

The Etiquette Movement

(Continued from Page 31.)

nor can the masses be transformed over night. When one home out of every ten is provided with the last word in correct social usage; when one million American citizens invest three millions of their dollars in any project, results are certain. Get in line, dear reader. Etiquette consciousness has been awakened among the American people and for one to venture forth without having read up the proper chapter is quite as unsafe as to tell one's dreams to a disciple of Freud.

Attractive Clothes Closets

There may still be an occasional snow flurry, but none the less, spring is not far distant. For Mrs. Average Housewife, the advent of spring connotes two things primarily—new raiment and the House Clean even though it be not always the House Beautiful.

Every woman who has ever imperiled the salvation of her lord and master by yielding to the Vernal urge to turn things topsy-turvy, realizes that the greatest bugbear in the process is the clothes closet. Even in otherwise well-regulated families these depositories are apt to afford refuge to a varied assortment of articles, useless as well as useful, discards of all kinds, the many things that somebody may want sometime, but never does.

Tragedy of tragedies. Though Mrs. Average Housewife may wield broom and brush and mop with all the vigor that is in her, though she may jeopardize the family peace by sundry distributions of treasured relics of former splendor, the average closet still remains a blot on the landscape.

And yet, interior decorators have shown us that skillful fingers, a few yards of checked taffeta gingham and a little effort can transform the closet into the proverbial thing of beauty. Ruffles of the gingham, scalloped on both sides and applied ungathered to the shelves so that the upper edge rises about one-half inch above the wood, will do away with the unsightliness of the shelves. Scalloping and a simple cross stitch design in contrasting color make the ruffles more effective.

The beauty of an attractive room may be sadly marred by an open closet door. Though everything within be in perfect order, the effect produced by the motley array of varicolored garments is jarring. This may be avoided by hanging curtains on rods just inside the closet door and high enough to meet the ruffle on the lowest shelf. The curtains may be of plain linen, bordered with bands of the checked material used on the shelves. Squares or floral designs may be appliqued upon the curtains just above the borders. The curtains serve a two-fold purpose in that they protect the clothes from dust as well as screen the contents of the closet.

A Bit of News

The editor recently received a very interesting communication from Mary Margaret Laden, whose photograph was reproduced in this department a month or two ago.

Mary Margaret advises that because of her mother's ill health, they were obliged to move to El Paso, Texas, where she claims "sunshine spends the winter." Mrs. Laden's friends will be glad to learn that the Texas climate has proved beneficial to her, that she is gaining in weight and feeling much better.

The following recipes furnished by Mary Margaret will no doubt be welcomed by many of our readers:

Chocolate Fudge Cake

4 squares unsweetened chocolate,
 ½ cup milk,
 1 cup sugar,
 1 egg,
 ½ cup butter,
 1 cup sugar,
 2 eggs,
 ½ cup milk,
 2 cups pastry flour,
 ½ teaspoon salt,
 2 teaspoonful baking powder,
 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Shave the chocolate into the upper part of a double boiler, melt it and add one cup sugar, one-half cup of milk and the beaten egg. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens, then set it aside to cool. Cream the butter and gradually add one cup sugar and the well-beaten eggs. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together alternately, add the dry ingredients and milk to the mixture, add the cooled chocolate mixture and vanilla. Beat thoroughly and bake in greased layer cake tins in an oven at 375 degrees F.

Quick Sponge Cake

3 eggs
 1 cup sugar
 1 cup pastry flour
 1 teaspoon baking powder
 ¼ cup cold water
 salt

Beat the eggs and sugar together for ten minutes, and add the flour, baking powder and salt, which has been sifted together. Add cold water and pour into a sponge cake pan or into fluted muffin tins. Frost with burnt almond frosting, or serve with ice cream or whipped cream.

Burnt Almond Frosting

½ cup butter
 1½ cups confectioner's sugar
 2 egg yolks
 ½ cup almonds

Cream the butter, add the sugar and the egg yolks, beat well and spread on the cake when just ready to serve. Blanch the almonds and brown in a moderate oven (330 to 360 degrees F.). Cut in pieces and sprinkle over the cake.

A Choice Mincemeat Recipe

In the January issue of the magazine, Mr. Bell referred to Mr. William Francis Hooker, who edits the Erie Magazine, as the Dean of Railway Editors.

Basing our judgment upon the following recipe for mincemeat, we are of the opinion that Mrs. Hooker has achieved equal success in the art of cookery.

3 pints of chopped apples
 3 pints of chopped green tomatoes
 4 cupfuls brown sugar
 1 cupful granulated sugar
 1 1-3 cupfuls of vinegar
 1 cupful of boiled cider
 3 cupfuls of raisins (seeded)
 3 teaspoonfuls cinnamon
 1 teaspoonful cloves
 ½ teaspoonful of allspice
 ½ teaspoonful mace
 2 teaspoonfuls of salt
 1 cupful of chopped suet

First bring your tomatoes to a boil and drain them. Repeat this twice. Then add sugar, raisins, suet and salt. Boil one hour; then add vinegar, cider and spices.

Bring this to a boil and then seal in glass jars. Use currants also, if desired. Light brown sugar gives the mincemeat a pleasant flavor.

Texas Fudge

Mrs. Iva Sewell, of Sherman, Texas, vouches for the following recipe for peanut fudge:

2 cups brown sugar
 1 cup sweet milk or cream

Boil together until it balls in cold water, add one teaspoon of vanilla and beat in one-half cup of peanut butter. Beat until it "fudges"; pour into buttered dish and let cool.

For the Recipe Cabinet

Cauliflower Au Gratin

Put boiled cauliflower with white or cream sauce in buttered baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs, and if desired ½ cup grated cheese, and bake on center grate until crumbs are brown.

Corn With Green Peppers

Three cups cooked corn, 1 tablespoon of green peppers, chopped fine; 3 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons cream. Remove kernels from cob with sharp knife, put in a frying pan with butter, cream, and two teaspoons chopped green pepper. Let simmer slowly until liquid is almost absorbed.

Apple Snowballs

Six apples, 1 cup sugar, 1½ cups water, 20 marshmallows, shredded coconut, lemon juice. Pare and core apples and put a marshmallow in center of each. Cook in syrup made of sugar, water, lemon juice and 14 marshmallows. Keep whole as much as possible. Remove from syrup, cool slightly and roll in shredded coconut.

THE MAN WHO WAS SO GOOD HE STOOD STILL

By

J. G. TAYLOR
Special Engineer

OLD W. T. T., as he was familiarly known, otherwise William Tumcomsa Thompson, division superintendent of the heaviest division of the gigantic Black Column Railroad, was slumped down in his office chair at 6:00 A. M. He was thoroughly tired and disgusted but hardly thought it worth while to get in the hay when he looked at the enormous mass of unanswered correspondence on his desk, which had accumulated during his absence from office at which time he had been employed in unscrambling one of the worst derailments that had occurred on the Black Column for years. As the so-called old man, who as a matter of fact was only 45, looked back over his past life, he kept asking himself over and over again, "What's the use?"

Mr. Thompson was the kind of superintendent that did not have to ask anybody anything—he knew it. He had started as a caller at the age of 13, before telephones or bicycles were perfected and when the duties of a caller required him to walk many miles to get his men to sign on the dotted line. His next step forward was that of a number grabber, then yard clerk, field switchman, engine herder, and finally a foot board yardmaster, and it seemed to him he always drew the kind of a job where he could never get any spot. During some of the bitter nights that the young fellow was compelled to work in, it occurred to him that a caller's job would not be so worse, and breaking all railroad precedents, he, by hook and crook, got on the fireman's board. The first few months he thought he would starve to death as business was not good, but as the movement increased, and he became more experienced, he finally landed a regular job and stuck to it until he got over on the right hand side, but after a couple of years' performance as a hogger or brave engineer, that is, brave because his over clothes got stuck on reverse lever when he tried to unload, he decided to swap the head end for the hind end and become a shack, so again breaking all ordinary rules, he got on the extra brakeman's board and after the usual trials and tribulations rose to the exalted position of freight conductor, it being one of the happiest moments of Bill's life when he was legitimately permitted to hang a big order charm on his watch chain, although it was a hard matter for him to decide whether he was prouder of this emblem than that of the emblems of

other crafts that he was eligible to join and had joined.

Bill was an agreeable fellow, taking into consideration his life time environment, quite mannerly and of prepossessing appearance. He had been lucky enough also to retain the index fingers of both hands, regardless of the fact that in his starting years, he had handled lots of link and pin equipment and had decorated on many a slippery night when all that kept a freight train from jumping into the next county was the old time jam on engine and the brake clubs of the shacks.

Bill was a fair and square shooter, both on local and through freight and was one upon whom the dispatchers could absolutely rely in that if he was told to do a chore, ordering official could dismiss from his mind as to whether or not it would be done, as it was a well known fact that while he was an adept in getting over the road, he never ran any work or did he figure any short time business. Bill used prudence with ability, and if he did not have time to go, he did not go, neither did he try to put up the thread bare excuse he had plenty of time to get in the clear for the Aeroplane Limited, if he had not pulled out a draw bar, brake beam came down, or what not, he stayed and instead of sitting around his caboose while in the lieby, any brakeman that worked for Bill had to hit the grit and give his train a thorough looking over and in this they were joined by Bill, thus he was always in shape to move immediately after opposing train had cleared, having in mind that there might be a larking trainmaster or a higher official on the opposing train that wondered why Bill's train had not started out of the side track as long as it was in the vision of official.

Bill was painstaking and when he handed in a consist, it was right; when he booked his train, it was right; all bills, switch list, etc., copper plate. He also saw that all members of the crew were familiar and understood all orders. If he had a loggy hog head, he got up on the engine and showed him what the old kettle could do, so as time passed Bill worked up quite a reputation for himself as a real freight conductor and one that never talked back to his dispatchers, begging them for more time and other

privileges, as he was in their good graces and knew that if it was within their power to help him over the road they would do it.

After the usual time Bill was told to get a uniform, and it was little wonder that his cap band fit a little tight when he gave the high sign to start his first passenger train, attired in his becoming regalia. Bill fought the extra passenger game for some time, but eventually on account of white rats, Father Time and the Grim Reaper, he at last landed an attractive passenger run. When Bill worked his train, he worked it, not with an arrogant manner or with grim visage, unshaven and unshorn, and leaving behind him an odor of cheap perfume similar to that affected by Estelle the night trick hashier at the Blue Goose, but handled his people with a smiling countenance and a cheery word to those he thought needed it most. He was especially careful with aged persons who had traveled little and were nervous for fear they would be carried by their destination and miss Jolin who would be waiting for them with the flivver. He was watchful of young girls traveling alone and saw to it that none of his crew or anybody else ever annoyed them in any manner whatever. The crew, at least, knew and fully realized that if they did not follow Bill's instructions he would not hesitate to make a whistling post out of them, regardless of whose kinfolks they were.

It is a well known fact that an alert popular conductor has many friends, not ones who try to "short" him or over ride, but real friends, the larger by far of this type of men being the peddlers for the greater houses and the substantial business men along the road. Bill, of his own volition, conceived the idea of capitalizing some of this friendship by a little freight and passenger solicitation on the side in an unobtrusive way, and while perhaps he could not quote rates, he could tell 'em about when their commodities would arrive at certain points as he made it his business to keep posted on freight schedules over system; fact of the matter was, Bill secured more routings while he was resting than some freight solicitors do while they are working (?).

There was an operating division on the Black Column located in an undesirable part of the country that did a heavy business, the major portion of which was offered by a critical patronage who wished their stuff handled right now, who must have cars

when they asked for them, regardless of whether there were cars available or not, and if they did not get the equipment, and when loaded if it was not moved promptly, had a pernicious habit of wiring the Chicago or New York office of the Black Column, complaining about local conditions. This usually meant a chunk out of the superintendent large enough to feed an extra gang several meals. Superintendent after superintendent came and went, some of them hardly getting the seat warm before an harassed management had to remove him. Bill was running on part of this ten minute egg territory and someone suggested his name when another change of superintendents was contemplated, thinking his ability and popularity would get him by. Bill was appointed and when he read the circular he could hardly believe his eyes, and his thoughts went back to

his caller days, and particularly to Engineer Double's residence which was just beyond the cemetery on the edge of town, two miles from yard office, but circulars are circulars, so Bill pushed into it. Many years passed and Bill was a success from the start, and the Western Union business to Chicago and New York from complaining shippers was nil, in fact, old W. T. T.'s territory could not be validly criticised in any way.

As the years slipped by, Bill saw man after man he had taught the rudiments of the railroad game promoted over him, but if Bill's name ever came up for advancement, someone would say, "What, take Thompson away from the Stormy Division? We could not think of it, no one but him could handle those Bolsheviks down there." This was what Bill was thinking about when he said that morning, "What's the use?"

Newt Husker Talks of Spring and Its Effects

Knowin' that the baseball bug is beginnin' to limber up and shake the Charley Horse out of his get a longs once more, I thot you might like to hear from me on this subject agin, 'cause if there's anything I don't know about a horsehide it's somethin' Albert Spaulding and Earl Carvornon failed to dig up.

But I ain't goin' to tell you any baseball yarn this time. What I want to tell you about now is a prize fight, they had, down in the railrode town, Skyblew Bumlaugh and me chucked fer last year. You reckoleck Skyblew was the hoghead that thought he could speed the old onion down the main line same as he could a four, eight, two Mountain type.

Skyblew comes to me one day and says, Newt they are goin' to have a prize fight over at the Railway Athletic Club tonight, which we got to see. I look kinda surprised 'caus he never takes much intrest in anything except baseball and railroding. Fact of the matter, he told me he signed a contract with Pete for thirty-five bucks less than what he could have got with another town in our circuit, just because they had a twenty stall roundhouse and a backshop located there. But as I says, I'm somewhat surprised and I asks him what's the big idea.

He says a fireman and a boiler-maker is goin' to swap jolts in the main go and I got to be there to do my bit of rootin' fer the transportation department. Also he says, I've got twenty center plates laid on the steam stower and if you'll take a Wall Street tip from Lieut. Wood, you'll put a little soap on the washboard yurself. Knowin' Skyblew's prejudices, as I do, I'm a little dubious and I asks him if this fightin'

fireman's name happens to be Jim Flynn, which is the only fireman I ever read about in the Police Gazette. Don't know what his name is, Skyblew says, but they say there was six stoker failures on his run in one month and they only lost fifty minutes durin' that month and ten of them was due to heavy mail.

I didn't know much bout this recommendation, but as he is so confident and I had lost eight ink wells in a high, low, jack banquet over at the pool hall the night before I decides to horn in on the fireman.

Well, we got a purty fair seat, except Skyblew had to crane a little bit account of a post, which he doesn't mind, as he is leanin' over talkin' in my ear all the time, tellin' me how hard boiled train crews are generally.

After some delay, due to one of the preliminary lipspitters failin' to show up, and havin' to substitute a rastlin' match fer this event, they throwed out the gloves for the main cyclone. Skyblew was all tremblin' now, and he ain't the only one what's excited. The crowd as near as I could judge, was about half divided fer the flue caulker and the clinker juggler, and from the intrest everybody was takin', it was plain to be seen, that there was somethin' more substantial than prestage at stake.

The first round started off in purty good shape, that is, as far as fightin' goes, but I don't believe Benny Leonard missed out on any new tricks by failin' to be there. The fight accordin' to the announcer was to go ten rounds, but after cuffin', shovin', dodgin' and knockin' at each other for six rounds, the iron masher starts one down stream with his hammer hand that lands adrift on the bridge

of the Cinderella's nose fer a shipwreck and the fight is over.

We git up and I don't dare steal a glance at Skyblew as we pass out the exit with the excited mob, and he walks along with his head hangin' down and don't seem to notice I'm with him.

Well, I'm so sorry fer him, I'm 'bout to burst out in tears, but on the way home, I git to thinkin' 'bout the filthy lucre what I placed on his advice, and I look at him accusingly and say, I lost my twenty bucks. He looks back at me as disgusted as though I've walked in the winnin' run and says, twenty bucks, hell, look what the trainmen have lost.

Safety First

L. A. Mack

The real need of Safety First at the present time is education for the prevention of accidents. The men on the engine, or train, or the men in the shops are all part of a great organization, and it is through the medium of education that these men must be trained to avoid accidents that will cause temporary or permanent injuries to themselves.

They must be trained to look out for the small things that tend to make injuries, that may seem small at the time, but in a short while may perhaps develop into a serious injury. The shopmen must be trained to realize that if only a splinter is stuck in his hand that it should be treated from the first aid chest kept for that purpose, to prevent possible infection, that may cause the loss of his hand.

They must be taught to detect defects in tools or about the premises that may cause injuries, and report them to the supervisor, so that they may be repaired or replaced before injury occurs.

The enginemen must be taught that if foreign substance gets into their eyes, to get temporary relief until such time as they can get medical attention to remove it, and not to allow some friend, without the proper skill or knowledge, to do this. No matter how good a friend he may be to you, there is always the possibility of a slip that may cause the loss of sight.

They must be taught that when they have cuts, burns or skinned places on their hands to have same treated from the First Aid Kit to prevent infection.

The men each month pay from their salaries a certain amount towards the support and upkeep of proper medical treatment at all terminals for just such causes as have been mentioned, and it is to their benefit to use the medical facilities provided for their protection.

The main idea is to educate the men to report for repair defective material or tools, and use safety appliances provided to prevent the accidents before they happen.

A
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The Editor will be glad to receive
interesting contributions at all times.

There's This About It

Poor little jazz-famed Dorothy Ellington! Trying to keep up the pace along life's way, and no one yet has ever lived to the end of it—always there are fresh comers to take up where one left off. Dorothy has dropped out after a run and a steady one at that, of about two years. First she drank because the rest of the crowd did it—soon she drank because she liked it—then she couldn't do without it. Her mind dazed, her nerves wrecked, her vitality torn, she had only one idea left—that was to let nothing interfere with her gay parties and indiscreet affairs! She was on the verge of insanity; driven distracted from lack of sleep, and the poison which she so freely drank was slowly paralyzing her very mind. No one dared to cross her; no one dared speak crossly to her. No one dared, but her mother, and she in her mother's love to want the best for her child, in her joy at seeing Dorothy have a good time, ruled with too free a hand, and when she felt stringent methods should be employed it was too late, and she paid for it with her life! We often wonder just what thoughts Dorothy has, as she interviews newspaper men—from behind the bars. Her bravado spirit could only be a pretense, but deep in her heart she must be numb with remorse, and we pity her. Perhaps had Dorothy's father continued living with the family, and instead of being separated through Dorothy's actions, when her mother took her part, the story might have ended differently, for he, seemingly, was dutifully severe with her.

Where Dorothy fell out of the line of jazz-maniacs, someone else has taken her place. To us this crime is atrocious; for Dorothy has killed her confident, her best friend, the one person in the world most interested in her—her mother.

For once the public has adopted a form of amusement which is highly intellectual — cross-word puzzles!

Where the old men used to sit around and play dominoes, they're scratching their heads over words of five letters. The churches are working the Sunday School lesson via cross-word puzzles. The hotel lobby is filled with cross-word puzzle fiends. You're not asked to a 4:00 o'clock tea any more, you're asked to a cross-word puzzle party. No book store is up-to-date without a complete line of cross-word puzzle dictionaries, or cross-word puzzle books, and no girl need worry about entertaining the young man when he calls. All she has to do is grab the paper and work out the puzzle. Vocabularies have been increased, soggy minds have again started working, but it is only a question of time until this, too, shall pass on.

Two of the worst cases we have heard of, and real stories at that; the first, an insane asylum in Missouri has just taken in its first cross-word puzzle maniac, who lost his mind working out puzzles! The second, the file clerk is working earnestly and hurriedly on a love letter in the form of a puzzle, and when she finishes she hopes to be able to tell us what the young man wrote. We noticed such words as "Adore," "Beautiful," "Date!"

We are looking for the following ad to appear in the daily newspapers soon: "Publicity will be given that human being who can prove that he has never worked out a cross-word puzzle!"

During the last few years, highly colored automobiles have been seen, not to a great extent, but when a bright red Stutz shoots by us, we only give it a passing glance. A big gray Packard with solid wheels of a bright red hue gets merely a comment. But automobile dealers are everywhere announcing that there are to be a large number of cars appear in the springtime, painted in the loudest of colors, and decorated with perhaps lily-of-the-valley, sun flowers and such.

There is one consolation. They'll be harder to steal, or perhaps we'd better say, easier to locate. We can only walk up to a policeman and say, "My car has been stolen. Did you see a bright green Marmon with violets painted on the sides going down this street?"

We're looking forward to springtime; not so much for these highly conspicuous "floats," but for the change in temperature.

We notice that "Box Car Red," "Cerise," etc., commonly known as rouge, is passe. Natural complexions will be worn with all spring outfits.

A Real Live Wire



HOWARD PICKENS

At first we thought it unnecessary to put a name under this picture, for Howard Pickens is known well by railroad folks over the entire system.

Mr. Pickens has only been with the Frisco since 1920, his first services being with J. E. Henshaw, former superintendent of North Shops. Until January of 1923, Mr. Pickens was stationed at West Shops as timekeeper and distribution clerk, on which date he was transferred to office of superintendent of motive power as secretary to general chairman of the Frisco Association, Metal Crafts and Car Department Employees.

On March 15th, he was appointed editor of the former "Frisco Mechanic" and successfully published it for some months, until this publication united with the Frisco Employes' Magazine.

A man of engaging personality, he has formed a long line of acquaintances, and his assistance has been of the greatest value.

Mr. Pickens comes in close contact with the men in the shops, and he reports the contented and friendly attitude in the different places all over the system is very apparent, and everywhere there is a spirit of co-operation and earnestness.

He is extending every effort to furnish items of interest for the new "Mechanic," for which the editor is greatly indebted to him.

A Message of Safety

Large percentage of accidents are due to employes wearing gloves and loose clothing around machines. This is strictly against company rules, and the most important item is for all employes to think Safety First.

There should be inspections of all tools before using same, such as sledge hammers and chisels and chisel bars. Be sure and have all burs ground off ends of chisels and bars. Don't take chances, you may lose. Don't forget to use goggles when grinding on emery wheels. Get the habit of using goggles at all times, especially when chips are flying, as eyes are something that cannot be replaced, and remember, your eyes don't belong to the company, but the company is doing their part to protect you by furnishing goggles and placing safety first signs on all emery wheels.

Someone Wins and Someone Loses—Which One Are YOU?

Life is made up of battles, and whether we win, or whether we lose is up to us. It makes no difference what the size of the obstacle we tackle is, the thing that counts the most is our bulldog tendency to win, despite the fact that the opposition is great.

We once knew a little fox terrier who was a chesty little fellow and his reputation was that he would tackle anything near his size and win, and this didn't mean that he always started the battle, either, but whatever his opposition, he gave it the best he had.

One day he went to battle with a huge collie. The terrier was lost to view under his opponent's heavy body and those who watched, thought this time "Spike" was fighting his last fight. Over and over they went, the big dog always on top. Because of "Spike's" reputation, the crowd of interested onlookers refused to separate the pair.

Then, quite as suddenly as they had met they parted, except it was the collie who, with tail between his legs limped away as "Spike" gloatingly watched his retreat. As "Spike" would have said, could he have talked that there was no special tactic he used, except he had found that the collie's front foot was a very tender spot, and so he had grabbed it and sunk his little sharp teeth in, until the enemy ceased attack.

That's just the idea. Sometimes work and trouble crowd up on us, obstacles appear in an almost overwhelming majority—but, if we will just keep hunting for the tender spot—grab it when we find it, and hang on long enough, we'll win the battle.

Sometimes this fight in life that we are forced to make seems a hard one, but if it wasn't for the mountains

we have to climb the sunset wouldn't be appreciated nearly so much.

Suppose you were trapped in a vault. Presumably no one knew the door had been accidentally shut and you were a prisoner. Word must be sent to those outside, in some way, or you will suffocate. You think up more schemes to get out in ten minutes than you could have ever crowded into an hour or more of ordinary thinking—because you're trapped. You begin to fight with your mind and your muscle; every inch of you is alert to the great necessity and every bit of your best ingenuity comes to the surface.

And so it is that if the fights didn't have to be fought and the mountains climbed, we never would take the trouble to devise a way of attack, or an easy route over the hard places.

Find the tender spot, the "vulnerable Achilles' heel," the key to the situation and hang on. There's a key to every situation, because every situation finally works itself out, but in your favor, if you have the key, so find the key and open to yourself the door of life's opportunities!

Comrades in Life—and Death

Robert L. Mangan and James M. Bell, two veteran employes of the Frisco, pals in life, passed away on the morning of December 22nd.

Lifelong friends they were, sharing each others' joys and sorrows—and what happiness was for one, was for both, and when at last the summons came for the Great Beyond, each was spared the sorrow that is experienced when we learn of the death of those we love most dear—for both passed away at the identical hour. A kind fate and a loving hand brought peace to each—a peace that is eternal.

Robert L. Mangan, 68 years old, was pensioned in 1920, after serving loyally for 43 years with the Frisco. His death was due to injuries sustained last September when he fell and broke his hip.

His lifelong friend and pal, James M. Bell, 60 years of age, had also been with the Frisco for 35 years in the Coach Department and on the morning of December 22nd he was found dead in his chair, at exactly the same hour, 8 o'clock, as that of his lifelong friend.

Bell was a frequent visitor at the Hospital where Mangan lay, waiting for his hip to heal—and when at last he learned that there was no hope that his pal would recover, he told him one day, "Old Pal, if you are going to die, I hope I will die the same day you do."

One week before his death, Bell laid off work, complaining of trouble with his heart, and so, when the Maker of Beings saw fit to call one home, He called both, and a very earnest and sincere prayer had been answered.

Mangan is survived by the widow, two daughters, Catherine and Margaret, and by two sons, Robert, of Sedalia, Mo., and Bernard, of Bloomington, Ill.

Bell is survived by one daughter, Mrs. W. A. Cameron.

It is often our wish, when death visits our little circle of loved ones, that we, too, be allowed to follow—but it is not always granted—for some must live and carry on the unfinished work of those who go on—but the plan and wish of these two fine old men was God's plan, and so we review their lives with joy—at such demonstrations of long and loyal service with the Frisco, which was merited, as shown by its length, and a palship and devotion to each other which shall endure through eternity.

Resolution of Respect

James M. Bell

WHEREAS: IT IS WITH FEELING OF PROFOUND GRIEF WE HAVE LEARNED OF THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF OUR BROTHER, James M. Bell, Coach Shop Painter. Therefore, be it,

RESOLVED: THAT WE AS THE DULY APPOINTED COMMITTEE OF THE FRISCO ASSOCIATION METAL CRAFTS AND CAR DEPARTMENT EMPLOYEES, LOCAL NO. 1, DO EXTEND TO THE SORROWING FAMILY OUR HEARTFELT SYMPATHY IN THIS, THEIR SAD AFFLICTION AND COMMEND THEM TO THE CARE OF HIM, WHO DOETH ALL THINGS WELL AND FROM ON HIGH GET STRENGTH TO SAY, "Not my will but thine, Oh Lord, be done."

Since God in his infinite wisdom has called home our Beloved Brother, and, since his cheerful presence and wise counsel will be so greatly missed in our lodge hall and his good comradeship will be everlasting in the minds of his fellow craftsmen—Be it further Resolved: That our Charter be draped in mourning for a period of 30 days and that a copy of this resolution be spread on the minutes of our Secretary, printed in our Magazine and sent to bereaved family.

H. A. PICKENS,
Chairman Committee
M. CALVEY,
H. W. SCHELLHARDT.

Monett Scene of Gala Event

On Saturday night, January 17th, had one been standing on a street corner in Monett, they would have noticed the crowd filing past—all in one direction. Monett had on a party dress, and all ready for a gala event. The Masonic Temple was opening its doors to provide a place to entertain the shopmen, supervisors, their families and friends.

Clarence Garrison, roundhouse foreman at Monett, skillfully handled the