but on account of the zoo being in the city limits, it would mean a tax for his faithful collic, "T. N. T." and hence his refusal of acceptance.

Some rancher's going to trap a Texas coyote and then he'd wished he hadn't "Ben Lewis"—he'd wish'd he was jus' a auditor tha's all.

The ——— Commission Company

has the reputation of making a claim on every car. Somebody asked Lee Warner what he had done to prevent claims. He said, "Well I solicited a car from the ——— Commission Company and did not get it."

Miss Walters, our stenographer, is mighty hard to convince. She wanted to know why some patrons would not ship some cork ocean and rail. We told her it was because it made the boat so light it would not stay in the water and she would not believe us.

Southern Division News

The readers of our worthy publication probably think that there is nothing doing on the Southern Division due to the fact that we have occupied no space for the last issue or two, but such is not the case for it is generally conceded that the Southern Division has just about everything that the rest of them have and then some and notwithstanding the hot weather we will try, hereafter, to give you at least part of the happenings in this territory.

One of the greatest events recently was pulled off by our popular general car foreman, L. J. Leigh. After all of us wondering for several months when he was going to take that long contemplated leap, he stepped over to Sherman and she took him for better or worse on the twenty-fifth day of June and you would really be surprised to see the change it has made in the young man; no more cigars or cigarettes but has already learned to content himself with his old briar. Nevertheless all of his many friends join us in wishing them all happiness for all time to come.

Regret to announce that Irene Snyder, comptometer operator in master mechanic's office, was recently compelled to undergo another operation at the St. Louis Hospital. Latest reports we have are to the effect that she is recovering nicely and expects to return to work in about thirty days.

Gladys Irwin, stenographer in the Memphis office, is enjoying herself while on her vacation in the eastern and northern resorts. Unable to say at this time when she will return as we do not know exactly how much money she took with her or how it is holding out.

P. E. Breece has just returned from his vacation, spent in northern Missouri. Reports excellent time.

After one half of his life spent in the engine service for this company, J. W. Reese, Tupelo Sub engineer, stepped off engine 1,063 at the Grand Central Station, Memphis, after making a schedule run on train 106, and is now on the honor roll, having been pensioned account having reached the retirement age. We all congratulate you, "Uncle Jack," for your long and faithful service and that you may now enjoy the rest you have so rightfully earned.

Jake J. Schmidt, locomotive en-

gineer in Memphis Terminal is another "vet" of the throttle who will, on July 31st, have reached the retirement age and be immediately placed on the pension roll. Mr. Schmidt is retiring with twenty-four years to his credit.

John J. Drashman, coach foreman, has returned from his vacation and reports having had a wonderful time.

A Safety First meeting for Southern Division was held at Amory July 29th with a good attendance and many points brought out to reduce the casualties and we expect, in a short time to be carrying the banner in the Safety First Campaign.

Our coach yard at Memphis is presenting its best appearance due to the surfacing and graveling it has recently received and is a wonderful improvement, together with all the buildings in the Japanese Village, re-decorated and the Safety First flower bed now in full bloom.

Harry Thayer is at present taking his vacation in Carolina. O. A. Craft is looking after the boiler work during his absence.

Mrs. T. L. DeRosett recently returned to work from her vacation and for some unknown reason she did not use the transportation she had ordered. Henny said Bob wouldn't let her, but of course that is just Henney's idea and is not taken very seriously.

Do a Little Boosting

By John J. Drashman,

Coach Foreman, Memphis

Everyone of you are dependent on the Frisco for steady employment and wages which in turn mean comfort and prosperity to your family and yourself. Comfort and prosperity are two common luxuries that all of us desire. Any interruption in our wages endangers that home comfort and happiness, we are so anxious to maintain—so why not boost the Frisco Lines among your friends and acquaintances, urge and insist that they travel and ship via the "FRISCO" for it is the greatest road in the South and Southwest.

Everyone working for the Frisco can get business if he will get out and hustle it up. The receiving clerks on freight house platforms can talk to the draymen and ask them to talk to their employer and see if they can persuade them to ship via the Frisco.

The train crews have a large number of friends and come in contact with the traveling salesmen. Why not ask which way their houses are shipping goods and request that they recommend the Frisco next time?

At this time we have friends going on vacation, some are undecided just where to go. Why not recommend some place on the Frisco? We have some of the finest summer resorts and fishing places on the Frisco that can be found any place.

Let us all get together and adopt as our by-word: "TRAVEL AND SHIP VIA THE FRISCO."

Stores Department—Sherman
Iva Sewell, Reporter

New Year's Greetings to ever'body. We wish you one and all a Very Happy New Year.

Don't many exciting things happen down here on the Texas Lines, but lately we had a big excitement. The President's Special was here. "Uncle" Bill Hughes made record time bringing the Special from Sapulpa to Sherman, and Al Cash made just as good time on the trip to Fort Worth. We were "kinder" disappointed, though. We did not get to see Mr. Kurn. Did see B. T. Wood, however.

Mr. Todd was in Sherman a few days while we were writing up the inventory. Wish his wife knew what he said about the twins, their disposition, who they favored, etc. You know boys always take all their good points after their dad.

The office boy, Dick Horn, has been all smiles lately. On investigating, found out that he was looking forward eagerly to a certain night soon when he is stepping out. Haven't found out yet who she is. Don't blame him for being all smiles, eh? He says he said too much Sunday, so we are expecting to hear of a wedding soon.

Jimmie Honaker attended a Father and Son Banquet last week. I'll tell you some of the things he had to eat: chicken, coffee and pie. Don't know who served him, but he says he got the best of all. He is also to attend the Mother and Daughter Banquet to be held next week, and guess how he got his invitation to that? He volunteered to serve coffee. Next thing we know we will be losing him as he will be getting a job as waitress. Hope you get a good piece of the turkey, Jimmie.

Somebody in Sherman jumped me for not mentioning their name in the Magazine, and that person was no other than R. F. Marshall, the right-honorable yardmaster.

A representative of the Garlock Company was here recently and told us that Martha Moore was no longer with the Frisco. We regretted to learn of her departure, as we enjoyed her articles very much.

L. McMillan came in all mad the other day because he had to fix a puncture. Cheer up, Loyal, that is just the beginning of your automobile troubles.

Mr. Guin has his automobile troubles, too. One day recently he came in at noon eating a piece of candy. He asked me if I had anything to eat as he had not had any dinner. Said it took him thirty minutes to get his flivver started, and the rest of the time in the garage getting it fixed. Hard luck.

Well, it is twelve o'clock and did not get to finish, but will write about C. V. Montgomery next time.

Office of General Manager
By Orville Coble

Jim Cummins blew in off the "Sunken Gardens" Division the other day, after an extended absence from

the office. We always know when Jim's in town.

An observer who saw Danley and Bothwell out viewing the sights the other noon said: "There goes David and Goliath." We fear we shall have to revise our concept. This same observer referred to Williams as Jeremiah. That's not right—that's the fellow that wrote "Lamentations."

Jessie Tulk has returned from a dear hunt in California. We asked if she brought any horns home with her. "Certainly not!" Wings.

While Adkins' wife is spending a pleasant vacation in Shreveport, Arnold is staying with him—to provide an alibi.

"Seek and ye shall find," was not spoken of the file clerk.

Why you must study if you want to get ahead

MODERN developments in railway science make it necessary for every railway employee to study his work if he desires to advance. Only the poorer places are open nowadays to the uneducated man. The old methods of "picking it up" no longer avail. Definite, systematic study is necessary to a mastery of railroading, and the men who realize this the quickest are the first to secure promotion. There is always room at the top for men of ability and special training.

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The instructors are men who have had long experience in both the practical and theoretical branches of railway work—men who have occupied important positions in the railway world and who have spent many years in gaining their knowledge of the business. Included in the list you will find many ex-engineers, master mechanics,

and road foremen. The knowledge that these instructors possess is always at the service of our students, and their personal attention is given to every difficulty that any of our Railroad Division students may meet with. Consequently, the training of the International Correspondence Schools is just what every railroad man needs to enable him to advance to a better place at a higher salary.

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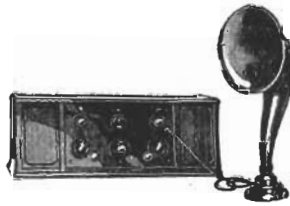
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Coble is asking for authority to submit G-51 for flood protection to dam the flow of a leaking radiator.

Lodge has been ill, threatened with pneumonia. Wonder if it was from walking the floor so much? (You'll see G. W. Jr.'s picture as soon as we can talk George out of one.)

Coble: "Do you know Eva?"

Dunbar: "Eva who?"

Coble: "—lution!"

Dunbar: "Quit your monkey business."

Mike Connelly has been hunting again. No, the ducks weren't discommoded, but quite a few quail acknowledged his marksmanship.

Merry Christmas.

General Office—Birmingham

Launa M. Chew

Received a pleasant call from B. W. Erwin, trainmaster, Birmingham, who has been quite ill with an attack of flu. Glad to see him out again.

Received one of those rare visits from M. M. Sisson, assistant general manager, recently, which we enjoyed very much.

On one of our very gloomiest, foggy days, when everyone felt so depressed, the office was suddenly brightened by the sunny smile and cheery greeting of J. H. Fraser, general manager.

The special train bearing the board of directors and officials, arrived Birmingham 6:15 p. m., November 10. Mr. Kurn stated October business on the Frisco was the best in the history of our company; loading during the month of October over 100,000 cars on our rails, and received from other lines more than enough business to make it the banner year of any past year on the Frisco. Mr. Kurn and entire party observed the enormous

agricultural and industrial growth in the Birmingham District, and along our lines in the south, expressing the opinion that on their trip to Birmingham in 1925, would be able to say that 1924 has been the best of all the years of our company. The entire party were entertained at dinner, at the Tutwiler Hotel, leaving at 10:00 p. m. that night.

C. C. Mosley, district freight agent, Jacksonville, Fla., spent a week of his vacation visiting relatives and old friends in Birmingham. Have been unable to solve the mystery of the important mail and anxiety to return to Florida. Must be some lovely mermaids along the beach.

Birmingham Terminals

John L. Godsey

D. Tiffany comes from St. Louis as terminal accountant, succeeding W. H. Boyne. Mr. Tiffany says the smoke is better here than in St. Louis because of the mixture with the dust. When you get tired of smelling the smoke, chew the dust a while.

G. O. Wright returned from North Carolina, and all hope to see him back on the job real soon.

We know Tom Meally will have a delightful Xmas, as some of his relatives came in with a carload of what "Sand Mountain" is famous for.

Photos Grady has been absent for about six weeks, and there is a question as to his whereabouts during all that time, but his friend, Francis, at the Freight house, insists that he was in the country somewhere.

SCENE IN B. A. DOBBIN'S

LUNCH ROOM ABOUT 11:45 A. M. Miss Paul—"Make me a ham sandwich with tomatoes, and give me a cup of coffee. That's all. Has the pie man come yet? Is the cherry pie good today? Say this coffee is too cold, take it back and give me another cup."

Mrs. McGowan—"I haven't got but 25c today. I want a sandwich and some coffee. Got any kind of samples to give away? Aw, shoot, this sandwich is no good, why don't you put a lot of ham in it?"

Miss Dudley—"Order of peas and ketchup. Think I'll drink coffee."

Dobbins—"Now, who wonders why I can't make any profit?" (Catching glimpse of Mr. Carson.) "Quick, make one pork sandwich and get a bottle of milk, before he gets here."

Mr. Carson—"Is mine ready?"

Dobbins—"Coming up."

Toot-toot-toot (standing for 12 o'clock whistle.) "Regular."

"Regular."

"Regular—regular—regular."

Shop forces arriving (curtain).

"Say, look here, you big bum, I been here a long time and fixed all the lights up for the new yards, and you ain't said nothing about me in the magazine."

"'Scuse me, Mr. G. W. Ellis, it's been my good intentions, but you 'lightening bugs' don't sit still long enough to ask questions."

H. M. Flinn, one of the switchmen in the terminal, has been in Chicago taking medical treatment, and Switchman McGregor advises he is recovering rapidly. A copy of the magazine is always mailed the employes who are in hospitals and from the reports, are very much appreciated.

**Sherman Mechanical Department
Makes New Use of Magazine**

Members of the mechanical department at Sherman, Texas, have recently used the Frisco Employees' Magazine to great advantage in an industrial campaign.

In fact those boys, and girls, of the mechanical department have opened a new field for the Magazine, and have made use of it in a way which possibly no one else had thought of. They are real "go getters" down there at Sherman, as this story will indicate.

The manufacturers and merchants of Sherman put on a campaign to "double Sherman's pay roll." C. C. Jordan, chief clerk to the master mechanic, found that in the initial stages of the campaign the Frisco Lines had apparently been overlooked in some way. So he got busy.

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SAINT LOUIS

To two hundred "sanctums" of business men and manufacturers of the City of Sherman went the following letter, and with each copy of the letter went a copy of the Frisco Employees' Magazine:

"Dear Mr. Manufacturer or Merchant:

"The Frisco Railway extends her greetings and is with you in your effort to 'double Sherman's pay roll.'

"Would it interest you to know that the Frisco Lines employ more than 500 men who live in Sherman, and their pay roll amounts to more than \$75,000 per month, and that the larger portion of this goes toward doubling your pay rolls?

"This money finds its way into all channels of trade. If it does not reach some merchant or manufacturer directly, it does reach them in an indirect way, contributing to the circulating medium which is felt by everyone.

"The Frisco Lines in Sherman have more than doubled their facilities in the past ten years, and with this have increased their ability to give you the service you want. The records show that in October, 98.6 per cent of all our trains were on time, which means that every Frisco man has your interest at heart.

"It will be to your interest to travel via The Frisco, route your shipment

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the Frisco way and induce your friends to do likewise. By doing this you will enable the Frisco to double its pay rolls in Sherman, and this reverts back to your pay rolls and your profits.

"This is contributed by the Frisco men of Sherman, who are proud of Sherman and glad to have the opportunity to participate in the doubling of the pay roll of the city.

"We present you herewith the Frisco Employees' Magazine with our compliments."

The letter was signed by "The Frisco Men of Sherman."

The mechanical forces of Sherman are certainly to be congratulated upon this splendid evidence of their interest and enthusiasm over their railroad.

Springfield General Store Room

Bertha V. Reed, Reporter

Tom Campbell, supervisor of supply cars for the Wabash R. R., at Decatur, Ill., paid a visit to the store room on the 21st instant. Several years ago Mr. Campbell was in the employ of the Frisco as stock clerk at the general store. Sam Gaston says that Mr. Campbell is just like he "use to was."

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Mutz are the proud parents of a baby daughter. The young lady has been named Laura May.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. E. Henderson, wife of our timekeeper, is improving. She is a patient at the St. John's Hospital. We wish for her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Elmer Eastburn, wife of Elmer Eastburn, trucker, is a patient at a



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local hospital. Elmer reports that she is getting along nicely.

Dan Case inquired a few days ago if celluloid was Harold Lloyd's sister. Dan is the fellow that believes in wearing of the green on the 17th of March.

Paul Hampton, storekeeper, West Store, has been telling everyone at the store room about his fine bird dog. A few of the men at the store



CHRISTIAN MARTYRS GIVEN TO THE LIONS

THE picture shown herewith, from Ridpath's History, depicts 87,000 people assembled in the Coliseum at Rome to witness the Christians given to the lions. In such a scene may be read the inevitable doom of the Empire that ruled the world. The blood of the Martyrs is the seed from which Christian civilization sprang. If you would know the history of mankind—every sacrifice for principle, every struggle for liberty, every conflict and every achievement, from the dawn of civilization down to the present time—then embrace this splendid opportunity to place in your home the world-famed publication

Ridpath's History of the World

Including a full authentic account of the World War

Dr. John Clark Ridpath is universally recognized as America's greatest historian. Other men have written histories of one nation or period—Gibbon of Rome, Macaulay of England, Guizot of France; but it remained for Dr. Ridpath to write a history of the entire World from the earliest civilization down to the present day.

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RIDPATH is endorsed by Presidents of the United States, practically all university and college presidents, and by a quarter of a million Americans who own and love it. Don't you think it would be worth while to mail us the coupon and receive the 46 sample pages from the History? **They are free.**

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RIDPATH pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability.

**THE RIDPATH HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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 Please mail, without cost to me, sample pages of Ridpath's History of the World, containing photogravures of The Surrender at Sedan, Napoleon, and other great characters in history. Also write me full particulars of your special offer to Frisco Employees' Magazine readers.

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MONETT, MO.

room had occasion to go hunting with Paul one morning recently, and when they returned they said Paul killed one quail and when he started to look for his bird dog he was nowhere to be found. The men searched for the dog and finally located him. He had chased a skunk into a tall tree. The men have come to the conclusion that Paul has a "skunk hound" instead of a bird dog.

C. J. Renshaw, agent at the store room, and J. G. Akridge, general foreman, arose early one morning to go hunting. C. J. shot the first rabbit and was very proud of it, and just when Jim spied a rabbit and was getting ready to shoot, C. J. heard a car coming and thinking it was the game warden, yelled at Jim: "Don't shoot, don't shoot." C. J. thought that shooting rabbits came under the same game law as the quail did, and he was so excited he ran through a hedge fence and scratched his face considerably, also notice he has been carrying his left arm in a sling for the past few days. Jim said that C. J. hid the rabbit in the hedge until the car passed, and after he found out it wasn't the game warden, went back to get the rabbit and never could locate it. We secured a copy of the game rules and posted it for the benefit of C. J., and he realizes now that he can shoot rabbits whenever he can find them.

Did anyone ever go to a pie supper and eat so much pie that they couldn't see where they were going, or tell how many miles an hour their car was going? We have just learned of an incident of this sort at the store room. Floyd Yates, of the stationery department, and his girl and Lawrence Mutz and Floyd's sister May, were returning home from Cave Springs, where they attended a pie supper, and about four and one-half miles the other side of Willard, they were driving in loose gravel, the car skidded down an embankment and shook the occupants up considerably. Floyd said he was only driving ten miles an hour, but Floyd's brother being an expert driver, argues that anyone could keep a car in the road that was only going ten miles an hour even if they were driving in loose gravel. He seems to think that Floyd ate too much mince meat pie.

The I. W. W. club had a splendid meeting at the home of May Yates the evening of October 22nd. On November 5th we met at the home of Gertrude Crow on West Walnut St., at which time we gave a kitchen shower for Josephine Welch. She received everything from an egg beater to a broom. On November 20th the club met at Maud Bedell's home on E. Pacific St., and Mrs. Chas. Moret, formerly Josephine Welch, was our guest.

Mary Murphy, multigraph operator at the store room, spent Sunday, November 16th, in Kansas City, Mo.

We had considerable fun teasing J. M. Walker, chief clerk to general storekeeper, when he first came to Missouri, account of not being able to shoot Missouri quail, as he claimed to be quite a sportsman among the hunting class in Oklahoma. Begin to doubt his marksmanship as he has not developed a 100 per cent record in Missouri as yet.

We sure have the laugh on J. G. Akridge, general foreman at general store, account of his early morning duck hunt. As the story goes, Jim brought home the game, but when he had it cooked it developed that the duck was a mud hen.

R. G. Price, stock clerk, general store, has so far excelled in the bagging of game this fall, and the only reason we account for it is Bob goes regular every Sunday, as he seems to think continued effort will finally bring success.

Santa Claus told L. A. Utley if he would be good he would receive a full box of Beech-nut chewing gum for Christmas.

Pearl Fain has accepted the stenographic position made vacant by Josephine Welch, and Nola Rook has accepted Pearl's position.

Henry Nelson is our new file clerk in general storekeeper's office, account of Tom O'Kelly accepting Nola Rook's position.

Dan Cupid entered the store room and took with him Josephine Welch, stenographer in general storekeeper's office, who was married to Chas. Moret at 8:00 o'clock Sunday night, November 9th, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Welch, 1048 W. Walnut Street. Dr. Cowden of the Woodland Heights

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Presbyterian Church performed the ceremony. Shortly after the ceremony the couple left on a late train for Lincoln, Neb., where they spent their honeymoon. They returned to Springfield on the 17th instant, and are at home to their many friends on South Campbell St. Road. Mr. Moret is bookkeeper for the Springfield Grocer Company. Congratulations are extended from the store department. We certainly enjoyed the swell cigars and delicious candy.

A miscellaneous shower was given November 3rd, at the home of Beulah Shepherd on Benton Avenue, complimentary to Josephine Welch, whose marriage occurred November 9th to Chas. Moret. About thirty-five girls attended the shower and the bride-elect was the recipient of many beautiful and useful gifts.

Car Accountant Office

Miss Mary Howell, Reporter

Marie Arnold is spending a three weeks' vacation in the west. She will be accompanied home by her sister, Beatrice, who has been in California for three months for the benefit of her health.

Eleanor Buchanan, of the per diem department, is spending a happy two weeks in New Orleans and Houston.

Belle Stewart is spending her Thanksgiving vacation in Pittsburg, Kans. Be careful how much you eat, Belle, you know turkey is fattening.

Ann Keifer and Lillian Brooks spent an enjoyable vacation of two weeks visiting Washington, D. C., New York City, Boston, Mass., Portland, Maine, and other points of interest in the east. The big cities must have been too much for them as both came back all in. Of course, they haven't told all they did, but we couldn't expect that.

Mr. Anderson (Andy), chief of the private car line department, appeared at the office with a brand new overcoat. Since then he has worn it regardless of the temperature.

The office lost one of its members not long ago when Ellen Johns bid on a position in Mr. Kerr's office.

Alice Cooper, our red ball clerk,

has resigned effective November 30. Same old reason—she will be married to Clarence Conn in the near future (if she isn't already married). Luck to you, Alice.

We hear of marriage and rumors of marriages, and are afraid to tell whom we suspect will be next bride. They surprise us, sometimes.

N. L. Lindquist, boss of the record department, took a vacation recently and really never came near the office during said time. This was a very unusual proceeding for him.

Mildred Truman attended the chrysanthemum show at Shaw's Garden, St. Louis, recently.

Pearl Grace is spending Thanksgiving vacation at her home near Fair Play, Mo.

Lulu Jernigan is planning to eat turkey in Muskogee, Turkey Day.

Everybody wonders why Colia Melton is so happy these days. This morning I was informed that Churchill was coming home after three months' absence. Colia says she never wants anyone to mention Penn. to her again.

Kansas City Mechanical Department

H. F. Shivers, Reporter

Frank Junkins, engine inspector, has recently returned from St. Louis hospital where he underwent an operation for appendicitis.

A sample of the conversation that usually takes place in this office each day:

Johnson to Miss Hoffman: "Miss Hoffman, add this up."

Moffett to Johnson: "Johnson, is roll 22 ready to go?"

Dan to Miss Reece: "Take a wire to S. B. Ramsey."

Miss Forster: "How many bad orders today?"

Willer to telephone operator: "Get me Pat Moore."

Miss Lynch to most all of us most all the time: "Are you holding any files on your desk?"

Miss Hoffman to Johnson: "Your figures are cuckoo, they don't balance."

Mr. Berry to Willer: "Did you talk to Hubbart?"

Miss Campbell to Shivers: "Loan me your knife."

Everybody more or less all the time: Saying nothing.

We prefer a hard boiled person most any time to one that is half baked.

Mrs. H. L. Johnson, wife of our timekeeper, has returned from the hospital in Springfield where she had her tonsils removed.

Pauline says the thing that counts most around here is the adding machine.

We are afraid we are going to lose two of our most trusted employes as we have information to the effect that Bob Brown is to become a florist, he is alleged to have received a box of plants by parcel post some weeks ago. Slim, the caller, is seriously contemplating entering the real es-

tate business as he has a house for rent on "Gobblers' Knob."

Leota Campbell was confined to her room several days of the first week in November account of illness.

P. F. Spangler, supervisor of car repair bills, was with us for a few days the first part of November.

We were favored with a visit of several of the official family recently, consisting of the following named gentlemen: J. M. Kurn, president; E. M. Brown, chairman of the board of directors; David P. Bennett, director; Grant R. McCullough, director; C. W. Michel; F. H. Hamilton; J. R. Koontz; B. T. Wood and J. E. Hutchison, vice-president; H. L. Worman, supt. motive power; Col. F. G. Jonah, chief engr.; Sam Lazarus; Col. Robt. M. Thompson; Ford Harvey; Frank C. Wright; Walter Seligman and Sidney W. Noyes.

The party arrived at Kansas City at 6:30 P. M. A dinner was given at the Mission Hills Country Club by J. W. Perry, after which they left for Tulsa, Ft. Worth and other southern points.

W. B. Berry had the thrill of his young life some time ago when he went up for an airplane ride over Kansas City.

Miss Erma Reece has had as her guest, Mrs. J. L. Schlicher of Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. Schlicher was a former Katy girl of Parsons, Kans.

The shopmen's band from Springfield, under the direction of J. E. Foster, paid us a pleasant visit November 18th. This was their first trip since becoming organized.

They entertained us with a concert during the noon hour. The band consists of 24 pieces. The following were in the party: Mannagan, Matthews, Tucker, Weight, Hayes, Falks, Hassler, Wines, Delo, Revis, Bowman, Enps, Myles, Wilkes, Reeves, Demore, Weaver, Thurman, Lee, Lewis, Wynn-coop, Bill Schaler, J. E. Foster, director. Come again, boys, we enjoyed your visit very much.

E. H. Golden, car order clerk, went to a fathers and sons banquet during fathers and sons week. Golden did not have any boy to take along, but thought he ought to go anyway and nlay father to some boy that did not have a father. When he got back home that night, his wife presented him with a ten pound son, so now Golden will have a son of his own to take next time.

We made a flying trip to Ft. Smith on Thanksgiving to eat dinner with mother.

Wonder what excuse Bob Francis will have to come to Kansas City now since he has gotten everybody lined up on the handling of oil burning engines?

Miss Eleanor Forster had as her guests the Misses Northcutt of Springfield on Thanksgiving Day.

Well, the lost is found. J. T. Williams finally showed up. He spent several days with us recently.

About all the heroes of the rail have had their praises sung and their many deeds of valor extolled. We

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A Hotel Where Frisco People Will Be Made
to Feel at Home
Owned and Operated by a Former R. R. Man
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have been told of their unswerving loyalty and capabilities for clear thinking and rare judgment in emergencies, but there is a class of employes on the most of the larger roads today who yet small in number, are, due to our very complex and highly intensified system of organization, very efficient and well-nigh indispensable. Their work requires the most exacting skill. They must at all times keep a clear head and if the occasion demands, take the initiative in handling the many seemingly unsurmountable difficulties.

We have reference to none other than the telephone operator, who the most of us never realize is a vital part of our vast organization until we lift our receiver from the hook and clear as a bell we hear her un-failing response. We give her the number, and if it be an out of town station we are calling, we soon become absorbed in other duties, feeling secure in our belief that the operator will take care of all the details of getting the call through. We are soon reminded of her ability and willingness to give us that un-failing serv-

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ice we have become so accustomed to expect when the bell goes tinkle, tinkle, and we are pleasantly informed that, "Here's your party."

We are more or less creatures of habit and I often wonder what we would do some morning if we were to come down to the office and try to get Springfield South 2, and after failure to get the operator we were told the telephone system had been discontinued? Imagine we would feel like throwing up our hands in despair and walking off the job. But how different the situation. We know that it matters not the hour of day or night, if we want to get in touch with the yardmaster, or if we want to reach the roundhouse foreman, all we have to do is reach for the telephone and presto, in less than it takes to write these lines, you have your man and he has the message or other information you desire him to have. And it all depends on the operator, for no matter how many lines you have, or how elaborate your plant, the class of service invariably depends on the operator.

We here at Kansas City, take pardonable pride in our PBX lines and our ever loyal and faithful corps of operators. We have in use what is known as a two position board of the latest design, manufactured by the Kellogg people. There are 51 call stations in Kansas City and Rosedale. We have two trunk lines to Springfield and Ft. Scott in addition to the dispatcher's wire. A recent check revealed the fact that there is an average of 450 calls handled per hour, while 250 calls per hour is considered by some to be a good record. The number of calls and connections put up generally reach the peak between the hours of 10 A. M. to noon, and from 3:00 to 5:00 P. M. The

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MAIN 9

AMBULANCE SERVICE
NIGHT AND DAY

most popular number on the board, that is the one called most, is station 21, the master mechanic's office. Station number 12 is a close second.

The work here is divided in three shifts of eight hours each. The first or day shift from 8:00 A. M. to 3:00 P. M., is capably filled by Miss Violet Orendorf, a lady of very pleasing personality and always on her toes to give you as nearly perfect service as possible. The second shift, from 3:00 P. M. to 11:00 P. M., is filled by Miss Mary Conroy, who takes a great deal of pleasure in always trying to give satisfaction. If they don't answer, it is not Mary's fault. The night, or as it is sometimes called, the grave yard shift, from 11:00 P. M. to 8:00 A. M. is presided over by Miss Elizabeth Schanz. Remember, if you pick up your receiver some night along in the wee sma' hours,

if she does not answer immediately, just think how you would feel if you had to sit there in that room all alone all night. I expect the best of us would get sleepy, however, lonesome as it may seem, we find Elizabeth always on the job.

Of course we have to provide for a relief operator, for what would happen if Violet, Mary or Elizabeth were to get sick, the street car stall, or worse yet, what if one of them were to take a notion to get married—such things have been known to happen—so in order to provide a remedy in case of any of the above extremities, Miss Agnes Shean very ably fills in on relief days. We did not ask her, but we rather suspect Agnes is Irish, which no doubt accounts for her pleasant smile and cheery voice and, oh, boy, how she can whip those plugs around when business gets lively,

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when everybody in the terminal from JMF on down wants to talk to everybody from Slim on up.

So taking everything into consideration, the operator has a job I do not envy. Let's all strive to withhold our criticism and be a little more free with our praise, for we must remember she is not a machine, but is very human and if we will treat her right by co-operating with her in her effort to give us good service, she will appreciate it and we feel sure we will all be amply repaid for the effort, if such it be called.

Freight Office, Springfield, Mo.
Oswald Rainey, Reporter

Our office claims quite a record for length of service among the employes. Recently when requests for merit passes were filled out, it was found that out of sixty-six employes on duty, 52 had enough service seniority to be rewarded by division and system passes. Out of this number, five were rewarded with system passes, with an average of 19 year service with this company. This does not include out agent, who gets a white pass with Mr. Kurn's signature on it. Some of the ladies working here requested that, in line with the above, I state that they were quite young when they first entered the service.

The efficiency committee has come and gone, and while here they made several changes in the office. Two new positions were added, and Ruth Douglass, formerly at the general office, and John Wilson, formerly the

warehouse foreman at Miller, Mo., have taken these.

The employes of this office held a picnic last month. Many weiners were slain and a good time was had by all.

Our platform force lost the pennant for the best handling of shipments last month, but watch our smoke in the months to come.

Mr. Hargis and Mr. Beveir, who until recently were very puny, have taken on a little weight, due, no doubt, to the advice given by Miss Handy, about drinking milk. Miss Handy asserts she has gained 135 pounds since she first started drinking milk daily.

Rayn Massey, our porter, still gets his telephone call from some unknown brown skin at 7 o'clock each night. Massey sure is a bear among those women.

Recently a Mr. Smith moved an emigrant car into Springfield, Mo., and while in transit, damage to the amount of \$20.00 was done to the shipment. Upon arrival here, the W. W. I. B. inspector raised the freight charges to \$14.00 more than Mr. Smith thought he would have to pay. The freight office here wrote to him about this undercharge and the following is the letter received in reply:

"It chanced that one Smith, surnamed Bob, son of old man Smith, being enamoured with the beauty of a distant land, caused all his goods to be placed on a caravan belonging to one Frisco, and had same conveyed to the land of Greene, at a place which lies over against the waters of the Jim, between the Ozark and the Grove of Doling on the one hand, and be-

tween Strafford and the caves of the Ku Klux on the other, which same is Springfield. Now it comes to pass that when this caravan, belonging to one Frisco, arrived at the place which is Springfield, in the land of Greene, it was found that they had been sorely tried by the roughness of their journey, and much of the goods of Smith, surnamed Bob, son of old man Smith, were grievously damaged. And it came to pass, that when the keeper of the caravan looked upon the goods of Smith, surnamed Bob, and saw the damage wrought by his servants, he turned unto himself and said: 'Verily now, this bird hath the goods on me, and that he may not levy on me a charge of many shekels for the destruction wrought by my caravan, verily I shall beat him to it, and will demand another payment of 14 shekels of silver, because he hath not bound up his raiment, and his cots, and his furnishings to suit me.'

"Now, when Maud, the wife of Smith, surnamed Bob, learned of the destruction wrought by the caravan, she waxed exceedingly wroth, and spake unto her husband saying: 'Verily now, I beseech that you proceed to the place where the keeper of this caravan abideth, and shalt thou take him by the neck and jar him loose from 100 shekels of silver, which is a punishment for their carelessness.' But Smith, surnamed Bob, son of old man Smith, being possessed of much discretion, spake unto his wife, named Maud, saying: 'Nay, nay, Honey Bunch, forsooth, I shall not venture into the camp of the Philistines who are ahunger for my purse and for my shekels, for it may come to pass that I be sorely beset and be relieved of

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my "makings;" but rather, I shall procure a scribe who shall say unto them: Now, it has cost this Smith, surnamed Bob, 20 shekels of silver to salve the hurts done by the caravan owned by one Frisco, and I say unto you—Oowah; shall not the accounts of Smith, surnamed Bob, butt with the account of the keeper of the caravan, owned by one Frisco, and the two go their ways in peace? Selah."

(Signed) R. SMITH.

Division Accountant's Office Eastern Division

By H. H. McGarvey

Now that the election is over and the inventory has been taken, maybe the division forces can get down to some real work.

Five out of this office were stuck as inventory checkers the first of this month. M. W. Abernathy took the fourth track, Tim Murray from Pacific to Southeastern Junction, Hal Lamkin the third track, Walter Hudson the Springfield Terminals, and yours truly went over the "Hi-Line," counting rails, ties, etc. In this connection I have a couple of suggestions to make to Mr. Kurn in order to make the taking of inventories easier in the future. As there is a lot of necessary walking connected with the taking of an inventory, I wish he would have all the ties taken out and respaced so there would be a full step between them instead of two-thirds of a step, as there now is. Besides being convenient, just look at the saving there would be in ties. Also wish he would put out instructions for all men that chew tobacco when riding on a motor to sit on the back end of the car while in motion. The writer consumed more second hand Star, Horse Shoe, Tiger, Granger and various other kinds of chewing weed in two days than is possible for one man to chew in a week.

Part of the gang went to Walter Hudson's house election night to hear the returns over Walter's radio. There were about the proportion of Democrats and Republicans present as there were voted in the country at large, although there were no LaFollette followers among us. (Neither were there any I. W. W.'s.) We all had a good time and stayed until the small hours of morning. Walter has a good radio set and contrary to the general rule, it worked perfect that night.

Tim Murray came to work with a black eye the other day, the same day E. N. Finley, timekeeper in the superintendent's office came in with a broken arm. That looks mighty bad,

as neither of them could give a good explanation. A day or two later Tim received a ten gauge muzzle loading pop gun through the mail. The donor of the gun advised Tim to carry it with him for protection on his future trips to St. Louis.

Bob Langston of the division accountant's office, at Chaffee, paid us a visit last month. Bob made the trip in his Ford coupe.

We wish you all A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

One Ticket Good for 14

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scott, Jewell, Ia., married less than 10 years, have 19 children, all boys. There are five sets of triplets and two pairs of twins. On a recent trip to LaCrosse, Mrs. Scott took 13 of the younger children with her. They filled five car seats. When the conductor appeared the mother handed him her ticket and had the family Bible ready to prove all the children were her own and less than 5 years old, thus entitled to ride free.

Mechanical Department Central Division

By Irene Woestman

J. D. Heyburn, who was quite seriously injured in an automobile accident, is rapidly improving, and we are all delighted to hear that he will soon be able to resume his duties.

Kathryne McMahan has returned from a week-end trip to Tulsa.

To Engineers J. D. Newton and Thos. Lyons, and Firemen W. A. Reeves and Wm. Phipps, are due a great amount of credit for the splendid handling given the Directors' Special, which passed over this division without experiencing any difficulties.

Eula Branson and Irene Woestman have returned from a short visit in St. Louis.

A very interesting as well as instructive fuel meeting was held in Ft. Smith on Monday, November 24th, having a good attendance. The foremen from the outside points being present, also the number of train and enginemen in attendance was very gratifying. J. E. Whalen, from St. Louis was also present and he always promises an interesting program.

The enginemen on this division are exceedingly interested in the Fuel Conservation Essay, and we all have great confidence in one of them carrying off the trophy.

Fireman W. A. ('Poss) Reeves is struttin' around in a new Chrysler roadster. Go to it, Mr. Reeves, we are for you.

Supplyman G. B. Stubblefield, who has been in the Frisco Hospital at St. Louis for some time, but is home on a short visit, was down to see us this morning. Although Mr. Stubblefield is greatly improved, it is necessary for him to return to the hospital for further treatment; we are in hopes that he will soon be back at work.

The following report from Frank Reed shows what effect the untiring efforts of our road foremen has on engine crews with reference to the saving of fuel:

"They are all hand fired over on the Central Division, but I believe you will agree that we are still in the game after noting some of the individual fuel performances of some of our engines and crews, together with the general average performance of our 700 class engines on the Arthur Sub for the month of October.

"Following engines and crews have lead their respective divisions in individual fuel performance in the various classes of service in which they are in for three consecutive months and these are the general average figures for these engines and crews for their performances during the three months. Figures were obtained from the fuel clerk's office, which are final and include fuel consumed for all purposes. While these performances do not measure up with some of the other divisions on the system, nevertheless on account of our ruling grade which will not permit of a high train haul, I believe they are on par with any on a comparative division.

Passenger Service

Sub-Division, Arkinda; Engine, 103; Engineer, J. Lyons; Fireman, Mc-Bee; Pounds Coal Per Passenger Car Mile, 10.79.

Sub-Division, Arthur; Engine, 1,400; Engineer, H. H. Taylor; Firemen, Estes, Van Wagoner; Pounds Coal Per Passenger Car Mile, 11.93.

Sub-Division, Ardmore; Engine, 480; Engineer, J. Marean; Fireman, H. Moore; Pounds Coal Per Passenger Car Mile, 14.46.

Freight Service

Sub-Division, Arthur; Engine, 714; Engineer, J. J. Carroll; Fireman, Myhan; Pounds Coal Per 1,000 G. T. M., 110.

Sub-Division, Arkinda; Engine, 617; Engineer, J. Merideth; Fireman, Doup; Pounds Coal Per 1,000 G. T. M., 134.

Local Service

Sud-Division, Arkinda; Engine, 622; Engineer, W. Hughes; Fireman, McClellan; Pounds Coal Per 1,000 G. T. M., 202.

"Engines 705, 708, 710, 713, 714, 717 and 718 were regularly assigned on Arthur Sub during month of October, and their average haul for this month was 925 tons and these engines consumed for all purposes 124 pounds fuel per 1,000 G. T. M.—they are not oil burners, either.

"The Central Division has lead the Frisco System for ten consecutive months in switch locomotive fuel performance. There are five different switch yards on the Central Division, with a total of sixteen regularly assigned switch crews. The general average performance of all these crews for the ten months is 106.43 pounds of coal per switch locomotive mile and this includes fuel for all purposes."

Kansas City

Fanchon Johnson hasn't lost track of the Detroit delegation representing the Flint cars. Bill Collins says she has regular chauffeur service to the office every once in a while.

Night Hawks are still on the globe. They meet every other Wednesday. It takes them two weeks to get caught up on their sleep. Louis still clings to his position of chief hawk and bright hawk shirts, even in the face of subordinate opposition. We expect to hear about a duel some day.

We regret to state that Clay DeGraw is unable to return to the office at this writing and has requested leave until December 1st. He has been suffering with rheumatism for several months.

Alfred Westerman is confined to his home because of pneumonia. November 14th was the last day at the office. Al isn't very strong, but we're all hoping that he will make the grade.

H. E. Sullivan, chairman of the Frisco board of adjustment, was in Kansas City, November 18th.

Violet Orendorff spent November 15th and 16th in Joplin, visiting her sister and family. She reports a splendid time.

Mrs. Erma Coleman was away from the office November 20th, and several days thereafter, owing to the fact that her mother underwent an operation at that time.

The little yellow cat that was a regular mascot for the office bunch has disappeared. We haven't the slightest idea where he went; but he's just gone. Elmer Lindeman isn't a bit worried, but he's the only one who isn't. Elmer has his reasons, however. The cat would get out on the roof, and when a dog chased him he would make a bee-line for the window right by Lindeman's desk, make a flying leap and light squarely in Lindeman's correspondence basket. Just like Postum, there's a reason!

Telegraph Department

Lillian Hultsch, Reporter

Selma Hoffman, telephone supervisor, will leave during the latter part of November for Oklahoma City, where she will spend two weeks' vacation.

I understand the early morning walks have been discontinued since the days have become so short.

Now that the election, baseball games and vacations are over, our attention has been turned to crossword puzzles. This is becoming quite a favorite pastime. Many evenings are spent with dictionaries, encyclopedias and geographies, and there really seems to be as much enjoyment comparing results as there was in arguing politics.

However, some of our staunch Republicans got so worked up before the election, that after it was over they had to go to the woods to finish "shooting off." They came back with several quail.

Letha Linn, telephone operator at Ft. Scott, who was reported off account illness last month, returned to work November 16th.

Have you seen the new act Ray and Ollie have been rehearsing during the noon hour?

Grace Hall, telephone operator at Sapulpa, has returned from Dallas where she has been on leave of absence account illness.

Egotism is the anaesthetic nature administered to deaden the pain of being a fool.

First Radio Fan: "How's your radio working?"

Second Radio Fan: "Fine, I heard the 'Jayhawkers' at Kansas City last night."

Katherine Stephenson, telephone operator at St. Louis, has returned from Omaha, where she spent her vacation.

Now is the time to begin to think of those New Year resolutions we are going to make.

Reading the paper the other day I came across an item which suggested a plan to me whereby hunters might economize in shells. Since I am not a hunter myself, I am going to pass the idea on. The article follows:

"The goose may honk high at times, but there are other times when the goose is unable to honk at all. Such a time, according to residents of Newton County, has been seen during the past few days, when 300 geese, disregarding the fact that they are protected by Federal game laws, proceeded to violate the Federal prohibition law.

"The geese, seeking warmer climes, were heading toward the south, and stopped to spend the night in Meadows Park.

"Near the park, it is said, a quantity of mash from which the bubble and sparkle had been transferred to a still, had been poured upon the banks of a creek. Here, the wild fowl tarried.

"After eating the corn chops, the geese became groggy. They merely floated upon the water or sank upon the ground.

"Word of the inebriation of the geese soon spread among the residents of Newton County, and within a few hours the supposedly intoxicated geese were being picked up by men, women and children. As a result, goose dinners in Newton County will not be delayed until Christmas or New Year's Day."

Southwestern Division News Items

R. W. Harper and L. A. Mack,
Reporters

B. P. Myers, master mechanic, is on vacation at Sulphur for the last two weeks. Mr. Myers has earned his vacation since he has come to the Southwestern Division, and here's hoping that he has the best time in the world drinking and swimming in the mineral water.

R. H. Snodgrass, piece work checker from Chaffee, is now holding the same job at Sapulpa, vice W. R. Bennett, transferred.

M. L. Guinney says that the parade of light engines on the Southwestern Division, before the change on the new time card, sure did make him dizzy for a while.

Ethel Grace Morford, file clerk at Sapulpa, is on her vacation at the present time while we all nobly endeavor to keep the files straight.

Our car steno at Sapulpa, has quite a record to parade this month, at least so she states. This new record for her was set when she only went to the show three times in one week.

The fuel situation on the Southwestern Division has picked up since the fuel clerk position was established at Sapulpa, got so good that one man could not handle it, and now T. J. Appley has a helper in Cecil Jones, who hales from the good city of Springfield.

The Sapulpa schools, through their vocational training department, are giving a course in Mechanical Drawing that about sixteen of the Frisco roundhouse employees are taking advantage of. The benefits of the vocational training are many, and we are glad to see the men take advantage of this opportunity, that costs but very little of their spare time and paves the way for a better job some time in life.

Since T. J. Talevich put his tire turning machine into use at Sapulpa, on July 23rd, the first engine of the 4,100 class assigned to this division had her tires turned. Mr. Talevich completed all of the 4,100 class

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engines on the 22nd day of this month, when he finished turning the tires on Engine 4,129. Mr. Talevich says that you cannot figure the saving in money and get a concrete example, but the best way to figure the saving with this machine is in the increased service you get out of an engine between shopping for classified repairs.

Solved "Tangled Comic" Won Ten Dollar Prize

Lucille Kerr, secretary to Architect Stephens, was recently listed among those who won prizes for solving the "tangled comic" puzzle in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, receiving ten dollars for her efforts.

Responsibilities

L. A. Mack

"Responsibilities!" How large a word when measured out to each one of us, no matter how small or big, old or young, we all have them.

Each one of us have responsibilities, no matter how young or old we may be. To home, to children, to parents, to employer or to employe, which in the general are lived up to to a certain extent in a way, but are they lived up to, to the best of our ability? Do you as a parent give your family all the pleasures and joys of life that you can afford no matter how meager your purse may be? None of you who might see this have ever been arrested for non-support, but do you not some time deprive your family of some of these pleasures in order that you may satisfy your own selfish wants.

Do you wives or husbands ever feel the responsibilities of your leisure hours, do you spend them making your home pleasant and joyful, or do you spend them selfishly in the pursuit of your own personal pleasures?

There is no doubt but what these rules or we might say unwritten laws of responsibility are broken by every one of us thoughtlessly, for we are all human. It is true that most people live up to the laws of home responsibility whether written or unwritten.

These are seemingly great respon-

sibilities of home, but they are not all. Do we ever stop to think of our responsibilities as an employer or an employe, of our responsibility to each other?

Put a new uniform on a man and he generally tries to live up to it, whether a soldier or a policeman, or whether you liken this uniform to a man's new job. We all try as we think to do our best, but do we in every respect? Each one of us, if we were to think back, could remember some time when we have broken this unwritten law, second only to home responsibility. Have you ever betrayed a secret of your employer? If so, you have in this way defiled your uniform, the uniform that stands for business moral.

There is no doubt but what every one of us has broken these written and unwritten laws in some respect, but through our mistakes we should profit.

The moral standard of every man and woman or child is most often difficult to live up to, for where the uniform of law demands the enforcement of laws that are written, the uniform that you and I wear demands the enforcement of laws that are unwritten, of moral responsibility, which must be enforced within the confines of ourselves and at the dictates of our own mind.

Are We Striving? That's the Main Idea

We are not accountable as individuals, for the results, if we have done our best. The main thing is, how are we striving? Are we satisfied to draw our salaries and allow each day to take care of itself, and get by with just as little work as possible, or are we looking ahead at the tomorrows of our existence here and reaching out for a better position, to make the railroad game a profession really worth while; for that is what it amounts to. The way to learn any profession is to master the details immediately within your comprehension, and master them thoroughly, and go on to the next step. That is the only way to insure a profession. The difference between a position and a profession is, you may get one with somewhat of a pull, but you've got to learn the other. There is an attitude with a number of persons to do their work, and be careful that they don't have any extra time to help out on the other fellow's desk if he's snowed. That isn't the right attitude. If you can do your work and a little more, your are just making yourself that much more of an asset to the company, and the people who are staying on the payrolls of any enterprising company these days are the assets, and not the liabilities. Think it over! It may not hit you so hard today, but what about the tomorrow ten or fifteen years from today?

Yes, "The Governor" Was In; So Bob Williams Got a Call

Writing in the Oklahoma City Daily News, Earl Sparling says:

"Bob Williams, then governor of Oklahoma, and Zack Mulhall, picturesque rancher, jointly baptized A. Carlisle Young, assistant manager of the Huckins Hotel, into the ways of the west.

"It was in 1915. Young, an easterner, had just come to Oklahoma. Zack Mulhall strolled into the lobby of the Huckins at 7 a. m.

"'Is the governor in yet?' he inquired.

"'Wait. I'll call and see,' answered the polite Easterner. He rang Bob Williams' room on the fourth floor.

"Governor Williams was not the sort to be pulled out of bed at 7 o'clock without reason.

"'A gentleman down here to see you,' said Young. Then Zack said a few things.

"'What the hell? I don't want to talk to Bob Williams. I want to know when the Frisco "Governor" gets in—the train, son. Say where are you from, anyway?"

"Young blushed as he recalled the incident and said, 'In the east I had never heard of a train being named. We used numbers.'"

Fort Worth News

By Lois M. Sheppard, Reporter

Wm. A. Walker wears a broad smile all the time now. He is the proud father of Robert Lawrence, who arrived October 8th, and weighed 8½ pounds.

Ben Hur, division accountant, is again at his post after having visited his parents in Ohio. He returned wearing the very latest fashioned hosiery; however, minus Parisian holders.

Priscilla Sanborn is no longer with us, she having accepted a secretarial position with the University Press in Chicago.

"Gille" Hatheway is away on his vacation—gone duck hunting, and from all promises made before leaving, the Accountant Department may have a duck dinner upon his return; however, 'spect all we'll see will be feathers, and they'll come out of that old pillow he claimed from the ark.

It is becoming quite a pastime (during lunch hour, of course) among some of the studious clerks working cross-word puzzles. It is not an unfamiliar sight to see Moore Walker winding his way over to J. Ivan's desk at twelve with an armful of dictionaries, encyclopedias, and other books of information which are very essential in determining whether heliotrope is a flower, flavor or both, etc. Ben Lewis has not as yet entered into the affair, his only reasonable excuse being that he has plenty of cross words at home without mixing them in with his eight hours of idle bliss at the office.

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Twenty-eight from the Accounting Department enjoyed a weiner roast recently. There is always one spot at the lake prettier than any other, and that is the very spot we selected—Inspiration Point. From this point one has a most wonderful view of the lake and its surroundings. We all met at the office about five-thirty and tried to all go together, which we didn't. Those reaching the point first built a fire and started the weiners roasting, and then we roasted weiners, toasted buns and marshmallows until there were none left to toast, and of course, ate all we toasted, nearly. Joe White very thoughtfully brought a camp victrola along, while R. E. Wesenberg brought the "floor" on which to dance. Skeen began to clap his hands and pat his foot, and Ben Morgan just naturally began to jig.

A Link In the Chain

By F. W. Kelsey

(In N. C. and St. L. Ry. News Item)

A chain is no stronger than any one link. An organization is no stronger than its separate units. A railroad organization is made up of various departments, sub-divided as to their duties and responsibilities. We are each and every one of us a part of a sub-division insofar as it relates to classification, and report to a designated leader, but this does not mean that our responsibilities are segregated in that we must confine our interests to the narrow line of our sub-division.

Every man that is working for a railroad should consider himself a representative of such railroad and at all times have its interests in mind.

Let us pause for a moment and give thought to our own activities or non-activities.

Am I giving to my employer an honest return for the upkeep of myself and family?

Am I representing them when coming in contact with the public as I would want to be represented if I were an employer?

Do I try to influence my neighbors and friends to a better feeling toward my company?

Do I cheer and support the political demagogues that are trying to tear the very foundation upon which we have so successfully and pleasantly thrived, from under us, or do I give sober thought to their selfish activities and use my influence to offset theirs?

Am I a red-blooded American citizen, either by birth or adoption, who stands for the ideals of our forefathers who gave us a government, of free and equal rights, under which successive generations have enjoyed a freedom that exists in no other country in the world; or am I a puppet to be influenced by representatives of foreign thoughts and ideas, which are in direct conflict with those of the framers of our constitution?

Do I want to live under present conditions as they exist in Russia and other countries that have experienced a period of Communism, where every forward step toward nationalization of industries means higher tax rates and more influence for those at the head of the government until oppression in its most objectionable stage results?

Do I exercise the suffrage rights of citizenship, or do I let the professional politicians take care of my interests and belong to the order of "Let George Do It"? (Such order has a membership of about 50 per cent of our voting age population).

Now let's awaken, shake ourselves and resolve that this railroad is ours to make and not break, realizing that it is only a business of lots of owners, who are as justly entitled to our loyalty as a smaller business owned by a few would enjoy. Our president and board of directors do not own our railroad. They only represent the stockholders. The stock is held by men and women scattered all over the country, who are expecting a fair dividend on their money invested. As individual to individual, let's play fair with them. The only way to clear our conscience is to realize that we have successfully held our connection and supported our part of the load on the chain.

From a Modern Dictionary

MAN—An animal that can see a pretty ankle two blocks away, but who will fall, in the open countryside, to notice a locomotive as big as a schoolhouse, with a flock of 42 box cars accompanying it.—Claim Agent's Bulletin.

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New Year's Resolutions

By Martha C. Moore

Well, now that Xmas has passed, the next thing is January 1st, 1925. That is the next celebration of any note. About the last of October, or the middle of November, we begin to scratch our heads and plan what to give for Xmas. Sometimes it seems Xmas has gotten to be just a mad rush of hunting presents for the family and friends, and the true thought of it has about been lost. However, there is one thing that shines out, no matter how great the rush, and that is that Xmas brings with it happiness. It just somehow radiates from the faces you see on the street. You buy a paper and tell the little fellow to keep the change—it's Xmas. Somebody bumps you in the ribs, and you turn to see a passerby loaded with bundles—you smile and pass on, because it's Xmas. Somehow it's easier to overlook things because everybody is feeling so good.

At this time of the year, you just get worked up to a certain pitch—your heart gets enlarged, and then after Xmas, when the grand mad rush is over and things have quieted down, you still have that good kind spirit left (this is before the December bills come in) and so you just think, "Well, I've been a mean old sinner all last year. Just believe I'll make a few resolutions for this year. I know I haven't done lots of things I should, so I'll just make up my mind to make some rules, New Year's resolutions and live up to 'em."

Now that's a fine start. However, one shouldn't be a saint for a month or two and beat the family up for the rest of the year. We asked a fellow the other day if he was going to make any resolutions for the New Year. He said he made one three years ago and has kept it ever since; which was, that he would never make another resolution on New Years, but we're talking now about the fellow who feels so good he's just got to make a few, and maybe this is the solution as to how he can keep them.

You know when we're in a good humor, we'll promise and do almost anything and perhaps repent later. That's what happens to most of the New Year's resolutions—made in a hurry and terribly impractical. Imagine a business man who has smoked cigars all his life, and received several boxes for Xmas, making a resolution that as soon as he had smoked up these Xmas boxes, he'd quit for good. Imagine asking the fellow who mixes with his gang to promise he'll never, never take another little drink, anywhere or anytime. If the wife made a resolution that during the next year she would only purchase about three new hats, do you think she'd keep it?

And so it is that these resolutions have become quite a joke; because when we make them, we have a pretty good idea as to whether or not we'll keep them.

Once there was a fine old lady, and she said there were three things in her life that enabled her to be perfectly happy—a sure cure for loneliness, and a cure for about every one of the other little ailments that the human race is all subject to, and then she told them to us, and they were so good, that it is our desire to give them to you. She said, that in all the world there were only three things worth while, or perhaps, she added, out of the many, the three she had picked out as meaning most to her were: God and love and doing things for folks.

So often we fail to be as faithful to our religious training as we should; when every day it can be of untold comfort to us, for without our faith in a future life, we would have no reason for having laws, or for even living this life. Our future homes are built from the kind deeds we perform on this earth, and so we should build for the future; for there, someday, each of us will stay for eternity, and we know so little of it, except that we shall be happy.

Love! What in the world would become of us if we were not capable of loving one another? It is the bond that ties us all together; it inspires genius; it conquers the impossible, and is without description. It guides and leads us to perform miracles.

And last, just doin' things for folks. That is the greatest cure for loneliness in the world. We get to thinking about ourselves, you know, and we are to be pitied when we live to ourself, but just around the corner is somebody that could cure a spell of loneliness, with a radiant face, because of the gift of, perhaps, an old suit that we couldn't wear any longer, but it was a God-send to them. There's a little somebody down in the alley who never had a nice china doll—in fact the affection bestowed on a dirty faced rag doll ought to bring it to life. There are so many somebodies to do something for in this world, and the greatest thing about it is that there is so much pleasure and happiness derived from doing things for folks. When you take one of those baskets loaded with bread and meat, and a little fruit, and deposit it in the hands of one of these somebodies, that hasn't had what you throw in the garbage can, you turn around, fully repaid because of the gratitude shown, and you walk on air for a while, and I'll bet right away you're planning on what you can do for that little family next, and you've forgotten all about that little blue spell.

Now what we wanted to say all along was, that for three sure-enough good resolutions for the New Year, these just can't be beat. Just show us the fellow who can get along without God and love, and a little charitable act now and then. The fact is that sometimes we slight one or the other, but this old 1925 year would surely be a record breaker for a fellow who would make, or rather be true to, these three resolutions.

And so, if you hadn't thought about the combination, suppose you give it a trial. Just keep these through all the months, and you'll never know all the good you do, while you're keeping them, but you will find that the old year will glide along mighty smooth.

Even in Kansas City They "Firmly Resolve"

G. L. Kleinhofer has been busily engaged around the offices in Kansas City getting a series of New Year's resolutions. Here they are:

Frank L. Newman—"I resolve to get more and more business for the Frisco each day. I shall emulate Dr. Coue and get better and better."

W. L. Coleman—"I will quit golfing at least one day each week."

Charles Stephens—"I have resolved to eat more onions. An onion a day keeps old age away."

Bill Deveney—"I have been perfect long enough. Watch my smoke from now on."

Edith Walters—"I resolve to get his name and address the next time he proposes."

John Sachse—"To become a garlic grower is my firm resolution."

George Storey—"The Perfect Day referred to my life. Why try to improve on that?"

Oil W. Warner—"I shall take no coins from the collection boxes."

Rodie Whitshire—"I promise to replace all trees and other obstacles which I remove on the golf course."

Myself—"What's the use."

Frisco Lines

By Eddie Bernard

Frisco Lines, Frisco Lines,
Frisco all the way.
Oh, what fun it is to ride
The smokeless, dirtless way.

Frisco Lines, Frisco Lines,
Frisco all the way.
If you want to go to Texas,
Just go the Frisco way.

Frisco Lines, Frisco Lines,
They for your comfort feel.
Just board a Frisco diner
And get a Harvey meal.

Frisco Lines, Frisco Lines,
Their rails are never slick.
Just ship your goods by Frisco,
And your freight will get there
QUICK!

First Waiter: How d'y know they're married?

Second Ditto: How do I know? Why, didn't he pick up the quarter and leave the dime, with her lookin' right at him?—Judge.

THE BOOK LOVER'S COLUMN— LATE BOOKS WORTH READING

"THE SLAVE SHIP"

By Mary Johnston
(Little, Brown & Company)

Mary Johnston is one of the most forceful and colorful writers in America today and her writings are always of a sort to both entertain and to give impetus to ones' interest in early history. This story takes one back to that period of our history when slave ships plied back and forth between the United States and Africa, bringing back their human cargoes. More than that—there were white men as thoroughly enslaved. Men sent from British prisons to American colonies with no hope of ever casting off the shackles. There were others who came as temporary slaves to masters who had advanced the money to send them to America.

In "The Slave Ship," Mary Johnston has written a story all powerful in its compelling interest. The reviewer did not lay down the book after once opening it until he had finished its every page and then it was with a sigh of regret that there were no more pages to peruse. It is one of the best bits of fiction—yet based on truth—of the current year.

"THE PASSIONATE QUEST"

By E. Phillips Oppenheim
(Little, Brown & Company)

In the story of "The Passionate Quest" is told the tale in this writer's usual interesting style, of three young persons, two boys and a girl who start out to seek their fortune. The three have been reared in an atmosphere of Non-Conformist rigidity under the tutelage of an uncle. The bonds grow too tight for the trio. The dreamer, Philip, the girl—in love with Philip all the while—and the grasping Matthew, all differing, yet all real types to be found on every side each day, provide plenty of entertainment for the reader. Their fortunes—and ultimate fortune—in London and New York (where Philip goes for a time) offer some wonderful opportunities for sensational and thrilling climaxes.

Oppenheim is one of the best of the modern fiction writers and the present book is one to be highly recommended to any person desiring entertainment of a high order.

"FOLLOWING THE GRASS"

By Drago
(Macaulay Company)

It is a tale which will hold your interest from the opening of the book until you have regretfully turned from its last page. A tale of the olden days when the Mormons were being driven across the deserts. A tale of hardship bravely met and unusual situations handled with the skill of a master. There is not an uninteresting chapter in the book. It is one which will be read from start to finish.

"THE ENCHANTED HILL"

By Peter B. Kyne
(Cosmopolitan Company)

Already one of the "six best sellers," there is little wonder after reading that this should be true. Kyne is a master of words and of plot and in this book he is at his best. "The Enchanted Hill" is a "thriller," and yet one with no sensationalism. It is the story of red-blooded men and women, people who are ready, willing, even anxious, to defend their rights, and in no uncertain way. Of course, there is a love story running through it all, and a prettily-woven one. It is a book which this department recommends to its readers.

THE RIVAL SWINEHERDS

Readers who relish a laugh should be advised to read the story of the rival swineherds, in James Stephens' new romance, "In the Land of Youth." It is deliciously, fantastically mirth-provoking. But there are philosophy and delicate fancy, as well, in this tale of the Land of Faery. It is full of the brave deeds of dauntless men, the wit of desirable women, and the spells and enchantments of masters of magic.

"In the Land of Youth" has just been brought out by Macmillan.

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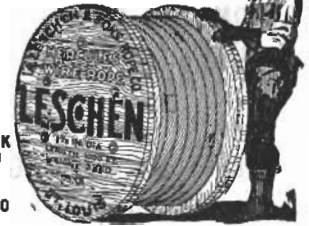
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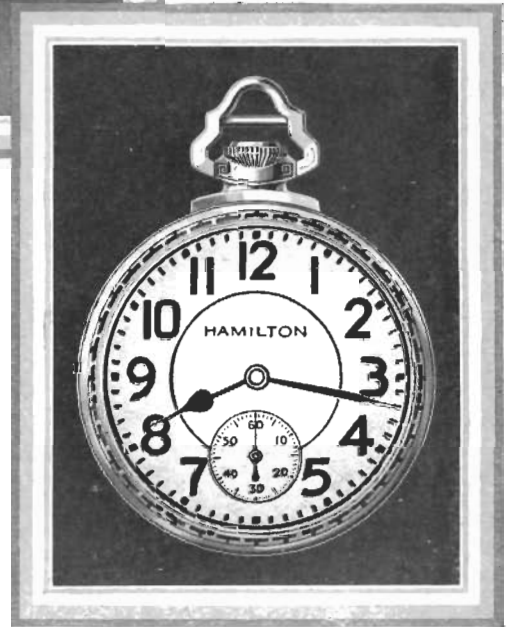
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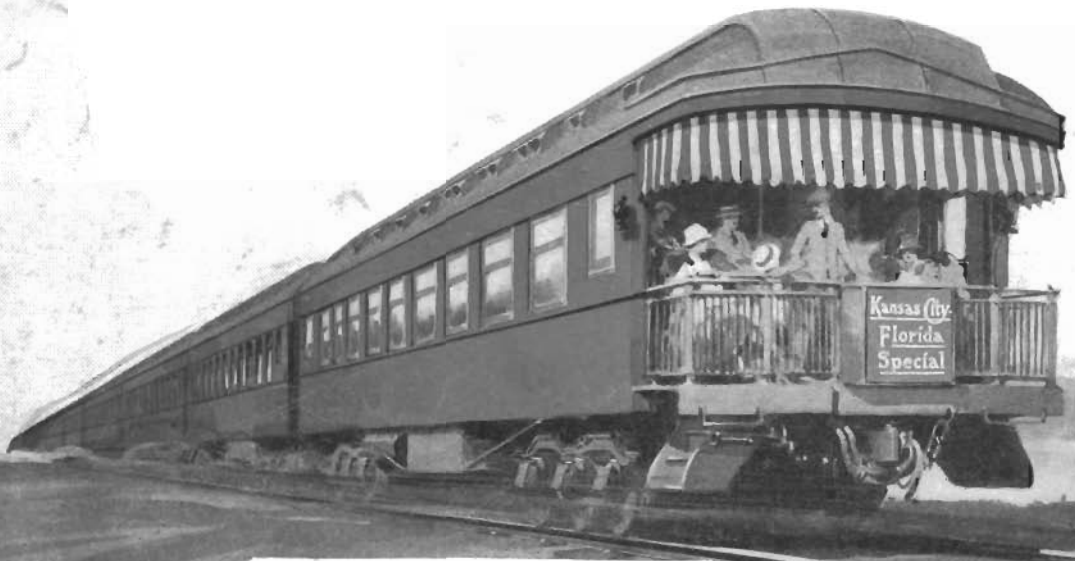
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