

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

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

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

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

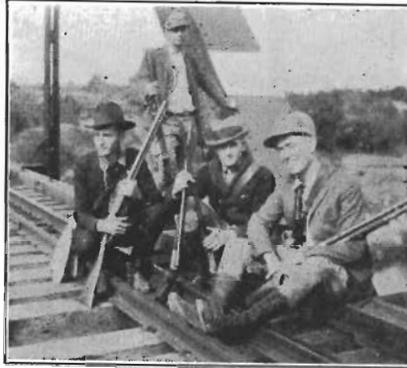
"Tickets, please, get your tickets ready," shouts W. O. Powers, the conductor, as he swings open the door to our coach. I reached for my pass, and instead got hold of my hunting license, and Conductor Powers, by mistake, punched it, opened it up, and seeing it was not a pass says, "This won't work on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

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

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

By

JOHN M. FREEMAN



"THE TENDERFEET"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Where Peace Reigns

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



He Rode the Bull, of Course

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Prince and the Railroad

By Jimmy, the Office Boy

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What about the world serious?" says I.

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

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

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

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

THE EDITOR'S PERISCOPE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Homemakers' Page



MISS LORETTO A. CONNOR, Editor

Don't Miss This

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

Lady Di's Do's for Beauty

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

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

Use cosmetics if they suit your style.

Keep your hands and skin soft.

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

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

Select colors that become you.

Speak clearly in a well modulated voice.

Develop poise.

Cultivate charm.

Keep your hair healthy and neatly dressed.

Remember that beauty depends upon the harmony of the whole.

Lady Di's Don'ts for Beauty

Don't be disagreeable.

Don't dress carelessly.

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

Don't overture.

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

Don't appear conscious of your looks or actions.

Don't follow style blindly.

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

Don't neglect your health.

Don't bleach your hair.

Don't make your finger nails illuminated head lights.

Don't forget good taste is simplicity.

Don't overdress or over make up.

Don't speak loudly or in a shrill voice.

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

Home or House?

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

This Isn't Chester Saying

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

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

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

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

Batik Work

By Bess Toon

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

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

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

Stuffed Celery

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

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

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

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

Malaga Salad

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

Cheese Balls

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

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

After-Dinner Mints

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

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

Holiday Goodies

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

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

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

Divinity Candy

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

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

Marshmallow Fudge

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

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

Butter Scotch

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

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

Peanut Nougat

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

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

Turkish Paste

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

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

Peanut Brittle

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

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

Peanut Butter Fudge

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

Chocolate Cream Pudding

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

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

Chocolate Cake

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

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

Sweet Potato Croquettes

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

Chocolate Doughnuts

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

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

Hard Sauce

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

Smile

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

For Dessert—Mirth

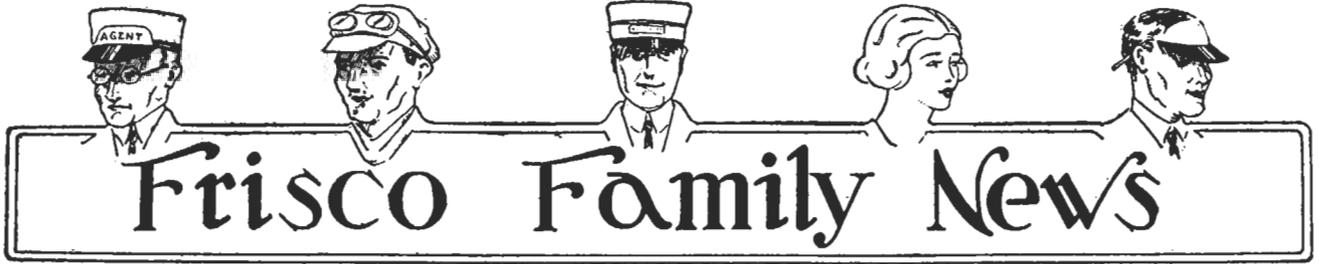
GRATITUDE and FAITH beaten together and piled up in snowy shapes. These will look light if run over night in the moulds of Solid Trust and Patience.

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

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

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

—H. H. in Our American Holidays.



Transportation Department Springfield, Mo.

H. C. Holmes, Reporter

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

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

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

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

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

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

Local Freight Office Kansas City

Ruby A. Monroe, Reporter

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Courtesy"

By E. L. Ashford

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

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

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

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

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

Office Superintendent of Terminals—Springfield, Mo.

By Cleone Stebbins

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

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

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

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

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

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