



**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 gulfer 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 gullifer. 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