

## Happiness and Sorrow Go Hand-in-Hand Through Union Station

(Continued from Page 12.)

"Did you find her?" Mr. Dunard asked him.

"Sure. She wandered up—she was just lookin' at the different stores in the station!"

### The Clock Moved Not

One day a woman was standing on the platform where the trains are called and depart, looking intently at the dial, which is set to show the time of departure of the train. She turned to Mr. Dunard and said: "I've been watching that clock for fifteen minutes and it hasn't moved!"

Mr. Dunard once assisted an oil man from Tulsa on the train, and, after he had gotten all his baggage in the state room on the Texas Special, the man found he had lost his wife. They looked for some time, but failed to locate her. The train was ready to depart, and the only thing to do was to have the baggage taken off, and institute a search. The train left, and still the wife had not been found. In about an hour, a wire came from Bismarck, Mo., advising that she had boarded a Missouri-Pacific train in error, and was without money. It was necessary to wire her money and to wait until the next morning when she would arrive back in St. Louis. Just another of the many duties Mr. Dunard performs.

But it remains for the Information Bureau to give out the "Foolish Questions" which are asked by the thousands who go through the station daily. The persons on duty must be walking encyclopedias, and know every bit of news in the town.

One of their number, Adam Rosenthal, who is one of the five employed in the office, has been taking down some of these amusing questions for some time, and he gladly told of a few.

### What!—A Bawth!

A woman, on an excursion to Hot Springs, Ark., asked if there would be any possible chance to get a bath between St. Louis and Hot Springs!

"But the funniest thing I believe I ever heard, was not so long ago; an elderly man came up to the Information Bureau and asked, 'Can you tell me where I can pass out?'"

An old negro wanted to have his ticket validated, however, when he got to the window, he asked: "Can you all tell me where I can gits dis ticket ventilated?"

One woman called and asked if she could take a child on the train who had scarlet fever, and another man inquired for a lower in a car with an alcohol bath.

"Foreigners are perhaps the hardest to deal with," Mr. Dunard said, "as they rarely have anyone in the crowd who can talk English. But there is always someone around the station who can interpret their language. They are usually given a ticket where they board the train, and travel to

their destination, entirely dependent on the employes of the big terminal stations to see that they board the proper train. It has always been a marvel to the average observer that there are not more of them lost. They seem so utterly helpless, but the efficient force at the terminals care for them admirably."

### Public Is Courteous

Every employe of the terminal stoutly asserted that the traveling public as a whole is very courteous, and they all were in accord that they would much prefer to wait on people who had not traveled extensively, than those who had, for they receive the advice much more graciously and are eager to learn.

These people are also the ones who tip the most for service received. They are deeply appreciative.

And this is only half the story.

This huge station has been the scene of many stories. It has been the scene of the reuniting of families, and of their departure, the scene of the send-off of a bridal couple and the participants in these events are of every nationality and from every walk of life.

If you feel that you're having a hard row in life, watch a family of some five or six children with their mother—their only belongings packed in a shabby suit case, eagerly clutching the ticket that is to take them to the father. They haven't eaten for perhaps a day.

Watch the little co-ed, on her way home for a vacation—the actress, treading on air with her poodle clutched tightly in her arms—the farmer, in for a little shopping tour; or the cowboy, dressed in "civilized" clothes, except for his sombrero.

Mr. Dunard has a great philosophy of life, and he gets a chance to study many different types. His work is highly interesting and he sells Frisco service in quantities, at an "on the job" schedule.

### New Ozark Hotels

The Ozark region, traversed by many miles of Frisco Lines, is fast gaining the prominence which it rightly deserves, and every summer hosts of new friends view its scenic beauties.

Comfortable hotels are being erected to accommodate the public, and the latest is "The Frances", located at Monte Ne, just fifteen minutes from Rogers, Ark. This hotel is owned by Rogers' business interests, and is under the management of Messrs. Graham and Wayne, who have had several years' experience and exert themselves to please their guests with efficient service.

Among the attractions which surround this lovely hotel is the Iris Armstrong Camp for Girls; a summer dramatic school; also another camp for girls from Dallas, Texas, which joins Monte Ne on the East.

A large dancing pavilion has been built, and the Pathfinders of America held their summer convention at this hotel.

## East Yard Office at Monett, Mo., Destroyed by Fire, August 12

Damage of \$6,000 When Frame Structure Is Struck by Lightning—Valuable Records Lost

The east yard office of the Frisco at Monett, Mo., was completely destroyed by fire, August 12, following a storm in which it was struck by lightning.

The fire department responded to an alarm sent in, but the building was completely burned before the fire could be checked.

This building was a frame structure and was moved from the Frisco property at Fifth Street a number of years ago to the east yards.

There were thirty-two lockers in the building, containing the clothing of the switchmen, such as rain coats, boots and work clothes. They were completely destroyed. This office was used as headquarters for the yardmaster and for a telegraph station.

The loss of the building is estimated at \$6,000 and some of the records destroyed were highly valuable.

### Strawberries in Film

Monett, Mo., has just enjoyed one of the most prosperous strawberry seasons in the history of the city. Monett strawberries were shipped to practically every state in the Union.

Recently, the Fox News Service exhibited at one of the Monett local theatres, pictures of the strawberry industry, from the field to the loaded express car, and these films will be shown all over the United States.

While many eastern wholesale dealers are familiar with the fine size and quality of Ozark strawberries, this film will be a fine bit of advertising for those who are not in direct communication with the story of the growth and the immense volume of the Ozark strawberry industry.

### Etiquette of the Hat

Without consulting any of the authorities on etiquette, we will answer the question, "When is the proper time for a man to lift or remove his hat?" for the benefit of our readers. At the following times and on the following occasions, respectfully, the hat should be removed or lifted as the circumstances indicate: When mopping the brow; when taking a bath; when eating; when going to bed; when taking up a collection; when having the hair trimmed; when being shampooed, and when standing on the head.—Dodo.

### Four Letters Meaning Dumb

We hear that this was pulled at the Cross-Word Puzzle Ball held recently:

One of the nicest men in town said to the nicest matron: "May I have this dance?"

"No, I'm too danced out."

"Why, you're not too damned stout. You're just plump. Please dance this one."



# Homemakers' Page



MISS LORETTO A. CONNOR, Editor

## A MARSHMALLOW CAKE

Mrs. Prather Langley of Springfield Bakes "Best of All"

Wife of Machinist Gives Reporter a Generous Slice—and Gains Everlasting Gratitude

HOW about a marshmallow cake? Mr. Prather Langley, machinist at the south round-house, Springfield, Mo., boasts that his wife, Florence, can bake the best cake he ever tasted.

The accompanying photograph is certainly tempting enough, and we



MRS. PRATHER LANGLEY

find Mrs. Langley just finishing one of these famous cakes.

Her recipe follows:

- 5 tablespoons butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- Yolks of two eggs
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk
- $\frac{1}{8}$  cups flour
- 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt.

Reserve two egg whites for the icing. Cream the shortening; add sugar and beaten yolks of eggs and flavoring; mix well and add half the milk; add half the flour which has been sifted with the baking powder and salt; add remainder of milk, then re-

## Cosmetics—A Fad or a Complex!

SOME intended-to-be appalling statistics on the amount of money spent annually for cosmetics by the women of America confront us. The figures run well up into the millions and we find ourselves wondering whether their publication is the initial step in a crusade on the part of the "antis" to eradicate the prevalent practice of carrying ones "good health" around in one's compact.

If this be true, we can recall numerous countenances that tempt us to devoutly hope that their efforts may succeed. Moderation and discretion in the use of artificial aids to beauty may produce artistic results, but countless numbers of our contemporaries apparently have never even suspected that these words could be associated in any way with the use of lipstick, rouge and powder.

It is impossible to state where or when the precedent for using cosmetics was established, but it is certain that even in the gray dawn of history women knew how to give their cheeks the "rosy hue which nature had denied them". Recall Jezebel in the Book of Kings. In ancient Nineveh, enameling the face was very common. The skin was made clean and smooth with pumice stone and then covered with a layer of some white chemical preparation. A toilet

case containing a series of little bottles filled with perfumes and complexion "accessories" was found among the ruins of Thebes.

The women of Athens painted their faces with white lead and vermilion and the Roman poet Ovid describes the various beautifiers used by the matrons of his day. Ovid likewise regrets that the women tried to imitate with cosmetics "the ruddy glow that health alone can give". He writes feelingly of the deceitful pallor lent to the cheeks of the Roman damsels by white lead and expatiates upon the curious practices used to beautify the eyes.

The philosopher, Socrates, was likewise loud in his denunciation of cosmetics, and Solon, the great Athenian statesman, enacted laws prohibiting their sale.

All of us are familiar with Savonara's work among the Florentines and with the efforts made in Puritan England to legislate women into wearing their complexions "au naturel".

The use of art or artifice to improve on nature is almost as old, then, as the race and criticisms of the practice well nigh co-existent with it. In spite of opposition, it has grown apace and today it is almost universal, although women of sense and refinement are coming to discriminate more and more in the choice and use of their cosmetics.

## INCOME VS. EXPENDITURE

In David Copperfield, Dickens puts the following very excellent aphorism into the mouth of Mr. Micawber:

"Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nine-nine-six; result, happiness.

Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds naught and six; result, misery.

The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene and—and, in short, you are forever floored."

In other words, if you would play the game safely, balance income and expenditure. No other matter causes more unhappiness and discord in a home than a careless and thoughtless handling of the family income. On the other hand, nothing gives greater security and consequent happiness than wise and careful expenditure.

EDITRESS CONNOR WANTS TO HEAR FROM FRISCO WOMEN. WRITE HER YOUR RECIPES.

mainder of flour and mix well after each addition. Bake in three greased layer cake tins in moderate oven, 15 to 20 minutes. Put together with the following filling and icing:

- 1 cup granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water
- 5 marshmallows, large size
- 1 cup fresh, grated cocoanut
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- Whites of two eggs.

Boil sugar and water until syrup spins a thread; add marshmallows which have been cut into very small pieces, but do not stir into syrup. Pour very slowly onto stiffly beaten whites of eggs and beat until smooth. Add lemon juice. Spread between layers. Sprinkle with cocoanut and small pieces of marshmallow. Cover top of cake with icing, sprinkle thickly with cocoanut and decorate top with pieces of marshmallow.

It must be added, that the slice which the photograph shows Mrs. Langley cutting, was graciously handed to the reporter, which after all proves that a reporter's job isn't such a bad one at that!

Irma Winchell, of the office of auditor, St. Louis, Mo., selected this natty two-piece tailored suit of imported English mixture for early fall wear.



For serviceable wear, we find Lucile O'Connor, of the auditor's office, St. Louis, Mo., modeling this newest of top coats. It is double-breasted style, goods of a tweed mixture with raccoon collar and with the popular kick pleats of the latest fall fashion.



*Miss Frisco*  
in  
*Fall Attire*

An important item in the wardrobe of any woman is this fall frock of satin crepe, featuring the new back flare. Exquisite lace collar and cuffs finish the dress. The attractive model is Marie Dent, of the division freight agent's office, St. Louis, Mo.



Grown-Ups  
Please  
Be Quiet

# THE TWILIGHT HOUR

A Page  
Just For  
Children

## The Romance of Warren and Ellen—and the Kidnappers

ELLEN BAKER lived next door and it was generally conceded in the neighborhood that she was just about the sweetest little girl who ever was.

At least that's what Warren Tarr and his buddies thought, and more than once, one of their number had come to the rescue of fair Ellen. Johnny strain rescued her darling little pet dog from the wheels of a passing car, and gratitude beamed from her eyes when she thanked him. Then again, Billy Brown brought her a little lost kitten he had found. And so, Ellen was always receiving attention, but it just seemed to Warren that all the other "guys" thought of the nice things to do before he got there.

Never mind, he'd show 'em. Some day something terrible would happen, and they would all be so far away and he'd happen on the spot just in time, and—well, things did happen, and you never could tell.

This was what Warren was turning over and over in his mind while he lay in his bed that night. And he was also trying to plan some heroic deed.

"That pie of mother's certainly was great tonight! Gee, whiz, an' she give me two pieces! Wisht I'd a saved one for Ellen fer tomorrow." Warren thought as he gazed out of the window where the trees were rocking in the wind. The moon was shining brightly, and as he lay there, he made funny images out of the clustered leaves.

One bunch just exactly made an old man's face—and another was a perfect elephant's head. Wonder if Ellen ever made things out of the leaves on the trees—!

Then all of a sudden things began to happen. Ellen Baker's house was in plain view of Warren's window. He gazed out in astonishment. What was it that he had heard. A voice? No, two, talking in undertone.

He strained his ears to listen!

"Git me a ladder and we'll climb up," one of the voices whispered.

"Got one right here—where'll we put it? We gotta be careful." This voice seemed concerned for their safety.

And then Warren saw in a minute just what was happening. They were trying to get a ladder to the window where Ellen was peacefully slumbering! But why? Then it dawned on him that they were going to kidnap Ellen Baker!

For a moment he stood, rooted to the spot, while one of the men, assisted by the other, was climbing the

ladder, which would give him a chance to slip into the opened window.

Crickets were chirping, and the moon was lighting the scene. The wind was slightly rocking the trees, but no other breath of life existed, as far as the two men, Warren and Ellen were concerned.



THE HEROIC DEED

Something must be done! Quickly, too. Warren slipped on his clothes and started down the stairs.

What an awful noise those old steps made. Never before had their creaks been so audible.

Warren would go and wait under the window, for they would surely return the way they had gotten in, and they would have Ellen with them.

Towser barked violently.

"Sss-hh! Com-mon, Towser, help me out and we'll both be heroes! Nice dog!" Warren patted his head and Towser, realizing that his assistance was needed, bristled up the hair on his back, prepared for the occasion. Warren unleashed him and together they crept toward the window where the kidnapping was to take place.

Yes, the men had made the ascent and—well—"I'd just like to see 'em get away from Towser an' me," and Warren gave Towser a pat of companionship, which meant he must help and do his part.

Patiently they waited minutes, which seemed hours. Finally a head was thrust out of the window—and

the coast being apparently clear, a foot was cautiously placed on a round of the ladder, and down came the first man. The second one followed, and as Warren peered at him, he noted that he had over his shoulders a sleeping child. Together the two men succeeded in carefully getting the child to the ground where they laid her quietly down.

But the commotion began shortly after they had reached the ground—for Towser, with a "Sic 'em" from Warren, made a dash for one man, while Warren, putting his foot before the other man, tripped him so that he fell. In a second he was in the middle of his back—punching his head, his shoulders—wherever he could get a chance.

Towser was doing his best to entirely disrobe the second man, and his screams of "Oh, ouch, help—call off yer dog!" led one to believe that the worst of the fight was over.

"What do you mean by kidnapping Ellen—don't you know she don't want to go with you! Take that—and that!" And Warren was beating away relentlessly, with blows which were evidently taking effect.

"Why, Warren—what in the world are you doing?"

Mother had entered the bedroom, to find Warren straddling a huge pillow, beating it until the feathers were beginning to fly.

"Warren—wake up!"

"I'm saving Ellen's life—I'm—why—" and then he opened his eyes to a bright sunshiny morning. Mother was standing in the doorway with her trim, white apron, and the room was littered with feathers, while the two pillow "kidnappers" were on the floor, and Warren relinquished his hold of the "bold, bad bandit".

"Warren, those two pieces of pie were too much last night! Only one piece after this. You've had a nightmare. I suppose you've forgotten that this is the first day of school. Several of the boys have been whistling for you, and I thought you were dressed. Ellen Baker just went by. Hurry and dress, breakfast is waiting."

Warren sank back on the pillow for an instant. "Well, can you beat that—the only time I ever was the hero, I had to go an' wake up and spoil it all! Just a dream! Anyway, if that did really happen, I'll just betcha Towser and I could catch most anything that would get Ellen."

"Warren! Warren, are you dressed yet?"

"NOME. But I'm pretty near awake. Mother will you fix me up two apples in my lunch. Maybe there might be somebody I'd like to give one to!"

—M. C. M.

FRISCO BABIES

1.—James Wesley Cochran, grandson of J. L. Hemphill, Madill, Okla. 2.—Gerald D., son of Carl D. Cauble, Memphis. 3.—George, Jr., son of Engineer G. J. Westphal, Oklahoma City, Okla. 4.—Harrison, Jr., son of Harrison Will, city passenger agent. 5.—Jack Lynch Buhler, grandson of Conductor J. L. Lynch. 6.—Edwin, son of A. E. Elliott, Jr., Memphis. 7.—Oliver E. Bradway, son of O. E. Bradway, Amory, Miss. 8.—Billy and Bobby, sons of E. J. Lennartz, Sherman, Texas. 9.—Max and Jean Doty, sons of Otis Doty, Okmulgee, Okla. 10.—Ruth and Edna, daughters of J. A. Rollen, Ft. Smith. 11.—“W-C,” son of Wm. Wright, Memphis. 12.—Mary Patricia, daughter of Mrs. B. C. McDonald. 13.—Chester L., son of H. G. McKenzie, Memphis.



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