



Flashes of Merriment

Esperanto!

"Are you Hungary?"
 "Yes, Siam".
 "Den Russia to the table and I'll Fiji".
 "All right, Sweden my coffee and Denmark my bill".—Selected.

Lucky Bachelor

After the wreck on the logging railroad the superintendent asked the badly damaged negro fireman, "Are you married?"
 He replied, sadly, "No suh, Boss, dis is the wurstest fix ah was ever in".
 —U. P. Magazine.

No-o-o Ma'am!

A little boy was told he must go to the hospital to have his tonsils and adenoids removed.
 "Well, mamma", he said, "I ain't 'traid of going to the hospital, an' I'll be brave and do just as they tell me, but I'm not going to let 'em palm off a baby on me like they did on you when you were there".

Oh, My Goodness!

"Why, Liza, ah thought you all was on youah honeymoon. Wasn't you married honey-chile?"
 "Yes, ah was married all right, but George wanted to go to Memphis and ah had been thah befo', so ah lets mah sister go in mah place".

Paradise Lost

Two little coons on the bridge a sittin',
 Two little bones back and forth a flittin',
 Hole in the plank, where a knot was missin',
 Para-dice lost.
 —The Green Gander.

A Clean Sweep

(Ad in Indianapolis Star)
 Wanted: We have several hundred cords of stove wood, green, we will give to party who will remove same with brush.

In the Spring

Lady Customer: "Have you anything that will kill an onion breath?"
 Druggist: "Yes, ma'am; I have arsenic".—The Courier.

True This Year, Too

There ain't no use to argue,
 There ain't no use to pout;
 The ump's the guy that call's 'em,
 When he says, "Out", you're out!

A Few Signs!

Don't do your thinking with your brakes.
 Don't try to beat a train across its right of way.
 Fifteen miles an hour may be a chill, but fifty is a fever.
 Speed limit in this town fifteen miles an hour—one day for every mile over that.
 You wouldn't travel on a freight train, so don't try to travel under one.
 Accident insurance is a good thing to have without the accident.

Useless Things!



He—Can you think of anything as utterly useless as silk stockings?
 She—Not unless it's the things that stand on the street corners watching them.

Warning!

One thing can be said for the flivver—it rattles before it strikes.

Poor Men!

A widow is the luckiest woman in the world. She knows all about men, and all the men who know anything about her are dead!

Let's Trade Back

Professor: "In 1610 the Indians sold Manhattan Island for a keg of whiskey".
 Voice from the Rear: "Let's trade back".—Chaparral.

Almost!

Mother: "Is daddy asleep?"
 Betty: "Yes, mother, all except his nose".—London Humorist.

Correct

Reformer: "Young man, do you realize that you will never get anywhere by drinking?"
 Young Man: "Ain't it th' truth? I've started home from this corner five times already".—Yellow Jacket.

Sure!

Isaac: "Oi, oi, der vedding invitation says, 'R. S. V. P.' vot does dot mean?"
 Jacob: "Ach! Such ignorance. Dot means to bring 'Real Silver Vedding Presents'".

Off Only

"When you found you hadn't your fare, did the conductor make you get off and walk?" asked the inquisitive man.
 "Only get off", was the sad reply.
 "He didn't seem to care whether I walked or sat down".—U. P. Magazine.

Economy In Extreme

Ole Oleson had been working as an engine wiper, and his boss, a thrifty man, had been coaching him for promotion to fireman with such advice as:
 "Now, Ole, don't waste a drop of oil—that costs money. And don't waste the waste, either—that's getting expensive, too".
 When Ole went up to be questioned on his eligibility for an engineman he was asked:
 "Suppose you are on your engine on a single track. You go around a curve, and you see rushing toward you an express. What would you do?"
 To which Ole replied:
 "I grab the oil-can; I grab the waste—and I yump".—Arkansas Utility News.

Joe Lambert, fresh from New York State, was the new station agent at the Nevada town. He did not know that that diminutive animal known as a jackass back home was called a burro by the prospector who uses him to pack his pans and kettles in his wandering in the hills of the desert land.

One day the local freight unloaded one of these beasts of burden at Joe's station. The conductor tossed the waybill to the agent, gave the engineer the high sign and was gone. The waybill read: "One burro".

Joe scratched his head and thought awhile before making his way to his office to report to headquarters: "Am over one jackass and short one bureau on waybill 629, train 221".—Along The Line.



The TWILIGHT HOUR

A Page Just for Children



RIDDLES FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

Do you like riddles?
Do you like poems?

You'll find them both here this month, and the Twilight Lady would like to know just how many of the riddles you guessed right, before you looked for the answer. You see the riddles are on one page, and the answers on another, so you'll just have to guess a minute before you find the answer! See how many of these Daddy and Mother can answer:

1. What is that which, the more you take from it the larger it grows?
2. Where did you go on your tenth birthday?
3. How many sides has a pitcher?
4. If you asked the Alphabet to come to dinner, which letters could not accept your kind invitation till later in the evening?
5. Who is your greatest friend?
6. When is it a good thing to lose your temper?
7. Why are birds melancholy in the morning?
8. What is it, which, if you name it even, you break it?
9. When does a leopard change his spots?
10. Why is a cent like a cow?
11. How is it that trees can put on new dresses without "opening their trunks"?
12. Why is a dog's tail a great novelty?

(Turn to Page 16 for Answers)

FRISCO SON IS EDITOR

Luther Dunard Publishes Weekly Paper in Home for Family Consumption

LUTHER DUNARD is the eleven-year-old son of F. W. Dunard, Frisco depot passenger agent, St. Louis, Mo. The other day the Twilight Lady found out some interesting things about Luther! He is editor-in-chief, printer, cartoonist and feature writer of a little newspaper published weekly in the Dunard home.

You see there are several little Dunard's in the family, and every day they make "news". Luther hit upon a plan of publishing a little newspaper all his own. There is a feature story each week, a cartoon, advice about the weather, and besides all this, the news of the family is carefully recorded. He hasn't any printing press, but he prints the weekly with pencil on large school-tablet paper.

And you should see the little Dunard

The Poet's Corner for the Children

FATHER TIME

Once upon a time, the days of the week
Quarreled and made bad weather;
They wanted to know which one was best,

And so they disputed together.

Monday said, "I wash the clothes";

Tuesday said, "I iron them";

Wednesday said, "I bake the cakes";

Thursday said, "I try them".

Said Friday, "I'm the day for fish";

Said Saturday, "The children love me";

Said Sunday, "I'm the Sabbath day,

I'm sure there's none above me".

Now as they quarreled a tempest arose,

And all of them screamed together:

It blew and rained and hailed and snowed—

There never was such weather.

Old Father Time was passing by,

And heard the hurly burly,

Said he, "I hear something wrong;

It's well I got up early",

Then all the days began to tell

Their virtue with great clatter.

But Father Time cut them short—

"My children, what great matter?

Your natural gifts are all the same.

Each day has its own beauty;

That day is best whose DEEDS are

best,

That worst, that fails in duty".

(From Kindergarten Gems.)

family grab the weekly to read the news! Almost as anxious to get it as Luther is to get the Frisco Magazine. He says he reads it all—because some-day—

But you've already guessed that he wants to be a writer, or an editor of some kind, and if he keeps on as he has started, he will want to go to college and study so he can write interesting stories for magazines and newspapers.

Some day Luther may write a short story for the Twilight Lady, and it might appear on this page. His last venture was of two little boys who ran away and now he is working on a story of the wild west!

Luther reads the Children's Page every month in the *Frisco Magazine* and he is trying to copy the style of that magazine in making up his own.

Let's give three cheers for Luther and the Dunard Weekly.

APPRECIATION

My muvver's ist the nicest one
'At ever lived wiz folks;
She lets you have ze mostes' fun,
An laffs at all your jokes.

I got a ol' maid auntie, too.
The worst you ever saw;
Her eyes ist bore you through and through—

She ain't a bit like ma.
She's ist as slim as slim can be,
An' when you want to slide
Down on ze balusters, w'y she,

Says 'at she's harrified!
She ain't as nice as Uncle Ben,
What says 'at little boys,
Won't never grow to be big men

Unless they're fond of noise.
But muvver's nicer zan 'em all,
She calls you "Precious lamb",
An' let's you roll your ten-pin ball,

An' spreads your bread wiz jam.
An' when you're bad, she ist looks sad
You fink she's goin' to cry;
An' when she don't you're awful glad,

An' den you're good, oh, my!
At night, she takes ze softest hand,
An' lays it on your head,
An' says, "Be off to Sleepy-Land,

By way o' trundle-bed".
So when you fink what muvver knows
At aunts an' uncle tan't,
It skeers a feller; ist suppose

His muvver'd been a aunt.

(Paul Laurence Dunbar.)

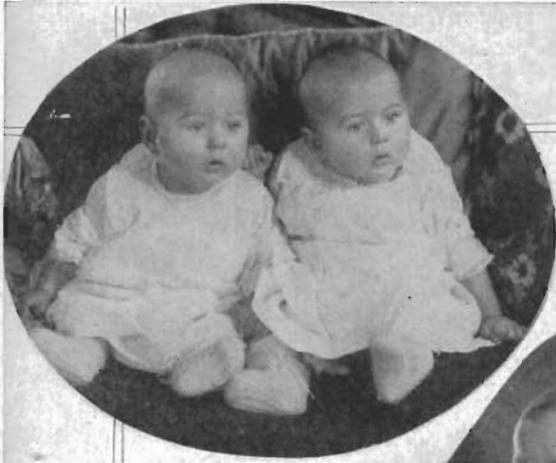
THE TRUTH

She was ironing her dollie's new gown,
Maid Marion, four years old
With her brow puckered down,
In a painstaking frown,
Under her tresses of gold.

'Twas Sunday and nurse coming in,
Exclaimed in a tone of surprise:
"Don't you know it's a sin,
Any work to begin
On the day that the Lord sanctifies?"

Then lifting her face like a rose,
Thus answered the wise little tot;
"Now don't you suppose,
The good Lord knows,
That this little iron ain't hot?"

—Selected.



1



2

3



4



5



6



7



8



9

FRISCO BABIES

1—Delmer Lee and Elmer Lee, age 8 months; twin sons of T. H. Winkler, machinist, North Springfield Shops. 2—Ray and Robert, age 8 months; twin sons of James M. Waugh, boilermaker, Sapulpa. 3—Robert Lee and Warren Lee, age 9 months; twin sons of Earnest Graf, employe, Springfield South Shops. 4—Bob, Jr., and Margretta; twin children of Bob German, conductor, Southwestern Division. 5—Jack and Jerry, age one year; twin sons of A. T. Todd, storekeeper, Ft. Worth. 6—Max, age 2 years, son of H. L. Johnson, timekeeper, Northern Division. 7—Dorothy Louise, age 5 months, weight 15 lbs.; daughter of R. W. Gillette, switchman, Monett, Mo. 8—Son of B. D. Harris, Bay, Arkansas. 9—Mamie Louise (left) and Irma Pearl (right), daughters of Mr. Meyer. Menard, Texas. 10—Edward Eugene, age 9 months; son of E. McKenna, roundhouse clerk, Springfield, Mo. 11—Son of E. Johnson, storeroom helper, Chaffee, Mo. 12—Joseph, age 8 years; son of Jos. Tucker, brakeman, Central Division. 13—Gerald T., age 16 months; son of J. G. Lantrip, Fayetteville, Ark. 14—Annetta and Mary Francis, daughters of Claim Clerk H. A. Granger, Ft. Worth, Texas. 15—J. G., Jr., age 10 years; son of J. G. Lantrip, Fayetteville, Ark.

10



11



12



13



14



15

The FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

Published on the First of Each Month

By the

St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Co.

Edited by WM. L. HUGGINS, Jr.
827 Frisco Building St. Louis, Missouri

This magazine is published in the interests of and for free distribution among the 30,000 employes of the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway. All articles and communications relative to editorial matters should be addressed to the editor.

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**Public Sentiment**

SIXTY-FIVE years ago Abraham Lincoln said:

"Public sentiment is everything. With public sentiment nothing can fail; without it, nothing can succeed. Consequently he who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be executed".

The profound truth in this gem from America's most famous man held good in those days and is true now. Recognized everywhere as the most powerful of all influences, public opinion is being cultivated with the utmost care and attention in business of all kinds today.

The necessity for a favorable public sentiment is more pronounced in the railroad world of today than ever before. Regulatory bodies having to do with the control of railroads in certain matters, have for their basis of procedure the public weal, and public sentiment in a large measure determines their actions.

There are no two more important premises upon which to build public sentiment and good will than those of courtesy and service. Every person is a potential customer of Frisco Lines and the manner in which he is served by Frisco employes will determine, in a large sense, his sentiment toward the road.

In this issue of the *Frisco Magazine* is printed a letter from a satisfied customer who was served by Superintendent J. A. Moran. Moran and the crew of a train took especial pains to make this patron and his party comfortable. The patron wrote a letter of praise to President Kurn about it.

It is not a presumptuous supposition to say that this man is a steadfast friend of Frisco

service forever. He was served and satisfied with the service.

That is building public sentiment. That is carrying out in the fullest measure the great work of public relations.

Each day every Frisco employe has an opportunity to deal courteously and efficiently with a potential patron of his employer. Let the watchword be: "Courtesy and Efficiency First".

A Stride Nearer Perfection

"COMPLETION of this order, the largest single equipment order ever made by a middle western railroad, brings the equipment of the Frisco road to a point where it can claim as many cars of the highest type as any railroad west of the Mississippi River".

That statement by President Kurn accompanied an announcement to newspapers on April 1 which is of highest importance to Frisco employes.

The announcement stated that three thousand five hundred new freight cars constituting the largest part of an equipment order of eleven million dollars placed last October, have been received and are now in service on Frisco rails.

The order of 2,500 box cars, 1,000 automobile cars, 500 coal gondolas, fifteen freight and passenger engines, and fourteen passenger coaches means increased efficiency and capacity, increased service to shippers, better car supply—and an improved railroad.

Those Frisco employes who can remember the old days of few cars and small motive power, and a very fight for sustenance (and there are many of them), will join in the general chorus of prideful rejoicing that the Frisco is coming into her own with seven-league strides.

A Bigger and Better Magazine

THROUGH increased advertising and subsequently increased revenue, the *Frisco Employes' Magazine* is aided in growing to a bigger and better publication. Many of our employes have helped greatly in this work by forwarding the names of prospective advertisers to the editorial offices.

Recently an enterprising but unscrupulous person secured several tidy advertising contracts by misrepresenting himself as an advertising solicitor for the *Frisco Magazine*. In order to prevent a recurrence of this and to protect our advertisers, we have armed our advertising solicitors with personal letters from President James M. Kurn, and other credentials.

If an advertising representative of this *Magazine* cannot produce these credentials he is not an employe of the publication.

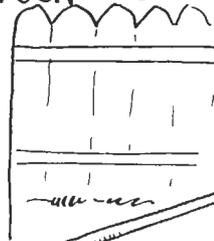
"IN BETWEEN TIMES!"

THE OFFICE SHIEK ALWAYS HAS LOTS OF UN-IMPORTANT DATES

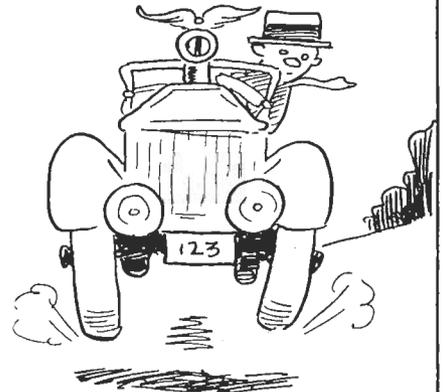


THIS FELLOW GETS IN AN HOUR EVERY AFTERNOON

JOHN GODSEY



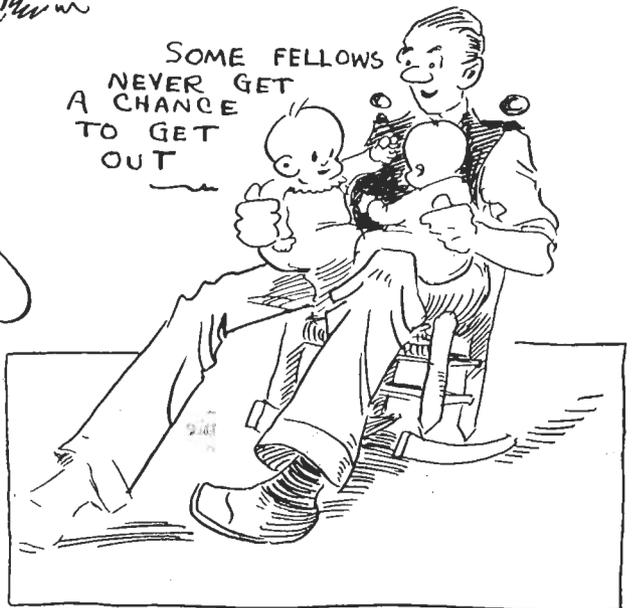
THIS BIRD HAS NOTHING BUT TIME



EVERY BODY FROM A PRESIDENT TO A COMMERCIAL AGENT KNOWS THIS GAME



SOME FELLOWS NEVER GET A CHANCE TO GET OUT



THE "MAGAZINE REPORTERS ARE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR "IDEAS" AND NEWS ITEMS -

