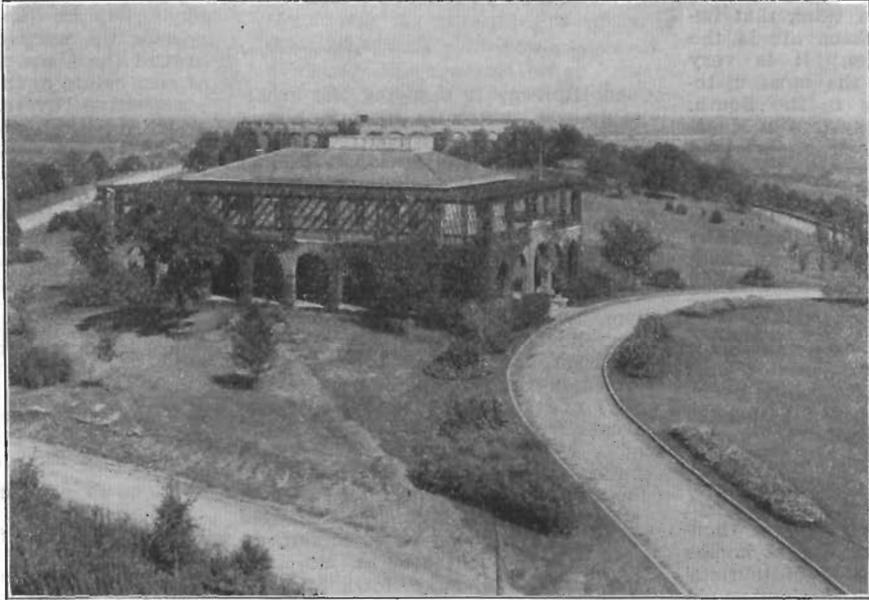


size can boast of ten buildings over five stories in height. Fine, modern stores, handling all lines of merchandise, will be found in the city. Three strong national banks, with deposits of \$15,000,000 to \$16,000,000 make Muskogee a financial center. These figures show financial backing far beyond that of most cities of similar and larger population. The fact that the Federal Court of Eastern Oklahoma and the offices of the Five Civilized Tribes are located here makes it convenient for oil men to make their headquarters in Muskogee.



HONOR HEIGHTS—A HISTORIC PLACE

Muskogee Is a Jobbing Center

The excellent transportation facilities of Muskogee are contributing toward the building of a big wholesale center. Several large jobbing houses handling groceries, auto accessories, coal and fuel, creamery products, drugs, electrical supplies, fish and oysters, flour, feed, grain, glass and hardware, distribute their products throughout Oklahoma and adjoining states. Several wholesale companies operate branch houses in other sections of the state. Muskogee's jobbing houses are a big factor in maintaining the city's trade supremacy throughout a wide wholesale territory.

Out of the Ordinary Muskogee Has—

The Oklahoma Free State Fair—the largest free state fair in the world is located in Muskogee. This

fair represents an investment of a million dollars, has a yearly attendance of 250,000, has a million dollar live stock show, and many other attractions.

Main offices of the Five Civilized Tribes, with supervision over 100,000 Indians. Federal Court for Eastern Oklahoma houses in half-million dollar building. **Bacone University**, one of the largest institutions for higher learning for Indians in the country. City Athletic Park worth \$125,000 within two blocks of business center. Honor Heights Park on Agency Hill with artificial lake and summer bathing

resort. Supply of pure mountain water sufficient for half a million population—no bottled water sold in city. Soldiers' Memorial Hospital, built by state and operated by government, costing three-fourths million dollars. Most extensive and beautiful park system of any city of its size in the Southwest.

Muskogee Is Growing

Easily accessible to all Mid-Continent oil fields, in the midst of developing natural resources, with industries and supply houses branching out and with due regard for things making life worth while, the City of Muskogee is forging ahead as never before. Not on any one line, but on a rapid development on all sides, Muskogee is building a city that every citizen can be proud of.



HERE IS \$1,000,000 WORTH OF COTTON

All Aboard Florida Special For View of New Magic Land

By

CARL YARBROUGH

Well, here I am in Jacksonville, just arrived on the K. C.-Florida Special, and, after a most restful night, I am feeling fine. The first thing that impresses me with Jacksonville is the modern Union Station; it is very beautiful and one of the most up-to-date railway stations in the South. It is equipped with a system of Megaphones, similar to a radio loud speaker, in fact it is on the same order, which are placed in every part of the building. They are connected with the station master's office by wiring and he calls out the trains with the greatest of ease, and the sound is amplified so that it comes out very clear and distinct. I am only here for a couple of hours, my train leaves at ten fifty for St. Augustine. This railroad terminal is a very busy place. Many tourists are passing through on their way to the southern resorts.

All off for St. Augustine, historic old town of colonial days. This is a very beautiful little city, and, although the population is only about ten thousand, it has many magnificent homes and hotels. It is a kind of tourists' haven. I went through the famous old gate and the old Spanish fort which is located right on the sea shore. My sightseeing here is not as pleasant as it might be on account of a slow, drizzling rain that has been falling all day. I am leaving this afternoon for Palm Beach.

All aboard for Palm Beach. The trains are all running late—this one is only four hours late and is pretty well loaded with tourists. All kinds of folks going to the land of eternal spring. There is an old lady sitting in front of me who has smuggled a gray-striped cat in the car and the animal is causing quite a commotion among the passengers—many of them acting as if they never saw a cat before. One fellow suggested that she charge admission to see it. Anyway, they are having a good time out of it.

It is amusing to note how the eager tourists point out every orange tree they see; everyone now seems to be hungry for oranges. The news butch got bawled out by an old lady because he wanted a nickel a-piece for his oranges. She exclaimed, "Why, they are grown right here in Flawida."

We are now going through some beautiful country, tropical vegetation is more in evidence the farther south we go. The track lies along the sea shore in places, and one can look out the window and see the ocean with an occasional island in the distance. Darkness is now descending upon the scenery and most of the passengers, grown weary, have settled down for a snooze. The Florida East

Coast Railway is enjoying the greatest tourist season in history, I was told. Their single track is jammed with traffic and the management has announced its intentions of laying a double track from Jacksonville to Miami, beginning this year.

The train I am on seems to be meeting a northbound train at every other station, and instead of making up time, it is losing about 15 minutes every hour. We arrived at West Palm Beach at 1:00 A. M., January 26th. I tried in vain to get in a hotel but every one I called at was filled. The streets were filled with people hunting a room, so I wandered back to the railway station, arriving there about 2:30 A. M. There was a train ready to leave for Miami, so I crawled aboard and traveled on to Miami, arriving there about 6:00 A. M.

This is one busy town, full of tourists and automobiles. Here I was able to secure hotel accommodations, and, after a little rest, I started out to see the sights. I soon came in contact with some real estate men who offered me a thirty-mile boat ride up the bay, returning by bus. It also included a free lunch, so I took them up on it. They represented the Fulford Real Estate Company, a large firm operating several busses and a fine motor launch, and who were building a town called "Fulford by the Sea." It was a beautiful site for a town, and lots were easily sold for \$1,500 and up—mostly up.

There were about two hundred in the crowd, and we were most royally entertained. The weather was delightful and one felt very comfortable in their shirt sleeves. A real estate gentleman talked through a megaphone, and told us a few things about Florida. During intervals in his talk a couple of musicians would entertain us with music and funny jokes. The boat soon arrived at "Fulford by the Sea," and we boarded a bus, there being several busses waiting for us, and were taken to the center of the "town to be." There they had a large building, a kind of temporary building, where we were ushered in and seated at long tables where we were given a nice picnic lunch with hot coffee. After partaking of this nourishment we were introduced to the speaker of the day, a Mr. Tooney. He had several D. D.'s to his title and was a very able speaker, so, after listening to him for an hour I decided that Florida was the only place in the United States fit to live in.

He told us about the delightful all-year climate, how the people from the North were flocking in there and buying up all the land. After this speech we were dismissed to stroll around the place, there being a corps of real estate agents to look after the prospective buyers. A gang of laborers were working on the streets building twelve-foot side walks and putting crushed rock on the wide driveways. The streets were all named and the lots numbered; there were no residences on any of the lots. This is one place where talk is worth something and the line that these fellows put out is hard to beat anywhere. If you don't think they know their business, you should take one of these trips. They get the people in just the right mood to talk to, then they hand it out good and strong. It is a legitimate business and they have done wonders for Florida's development.

Miami is growing very fast and it looks as if it will surpass Los Angeles in size if it keeps growing like it has in the last year or two. The delightful winter climate here draws many rich people from the North and this contributes largely to its rapid growth. Where money goes, people go also, and much money is being spent in Miami every day.

We got back from the real estate trip about 5:00 P. M., and, after I had rested a while, I went out on the street to look for a place to eat. Every cafe in town was crowded with people, however, I finally came to a large cafeteria, and, after standing in line while fifty persons went before me, I finally got to the eats. The streets in Miami were crowded with automobiles, as many tourists come in their cars and there is hardly room for all the cars that chance to be here.

Miami is the present home of W. J. Bryan. Mr. Bryan has traveled much and finally selected this as his home, and he is a booster for this section, making a talk every day at Coral Cables in the interest of a real estate boom there. Many men of wealth and influence have faith in Florida's future. Henry Ford, the automobile king, has purchased two hundred thousand acres in the everglades for a rubber plantation and has already started developing it. Mr. Ford is here now on a visit. This is a winter nucleus for many of the wealthy and nationally known people who seek to evade the intense cold of a Northern winter.

After a good night's rest I got up refreshed and feeling fine, it being nice and pleasant without any artificial heat. I walked downtown and had breakfast, after which I took a

street car over to Miami Beach, arriving there about 9:00 A. M. and found there were already a number of bathers in the surf. I procured a bathing suit at a nearby bath house and took to the brine. It was the best bathing I have ever found; the water does not chill at all as the warm Gulf stream comes up the Florida coast and makes the best bathing to be found anywhere. I noticed an old gray-haired couple out in the water, who looked to be at least seventy, and who had a healthy coat of tan on their skin. I think if one could come to Miami once a year and stay a month they would add many years to their life.

I spent the forenoon on the beach enjoying the swimming and the warm sunshine and strolling up and down the shore, picking up pretty sea shells, of which there is a great variety to be found. One meets people from every part of the country and it is, indeed, a most delightful place to be. The sandy beach is lined with people basking in the sunshine, watching the huge waves roll up on the shore or looking out over the endless stretches of water. Who knows who they are, who can fathom their thoughts? One might be a poet, a hoary headed sage, or a writer of fiction who has come here to rest or to find inspiration for some story. The brisk trade winds that sweep the shore and the warm sunshine will do the work while they ponder over an imaginary scene. The scientist, too, is here and we see him pick up a rock of coral formation, honeycombed with countless homes of some little forms of sea life, and we watch him ponder over the mysteries of nature. Life has ebbed and flowed, in various forms and sizes, in this mighty sea, whose waves have beat ceaselessly upon the Florida coast for countless ages, so, indeed, there is food for thought in every sea shell, a story in each broad-leafed palm that decorates the shore. The casual observer passes it unseen, but the bard, the sage and the scientist observe it and draw a vivid word-picture of these natural wonders.

I left Miami at 2:30 P. M., January 28th, bound for Key West. In the southern part of Florida the railroad runs through the edge of the everglades, a vast, dangerous, and for the most part unexplored marshy wilderness. I was told that if one should venture far out in it his chances of returning would be slim as this jungle fastness has already claimed the lives of many venturesome souls who have dared to defy its grim jaws of death, and their resting place is only revealed by the soaring of vultures over a distant lonely and desolate spot. The Seminole Indians inhabit this section and their sleek tan bodies, sparsely clothed, together with their hard-set features, reminds one of Cook's stories of the natives of the South Sea Isles. They are perhaps the most primitive of all our American Indians and the only ones that were never subdued by the United States Govern-

ment. Their chief occupation is hunting and fishing. They catch alligators to secure the hides for market and derive a good profit from this trade; they own no land, having forfeited their titles through bitter antagonism toward the government. The City of Miami was once the site of a Seminole village, and had they submitted to the government, they would now be almost as wealthy as the Oklahoma Indians.

We left the everglades and crossed a trestle to the first key of the famous Florida Keys that separate the Gulf of Mexico from the Atlantic Ocean. This string of islands is ninety miles long and the Florida East Coast Railroad, thanks to Mr. Flagler, runs to the farthestmost one at Key West. It is a wonderful sight; part of the time we were going across an island and then over a long viaduct with the great Atlantic Ocean on the east side and the Gulf of Mexico on the west. In places the sea is dotted with beautiful islands covered with tropical vegetation. All the Keys we went over were inhabited and I was told that the land on these little islands was very valuable as oranges and coconuts were grown abundantly on them. These islands are of coral formation and the railroad is ballasted with mud, pumped out of the shallow sea, which, when dried out, forms a hard white rock which neither water or the elements affect its firmness. All the land in Southern Florida and the Keys is composed of from one to six feet of coral formation, underlaid with sand. This coral rock makes the best of roads and is being used extensively for road building. Scientists tell us that millions of years transpired in the formation of these great coral layers in Southern Florida.

Frequently I saw where a trestle had been built out in the sea, but which was now stripped of everything save the piling that stands erect in the water. I was told that these trestles were built in constructing the road, they being used to reach a dredge out in the sea which pumped mud into dump cars and the mud was then hauled to the main road bed and used as ballast, becoming hard rock when dried. At some places I could see where a route had been abandoned across from one Key to another and where a viaduct had to be built at an enormous loss to the builders. Old railroad men told me that Flagler's engineers, overseeing this work, at times became discouraged and begged him to give up the project. But the iron will of Henry Flagler held out, and after he had spent all his own money and a great deal of his friends' money, he finally accomplished the task he had set out to accomplish and when he died in 1913, the Flagler system was serving thousands of people in a new land which he made accessible. This railroad stands as a great monument to his earthly achievements and today one sees in the City of St. Augustine a large bronze statue of this great

railroad builder, standing erect and bare headed in a little public park surrounded by beautiful palm trees. I have composed a poem entitled "The Everglades," in which I make a feeble effort to pay tribute to this great man.

The Everglades

My jungle fastness held them back,
My boggy marshes claimed them all
Who dared to leave the beaten track,
And wander far from human call.

Through countless ages I held my
sway,
No human hand dared me molest,
My merciless code was death to lay
A hand upon my virgin breast.

Men they came and I took my toll,
At their suffering I laughed with
glee,
Until a mighty man, who, armed with
gold,
Said let me pass through to the sea.

I thought him weak just like the rest,
I rose in wrath to block his way,
But he pierced the depths of my
aching breast,
With tracks of steel on dumps of
clay.

T'was Henry Flagler who conquered
me,
With the mighty army of dollars he
brought.
His legions swept on to the sea,
Conquering all with whom they
fought.

My power is waning, I see the men,
Eagerly seeking my treasures rare.
Industrial kings with gold to spend,
Destroying my glades everywhere.

It was not so crowded as Miami, although there were many tourists passing through. After a good night's rest I started out to see the sights. I went out to the beach where I spent a good part of the forenoon, also visited the turtle factory where the great sea turtles are brought in and made into soup and other canned products and shipped to the Northern markets. I spent some time looking around the government fortifications and along the piers watching large freighters unloading their cargoes. This is quite a shipping port for Cuban and South American vessels.

Key West is a city of about eighteen thousand, situated on an island seven miles long and three miles wide. It is in the sub-tropics and cold weather is unknown here. For some reason the town is not as up-to-date as other places in Florida. Some of the old buildings look as if they had been built centuries ago, and it has a mixed population of about one-third Cubans and two-thirds Americans, Negroes, etc.

Well, this ends my southern trip and I have tried to describe it so you could see part of what I saw. If I live and prosper sufficiently I hope to make Florida my home some day, for I think it is a wonderful place with a very bright future.

VETERAN OF FORTY YEARS IS HONORED BY ENGINEERS

By MOLLIE S. EDWARDS

Veterans everywhere! Every day we hear of one or more, but we do not often hear of a veteran with 46 years continuous service, but this is the record of M. W. Rose.

Division 595 of Frisco engineers recently presented the "Honorary Badge" of 40 years' continuous service to Mr. Rose at Chaffee, Mo. It was a large group of his "Engineer Brothers" who witnessed the presentation to this highly respected friend of theirs, and after the speeches and handshaking were all over, there was a very elaborate good-fellowship dinner served.



M. W. ROSE

It was interesting to hear Mr. Rose recall the days when he commenced

his career at the age of 16 as a wiper and engine watchman for the West End Narrow Gauge Railway in spring of 1878. Started firing in the fall of 1878 for John Kehrman, now superintendent of machinery, MRBT Ry. In December, 1879, Mr. Rose went to Bonne Terre, Mo., taking job of firing on the MRBT, then a small narrow gauge railway, serving the St. Joseph and Des Loge Lead Companies in the great lead belt country of Southeast Missouri. In 1881 was promoted to engineer. Left the service of the MRBT in 1884 and went with the StLIM&S Ry., at De Soto, Mo. After leaving the service of this company went with the Tennessee Central Construction Company in charge of construction engine building of the Tennessee Central Railway between Nashville, Tenn., and Lebanon, Tenn. His next move was in the fall of 1902 where he went to Cape Girardeau, Mo., and secured service with the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Co., and is still in active service, running passenger between St. Louis, Mo., and Chaffee, Mo., on the River Division. Mr. Rose was initiated in Division No. 48 B. of L. E. January, 1883, transferred to Division No. 123 in December, 1885, transferred to Division No. 595 in October, 1902, where he still remains, having served Division No. 595 as chief engineer, and is a member of the L. B. of A., making 46 years in the railway service.

What beautiful thoughts that badge represents. To Mr. Rose as he looks at it, he can recall his many, many years on the road, filled with experiences which make up life—but most of all it represents loyalty and faithfulness to his work and the fond remembrances of friends who know and love him.

Answers to Questionnaire Indicate Magazine Interest

More than 300 answers to the "Questionnaire," published in the February magazine, have been received and the answers are both interesting and gratifying.

To the first question—"Are you interested in the history of the Frisco Lines and of the territory which it serves, and would you like stories dealing with this?"—the replies were: Yes, 280; No, 17; No reply, 3.

And to others the answers, without quoting many of the comments made in the margin, were:

"Do you enjoy the series of stories that have been running about Frisco towns and cities?" Yes, 245; No, 35; No reply, 20.

"Do you want more or less Safety First Material?" The answers to this varied. No one objected to Safety First material, but many said, "less." However, the majority voted "more."

"Are stories regarding construction work and engineering work interesting?" Yes, 265; No, 35.

"Do you like department stories, such as that dealing with the Chemi-

cal Department?" Yes, 299; No, 1.

"Do you like fuel saving stories?" Yes, 200; No, 4; No reply, 97.

"Do you like the 'Flashes of Merri-met' section?" Yes, 297; No, 3; Indifferent, 6.

"Do you like the 'Homemakers' Section?" Yes, 254; No, 34; Indifferent, 12.

"Do you like the 'Children's Page'?" Yes, 200; No, 56; Indifferent, 36.

"Would you enjoy a series of stories describing the work of various employes?" Yes, 276; No, 27.

"Do you enjoy inspiration articles, stories of men who have made successes?" Yes, 123; No, 145; Indifferent, 22. And the replies to this were amusing to say the least; one man wrote, "No, we get too much of that bunk now."

"Do you want the 'Pastime' pages continued?" Yes, 301; No, 1.

"Do you want cross-word puzzles used?" Yes, 123; No, 126; No reply, 57. And here, too, genuine humor was injected. One reply was, "Good God, no." Another was, "No, my wife is crazy over them now, more will send her to the sanitarium."

"Should we publish more or less technical matter?" More, 157; Less, 136.

"Do you enjoy reading of our new facilities?" Yes, 205; No, 98.

"Are the house plans interesting or useful?" Yes, 289; No, 13.

"Do you care for the editorials or are we using too many?" More, 287. All right as now used, 11.

"Is the page of children's pictures interesting?" Yes, 304; No, 2. Two old bachelors, we know they must be, wrote, "No."

"More or less space to 'Family News'?" More, 167; Less, 146.

"Do you like cartoons?" Yes, 243; No, 23; No reply, 45.

"Do you enjoy humor mixed with the 'Family News'?" Yes, 234; No, 67.

"Do you like 'old veteran stories'?" Yes, 205; No, 89.

"Would you like more stories from department heads?" Yes, 178; No, 124.

"Do you care for fiction in the magazine?" Yes, 105; No, 176.

The twenty-fifth question, "Express your honest opinion as to the magazine, is it being read?" and the twenty-sixth, "How would you improve the magazine?" brought forth many replies, some of them quoted herewith:

"Do not intend to get out of my own sphere. It looks good to me. No improvement could be made."

"The magazine is read by everyone in our department. The only improvement would be a bigger magazine and more copies."

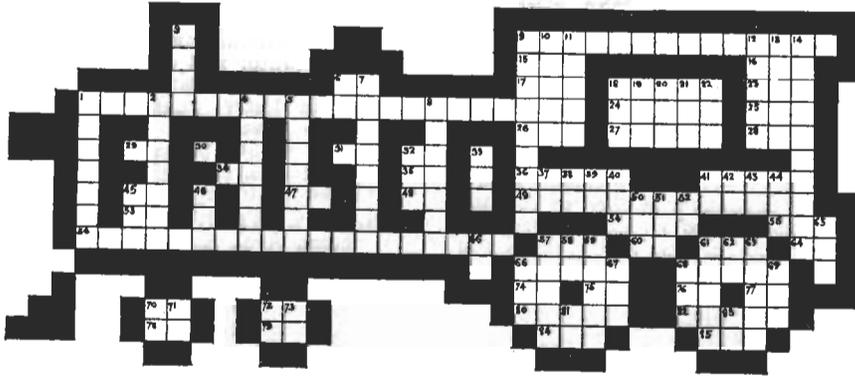
"When a man does good work, I believe in commending him. The magazine is the best railroad magazine in the country today."

"How could it be improved? It would take considerable nerve for a railroad man to tell a newspaper man

(Continued on Page 26)

CRACK YOUR BRAINS ON THIS PUZZLE

By A. N. LARET



HORIZONTAL

VERTICAL

- 1—Name of our Magazine
- 6—First and last letters of Afton
- 9—What the railroad sells
- 15—Official in Accounting Department
- 16—Hoists, Railroad (abbr.)
- 17—First three letters of station in Oklahoma
- 18—What we haul passengers in
- 23—Connecting link crosshead to main driver
- 24—What is formed by meeting of two lines
- 25—Digit
- 26—Numbers (abbr.)
- 27—What hose is wound on
- 28—Water Service Record (abbr.)
- 29—Vice-President (abbr.)
- 30—18th letter of alphabet
- 31—Outside diameter (abbr.)
- 32—The way Frisco trains arrive (abbr.)
- 34—Chemical symbol for tin
- 35—Railroad (abbr.)
- 36—Station in Missouri
- 41—Station between Kansas City and Springfield
- 45—Kind of pine lumber (abbr.)
- 47—Engine truck (abbr.)
- 48—Engineering Degree (abbr.)
- 49—Used in fighting fires
- 53—Cast Iron (abbr.)
- 54—Our President
- 55—Checks (abbr.)
- 56—Our Railroad
- 57—A lubricant
- 60—First and last letters in Nettleton
- 61—Traveling Passenger Agent (abbr.)
- 64—Signal Maintainer (abbr.)
- 66—Plural of radius
- 68—Entrance to a building (pl.)
- 70—Afternoon
- 72—Railroad (abbr.)
- 74—Correct (abbr.)
- 75—Chief Clerk (abbr.)
- 76—Ten
- 77—General Manager (abbr.)
- 78—Morning
- 79—Same as 73 Vertical
- 80—Fowl served on diner (pl.)
- 82—Station in Oklahoma
- 84—Abbreviation for Mistress
- 85—What people do for damages

- 1—What keeps the wheels on the track
- 2—A cleaner in white cakes
- 3—Flat circular plate
- 4—Electrical appliance which attracts steel
- 5—Used by switchmen at night
- 6—First and last letters in Amory
- 7—A station in Kansas
- 8—Lack of activity up-side-down
- 9—Building for housing trains
- 10—A station in Arkansas
- 11—What the wheels revolve on
- 12—Part of a crank shaft
- 13—Most commonly used metal on railroad (pl.)
- 14—Desk used in the Purchasing Department
- 18—What we haul freight in
- 19—Unit
- 20—Period of time
- 21—Carload lots (abbr.)
- 22—First and last two letters of hoes
- 32—Virgin metal
- 33—Used in water coolers
- 37—Cutting tool
- 38—Yard Tower (abbr.)
- 39—Traveling Inspector (abbr.)
- 40—Writing fluid
- 41—Cast Steel (abbr.)
- 42—Hinge Hasp (abbr.)
- 43—First two initials of Assistant to President
- 44—Well-known order on Frisco
- 45—Less car load
- 46—Prefix meaning three
- 50—What the Special Agent carries
- 51—Used in dining car kitchen
- 52—Preposition
- 57—Material for caulking seams
- 58—Inside diameter (abbr.)
- 59—Quick strokes
- 61—Used by workmen
- 62—Post Office (abbr.)
- 63—What you should never do with the boss
- 65—Head of Mechanical Department (abbr.)
- 66—Same as 23 Horizontal
- 67—Initials of one of our advertisers
- 68—Diameter (abbr.)
- 69—Supt. Mail Service (abbr.)
- 70—Purchasing Agent (abbr.)

- 71—A mechanical man's title
- 72—Same as 72 Horizontal
- 73—Railway (abbr.)
- 81—Credit (abbr.)
- 83—Time Unit (abbr.)
- 86—Company (abbr.)

Have You Ever Tried to Make One?

Glance at this cross-word puzzle. It certainly is a fine looking one—symmetrical—looks just like a Frisco engine, one of the big oil burning kind—and the puzzle part is just hard enough to make it interesting, but—

If you should happen to be talking to Mr. Laret about this particular puzzle he'll perhaps remark that it looks fine now—but "the hours I spent with thee, dear heart, are as a string of nightmares to me!"

It was interesting to us to know just how he went about working it out and so he told us the story. First he said, he conceived the idea of making a puzzle with the proportions, or in the shape of a locomotive. That was easy—the idea. Then it wasn't very difficult to fill in the black and white places—but it required some two or three weeks of night study to find just the words to fit in the white spots! Several times he called the Magazine office advising that he was figuring on leaving off a wheel, or the smoke stack wouldn't go in, or it wouldn't work out for a cab big enough for the fireman or engineer.

But he was persistent—and finally one day he came for the final instructions—that is, he wanted to know just what form to work it up, so we gave him some water-proof ink and some special paper, and the next we heard of the puzzle, it was in the architect's office, where a draftsman was putting on the finishing touches.

Some few days later it arrived in the magazine office again—ready for the printer. After about a week the printer sent us back the copy, we checked over the outfit and here is the final result!

Now everybody, all together! Who is the first feller to work it out? We aren't offering any prize for the correct solution (which, by the way, will be printed in the May number of the Magazine), but if you should happen to lose your mind, hunting around for "the" word to fit in—we have a hospital where we can take care of you!

Anyway folks, here's the history of a mighty good cross-word puzzle, and we hope you'll all arrive at the correct solution.