

THE FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

VOL. II No. 3

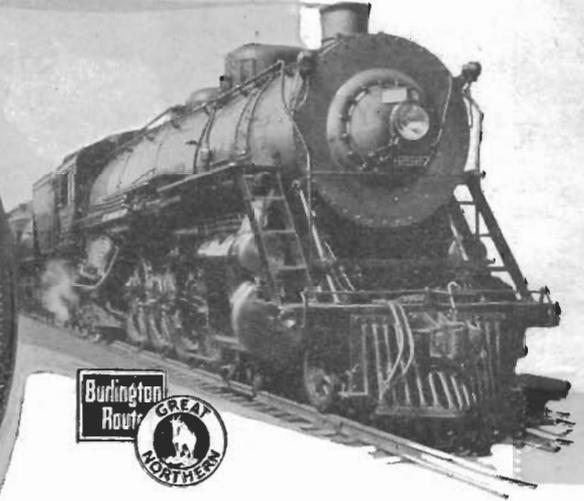
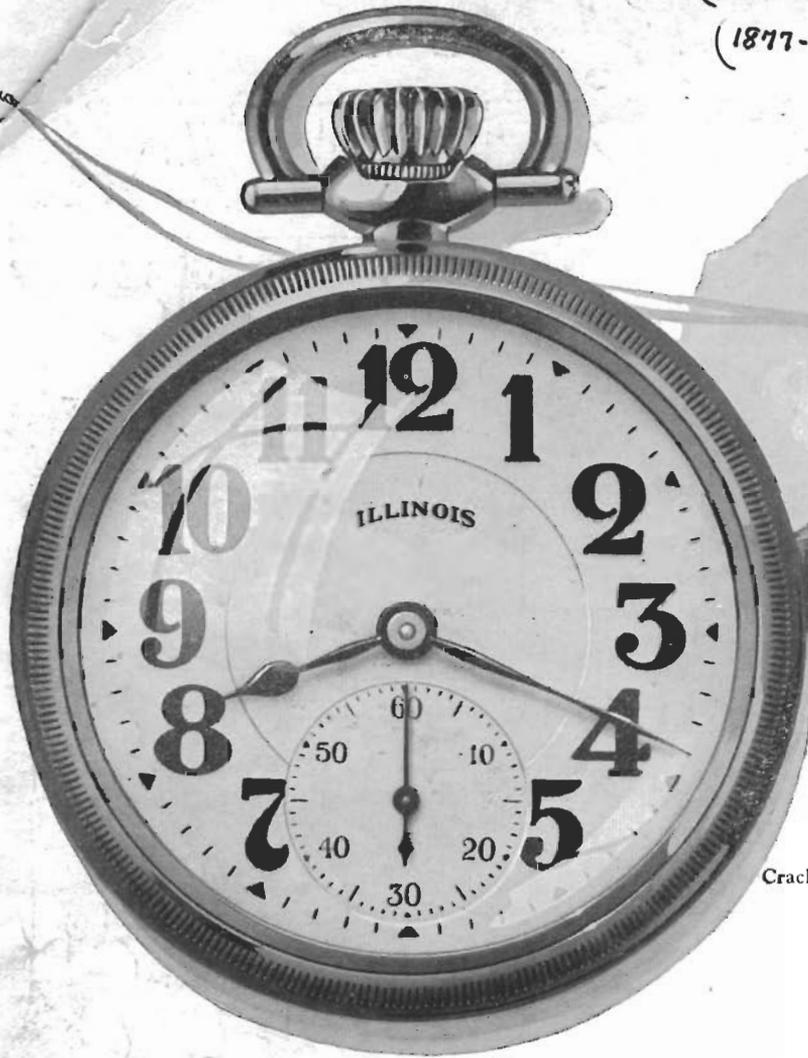
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**THE RIDPATH HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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THE FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

645 FRISCO BUILDING :: ST. LOUIS

Edited by FLOYD L. BELL

VOL. II

DECEMBER, 1924

No. 3

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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.

SUGGESTIONS FOR "A MERRY CHRISTMAS"

JOHN GODFREY

SHIP EARLY AND AVOID THIS-



GIVE DAD A BOX OF '25 CENTERS'



A NEW COAT FOR THE "WIFE"



TWO KILLED WITH ONE "STONE"



FIX "LITTLE BROTHER" LIKE THIS-



DONT FORGET FIDO

Fort Worth "Where Golden West and Sunny Southland Meet"

By ROSCOE ADY, Industrial Commissioner, Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce



FORT WORTH FROM THE AIR

COMMERCIALLY, Fort Worth concedes some rivals in Texas, but as an Industrial center, Fort Worth maintains her unquestioned supremacy.

The four packing plants located in the city constitute the largest industrial group in the Southwest.

Fort Worth is the largest terminal grain market in the South. Within the last few months one grain elevator of 1,750,000 bushels capacity, another of 500,000 bushels capacity and an addition to a third of 300,000 bushels capacity, have been completed, giving a total grain storage of 6,500,000 bushels.

Additions and enlargements at four of the city's eight petroleum refineries, completed within the past year have cost more than \$2,000,000. Another refinery is now spending \$2,000,000 on extensions.

A cotton mill of 22,000 spindles, the largest in Texas, will be completed in October, 1924. A cement plant of 6,000 barrels daily capacity will begin operations in January. A rolling mill has recently been converted into an electrical steel plant which melts and re-rolls

scrap, of which an almost unlimited supply is available from the oil fields, railroads and manufacturing plants of the area.

The 1920 Federal Census of Manufactures gave Tarrant County, of which Fort Worth is the county seat, first place among all the counties in the vast area southwest of Kansas City, in the value of manufactured products.

Tarrant County's total production was \$155,000,000, which was \$30,000,000 greater than its next competitor.

Fort Worth has four iron foundries, three brass foundries, and numerous plants making windmills, well machinery, pumps, batteries and piston rings. Wood-working plants include the largest furniture factory in the Southwest as well as smaller factories in this line, nine planing mills and a cooperage plant.

Among the food products made in Fort Worth on a large scale are canned goods of all kinds, bakery products, macaroni and spaghetti, butter, oleomargarine, ice

cream, confectionery of all kinds, extracts, soft drinks, and a score of others. This list includes ten flour and feed mills, five creameries and four cotton oil mills.

There are 14 garment plants, and the largest and best equipped printing plants in the state. One of these recently began operation of book-making machinery, and a five-volume set of Texas history, written by a prominent citizen of Fort Worth, has been produced in the most artistic manner.

There are four great plants manufacturing tools and oil country supplies.

The United States helium gas plant, the only one of its kind in the world, is in Fort Worth. It has cost more than \$5,000,000 and the investment is constantly being increased.

A mooring mast for the large dirigibles has been erected in Fort Worth, and these air ships will be brought to Fort Worth for inflation with helium, the non-inflammable gas. Fort Worth has been named as one of the four stations for these giants of the air. At night the lights from the mooring mast are visible for 50 miles around.

Cotton valued at \$150,000,000, live-stock valued at \$116,000,000, grain valued at \$100,000,000, and petroleum valued at \$55,000,000 is handled annually in Fort Worth.

With eighteen rail outlets, Fort Worth has the facilities for distribution which are essential to industrial growth. One out of every thirty-five freight cars loaded in the United States is consigned to or through the city, and more than fifty per cent of the railway traffic entering the state passes through Fort Worth.

Her fuel supply is another great asset. There is brought to the city through five pipe lines, natural gas from fifteen distinct fields. Her eight refineries furnish

an ample supply of fuel oil. Bituminous coal fields of almost unlimited extent lie to the north and west at a distance of from forty to one hundred miles.

The existence in the city of a number of very large industries has attracted a large and permanent supply of labor, which is supplemented by the transient supply always available in large railroad centers. The great majority of the laborers are native white, the city having only 5 per cent foreign born and 12 per cent negro.

Fort Worth is neither a "cow town" nor an "oil town." True, it numbers among its residents many of

the old cattle kings of Texas, men whose individual land holdings run into hundreds of thousands of acres. It has among its residents, executives of the larger oil-producing companies, individual operators, and thousands of their employes. There are also several hundred owners of oil lands, whose fortunes have been made in various fields where their land holdings were sold or leased to the oil companies. These families have been attracted to Fort Worth by its excellent climate, its outstanding schools and colleges, its churches and amusements.

A few years ago the president of the Texas State Medical

Association, in speaking of Fort Worth, made the following statement:

"Fort Worth is situated at the rise of the western foothills, with an ideal elevation. It is ideally sewered, watered and drained. It is somewhat cooler in summer than that part of Texas to the east. It is centrally situated in the best climate of the state, where mild winters, cool summer nights, long, sunny days, dry climate and stimulating temperature changes are most conducive to life in the open."

These natural advantages did not prevent the city



MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH

from thoroughly organizing its health and sanitation work and as a result, it was announced by the Federal Government at the beginning of the present year that the death rate for 1923 in Fort Worth was the lowest of all southern cities and third lowest in the nation, better records having been made only by Akron and Seattle.

Fort Worth has 38 ward schools and nine high schools. The scholastic population in 1923 was well over 27,000 and considerably more than twice as great as that of 1913. It is the headquarters of the State Teachers' Association, and "The Texas Outlook," one of the foremost teachers' journals of the country, is published here. There are 12 private schools, exclusive of business colleges and musical and art schools.

In its institutions of higher learning Fort Worth has been most fortunate. The list includes Texas Christian University, Texas Woman's College and Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. The former institution, founded by the Christian Church, is now non-sectarian. This institution has an enrollment of more than 1,000. In December, 1923, Mrs. Mary Coutts Burnett of Fort Worth gave to the University, for endowment and building purposes, property valued at \$4,150,000, and which has a potential value of many times that amount. This magnificent benefaction has opened up wonderful possibilities for the institution, and assures Fort Worth the highest type of educational talent.

Texas Woman's College, with an enrollment of more than 500, is growing rapidly and has been the recipient of many gifts that have furnished it with a substantial endowment.

The Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary is one of the largest theological schools in the country, with an enrollment of 750.

Fort Worth has 151 churches, several of which have unusually beautiful buildings. One of them has an auditorium seating 5,000 and claims the distinction of

having the largest Sunday School attendance of any church in the United States.

In 1920, the Census disclosed that Fort Worth had a larger percentage of home owners than any other large city in Texas. In 1922, through the annexation of a large amount of contiguous and closely built up territory, this lead was greatly increased, for the reason that in this territory the great majority of the residents owned their own homes. A large percentage of home owners means well kept and attractive homes. Not only in the exclusive residence districts, but in every residence section, is this true in Fort Worth. Many of the homes are palatial, for from the standpoint of individual wealth, Fort Worth outranks all Texas cities.

Practically every house has its well-kept lawn. Flowers abound. Climatic conditions are such that

chrysanthe mums, roses and other flowers are frequently seen blooming in the yards between Christmas and New Year's Day. In the spring, summer and autumn the lawns are a riot of flowers.

With 130 miles of hard-surfaced streets and practically all the others graveled, the city has done its part toward making the residence section sightly. Trees are everywhere and in many varieties.



A FORT WORTH CHURCH

There are four country clubs, three of which have well-kept golf links. The municipal links are open to the people at large. Downtown clubs, including the Fort Worth, the Elks and the University, bring the business and professional men into closer touch. The Fort Worth Club has begun the erection of a twelve-story building, covering a lot 100x200 feet in dimensions, located near the business center.

There are 31 parks with an area of more than 8,000 acres. At Forest Park, a municipal zoo, containing hundreds of animals, is maintained. There is a concrete swimming pool, circular in form, and said to be the largest open-air swimming pool of its type in the United States.

But the great playground, not only of Fort Worth,

but of all North Texas and Southern Oklahoma, is Lake Worth. In 1913 the city bought several thousand acres of land along the West Fork of the Trinity River. At a point about five miles from the city, a dam, 3,000 feet long and 71 feet high was built. The lake thus created is fourteen miles in length and from one to two miles wide.

A municipal bathing beach was provided and half a million visitors enjoy it each summer. The shore line is timbered throughout most of its length, and following its irregular course is the famed "Meandering Road," more than 30 miles long. In the spring more than 50 varieties of wild flowers spread a blanket of color along this alluring drive. Great fields of blue bonnets, the state flower, carpet the landscape with splashes of purplish blue.

About 2,000 summer camps have been built along the shore, and some of the owners, entranced with the beauty of the lake, and its green background of softly-rolling, wooded hills, are making their permanent homes there.

It was the success of Lake Worth, from every standpoint, that was responsible for Fort Worth's undertaking the greatest water project ever conceived in Texas. This is the creation of a series of great reservoirs that will impound 1,150,000 acre feet of water, which, with the estimated rate of replenishment, will make available 2,000,000 acre feet per year.

At least five new reservoirs are contemplated. Preliminary engineering discloses that fifteen per cent of all flowing and flood waters in Texas pass through Tarrant County. Filings have been made on all principal streams and carry with them all rights for a distance of 100 miles upstream from the proposed dam locations.

The project will provide an unlimited supply of water for municipal use, irrigation for 150,000 acres of land and absolute protection against flood danger. It is estimated that land values in the county will be enhanced by at least \$60,000,000. The plan contemplates the creation of a great pleasure resort on the largest reservoir, to be located in the eastern part of the county.



A PORTION OF THE STOCK YARDS—ARMOUR AND SWIFT

DALLAS

Featured in January Issue

Dallas, another wonder city of the great Southwest and next-door neighbor to Fort Worth, will be given a position of honor in the January Magazine.

Fort Worth's Pennant Winners

In telling of the grandeurs of Fort Worth, one must not overlook its pennant-winning baseball club which for several seasons now has won the Texas League play.



Chemical Laboratory Is Important Factor in Operating the Frisco Lines

By M. A. HERZOG, Chief Chemist

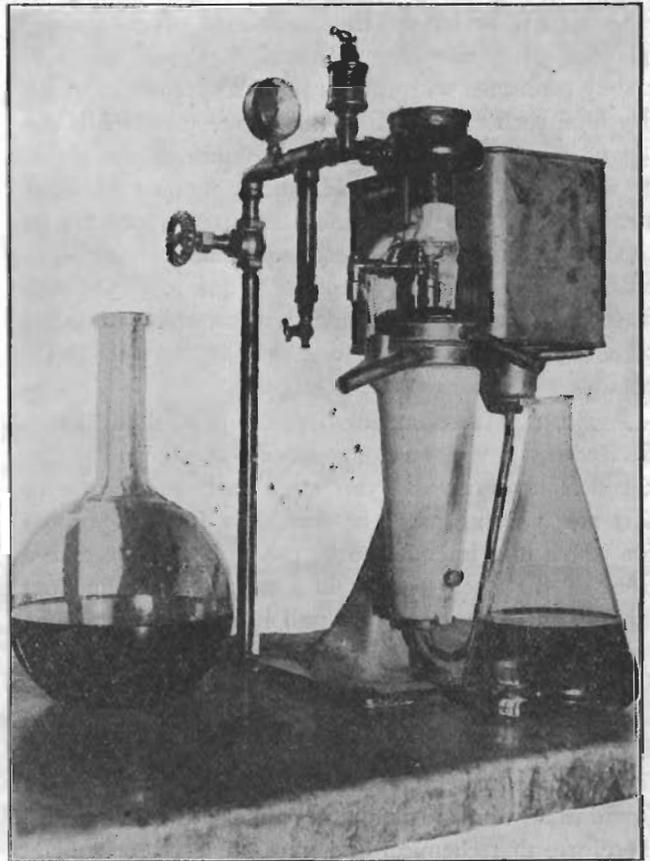
“WHAT in the world does a railroad need a chemical laboratory for?” is the first question of the average individual when informed of the fact that the Frisco maintains at West Shops in Springfield a very completely equipped laboratory for the chemical and physical examination of materials. Thereupon we hold forth somewhat as follows:

A railroad is essentially a manufacturing enterprise—a company organized for the production of a single commodity—transportation. Into the production of efficient transportation, both passenger and freight, enters a multitude of raw materials of the most diversified nature. Steel—steel for locomotives, for bridges, for rails, for tools—for a thousand other uses. Oils for lubrication, for illumination and for fuel. Paints, varnishes, enamels—dozens of them. Brass, rubber hose, glass, cement, fire brick, leather, coal, turpentine—these are only a few of the hundreds of materials which the Frisco buys by the carload. The quality of these raw materials of transportation is of the greatest importance. Upon the strength of the steel in a locomotive depend human lives—an inferior grade of switch oil, resulting in an extinguished switch lamp, may be the direct cause of a disastrous wreck with its toll of life and enormous loss of money. And even where life is not at stake, the use of inferior material is a costly proposition, due to the frequent replacements required, and to idle equipment while repairs are being made.

The primary purpose of the Laboratory is to see that the Frisco gets the material best adapted to the particular purpose for which it is to be used. In order to facilitate this we have a series of specifications which set forth the quality of material desired for specific uses. Before a shipment of such material is made to the Frisco, a sample representing the shipment is taken by an inspector, forwarded to the Laboratory, and there subjected to tests to determine whether or not the material is of the quality called for by the specification covering that particular material. If the tests indicate the material to be of satisfactory grade, the shipment is accepted, if they do not, the shipment is rejected and the manufacturer is required to supply a grade of material which will meet the test requirements. In this manner the Frisco is protected against the use of material which will not give satisfactory service.

The Laboratory, however, handles a great deal more work than the routine testing of materials on order alone. When any department of the road considers

the use of a new material of any kind it is first sent to the Laboratory and after a thorough investigation report is made as to its quality and suitability for use. When a freight shipment is damaged and a claim is pending, the Laboratory is often called upon to determine the nature and extent of the damage, and our decisions have saved the Frisco many thousands of dollars in unwarranted claims. Whenever any material



LABORATORY SUPERCENTRIFUGE

While this is not a cream separator, it could be readily used as one. It is used for the separation of moisture from oils and the clarification of various liquids when other means fail. The bowl of this machine makes forty thousand revolutions per minute at full speed. It is driven by compressed air.

fails to give satisfaction in service it is submitted to the Laboratory for investigation to determine the cause of failure. When information is required concerning any scientific subject, from the weight per cubic foot of steel to the best method of exterminating cockroaches, the Laboratory is called upon. Still another of our varied lines of work concerns the analysis of raw and treated boiler waters for our water engineer,

Mr. Elliott, whose inspectors submit a steady stream of water samples to the Laboratory for examination.

Although the Frisco Laboratory is usually referred to as "chemical," its activities very often lie entirely outside of the field of chemical work. In fact, one of the two large rooms of the Laboratory is entirely given up to the physical testing of materials. Although chemical tests are important and in many cases essential, they often do not tell the whole story. As an example of this we may take the case of varnishes and enamels. A chemical analysis of such a material, that is, determining the kinds and amounts of oils, gums, thinners and coloring matter which go to make up the material, is of very little value in determining its probable life under service conditions. The "lasting" qualities of a varnish or enamel, however, are intimately connected with certain physical properties of the dry film, such as elasticity—the degree to which it can "give" without cracking—the resistance to the action of water, both hot and cold, and a number of other such factors. By determining them it is possible to predict with considerable certainty what the varnish or enamel will do when it is applied to the job. On such material, therefore, the greater portion of our tests are of a physical nature, designed to imitate as closely as possible the conditions of actual use.

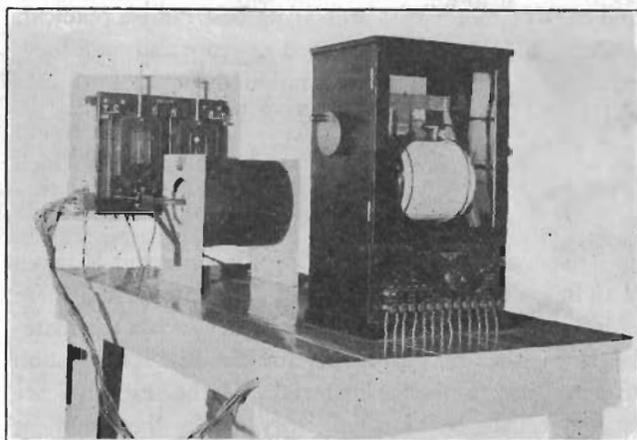
Again, it is possible for a piece of steel to have a perfectly satisfactory composition, as shown by the chemical analysis, and yet be so hard and brittle or soft and yielding as to be worthless for the purpose for which it is intended to be used. But if we take a piece of the steel, place it in a machine and find out how much force it takes to pull it apart, we can soon judge whether or not it is suited to the work in hand. This, however, works both ways. A steel may possess all the physical properties desired, and yet fly to pieces when attempt is made to forge it, due to excessive sulphur present in the steel, which could only be found in advance by a chemical analysis. It is evident, therefore, that chemical and physical tests go hand in hand.

With so many different materials to test, it may be imagined that a wide range of equipment and apparatus is necessary. The Frisco Laboratory has gradually expanded from its establishment some twelve years ago in a corner of the store building at West Shops, with a staff of one, until at the present time we compare favorably with many of the most modern commercial laboratories. The Frisco is a progressive road, and has readily seen the need of supplying up-to-date equipment for its test work in order to keep pace with the developments that are being constantly made in the science of testing materials. Among the apparatus which the Laboratory possesses might be mentioned

microphotographic equipment for the investigation of the structure of iron, steel and other metals; apparatus for determining the correct heat treatment of steel; a source of artificial sunlight by means of which the fastness to light of the color of fabrics, paints, inks, and other materials may be determined in a few hours; an experimental paint mill, used in the preparation of standard samples of paints, and numerous others.

As indicated above, the tests which we make are varied and numerous, and it is not possible in an article of this length to even briefly summarize them. In every case attempt is made to avoid tests which have merely a theoretical value, and use instead those which have a direct, practical bearing upon the quality of the material and the use which is to be made of it. In order to do this it has been necessary for the Laboratory to evolve many original methods of test, and to design a number of testing machines and special pieces of apparatus to cope with the problems which have arisen.

The trend of the modern manufacturing industry is towards strict honesty in dealings with the consumer. The day of gross adulteration of manufactured products and of deliberate misrepresentation of material is passing. But there is still a multitude of manufacturers who ship a product slightly inferior to that called for, with the expectation of "getting by" with it. If they do—it means a loss to the Frisco. Or the manufacturer may make a mistake and ship inferior material unknowingly. But in either case the result is the same, if the material is placed in service. Therefore the Laboratory.



THERMAL TRANSFORMATION POINT APPARATUS

No, this is not the latest thing in radio equipment. It is an instrument for the study of the heat treatment of steels.

HOW MANY KNEW WE HAD A CHEMIST?

Mr. Herzog's article will prove educational and illuminative to more than one reader who failed to realize we had such a department.

Chief Signal Engineer Describes Installation and Work of New Block Signals

By I. A. UHR

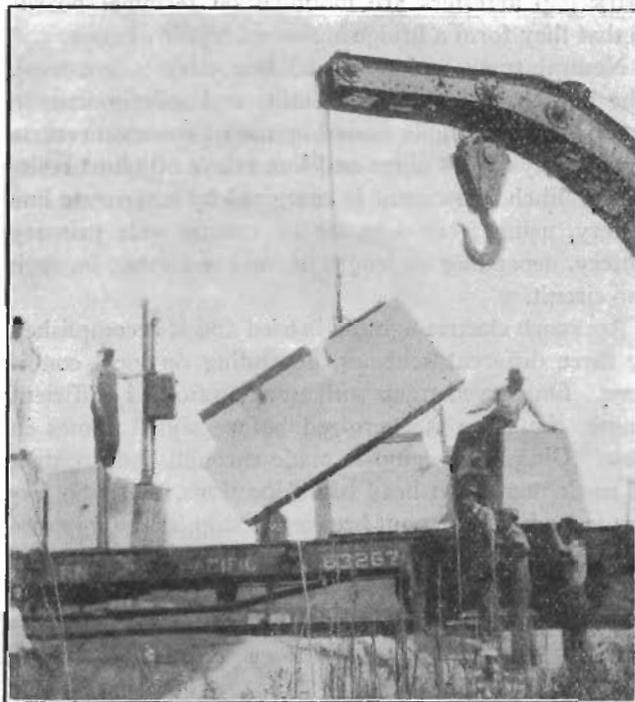
AN INSTALLATION of automatic block signals between Monett, Mo., and East Tulsa, Okla., is now in progress, covering a territory of 140 miles.

The first 5 miles west of Monett is double track at the termination of which is a junction of the South western and Northern Divisions. At Afton, Okla., 66 miles west of Monett, is another junction of the same divisions. Trains run over the track between Afton and East Tulsa from St. Louis and Kansas City to and from points in Oklahoma and Texas, which makes this a very busy line of single track railroad where track capacity increased by the automatic block signals will be of great benefit in train operation.

It was planned to first purchase sufficient material for installation of signals to Afton and have practically all material shipped direct to a central point for assembly and distributed by work train; but before this installation was completed, material was purchased sufficient to continue the installation to East Tulsa and arrangements made so that handling by the General Store and Signal Department forces was reduced to a minimum.

The handling of material in the most economical manner has always been a problem. The old scheme of making foundations in the field, then distributing signals, battery housings and other materials by use of hand cars or motor cars was at its best not economical, resulting in delays and increased expense and on a busy single-track railroad transportation difficulties of this kind would be greatly aggravated, due to the numerous times material would have to be unloaded and loaded up again to clear the track for trains. In order to avoid such conditions and conduct the handling in the most efficient manner, distribution of all material possible was made with the same work train which distributed the heavy units such as the combined signal foundations and battery boxes and signals complete.

The construction work is being performed by Frisco signal forces, separate construction gangs being organized from a skeleton organization which has not required the hiring of any experienced signalmen outside of our own department. Gangs were organized to handle the following classes of work: Concrete work, pole line, track bonding, underground wiring, case wiring and the clean-up squad. This has resulted in the men in each gang becoming very proficient in the class of work they are doing and made economy in labor as well as speeding up of the entire construction;



Setting a Foundation at Its Permanent Location

just sufficient men were placed in each gang to keep up with their work in line with the general construction program.

The concrete work was started first, all being performed at a central point. The signal foundation and battery box is combined in one unit, the battery box having a capacity of 48 cells of caustic soda primary battery. Ten-cell battery boxes were made for track batteries where not located at signal locations.

After sufficient concrete work was completed, preparation was made to set the foundations and signals by work trains, care being taken in making the excavations to have them level and of proper depth to avoid expense so far as possible in leveling or changing their height. The top of each foundation is set level with top of rail.

The signals are style "S," three position, upper quadrant, semaphore type. Our previous standard provided that the semaphore blade be 25 feet above top of rail, while on this installation the blade is 15 feet above top of rail.

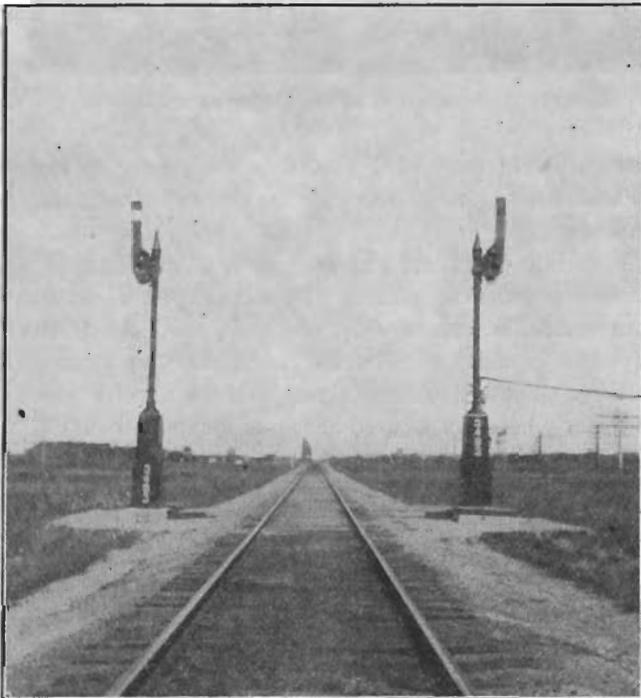
One-half of the track bonding is being done by a power drilling machine which averages 180 joints per day with machine run by one man. The other half is

performed by hand drilling machines and each driller averages 80 joints per day. Each joint is bonded with two No. 8 B. W. G. galvanized iron bond wires, 48 inches in length.

In addition to a carborundum type lightning arrester, which is placed on each wire from pole line and track, spark gap arresters are mounted on terminal boards so that they form a bridge across each pair of coils.

Neutral track and polarized line circuits are used. The line circuits are full metallic and independent, in order to avoid trouble caused by use of common return. Track relays are 4 ohms and line relays 50 ohms resistance. Each line circuit is energized by a separate line battery, using from 4 to 10-cell caustic soda primary battery, depending on length of, and resistance in, each line circuit.

Approach electric lighting is used and is accomplished by three different schemes, depending on local conditions. On curved track with track section of sufficient length, the lamp is energized before signal comes in view. Circuit for lamp is made through back contact of track relay. At head block locations, the lamp circuit is made with circuit breaker at stop on the opposite signal. At intermediate signals an 8-ohm D. N. L. relay is cut in series with the line control circuit for next



Location Complete and in Service

signal in rear and a back contact on this relay controls the light. The electric lamps are $3\frac{1}{2}$ volt, mounted in Edison adapters, energized by 4-cell caustic soda primary battery.

All interlocking plants in this territory have been

made modern with respect to the removal of detector bars and mechanical signals, changing them to electric and providing detector, approach and indication locking. The home signals were made a part of, and continuous with, the automatic block system. Call on arms provided to move trains through the interlocking plants in event electric home signal cannot be cleared on account of block being obstructed.

The line wire used is No. 12, copper-clad, weather-proof, double-braid, installed on Western Union pole line. In order to overcome the trouble of pulling cross arms out of line where line wires are dead-ended, as is the condition when line wire is dead-ended using standard pin and insulators, we have used insulated forks which are found to give excellent results.

Locations of signals were selected by Signal Department and checked after which the territory was covered by representatives of the Division Operating and Engineering Departments. Operating conditions were studied and it was found some changes and eliminations could be made in passing tracks without detrimental operation to trains which reflects a saving in the original installation of signals as well as cost of future maintenance and operation.

Extreme care was taken to insure that drainage is not obstructed by location of any signal apparatus.

The general scheme of signaling used is that known as the overlap system and when this installation is completed the Frisco Lines will have close to 1,000 miles of track signalled.

ON BEING CAREFUL

Rural Philosopher Speaks Some Homely Truths

"Say, folks," says Cy Perkins today, "you can't be too careful crossing a railroad track. The trouble is, before folks cross, people seem to be in a great sweat, but that sweating stuff don't get you a paper o' pins; in fact, this generation is going like thunder.

"I think they ought to call the lower front portion of the railroad engine an auto catcher instead of a cow catcher. Stop, Look and Listen."

On the Memphis Sub-Division

—And Engine Performance There

By L. M. WESTERHOUSE, Roundhouse Foreman, Memphis

HAVING just received a report of the September performance of the Memphis Subdivision through freight engines, and finding that it discloses a wonderful showing in this class of service, I believe it would interest readers of the magazine to know something about this subdivision.

The Memphis Subdivision, 144 miles of rock ballast, well-built railroad, operates between Thayer, Mo., and Memphis, Tenn., with Thayer as its northern terminal, Harvard, Ark., as the southern freight terminal and Memphis as its eastern passenger terminal.

A daylight trip over this subdivision presents some beautiful scenic vistas. Two miles out of Thayer, south, is the famous Mammoth Spring of Arkansas, recognized as the largest spring in the world. A large dam has been built there to check the waters of the spring, thus forming a lake. By taking a motor boat ride over this lake one gets a delightful view. The water at this point is very deep. Efforts to locate its depth proved futile when an anvil weighing 250 pounds was used for sounding.

Mammoth Spring is the head of the beautiful Spring River, followed by the Frisco for about 50 miles, a rugged country through which the road winds through cuts in the hills of solid rock, then through fertile valleys where corn and cotton abound. The beautiful Spring River furnishes Mammoth Spring, Thayer, Koshkonong, Brandsville and West Plains with power for electricity and yet has much to spare.

Fifty miles from Thayer, in a southerly direction, lies the navigable Black River. At Black Rock, Ark., the Frisco crosses over a drawbridge and a more level country is reached, where one may find great cotton plantations and lumber camps. Hoxie, Jonesboro, Truman and Marked Tree are the principal cities. Further on is the levee and then the climb up the approach to the giant steel bridge, over the Father of Waters

and thence into Memphis.

Over this division for the month of September there were no serious delays and no accidents or engine failures. A truly good railroad, and with good locomotives and equally good men to operate the trains.

In "through freight service" the 695 to 724 class engines are used. These are the pioneers of the Walschaer valve gear and piston valves on the Frisco and are a credit to the road. Although built in 1906, with some later improvements, they seem to grow better with age.

The engineers on these locomotives are handling more than 2,100 tons, south, and 1,550 tons, north, over the entire subdivision. The tonnage is based on their ability to overcome Bono Hill, going south, and "Forty-four" hill, going north. The average performance of the regularly assigned engines in "through freight service" for the month of September was 88 pounds per 1,000 G. T. M. If there is a better record anywhere on the Frisco it would be interesting to learn of it. The following is the September performance (the average weight of these trains was 1,668 tons, with an average of 6.4 hours per 100 miles. These engines burned 1,964 tons of coal and handled 44,837,000 G. T. M.:

Engine 724.....	81 lbs. per 1,000 G. T. M.
Engine 722.....	82 lbs. per 1,000 G. T. M.
Engine 721.....	85 lbs. per 1,000 G. T. M.
Engine 696.....	85 lbs. per 1,000 G. T. M.
Engine 719.....	86 lbs. per 1,000 G. T. M.
Engine 709.....	89 lbs. per 1,000 G. T. M.
Engine 716.....	89 lbs. per 1,000 G. T. M.
Engine 712.....	96 lbs. per 1,000 G. T. M.
Engine 698.....	98 lbs. per 1,000 G. T. M.

791 lbs., or an average of 88 lbs. per 1,000 G. T. M.

It Pays to Read the Safety First Articles

From one of the Frisco employes down in Texas comes this: "I once wondered whether 'safety first' articles were of real value. No longer do I wonder—I know now their value, for from reading carefully and following the advice given by Mr. Ball and others,

I have learned to be more careful in my daily work and have gained, not only in precaution, as a result, but in efficiency as well, for the careful man is the accurate, efficient man. I have, indeed, found that it pays to be always careful."

The Engine Crew—With Reference to Vital Subject of Fuel Economy

Being a Paper Read at Fuel Meeting by Engineer GEORGE R. BERGER

WHEN I was asked, at the last fuel meeting held in St. Louis, by Chairman Harvey to have a paper at this meeting, I was given the privilege to choose my own subject, and it is, therefore, only natural that I should speak of the work of the engine crew with reference to fuel economy.

While I realize that this subject has been discussed so many times, that there is hardly any opportunity to bring out anything new, it will probably not be amiss to be again reminded of some of the old and approved methods of doing the work which have proven successful in preventing fuel waste.

In order to enable the most conscientious and efficient engine crew to make a good fuel performance, the engine must be in good condition, free from leaks and blows, valves square, power reverse gear (when engine is equipped with same) must be kept in first-class condition. Grates must be in good condition and engine must be drafted so as to burn fire equally over entire grate surface. There should be no air leaks around the front end which would destroy part of the vacuum created in the front end by the exhaust. Engine should be equipped with proper size injector. It is also of the utmost importance that throttle valve is well balanced, especially on superheated engines which have to be drifted with cracked throttle, because if throttle valve is not well balanced, considerable more steam will be used than is necessary. Double latches on reverse levers should be maintained in good condition so position of lever can be changed one-half notch at a time when it is economical to do so.

With an engine in the condition as previously outlined, the engineer will then be able to work the engine in such a way as to consume the least possible amount of fuel for the work it is doing. He will see that the engine is well lubricated, as dry bearings, and dry valves and cylinders, especially, waste fuel. Another item which must be watched closely is that the engine is hooked up as soon as possible after reaching the top of a grade as fuel waste results by leaving reverse lever down when the train picks up speed. Sand pipes must be kept open and lined up with rail so as to prevent slipping as much as possible as many bad trips and poor fuel performances are directly traceable to engine slipping badly at the beginning of a trip.

Co-operation between the engineer and fireman is absolutely essential to good fuel performance and good railroading. The fireman should be advised where the

train will stop for water or of any other stop he may not know about, so the fire can be regulated accordingly.

With reference to co-operation of the engine crew, I want to relate an occurrence that came under my observation a number of years ago. A 1300 class engine was pulling a train up a steep grade about one mile in length, when about half way up, the fireman started to put in a fire and after putting in two shovels of coal he noticed the engineer shut off the injector. He stopped putting in coal and got on his seat, knowing that the fire already in the fire box would take the train to the top of the grade, whereas had he continued to put in the balance of the amount of coal usually put into the fire box of an engine of the size of this one at one fire, the engine would have raised pop valves and wasted steam. He saved himself the labor of putting in four or five shovels of coal and saved this amount of coal for the railroad company. In mentioning this incident, I do not want to leave the impression that this is an isolated case, as I only want to convey my idea of what is close co-operation between the engineer and fireman and picked this one out of quite a number of similar cases.

The careful preparation and upbuilding of the fire when getting engine ready at the roundhouse should receive the fireman's closest attention. This refers both to hand or stoker fired engines. Fire should be several inches heavier at sides, back and flue sheet than in the center of the fire box, as air coming into ash pan will force its way through where fire bed is thinnest and if this happens to be at either side it will rush up along the sheet towards the crown sheet and will cool the water next to the sheets which we are trying to boil and if the thin place would be next to the flue sheet we would merely be pulling cold air into the fire box and through the flues, which would have the effect of cooling the water surrounding the flues.

Coal is sometimes wasted by forcing the fire to get the engine hot with injector working when there is plenty of water in boiler to shut off injector and allow the engine to get hot without any undue forcing or crowding. The reason for this is found, however, to be mostly due to injectors being hard to put on, account water valves being hard to regulate or injector hard to prime and rather than spend the time to shut injector off and then put to work again, the fire is forced.

One of the outstanding items which affect fuel consumption and which is entirely under the control of

the engine crew is the work of the injector and the height of water carried in the boiler. Injectors should be of proper size and placed where easy to operate by the engine crew. Water valve especially should receive preferred attention so supply of water delivered to the engine can be easily regulated. If these conditions exist, the engine crew can then save fuel by intelligent handling of the injector. Water carried high in a locomotive boiler, either saturated or superheated engine, is a waste of fuel, as the nearer to the throttle valve the water is carried the more moisture steam contains and, of course, the less work it is able to perform, or in other words, it will take more moist steam to do the same work than it would dry steam and consequently more water has to be boiled to furnish the wet steam, than the dry, and more fuel has to be burned to do that. The reason why most men are inclined to carry a high water level is because they are influenced by the theory that the engine will steam better on account of the comparatively cold feed water from the injector not affecting the temperature of a full boiler as much as it will a small amount of water in the boiler. This theory, however, does not hold good in a locomotive boiler as only the amount used needs to be replaced and if we use less water by using dry steam it should be perfectly plain that to heat it, less fuel is used.

Another item worth mentioning in this connection is the tendency some men have of trying to increase the amount of water in the boiler, at the expense of their steam pressure just before reaching heavy grades, losing sight of the fact that by so doing they are also decreasing the temperature of the steam that is being delivered to the cylinders of their engine. Steam at 200 lbs. boiler pressure is about 388 degrees Fahrenheit and decreases in ability to perform work in the same proportion as it decreases in heat and it stands to reason if we decrease the pressure to 180 lbs. the reverse lever will have to be dropped to perform the same work that was performed with the lever hooked up at 200 lbs. pressure, with the result that greater amount of steam and water and, of course, a greater amount of fuel to heat it must be used. We see, therefore, that it is best to keep a maximum steam pressure on the engine when ascending heavy grades.

Men on superheater engines should not carry too high a water level in boiler on account of the danger of making an auxiliary boiler out of the superheater system which is calculated to have steam of from 550 to 625 degrees Fahrenheit perform work in the cylinder and which will, if high water is used, deliver

steam of only about 400 degrees Fahrenheit to the cylinders. In my opinion, it is good practice to leave a terminal, water tank or any other place where the train has stopped for sometime, with boiler as full of water as the engine will stand, to start the train and not carry any water into dry pipes and cylinders, having first put in fire or at least have fire in such condition that it will not be necessary to open fire door while the train is being started, as this practice is hard on flues and fire box sheets. After the train is under way and the engine shows signs of getting hot and the fireman knows his fire is in good enough condition to allow him to put on injector, without the steam pressure dropping back from its effect, the injector should be put on and cut down as fine as it will work and increased only if found necessary in order to maintain a water level of somewhere between one-third and one-half a glass full of water in the boiler, aiming to get to the next water tank or station stop with water low enough in boiler that injector can be kept working and fire can be kept burning brightly, by slightly cracking blower valve without raising pops, and engine will again be ready to leave with sufficient water in boiler and fire in good condition, injector to be shut off before train is started.

These suggestions are intended for engines burning coal. On oil-burning engines it is probably the best practice, if possible, to reach any water tank or station stop with a sufficient amount of water in boiler, that injector can be shut off on arriving, as fire can easily be controlled on oil-burning engines.

Superintendent P. W. Conley Submits Some Fuel Figures

Superintendent P. W. Conley of St. Louis, submits these interesting figures of fuel saving records made on his division:

Engine 3,746, Engineer Hynes, Fireman Minor, 8 hours, 492 gallons.

Engine 3,745, Engineer Hynes, Fireman Mahoney, 8 hours, 419 gallons.

Engine 3,751, Engineer Hynes, Fireman Boergardine, 8 hours, 420 gallons.

Engine 3,742 Engineer Hynes, Fireman Glandt, 8 hours, 376 gallons.

Engine 1,240, Engineer Hynes, Fireman J. Gardine, 8 hours, 340 gallons.

Engine 3,742, Engineer Hynes, Fireman Sims, 8 hours, 304 gallons.



FRISCO BABIES

1—Francis Edward Mangan, age 6 months; son of I. A. Mangan, chief yard clerk, Springfield, Mo. 2—George Allen Westland, age 4 months; son of A. C. Westland, West Shops, Springfield, Mo. 3—Frieda Lou Robertson, age 3½ years; daughter of Fireman Robertson, of the Texas Lines. 4—Lenward E. and James R. Hall, aged 5 and 3 years respectively; sons of Andrew J. Hall, Frisco fireman, Tulsa, Okla. 5—Oscar Franklin Barnes, age 6 months; son of H. O. Barnes, car inspector, Vinita, Okla. 6—Rithma Howell, age 5 years daughter of P. L. Howell, report clerk, Freight Office, Birmingham, Ala. 7—H. J. Green, Jr., age 8 years; son of H. J. Green, Bessemer, Ala. 8—Gordon Vickrey, age 3½ months; son of Amos Vickrey, ticket clerk, Hugo, Okla. 9—Son of Correspondent C. J. Anderson, age 11 months. 10—W. M. Lewis, Jr., age 6 years and Winnifred, age 2 years; children of W. M. Lewis, Frisco agent, Verona, Mo. 11—John Franklin Wade, age 4½ months, son of Brakeman J. C. Wade. 12—Emil Junior, age 3½ years and Nancy Cora, age 8 months; children of E. M. Hatfield, Frisco Shops, Sherman, Texas.

Old Magazine Carries List of Many Frisco Pioneers

J. W. Morrill, supervisor of safety, brought to the office of the magazine recently a copy of "Car, Cab and Caboose," a magazine formerly published in St. Louis in the interest of railroad men of all lines.

The edition bears the date of July 1, 1884, and is "Volume One, Number One." In its introductory notice it is said, "Car, Cab and Caboose will from time to time publish a list of the train men employed on various railroad divisions of the country, and thus become a medium through which friends long separated by time and distance can learn of one another's whereabouts and doings."

In keeping with this announced policy, on one of the pages of the magazine is published a list of trainmen of the Frisco Lines, and it is interesting, indeed, to scan those lists, especially so would it be to a veteran of the road.

Of the men listed, Mr. Morrill is able to give the present abode and occupation of many, as follows:

A. Otterson, now a real estate man in Springfield, Mo.; J. L. Toomey, on the Frisco pension list and living at Rolla, Mo.; Frank Carrigan, still in active service on trains 9 and 10; L. Coover, also in active service on 3 and 4; J. J. Murphy, now a marshal in the office of the United States District Judge at St. Louis; Dan Mahoney, conductor on a Union Pacific passenger train; E. E. Williams, senior conductor on the East End of the Missouri-Pacific; Ira Wightman, paymaster's office of the Frisco; John Weckerley, living at Newburg, Mo., and on the pension list; Thomas Hasler, pensioned and dividing his time between Springfield and his lake resort home in the Ozarks; Charles Hesmith, a leading soda water manufacturer of East St. Louis; J. W. Morrill, safety supervisor with the Frisco; W. H. Smith, pensioned and living at Pacific, Mo.; W. A. Noleman, now pensioned and living at Springfield, Mo.; C. V. Cass, now manager of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company's Pacific Coast interests; E. N. Walker, in active service on the Western Division; W. B. Dafe, pensioned and living at Neodesha, Kans.

A reminder of the pre-Volsteadian

days is contained in the pages of the magazine in the form of an advertisement from an Oakland, Calif., liquor dealer, whose place was called the "Pullman Palace Saloon" and whose advertisement, in part, read:

"Know ye that by the payment of \$146 I am licensed to retail intoxicating liquors at my saloon. To the wife who has a drunkard for a husband, or a friend who is unfortunately dissipated, I say emphatically, give me notice of such case or cases in which you are interested and all shall be excluded from my place. I pay a heavy tax for selling liquors, and I want it distinctly understood that I have no desire to sell to drunkards, minors, the poor or the destitute. There are gentlemen of honor and men of means who can afford such luxury, and it is with those only that I desire to deal."

One of the contributors to the magazine evidently has been "enjoying"—with emphasis, a vacation trip in Mexico for he writes, we have no doubt entertainingly, for we did not read further than the heading of, "Kissing a Mexican Beauty."

Safety First was even then a vital subject with the railroads and considerable space is devoted to stories of railroad accidents and what might have been done to avoid them.

There is a story of "Colonel Bob" Yorkston, former well-known St. Louis journalist, in the days when there were still journalists.

A story by a veteran engineer of those days is filled with interest. Among other things, he tells of the first engine on which he rode which carried a cab. "I remember," says the veteran, "when cabs were first introduced. It was on the Pennsylvania road which then belonged to the state. The engineers all raised a great howl at the change and there came near being a strike. They said the houses were death traps and if an accident happened there would be no way of escape. They soon changed their minds."

Printers in those days had their troubles just as they still do, for an apology is contained in a paragraph which reads: "The magazine is one day late but it was unavoidable."

"Think Right"—a Slogan Which Means a Great Deal

By R. W. HARPER

"Think Right," is a slogan that has been adopted on the Southwestern Division and is to be seen printed in large letters over the entrance to the shops and master mechanic's office at Sapulpa.

There is no truer saying than one which we hear every day, "We get out of life just what we put in it." We

can only put into our lives what is in our minds. This applies just as well to the railroad people as it does to those in other professions and walks of life. The price tag is not on our work but on us each individually. We each hold a tag and can mark our price just what we desire that it should be.

Here are a few questions that we should each think over and ask ourselves:

Do I always have to be told what to do next?

Do I work faster than others?

Do I make fewer mistakes than those around me?

Do I understand the significance of the work I am doing each day and am I doing it to the best of my ability?

The only way to be a "world beater" is to start by out doing the man next to you. To do that we should each ask ourselves the above questions and see what the answer is. We cannot start as leaders but as followers. By out working the other man we place a higher rate on our price card. Speed is no good without accuracy. A shopman that has to be watched, or a stenographer or comptometer operator that is inaccurate is just a nuisance. Our supervisors should not have to waste their time by checking everything we do. The work we have to do may seem very small and insignificant to us, but it is a link in the great chain that keeps the railroad world moving. If our link is weak or imperfect, the chain is weakened just that much and sometime we will be replaced by a stronger link.

A man's mind dictates his every action. The only way to be great is to be right and the only way to be right is to "THINK RIGHT."

Why the Frisco Is a Great Railroad

By G. G. BECKLEY, Claim Agent

When a boy I lived at Paris, Texas, and in those days there were no railroads in that part of the state. My father ran a stage line from Paris, Texas, to the Mississippi River, carrying the U. S. Mail and passengers to the steam boats, and when the Frisco built into Paris, over the Ozark and Boston Mountains, it was a wonder, and was what revolutionized that part of the country.

The first trip I made over it was with a cattle train, and at that time eighteen cars of cattle was a full train; now it consists of from forty to sixty cars, and the trains at that time had to be double-headed over these mountains. I thought it the best railroad on earth, and I knew the scenery the very best, and am still of the same opinion.

The Frisco has been kind enough to furnish me with transportation enabling me to get a few vacations. I have seen on my trips many mountains and plains but have seen none that appeal to me like the scenery along the Frisco Lines.

The Frisco has been good to me, having given me pay checks pretty regularly for more than thirty years.

Why should I not think it the best railroad on earth?

"Christmas—Once Upon a Time—"

By MARTHA C. MOORE

IT WAS an old fashioned room, comfortable to be sure, and spotlessly clean, but with the appearance of having none of the modern conveniences, except perhaps the rural telephone. The room was lighted by a kerosene lamp that shed its light brightly a ways, leaving the corners and behind the table and chairs to be lighted only by an occasional flame from the old fashioned fireplace, in which a huge log was sizzling and sputtering, while the hum of an old teakettle, with its cloud of steam, finished the picture.

Before the fire sat old Uncle Jerry, telling stories. The air was fragrant with pine; evergreen hung from the ceiling; Christmas was in the air. In fact, it was only three days off.

Old Uncle Jerry took his pipe from his mouth, lifted one huge booted foot from the floor and crossing his leg, blew rings of smoke through the air.

"Well, sir, I been sittin' here thinkin' about a Christmas nigh onto forty years ago. I wasn't no more'n a little shaver, 'bout 15 years old, and I heard my pap sayin' that they found bear tracks around the chicken coop and the sheep pens, but 'so far, all they missed was an old hen or two. It was pretty nigh onto Christmas, and they wuz all plannin' on havin' a big black bear hide fer Christmas day.

"The weather was shore cold; way below zero, and they wuz all figurin' on startin' out late that evenin'; meetin' at our house; so about 5:30 in the afternoon, we begun gettin' on our leggin's and our fur caps fer a real bear hunt. I went to the winder and the snow wuz comin' down, flakes the size of a dime, and blowin' and driftin' 'till the old fence was plumb covered up—good weather fer a bear to start to huntin' somethin' to eat, and it bein' Christmas, too. Course I spose he didn't know nothin' 'bout that.

"Well, sir, I thinks I jest sit down by the fire and wait 'till they get ready to start.

"Next thing I knowed, I wuz startin' out, trampin' through the snow, seemed to be comin' down lighter now, and before long it stopped and evenin' settled; cold and crisp with a moon castin' shadows on one of the purtiest scenes God ever pictured. It was shore easy to see tracks, even by the moonlight, and powerful easy to sight a big bunch o' black fur 'gainst that white snow.

"We ain't tramped more'n a mile, through the big timber, when I turns around to one of the fellers to say sumpin', and I find I'm there alone. Course we wasn't stickin' close as we could together, but I calls several times and not gittin' no response, I jest naturally finds myself on a personally conducted bear hunt.

"I kep on goin' and finally I got to thinkin', kid like, that maybe I'd be the hero of the day, and I'd shore feel good, shootin' down that bear alone and leadin' the others to the spot, put my foot on his body and my thumb through my suspenders, and heave me a big sigh; words bein' unnecessary. The more I thought about that hero stuff, the more I hoped I'd lost 'em all, and 'fore I'd gone much further, I was decidin' whether to use that skin to sleep on, have me a coat made outa his hide, or have him

stuffed to show my grandchildren what I done, years ago.

"That there timber wuz plumb full o' the biggest trees I ever seen. Well, sir, I wuz trampin' on, blowin' my hands full of hot air to keep 'em from freezin' stiff, when, man alive, I froze stiff, right there in my tracks. I never seen one bear, I seen two, and to this day I ain't sayin' maybe it was three. The first one, he got his equilibrium 'fore I did; in fact I never got mine, it was plumb past recall. I couldn't have lifted that gun off my shoulder ef it had abeen a feather, and as to runnin', I might as well been minus two feet. Well, they stand there, 'bout as surprised as I wuz, but a heap more shure about the result of our meetin', and right then an thar, I sez to myself, that somebody has shure got to take out. The good Lord knowed who, and so would I pretty soon. I never thought how cold and stiff I wuz till I commenced to try to move. I gazed at 'em fer a minute and then I dropped my gun, castin' aside all stuff to hinder my speed, and I turns sharp around and takes out. Well, sir, when I goes as far and fast as I can. I turns around, not hesitatin' much, and there they come lopin' along, like a pair of trained dogs, but them eyes shore didn't show no tame inclinations. I was plumb give out, and I looks around fer sumpin' to climb. Now course I knowed they could climb pretty nigh as well as I could, er better, but they wuz very little else left fer me to do.

"So I sights me a pretty good sized tree and I goes up the tree, barin' slippery ice and snow, 'bout as fast as I could. When I git to the top limb, I looks down and there they wuz (course I expected to see 'em), jest sittin' on their haunches, gazin' at me, wonderin' which part to bite at first. That thought never made me feel no more comfortable. Burr-rr-rr!

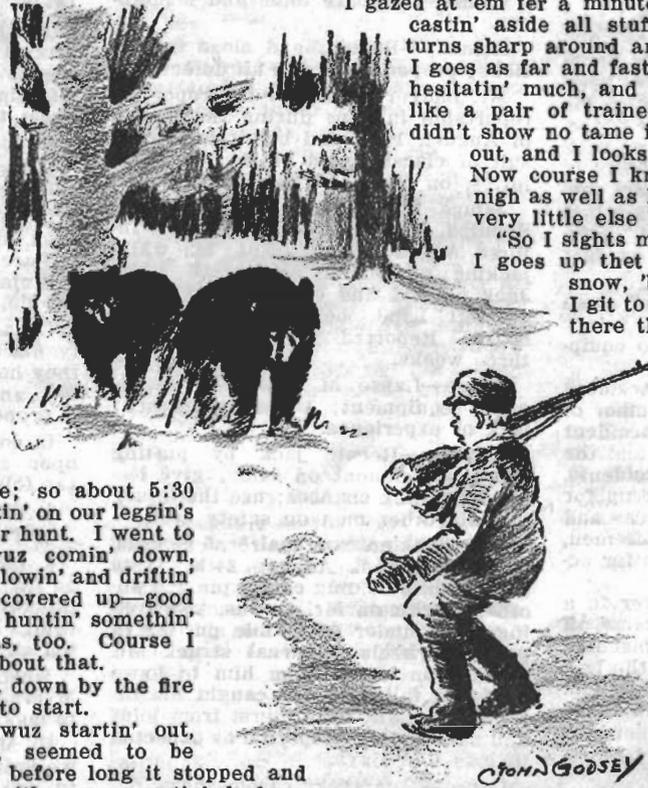
"I never wuz no hand to pray, but then and there I said a prayer thet'd melt anybody's heart, but I guess I been a heathen too long fer good results, 'cause I looks down and the biggest one was startin' up the tree. I seen their game, takin' turns about, one was goin' up and knock me off, like a ripe persimmon, and the other one would be there

to see that I got picked up. Some system.

"Well, I was up as far as the tree went, but I had one limb left to climb out on. All thoughts of a bear rug, or a coat, plumb left my mind and instead I seen a searchin' party pickin' up a piece of my red flannel shirt and one boot and a finger er two, and that gun, dad blast it, ef I only had it now.

"Up this old feller came, closer and closer, I could almost feel his breath, though I was warm enough, the sweat standin' out on my head so big it froze into chunks of ice. When I got plumb out on the limb, as fer as I could go they wasn't nothin' else fer me to do but hang on there, waitin' to see what he'd do. Well he done it; he come straight out on the limb and, as it wasn't none too strong, I herda a crack, and down went me and the bear and the limb and all my ambitions. I landed near the others' at the foot of the tree, and there he was. All I remember was a big welcome grin, showin' some nice fine white teeth.

(Continued on Page 38)





Always Be Careful



Conducted by GEORGE L. BALL, Superintendent Safety and Insurance

"SAFETY FIRST"

SAFETY FIRST was stressed at a meeting held in Sapulpa on September 9, the meeting being, at the invitation of Chairman B. P. Meyers, conducted by Professor O. B. Badger, State Director of Industrial Education, Stillwater, Okla. Mr. Badger's diagnosis of various accidents, resulting in personal injury and the treatment suggested to prevent their recurrence, is a splendid exhibit of constructive safety work.

Address by Mr. Badger:

The majority of those present know that for some little time we have been conducting conferences at Sapulpa for the purpose of education of our supervision, and would like to take up with you this morning the responsibility of a foreman on safety and accident prevention, and would like to explain just what is meant by an "accident." Mr. Street, you will please tell us just what this means.

"An accident is the result of some unforeseen incident that causes injury to the workmen, or damage to equipment."

With this definition of an accident we are going to take up a number of cases which show how the accident occurred, the possible causes, and the remedy of such causes of accidents. Now, these cases are brought up for the purpose of getting your ideas and your recommendations, as foremen, for the remedy of such causes for accidents.

A large belt furnishing power to a machine from the line shaft came off the main line shaft. The machine operator was afraid to put on the belt with the pulley running. The foreman tried to put it on for him and in so doing, caught his hand between the belt and pulley. His arm was torn off at the elbow.

Cause—1. Over-confidence.

Remedy—Surprise tests; caution; change of work; discipline.

2. Taking a chance.

Remedy—Put bulletins in his possession and make him attend safety meetings; eliminate necessity of chances; anticipate danger.

3. Awkwardness.

Remedy—Change of jobs; discharge.

4. Nervousness.

Remedy—Medical attention; explanation to remove fear; not too much haste.

The accident curve shows the following peaks. Highest, toward closing time; next highest, after lunch; next highest, shortly after starting

time in the morning.

Cause—1. Fatigue.

Remedy—Do not rush work at closing time.

2. Temporary physical disability.

Remedy—Use first aid supplies; send to company doctor; take into safety meetings; caution against dissipation.

A new, guaranteed and tested cable of a mine hoist breaks.

Cause—Defective tools and machinery.

Remedy—Regular and close inspections; proper repairs to all defects.

Mr. Badger went over the report of reportable injuries during the month of August, 1924, and below is the result of classification of these five injuries, on the Southwestern Division.

James Mabry, 3d class machinist, Sapulpa, 1 year, 9 months service. Injured August 9th, 10:30 A. M., while jacking up binder on engine 4,119. Jack slipped and caught little finger on left hand, between binder and board. Reported. Expected to lose three weeks.

Cause—Lapse of attention; inadequate equipment; taking a chance; lack of experience.

Remedy—Repair jack by putting safety attachment on same; give lesson on taking chances; use the injury to train other men on safety first.

J. O. Tinkler, car repairer, 5 months' service, injured August 24th, 11:40 A. M., while holding center pin and another workman, Mr. Owens, was rolling truck under car, while putting in pair of wheels. Journal struck Mr. Tinkler on leg causing him to lose hold and fall. Bolster caught his little finger, right hand, burst from joint and nail torn off. Reported as expected to lose four days.

Cause—Temporary carelessness.

Remedy—Lay off indefinitely.

Thomas Peugh, colored laborer (BW helper), 1½ years' service, injured August 1st at Oklahoma City, 2:00 A. M. Was tightening plug. Wrench slipped and let him fall to ground. Struck head and shoulder on the ground. Reported as expected to lose ten days account head and shoulder bruised.

Cause—Insufficient supervision.

Remedy—Foreman properly back check on men to see that work is being done properly and as per instructions.

James M. Barrington, 2nd class machinist, 1 year 2 months' service, West Tulsa. Injured August 2nd, 3:30 P. M.

while working on planer. Was removing guide bar from planer. Same was insecurely fastened. Slipped and fell on right foot. Lose week or ten days account right foot mashed.

Cause—Too much haste.

Remedy—Back check to see that instructions are carried out.

Francis L. Misemer, car carpenter 1st class, West Tulsa. In service 1 year 8 months. Injured August 29th, 10:15 A. M. while holding backout punch and punching rivets. Man using maul. Maul handle broke (new break) and maul struck Misemer on left hip. Hip badly bruised. Will lose about ten days.

Cause—Defective material.

Remedy—Discard defective material as developed by inspection.

In this case, defect could not have been determined and responsibility for the accident necessarily chargeable to manufacturer of the defective maul handle.

Each of these injuries was thoroughly discussed and it was agreed that they have herein been properly classified and that the remedy suggested is proper one.

In conclusion Mr. Badger impressed upon all that there are three steps (as follows) in the training of men:

1. Get them in attitude to learn.
2. Teach them how to do.

3. Back check to see that they do as told, and remarked that no man is properly instructed until these three things are done—not any two of them, but all three steps.

Meeting was turned back to Mr. Myers, who requested Mr. Claypool to make an address.

By Mr. Claypool: We all know that we make a lot of enemies by talking to our men after the whistle has blown and as the noon whistle has blown, of course, I will have to look after my own interests and see that I cut my speech short. While there is nothing that I would like better than talk safety first, am only going to give you a little information on our progress along this line. For the information of those present, the accidents in the Mechanical Department on this road, taking into consideration the time loss proposition cost the Claim Department something like 70,000 dollars. You can readily see the necessity for a Safety Department as well as vigilant campaigns on accident prevention. A few years ago when the railroad first started safety first meetings, they sold the proposition to the

men from a humanity standpoint. It resulted in a lot of skepticism. When the men are told that we are doing something for them for nothing, they become skeptical about it. Since that time we have gone into safety work again and on a different standing and in the Mechanical Department alone, where we have commenced the work during the past two years, a remarkable improvement has been made. We find that the Mechanical Department accidents are divided just about fifty-fifty, between the locomotive and car departments. It was very interesting to note the quarterly report issued by the I. C. S. recently, comparing the injuries on the different roads in the United States, which are figured on man hour basis. Will endeavor to give you a little outline on where the Frisco stood. The Frisco stood in ninth place so far as number of accidents per man hours worked was concerned.

Union Pacific ranked first; Chicago Great Western ranked second; S. P. Lines, ranked third; Kansas City Southern, ranked fourth; A. T. & S. F. ranked fifth; M. K. & T. ranked sixth; D. & N. ranked seventh; Wabash ranked eighth; Frisco ranked ninth; N. Y. C. ranked tenth.

While we were ninth, we lacked only a few decimals of being in sixth place. The L. & N., Wabash and Frisco all had 27 and a few hundredths and you can very readily see how easily we can creep up to sixth place, or maybe farther. Inasmuch as the whistle has blown I do not think it advisable to take up any more of these hungry men's time.

Heed the Signs

A Poem with a Moral

By John J. Beckman

I says to Mandy: "I must go
Down to the town to order feed."
Of course, I got a Henry car,
But I ain't given to much speed.
Sometimes I kinder get mixed up;
Shove 'way down on t'other gear;
Get excited, as folks will.
That makes Mandy have a fear.

She cries out as I leave the place:
"Be careful, Cy." Guess she's right.
There's a railroad crossing on the way,
Where a car got hit t'other night—
Knocked all into smitherens—
It sort o' set you thinking, folks,
You'd better know your "Q's and
beans."
And I ain't tellin' jokes.

I sort o' have an eagle eye
Out for them there bullgines,
Because they weigh an awful lot.
You want to heed the crossing
signs:
"Stop! Look! Listen!" If you do,
You needn't fear the iron horse:
But if you're careless, goodly friend,
Your soul will take a heavenward
course.

On the knob on your front door
A pretty little crepe will hang;
They'll lay you in a casket, friends,
To be reviewed by your old gang.

I've hung around these diggins here—
I ain't no highbrow wise guy—
But stop before you cross a track,
Take a tip from Uncle Cy.

Rules for Motorists to Remember

Rules for motorists to remember are frequently promulgated, but at this season, when so many people are on the highways, the publication of a new list is never amiss. The following, if observed, would certainly do away with all crossing accidents:

Read and obey these rules and live to cross safely many crossings.

Remember never to race a train; the road may suddenly turn across the tracks.

Remember to let the train that has just gone by get out of sight before crossing; another may be coming from the opposite direction.

Remember, if the track is not visible in both directions, slow down until you have a clear view.

Remember, if a train is in sight, don't undertake to cross. Your anxiety to get across may unnerve you. Wait!

Remember there has never been a crossing accident that couldn't have been avoided with proper care.

Remember not to depend entirely upon the watchman. A mistake may cost him his job—but your life.

Remember double tracks provide for trains in both directions.

Remember crossing signs are for you, not the railroad. Watch them.

Remember the law gives the right of way to railway trains at crossings.

Remember to "Look out for the Engine"—the rest should be easy.

Goggles are Not Pretty— But They Saved His Eye

A mechanic in the Frisco shops at Monett had an accident the other day. It might have been a very, very serious one, for a bit of steel struck him squarely over the right eye.

But this mechanic wore the goggles illustrated herewith. Today he is

thanking the rules of safety first that he did so. The steel splint shattered the right lens, as will be noted from the photograph, but the thick lens saved the man's eyesight.

"Too much publicity cannot be given this incident," says George L. Ball, Superintendent of Safety and Insurance. "The railway furnishes the goggles, no expense is incurred by the men in protecting God-given sight, and, nevertheless, frequently our men go to the emery wheel, or engage in other hazardous work without first putting on their goggles. In other words, the disposition of human beings seems to be in favor of taking chances instead of the more sane policy of 'safety first.'"

Mr. Womack Was Insured— Widow Collects Sum of \$2,000

Roma L. Womack died on September 30th, as the result of injuries received on the same date. Fortunately for his family, Mr. Womack had elected to take advantage of the group insurance plan offered to shopmen, and early in October, only a few days after the death of Mr. Womack, a check was received by the widow for \$2,000.00.

Of this, \$1,000 was payable under the life insurance policy, and the same amount under his accidental death and dismemberment policy.

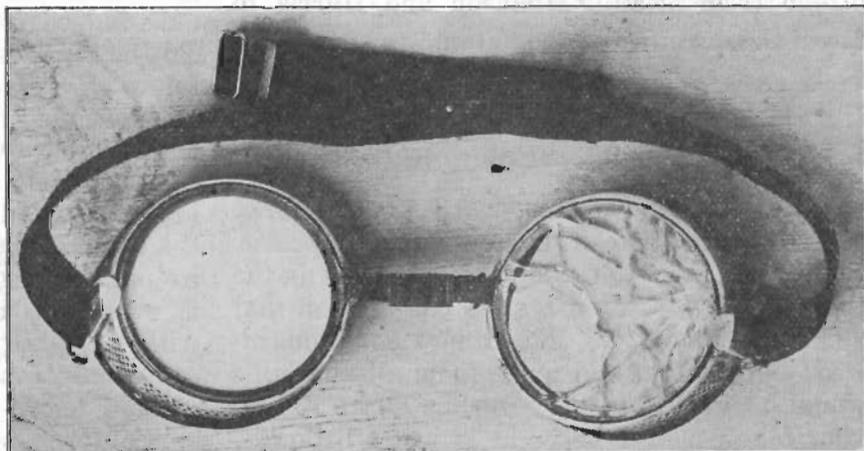
We Thought Permanency Along These Lines Was Long Since Passe

From a want ad in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch of September 28:

"Wanted—A man who has loved in St. Louis for five years or more. Permanent position assured one who can fill qualifications."

By the way, is this "loving in St. Louis" necessarily restricted to one person or may one have loved several in that period?

Does Your Car Stop at Railway Crossings?



Goggles are not pretty to look at, but this pair saved the eyesight of a Frisco employe

The FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

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By the

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Edited by FLOYD L. BELL

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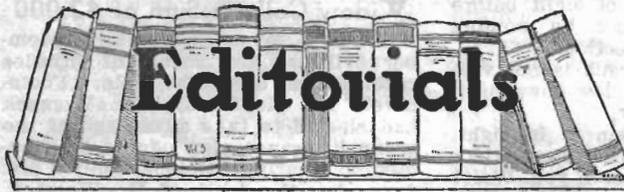
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Vol. 2

DECEMBER, 1924

No. 3

**The Great American Game**

IN THIS year of Walter Johnson, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-four, even a railroad magazine would be remiss in its duty did it not recognize the classic achievement of the Washington Senators—not members of Congress, but of the American League—in winning the world's baseball championship.

To "Bucky" Harris, Walter Johnson and the rest of the Senators go the heartfelt congratulations of every man Jack of us.

And had it not been for the brief time allowed for a campaign, we are certain nothing short of fatalities could have prevented the American people from electing Johnson and Harris to direct the destinies of the nation.

"He Is a Nice Chap, But—"

HOW often have you heard that remark? And how it can damn with faint praise. Chop that "but" off your sentences. It is the thing which you say after the conjunction that makes you disliked. Men cannot be standardized, and if you could make them all alike this would be, indeed, a sorry world. Learn to love your fellow-man, because he is just a little different than others around him. Just say, "He is a nice chap" and stop there.

The Man We Love

WHEN we find a man—
Who knows down in his heart every man is as noble, as divine, as vile, as diabolic, and as lonely as himself;
Who knows how to forgive, to overlook;
Who knows how to sympathize honestly and sincerely;
Who has learned how to make friends and to retain their friendship;
Who loves flowers, can hunt birds without a stone, and feels the thrill of an old forgotten joy when he hears the laughter of a little child;
Who can be happy and contented among the meaner drudgeries of life;
When we find such a man—we love him.
Don't you?

A Tragedy in a Nutshell

LOCOMOTIVE, high - powered automobile, reckless driver.
Railroad crossing. Train approaching.
Motorist steps on gas.
Omit flowers.

A Merry Yuletide to All

ONCE again the holiday season is with us. Once more the age-old, yet ever-new, cry of "A Merry Christmas" is in the air. It is a time when all of us lay aside our cares and give thought to our neighbor's welfare. And fortunate, indeed, for this old world that this is done. To the readers of this magazine go the heartfelt wishes of every Frisco official for a most happy Yuletide and the wish is sincere and deep-seated. Our cover this month portrays the Christmas spirit. The artist has caught the idea of a glad home-coming. But whether at the home hearth or cast by fortune miles from its portals, the shadow of its refining influence is ever with us. Blessed memories, coupled with thoughts of things to come make for a contented "family"—just such a family as ours of the Frisco. To each of you the old, old wish—"A Merry, Merry Christmas," and the editor adds his personal wish that it may be the happiest ever in your history.

The Rio Grande—and Fort Worth

By BEN B. LEWIS

THIS article is supposed to be written on the subject of "Fort Worth," and by the left hind leg of Conductor Billie Moore's Krazy Kat, it is going to be written on the subject of "Fort Worth." But we start at Menard, Texas, 227 miles southwest, and progress by easy and interesting stages 227 miles northeast.

What I mean is, Fort Worth is more than a city—it is a part of West Texas; an integral, component part, and the Frisco Railway is a strong factor in welding this part to the other parts.

Consider.

It was back in 1911 when the Frisco built from Brady to Menard. Prior to that time, the cattlemen drove their herds to Brady for shipment; bringing them in from McCulloch County, Mason County, Kimble, Sutton, Edwards, Crockett, Schleicher, Tom Green, Concho, San Saba, Mills and Menard Counties. From the south, west and southwest they came in great numbers. At times, as many as twenty-five or thirty thousand head would be concentrated at Brady, raising a dust that clouded the sun, and a din that hurt the eardrums.

The main cattle trail extended from below Sonora, through Menard to Brady. Along this trail, and at certain other strategic points, the Frisco established (or caused to be established) ten "traps," consisting of blocks of land, each 640 acres in area, fenced, to accommodate the herds during the drives, and to help relieve congestion at the loading station.

After the Frisco built to Menard, the "traps" between there and Brady were no longer needed, but many of our rancher friends and patrons are still using the "traps" from Sonora to Menard, because livestock is today being driven overland from surrounding counties to the railhead at Menard. One of these "traps" adjoins the townsite of Menard, and is not only a convenient camp for the animals, but a section of it is used as a picnic ground by Menard citizens and visitors. It is almost covered by tall pecan trees, whose branches have shaded many a famous barbecue. The Texas Rangers, immortalized in song and story, have held their annual reunions there on several occasions; and never a fourth of July passes but what that "trap" is a scene of patriotic merry-making.

Seven miles almost due west of Menard is another "trap," and about 22 miles southwest, another. This is at Fort McKavett, where Theodore Roosevelt was stationed in the early days of his military career. Southwest of Fort McKavett there are other

"traps," the furthestmost one being a few miles south of Sonora. In all, seven "traps" are in use today, vividly illustrating a practical, picturesque "service" on the part of the Frisco.

Menard's principal industry is the raising of cattle, horses, sheep and goats, but she also produces wool, mohair, turkeys and pecans in commercial quantities. The San Saba river runs through the town, as does the irrigation ditch of the Menard Irrigation Company; and fruits and vegetables are grown in abundant variety for home consumption. Deer, wild turkey, bass and crappie are found in fascinating numbers in Menard and surrounding counties, as can be testified by hundreds of hunters and fishermen.

Menard has several churches and schools, and her people are sturdy, progressive and ambitious. Some of them are numbered among the best known and most prosperous stockmen in the state.

Callan, 215 miles from Fort Worth, is a small, non-agency station, but is interesting to Frisco Folks for two outstanding reasons. First, it is the highest point on the entire Frisco System, not even excepting the celebrated Ozarks. Second, it is at this point that the Frisco Railway obtains the cheapest water on the entire System—and it is good water. On the top of a hill, on the right-of-way, where they dug on advice of an old time cattleman, after exhausting all their own theories, they struck water at a depth of twenty feet. Three windmills provide the power, and a gravity water line fills the water tank at the bottom of the hill.

Brady, 190 miles from Fort Worth, is a bustling, thriving city of cosmopolitan aspect. You saw some pictures of Brady in the magazine a while back, you remember. C. Crawford, our agent there, is active and aggressive in competition, but meets everybody with a manly courtesy. He has made many friends in Brady and among the farmers who trade at Brady.

Brady has wholesale grocery houses who distribute an enormous amount of goods throughout that district; several wool and mohair concerns; a cotton compress in addition to gins; hardware stores and automobile agencies galore; a cotton oil mill; some beautiful churches and schools; and many other features too numerous to mention in this article. At the time this is written, Brady is putting over an extensive paving project.

Next, Brownwood, 141 miles from Fort Worth, with Geo. Gardenhire as agent. Brownwood is the place where they held the West Texas

Chamber of Commerce Convention last spring. I wish I could sell you on this West Texas story, not because I want to sell you something specific for your money, but because I want you to open your eyes to the tremendous development—the significant, highly dramatic movement that is taking place, all over West Texas. You should know it, and thrill to it, because it is an epoch in American history. Thousands upon thousands of people are moving into West Texas. Millions upon millions of acres of land are being purchased and settled. (Please do not think I am exaggerating—I am giving you facts.) One tract of more than 3,000,000 acres is being cut up into small farms. Many other large tracts increase the figures to enormous proportions. Remember, we are talking about the largest state in the Union. West Texas alone, has an area of more than 91,000,000 acres.

West Texans are alive to their fingertips. They are growing, prospering, working hard and enjoying their honest gains. Their towns are doubling in size, in some instances. They have their Chambers of Commerce, their Rotaries, Lions and Kiwanis Clubs, and so on. Their blood tingles to the consciousness that they are developing a wonderful new agricultural empire where formerly immense ranges were given over to roaming cattle.

Brownwood is a typical West Texas town.

Brownwood is proud of her schools and colleges, her Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Building, with its 4,000 seating capacity, her hotels, business houses, cotton compress, wholesale stores, her water supply, and her Old Gray Mare Band. Her citizenship is unusually clean-cut, cultured and intellectual. The list of her productions: grain, cotton, live poultry, live stock, dairy products, fruits and so on, would fill a book.

Then, Comanche, 112 miles from Fort Worth, where G. W. Jessup is agent. King Cotton was moving through here, too, the day I was there, and for many days; coming by truck and horse and wagon—and being loaded into Frisco trains. In addition to cotton, Comanche ships live and dressed poultry, oats, peanuts, berries, butter, milk, etc.

Is Comanche proud of her schools? Listen! Go to one of their football games! Did I mention electric lights at those other Frisco towns? They have them. Gas? Water? Paved streets? They certainly have.

Comanche has an interesting history, raised on the foundation of her heroic old pioneers. Comanche used to be a word to strike terror into the

stoutest heart, because it meant the Comanche Indians. But now—don't be afraid of Comanche—unless you live in a rival town.

Here's Dublin, 90 miles from Fort Worth, where the Wichita Falls, Ranger and Fort Worth Railroad pours more than five hundred cars of gasoline into the Frisco stream every month. Another prosperous compress here. Dublin is also a shipping point for poultry, and ships several cars of peaches every year. D. B. Tipton is the agent at Dublin—and a good one.

Stephenville? They enjoy telling you who they are. Stephenville (76 miles from Fort Worth) is doing a tremendous amount of new building; new churches, new paving, new stores and so on. Stephenville's colleges rank high in educational standards. Her boys and girls frequently come to Fort Worth to entertain radio fans over the Fort Worth Star-Telegram's broadcaster. Excursions composed of hundreds of these young people descend upon Fort Worth at intervals. They know our Frisco conductors a little better, perhaps, than they do the transient "jitney" drivers. Take Billy Moore, for instance. It has been better than seven years since he missed a single trip, on his run from Brownwood to Fort Worth and return. Seven years without a single day off—and 27 years on this railroad. Do folks know him? I mean to say, they do—with the flower in his buttonhole, on each and every day of those 27 years.

J. D. Killough is the agent at Stephenville—a "joint" agent, a square agent, and a man who has more friends in Stephenville than perhaps almost anybody else in that prosperous, aggressive city.

Then, Granbury, 40 miles from Fort Worth. The Frisco was its life blood before the jitneys came. And even now, the Frisco holds her own. Five thousand bales of cotton out of Granbury in one season—that's not so bad for a little town, eh? And they were getting a good price for it, too. And watermelons? No doubt you saw the picture of Lee Jones, agent, sent to the Magazine. Granbury is a hustling, good town, and her people are substantial, industrious and happy.

And now—Fort Worth.

This is an unusual story about Fort Worth, after all—because I am going to say very little about the Industrial Center of the Southwest as a unit in itself.

I just want to see if you can get this picture with me:

This division of the Frisco System is named after Fort Worth and a river—the Rio Grande River, which as you know separates this country from Mexico.

I want you to see this railroad as a river. Its headwaters are at Menard. It flows through all those towns I mentioned and several smaller ones; none of them world-beaters, perhaps, but all of them engaged in the development of an upstanding American citizenship.

Unfortunately for the Rio Grande Division itself, its physical characteristics are such (being built almost entirely along divides, with many a hill and curve) as to render operating expenses extremely heavy; and in a number of instances transportation service is performed at an actual loss. But that does not alter the fact that the commodities themselves are valuable, creating a veritable stream of gold, which pours into the Fort Worth markets.

True, this river (which flows on top of many a ridge back) flows in both directions—we can't get away from that. It carries to the people of that region the things they most desire and need, a large percentage of which originate in Fort Worth.

Too, it is a river that branches out at Fort Worth and extends itself to St. Louis, Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham—all Frisco—and thence by connection with other streams, to the uttermost parts of this nation, and of the world.

It is a river whose banks are lined, in the springtime, with a gorgeous display of wild flowers of infinite variety, wherever an unplowed spot invites Nature's lavish hand—presenting a scene of indescribable beauty, and one which in other states would no doubt be exploited and advertised until it would attract tourists from far and near.

At any rate, crudely though I have expressed it—that is the picture.

Multiply that picture by eighteen "railroad rivers" centering in Fort Worth; set innumerable busy factories, mills, elevators, refineries, packeries, banks, universities, churches and homes in the midst of it—and you have a pretty fair idea of Fort Worth.

And if the picture still seems incomplete, just add a tasteful border showing Fort Worth's Fighting Panthers, champion Texas League ball team five times in a row, and four times winners of the Dixie series, enlivened by a close-up of Clarence Kraft, home-run king of the minor leagues with 55 round trips in 1924, only four behind Babe Ruth's 59 in the majors, and we will admit, you and I, that Fort Worth is, as the fellow says, "A Fair City."

West Texas

By Fort Worth
Chamber of Commerce

FORT WORTH is irrevocably bound up with West Texas, which constitutes her trade territory. West Texas is truly "The Promised Land." In it today, is going forward the most significant development that has occurred in American agriculture in twenty years.

One hundred families a day are establishing homes in West Texas, which has become the mecca of the small cotton farmer from East Texas and the eastern cotton growing states, routed by the boll-weevil. The ex-

perience of the last ten years has demonstrated that in West Texas there is an area wholly immune from the boll-weevil, ideally adapted to the growing of cotton, and larger in area than the entire state of Georgia, which is the second largest cotton producing state in the Union.

When the weevil army began its devastating march northward from Laredo, where it entered the country from Mexico, it progressed practically to the limit of the cotton belt. Its progress to the eastward was never interrupted and it has swept the entire cotton belt in that direction. But after reaching a line running from northeast to southwest, less than 100 miles west of Fort Worth, it came to an abrupt halt. Although that line was reached several years ago, it has never since made appreciable further progress, and the fact that the vast area beyond it is immune to its ravages has been demonstrated. There are several reasons for this; a high altitude; a comparatively dry climate; the fact that there was little or no timber in which the pests could hibernate; and the presence throughout the area of multitudes of ground ants which are its deadly enemy.

West Texas does not offer a make-shift haven to the cotton planter. Experience has proven that in six out of ten years a good crop can be produced and that in the other four years the planter can more than make expenses.

Texas' cotton crop in 1923, lint and seed, brought more than \$700,000,000. More than 40 per cent of this was grown in West Texas, where thirty years ago hardly a bale was grown. So far as the north half of the state is concerned, the territory west of Fort Worth has come to produce more cotton than the sections to the east.

It is estimated that there are more than 17,000,000 acres of land in West Texas that will make ideal cotton farms and which have never been broken.

Records of the agricultural experiment station show that over a period of ten years the average production has been 283 pounds of lint cotton to the acre, as against a national average of less than 175 pounds. Moreover, weeds do not thrive in this section, and this makes it possible for the farmers to take care of a larger acreage than in other districts.

As a result there are on the market today ten ranches of from 70,000 to 300,000 acres each, which have been cut up into quarter section farms. The "Capital Lands," deeded by the state in payment for the erection of the state capital, and embracing more than 3,000,000 acres, are being sold off in quarter section farms. In addition to these large projects, there are innumerable smaller tracts being sold. Prices range from \$20 to \$35 per acre.

Nor has the agricultural progress of West Texas been confined to cotton growing. It has developed into the greatest wool and poultry producing region in the south. Government re-

ports show that its production of sorghum grains, Kafir corn, milo maize and feterita, increased from 5,000,000 bushels in 1909 to 56,000,000 bushels in 1919.

Almost a sure crop, and abundant in production, these grains have enabled West Texans to raise poultry, hogs and cattle profitably, and there are few farms in the section where this is not being done.

Wheat production in Texas increased from 2,000,000 bushels in 1909 to 36,000,000 bushels in 1919, and more than 60 per cent of this production is in West Texas.

What Frisco Men in Texas Have to Say of Service

By M. D. Riggs, D. P. A.
Ft. Worth, Texas

Have you ever stood in the Union Station at St. Louis along about six-thirty in the evening and seen those two fine Frisco trains, the Texas Special and the Meteor, standing side by side, as an eloquent advertising manager once expressed it: "Like two greyhounds of the rails, straining at their leashes?"

There are many fine trains leaving from the St. Louis station, but none of them look any better, as they stand there in the shed, than do our own two trains. Look them over: a brilliantly lighted dining car, as handsomely finished and as finely fitted as any in the country, at the end of each train, already serving some early passengers before the train leaves the station. Go on up the platform; notice the steel sleeping cars of the latest type and finish, outside and inside; take a look at the steel chair cars and coaches, all of the latest construction. And on the front of each train is a 1500-class engine, one of those boys that can walk right out and up Dixon Hill like some other engines run downhill. Yes, sir, you could stand the finest trains that run out of the St. Louis station alongside, from Track 1 to Track 32, and those two Frisco trains that leave at 6:50 and 6:58 would stack up from pilot to markers with the best of them all.

But those two trains are only one reason, or rather two reasons, "Why the Frisco Is a Good Railroad." There are a lot of other reasons. Sometimes it seems to us that the final judgment of a railroad is not in the fine through trains it runs, but in the service it gives the little towns, the towns that trains like the Texas Special go through at sixty miles an hour, the Bluffdales, the Stoutlands, the Wetumkas, the Wittenburgs, that every railroad has on its line. The little towns that are dependent upon one railroad to bring in their freight and mail and express, and carry their citizens away from home and back home.

With a population of 1,600,000 in 1920, this section now has more than 2,000,000 inhabitants; and it is estimated that 250,000 settlers came in within the past eighteen months. Several counties have doubled their population in a year. Its present population is 96.8 per cent American-born white. Its per capita wealth is more than double that of the nation at large. More than 60 per cent of its farms are operated by owners.

It is this territory that is building Fort Worth, for Fort Worth buys its cotton, cattle, grain and oil; finances its industries and sells its supplies.

Not a great deal of competition there, as there is between the great commercial centers, but it is the policy of the Frisco Lines to give these little towns just as much service and support in all their activities as though there were a dozen railroads running out of each one. That, after all, is the true test of greatness, in a man, as well as in a railroad; not just doing the things we have to do, but also doing well that which is not absolutely required of us.

What really makes the Frisco a good railroad is not its physical characteristics; not its roadbed, although its main lines carry as heavy steel and ballast as any running into the Southwest; not its equipment, although we have some of the finest-looking passenger and freight cars to be found in the country; not in the scenery to be viewed from its car windows, although there are no more inspiring views in this country than those of the Ozarks; not in its motive power, although our new freight and passenger locomotives embody the best and latest principles of the locomotive builder's art. What really makes the Frisco a good railroad to ride on, to ship on, and to work for, is the spirit that prevails on it, the esprit de corps which every employe from the president down to the newest messenger boy feels, which makes him want to do his utmost to maintain the reputation of the railroad he works for. That is the spirit that prompts the fine co-operation that exists between our traffic and operating departments, a co-operative spirit such as exists on few railroads.

It is a splendid feeling to know that you are working for and soliciting business for a good railroad, and that is a feeling that all of us who work for the Frisco can have.

By W. C. Preston
Traffic Manager, Frisco Lines in
Texas

The question, "Why the Frisco Is a

Good Railroad," might be answered in many ways.

It has roadbed and tracks of sound construction.

It has ample rolling stock and motive power to perform one-hundred-per-cent service.

Its train service bears out its promise of construction and equipment.

It traverses a productive and diversified territory.

Through its officers and employes, it has carefully surveyed and encouraged its industrial development, and as a result we now have a vast and profitable manufacturing interest along the line.

It has achieved the laudable ambition of being recognized as a real home institution in the communities and sections through which it runs.

It is fair and fearless in competition, thus commanding the respect of its rivals.

Its performance and promise is good.

Its ideals and purposes are of the right kind, founded upon and supported by the ability and an earnest desire to perform that duty conscientiously.

Its government is sound, sane and safe, commanding the respect and confidence of every individual employe, as well as the public at large.

To support these natural or acquired resources it is necessary to have the full co-operation of every employe on the line, and this the Frisco has had to a marked degree. Every department has worked so closely one with the other that departmental lines have been or are being obliterated, so that the organization as a whole is functioning as a unit and each employe is now a factor in contributing to the earnings of the property.

The government and leadership of our executives, together with the loyalty and co-operation of our employes has made possible this splendid organization, so today with the assurance that we are working for a "good railroad," we can, with pride and confidence, go forth and sell our transportation, knowing that our promises of performance as well as every other legitimate obligation will be redeemed by those responsible for the operation of the property.

"Forward Frisco" should be our watchword; and as we now have in our organization all of the elements of strength necessary for success, let us keep the "Old Frisco" high up in the list of "good railroads."

Frisco Service Makes Good

By J. E. Steele, Division Freight Agent, Ft. Worth, Texas

In casting about for a conclusion as to why the Frisco is a good system, we are unable to fasten the responsibility upon any certain department, geographical location, or climatic condition. It appears after due consideration that the wonderful efficiency of the Frisco is due to a combination of circumstances working in harmony, and co-operating to the fullest extent. Yet in drawing conclusions we are forced to admit that the geographical

location of the Frisco Lines is an important factor in the successful solicitation and transportation of the vast volume of tonnage enjoyed by the System Lines.

Take the gateways, for instance. We find that we are a main line railroad to six of the most important gateways in the middle west; St. Louis, Kansas City, Birmingham, Memphis, Fort Worth and Dallas. In which case the Frisco is not only able to transport its own tonnage originating upon Frisco Lines to the arteries of distribution, but is also in position to act as an intermediate carrier upon the large volume of traffic moving east or west beyond the Frisco rails. Again, the Frisco Lines traverse a section of territory that is not only rich in the production of raw products, but is also rapidly increasing in manufacturing.

From the corn clad hills of Missouri kissed by the rays of the rising sun, as its first beams spread across the misty Mississippi, to the beautiful Llamo River on the west, bubbling and sparkling in the twilight of the fading day, its hills and valleys dotted with grazing herds, the hum of Frisco trains, as they glide along over shimmering rails and well-ballasted roadbed to the market centers, or gateways, may be heard at all hours of the day.

Yet with all of Nature's endowment, consisting of agricultural products, live stock, minerals, forest products and manufacturing it would be of little avail, if it were not for the organization that provides the efficiency for the successful handling of this traffic.

Speaking of organization, the Frisco may justly pride itself upon the loyal and efficient officials, and employes in its service. There is no official too high, and no employe too small to render the slightest aid that goes for the strengthening of the friendly ties that exist between the Frisco Lines and its many, many satisfied patrons. A service that ranks first, compared with any of the systems in the country.

The co-operation of the various branches of our organization is also of the highest order, and in fact so closely allied that they function as one. There has never been a time that any department, as far as we have observed, many not feel at liberty to call upon any other department for their assistance upon any subject pertaining to the success of the Frisco and not receive their hearty support.

The public in general does not come in contact with the various details of the organization, but they do know that the Frisco employes are courteous, obliging, and that the handling of their shipments is dependable. They also know that the Frisco is a good railroad, and we know that the Frisco is a good railroad, because FRISCO SERVICE MAKES GOOD.

By C. O. Jackson, Assistant General Freight & Passenger Agent, Ft. Worth, Texas

I feel that to properly indicate "Why the Frisco is a Good Railroad" would consume all available space in a single publication of the Frisco Employes' Magazine.

During a period of twenty-six years continuous service I have observed, with no little pleasure, the improvement of this property. Some of the most important developments are as follows:

Within the past fifteen years, and particularly since the year 1920, track conditions, via heavier rail and more ballast has accomplished remarkable improvement. I recall the time when the 200 class engine was our best passenger engine and the 900 class the largest freight engine. Passenger engines used to be assigned approximately 100-mile runs, now they are performing continuous service for a distance in excess of 600 miles.

Our banner trains were the South-eastern Limited, between Kansas City and Birmingham, and the Cannon Ball, between St. Louis and Texas. Equipment of these trains was made up of our present wooden 700 series chair cars and 900 series coaches. At the present time these trains, as well as numerous others, are solid steel, of the most modern type.

The use of fuel oil as our motive power, in lieu of coal is another very important improvement; in fact, the experienced traveler of today is very free to state that the service rendered on our through passenger trains is equal in every respect and many times excels the service of the older lines in the eastern territory. I hear the same comments on our movement of freight traffic.

What Frisco Lines Mean

F-risco
R-enders
I-individual
S-service
C-ourteous
O-bservance

L-et's
I-mpress
N-othing
E-xcels
S-service.

Ben Lewis Refutes Some Recent Reports

Chester says he'd like t' see me an' Jawn Godsey dub a shot on a golf course, t' see if mebbe we'd lose our tempers. What in th' Sam Hill is a golf course? Is it sumpin' yuh takes by correspondence, er is it th' place where Eddie Bernard is strivin' fer a record as th' worst player? If th' latter, they tell me Eddie c'd git some pointers frum Ben Hur an' Bill Skeen. They say it takes both them hombres

t' tote Ben Hur's score card home.

But keepin' up good spirits in other lines uv endeavors, now—that's sumpin' else. I recollect one night I had a king in th' hole an' three kings an' a ace up; an' a friend o' mine had three aces an' a Jack showin'. I was powerful proud uv that mixture. Seemed t' me I had a plutocratic cinch. Figgered he had a nice little full, an' wondered what th' dern fool thought he was raisin' on so continuous an' pleasant. We didn't neither one call till about three A. M., when he run outa money. Playin' Texas poker th' joker counts as a ace, if yuh got it; an' he had it—buried. Oh, well, we kain't wear a beamin' countenance all th' time. I didn't git mad, yuh understand. I jes' went out an' gnawed th' radiator off my flivver.

John M. Freeman, in his exclusive hist'ry uv my life, says I ain't had no thrillin' experiences. That boy c'n make more snap judgments in five minits than I could in fourteen years. I was workin' fer a newspaper onct, an' a-gittin' along fine until th' city editor told me t' quit hangin' aroun'; an' durin' that time I had a thrillin' experience which I won't never fergit. Somebody phoned th' paper that a man had done committed suicide, an' as I happened t' be th' only reporter on tap, th' boss sent me out t' git th' greusome details. I grabs a passin' jitney an' arrives on th' scene a jump ahead uv th' coroner an' police, an' sizes up th' place. A cluster uv people is gathered in front uv a ramshackle, dark lookin' buildin' (it bein' about 11:30 P. M.). On th' inside, a single coal oil lamp sheds a few yellow glows on th' cluttered interior uv a cheap, dirty grocery store. Jus' behin' a barrel I c'n see a man's foot stickin' out; an' a pool on th' floor looks like 'ood, though it might only be vinegar.

My heart's a-pumpin' like it does th' time I helt them four kings. an' visions uv a scoop flits through my vague mind, but instead o' rushin' in an' takin' all th' glory fer myse'f, I decides t' wait fer th' police. Which they arrives pronto, an' a couple more lamps is lighted.

This feller is dead, all right. An' behin' th' ounter we finds some scattered scraps o' paper. Th' coroner kain't make heads er tails uv 'em, so on my beggin' fer th' job, he turns 'em over t' me t' decipher. I goes up th' street t' a drug store an' calls fer a bottle uv glue; an' I sits down an' glues them scraps t'gether again on another sheet o' paper. This was th' man's letter:

deer Wife

i hate to leave you this way. i No i Never was No good but i thot you did Not No it. i had you beleevin i was a grate Man but sense henry made you akwaitted with that Man i No he will tell you all the Facks and there aint No hope fer me. there aint Nuthin you kan hide frum jonnie free-man so

goodby,

sam.

Station Reveries and Reminiscences

By JOHN STEELE

DO YOU remember your first railroad experience? How you grew tired of the chickens and cows, and decided you wanted to be a railroad man. How you finally prevailed upon the local agent in your country town to let you work in his office for the privilege of learning the business, and his promise to teach you telegraphy.

Do you also recall the first bitter months of experience? How it just seemed that you could not learn the Morse alphabet, and all the time the freight shipments on the warehouse platform seemed to grow heavier and heavier?

How the car numbers never seemed to agree on the yard check, and how you struggled, determined to make good? You remember the day when the station agent finally told you, after twelve or eighteen months of the hardest labor, that you were far enough advanced to hold an OS job, and you also remember how your application laid in the office of the division superintendent for months; until finally, one day, the local agent sent you word that he had received a wire to furnish you transportation to the station of Biff, and that you were to report immediately?

You remember the goodbys, and how the tears came to your eyes when you told Mother and Dad goodbye; also it just seemed that you could not tear yourself away from Lucy. She just seemed to be the grandest and sweetest girl in the world, and how you told her that you would be back for her just as soon as you got your little start in life?

You remember your arrival at Biff, how you expected to see a nice small village, and instead you only found a combination dry goods store and post office. Wasn't it strange that the store and post office was just within the railroad free mail delivery, and you had to carry the mail each way for the two local trains per day?

Also, you recall, you were forced to sleep in the freight end of the station, as there was no other place. You remember the first station call, how you answered with your heart pounding at one hundred and forty-six knots per hour? How you broke the dispatcher ten times on a twelve-word train order? How every time your station call was sounded, your pulse ran up, and your temperature ran down?

You remember your first monthly balance sheet? The grand total was only \$168.10, but how you figured, and figured, and the two sides would not agree? Finally your sending the sheet in with one side \$7.86 more than the other?

The auditor's correction you never did understand, but accepted as correct, and you dug up the difference.

Then finally you figured out that there were two card tickets missing from your case. Where they went you never knew.

Then finally you mastered the job, after three months' time. How, instead of failing to put the mail on the local eight times the first month, you had reduced it to two, and you had not missed putting out the switch lights for almost thirty days?

Also you noticed that the brakeman on the local freight no longer asked you to walk up the track and chase the cows off the track as they come into town. You further noticed that the train crew no longer used the bucket of water which they requested you to have on hand for the engine upon their arrival, and which you had to carry from a small spring a half mile away.

Then you heard that the president's special was coming over the line, and that all stations must be put in order. How you worked and cleaned the windows, and scrubbed the waiting room floor. How you moved the four boxes in the freight room, and the floor received the first sweeping it had known in six months.

When the actual day arrived you were all excitement. How the dispatcher called all stations, and asked the operators to stand by. How you had become firmly convinced that you were a real railroad man, and that you were entitled to a larger station, and more salary. You made up your mind that you would speak to the president about promotion. You rehearsed your speech of exactly what you were going to say, and you could almost hear his reply: that he had been thinking of you for some time, and that he would give you your choice of any station on the line.

Then the country boys began to arrive. You did not exactly remember telling them that the president's special was coming through, but here they were, and soon your office was full of boys, and tobacco smoke. Of course, the special was not due for two hours yet, and they might leave. However, they seemed to be deaf to all gentle hints, and hung on like flies around the sugar jar. The perspiration trickled down your back, and stood out on your forehead in huge drops. It would never do to have the president find your office full of loafers in violation of the company's rules and regulations.

At last the headlight appears down the track (the train was scheduled for your own station early in the evening), and hastily herding the loafers out, your Adam's apple bobbing up and down, like a cork in a turbulent stream, you throw up the windows, grab a towel and try to fan out the

haze of smoke. By this time the train is drawing near.

With your agent's cap set at right angles, you take your stand on the station platform with your heart going like a steam riveter. Your mind is running over your speech like water over Niagara Falls, and you are all in a flutter like a maiden with her first proposal. You are set for the big scene, and steeling your nerves for the attack, although you seem to be having some trouble in making your legs wait for you. Then the engine passes you like one of Babe Ruth's home runs, then the baggage car. The rest of the train seems only a blur, as you watch the tail lights disappearing in the distance. You are alone under the twinkling stars, and the warm beads of perspiration, as you remove your cap to mop your fevered brow, turn to a cold, clammy feeling like the nose of a pup on a frosty morn.

You have no recollection of how you finally returned to your office, but are brought out of your reverie by the dispatcher calling for your OS. You give it to him mechanically, as your fondest hopes sink to the zero hour.

Then you thought of that letter you were going to write Lucy, and how you were going to tell her of your promotion. Your head falls upon the telegraph table, and tears you can no longer keep back course silently down your cheeks.

The night bird calls to his mate in the lonely thicket across the track. The stars come out in all their glory as if heralding a brighter day, while you alone in your grief dream on.

Say, Bo, do you remember any of these experiences?

NO?

Bo, you're a bum railroad agent.

Refining Company Has Praise for Rapidity of Frisco Service

W. I. Nokely, traffic manager of the Paragon Refining Company, Toledo, Ohio, recently wrote a letter to H. J. D'Almaine, traveling freight agent out of Detroit for the Frisco Lines, praising the service of the Frisco, saying in part:

"Last week I found it necessary to dispatch a telegram to your local freight agent at Sapulpa, Okla., asking for forwarding reference in connection with a shipment of household effects for our new refinery superintendent. It is much to my delight to record that not more than an hour after I had sent my telegram, a reply from the local freight agent, Mr. C. H. Hensley, was received in Toledo giving me complete information. Such prompt action as this warms the cockles of one's heart and I certainly appreciate the action of Mr. Hensley."



Homemakers' Page



MISS LORETTO A. CONNOR, Editor

Take Care of Your Eyes

Magazine writers of today fall largely into two groups.

The first group is made up of those whose preachments counsel the Pollyanna spirit combined with the "mind is all and must prevail" attitude toward life. One must remain the glad girl, blandly smiling to the end, though the "seas gang dry" and the heavens fall. Likewise these writers are confident that in due time the mountain will amble over to Mohammed, if Mohammed but concentrate long enough and strong enough upon its doing so.

On the other hand, there are the "calamity howlers," who devote their columns to dire predictions of physical or moral deterioration among the race. Their statistics are invariably the same. Whatever the abuse or ailment under discussion, they have proof, abundant and conclusive, that nine out of every ten of us are victims and that the results to the individual and, ultimately, to the nation will be disastrous, if not fatal. We quake inwardly as we read, almost palsied, under the alarming certainty that we cannot often hope to be of the fortunate tenth.

The optimistic outlook on life is preferable, to be sure, but there is one subject on which a note of warning, long and loud, should be often sounded—eyesight. The number of young people with defective vision is appalling.

Serious eye trouble always calls for the services of an oculist, for ignorant tampering with the eyes usually aggravates the condition and may make the disease incurable.

There are many practical ways by which the eyes can be protected. Glare and unshaded lights should be shunned. When working, reading or sewing, one should arrange to have the light fall over the left shoulder. Too dim a light should be avoided. Reading in moving vehicles is inadvisable.

The eyes should always be cleansed thoroughly to protect them against infection through dust. After cleansing, wipe them with a perfectly clean individual towel or medicated cotton. Never, under any circumstances, use a public towel, but above all never permit one to touch the eyes. Many of the most serious forms of eye trouble are contagious. Trachoma, or "granulated lids" is so much so that it is a bar to aliens entering the country.

Eye strain, from whatever cause, is dangerous and needs immediate attention. When your eyes become tired, close them for a few minutes. This

can be done, inconspicuously under almost any conditions and in any place. If you feel undue fatigue after a day's work and seem to fall behind in efficiency, have your eyes examined and see whether this state of affairs is due to the need of glasses.

Here's One from Lee

Follow this recipe for baked ham and we will guarantee that the result will be the most savory dish that ever graced a table.

We are willing to stake our reputation on it, because Lee Anderson, chef on President Kurn's car, gave us the recipe, and it goes without saying Lee has a top-notch score in culinary art.

Scrub the ham in soapsuds and rinse thoroughly. After boiling the ham for one hour, drain off the water and boil in fresh water for an hour longer. At the end of that time, drain off the second water and boil again for another hour—this time in water to which has been added two tablespoons of brown sugar, one-third teaspoon of soda and mixed spices. Let the ham remain in the third water over night. In the morning, remove the rind, dot with cloves and black pepper and sprinkle with about three tablespoons of brown sugar; bake well and you will have a dish for the gods.

Chop Suey

Recently we heard of a woman who, at her first Mah Jongg party made a bolt for the dining room when one of the players called "chow."

Whether our guests are amateurs or experts "chow" in the American sense is always a foremost consideration for the hostess. If you are planning to entertain at Chinese dominoes, why not serve refreshments in keeping with the spirit of the game. Below is an excellent recipe for chop suey:

- 2 pounds lean pork
- 2 pounds bean sprouts
- 2 cups onions, cut into threads
- 2 tablespoonfuls lard or peanut oil.
- 1 cup soup stock
- 1 teaspoonful cornstarch
- 1 tablespoonful Chinese sauce.

Cut pork into pieces one-sixteenth inch by one-half inch by one inch. Put oil in a deep saucepan. When hot, add pork, bean sprouts and onions, and fry ten minutes. Add water enough to cover and cook fifteen minutes. Mix cornstarch well with a little cold water, then stir into the boiling soup stock, and let boil until it thickens. Add Chinese sauce (which may be purchased at any Chinese store), salt and a little sugar. Add to other mixture and serve with rice.

To Make Tea

Use one level teaspoonful of tea to one cup of water. Heat the water until it just reaches the boiling point, but no more. Then remove from the fire at once and pour immediately into a teapot containing the tea. Keep covered for three minutes. Then serve.

You—Individual

No matter how you figure it out, you are important.

In the first place, remember that there is not another person in all the world like you. None with the same make-up of features or ability, hopes or aspirations. You are one of Emerson's "uniques."

You may have handicaps. Everyone has. The fact remains, however, that you have something that no one else has, and it is up to you to find out what that something is and make use of it to the very full.

You are an individual, and this world rests upon individuals. It is a structure of individuals.

For everything that is wrong with the world you bear certain responsibility, no matter how small. Every time you do something to benefit someone else you do something that is of benefit to the world at large. No man lives for himself alone.

This world is full of things that are twisted and wrong; but every time you do something that makes things a little more right, you help to take out the twists and kinks.

One of the strange facts of life is that those who have the most to bear and to suffer understand the most and gain the most.

If you would rise, if you would grow, if you could increase in knowledge and find real happiness, you must accept responsibility and serve to the utmost with what you have—for you have something that no other person in the world has.—Ex.

The Household Budget An Aid to Happiness

By Orville Coble

Readers of Dickens will recall Micawber's statement that an expenditure of six pence less than one's income results in happiness, six pence more results in misery. The experience of many will bear out the truth of this assertion. Because a budget will aid in keeping one's expenditures within one's income, it can justly be called an aid to happiness.

But one's first feeling upon making out a budget is of depression. Before

the budget is made, the future always looks rosy—tomorrow, next pay day, next year I can buy everything I want and still put a big sum in the savings bank. When I make a budget, I destroy that pretty picture, but I get down to earth, I face the real situation. I no longer dream of buying a home and saving a thousand dollars next year, but I actually pay my debts, buy what I need, and save a hundred dollars toward that home, whereas before I did nothing but dream.

Everyone needs a budget. The miser needs it to help him spend; the spendthrift needs it to help him save; the average man needs it to help him get the most for his money. In making a budget, one weighs the various possible uses of one's money and decides how it shall be spent, not on the whim of the moment, but upon value as figured for the entire year.

Another reason why a household budget is an aid to happiness is that it promotes harmony in the home. It places the family finances on a business basis, eliminates petty squabbles over this and that item of expense that is otherwise liable to arise between husband and wife. Each has a personal allowance, each knows what can be spent for clothes, for amusements, for food, etc. One of the parties does not feel that he (or she) is trying to save while the other is trying to spend all she (or he) can.

A budget, to be successful, must fit the individual needs, and it must not be too complex, must not require too much bookkeeping unless, of course, you delight in bookkeeping. It is not my purpose, therefore, to attempt to present a budget but, to show how to go about making one for yourself. Being railway employes, we shall use railway terms where we can.

Account No. 1—Shelter. This covers rent, or payments on your home and its repairs and taxes.

Account No. 2—Food. Multiply last month's grocery bill by twelve to give an idea of the amount required.

Account No. 3—Clothing. Sub-divide the amount set aside into so much for each member of the family.

Account No. 4—Operation. This will cover fuel and light, ice, water, phone, incidentals, doctor and dentist.

Account No. 5—Transportation. This is your auto or street car fare. If you have no auto and ride but little, eliminate this account and charge car fare to incidentals.

Account No. 6—Maintenance. This covers repairs and renewals to household goods, etc. It, too, can be eliminated and the charge made to incidentals if you prefer.

Account No. 7—Additions and Betterments. This would cover new furniture, etc.

Account No. 8—Savings. Here would be life insurance premiums and other savings.

Account No. 9—Religion and Charity. So much for the church and an allowance for gifts and donations.

Account No. 10—Recreation. Books, magazines, shows, vacations, etc.

Account No. 11—Personal. Each

member of the family to have a small sum to spend as he pleases without accounting, whether for vices or Christmas gifts, or whatnots.

Now, after you total up the amounts and compare them with your estimated income you will undoubtedly find an over-run. Trim it down; give it a trial.

Ask your wife what she thinks of this, and if you decide to try a budget, make it out together.

Autumn—When the Grapes are Ripe

Sounds as if it had possibilities, eh, what? Well, we will allay any false hopes at the outset by stating our position as firm supporters of the laws of our glorious land, extending through and including the 18th Amendment and Mr. Volstead's famous act. Be it understood then, that it is not our purpose to touch on the time-honored uses of the historic fruit.

As a food, grapes are at once wholesome and delicious. That they are palatable goes without saying and it is claimed that unfermented grape juice improves digestion, diminishes intestinal fermentation and brings about an increase in bodily weight because of the sugar the grapes contain. That is why European physicians frequently send their patients to the grape-growing districts during the vintage season to drink the fresh, unfermented juice.

Grapes, chilled, seeded and sugared make a refreshing appetizer served with orange juice. An invigorating drink for invalids can be made of fresh grape juice to which the beaten white of an egg, a little sugar and cracked ice have been added.

There are countless ways in which grapes may be utilized—sherberts, ice cream, gelatin, lemonade, pie, jams and jellies, spiced, as well as in combination with other fruits in salads.

For a Christmas Dinner

First Course—Gladness

This must be served hot. No two housekeepers make it alike; no fixed rule can be given for it. It depends, like so many of the best things, chiefly on memory; but, strangely enough, it depends quite as much on proper forgetting as on proper remembering. Worries must be forgotten. Troubles must be forgotten. Yes, even sorrow itself must be denied and shut out. Perhaps this is not quite possible. Ah! we all have seen Christmas days on which sorrow would not leave our hearts nor our houses. But even sorrow can be compelled to look away from its sorrowing for a festival hour which is so solemnly joyous. Memory can be filled full of other things to be remembered. No soul is entirely destitute of blessings, absolutely without comfort. Perhaps we have but one. Very well, we can think steadily of that one, if we try. But the probability is that we have more than we can count. We are all richer than we think; and if we once set ourselves to reckoning up the things of

which we are glad, we shall be astonished at their number.

Gladness, then, is the first item, the first course on our bill of fare for a Christmas dinner.

ENTREES—Love garnished with smiles.

GENTLENESS, with sweet-wine sauce of laughter.

GRACIOUS SPEECH, cooked with any fine, savory herbs, such as Frollery, which is always in season, or Pleasant Reminiscence, which no one need be without, as it keeps for years, sealed or unsealed.

Second Course—Hospitality

The precise form of this also depends on individual preferences.

In some houses Hospitality is brought on surrounded with relatives. This is very well. In others, it is dished up with Dignitaries of all sorts, men and women of position and estate for whom the host has special likings or uses. This gives a fine effect to the eye, but cools quickly and is not in the long run satisfying.

In a third class, best of all, it is served in simple shapes, but with a great variety of Unfortunate Persons, such as lonely people from lodging houses, poor people of all grades, widows and childless in their affliction. This is the kind most preferred; in fact, never abandoned by those who have tried it.

Merry Christmas

"O Christmas, merry Christmas,

Is it really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain?
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath tonight."

"But Christmas, happy Christmas,

Sweet herald of good will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the 'bells across the snow'."

The year wanes and, like the philosopher of old who gathered his friends around him for one last night of revelry and song before he passed forever from their midst, time gives us a brief season of peace and good will and good cheer before the year becomes a thing of memory only.

For some of us it has been a happy year; from others it has taken a heavy toll of sorrow. Even if the latter be the case, let us remember that Christmas is essentially a day to convert our griefs and our doubts into joy and trust. All of us then should enter into the spirit of the Festival, acknowledging ties of kinship, reviving old friendships, recognizing for one day at least, the brotherhood of man.

To all readers of these columns, better still, to all those women who by their ministrations in the home or by their services in the offices are working for a bigger and a better Frisco—our heartiest Christmas Greetings.

SERVICE—WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT MEANS

By BERT ERWIN, Conductor

A few weeks ago I was going to Tulsa on a fruit extra. After we had left Keystone, I saw a hatch cover raise up on a refrigerator car. A man stuck his head through the opening and I walked over five cars to see what was going on. There I found a middle aged man, asked him where he was going and received the reply that he had been out in California and was on his way home, said he lived in Tulsa. Then he began to tell me some of the names he had for a trunk line he had come over. I could not tell you what he said—the editor would censor it and delete all of it. He told me it took him six days to make two divisions. "Now," said he, "I am right at home. I have made two divisions in eight hours on the Frisco. That is what I call service."

A few days later I stepped into a station to get some orders. A man whom I took to be an official stood talking to the agent. From their conversation it seemed the agent had collected some money for freight and didn't realize he had lacked \$2.50 of collecting sufficient. He said if he could locate the shipper he would try and get the two-fifty. The other man said, "It might be a good idea to do so if you want to remain in service."

Well, hearing so much about service, I became interested in it. I looked all through the September magazine and all I could find regarding service was where George Daniels had been in Frisco service 41 years.

I heard a fellow on the street the other day telling one of his friends he had just arrived from St. Louis. And he was talking about service—only he complained that he had had a lack of it somewhere.

As I said before, we are away down here in Oklahoma where the grass hoppers hop and wheat makes 30 bushels to the acre. I have heard our end called the wood and axle route. But I want to tell you a bit about our service.

Service—why, everybody is ready to give you service out here. All any patron need do is ask for something

and he will get it if within the range of human possibility to do so.

Last week a gentleman walked into the station at Winfield and told the agent he had a steam roller he wanted to ship to Blackwell right away. It was a rush shipment. Of course, it required a flat car and the agent hesitated slightly, but got in touch with "R. C. C.," who asked him to tell the patron a car would be ready for him to load in less than two hours. In less than three hours his car was in Blackwell. How is that for service?

When the wheat harvest started all the elevator men began to wonder if they would be able to get box cars. As soon as threshing began Mr. Gow got busy, put three switch crews in his district in order to give service. On the banner day there were 150 cars of wheat loaded on the division. But it took service.

On June 18, I moved a car of tractors, Tulsa to Perry. The car was billed out of Detroit June 13, out of St. Louis on the 16th, and at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 19th they were on the siding at Perry. Again service.

With the sort of service furnished down on this division one may load merchandise in Tulsa today and it will be in Blackwell the next morning for delivery.

Service is what it takes to get and to hold competitive business.

We have a wonderful bunch of officials. All employes have a standing and cordial invitation to visit Superintendent Bevans at any time, and he is always anxious to hear their suggestions as to how service might be improved. He will listen to your ideas and if practical at all, will adopt them.

Service covers a great deal of territory. If you are getting service out of your engine you are saving fuel. If you are giving service to the public you are making friends. If you are giving service to your company you are doing just your level best always and are more than earning your salary.

Service!

It's a great word and it is what all of us must constantly strive to give.

Sixty dollars a month is not a great deal especially if you have a daughter dependent on you, as Mr. Butts had, and owing to his poor health he was unable to do even the lightest kind of work. So, in August of this year, he decided to apply to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for total and permanent disability benefits as provided for in his insurance certificate. Under this provision, any employee of the Frisco who becomes totally and permanently disabled through accident or illness before reaching the age of 60 is entitled to receive the full amount of his life insurance in a number of equal monthly installments, instead of payment at death, and monthly premium payments are no longer required.

The proper forms were filled out and forwarded to the officials of the Metropolitan in New York and Mr. Butts received his first check for \$90 as of September 15. Every month, for fifty-nine months to come, a Metropolitan check for the same amount will be delivered to him, thus insuring him a substantial income for a long time to come.

Mr. Butts owns his own home and, with his pension allowance and group insurance benefits coming in regularly every month, looks the future in the face without fear or worry. He knows that his remaining years are well provided for because he had the forethought to take advantage of the Frisco group insurance plan when he had the opportunity.

When he applied for group life insurance Mr. Butts was not in the best of health. Had he tried to obtain ordinary life insurance he could not have done so because of the medical examination. But under the Frisco group insurance plan no medical examination is required, thus making it possible for all employes, regardless of age, to secure life insurance protection at a very low rate, part of the cost being paid by the company.

Superior Tube Company Has Fine Plant at Tulsa

The Superior Tube Company has, at Tulsa, Okla., one of the various pipe yards owned by the company. At this fine plant they carry a complete line of the various sizes of pipe used in the Mid-Continent field, including all sizes of casing, tubing, line pipe and drive pipe.

White Takes Trip to Pacific Coast

Roy S. White, who takes care of the office at the Chouteau Avenue yards, recently took a business trip to California. Mr. White, who has served the Frisco faithfully and well for many years, says he combined a bit of pleasure with his business trip and thoroughly enjoyed himself.

**It Always Pays—and Well—
to Be Careful**

Group Insurance Pays George Butts Well

By GEORGE L. BALL

Though George H. Butts, former roundhouse foreman at Memphis, will never be able to work again, his mind is free of worry because he had the forethought to take advantage of the group insurance plan offered to all Frisco employes more than a year ago.

Mr. Butts applied for insurance under the group plan in July, 1923. He had, at that time, served the company

continuously for more than twenty-nine years, and so received the maximum of \$5,000 insurance. Soon after this he was taken ill and forced to remain away from work for several months. He returned in October but, on the advice of his doctor, retired permanently on November 1st, receiving a pension from the company of \$60.35 monthly.



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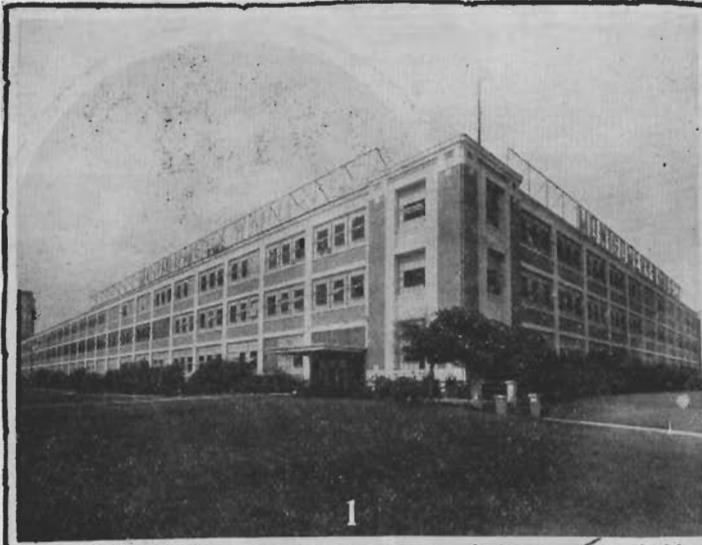
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**Frisco Lines'
Officials In Texas**

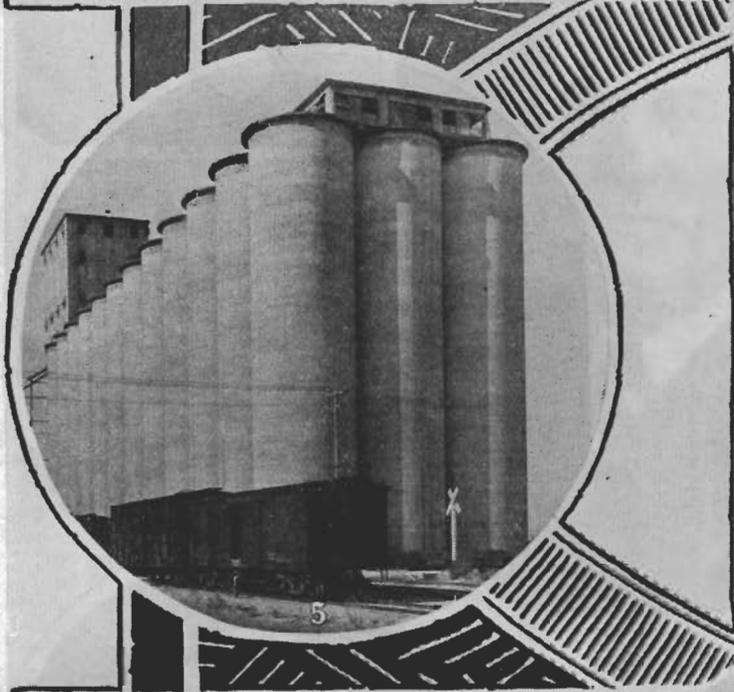
1—R. B. Cochran, assistant to vice-president and general superintendent. 2—L. C. Wilds, Secretary and treasurer. 3—O. H. McCarty, vice-president and general superintendent. 4—W. S. Hutchison, auditor. 5—W. M. Odell, of Gorce, Odell & Allen, attorneys.



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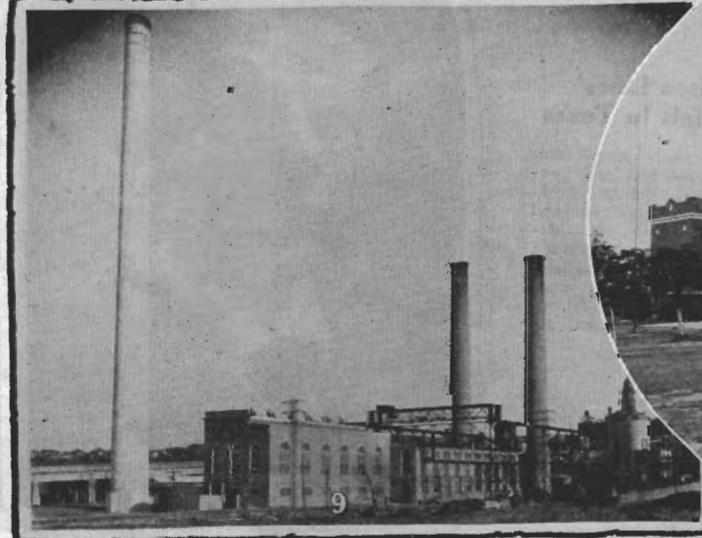
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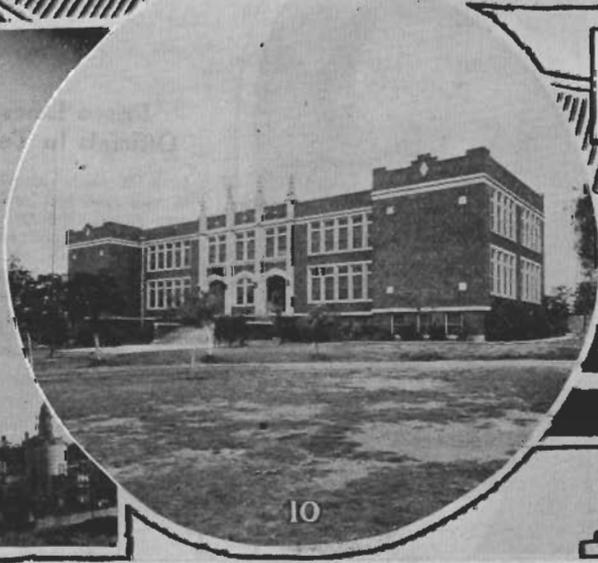
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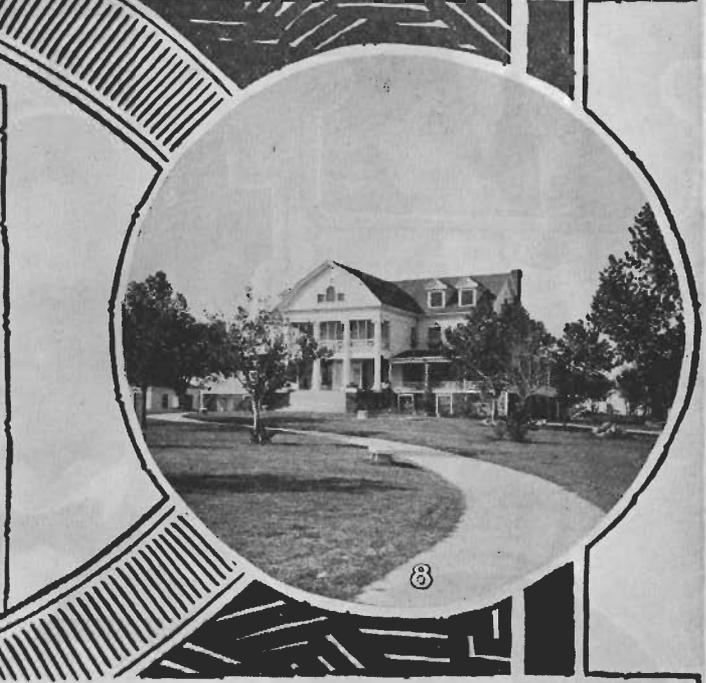
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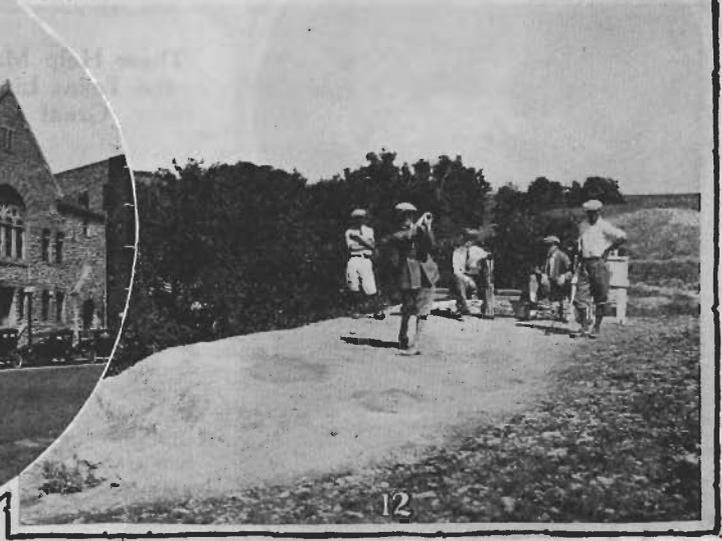
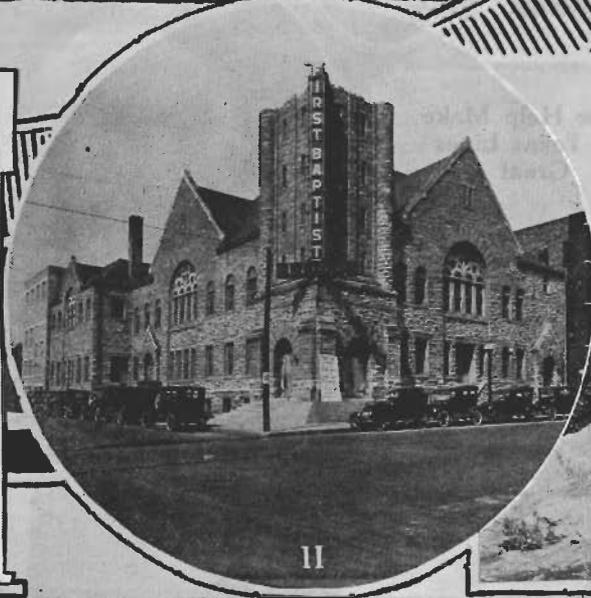
Evidence of Fort Worth Progress

- 1—Montgomery-Ward & E. G. Rall Grain Co. in Frisco.
 - 2—Continental National Building.
 - 3—Neil P. Anderson building.
 - 4—A glimpse of the LaSalle Fort Worth plans a series of reservoirs.
 - 5—One of the elevators in the Southwest F. & M. Bank Building, Frisco Merchants.
 - 7—One of the Schools.
 - 8—A Fort Worth just a lovely old-fashioned city.
 - 9—Fort Worth Power Co.
 - 10—One of the Massey and School Buildings.
- Worth Church, claims to be the largest Sunday School in the world. Municipal Golf Links.



of Fort Worth's
Progress

ward & Company.
in Co. in background.
National Bank Build-
P. Anderson Building.
of the Lake Worth;
ans a series of these
—One of the largest
e Southwest. 6—The
Building, Farmers and
—One of the High
Fort Worth home,
old-fashioned home.
h Power and Light
of the Masonic Home
Buildings. 11—A Fort
, claims the largest
in the world. 12—
Links.





**These Help Make
the Texas Lines
Great**

1—W. C. Preston, traffic manager. 2—J. E. Steele, division freight agent. 3—C. O. Jackson, assistant general freight and passenger agent. 4—G. G. Beckley, claim agent. 5—N. L. Owings, chief clerk, Accounting Department. 6—R. L. Truitt, superintendent freight loss and damage claims.



The Southland

By C. W. YARBOROUGH,
Operator, Jonesboro, Ark.

Have you ever seen the Southland,
With its climate so mild,
Its many fertile valleys,
And forests so vast and wild?
It's the land of Uncle Tom,
And of Old Black Joe;
Its lure is beckoning me to come,
And I know I'm bound to go.

Have you ever seen the cotton,
In fields of snowy white,
And the many cotton compresses,
Oh, it's a wonderful sight?
King Cotton, you will see him there,
The plant that reigns supreme,
He makes most of the clothes you wear
And a thousand other things.

Were you ever on the Mississippi,
From Memphis to New Orleans,
And see its many beautiful islands,
And shores of verdant green?
The mother of rivers, you should see
her,
When she rises in the spring,
And threatens to break the levee,
With the mighty force she brings.

Down South we never worry much,
If the coal miners go on strike,
For God gives us plenty of sunshine,
And that is just what we like.
Now folks I'm not a jokin',
For I've lived there a long, long
time,
You may like it up in Chicago,
But give me Dixie for mine.

"How to Play Golf"

(The most insignificant conglomeration of misinformation ever put in print.)

By EDDIE BERNARD,
The Infamous Ex-Kelly-Pool Chump

By this time all of you expert gulfers that have not been reading my treatise on that wonderful pastime, "Gulluf," which by the way was not invented by a South African Tosser of the Spotted Bones, have acquired a rich, ustawas painful coat of tan, especially on the back of your neck, from looking in the tall grass for lost balls and are about ready to learn winter rules.

Now, for my part they needn't have any winter rules, and if they insist on some, the only rule they need is one forbidding anyone on the course without an oil-stove strapped on their backs, as it has been my experience

that anyone that goes out on the course during the time they have set aside for winter rules should ought to be put in a straight jacket and deposited in the hoose-gow, or some such appropriate place as they obviously have bats in their belfrey.

While we are on the subject of winter rules we might as well 'cuss them thoroughly. Some of them are just as bad as boxing rules only worse. For instance, one of the most important rules is that players should always use a red ball, or if you are boxing you can't hit in a clinch. Now I leave it squarely up to you, what sense is there in boxing with some guy if you can't get your chicken squeezers around his neck and do a barn dance on his bread basket. No sense at all, says I, why he might sock you on the nose if you wouldn't. Now neither can I see any sense in using a red ball while playing in the chilly blasts, it can't be lost, and half the fun of playing is hunting for lost balls. Now some misinformed professionals say it is better in wintertime to allow a player to pick up his ball and put it some other place. That is all nonsense as who wants to pick up a ball that's cold as ice, or maybe colder, and freeze his fingers feeling around in the snow when he has a good solid iron thing to dig around with. Anyhow the best gulfur is the 19th hole expert who can tell the biggest ones without blushing. In that respect gulluffing is a whole lot like fishing only you use reverse English on the figures, that is, you multiply by six and add four in telling about fish, but in gulluf you divide by six and subtract four, unless you can't figure, then you let the other fellow tell his score first, picking a lower one for yourself.

Now what I just got through saying about where a winter gullifer should be put also and likewise applies to the summer gulfur. Any man, woman or child of sound mind that would waste a perfectly good evening and enough energy to move a freight train, by getting out on the course, with the thermometer registering 110 in the shade, is either crazy or else they got bees in their bonnet, which is the same thing only more so. Now, my advice to all you experienced players is not to waste your time on the course in the summer, cause it is too hot and in the winter it is too cold, and I know everybody will agree with me that the spring is too wet, unless you wear rubber boots and go to the Sahara desert, and in the fall you are too busy washing home-brew bottles, emptied during the summer, so you

can fill them with spoiled grape juice. However, any other time in the year, or out of it, is ideal for playing gulluf. This is absolutely straight goods, as I got it direct from Lord I. Toppit and Count Tu Less, they should know, not having played a game in their life.

Observations of an Oklahoma Cow Puncher

Went t' town th' other day an' not ever havin' mixed up with them there railroad folks much, 'cept when ridin' herd on a car o' horns an' hoofs into market, I thought as how I might enlighten myself somewhat by goin' down and visitin' with 'em fer a spell.

Well! It musta been long about nine 'clock in th' fore part o' th' day when I tied my cow pony out back o' th' depot an' santered into th' waitin' room where th' folks stays when they are a waitin' fer a train (that is why they calls it a waitin' room), didn't see nobody hangin' around 'cept a hobo that was a sleepin' in a seat over in th' corner by a new fangled heatin' apparatus that yuh runs hot water through, th' town constable musta overlooked him, when he was down to meet th' six 'clock southbound, seelin' as how I couldn't git nothing' out o' him, bein' asleep, I went outside an' opened another door that had some stair steps on th' inside. I went up them steps and into a sort o' hall. There was a bunch o' fellers in a big room holdin' a powow o' some kind, thought at first they was havin' a racket about somethin'; 'cause they was a talkin' kind o' loud like, an' nobody was a smilin'. One feller, who was a standin' up doin' th' loudest talkin' was all red in th' face an' a wavin' his hands sayin' somethin' about how many miles he was gettin' out o' a engine to th' lump o' coal. About that time another feller settin' across from him says if he had all th' coal he had been a throwin' down th' engineer's collar. instead o' inside the firebox, he could a took a engine to St. Louis an' back, an' how was that fer savin' coal, only he called it by some new kind o' name. think it was fule or somethin' like that.

They was a empire, or somethin' like that, a settin' at a little table at the end o' the room that appeared to be th' king bee o' th' outfit, seems like it were his job t' keep 'em from gettin' together when they got all het up and wantin' trouble, but th' funny part o' th' hole thing was he had two names. 'cause some o' 'em called him Mr. Chareman, or some sorta name

like that, and some o' 'em called him Mr. Hayburn, anyway these two fellers that was a rarin' t' get to each other was a carryin' on purty peart, when this here Mr. Chareman, or what ever his name were, musta thought it was time fer him to earn his salary, an' he finally got 'em cooled off without havin' to hog tie 'em, before they got to th' gun pullin' stage.

I soft steps into th' room and sets down over in a corner close t' th' door so as I could take air handy if they was any fire works started. Thought two or three times th' blame thing was a goin' t' end up in a free fer all, but that there Mr. Chareman held 'em down all right without havin' t' resort t' violence, an' danged if they didn't all git settled down long to th' last, an' when it was over, they all shook hands an' said wasn't it a fine git together meetin', just th' same as if they was all good friends an' didn't have no grudge nor nuthin' agin' each other, but they wasn't a goin' t' fool me, fer I kept a lookin' fer one o' 'em t' pull his six gun an' start th' undertakers picknick, so I edges over close to th' door quick as I could, t' keep from bein' in at th' lead dodgin', an' jest as I got to th' top o' th' steps, somethin' went off, sounded like one o' 'em youn cannons, an' durn my ornery hide ef I didn't slip on th' top step an' roll clear to th' bottom 'fore I could git straightened out, I went out that there door, takin' same with me, it bein' shut, an' me not havin' or takin' time t' open it, and 'round t' where I had my bronk tied, it takin' me somethin' less than nothin' to be a mile from that there depot, an' when I got to th' ranch, my lead purswader was a missin'. I tells th' wall-eyed world them railroad folks is too hard boiled and hand painted fer me. They ain't satisfied less they is a mixin' trouble a plenty.

If I ever gits over this little scare, I figgers to look 'em over again' maybe, but I ain't slippin' up on no more depots a huntin' fer folks to visit.

P. S. Jest found out from one o' th' boys that went t' town last night, they was a warrant out fer me fer shootin' up th' depot. Guess I musta dropped that there danged gun when I was gittin' away from that fight th' other mornin', and it went off somehow. Reckon as how they didn't do no shootin' after all.

The Tale of a Pig

By J. E. Springer

Nobody cared for the little black shoat.
So he roamed through the woodland unheeded;
He was poorly bedecked with bristles
'twas true,
And a few pounds of flesh badly needed.

There soon came a day, as he went on his way,

When some bright observer made note;

A quick sale was made and a small sum was paid

For the little, disconsolate shoat.

Now, the purchaser knew, as few of us do,

How to judge a young hog in the makin';

He had found a fine "baby" and he didn't mean maybe,

Though the shoat looked a trife forsaken.

He happened to know, his piggie would grow,

And he knew just the thing he should feed him,

To make of his kind, fine quarters behind,

And he knew, too, a fellow who'd need him.

A peanut supply, for the pig in the sty

With a helping all hours of the day;

Soon made it appear, that the parts in the rear

Had improved in a very nice way.

Then to market he went with this very fine gent;

He thought it an elegant thing;

But this owner so big had sold Mr. Pig

To a fellow they called Mr. King.

Now it's worthy of note, Mr. King bought the shoat,

For reasons of business, not pleasure;

So the very next day, in an orderly way,

Mr. King took the little shoat's measure.

And then we are told, before he was cold,

Two fine hams were well in the making;

And when they're matured and finally cured,

There's nothing excels them for baking.

So I've told Mr. King, there's one little thing

That I have for the moment in mind;

It's to send, parcel post, the best on the Coast,

A part of those quarters behind.

So you can depend, on him, as a friend.

To send something worthy of note;
Something good as the best, and ahead of the rest—

A ham from that Little Black Shoat.

Evolution of a Florida Razorback (Companion Piece to the "Little Black Shoat")

By J. E. Springer

I was out on a hunt
With my rifle one day,
When I found my old dog
Had something at bay.

I could tell from the way
Tray's bark rent the air,
That the canine had cornered
Some specimen rare.

I looked at my rifle—

Examined it's sight,
To be sure it was working
And everything right.

Then I quietly stole
Up close to the dog
And found he had halted
A razorback hog.

Now razorback hogs
In Florida State,
Run quite true to form—
Very much up to date.

The animal's features
Are quite well defined,
With the usual limited
Quarters behind.

Instead of loquacious,
They're quite taciturn,
And all friendly overtures
Usually spurn.

And so with that unfriendly
Attitude shown,
I was all the more anxious
To make him my own.

Then, some one had told me
A very strange thing,
Of a man in Virginia
Whose name was John King.

He could take Mr. Razorback
Up to his state,
And develop a pig
Very much up to date.

He'd make much improvement
In those quarters behind,
Producing some hams,
With a very thin rind.

He'd do this I'm told
Very quickly, indeed,
By using rich peanuts
As the principal feed.

He'd shape up the hams
With unusual care,
And then by a process
Exceedingly rare.

(The method embracing
Some good hickory wood)
He'd turn out a ham
Delightfully good.

So mindful of this,
As Tray held the hog,
I captured that pig
With the help of my dog.

Then a trip to Virginia,
For the pig by express,
And the purpose of this,
You can readily guess.

A letter, first mail,
Was the very next thing,
And this was addressed
To Mr. John King.

I asked him to fatten
My Florida find,
Looking well to the care
Of those quarters behind.

He was told just as soon
As the process was o'er
To send a choice ham
To Barney Kilgore.

So, now I'm delighted
And happy to say,
Mr. King has just written,
"The ham's on the way."

I hope that the Kilgore's
Much pleasure will find
In the Florida razorback's
Quarter behind.

Let the Frisco Feed Your Friends "Far, Far Away"

By Erma Helma Claypool

The scenes along the Frisco,
Cannot be beat, I know;
And I love nature's glory,
But here of late, I trow,
The things I'm hankerin' after,
Are not those hills and streams
That hallow those Frisco windows,
It's the things that come in my
dreams.

And, if just one of those dreams should
come true,
Here are some of the things a kind
reader would do:

'Way up there in the heart of the
Frisco,

Where the big red apples grow;
An' the peach upon the hillside
Bears the loveliest sunset glow;
Someone would fill up those Frisco
cars,
Most safely they'd come, I know;
Since "SAFETY FIRST" is the slogan
true
Of the FRISCO.

Oh, there's plenty of good old Frisco
cars,
So throw in some cornfield beans;
I haven't seen one for more 'an a
year,
A regular bean, I say—there's a tear
A homesick tear for the things that
grow
Along the way of the old Frisco.

Early Days in Telegraphing

By John B. Mackay, M. C.,
Kansas City, Missouri

Those were great days—those early
days in telegraphy. My first days in
telegraphy were spent as a relief oper-
ator at Louexa, and my first train order
was to hold a freight train for the
pay train, and I surely did have the
"buck ague."

But somehow or other I got the order
all right and the trains did meet,
and did pass safely, and then I be-
lieved myself a full fledged operator.

After acting as a relief agent for
several weeks I was put in as agent
and operator at Merriam. Number
One, coming out of Kansas City late,
ran into a train of stock cars being
pulled out by a switch engine, which
was on the south end, the dispatcher
gave me orders at Merriam to hold all
north bound trains. The switch en-

gine showed up going south and as I
thought it did not look just right I
stopped the crew and told the dis-
patcher switch engine was going
south. He replied, "Ask them how
they got there." The engineer replied
that the roadmaster told them to go
to Olathe and pick up the section men
and bring them to the wreck. Num-
ber One was seven hours late that
day getting out of Kansas City, and I
had been given an order for One and
Two to meet and pass at Merriam.
The dispatcher then asked me to go
up and throw the south switch to let
Number Two in and not delay Number
One further. I opened the switch and
signalled the engineer but the latter
failed to answer me. Coming in at
thirty to forty miles an hour, I saw
them and gave my right arm a hard
jerk and threw it out of place (it
having been dislocated several times
before) and this time I was answered
and the Number Two got in to clear
Number One all right. I succeeded
in getting my arm over the switch
stand and worked it in place again and
after the trains had passed had a
physician attend to it.

Quite a thrill for a young operator
on his first "job." A short time after
that, Superintendent of Telegraph E.
B. McDill, who then lived at Rosedale,
Kansas, was coming home on a freight
train and in walking ahead over the
tops of the cars fell between two cars
and was killed. There was then no
operator at Rosedale (except that
when Mr. McDill was home he had a
line in his own home.) There were
several hours of suspense before the
train arrived at Merriam and reported
what had happened. Mr. McDill was a
fine gentleman and well liked by all
who knew him. Mr. Sprague of Paola
was then appointed to fill his place.

Not much of a thrilling nature in
all this to you of this day, perhaps,
but to old timers these reminiscences
awaken many memories, and I am
sure that some of the stories of early
day telegraphy would be interesting
to all of us.

Granted

Wife (in a huff)—"Oh, you needn't
think you're so wonderful. The night
you proposed to me you looked abso-
lutely silly."

Hubby—"A coincidence. The fact is
I was absolutely silly."

—American Legion Weekly.

The Handwriting

Mike was working diligently on his
potato patch when he saw the post-
man coming up the road, bearing for
him a black-edged envelope.

Mike became uneasy, and showed it.
"Hope it's not bad news," said the
postman.

"It is that," said Mike, glancing at
the address. "It's upset I am entoi-
rely. My brother Pat's dead. I can tell
by his handwriting!"

Rounding Out a Gift

"Sir," said the beggar plaintively,
"the good Lord gave me a stomach."

"Well, what of that?" demanded the
passer-by sourly.

"Wouldn't you like to round out his
gift?"

Off and On

"You give your clerks two weeks'
vacation every year, don't you, Mr.
Tintack?" asked the friend.

"A month," grunted the eminent
hardware dealer.

"A month?"

"Yes. The two weeks when I go on
my vacation and two weeks when they
go on theirs."—Good Hardware.

The Mean Thing

Peggy: "Does your husband talk in
his sleep?"

Polly: "No, and it's awfully exas-
perating. He only smiles."

Stopped

Leaning over in a confiding manner,
Mildred whispered to her friend:

"Do you know Harry was wearing
my picture over his heart in France
and it stopped a bullet?"

"Yes?" said her friend, surveying
her. "I'm not at all surprised."

Next

After a loud and prolonged exhorta-
tion, the preacher called for testimo-
nials. A devout and buxom sister of
color arose and shouted her story:
"Las' night Ah wuz in de ahms ob de
debbil, an' tonight Ah is in de ahms
of de Lord."

A hushed but excited voice from the
back of the room interrupted her:
"Got a date fo' tomorrow night, sis-
ter?"

Then You Can't Wiggle a Finger

Youth—"Doctor, I'm continually
thinking of my girl. Cannot you advise
me how to get her off my mind?"

Doctor—"Marry her, young man."

Youth—"What good will that do?"

Doctor—"Then you'll have her on
your hands."

Did He Order Snails?

"Waiter," said the customer after
waiting fifteen minutes for his soup,
"have you been to the zoo?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you ought to go. You'd enjoy
watching the turtles whiz past you."

Tact

Two negro soldiers over there were
discussing politeness and tact.

"Now," inquired Sam, "just what is
de difference between politeness and
dis hayer tact?"

"Ah'll enlighten yo're intelleck," re-
plied his friend. "When Ah wuz back
in de States, Ah wuz wukkin' at de
Waldawf. One day, when Ah wuz
shoffeh to a vacuum-cleaneh, Ah
opened a bafroom doh, and dah waz a
lady a-settin' in de haf tub. Ah shet
dat doh quick an' sez: 'Beg yoh pah-
don—suh.' Dat 'Beg yoh pahdon' waz
jes' p'liteness, but, boy, dat 'suh' wuz
tact."

Max C. Rotter Leaves After 16 Years of Service

Following is a bit of "family news" reported by O. G. Moults:

After sixteen years of continuous service in various capacities in the Accounting Department, Max Rotter has tendered his resignation, effective October 1st, to devote his time to private interests, viz: "The Rotter Music Shop." All those acquainted with Max are familiar with his many sterling qualities, his unrepachable character and his thoroughness in any undertaking, and it is hoped that with these assets he will build in reality, the institution which now exists in his imagination.

Application of ability and experience, with conscientious concern for results to be obtained, has characterized his work during the period of his connection with the railroad, and this is the foundation upon which success is built. Max leaves here without an enemy, but with a host of friends who wish him all the luck in the world for a successful business career.

A suitable remembrance was presented upon the eve of his departure. In the following letter Max extends his kindest personal regards to all his friends:

To My Frisco Friends:

It is with sincere regret that I sever

my relations with the Frisco, regret because I will not see daily the old familiar faces, some of which I have seen for the past sixteen years. After so many years of companionship and good fellowship among you, it will indeed seem strange not to enter the portals of this building each day as in the past.

Life, dear friends, is a net work of paths; some of us travel the same path till death overtakes us, and some strike out on a new path for better or for worse; however, it is always too soon that we reach the parting of the ways and leave behind us those friends so dear to each of us. Though we will not travel the same path in the future, I don't want any of you to forget me and want you all to remember that you will always be welcome at my home, and I will be glad to see you any time you are out on "The Gravois."

It was impossible for me to get around to bid you each good-bye, so I take this means of expressing my kindest personal regards to each and every one of you and wishing you all the best of luck, I am,

Sincerely your friend,

Max C. Rotter.

reduce to a minimum overcharge claims on less than carload freight.

At some future date, will submit an article dealing with building, care and maintenance of track and warehouse scales.

Wha-ja Mean, You Lost Your Dog?

A very valuable beagle "houn'" dog was recently checked as baggage from Tower Grove to Bourbon. While the train baggageman was in the head car of Train 15, the dog slipped his collar and escaped from the rear car, near St. Clair. All employes in that vicinity were asked to be on the lookout for the dog, but about all hope of recovering was given up, when Special Officer Ora Nokes was assigned to the case by Mr. Allender. Mr. Nokes sure knows how to locate the Missouri "houn's," as he was successful in locating the dog near Anaconda, and also made delivery to owner and secured release.

You Are the Railroad

To the patron, you—each individual—represent the Frisco Lines: Think of that always and act accordingly.

"Christmas"

(Continued from Page 19)

"I was knocked pretty near senseless, and I can't remember nothin' much except layin' there waitin' fer 'em to take the first bite, an' I kinda opened my eyes to bid this old earth a fond farewell, and I'll be durned ef I wasn't in that same room, before the fire, with our old dog Shep pawin' me over and lickin' my face. Fe a minute I begun fightin' him, thinkin' he wuz a bear, and when I see who he wuz I grabbed him, and liked to choked him to death, huggin' him. The rest of the crowd was standin' around laughin' to beat the band at me bein' asleep, and it was them that sicked Shep on me. Man alive, I'll never ferget that Christmas day. The fact that I was livin' wuz enough Christmas fer me, and I never even got over my dream sufficient to want to go huntin' that big bear with 'em; pleadin' I was sick er sumpin', and they come back later and says they guess that bear musta took himself clean to other parts, 'cause they never got a track of him.

"I had a notion to tell 'em, ef they had had the dream I did, they wouldn't mind missin' meetin' old Bruno face to face; because that bear hunt I had in my dreams, before a fire an' old Shep to scare the stuffin' outa me when I woke up, wuz enough fer me fer one day, and from that time, my favorite game huntin' is limited to rabbits, and I always remember to load my gun and keep it with me, before I get a good start."

Weights and Weighing Facilities

By A. T. SILVER, Chief Clerk, Weighing Bureau

Weight is the basis of all our freight revenue. Weighing is the measure of gravity. The law of gravity is the fundamental law of weighing. It always acts in a straight line between the center of the body and the center of the earth. In the operation of a scale, gravity acts upon the load on the platform, pulling it toward the earth, as the platform rests on the levers, this pull is communicated to the levers, which in turn, communicate it to the beam.

So much for the theory of weights and weighing. The main thing is to see that freight is accurately weighed and thereby protect the carriers' revenue.

On this railroad we have sixty-six track scales, twenty-seven of which are fifty foot, one hundred and fifty ton capacity. The other thirty-nine are forty foot, eighty ton capacity; all of which with two exceptions, are equipped with one hundred ton type registering beams. We also have approximately seven hundred portable platform scales, two hundred and sixty dormant platform and built-in baggage and freight house scales, four wagon and ten stock scales. Therefore, a cry of lack of facilities cannot

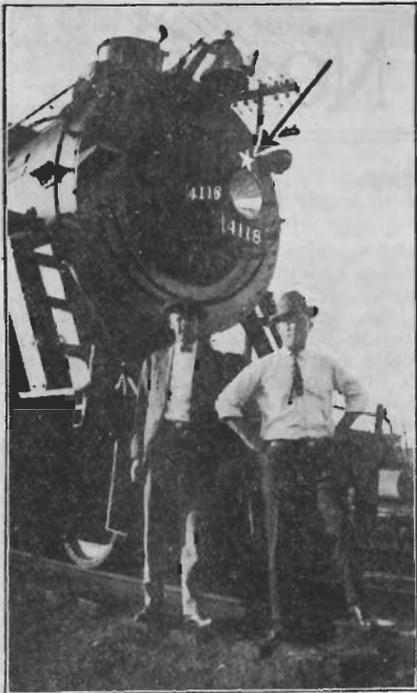
suffice for failure to weigh freight and baggage.

Instructions contained in Superintendent Transportation Circular No. 26, Freight Accounting Department Circular No. 117, should be followed literally with regard to weighing and handling carload freight to be weighed.

Less than carload weighing is very important for the reason all of our less than carload revenue is based on our weight, either by weighing on our scales or estimating the weight. And I want to say right here there is far too much estimating of weights going on which is the source of considerable trouble and loss of revenue and dissatisfaction for the reason when weights are estimated too high it results in overcharges and claims, dissatisfied patrons and frequently results in loss of business, and when weights are estimated too low it results in a loss of revenue to the company.

Instructions covering weights and weighing less than carload freight as carried in Item 260 Frisco Freight Tariff 386-K should be followed literally and thereby increase the revenue of this company, and if followed will

THE GOLD AND SILVER STARS OF FUEL SAVING SERVICE



Here are the emblems of service, of a service rather better than usual, in fact, for these gold and silver stars represent fuel saving of extraordinary record.

Engine 4,118 is carrying, just above the headlight, a gold star for having made, in September, the best performance in fuel saving for through freight service on the Cherokee Sub-division of the Southwestern Division.

Engine 4,119 is carrying a silver star for having made the second best performance.

Crews in charge were: Engine 4,118, Engineer J. A. Beatty, Fireman R. B. Roy. Engine 4,119, Engineer D. R. Beeler, Fireman H. W. Musick.



The performance for all engines in this class of service was 119 pounds of coal per 1,000 gross ton miles, or 9.99 gallons of oil per 1,000 gross ton miles. The average weight of trains, all engines being of the 4,100 class, was 1,860 tons.

The performance of Engineer Beatty and Fireman Roy was 107 pounds per 1,000 gross ton miles, or 8.97 gallons of oil per same distance, with an average weight of train amounting to 1,981 tons.

The performance of the runners up was 109 pounds of coal, or 9.14 gallons of oil per 1,000 gross ton miles, with an average train weight of 1,932 tons.

tons of coal consumed, 253; pounds of coal burned per 1,000 G. T. M., 153; washouts, 0; water changes, 0.

Average fuel consumption through freight:

	Lbs. Per G. T. M.
Wichita Sub, September.....	151
Northern Div. Standard, August....	167
Northern Div. Standard, Sept.....	167

It can be seen that sufficient use of the blow off cock and proper use of anti-foam compound where needed will make for successful and economical operation. It will be noted that engine 1,271 was slightly under the average of all engines on the Wichita Sub, and engine 1,272 was only slightly over the average.

Messrs. Galloway and Yehle and their firemen are to be congratulated on these performances. They have proved that heavily treated water can be successfully handled without undue waste of fuel. As far as is known, in this office their record has only been equalled twice and in both cases on divisions where the treatment is lighter than between Wichita and Augusta.

A Letter Which Is Deeply Appreciated by Us

From Miss Adelaide Kurn, West Branch, Mich., sister of President J. M. Kurn of the Frisco Lines, the following letter was received, and the editor of the magazine expresses his deepest appreciation, sincerely and gratefully.

Miss Kurn says:
 "Dear Mr. Bell:
 Your photograph in the September issue of your magazine may have made it easier for me to try to gain admittance to your sanctum and stop long enough to extend my good wishes.

You see I have a very direct interest in the birth of the infant one year ago, named 'The Frisco Employes' Magazine,' and have watched for each issue, reading line for line the several articles submitted, and with commercial pleasure the advertisements therein. If, in the years to come, the diet is correspondingly increased, the rompers to which you refer in your editorial, will become fond memories of the past and the fear you now have of the child 'crossing the street by its lone,' will be easy strides for the young giant.

Please accept my sincere congratulations on your rapid and tangible growth, and I trust you and those interested will experience the same co-operative loyalty for many years to come.

Sincerely,
 Adelaide Kurn."

Natural Economy

Englishman (at street accident in Aberdeen)—"Give him some air!"
 Suspicious Native—"Give him some versel, mon!"

Galloway and Yehle Make Good Record

By L. E. ELLIOTT, Water Engineer

In my article on water treatment, in the August issue of the Frisco Magazine, reference was made to the very bad water condition between Neodesha and Wichita. The most discussed questions among enginemen in bad water territory is boiler washing and waste of coal at the blow off cock. Engineers Galloway and Yehle, running between Neodesha and Wichita, of their own accord, ran their engines from one monthly inspection to another without a washout or water change. The following information

indicates the success of their experiment, and further that frequent boiler washing is not an absolute necessity:

Engine number 1,271, Engineer Galloway, September 1st to October 1st; days operated, 24; locomotive miles, 2,713; 1,000 gross ton miles, 3,683; tons of coal consumed, 272; pounds of coal burned per 1,000 G. T. M., 148; washouts, 0; water changes, 0.

Engine number 1,272, Engineer Yehle, August 11th to September 18th; days operated, 26; locomotive miles, 2,651; 1,000 gross ton miles, 3,323;



Frisco Family News



Ben McCoy, Son of Millwright, Built Real Racing Car, and Boys, It Is a Speedster

The accompanying photograph shows Ben McCoy, age 12, son of H. G. McCoy, millwright with the Frisco Lines at Birmingham, and his older brother, Jay. Both are mechanics of real ability, and the car in which Ben is seated was his own invention. Using a motorcycle motor the racer was built, and it is the envy of every other young person in town. Most any time of day Ben can be seen driving the car, and usually he has hitched on behind a string of tiny express wagons, hauling the neighborhood children about the streets.

Eddie Bets His Shoes on World "Serious"—Now He's Wearing Carpet Slippers

By Eddie Bernard

SAY, fans, I don't know much about this here world serious they play every year back East, so I've decided to give you the right dope. Some of you birds may think a world serious is an easy thing to dope but I'm here to tell you that it ain't so easy as she looks, take for instance that year it took a lot of pillows and some money to dope it the right way. Now who ever would have thought that anyone would put money under pillows in Cincinnati? You wouldn't a thought those fellows would awoke up in time to find out what it was all about.

A friend of mine had some jack he wanted to lose. He is a great gambler, this here friend of mine. Bets every

time there is a world serious on, anything from a time table to a button. I never bet on anything, because someone told me long ago that my I. O. U. was no good. But I got busy for my friend when he asked me to dope the serious and looked into the matter.

Of course I began at the beginning, I often do. And that made it necessary to find who slept the night before and who used pillows. Of course the papers published a lot of foolishness about the Giants trying to bribe the Phillies into throwing some games. But the way my dope shows it, they really bribed the Phillies to try and play ball, but the Phillies' manager said his team hadn't played all season and he'd be durned if he was going to have them start trying in September.

I talked first to the Senators and then to the Giants, and found out each of 'em had everything fixed who was to win their respectful pennants, but hadn't yet got together on who was to win the serious. When I got to talking to some of the big guns, like High Landis, Bun Johnson, and the rest, I told 'em straight out just what they ought to do. I says, "Bun, do you know what you oughta do to get all the sucker's jack. You take my advice and you'll be rolling in jack the rest of the year."

Bun just sits there and says, "Go ahead, Eddie, orders is orders."

Then I tells him what to do. I says, "You do this and you'll double cross all of 'em. The day before the world serious you announce that after looking over the bunch you have decided to give the pennant to the Chicago White Sox, and the Philadelphia Nationals or the Boston Braves. They won't be no suspicion attached to any of them teams for none of them players would know how to throw a ball game, and the public will know it's an honest serious and may the worst team, if any, lose."

"And," I continues, "my idea is to have one team win the first day and the other team win the next day and so right through to the end, and each day I'll be running press agent stuff to bring in the suckers and all they has to do is to bring their kale up to the gates and we'll divide it, ninety and fifty."

Bun thinks that is a great idea but says, "This here guy Landis is going to throw a monkey wrench in the works, because I have it on good authority that he was seen eating a hot dog sandwich the other day with John McGraw, and the next day he was munching peanuts with Clark

Griffith. Now what you going to do with a guy like that?"

I says, "I've thought that out, Bun, and my idea is to have Landis git the ticket speculating concession at both parks and we'll split with him."

So after talking a few minutes more during which Bun says, "Eddie, you gotta a great head, why don't you use it more often?" I goes over to my hotel and tells my friend to bet his last nickel according to the schedule I got doped out. Well, he plunged and all his friends plunged and you know the rest.

You know how Bun and Landis crossed me, and let Washington and New York play the serious out, and how Cozy Dolan set in the corner of the grandstand and flashed the plays of both teams to the gamblers outside, and how the gamblers passed the word to the bat boy to switch bats on the players. Take for instance this here guy Goslin. Now my dope was for him to strike out with three men on bases. But what does this here bat boy do but substitoot Babe Ruth's bat while no one is looking, all of the crowd being occupied with watching a aviator flying over the park. And you know what happened. Washington scored three runs and Clark Griffith cried his eyes out that night thinking how he had beat his old pal, John McGraw.

Well, after the seventh game I sneaks out the back entrance, and yesterday I gets a wire from my wife telling me to keep on going and not to stop this side of anywhere.

So I've started working out a new plan for next year, and if my shoes hold out for another 69 miles, I'll be in Canada by that time, and from there will give you the right dope on the next serious.

Monkey Business

By L. A. Mack

This here Dr. Crookshank, one of our foremost members of Royal College of Physicians, comes along not so long ago and goes Darwin one better. He advances, after a long premeditation, a right new theory on Monkey business, and even goes so far as to insult the poor critters when they can't help themselves, and divides this here human race into three classes of monkeys.

He comes back at us naturally supposed to be maby-intelligent race if possible, with the idea that all us white folks sprang from this here

class of monkeys called Chimpanzees. Don't know whether I ever met one of my kin or not, but being as I have seen everything, including pink elephants, guess that I have. Guess that I'll have to ask Ben Lewis whether to feel complimented or not.

The next bright and shiny idea that this here Dr. got was that the negro race came from gorillas. After much thought he decided that being as he had a kind heart and didn't want to hurt anybody's feelings and as this was a lot of monkey business, he decided that all Chinese fellers came from these here Orang-Outangs. How's that for separating us out and not slighting anybody.

Ain't got any possible idea of how this here railroad is worked by so many monkeys and nobody gets hurt in the mixup. Think of all us Chimpanzees going to work with Gorillas and every Monday sending our washing out to be washed by one or another of these here Orang-Outangs.

Sure, and we Irish ought to feel most complimented. He states that the Chimpanzee looks more like us than any other section of the white race, only difference he finds is that the Chimpanzee has a tendency to throw cocoanuts instead of bricks when mad. According to this here Dr. Crookshank, all these tailors ought to be careful how they sit as these here Orang-Outangs sit with their legs crossed in front of them, and that there's going to put these white tailors down in the wrong class of monkeys, and we sure ought not to get into the wrong pew at this here church.

But that this here Dr. is going to bring up the theory that some of these monkeys had hair growing only half way between their knees and ankles so they could be like these here present day flappers, and that they held spring and summer style shows in cocoonut grove on palm board walk.

Well, here goes for my last cocoonut, guess that we men will have to side in with this here Dr. in one respect, as it took him and Mr. Darwin ten thousand years to make a man out of a monkey, but it don't take but ten minutes for one of these here bobbed hair flappers to make a monkey out of a man.

Well, I'll have to close for this time as the boss says that he ain't going to stand for any more monkey business in the office, so farewell until the winter style show in cocoonut grove on monkey island.

Southwestern Division

News Items

R. W. Harper and L. A. Mack,
Reporters

J. A. Rankin, traveling fireman on this division, paid a visit to his mother in Ft. Smith the 10th, 11th and 12th of this month.

Our General Foreman Talevich says he is going to make a better showing in saving oil than he has on turning tires. We are for you strong, Tom, and the Frisco needs a lot more like you.

Afton, Oklahoma, seems to be the

ideal spot on the Southwestern Division. Mr. Myers, master mechanic, sends every new foreman that he hires to Afton with instructions to look the place over carefully and go back to his own shop and make it look just like Afton, and it will be 100 per cent. Be careful, Henry, don't get the big head. The roundhouse clerk at Afton has gotten next to this and has his office looking like a parlor. Wonder if Mr. Guinney will send his new clerks to Afton, following the example of Mr. Myers.

W. W. Lilley, general car foreman, was very much peeved the other day when Mr. Moore took his best car inspector from him. Don't worry, Bill, go ahead and make more good men and keep up the record of the Southwestern Division.

Mr. Talevich has had several visitors from some of the largest railroads in the country, at Sapulpa, looking over his new tire turning device.

On your next trip to Tulsa do not fail to go to the roundhouse and see one of the best looking boiler rooms on the Frisco. If you can't go, ask Mr. Stephens out of Mr. Kurn's office.

Hereafter the engineers on the Cherokee Subdivision, making the best fuel record, will have the honor of wearing a star on their engine for a month. The engineer taking first place will wear a gold star on his engine the following month, the engineer taking second place a silver star, and third place a blue star.

In September, Engineer Beaty and Fireman Roy took first place with a performance of 107 pounds per 1,000 gross ton miles. Second place was taken by Engineer Beeler and Fireman Music, with a performance of 109 pounds per 1,000 gross ton miles. Engineer Hicks and Fireman Cobbs took third place with a performance of 112 pounds per 1,000 gross ton miles.

Our fuel performance clerk won't have to bother the division storekeeper any longer. He has permission now to put an extension on the car foreman's phone.

Co-operation, not competition is the life of business.

Show me a man that makes no mistakes, and I'll show you a man that doesn't do things.—Roosevelt.

WARNING—Never come near the master mechanic's office at Sapulpa when an engine failure is reported on the Southwestern Division 87 report.

The roundhouse and car foreman's offices at West Tulsa have been consolidated. No one complained with the exception of one and it is a habit with her.

We had another case this month which showed the value of carrying a policy in the group plan of Metropolitan insurance. John Calahan (colored), sand dryer at Sapulpa, died of heart trouble. The report left the master mechanic's office on the night of the 9th. The morning of the 18th we received a \$1,000 draft in favor of Mrs. Calahan. No employe can afford to be without this insurance. During the recent Metropolitan campaign there were about 275 more employes subscribed for this insurance on the

Southwestern Division.

The Frisco Metal Crafts and Car Department Employes gave a smoker Thursday evening, October 16th, at 8:00 p. m. There were present at this smoker about one hundred of the employes and supervision at this point. Music was furnished for the entertainment by the high school orchestra and was appreciated by all very much.

B. P. Myers, master mechanic, gave a very interesting talk and told how well pleased the management was with the conditions existing at the present time on the Frisco Lines. T. J. Talevich, general foreman at Sapulpa, gave a very good talk in which he outlined the program for the coming year and the bettering at all times of shop conditions on the Frisco. In fact Mr. Talevich seems to carry the motto, "don't let well enough alone, try to make it better."

J. W. Baker, car foreman, outlined the program for the Car Department for the coming year, and explained just how much good the vocational training that is being given to Car Department employes at the present time is doing.

Mrs. N. H. Hicks and Ted Wilmot entertained the guests with songs, which were appreciated by all present. Short talks were given by Foreman G. C. Street, Division Chairman Victor Mounger, H. P. Chase and other members present. Summed up in all it was a get-together meeting in which all present feel that they enjoyed a world of good towards their work, as well as entertainment.

Local Freight Office Kansas City

Ruby A. Monroe, Reporter

Frank Fenner's small daughter, Mildred, has an eye on the railroad business, and we think she is going to follow in her daddy's footsteps. While returning from Smith Center, Kan., September 29th, Mildred spied a clear space out by a water tank. "Oh, look daddy, wouldn't there be a nice place to park a train?"

Ethel Martin, secretary to the agent, spent a quiet vacation at home, from the 22nd to the 27th of September. Inasmuch as Ethel and her mother are regular pals, the vacation was beneficial to both of them.

Clay DeGraw is away from the office on sick leave, and we're hoping that he'll be able to return soon, however, his sick leave extends to November 17th.

Fanchon Johnson was called home the evening of the 9th of October because of an accident in the family. Her mother fell from the back porch to the concrete walk. Her glasses broke and the shattered glass cut her face severely and she suffered severe bruises. Fanchon, however, reports that she is recovering nicely.

W. H. Tarp didn't spend all of his time in the Y. M. C. A. while he was on his vacation, October 8th and the two days following. He looked up some old time railroaders on the B. & O. while there, and reports a splen-

did trip and a number of good baseball and football games.

Melvin C. Anderson, revising department, has a new job. John Melvin Anderson, eight pounds, arrived Oct. 9th. The youngster has shown rare judgment in picking out mighty fine parents, and our heartiest congratulations are theirs. Mel says they had to make him a bed in the bath tub because they didn't know where to put him. Being a dad is new work to Mel, but he seems to be getting along splendidly on such a teeny bit of sleep every night.

Frank Welch returned from his vacation trip October 9th. Frank visited so many places that we hesitate to write all of them again, and he enjoyed it immensely.

Rich O'Connor fills the ink well for Walter Wimsatt every morning, and W. W. Doesn't like so much ink so he does away with most of the ink down to about five drops. Rich forgets the next morning and the same program. Rich is studying on the proposition of a reserve tank that feeds about three drops of ink a day. More particulars later.

Herm Wilson is back with us just a little thinner for all the publicity attendant upon his marriage. Herm says he wouldn't make a good president because he's so shy of the crowds.

Marie McGirr almost went out to the Ford Assembly Plant about the first of October. She almost did—but she didn't. They offered her an attractive salary, but, everything else considered, the salary was worth it. Which only goes to prove that the Ford, even if it does pretend to be the standard medium of transportation, doesn't make all of the grades.

Western Division

Transportation Department

Our Slogan—Boost or Blow

A. L. Kinkade and Elma Williams,
Reporters

W. H. Bevans, our superintendent, is enjoying a much deserved vacation in the Ozarks; we're just wondering how the fish are biting at Lake Taney-como.

Following ad recently noticed in a Blackwell paper: "Wanted to trade for Retta property, eight room house with bath on street car line." Looks like the bath was just a little too handy.

The handling given the Ringling Bros. & Barnum & Bailey combined shows on the Western Division was very fine indeed, and all the credit goes to the train and enginemen. The shows were handled from West Tulsa to Enid and then, after showing at this point, moved from Enid to Clinton. The show management seemingly very much pleased with the service given.

"I" Apple Pie

Take one "I" out of bed about six o'clock in the morning, add a happy good morning for each person met, devour the light bread with same pep you would hot biscuits. After shaking well and basing with a good understanding, place "I" in day's harness.

Pinch every so often to make sure temper is kept cool and disposition smiling. When energy begins to wane strike "I" with a cruel phrase, and if can take remark cheerfully as when placed in A. M., then jab "I's" work and if no defects or shortnesses, turn out for play and frost with a "Thanks for today and hopes of a better tomorrow." Allow all who will to follow.

Our Alice J. is seeing the east; hope she will be in a position to give us some first hand stuff on politics and the Prince of Wales.

Messrs. Kurn, Hamilton, Hutchison and Sisson have all recently visited us at Enid.

The "honks" are real hosts at a weiner roast, San Frans declare. You would never guess they were women haters the way they build fires and roast weiners.

Blanche Hicks, our maintenance timekeeper, is spending her vacation at her home near Graydon Springs, Missouri.

Helen: "Wonder why autumn leaves are of such brilliant colors?"

Vic: "Probably blushing because they have been so green all summer." One of our assistant superintendents spent his vacation in Canada, but no excuses would be accepted, the Mrs. went along.

Grace—"Why look so despondent?"
Ada—"I'm just thinking."

Certain members of the Frisco office force have for some little time now been looking expectantly towards the heavens, and any time there were any clouds in sight, even though very small, immediately there would be considerable duck hunting indulged in. The reason for all this is that it is rumored there has been a certain acreage set aside for a duck pond and everything is ok except there is no water in the pond. Will give you results of the duck season later—after it rains.

Lady (at ticket window)—"What do you charge for children?"

Ticket clerk—"Over five, half fare."
Lady—"I only have three."

Harry Hughes, famous agent, ticket man, telegrapher, baggageman, fireman, custodian of mails, wise guy in the information line, signal light man, and general employe of the Cotton Belt Railway at Fordyce, Ark., has resigned. His resignation was received at the General Office of the company. It is one of the most unique resignations ever presented to a railroad official. The poem letter reads as follows:

"Mr. C. J. Lake,
Chief Dispatcher,
St. L. & S. W. Ry. Co.,
Pine Bluff, Ark.

"Dear Sir:

"Oh genial chief dispatcher,
Kindly listen now to me,
Spare me please one minute,
Till I make my little plea.

"Please send us here one sailor,
To fix our signal light
When the prairie wind gets howling
And puts it out at night.

"For the information bureau,
Please send us one bright clerk,
Who won't succumb to woman's wiles.
And who's not afraid of work.

"And send us three mail carriers,
Three able bodied men,
Who can drag the mail cart up the
hill
And get back down again.

"And send us one strong fireman,
To keep the depot warm,
And to shovel off the platform
After a hard snow storm.

"And don't forget a messenger,
And a ticket agent, too,
Who knows the country east and west,
From Florida to the Soo.

"And send us one strong baggageman,
To handle trucks and such,
If he don't weigh three hundred
pounds,
He'll not amount to much.

"Send us a dozen mouse traps,
And eight storm windows, too,
And a part of a man to telegraph
In my place for I'm through.

"Oh, please sir, give me my time,
And a pass to Omaha,
So I can go back home again,
I'm going back to Ma.

"No more will I flip the tissues,
Nor pound an old Morse key,
My cup of trouble has overflowed,
It's home sweet home for me.

"I'm going to eat home grub again,
To drive away the blues,
To this paper now I'll sign my name,
It's Harry Haverwood Hughes."
The above poem was found in the
office at Arkansas City, Kansas.

Purchasing Department

R. B. McBride, Reporter

L. L. White and family spent a very enjoyable vacation visiting in Grand Haven, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Nettleship and daughter Margaret spent their vacation at Mackinac Island.

Gabe Gorman, our steno on the tracer desk, has taken up golf and spent her vacation in Forest Park chasing golf balls.

Arthur Hihn, who has been our office boy for the past year, has accepted a new position in the Passenger Traffic Department. Everyone wishes Arthur the best of luck in his new work.

George Thomas, our new office boy, seems to be getting along fine with the work, but says he is hoping that the office force does not get the habit of saying "Let George do it."

Kathryn Hughes decided she would rather have a new car than take a trip this summer. She has bought a new Chevrolet sedan, and from all reports must certainly have it dolled up with extra equipment. She says it does not jump as far now, so from that remark we take it she must be learning more about driving.

Henry Compton spent a week visit-

ing his parents and relatives in Kentucky.

Francis Coffmann, Margaret Cowan and Margaret's sister Ella spent Labor Day in Chicago. But the next day was terrible on poor Francis as she had to report for duty, while Margaret and Ella went on to New York City and Washington, where they visited relatives and friends. The three girls had a "spiffy" time in Chicago, and the two that went east acted like—well, not at all like grown-ups at Coney Island.

Mechanical Department News

By Lloyd Lamb

Toby May Be a "Fish," But He Didn't Swallow Jonah!

Sidney P. Tobias, who recently made a trip to Memphis on an inspection tour, is answering a want ad for honesty. While in the gateway to the "Solid South," Sir Sid went into a chin hack garage to get his whiskers turned, and after being okayed for service, absentmindedly got into the wrong coat. His mistake was discovered when the unmistakable outlines of a pint flask pressed against his short ribs; whereupon he returned the coat to its proper peg and obtained his own hand-me-down. However, Tobe is said to have admitted on cross-examination that the bottle was empty.

Another Nimrod

One of the gamest hunters that was ever tangled up in barb wire is no other than our own J. C. Conley, or "Honest John" as he is known in exclusive sporting circles. John waited fervently for the opening of the quail season, but to date he has been unable to borrow a dog, a gun or a hunting license.

Can You Imagine?

Alta Northcutt spent her vacation in Canada, but declares coca cola to be the most exciting drink she had. Why not spend your next vacation in the Sahara, Altie?

The Last Vacation Story of the Year

J. R. Scott and wife spent their vacation in the West. Noticing the chief export on the Santa Fe seemed to be sagebrush and cactus, Mr. Scott asked the conductor why these plants do not grow in the fertile lands. The conductor replied that they were just like a whole lot of we humans—"they can't stand prosperity."

Congratulations, Bob!

R. E. Mansfield is chuckin' a mean chest nowadays, but you can't blame Bob. He's got another claim for exemption on his income tax. For the benefit of those who came in late, we'll remark that it's another boy, equipped with good arms, legs and lungs.

Another New Arrival

We drafted Raymond Ivey from Mr. Beyer's office to fill the vacancy created by Miss Martha Moore's absence, and thus far he has been going over like the Shenandoah. His burnt-orange roof is almost a perfect match with that of Jay Kay's.

Keeping in Trim

Although the ex-Miss Eunice Stark

has been out of the service for a year and a half, we note she occasionally draws a Frisco pay check. ? ? ? ?

Set 'Em Up in the Other Alley

Miss Lillian Hultsch in the October issue of the "Mag" reports that Mr. Maxwell "made the high score in baseball." (Never heard of that crack before.)

Pretty Soft for You, Roy

J. Roy Jernigan is well known to be a man-about-town, but lately his success as a lion-among-the-ladies has exceeded the hopes of his most fervent friends. Quite frequently, early in the evening, Roy is seen to journey forth in a—Oh, to be charitable we will say, —a rather ancient model Ford roadster. Later in the same evening he is seen gliding around in a Dort sedan of the very latest model, and usually a very beautiful young lady is at the wheel. A person who knows all things around and about Springfield is reported to have stated that Roy is in the habit of hiding his road louse a block or so from the home of the object of his affection.

Telegraph Department

Lillian Hultsch, Reporter

E. E. Dent, lineman, connected with the Frisco since 1918, passed away at the Frisco Hospital in St. Louis on September 25th. His death was caused by typhoid fever.

Mr. Dent was born February 27th, 1891, at Salem, Missouri. He entered the service of the Frisco, in a reconstruction gang, on December 16th, 1918, and was promoted to division lineman at Enid, August 1st, 1922. He was later transferred to Hayti, Mo.

Irene Ennis, telephone operator at Tulsa, has returned from a vacation spent in the East.

Ethel Hill, telephone operator at Springfield, has returned from a trip to Houston, Texas.

We will all admit Arthur knows how to raise beautiful dahlias.

The bowling season is now opening up at the Shrine Mosque, and we will soon have some good bowling stories from Mr. Linster.

Alice Larkin, chief telephone operator at Springfield, has returned from a month's leave. She visited her sister in Detroit.

Letha Linn, telephone operator at Ft. Scott, is off on account of sickness.

This department has now completed the installation of new cable between the Lindenwood roundhouse and Tower Grove.

Ethel Holland went to Kansas City on October 18th for a week's vacation.

Mrs. Edith Austin, chief telephone operator at Ft. Scott, Kansas, has returned from a trip to California.

Division Lineman J. E. Jordan, located at Hugo, Okla., announces the arrival of a baby girl. Congratulations, Mr. Jordan. Don't forget to send us her picture for the Magazine.

Of course, everyone has heard of the man who got up in the middle of the night to go horseback riding, but we have a young lady in this office who gets up at 6 a. m. and goes walking.

Irene Overstreet, chief telephone operator at St. Louis, has returned from a trip to Seattle.

Telegraph Gangs, Jennings, Oklahoma

Bruce Davidson, Reporter

Hello, gangs.

Will say we are still here in the sand hills.

There has been a slight change in the gang since the last report. Our old straw boss, Claude Frizzell, has a division now and R. B. (Bert) Jones has been promoted to straw.

Our grunt, Ernest Jones, has left us. His vacancy is being filled by Paul (Blackie) Davidson.

Lineman (Chief) Davidson spent Saturday evening and Sunday morning at the home of his parents—or supposed to—but we found out he was strutting his stuff in Seaby's dance hall. Watch your step, Chief.

Yes, by the way, we have a preacher here with us. Ask "Shorty" Stamate any question on Scripture of John the Baptist. He knows.

Our foreman, "Rip" Harris has the rambling blues. We believe his little lady friend gave him the cold shoulder. How about it, Rip?

Oh, yes, we have a sheik. At least he has vamped a sixteen-year-old flapper at Fulton, Okla. "Chief" is his name in the gang.

Our cook, W. Thompson, is being relieved by H. James.

Mr. Parrett, our chief lineman, was with us Saturday morning.

Let us hear from the other gangs.

Master Mechanic's Office Eastern Division

Millard F. Brown, Reporter

Al Hubener, general foreman, North Shop, has been transferred to Memphis. We all regret losing "Al" as he has made many friends while here. Before leaving, he was presented with a platinum Shrine pin, set with diamonds and a horn-handled carving set. We all wish him the very best of luck and success in his latest move.

J. J. Collins, chief clerk to the shop superintendent, has returned from a few days' vacation spent in Beggs, Okla. He reports having a wonderful time, as well as learning to drive a grocery truck.

Mona Watts, distribution clerk, is spending her vacation in California. We are all looking at the movies nowadays, thinking perhaps we might find our Mona playing a stellar role.

E. W. (Cowboy) Brown has been made general foreman, North Shop, vice Al Hubener, transferred. Here's wishing you well, "Cowboy." Stay right in there. Glad to have you with us.

W. F. Brandt, general foreman, North Roundhouse, said "Alexander, the Man Who Knows" sure made an awful mistake, as what he told Mrs. Brandt never did come true.

From all indications, it looks as if we are going to lose one of our stenos, at this writing. Do not know if it is a vacation or — But, you know, the

marriage fever is about 212 in our office, so will advise the readers in a later issue.

We are informed by Mr. Harvey, our master mechanic, that Santa Claus comes more than once a year to some of us who are good.

Ed Baron, our file clerk, lost a box of cigars on the world's series. Sure will be keen ones, and know we will enjoy smoking them.

We are wondering if Ethel is going to follow suit. Understand she said if a certain party got married she would run a close second.

Charles Elliott, our porter, has been telling us for a long time that his girl, Bell, was very sick. The other morning the writer inquired as to how Bell was getting along and he replied by saying, "Man, she is still sick, I guess, for the other night I called and there was a sign on the door which read, 'Bell still out of order!'"

Miss Nichols, our comptometer operator, had a date the other night and got all the way up town before she discovered she had her dress on wrong side out. Take your time, Nora, from now on, make him wait a little longer.

Don Fellows, formerly shop accountant, Eastern Division, has been transferred to the West Shop. We all wish him the best of luck.

Carl Keiser, our sheik, has a mirror installed in his Ford. When a certain person inquired as to the necessity for the mirror, Carl said he didn't want anyone in the back seat to take a drink and not give him one.

Allen Moore, our timekeeper, advises us he was out until 1:30 a. m. the other morning on a weiner roast. We all wonder if Allen was up that late or if he was just dreaming.

Millard F. Brown, our assistant timekeeper and reporter, sure is happy these days. Why shouldn't he be, with such a fine, little, auburn-haired sweetie. Millard says she is just the one.

Charles Thompson says married life is just fine. The only thing, would like to have a little advice as to how to make biscuits raise. He says the chest of sterling silver and mirrors presented to him by his many friends on the division sure comes in handy. Charles takes this means of thanking each and everyone, as it was a present which will be an everlasting memory from his many friends.

Kansas City

By Premiskus Lee

His wife suggested something in the electrical line for hubby's Xmas gift to her, and the old dear searched the town for an electric chair.

Why do they measure power in the terms of a horse. Because everybody is supposed to have a certain amount of horse sense.

An agriculturalist once stated that a black sheep in a family was a liability but that a black soil farm was an asset. Those are my views.

Now that winter is sneaking upon us, it is an opportunity to wear that vest and those patched shirts, as a reminder.

Teacher—Generally speaking, what animal is it that attracts the eye of most people?

Little John—Don't know about the eye, but if it's the nose, I sure can tell yuh.

They say fighters are born and I guess it's right 'cause Firpo came over on a boat and avoided the regular procedure.

The flies and gnats all having gone into the wine making business, we, who snooze with our mouths unclosed, can now safely carry on without the mid-summer danger.

They used to say ball games cannot be fixed—too many players involved. Why it's so rotten that most any player in the big league can tell you where his team is going to play five months in advance.

Show me a pedestrian who can walk like Edward Peyson Wetson did, and I will show you a roadster that can run him down, quotes the "Wild Motorist of Azekia," as he picks a body off the street and carelessly tosses it to the curb.

It is oft times said that all things come to him who waits, but we cannot all be Greeks.

The Chinks are having a wonderful time in the rice fields over there. Chop Suey will be a drug on the market if the slaughter does not subside.

If we continue to pass blue laws, there will be no incentive for us to live to a ripe old age, and I say that the boys who now are giving up at the tender age of 100 and 110 are fully aware of this.

You can't tell by the way a man carries a grip what it contains, but if he should look around more than once, it will be safe to say, "Yes, he has."

Babe Ruth's all-star selection only look like ball players—nuthin' else.

If you want to fool a jug put some water in it on Xmas morning.

Stores Department, Sherman

Mrs. Iva Sewell

My, what excitin' times we've been having lately. First, was the Red River Valley Fair, held here September 29th to October 2nd. 'Course we all went two or three times a piece. The things of interest to us was that on Ford Day a public weddin' was held before the stadium and the groom is an employe of the Frisco here. By them a marryin' out there before everybody they had about a thousand dollars worth of presents given them, includin' the ring, license, shoes, hats and suits for 'em both. We all wished we could get married again.

And next was the circus. Yes-sir-ree, Ringling-Barnum Circus was here October 6th. All of 'em went to that, even Mr. Guin, and he enjoyed it, too, 'cause I heard him expressing his opinion of the woman that went in the cage with the tigers, but I won't tell what he said as it might cause trouble.

What interested Jimmy Honaker most was feedin' the elephants peanuts. He said he couldn't even fill one up let alone 27. He was also interested in a new kind of hair grower that he

saw out there. All bald headed men will find it worth while to send him a personal note, only Jimmie is not bald headed.

C. V. Montgomery tells us he went out and saw "Old Folks." Said he sure had some fine looking ancestors.

Some how it was necessary for Sid Beacon, G. W. Koontz and O. H. McCarty to have business in Sherman on circus day. C. H. Baltzell was here that day, too.

L. McMillan said the only thing that he saw wrong with the circus was that he did not have enough eyes. He couldn't watch seven rings with two eyes.

I nearly forgot the most important news on the Texas Lines. The future president of the U. S. and the future president of the Frisco System arrived the other day at the home of A. T. Todd, storekeeper at Fort Worth. Mr. Todd is very proud of his sons. He said he knew that Dublin Turn would get some one in trouble.

Relay Telegraph, Springfield, Missouri

By W. B. Claybourn

Maxwell "W" is back on the night job after several weeks daylight run. 'Tis said many of the night boys are glad.

The Tulsa excursion provided an interesting trip, but no sleep for Strain. Says two nights and no sleep makes dots and dashes all sound alike to him.

Manager Sherwood was out of sight a couple of days, understand in the vicinity of St. Joe. Picking up votes, maybe.

If "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," Shepherd ought to be "pretty sweet papa." Starting to work the other morning he got the wrong sack and brought the week's supply of sugar to work instead of his lunch.

Regret to record the necessity of Mrs. Pickel undergoing an operation for appendicitis, on October 11th, but glad to say she is doing exceptionally well now.

Mrs. Claybourn also under the weather a few days, and "M" had two jobs for about a week. Buddy, I don't mind the cooking but that there dish washing job! Gosh, heck.

Pearson, after several weeks extra work this office, left for Sapulpa where he bid in regular.

Somerville, also an extra man the short time, now in Sapulpa.

Andy "Q" Thorson back from Birmingham, about September 17th after relieving Manager "Y" there. Reports Birmingham as being all that John Godsey claims for it as a town, but work, oh, my.

Mrs. B. P. Schneider recently returned from several weeks in Iowa and Minnesota, and reports a splendid trip. Had noticed the wan look on Ben's face, but not knowing the Mrs. had been away had been unable to account for it.

McDonald contracted a severe case of "bug-itis" one night recently while working with a fast man at Kansas

City. It was feared for a time that he would have to be removed to the hospital, but first aid methods finally revived him.

And now terror has struck the heart of Christopher again, as it is reported that Maxwell leaves Sunday night, the 19th, for Alabama, (probably via Texarkana) and Chris has the prospect of another extra man to break in.

But there is always a silver lining, and rumor says that Harry Jarrett, an old timer in these parts, will relieve Maxwell.

McDonald and the so-called reporter recently took some splendid pictures for the baby page, but the mothers of some of the babies objected so the pictures had to be suppressed.

And now we will spring a few on our messenger force. First of all, Chief Messenger Feyen reports that inasmuch as the TRRA at St. Louis doesn't operate their own passenger trains they are not a railroad. Perhaps he is correct, but I was pretty sure I saw some rails around the Union Depot, on my last trip to St. Louis.

Some time ago a fine looking young fellow entered our office. Curiosity prompted me to ask one of the boys who the gentleman was. He replied that he was "one of the stock holders." Asked him what he meant, "stock holder?" Said he didn't know anything about the man only "he has something to do with stock." Further inquiry revealed the fact that the man was E. F. Tillman, general live stock agent.

Rather belated, but yet worth mentioning. During the veterans' reunion last summer one of the boys wanted to know of Wire Chief Craig one evening what to do with "This message for the Frisco Veterinarian's Association."

And still another of them one day typed a message to the wife of a patient at the hospital who had become temporarily deranged to the effect that her husband had become "Historical" and advised her to come to Springfield at once.

But still and all, as Ring would say, they are a fine lot of boys and young men with bright prospects ahead. Mr. Kurn's job will be vacant some day.

Messengers Hart and King have spent several Sundays recently in surrounding cities; understand seeking the answer to what makes the telegraph "tell."

And, saddest to relate, ye scribe recently found it necessary to donate the City of Springfield the sum of \$18.65 for stepping too heavy, and they always told me a flivver wouldn't do it. How sad.

**Division Accountant's Office
Eastern Division**

H. H. McGarvey, Reporter

We were shocked to learn of the sudden death of Jack Wilson, at Enid, Oklahoma, October 5th. Jack was the son of C. M. Wilson, of this office, and was employed in the division

storekeeper's office at Enid. We extend our sympathy to his heart-broken family.

Traveling Accountant Al. E. Davidson and Mrs. Davidson have returned from a vacation trip through the east. Al. reports a wonderful trip, having visited New York City, Atlantic City and Washington, D. C. Do not know whether Al. met the president while in Washington or not, but will bet

that the only reason he didn't was because Cal was out of town. We know for sure that he went to the Follies while in New York, and his eyes were strained from the sights he saw on the beach at Atlantic City.

Walter B. Hudson announces the birth of a son, Charles Noel, on September 30th. Mother and baby are doing fine (so is the father). Walter says it's lucky that boy got here on

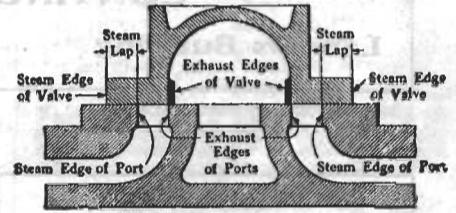
Can you answer these questions about the Locomotive Valve?

- 1—What is the purpose of a locomotive valve?
- 2—What are the requirements of a locomotive valve?
- 3—How are valves classified?
- 4—Explain the difference between an inside and an outside admission valve.
- 5—(a) Name the parts of a piston valve. (b) What are the inside and outside packing rings on an inside-admission piston valve called?
- 6—Explain what is meant by the steam and the exhaust edges of a valve.
- 7—Explain what is meant by the steam and exhaust edges of the steam ports.
- 8—(a) What is steam lap? (b) What is the purpose of steam lap?
- 9—What is exhaust clearance?
- 10—What is lead, and what is the purpose of lead?
- 11—Define valve travel.
- 12—Name and define the valve events.
- 13—Name the cylinder events.
- 14—Define the cylinder events, and name the valve event that begins and ends each cylinder event.
- 15—What is meant by a short and long cut-off?
- 16—Name the positions of the main crankpin.
- 17—How many valve events occur for each turn of the driving wheels?
- 18—Considering the right side of the locomotive, give the approximate positions of the main crankpin when the exhaust occurs at the different points.
- 19—Explain the effect of increasing the lead.

AUTHORITIES agree that unless a man can answer these questions it is impossible for him to really understand a locomotive.

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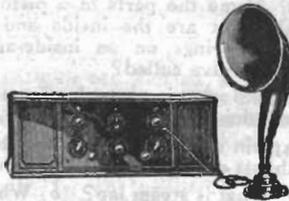
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pay day. Yep, Walter passed cigars
and candy. This makes two boys for
Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, look on the
baby page for picture.

Doc Johns, B&B clerk, is going to
split his vote in the November elec-
tion. He says he is going to vote for
Coolidge for president and Bryan for
vice-president. How do you get that
way, Doc?

While checking water facilities on
the "high line," the motor car on

which Traveling Accountant Hal Lamkin and Water Service Foreman J. S. Woods were riding, jumped the track, just south of Flemington. Mr. Woods received severe scalp wounds and was confined to the hospital for several days, Hal came out of it without a scratch.

The office boy in Mr. Shaffer's office seems to know all about women. While in a drug store downtown the other day the writer happened to hear part of a telephone conversation between a good looking girl and someone else. During this conversation this girl said, "You just ask Oscar Bass, he knows all about me." What about her, Oscar?

F. L. & D. Claim Department
By Charlene Willard

After a wild and hilarious time, betting on the world's series, everything is quiet and peaceful in the Freight Claim Department. No one seems particularly interested in anything, except the coming election and by the time the magazine goes to press we will all know what our fate is to be.

R. E. Goudelock, claim investigator, who recently was operated on for appendicitis, is now convalescing at his home and is reported to be getting along very nicely.

Mary Lohmeyer spent a delightful week, the latter part of October, in Lebanon, Tenn., visiting the law students in that town.

H. K. Hayes and J. D. Turner, of this office, are busy helping out in the cotton movement. Hayes is stationed in the Oklahoma territory and Turner on the River Division.

Era Robinson has accepted a life-long position with Newton Dorris, switchman in the Springfield North Yards, and accordingly has tendered her resignation, effective the 15th of this month. The event will take place around Thanksgiving time, it is rumored. Verne Tulloch and Vida Whitsett gave a miscellaneous shower for Miss Robinson at the home of the former, 735 South Missouri Avenue, the first week of November, and the bride-to-be was the recipient of many beautiful and useful presents. The Claim Department extends hearty congratulations and sincere wishes for a long and happy married life.

R. H. Burnie, assistant superintendent of F. L. & D. claims, was in Memphis the last of October on business for the company.

Marjorie Risser, active campaign manager for a number of Democratic office seekers, will take the rest cure after November 4th and visit friends in Tulsa.

Leo Barret was absent from his desk several days the last of October and it is rumored around that he had the knot tied somewhere but is keeping it a secret. If congratulations are in line Leo we don't want to fail you in your hour of need. You know the Claim Department is right there when it comes to showers, wedding presents, good wishes, etc.

Kathryn Risser, on leave of absence for thirty days, is spending a few weeks in Rochester, Minn.

It is the unanimous opinion of all who saw our "boss" in the Kiwanis Minstrel Show recently, that he is a second Lassus White. We certainly enjoyed the show and are glad to know that the Kiwanians cleared approximately \$1,000 which will be used in the maintenance of the Springfield playgrounds for children during the year 1925.

Dazel Lewis and Carrie Livingston are certainly putting something over on the girls in this department. They have been seen up town every night this week parading around with two handsome sheiks, and it is no wonder we are all dying with curiosity because we know they don't belong in this town.

Every effort is being put forth to stage another one of those famous get-together Claim Department banquets, such as we held about two years ago. Since that time we have had a number of new employes to join our family circle and we think the time is now right to show all what a wonderfully progressive and democratic office force we have.

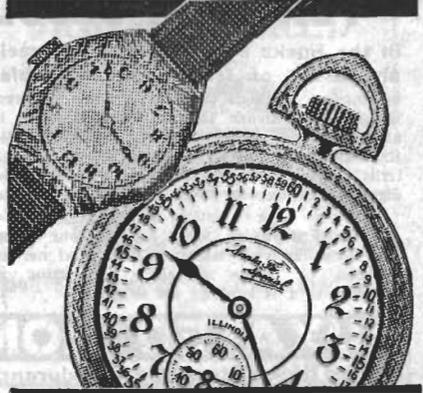
Purchasing Department
By R. M. McBride

Saturday morning, October 18th, the girls of our department filed in about 7:55, each one dolled within an inch of her life in dresses which never before had made their appearance in an office, in fact they were in every respect party or afternoon dresses, and, too, there was an atmosphere of excitement about the girls; it was very evident something was up and it finally leaked out that they were giving a surprise farewell luncheon at Hotel Statler for Mildred Johnson, Mr. Wood's good-looking secretary, who was married on the 22nd to Wm. Roehl.

I understand the luncheon was quite a success. Miss Johnson, Margaret Cowan, Grace McEvoy, Kathryn Hughes, Lucille Meyer, Frances Coffman and Gabe Gorman were those who made up the party. This was all a surprise to Miss Johnson, who was under the impression that she was dining with Miss Gorman, until they came to the reserved table where the other five girls were waiting. Mildred was very much surprised, as planned.

Last week several of the girls in this department decided that the proper thing for them to do was to get up a party and have a weiner roast. Well, there was not much trouble in getting about fourteen girls to say yes when the suggestion was made to a few of the girls in other departments. After all arrangements were made regarding the eats, the next question was where they would stage the affair. It was finally decided that Forest Park was the ideal spot and they all decided on the meeting place.

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The only redeeming feature about staying in a New York hotel one week is that after that time you are "home-ward bound." Any place away from the Frisco is foreign land.

To desire to beat a train at a crossing seems to be inborn with most people. Use your influence with your friends and others to put a stop to this violation of the rules of safety. Start a campaign in your town.

A highly polished veneer doesn't always bespeak quality for the wood. Make the best of and do the best with what you have.

How many of us ever think that perhaps some younger person is trying to emulate us? Each of us is an example for someone. Does it not behoove us, therefore, to guard against doing anything but that which we, ourselves, would be willing to emulate?

What an infinitesimally small unit of this great domain one is, and yet, each of us is of sufficient importance to be a part of it.

Making hay while the sun shines entitles you to rest and fortitude during eventide.

Annual Convention of Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers Held at Birmingham, Ala.

When the mine operators of the Birmingham District had the honor of entertaining the annual meeting of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, October 13-15, it caused many to realize and feel exceedingly proud of the great progress made in the coal mining and iron and steel industry of this district.

The visitors were welcomed by George Gordon Crawford, president, Tennessee Coal Iron & R. R. Co. Quite a number of the foremost mining engineers and state geologists of the country were present. They visited the properties of the Woodward Iron Co., Gulf States Steel and other Companies, 241 persons in the party making a trip over the Birmingham dis-

trict via special train.

The entire membership were unanimous in their opinion of Birmingham and the entire district, stating the development of the mining industry in this district since the Institute convened here in 1888, has been marvelous, expressing astonishment over the extensiveness of the developments and predicted that Birmingham, in the future, would be a still greater factor in the industrial progress of the South; it was expressed that Birmingham will be a city of 500,000 population within 25 years and Birmingham people are striving to make this increase.

In their inspection trips over the district, not only the manner in which the plants are maintained, cleanliness and living conditions being the highest standard, were highly praised, but were also much interested in the beautification which is being carried forward in the Birmingham District, the attractiveness of the homes and surroundings.

Many of the mining and steel industries of this district are located on and are given one hundred per cent service by the Frisco Lines, and as Birmingham continues to grow, the Frisco will continue to serve.

Accounting Department Fort Worth, Texas

By Lois M. Sheppard

Marshall R. Evans, file clerk, is quite a lucky fellow, yet unlucky. If you are a reader of the "Liberty" Magazine, you know they have been, and still are giving away \$1,000 weekly for the best "tongue twisters"—ten \$100 prizes. Marshall was lucky and won two of these prizes, the first one was CLEAR, but oh, the second. See Marshall is quite a hunter, and through mere accident strolled (with gun over shoulder) into posted property. Many of you have been in the same boat and know just how thrilling it is to come face to face with an unexpected constable. The meeting of Mr. Constable and the announcement of Marshall's good luck in the "Liberty" happened the same week. It may be just another rumor, but we've heard that Marshall bought all the "Liberty" Magazines within easy reach of the said constable, thinking, of course, he might read of his good fortune and his fine would be not \$15 or under, but \$50 or over.

The Texas Coyote, being none other than Ben Lewis, and John Freeman have also been trying their hand at "tongue twisters," and judging from the number they've sent in from different localities we'll surely have other winners from this office.

James A. Hart, alias Wm. S. Hart, is one of few who does not mind telling his age, and one could hardly blame him, for just last week, the 7th of October, he had a birthday that will long be remembered. About twenty young people gave him a surprise party, and of course he got many gifts. Among the gifts being a beautiful overcoat given him by his wife. The

next evening some friends had him out to a real birthday dinner—had 'cake with (?) candles' and everything that goes with it.

Wm. G. Skeen competes no longer with Joe. B. White for the title of "sheik," for he has given up his love for the ladies and is devoting his entire time to learning g-o-l-f; so since he is still in the market for golf clubs and balls you will do him a great favor if you will put him in touch with someone who has these articles in A-1 condition, yet reasonable, for sale.

Nobody knows what Wm. C. McAlester said when he tried to shoot a dove and discovered he did not have his gun loaded. Mac went hunting recently, seeing a dove he jumped from his car, gun in hand all set ready to shoot, maybe, and followed it for half a mile before it lighted. He then knelt down, took aim and made a desperate effort to bring down his bird, but 'twas all in vain 'cause in his hurry he forgot to load.

We regret very much to have lost a mighty good comptometer operator, Annie Mae Overhiser, she having resigned recently; but we are pleased to introduce to you Eda Fae Davidson, her successor.

Wonder why Joe Tomlinson, our new office boy, has taken such a keen interest in Sunday night church services?

Springfield General Store Room

Bertha V. Reed, Reporter

Helen Aldrich has returned to work after spending her vacation at home and has accepted the position as invoice clerk made vacant by C. J. Renshaw. Mr. Renshaw accepting agent's position account J. J. Corum being transferred to Southwestern Division.

J. M. Walker, chief clerk to general storekeeper, has returned from a two days' visit with his father at Wichita, Kansas.

Homer Weber has returned from his vacation. He visited his father at New Franklin, Mo.

Gertrude Crow, of the Accounting Department, has returned from Detroit, Mich., where she spent her vacation. Gertrude reported a nice trip.

The safety first signs, "This car stops for all Railroad Crossings," have been distributed among the employees of the Store Department. Mr. Fitzgerald says that an engine would have to run off of the track if it hit Sam Gaston, and that Sam didn't need one of these signs on his car.

Pearl Fain, stenographer in general storekeeper's office, spent her vacation in St. Louis and Tulsa. An enjoyable trip was reported.

E. M. Fitzgerald is in the habit of taking Titus Berst's small son to the picture shows and different places of amusement. A circus was in town recently and Mr. Fitz took this little fellow to see the performance. From the way the little boy brags about getting all these animals for himself when he gets older, Mr. Fitz must have left the impression that he owned the circus. Titus said that Mr. Fitz was trying to get his son to say "rhinoceros" and the word was so

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mons is the sheik of the Stationery Department. Has been seen for the last few days wearing a collar and tie.

Birmingham Terminals

John L. Godsey

The "Magic City" recently dedicated a new Municipal Auditorium, one of the finest in the South, and it has a seating capacity of about 10,000. This will be an excellent opportunity for our young Esker Darrah to give a saxophone concert as soon as his instructors declare him proficient.

The Shenandoah, better known as "The Queen of the Sky," passed peacefully, but swiftly, over the East Thomas Yards while enroute to California. It all happened about 7:00 a. m., which made the third shift employes all late for breakfast, and the first shift employes suffered with slight cricks in their necks.

Mrs. W. T. Souda, who is steno in the Accounting Department, is recovering from an operation in St. Vincent's Hospital. Mrs. Souda is a very enthusiastic reader of the magazine, and the November issue was sent her.

A. L. Mullins, of the American Railway Association, informs us that the magazine always receives a hearty welcome in their offices, located in the American Trust Building. This is good evidence that the magazine is not only a family affair, but is gaining popularity on the outside.

Grand President Fitzgerald and Grand Vice-President Dee, of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, were in Birmingham during the latter part of October for a special meeting of the local organizations.

When one speaks of going to Springfield, they naturally think their business is railroad, but J. H. Anderson declares he went up on personal business.

Author Johnson, who has been handling the "checks" during the absence of Mr. Wright, was all enthused over

an article which declared a man should not work but 11 months a year and take a month's vacation. Johnson said he remembered that he was supposed to take one three years ago.

We understand a certain young lady in the Master Mechanic's office at Kansas City has decided that single blessedness is preferable to double cussedness, this was caught on the radio.

J. Marvin Darrah was very optimistic during the world's series, and announced that he had a sum of 2 cents to bet, which was quickly covered, and is now framed and hanging in the roadmaster's office as a memory of Marvin's greatest loss.

Miss Dudley, who is one of the two ladies working in the Mechanical Department at East Thomas, has gained the honor of the biggest bean eater at the bean shop. Take a country girl away from the farm but she don't forget the beans and cornbread. Miss Dudley brags about it, too.

Bob Kilpatrick is the latest yard clerk to get promoted into the yard office, and Bob wears the largest smile of anyone on the second shift.

"Chester Says" Coyote Lewis and me should have a "shot" on the golf course (ever take one there, Ben?), and that we was always full of good spirits. Well, I tell you, Chester, I bin reading this "How to play golf" by Eddie Bernard, as he states he is the wurst shot he knows, and I'd hafta take my lessons that way, and when I get enough diagrams and blue prints drawn as to how I could locate all the lost balls, how to shoot in perfect form and all that, I'm gonna challenge "Coyote" to a game. 'Bout all I know of golf right now is golf stockings, and that I will never wear another pair out here again. Only onct I did that. Somebody dared me then.

Martha Moore was a visitor in Birmingham during the first part of the month.

difficult for him to pronounce it almost broke the roof of his mouth.

John Fisk, employe in Stationery Department, says that he didn't know what a barber pole was until he was twenty years old. He thought it was a big stiek of candy.

Paul Lowery is still grieving over a \$22 bet lost during the world's series games.

We miss J. J. Corum, especially at noon hour when he played checkers with a few of the other employes. He has been transferred to Southwestern Division as operator and extra agent.

Everyone is glad to see Tom O'Kelly back at the store room. Tom has been absent for several months.

F. W. Pomeroy, stock clerk, made a hurried trip to Tulsa, Okla., recently. The duke offered the information that he was married while there, but we don't know whether to believe him or not.

It was rumored at the store room that Josephine Welch, stenographer in general storekeeper's office, went to St. Louis recently to purchase her trousseau.

Since reporting the last meeting of the girls' I. W. W. Club, at Rowena Lewis' home, we have met at the home of Bertha Reed, Josephine Welch, Beulah Shepherd and Effie Ott. The next meeting will be at the home of May Yates on Keltett Avenue. We accomplish lots of work and have just worlds of fun at each meeting.

Virgil Stone was granted a two months' leave of absence. He is at this time in Kansas City, Mo., recovering from an operation performed some ten days ago. We wish for Virgil, a speedy recovery.

Floyd Yates, stenographer in Stationery Department, is known as the Harold Lloyd of the store room.

Fred Delo advises that Guy Tum-

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More Kansas City News By Ruby Munroe

Have you noticed the street car advertisements of Eagle Brand, where a great big eagle is carrying a big can of milk and a great big stork carries a youngster, and they're flying way, way up high, over a lot of little houses, and it's night and the stars are out n'everything? We don't know about the eagle, but just ask Mel about the new boy. I wish you could have seen Mel's face the next morning. Mel's sorter built on the straight and narrow pattern, but his face looked like a full moon, and was all shiny and bright and happy.

Did you ever stop to think that some time a long, long time ago your dad's face was bright because you were up at the house, and the fellows teased him and asked him, if he was going to spoil the new youngster by walking the floor with him, and he just laughed? It seems rather funny doesn't it? Makes you feel like saying it doesn't seem possible like when you look at your first baby stockings and wonder how in the world your feet ever went in them? But—is your dad still happy when he thinks of you? Or have you forgotten him in the mad rush of the twentieth century progress? Do you think it is more or less of a burden to go out and see him, or do you really enjoy going to visit him,

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and see his face get smily when he tells of the things you did when you were a youngster? You're not the the sort of a kid your dad had a right to expect you to be if you don't visit him, and by your youthful enthusiasm show him a broader vision of what the work-a-day world is doing since he sorter dropped out.

On the other hand, are other people glad that one day your dad told his friends you were up to the house? Or are they sorry? Do they feel that the world would have gotten along just as nicely or a little more so, if you hadn't lived? These are questions that make us just a little bit better for thinking of once in a while. If we can't make some people happier by our existence, it's a bum existence we're living. If we can't be considerate enough of other people to make the sledging smoother, it's a mighty small life. Think it over.

The Night Hawks met out at Swope Park the night of October 15th and made a bee-line for the chief clerk's lot out at Raytown, and had a weiner roast. There were eighteen in the crowd; members of the Club, and their guests. They are a quiet bunch—just like Robert M. LaFollette when you mention the Constitution to him, Gus Gabauer entertained with ballet dancing. Louie Poncik got lost from the gang and burned ten gallons of gas getting back, Johnny McCormick made a good imitation of a sheik with his Willys-Knight. (It's Knight time in America), Chet Combs served the "hot dogs" and makes a splendid dumb waiter, Earl Leonard lost his spare tire, and, all in all, they had a quiet evening. We haven't the remotest idea if they got in before four or not, nor will the boys advise, but they didn't look so very sleepy about it.

Rich O'Connor found an item in the paper the other day and handed it on to the reporter, believing a good joke should be passed along.

An old colored lady was calling a pickaninny, "Morphy, oh, Morphy," at the top of her lungs. At last a passing white man halted.

"Morphy? Isn't that rather a curious name for him, aunty?"

"Dat ain't his full name. Dat's jest whut I calls 'im fur short. Dat chille's full name is Morphine."

"Why?"

"I chosen it 'cause it was de mos' suitable one dey wuz. 'Bout de time he wuz hawn, I heerd one of de white folks readin' out of a book dat morphine wuz de product of a wild poppy. An' mista, ef evah a chille had a wild poppy, dis is de chille."

V. E. Minsker has applied for a sixty day leave of absence and anticipates a vacation of that duration in California. Vincent would feel funny if they induced him to go in the movies, wouldn't he?

I would rather know a little bit, and

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know that I know a little bit, than know nothing and think I know it all.

We have it from one of the Night Hawk crowd that they initiated Geo. Wilson into the K. K. K. order the other evening out at Mr. Fenner's country estate. When the fire got low, however, Joe Kramer wanted to add a little more fuel to the fire and threw some saplings on the blaze. It developed later that they were Mr. Fenner's peach trees. Mr. Fenner decided the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse had visited the place, only they had about seventy-two extra horses with them the way they cut the turf up out there. All for an initiation and a weiner roast.

J. C. Ellergard, an inspector with the Frisco about forty years, was killed the morning of October 15th. A train had passed over the body when J. E. Osborn, sergeant of special officers, discovered it in the yards about 11 a. m. Mr. Ellergard has a record of long, faithful service behind him, and his loss is sincerely lamented by his associates and friends in the service.

Alfred Westerman spent October 17th and 18th looking after personal interests, returning to the office the morning of the 18th.

The reporter's sister went abroad a short while ago to study music. She wrote back informing us to address her mail in care of an Express office. I guess they're gettin' so they crate them nowadays to keep 'em from getting seasick.

An me thought that beauty and terror are only one, not two;

And the world has room for love, and death, and thunder, and dew,

And all the sinews of hell slumber in summer air;

And the face of God is a rock, but the face of the rock is fair.

Benevolent streams of tears flow at the finger of pain;

And out of the cloud that smites, beneficent rivers of rain.

—R. L. Stevenson.

It was my hope that there would be no obituaries to write with these items but Mr. Ellergard's comes up just the same. It is odd, isn't it, to think what a few little span of years stretch out before us, and how deucedly uncertain is their termination. As the legal language is in the beginning of the will: "Knowing the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death," in a number of instances, so is the fact

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brought home more forcibly by the loss of another member of the Frisco Family, or someone in the home circle, or someone in our circle of immediate friends. We find superabundant life upon every side, vivid, animated life, the sparkle of youth, the romance of honest toil; but we find the other side, too. It is possible, however, that the ever-changing scenes of life is what makes it so alluringly attractive to most of us, or is it the inborn characteristic of self-preservation?

The Revising Department is certainly getting its share of publicity in the last few issues. Joe Kramer's new Ford, Herm's new wife, and now Mel's new son. Who'll be the next to line up on the front row?

We have had our usual quota of efficiency men, special officers, members of the new freight claim prevention committee, etc., in our midst. We don't know all of their names but if you don't happen to know where some of the fellows were no doubt they were down to K. C.

Louie Poncik is getting regular publicity nowadays with Robin egg shirts and bright yellow ones, and being president of the Night Hawks n'everything. The latest is leading the bunch afield into new pastures and feedin' them marshmallows.

B. J. Gleason spent October 15th and 16th in Springfield.

Went ridin' on the new bus that runs from K. C., Kas. to K. C., Mo., tryin' to make the K. C. Rys. watch the tall lights. I got along splendidly for a short while. I had chosen the upper deck for the novelty—it was a novelty all right. Finally we picked up a little old lady who must have been about seventy. She was a nice

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NIGHT AND DAY

little lady, with a black bonnet with violets on it. I wondered how she managed to hang onto life so long, she looked so frail. I didn't wonder after we had turned a couple of corners. Every time the bus rounded a little curve, the old lady grabbed my knee. I never had an eagle light on my knee, but I can imagine how it would feel. If that little lady hangs onto life like that she will be strong and husky when Gabriel blows his horn.

It was very exciting for both of us. Half the time I thought I'd get home altogether, and part of the time I thought I wouldn't. She was so perfectly sweet, about it, though, so I tried to divert her attention. Shortly the bus stopped to discharge about six couples and I turned to my timid companion, "Wouldn't you like to go downstairs? You'd feel safer," I said kindly. (I didn't know about her, but I was sure I would.) We started, and got about half way down the little stairway, that winds around like a Spanish castle, when the bus hit a bump. That little old lady fell on my neck just as neatly as if she had been practicing it for years. I can remember hearing a sort of glub sound issue

from my lips, and then the conductor held out his hand.

"Can't I help you, or are you going to get off here?"

I said yes, and stepped down onto the pavement before the old lady realized what I had done. I looked in the paper the next morning to see if there were any other casualties, but there weren't. Incidentally, I got home all right.

In the early days of railroading Engineer Cullison walked into the Santa Fe roundhouse at a little station down on the Howard branch. He had been informed that his friend Bill McCarty had gone to work at that place. There was no one in sight as he stepped up close to one of the locomotives, but there was a hearty ba-a-a from somewhere on his left. Cullison looked around and couldn't see a soul.

"Ba-a-a-a, yourself, and see how you like it," he retorted.

He was answered in the same manner, and at last he was mystified. Advancing in the direction of the noise, he beheld a billy goat backing off, and getting ready to start in his direction.

Cullison made a leap for the pilot and reached the running board of the

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locomotive; goat right after him. The engineer then climbed up on the roof of the cab. The goat couldn't get up there. He tried it though.

Cullison heard someone laugh. "I'm up here and I'm safe, but I don't know how I am going to get down," he said laughingly to the man who walked up to the locomotive.

"Just give him a chew of tobacco, if you've got it," he replied. "The boys always feed him Horseshoe and he's more or less used to it."

The engineer procured a liberal bite from his pocket and offered it to the goat, and he contentedly munched the bite and backed down out of the way.

**Kansas City Terminals—
Mechanical Department**

H. F. Shivers, Reporter

Kiss and make up again has a double meaning these days.

This is the season of the year for trades of all kinds. Dan Tafe will trade one perfectly good electric fan for a good overcoat.

Pauline Hoffman, comptometer operator, is planning a trip to Birmingham and other points of interest in Dixie. John Godsey, please note.

Where were you last issue, Irene, missed your account of doin's on the Central Division.

W. H. Samuels spent a week in Kansas City recently.

Glad to note Neodesha is to have a new passenger station. Before you build, Neodesha, come to Kansas City and take a look at the Union Station her, then go back and do your best.

Agnes Lynch, exalted keeper of the files, was navigating on one side some time ago, due to getting a nasty fall in a tennis game. We won't tell you where she was injured.

And that fellow J. T. Williams, that travels out of P. F. Spangler's office, anybody know what has become of him?

We know a certain fellow around here that is quite a fisherman, and while on a fishing trip at Lockwood recently, he caught a big bass, the biggest he had ever caught in his long and busy life. He was elated. He was crazed with joy and telegraphed his wife: "I've got one; weighs seven pounds and it is a beauty." The following was the answer he received: "So have I, weighs ten pounds, not a beauty, looks like you, come home."

Amos Hynes, our maid of all work, recently signed up for a policy under the group plan, and he now wants to know how long he will have to wait before he can afford to die.

General Foreman C. R. Kew is highly elated over the new arrangement in the back shop. We have recently installed a new Niles-Bement Pond axle lathe, changed the location of the boring mill, also the wheel press, which rearranging of machines has enabled us to double our daily output of wheels pressed on and axles trued up.

Bridge and Building Foreman Brown and his force have been very busy tearing off the old tin siding on the roundhouse and putting up drop siding. The tin was rusted, all full of holes in places and was getting in very

ALONG THE ROAD

We are travelers along life's road. Debt is the burden that rides you. The SAVINGS ACCOUNT is something for you to ride on.

THE CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
OFFICE IN TULSA
CORNER SECOND AND BOSTON

Farmers State Bank
ROGERS, ARK.

**MAKE OUR BANK
YOUR BANK**

A FRIEND to all men who make an honest living, and that certainly includes railroad men.

Continental National Bank
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

bad shape. The new wall, as it now stands, looks good, and if kept properly protected with paint will last a good many years. We believe we have about as nice a roundhouse as there is on the system, at least that

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Kennards
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We are the FRISCO Official Opticians
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*We Specialize in
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FRISCO BUILDING
*We Carry Your Favorite Smoke
Parcel Post Paid Anywhere*



R. P. WIGGINS
Official Frisco Watch Inspector
WATCHES
DIAMONDS
JEWELRY
SOLD ON EASY TERMS TO ALL
FRISCO EMPLOYEES
Write or Call on us for
your Xmas Gifts
7 N. 18th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

is what roundhouse foreman Medlock thinks. And what Walter says goes.

We have also recently had an extension of ten feet put on the north roundhouse turntable, which now makes it possible to put the 1300 class engines in that part of the house, something we have not been able to do in the past on account of the old table not being long enough to handle the larger size engines. This will be a great help, especially this winter, as we will not be compelled to leave engines outside account no house room.

Our friend, who answers to the name of Nellie, came down to work recently all dressed up in, or with, a brand new pair of invisible glasses. We don't know if her eyes were failing on account of her age, or if it was because some people write so poorly she cannot read their handwriting.

None of our girls were in the POP parade this year, due to the fact that the management of the festival made

a new ruling that all girls taking part in the parade must be at least eighteen years of age.

In order to make the roundhouse foreman more punctual in answering his phone, there has been installed in connection with the bell-wringing apparatus a double Benjamin signal horn, which, when the bell wrings, lets out an unearthly scream or shriek that can be heard all over the roundhouse. Walter Medlock is now almost compelled to go home and shut all the doors in order to get out of hearing of the thing.

Timekeeper H. L. Johnson is keeping the roads hot in and around Kansas City trying to find a lone, stray wild duck to shoot at.

Assistant Timekeeper John Moffett and wife have returned from a pleasant trip to New Orleans, going via St. Louis and Decatur.

W. T. Clark, assistant general car foreman, says he has tried Lucas Cement on everything he can think of

except transmission grease for his car, and he says if it is as good when used for that purpose as when used on a box car, it will be alright.

We understand a certain young lady in the master mechanic's office has her eye on that young man she is going with.

"Faithful Tommy"

"Tommy," said his employer sternly, "you didn't expect me back this morning?"

"No, sir," said Tommy.

"I suppose you are aware that when I came in I caught you kissing the secretary?" And his employer glared at him angrily.

"Yes, sir," replied Tommy, without blushing, "but if you remember, sir, you told me to be sure and do all your work while you were away."

Always Be Careful

FORT WORTH ADVERTISERS

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King's Chocolates
for
American Queens



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BY

KING CANDY COMPANY FORT WORTH
T E X A S

"WASHER QUALITY NEVER VARIES"

*The Home of STETSON and DOBBS HATS
STACY ADAMS and EDWIN CLAPP SHOES and MANHATTAN SHIRTS*

WASHER BROTHERS

ABOUT YOUR MONEY

*Save Monthly—Place Lump Sums With
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We Have Always Made 10% Loans on Homes

*All Our Funds Are Loaned on Homes,
Repaid \$1,333 per \$1,000 per Month*

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R. W. ALFORD, President

*Ice Capacity 180,000 Pounds Daily
Ice Storage 2500 Tons*

Alford Ice Company

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Factory and Yards West Magnolia
and Frisco Tracks

CAR LOTS A SPECIALTY

FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Fort Worth Stock Yards

The Practical Market for the Southwestern Shipper

SHORTER HAUL

LOWER FREIGHT

LESS SHRINK

COMPARE THE PRICES WITH OTHER MARKETS

FORT WORTH STOCK YARDS COMPANY

ant general freight agents has been extended to include H. P. Norden, formerly chief clerk in the general freight office.

On behalf of the employes of the traffic department, wish to extend sincere congratulations and well wishes to the newly appointed traffic officers. Mr. Norden's long and faithful service has been rewarded by this initiation into the "official family."

The inevitable has again happened in the stenographic wing of the general freight office. Bernadette McGrath, so long and well known in the traffic department, has deserted us for the ranks of matrimony. We all dislike to see Miss McGrath go, but inasmuch as she is going to live happily ever after, we have given our consent and now the only thing left is to tell the tale. Miss McGrath was married on September 3rd to Alfred Oonk, also a former Frisco employe. Mr. Oonk will be remembered as one of our valuable representatives on the St. Louis commercial office staff, who severed connection with our company to enter the traffic department of the Monsanto Chemical Works. It is our sincere wish that Mr. and Mrs. Oonk will have a healthy, happy and prosperous wedded life.

Anne Hickey succeeded Miss McGrath as supervisor of the dictaphone section.

We are glad to report that Harry Block, traveling freight agent, St. Louis, is rapidly recovering from the effects of a recent automobile accident.

Car Accountant's Office

Mary Howell, Reporter

After a leave of absence, Dan Cupid has again entered our ranks. Alta Heflin resigned on October 11th. She was married the following day to Dy-sart Bacon of St. Louis, son of Dr. J. T. Bacon of this city.

Mrs. Marie Umlauf walked out of our office the same day never to return as a clerk. We were unaware of this, but she claimed she tried to break the news to us and we wouldn't listen. We can feature but one wedding at a time. She was married to James Stokes of this city. They will make their home here.

Mary Clark and Margaret Weiner

will leave on October 30th for Louisville and Cincinnati, where they will visit relatives and friends.

Anna Mason returned Monday from a trip to Denver, Colo. How's Denver and incidentally how's Bob, Anna?

Mrs. Branson leaves the latter part of October for New London, Conn., where she will visit her son who is in the Navy. Enroute she will stop over at Niagara Falls and other places of interest.

Our twins, Mamie and Amy Bradley, spent Monday and Tuesday of this week in St. Louis with their brother. They say they had a wonderful time, but Mamie lost her watch.

Anna Helbig, Marie Hill and Amelia Schmidt, of the Per Diem Department, spent Sunday and Monday in St. Louis.

The Frisco Psalm

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Frisco service is a dream,
And the men who run it, slumber,
Sleepers though some clerks may seem.

Frisco's real and Frisco's earnest;
Super-service is its goal;
Rust we were, steel we now are,
Ballast fills up every hole.

All enjoyment, and no sorrow,
Is our motto day by day;
Working so that each tomorrow,
Finds no wrecks along the way.

With the shipper always pleasant,
Consignees we do not dread,
For their goods are handled promptly,
If it's live stock, none are dead.

Always up and always doing,
Seeking business every place,
So that in the years ensuing,
Frisco service sets the pace.

AMORY HOTEL CAFE

AMORY, MISS.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

**More Stories of Veterans
and Their Experiences
Please!**

**An Excellent Performance Is
Herewith Noted**

By H. L. WORMAN,
Superintendent Motive Power

Quoting below performance and handling of train No. 10, October 10th, 1924, between Sapulpa and Springfield, to be published in the Frisco Magazine:

Engine 1,512, Engineer Robinson, Fireman Walsh, Conductor Connerly, handled eleven cars Sapulpa to Tulsa, 18 cars Tulsa to Springfield. This train handled without the use of the booster on engine 1,512.

This train consisted of one mail, one baggage, three coaches, one diner, eleven sleepers and one business car.

The handling of this train made 8,322 car miles, 2,307 gallons of oil, making .69 per car mile. The train was handled by the engineer 100 per cent, no rough handling whatever.

The firing of the engine was 100 per cent. Engine didn't pop between Sapulpa and Springfield and was up to around 195 pounds at all times. The engine was blown out frequently to keep the boiler in good condition.

Conductor Connerly was on the job at all times trying to hurry up the movement to keep everybody on the job. His porter and brakeman assisted in this movement and the baggage-men and express men and the mail men did everything possible to keep train on time. The station forces were on the job and did good work at all stations.

This is one of the heaviest passenger trains ever handled with one engine from Sapulpa to Springfield, and in this instance it was not necessary to use a booster on engine 1,512, which was equipped with one, and shows the wonderful reserve that these engines have.

CLINTON-PUCKETT LUMBER COMPANY

(INCORPORATED)

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Mills on Frisco,
Amory and Bigbee,
Mississippi



Mills on
Mississippian,
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AMORY, MISS.

FOR TEN YEARS WE HAVE HELPED TO MAKE THE FRISCO SAFE

Railroad Watches

at Factory Prices,
on Easy Payments

**Diamonds, Jewelry
and Silverware**

on Easy Payments

R. M. ADAMS

Frisco-Rock Island Watch Inspector

Next to Woolworth's
ENID, OKLAHOMA

L. DODD, Prop.

Phone 633

Dodd Electric Co.

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR

AND EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

109 East Rand - Enid, Okla.

General Offices, Birmingham

By Launa M. Chew

We are glad to see J. R. McGregor, district passenger agent, back at his office, having been kept indoors for a few days account of an attack of lumbago.

Claim Adjuster F. X. Adams spent a couple of days with us recently. We are always in better standing with our patrons after a visit from Mr. Adams; he has such a kind, persuasive way of convincing them the Frisco always pays all just claims.

We received a most delightful visit from Geo. F. Macgregor, executive general agent, Kansas City, who, with Mrs. Macgregor, was on his way to New York City via Savannah, on vacation. Mr. Macgregor was looking fine and feeling "never better."

C. B. Michelson, supervisor marketing bureau, passed through Birmingham, enroute to Atlanta, Ga., to attend a meeting of the Pan-American Congress, October 3rd, where Mr. Michelson delivered an address at 10:30 a. m. (Just a little early in the morning for CBM, we admit.) He was not carrying his applause leaders along, deciding to take a chance on

For What You Need
When You Need It

**COWMAN'S
PHARMACY**

The Rexall Store

Phones 471-472

Corner Dewey and Park

Sapulpa, - - Oklahoma

getting applause whether he deserved it or not. However, said he felt confident if Dick Gentry was on hand, he would be applauded. (He was.) He had his extemporaneous speech well prepared, but account of the length, will not print it in this issue. Latest bulletins from Atlanta assures us he put it over fine. Congratulations.

Also received a delightful visit from R. V. Cooper, special representative from Mr. Kurn's office. While Mr. Cooper stated this is his first visit to Birmingham in six months, noticed a big Swede blonde at the Terminal Station on his arrival, who seemed to be expecting him and was overjoyed to see him, which little incident will probably explain the fact Mr. Cooper traveled all the way to Birmingham to see a certain superintendent, while he was very well aware of the fact this superintendent was in Springfield at the time.

D. E. McKeithen, traveling freight agent, Atlanta, Ga., spent one day with us this month, going over the terminals and getting acquainted with everyone. Mac's ready smile and winning ways won us all. Girls, he is single, too.

Ed, the office boy, is running "Abe" a close race for the place as sheik of the office. Ed showed up at the office day after pay day wearing a pair of hell-bottom trousers. We are anxiously waiting to see what Abe will do next.

A certain superintendent, formerly of Birmingham, enroute Memphis to Birmingham on 105 recently, while eating his breakfast in the dining car, the Pullman conductor asked for his fare; this superintendent got out his pass case and handed the conductor \$3.00. Then he happened to think he didn't have to pay the sur-charge; removing his Frisco card pass from the back of his Pullman card pass, handed it to the conductor who refunded the sur-charge. Apparently this superintendent had a lapse of memory, because later it dawned upon him that he also had a Pullman pass and he prevailed on the train conductor to explain the circumstances to the Pullman conductor, who refunded him the Pullman fare. Moral: Don't lose your head.

J. A. Moran, superintendent. Chaffee, spent a few days of his vacation in Birmingham; while located in Birmingham several years ago, Mr. Moran formed many friends who kept him busy renewing acquaintances.

We received another one of those short, cheery visits from General Manager J. H. Fraser. We are always delighted to have Mr. Fraser come to Birmingham.

It is rumored John Connolly, terminal trainmaster, intends voting for LaFollette, but knowing Mr. Connolly as well as we do, feel confident this is just another one of his "fish stories."

C. H. Morrill, assistant freight traffic manager and J. H. Doggrell, superintendent transportation, paid us a delightful visit October 22nd.

J. E. Springer, general agent, Atlanta, Ga., was a welcome visitor recently.

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Frisco Drug Co.

FOR

Frisco Employees

15 S. Main

TULSA, OKLA.

TULSA CAFE

for

FRISCO MEN

Special Rate

13 S. Main - Tulsa, Oklahoma

**Oklahoma
Steel Castings Co.**

MAKERS OF

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**OKLAHOMA
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DISTRIBUTORS OF CAR LOADS

THE OLDEST AND MOST
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Phone O-118 TULSA, OKLA.

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Okla's Oldest
and Largest

JEWELRY

Establishment

307-09 SOUTH MAIN STREET

TULSA, OKLA.

A Merry Christmas

to

Our Advertisers

\$3 Brings you a Genuine **UNDERWOOD** TYPEWRITER

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL Your \$3.00 unconditionally returned if at end of 10 days you are not satisfied with this late model UNDERWOOD typewriter rebuilt by the famous Shipman Ward process.

GREAT PRICE SAVING Direct to you from the largest typewriter factory of its kind in the world by our money saving methods.

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS So small that notice it while you enjoy the use of this wonderful machine.

FREE BOOK OF FACTS Explaining Shipman Ward's wonderful system of rebuilding typewriters and also valuable information about the typewriter industry both instructive and entertaining.

Act Today! Mail Coupon



5 Year Guarantee

Shipman Ward Mfg. Company
2289 Shipman Building
Montrose & Ravenswood Aves., Chicago

Please send me a copy of your free book of facts, explaining bargain offer.

Name.....
St. and No.....
City..... State.....

The Veiled Prophet Makes Annual Visit to St. Louis

The Veiled Prophet, monarch of the social world in the St. Louis district, appeared in all his regal splendor October 7 and 8. And the mighty monarch was never so splendidly received, and never more gracious.

Hundreds of thousands of his loyal subjects lined the sidewalks and streets of St. Louis on the night of October 7 to witness His Majesty make public appearance. Twenty beautifully decorated floats, typifying jewels, brilliantly lighted and carrying out the regal idea, gave forth their splendor and occasioned many an exclamation of delight and awe.

Seated on the throne of the first float, preceded by courtiers and heralds, His Majesty, the Veiled Prophet, presided and with beaming smile waved gracious hand to his loyal subjects.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Classified advertising under this heading will be charged for at the rate of 5 cents per word, with a minimum of 75 cents. Cash must accompany copy.

AGENTS—WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES. Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts for large Manufacturer direct to wearer. No capital or experience required. Many earn \$100 weekly and bonus. MADISON MILLS, 564 Broadway, New York.

FRISCO WATCH INSPECTORS

G. W. HALTOM, R. R. Watch Inspector, Fort Worth, Texas.

P. B. WILLIAMS, AMORY, MISS.

A. J. HANCOCK, jeweler & optometrist, Frisco watch inspector. Neodesha, Kansas.

FARMER-CANNON JEWELRY CO. Watch Inspectors. Birmingham, Ala.

On the night of October 8, the great Coliseum was crowded with 10,000 members of his court, who paid homage first to His Majesty and then to the Queen of Youth and Beauty, whom he had selected, Miss Virginia Collins, scion of a noble race of royal blood.

Thousands of visitors were brought to the gala event by the Frisco Lines and enjoyed to the utmost the vision of loveliness and beauty presented.

The streets of St. Louis were gaily decorated in honor of His Majesty and the two-day event was one great holiday for the entire city and the district surrounding.

The Veiled Prophet is an institution in St. Louis, a revered and solemn one, too. And his yearly visits, interrupted only when he was giving his time and attention to the World War, are occasions of great moment.

Frisco Employes' Hospital Association

Receipts and Disbursements after June 30, 1924, through September 30, 1924

Balance brought forward from June 30, 1924.....\$ 14,744.45

RECEIPTS:

From assessments on members.....	\$95,102.03	
“ interest on daily balances.....	94.42	
“ interest on securities in treasury.....	3,326.86	
“ donation by St. L.-S. F. Ry. Co.....	125.00	
“ sundry accounts collectible.....	1,766.24	100,414.55
		<u>\$115,159.00</u>

DISBURSEMENTS:

For payrolls.....	\$25,905.73	
“ professional, ordinary and emergency services.....	7,274.85	
“ labor, material and supplies.....	5,733.27	
“ provisions.....	6,980.49	
“ drugs.....	5,048.41	
“ light, water, ice, gas, fuel and telephones.....	1,270.40	
“ all other expenses.....	3,753.74	
“ \$20,000, face amount Canadian National Ry's Co. Equip. 4½%, Series H. Gold Cfts. (mature July 1, 1928), purchased 8-6-1924 @ 99.65 (4.60% basis).....	\$19,930.00	
and accrued interest.....	87.50	20,017.50
		\$ 75,984.39

Balance, September 30, 1924, P. M., at:		
First National Bank, St. Louis, Mo.....	38,463.47	
Liberty Central Trust Co., St. Louis, Mo.....	711.14	39,174.61
		<u>\$115,159.00</u>

THE ASSOCIATION OWNS:

	Par Value
U. S. A. 4¼% Treasury Certificates of Indebtedness Series TD-1924 (mature Dec. 15, 1924).....	\$ 25,000.00
U. S. A. 4% Treasury Certificates of Indebtedness, Series TM-1925 (mature Mar. 15, 1925).....	100,000.00
U. S. A. 4½% Treasury Notes, Series C-1925 (mature June 15, 1925).....	20,000.00
U. S. A. 4¼% Treasury Notes, Series A-1926 (mature Mar. 15, 1926).....	10,000.00
U. S. A. 4¼% Treasury Notes, Series B-1926 (mature Sept. 15, 1926).....	15,000.00
U. S. A. 4¼% Treasury Notes, Series B-1927 (mature Mar. 15, 1927).....	15,000.00
N. Y. Central Lines 5% Equipment Trust Certificates Series 1924 (mature June 1, 1927).....	5,000.00
Canadian National Rys. Co. Equipment 4½%, Series H, Gold Certificates (mature July 1, 1928).....	20,000.00
U. S. Third Liberty Loan 4¼% Bonds (mature Sept. 15, 1928).....	7,500.00
U. S. Fourth Liberty Loan 4¼% Bonds (mature Oct. 15, 1938).....	35,000.00
U. S. First Liberty Loan (Converted) 4¼% Bonds (mature June 15, 1947).....	15,000.00
St. L.-S. F. Ry. Co. Prior Lien, Series A, 4% Bonds (mature July 1, 1950).....	12,750.00
St. L.-S. F. Ry. Co. Adjustment Mortgage 6% Bonds (mature July 1, 1955).....	4,250.00
	<u>\$284,500.00</u>

St. Louis, Mo., October 3, 1924.

F. H. HAMILTON,
Treasurer.

Diamonds!
on credit

Why wait longer when a few cents a day will make you the owner of a sparkling, perfectly cut, blue-white diamond, set in 18 Karat Purity White Gold.

SEE DIAMOND FIRST
Sent to you without one penny down. We trust you absolutely. Examine the diamond at your leisure. Send it back at our expense if not satisfactory—you are not out a penny.

You risk absolutely nothing. Send for beautiful Diamond Book showing the new style in rings. Read about our wonderful values and payment plan.

Lady Jane \$37.50

SANTA FE WATCH COMPANY
Dept. C-91 Thomas Bldg., Topeka, Kans.

Extreme Precautions

Doctor—"Have you taken every precaution to prevent the spread of contagion in your family?"

Rastus—"Absolutely, doctah, we've done bought a sanitary cup an' we all drink from it."

An Old Species

It happened in the Adirondacks. "What," demanded the amateur hunter of his guide, "what is the name of the species I just shot?"

"Well, sir," returned the guide suavely, "I've just been investigating and he says his name is Smith."

Fine Words Didn't Work

Terence: "'Tis a fine kid ye have here. A magnificent head and noble features. Could you lend me a couple of dollars?"

Pat: "I could not. 'Tis me wife's child by her first husband."

Quite So

"I'm cutting quite a figure," said the chorus girl, as she sat on a broken bottle.

Safety Progress at Sapulpa During Year

Placing of the safety posters on the bulletin boards, which brought to the attention of the men the different dangers.

Keeping the roundhouse floor and yards clean, which helps the roundhouse employes at night most.

Placing the jacks in one place in the roundhouse after using.

Keeping the lids on the fire sand barrels which were carelessly left off. The application of safeguards to machines.

Made signs for the valve man and cellar packer so that reverse lever would not be used while man was working on engine.

Signs made for turntable and mo-

tor in machine shop, to warn employes not to start motors while being worked on.

Started the blue flagging of passenger engines at station, these on the through runs.

Investigation of accidents in an educational way.

Keeping chisel bars and other hand tools with good heads.

Keeping jacks in good repair.

Enforced the goggle rule.

Application of flood lights in circle.

Keeping drop pit covered.

Board walk through engine tracks and around circle of turntable.

Spreading of garnett screenings on engine tracks and around roundhouse tracks, which absorbed the oil and made yards lighter at night.

Put light on ice house.

Whitewashing the posts and walls made it lighter for both day and night men.

Had rails fixed to cinder pit. They were in dangerous condition.

Stopped practice of hostlers moving engines while being inspected.

Old fire wall removed in lower part of roundhouse.

Boiler clamp and shears moved from aisle to safer position.

Emery wheel put in new location so natural light would shine on wheel, the former location was such that the grinding was done in the shadow of the operator in day time.

New blow down line put in roundhouse.

Asbestos smoke jacks applied to stalls, that eliminated chance for fire.

Night engine watchmen stopped from throwing scoop shovel up into deck of engine.

Stopped brick men from throwing brick out of gangway without man on ground to protect passersby.

Keeping stationary fireman on the job who had a tendency to visit in the roundhouse and not attending the boilers.

Moved the lockers out of the roundhouse aisle.

Parking of automobiles regulated to safe distances from the shops.

No smoking rule enforced around the roundhouse and office.

Making hostler helper circle engine before coupling into same in the roundhouse and the outside.

Turntable operated only by assigned men and foreman.

Electric lights in the oil supply house.

Took out coal heating stove in oil house and put in steam heat.

Put in retaining wall between master mechanic's office and roundhouse to turn hot water back into pit. This was complained about by the switchmen working on lead at roundhouse.

Drained the ground near coal chute and oil supply house; this was kept muddy from the syphon to the coal chute.

Put the open steam drain to radiators back of roundhouse in an old, abandoned line that leads to the hot well; this conserved the fuel, as well as eliminated the hazard of getting men scalded and other bad effects from steam.

Automobile Makes 27 Miles on Air

An automobile goes 27 miles on air by using an automatic device which was installed in less than 5 minutes. The automobile was only making 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline but after this remarkable invention was installed, it made better than 57. The inventor, Mr. J. A. Stransky, 4147 Eleventh Street, Pukwana, South Dakota, wants agents and is willing to send a sample at his own risk. Write him today. —Adv.

Made the roundhouse blower handles shorter so they would not strike a man's head.

Put proper clamps on drop pit rails.

Replaced half-ton chain hoist with three-ton hoist that was being used to hoist the cross-compound pumps on the side of the boilers.

Kept the roundhouse windows clean.

Enforced the rule of steaming out oil tanks before making repairs.

Shortened the cable to electric welding machine, grounding same and covering it with rubber hose.

Made new ladders for men oiling pumps, etc.; old ones in bad shape.

Made new scaffold supports for tank work; old ones seasoned and cracked until dangerous.

Made steel trestles for handling air reservoirs.

Raised the marker lamps on the 4100 class engines to give the engineer a safer vision of the track ahead.

Lowered the headlights on the 1200, 600 and 200 class engines at Sapulpa to give better lighting at night.

As fast as engines go over drop pit, we are placing the drifting valve steam pipe under jacket to give the engineer better vision ahead.

Sand boxes to oil tank vat being welded to tank, as the rivets leak oil, making the gangway slippery.

Putting the oiling steps on the 4100 class engines so it will be safer for enginemmen to oil the valve gear.

Fire department organized and new fire hose purchased.

Wrapped the squirt pipe in the cabs so men would not get burned; also armored hose applied in place of plain hose.

Evil Mind

Biddie—"I suppose you have been in the navy so long you are accustomed to sea legs?"

Middle—"Lady, I wasn't even looking."

A Merry Christmas

KNIGHT-PEVETO COMPANY

Furniture, Rugs, Stoves

"YOUR CREDIT'S GOOD"

Phone 213

South Side Square - Sherman, Texas

MAKE MONEY SELL MADISON SHIRTS

Direct from our factory to wearers. Easily sold. Over one million satisfied wearers. No capital or experience required. Largest steady income. Many earn \$100. to \$150. weekly. Territory now being allotted. Write For Free Samples. MADISON FACTORIES, 505 B'WAY, NEW YORK

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SUBSIDIARY CITIES SERVICE COMPANY

Petroleum Products

Sales Offices: TULSA, OKLA.



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Also Operating
PRODUCERS REFINING CO.
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PONCA CITY, OKLA.
CUSHING, OKLA.
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**FISCHER LIME AND
— CEMENT CO. —**
Building Materials
MEMPHIS - TENNESSEE

W. H. (Bill) Reaves
Arcade Building
SOUTHWESTERN SALES AGENT
The P. & M. Co.
Maintenance Equipment Co.
SAINT LOUIS

Owens Paper Box Co.
413-415 N. First
SAINT LOUIS



**MANUFACTURERS
OF**
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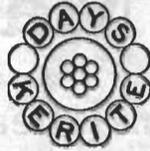
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