



## Just Chop Suey

By Jerry, the Office Boy

Muriel, a girl in our office, told me a month ago that life had been too busy for her to think of matrimony. Two days later she was engaged. Somebody asked her.

That reminds me, someone spoke recently of "the institution of matrimony." Right. What a lot of folks there are in this institution. Can you not hear them wailing?

I was talking with a box-fighter the other day. You know, one of these here guys that gets paid for being knocked down in the ring before a howling bunch of people. I had seen this fellow fight the night before and was just about to remark what a homely face a certain flapper had who sat in a box applauding the night before. Just then the boxer mentioned that his girl had a box at the fight and her applause made him win. Fade out for me.

Neil says he went to college and cannot make as much out of writing stories as Joe, who is a union carpenter and can hardly write his own name.

Was sitting on a bluff near Springfield and remarked to a young man seated nearby that lots of people have dual personalities. "Yep," replied this fellow, "and after they are married they show them and then the duelling begins."

Here's one that Eddie Bernard told us the other day. Says he hired a carpenter to do some work at the house. It rained and the carpenter informed Eddie that he would have to be paid anyway, rain or not. So Eddie invited him into the house, played poker with him two hours, won thirty-six dollars and then handed him his regularly scheduled pay from the winnings. Not so bad.

"The lightning came in one window, broke a vase and went rapidly out another window." From a popular novel. Of course. So would I if I broke a vase.

Brown tells you a funny story about Jones. You laugh. Ha, ha! Very funny. But Brown tells Jones a funny story about you. Ah, that's different. You're no tin god to be exempt.

Our cartoonist, John Godsey, had R. V. Cooper standing on his head in that full page cartoon in the September issue. And Mrs. Cooper says she

didn't know the cartoonist was aware of it, but that she has had Cooper that way ever since they were married.

Asked for a raise the other day. Got a rise out of the boss at that, but the old pay envelope is no thicker than usual. The boss was nice about it, though. He says, "What? You still sticking around here? What do you do?" "Well," says I, "mainly I help the editor." "And what does the editor do?" asks the boss. "Nothing," I replies. Anybody want a good office boy, used to hard work? So used to it he can meet it face to face and never quiver an eyelash. There's one about to be out of work now.

## Newt Husker

### "From Peach Orchard" Talks of Baseball and Railroads

By Lloyd Lamb

Sense rightin' my last espysode the baseball season has 'bout come to a clothes, an' it will soon be time to start up the stokers in the old stove leege. I hate it quite somewhat on the count of not gittin' to help the Frisko teem down at Sapulpa out in case their week spot wuz pichin', but if you engine barbers could git me a job in the roundhouse I mite consider shootin' the old onion on the corners fer you next year. You see I found out enough bout railroadin' to no I'd like it, from my partner, Skyblew Bumlaugh, what I reckon wuz 'bout as good a railroader as ever sported starched overalls and red bandana.

I reckoleck one day Pete wuz pannin' us in the clubhouse after we had kicked away a double-header. He thought there wuz some ill feelin' goin' 'round amongst us, due to the outcome of a poker game the night before. Pete says, there's one thing 'bout it, we got to have harmony on this ball club. Skyblew says I no him well, he used to be a dispatcher over on the Cotton Belt.

Then I used to go with a tipewriter what worked in the master meckanick's office in the ralerode town we plaid fer last year. You could tell she worked fer a ralerode, to, she owned one of the new two door sedans, wore minnow sane socks, spoke fluently of orchard crepe machine an' Coty's Lorregan, and say! when it comes to havin' a good time she makes the Prince of Wales look like a galley slave. She especially enjoys herself

at a ball game an' more specially if I'm pichin'.

She selects her a seat right down among the screen apes and then when I trot out an breeze a couple over before the batter gets in his box she yells, "Hay Newt, slow up a little, you're half hour ahead a skedule." Then after we git three out, and come in fer our swings she hollers, "Come on, stingers, let's put this game in white lead right at the first mile post." Er maybe one of our gang slides into a base on a close play an' she wants to personify confidence in the umpire's decision, she looks at him like she's lookin' into a dictaphone and says, "What was it, umps, a transportation er a mechanical delay?"

She an' Skyblew sure answers the rush wires when it comes to railroadin' an' I got next to a hole lot about it by havin' 'em both on my side; so if you Salpapa fellers can git me a inside hostler job er sumphin, I'll be rarin' to bleed the air on my fast ones fer you next year.

Truthfully youren,

Newt Husker,  
Peach Orchard, Kansas.

## Personal Glimpses of Our Co-Worker

By John M. Freeman

It's not hardly fair for one to expose the life of his boss, because if anyone knows about him his subordinates should, for we certainly get a chance and do hear him talk about himself, not much of course, but enough to be able to tell at least some of it. Now understand, this is not an interview, far from it, for he knows nothing about it being written, but simply a little inside story picked at random on our co-worker, friend and writer Ben B. Lewis, more commonly known to most of us as "The Texas Coyote," and we in Fort Worth think that without several articles from "Coyote Ben" in each issue, the magazine is not complete.

To start off in the routine way, Ben is about thirty-two years old, just like a woman, hard to get his age. Yes, he's married—very much so, and has five of the cutest little "Coyotes." Three of a kind and a pair, three girls and two boys, and all think their father "IT," and perhaps they are right, because several others of us think the same.

His position is chief clerk Station Accounting Department, and assistant traveling auditor, of course we are glad when he is executing the last named duty on the road so we can let up just a little from our work, because Ben is a pusher and believes anything should be done right or not at all. That's the secret of his success in his writings and in his work. He has been with this company twelve years; coming here in 1912, as a school boy, from high school, and taking the position, if it could be called such, of store room boy, from that position it has been a steady climb and increase up to the present place he now holds, and which he justly deserves.

Ben is a great home man, believing wife and kiddies come first, and after five o'clock you see him winding his way home in his "lemonseed," one of Henry Ford's prides—a sedan. This Ford has caused him much misery, like yours has, and certainly has afforded him great pleasure at night with his family. His greatest desire is to tell how he broke down on such and such a road and how much wire it required to fix the car, and how he got home without a cent of cost. We know why, he left home the same way he got back—dead broke.

He has had no thrilling experiences like some of the engineers, firemen, and brakemen, but he has done his work faithfully, he says so, and tried to do his best, he has, to make the "Frisco" the railroad that it should be. Don't get the idea that all has been pleasantness, because little differences with agents and sometimes with me, have come up, but Ben always manages to straighten things out without anyone being hurt or in a bad humor.

When the first issue of the magazine came out, Texas, our state, the state we love so much, was not even mentioned—oh, oh, how it hurt us, but volume number one, issue number two, was not to be denied the privilege of a few words from Texas, and from the talking pen of Ben M. Lewis, and to him goes the credit for putting Texas and Fort Worth in the Frisco Employes' Magazine. He has been called the "Ring Lardner" of Texas, and we think he is even better than the famous "Lardner," and should be called the "Ben Lewis of the Frisco." The "Texas Coyote" is alright, but the coyote that Ben heard howling was the barking of a friendly shepherd dog in his neighborhood, or one of his baby boys crying for a midnight walk on daddy's manly shoulder.

This article must end some way and I can think of no better way than to tell Ben's faults. He has no faults except one, and that is his face. Get your September copy of the magazine out, look at his picture and see for yourself—am I right.

### Sayings of the Head Potah

By John M. Freeman

Is back again afta takin mah vacashun. Uh-huh sho did haf som time. I gits me a free commutation an goes

an routes mahself outa heah on ther Texas an Payciffic to El Paso and Juarez Mexico. Laked to starved to deaf furst two three days tho, evvry sto', cafe, an restrant had sines in ther winders readin Internal Explosion. Naw sah they wont a goin to git Mose in theah wheah they don havved splosions. Evvry thing tuhned out scrumpsiuous tho, as one o' dem educated Paso niggahs tole me dey hadden had no Internal Explosions a tel, wont nothin but a International Exposition, one o' dese expositions Wheah theah is hot dawgs, flyin ginuies, an plenty spin wheels fo to take a pore cullud gemmans moneh.

An afta I got on ther outside of a plank stake an a lotta othar fixins you don git at home I ketches a cah fo Juarez ther land ob nikkle beahs and cheese sanwiches. Ther revanue man at the Nashnual brige suttinly did tickle me a feehlin to see if I don smuglin anything acros inter Mexico, jest simply caint stan no boddie measin roun mah ribs. I aint a sayin I smuggled nothin ovah theah but ise mos glad dey failed to scrutinise me rethunin.

O to be suah I bout forgot dem hoss races in Juarez, yuh can bets all yer want to on em too, an powahful easy to gets tips on evvry race. I hadden ben theah fifteen minits fo heah come a fat roun face fellah wif a big watch chain weahin it on a yellah vest. I noticed he stood off about ten paces an kep a lookin an a eyein me, purty soon he comes ovah slaps me on ther back an whispered, "niggah im wise," says which? Lissen to me he said, "Im wise an ise goin to do you a favah, a sho nuff honest to goodness favah, an gib you a tip on a reel hoss, I mean a reel tip on a three year old top nocher who cudent lose ther nex race, why she cud beat dem othar ponies wif hip boots on, you'd bettah go ovah to that bookie an lay yore green on hur now, hur names 'Lady Queen'". Yas suh I see says I dreemily an bout haf hyponotitized, ise a goin to do dat very thing. Now lissen to me son he says says he, "keep this unda yore hat see." Sho does wish id a kep mah moneh unda man hat too, I wouden hadda eat so much ob dem Mexican teabones, in common spick talk, chili. That hoss I bet on was completely envelopped in a cloud o' dust which hid him frum mah view point, but a laffin up mah sleeve cause I was on ther inside an a reel race hoss man don gimme a tip, I walks up to ther bookie to collec mah bet. Mr. Bookie says, "boy, 'Lady Queen' aint evah come in yet." An bles yore heart I looks up an heah come that three yeah old an a dead walk, an two big husky stable boys a pushin hur in. Sho was heart rendahing.

Well I lost mos ob mah moneh on dat cripple non qualifyng hoss, an bout ther onliest way she cud a wor woud a ben on rollah skates tied onta a fast arryplane. Anyways ise got a weeks lay off a comin anffen I can float a loan ob a few dollahs ise Galveston, Texas boun, I specs ter haf som salty time down theah in dat

oshun. See youall latah an I don't mean maybe.

Yas suh ise a chatah member o' dat "stop at every crossing club," proud uf it too.

### Reminiscence

By E. N. Stapp,

Bridge Foreman, Northern Division

(Editor's Note:—Mr. Stapp, author of this poem, is a Frisco veteran who will be placed on the pensioned list in December.)

There is an old bunk car on the Frisco,  
In which I make my home.  
It always looks inviting,  
When ere I cease to roam.

In summertime 'tis sultry,  
In wintertime 'tis cold,  
At other times 'tis ultra,  
But it always makes the fold.

It is there I do my writing,  
My figuring and fighting  
On the problems of the day,  
And by pluck and perseverance,  
I always find a way.

For twenty-seven years and over  
I have slept upon the rail,  
While other men, the sailors,  
Have slept beneath the sail.

I spurn the yoke of bondage,  
Although poverty's no crime.  
I long to be released  
From the responsibility  
Of others and their time.

But as long as I stay on the Frisco,  
And hold a place of trust,  
I will never shirk my duty,  
I will do what's right or bust.

Then when I've ceased to railroad  
And traveled home to stay,  
No one can say it truthfully  
That I did not earn my pay.

### ROUTINE

Samaritan (after the smashup)—  
Now, sir, where would you like me to take you?

Confirmed Grade-Crosser—To the Jones Emergency Hospital, please, they give me fifty-trip rates.

**VOTE**  
**NOVEMBER 4th**

**VOTE**  
**AS YOU PLEASE**

**BUT**  
**VOTE!**

## "A MESSAGE TO GARCIA"

By ELBERT HUBBARD

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(By Request)

**I**N ALL this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion . . . .

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The president must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the president, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can.

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oil-skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed the hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this re-

quest: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Sha'n't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not. Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile very sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift—these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsty ne'er-dowells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving after "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues: only, if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress, him. He can not give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled Number Nine boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail and

worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking

any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed and needed badly—the man who can "Carry a Message to Garcia."

## JUST POT POURRI

Never fail to keep the cog, which you represent in this great machine, well oiled. It will make sailing much easier for all concerned.

Please do not ever be disappointed if your article does not appear in the current issue of the Magazine. It is not always possible. In this issue, for example, we are using an article which has been in our office since November, because not until a St. Louis number was published was it practicable to use this particular story. But we will reach yours in due time, be sure of that, if it has human interest.

## Some of the New Books

### "The Whisper on The Stair"

"The Whisper on The Stair"—Macaulay Company.—From his home in Mineola, Long Island, where he is regarded as a rather suspicious character because he stays up after nine o'clock at night, comes wind of Lyon Mearson's new book, "THE WHISPER ON THE STAIR," a gruesome story of weird romance in a haunted house. Mr. Mearson, who by the way, is editor-in-chief of the Metropolitan Magazine, appears to have had a rather thrilling experience with real estate agents, for he says of his Mineola home, "I have a beautiful lake in front of my house which was not included in the deed, but which is there nevertheless, and has been a source of great satisfaction to me owing to the fact that it keeps off unwelcome visitors."

### "Following the Grass"

"Following the Grass"—Macaulay Company.—A sheep story of the days when the Union Pacific Railroad was not yet completed, and long trains of covered wagons rumbled along the trail to Oregon, will be published shortly. Much of the story involves the early day of Nevada, the drought of 1862 and the great fractional feuds of cowboy and herder. The title of the book is to be "FOLLOWING THE GRASS," and its author, none other than Nevada's own, Harry Sinclair Drago.

### "The Truth at Last"

By V. Charles Hawtrey  
(Little, Brown and Company.)

The memoirs of most actors revolve almost exclusively around the stage, but Sir Charles Hawtrey was as keenly interested in the turf and in life at large as in the theatre, and in his reminiscences adventures on the one add a zest to and are sometimes an intimate part of adventures in the other. One of his most exciting pass-

ages tells how, other hopes failing, his sole chance of financing a new play depended on his judgment in backing a horse and the horse won. "He was," says Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, in his introduction to the volume, "by passion a racing man and only by necessity an actor," but he had a natural gift for acting and even passion could not have made him a finer actor than he was. Among the most successful of his productions were: "The Private Secretary," "A Message from Mars," "The Man from Blankley's," "Where the Rainbow Ends," "Jack Straw," and "Captain Applejack;" but whether he is telling of successes or failures, his narrative sparkles with irrepressible vivacity and humor. He begins at the beginning, when his father was a House Master at Eton, and comes down to the days of his immense popularity, to ching in, by the way, anecdotes about well-known and little-known actors, authors, racing men and others, and genially unfolding all the swift vicissitudes and triumphs of his amazingly varied and interesting career. The charm of his personality runs through all this story of himself and his friends and makes the manner of it no less attractive than the matter. "The Truth at Last" is a real addition to the history of the modern stage, and one of the most amusing, frankly self-revealing records any actor has ever written.

### Veteran Bringelson Is Pensioned

A. A. Bringelson, of Talihina, is now listed among the pensioned employes after being in faithful service for thirty-seven continuous years. In spite of the length of time Mr. Bringelson put in on an engine, he is still hale, hearty and jolly as ever, but it was necessary that he be retired due to reaching the age limit. After relating some thrilling incidents of the early days when a locomotive was quite a novelty, Mr. Bringelson says his greatest satisfaction is the fact that he has never injured or killed anyone while in the service in a derailment or wreck.

D. HALL, Agent, Bluffdale, Texas, says:

"Some five or six miles south of Bluffdale, on the 000-Ranch, there is a large cave known to the 'natives' as the Devil's Den. It is the home of all varmints which inhabit this section. On entering the cave, for the first few feet the opening is large enough to permit an ordinary man to walk erect. If you care to explore further it will be necessary to get on all fours. At the extreme rear of the cave one can drop a rock into an abyss and it can be heard rumbling for some time as it goes downward. Have heard hunters say they have had their hounds go in there and never return. Three men in one afternoon killed 118 rattlesnakes near the entrance.

Not all liars are cowards, but all cowards are liars. The liar who possesses courage is the greatest enemy with which society has to deal. The man who is both liar and coward is to be pitied rather than censured.

### WILLIE'S MATERNAL MESSAGE

It was evening and several visitors chatting in the parlor when a patter of little feet was heard at the head of the stairs. Mrs. Smith begged her friends to listen.

"Hush a moment, please," she said, "the children are going to deliver their nightly message to mother, it always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them for they are so much nearer God than we are and they speak the love that is in their little hearts never so fully as when the dark has come. Listen!"

There was a moment of tense silence. Then—

"Mamma," came the message in a shrill whisper, "Willie has found a bed bug."

THE FRISCO FAMILY  
IS A HAPPY,  
CONTENTED GROUP

# The Man at the Ticket Window

By LISLE B. KELLOGG, Tax Accountant

Never make flippant and sarcastic answers to a patron's seemingly foolish questions. You probably would ask just as foolish questions in an unfamiliar location. A kind, polite answer usually makes a friend for you and the Railway you represent.

See that the waiting rooms, platform and station generally are in neat and orderly condition at all times. Your station is the Railway's Show Window for your community, and an untidy show window never attracts business.

Be kind and polite to all people and especially considerate of elderly persons, remembering that you may be old some day yourself.

Avoid arguments with patrons to the greatest possible extent. If you win the argument you may lose a friend as well as business for the railway.

Be careful to render your reports to the auditor in a neat and accurate manner. The reports you render, more or less, reflect your character and often are the basis for promotion.

Practice the greatest precaution when writing junction points, destination and time limit on coupon tickets, and if you sell Pullman tickets, be

particular to always write the berth and car numbers plainly; thereby avoiding delays and unnecessary misunderstandings while the passenger is enroute.

Be pleasant and agreeable to all patrons and prospective patrons. Courtesy always pays big dividends sooner or later. If you are impolite and disagreeable you are a bad advertisement for your employer, as the traveler never condemns the individual employe who shows disrespect but condemns the railway which he represents.

Contrary to popular opinion, a good tale travels as fast and as far as a bad tale. Therefore, treat the traveler in such a manner that he will carry a good tale about the service received at your hands.

Do not waste your spare moments, but utilize them in studying and reading books and articles concerning your particular work. Increased knowledge makes your present job easier and prepares you for advancement when your opportunity arrives.

Always conduct yourself in your relations with the public, in the same manner that you would with your superintendent, if he happened in at your station.

## MAN!

By John L. Godsey

Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of adulterated food and other things. He cometh into the world with a squall and taketh to the colic like a duck to water, and the apothecary smileth and winketh to himself and looketh well to his supply of paregoric. He groweth apace and cryeth agallop, and soon has an idea that his mouth is the receiving window of a junk shop and into it he putteth all portables within his reach. After a while he reacheth a crisis in his career and he doffeth the swaddling clothes of infancy for the knickerbockers of the enfante terrible, which he weareth with the dignity of a duke. He becometh an explorer and locateth every fruit tree and melon patch and bird nest within his balliwick, he longeth to join a circus. Anon he acquirith a disgust for short trousers and shirt waists and soon sporteth a shirt with a tail and trousers that greatly elongeteth his perpendicularity and he haunteth soda founts. He thinketh somewhat of the girls and spendeth much of his time before the dresser and gazeth with interest into barber shops. He walketh much by himself and softly

whistleth old ballards and committeth to memory many love speeches. Soon he singleth out for one girl and spendeth all his change for flowers and tolu and ice cream, and eventually receiveth a kick from the afore-said one girl, and he imagineth that his life is wrecked and decideth he will blow his brains out; but later he discovereth that he is an ass, and goeth to work instead. In course of time he falleth in love again, and marryeth and setteth down to a strenuous grind that he may keepeth the wolf from the door and has sundry experiences with grocers, butchers, bakers, plumbers, milliners, and such, and later decideth he is a sucker and a lobster. He goeth the route and is thoroughly domesticated as the nominal head of a large household, and finally giveth up the ghost and is buried in a trust made coffin; and his friends sayeth unto the widow, "He is better off."

May (watching ball game): "Where do they keep the extra bases?"

Ray: "What for?"

May: "Well, that man just stole third base."

Johnes: "What makes you so little, Ham?"

Bones: "My mother fed me on canned milk and I'm condensed."

## HOW TO PLAY GOLF

By Eddie Bernard

The Infamous Kelly Pool Chump

Sometime ago you, no doubt, did not peruse the article printed in the Frisco Magazine under the heading as above. Even so, this is not going to be a continuation of the unpleasant reading matter so cheerfully given you previously, but will set forth the fine points of the game of "gulluf," (I just found out that that is the way it is pronounced) and endeavor to explain to you the different parts of the game that you will not enjoy when you learn how not to play it.

I could quote pages and pages of entirely new and original sayings regarding the bad as well as good points of this wonderful game, but as the space is unlimited in this fair magazine, I will not go into detail, but just hit the high spots. For instance, Lord I. Toppitt said, "The game of golf is merely the method, conceived by a decomposed brain, of acquiring a large and complete vocabulary of high-powered language." Count Tu Less says, "The game of golf is the golden opportunity for the accomplished prevaricator, and I certainly relish a good game."

I have no doubt that you gentlemen that have not been following these articles of which I am not the proud author, realize by this time that all the game requires is a good deal of skill, perseverance and ability to walk, not forgetting a good pair of specs and a sharp-eyed caddy. However, notwithstanding the foregoing, I am sure that if you will continue to read my famous works you can play as well as I, or possibly better, which, at the best, is not very well.

A few pointers for those who are unable to use their own gray matter. It is a very good idea to have a pair of rubber boots, preferably the hip variety, in the bottom of your golf bag, as you may not need them and it would be a pity to leave them at home. This will also give the poor rubber workers relief. I would also suggest that when leaving the course it would be a good idea to accidentally drop a ball when the caddy is not looking, ask him to find the ball after you have picked it up, saying, "I will carry the bag to the club house." In this way you avoid the embarrassment of having to part company with the caddy without parting company with a dime. Oh, yes, I almost forgot. You will no doubt be playing some match games now and I would suggest that you carry a small saw with you so that when your opponent is teeing up you can saw his clubs almost through. Invariably this will land you in the hospital and not in the jail as would be the case if you openly assaulted him.

Keep your weather eye open and look for my next article which will not appear on this sheet day behind yesterday.