



## The Parade of the Nursery Rhymes

"YOU know," exclaimed Mary the other day, as she was talking with whom she was going to spend Thanksgiving, "Mother said we were the most impatient little bunch of 'youngens' she ever saw and she was going to invent a brand-new game. Guess what it was?"

"Can't guess," said Billy, as he sat on a little stool, with his two chubby fists under his chin.

"Well," continued Mary, "I know you never could guess this, but it was the mostest fun, and mother says we can play it often. Here's the way you do it. It's called the 'Parade of the Nursery Rhymes'. First we had Daddy stretch a sheet over one of the doors and fix the light so it would make the grandest shadow on this sheet. Daddy knows just how to do it. Then we thought up nursery rhymes. First one I thought of was 'Jack Sprat Could Eat No Fat'. We were going to dress two of the kids up like Mr. and Mrs. Sprat and put them back of the curtain and all we'd see would be the shadow. And while they were there posing for us, somebody had to recite the nursery rhyme. Well, for Jack's wife, we got one of Mother's pillows and tied it on Jane's head. Jut a little pillow to look like a funny hat. Then we got her to put on a high collar and an apron and we got a table. Jimmy was so skinny, he was Mr. Sprat. He tied a napkin 'round his neck. We had such fun dressing them up. Here's the way Jack and Mrs. Sprat looked:—"

we had that one. We just couldn't find any sheep—so we got old Fuzzy, the dog. He didn't look much like a sheep, but he had to do. Oh, it was the most fun.

"Course, you know, somebody had to ask for 'Little Miss Muffett'. That one wasn't hard a-tall! June's got the loveliest curly hair, so we sat her on Mother's little footstool, with a bowl and spoon and Mother made a funny spider for us to hang down—and that one was all over in a jiffy! I think June really got scared of the spider, and we kids just laughed! Didn't she look cute?"



"Oh, there were heaps more—but that whiled away a whole long evening for us and Mother let us use her clothes and Daddy let us use all his things. We didn't near think up all the nursery rhymes, but we got a lot of them acted out. Oh, say, let's ask Cousin Jane if we can't have a parade tonight!" and Mary clapped her hands in anticipation.

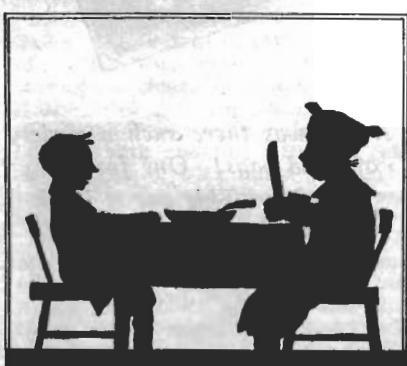
"Oh, let's," came a chorus of voices and away they went to find out if Cousin Jane would permit a parade to while away the evening hours.

Suppose every little boy and girl on the Frisco Lines tries out this parade party! It's just lots of fun, and write to the Twilight Lady and tell her what kind of a time you had!

### Can You Beat It?

"Down where I live," said the Texan, "We grew a pumpkin so big that when we cut it, my wife used one-half of it as a cradle."

"Why," smiled the man from Chicago, "that's nothing. A few days ago, right here, three full-grown policemen were found asleep on one beat."



"Then you know little Joan Emery? Well, she wanted somebody to act out 'Little Bo-Peep, Lost Her Sheep'—and we got Daddy's cane and the nurse's cap, and one of Mother's dresses that wrapped around us, and

### THE LETTER BOX

This is the first time the Twilight Lady has heard from Marjorie Goetz of West Tulsa, Oklahoma, and the letter was such a lovely one that it was well worth printing.

"Hello, Twilight Lady:

I am ten years old and in the fifth grade at school. I love my teacher and love to go to school, but I love vacation time best of all.

My papa has worked for the Frisco four years as machinist. I have two sisters and one brother. I am the oldest child. I love to help mother of evenings and Saturday. There are so many parks and swimming pools to go to, and we take our lunch and go out often. We live close to a child's park where they have swings and a pool.

We get the *Frisco Magazine* and I enjoy reading the Twilight Page.

As this is my first letter, I will say goodbye.

Your little reader,  
Marjorie Goetz."

Thanks so much for the letter, Marjorie. The Twilight Lady is always glad to know that the Frisco kiddies enjoy reading the Twilight Page.

Millard Morrow of 1215 North Main Avenue, Springfield, Mo., sent his picture in for the Frisco Children's Page, which will appear shortly.

"Dear Lady:

Please find my picture and you may put it in the *Magazine*, which I love to get each month.

My papa is a locomotive fireman of the eastern division out of Springfield and has been for ten years. My age is eight years.

So hoping this picture reaches you—my papa's name is Alonzo Morrow and my name is Millard Morrow.

Yours truly,  
Millard Morrow."

Thanks so much for the picture, Millard, and the letter also. Won't you write me another one and tell me what you'd like to have on the Twilight Page—a western story, a boy scout story, or a story about animals.

Be sure and let me know.

*Your own  
Twilight Lady*



# Flashes of Merriment

**Where To Go**

An ardent motorist met at the pearly gates by St. Peter, glanced down the main street of heaven. "Fine," he said, "What a splendid highway. Where are all the cars?"

"There aren't any," replied St. Peter. "You'll find them all below."

"Then I'll go there," pouted the motorist. When he got below he saw many beautiful automobiles, and he asked Satan, "Which car is mine?"

Told to take his choice he climbed in one, "Great," he said. "Which way do I go, where is the road?"

"There isn't any," said Satan. "That's the HELL of it!"—Exchange.

**Try This**

"Want to see something swell?" she asked coyly.

"Sure," he replied.

"Drop this little sponge in some water," was her reply.

**Has It Happened To You**

She was young and fair and pretty  
She's a girl I'll never forget.  
We were in a Pullman sleeper,  
When by accident we met.  
Yes, I'll always remember well,  
The girl and time and place;  
I was coming from an upper,  
And stepped upon her face!

—Exchange.

**Very True**

Being an angel is something everybody puts off as long as possible.

**Me Too!**

If I had legs like some of these eggs,  
That roll their socks down low,  
I'd take no chance, with floppy pants,  
Lest the skinny things should show!

**Hard to Get Filled**

Aunt Liza's former mistress was talking to her one morning when suddenly she discovered a little pickaninny standing shyly behind his mother's skirts. "Is this your little boy, Aunt Liza?" she asked.

"Yes miss, dat's Prescription."

"What a funny name, auntie, how in the world did you happen to call him that?"

"Ah calls him dat cause as has sech hard wuk gettin' him filled."

**With the Kids**

"It's the little things in life that tell," said Sis, as she pulled her kid brother from under the parlor-sofa.

**Wanted:** Honest lawyer at once to prosecute a crooked one.

**Be Specific**

"How old would a person be who was born in 1880?"

"Man or woman?"

**Office Gossip**

The pencil has made quite a few pointed remarks about the sponge being soaked all day, and the waste basket being full also. The scissors are cutting up, and the paper weight is trying to hold them down. The mucilage is sticking around to see the stamps get a good licking in the morning. The ink's well, but feels blue because bill is stuck on the file. The calendar is expecting to get a few days off and worst of all, the blotter is taking it all in!

—Old Hickory Smoke.

**He Knew**

"I'm getting up a little poker game, Major," invited the friend. "Would you like to join us?"

"Sir, I do not play poker."

"I'm sorry, I was under the impression that you did?"

"I was once under that impression myself, sir."

**That's Why**

Friend: "Why is it that your son rides in a car, and you always go on a street car?"

Father: "Well, he has a rich father, and I haven't."

**In, Where?**

Husband: "Is my wife in?"

Butler, answering the phone: "I think she's in the bath sir, just a moment and I will see, sir."

Husband: "Never mind, I'll call later."

**Flirting**

Sheik, drawing in at the curb: "Can I assist you, mam?"

Flapper: "Are you going south?"

Sheik: "Yes, mam."

Flapper: "Well, bring me some nice oranges when you come back."

**One on the Ladies**

Women are all right in public affairs, if you don't mind the affairs being made public!

**Wanted:** Bookkeeper and assistant to club manager. Apply Piping Rock Country Club.

"The case is more serious than I thought," said the detective, when he saw that both sides of the window glass were broken!

**A Mystery**

**Customer:** "How do you sell this limburger?"

**Merchant:** "I often wonder myself, ma'am."

**Question:** "I have a wart on my hand. I have had it just a year this coming Wednesday. What would you advise me to do for it?"

**Answer:** "Give it a birthday party."

**No Use**

There is little use to try to joke with a woman. The other day Jones heard a good conundrum and decided to try it on his wife.

"Do you know why I am like a mule?" he asked her when he went home.

"No," she replied promptly, "I know you are, but I don't know why."

**Another Version**

Maud Muller on a summer's day, Raked the meadow sweet with hay; You'd hardly expect a girl, you know, In summertime to be shoveling snow!

—Exchange.

**Rhyming Poets**

Two men were saying goodbye to each other at a railroad station.

"Don't forget to see our mutual friends, Mr. Lummac, while you are in Kansas City," said one.

"Lummac?" repeated the other absentmindedly.

"Yes, Lummac," said the other, "you can remember the name because it rhymes with stomach."

A week later the traveler returned and meeting his friend on the street, said: "I tried to find that Mr. Kelly every place and I never could locate him."

A little Jewish boy lived next door to Billy Sunday. Every morning at 9:00 o'clock he would go to Billy Sunday's door and say: "Good morning sir, it's nine o'clock and the sun is shining."

Billy Sunday would answer: "Yes, the sun is shining and we are right with the Lord."

Every morning for several weeks this little Jewish boy would go through the same performance.

One morning he knocked at the door and told Billy Sunday it was "Nine o'clock and the sun was shining."

Billy Sunday answered that he knew it was and that he was right with the Lord.

The little Jewish boy called back to him, "Aw, you're off—it's eleven o'clock and rainin' like Hell."

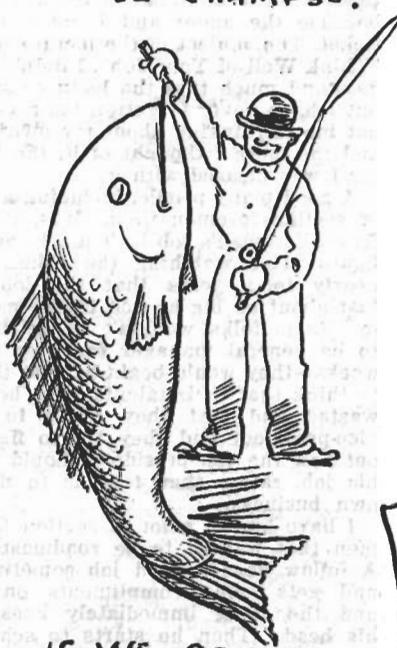
"IF WE ONLY HAD OUR WAY -"

"SITTIN' ON TOP  
OF THE WORLD -!"



BUT CAN'T SEE  
WHY A TRAIN  
WON'T WAIT FOR  
THEM —.

ST LOUIS WOULD ALWAYS  
BE CHAMPS -!

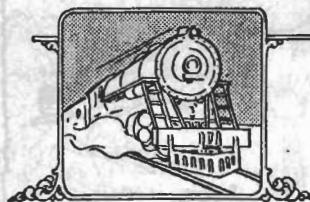


IF WE COULD  
ONLY CATCH  
'EM LIKE  
THIS — !



WHERE LITTLE BOB  
WOULD HAVE HIS  
SCHOOL TEACHER

JOHN GODSEY



# The FRISCO MECHANIC

*Published in the Interest of the  
F.A. of M.C. & C.D. Employes*



## FRANK JUNKINS CHOOSEN

Kansas City Man Elected General Chairman of F. A. M. C. & C. D. E.

**A**T a meeting of the board of the Frisco Association of Metal Crafts and Car Department employes on Wednesday, October 24, Frank M. Junkins, a member of the board was elected to the position of general chairman of the association, vice Wm. M. Underwood, retiring chairman.

Mr. Junkins is 54 years of age and comes from Kansas City, where he has been with the Frisco for about



FRANK M. JUNKINS

six years. All his time has been spent in the Kansas City shops, serving as machinist inspector. He has had about twenty-five years' experience as a mechanic, having served several years time on the Santa Fe.

He has acted as chairman of the shop committee of this organization and as president of the Kansas City local, in which capacity he was serving when he was elected to this new position.

Mr. Junkins is making arrangements to move his wife and three children to Springfield, his new home.

The following were also elected to serve on the board at this meeting: A. A. Jones, St. Louis; L. J. Lyons,

Riverview, Ark., Nov. 1, 1926.

Dear Son:

I sure was mighty proud to learn that you had been appointed foreman on Section R-33. I am glad to see you get the promotion and I like to feel that the raising I have given you has helped make you ready for a foreman's job at a time when it is pretty hard to find material from which good foremen may be made.

If you don't mind listening to a little advice from your old Dad, I can tell you a few things that will be a powerful lot of help to you now, and in the years to come. You have heard me say a good many times what I am going to tell you, but it will mean more to you now, because now I am talking about your job instead of mine or the other fellow's.

I remember a good many years ago one of those Chautauquas came to town and I went to one of the lectures because the agent and I got a free ticket. The subject of the lecture was, "Think Well of Your Job". I didn't understand much that the lecturer said, but I have never forgotten his text. It put me to thinking about my own job and the more I thought of it, the better I was pleased with it.

A good many people, including a lot of section foremen themselves, think that a foreman's job isn't much, but I figure after watching the thing for nearly forty years that the job is just about as big as you try to make it. Some folks wouldn't be satisfied to be general manager for over two weeks—they would begin by that time to think that their talents were being wasted and that they ought to be vice-president and they try to figure out how the vice-president should run his job, rather than tending to their own business.

I have known a lot of section foremen that wanted to be roadmasters. A fellow does a good job sometimes and gets some compliments on it, and the thing immediately goes to his head. Then he starts to scheming as to how he can attract attention and pull wires, and the first thing you

Springfield; W. A. Neal, Sapulpa; J. L. Eudy, Ft. Smith; C. C. Bond, Enid; John Sheely, Chaffee; J. L. Way, Sherman; J. E. Rucks, Birmingham; G. T. Youell, Yale; W. M. Underwood, Springfield; S. F. Cooper, car department, Springfield.

know there is a politician running his section instead of a foreman. I like to see men ambitious; don't think it hurts even section foremen to have an idea that there is something better ahead of them some place. But always remember, son, that the job ahead of you is to do today's work the very best way you know how.

### About the Wages

I have had a lot of foremen argue with me that we ought to be paid more. I usually agree with them because I know they would not understand what I am now going to tell you. I can look back forty years and recall the boys I grew up with in the old home town, and not find a one of them as well off today as I am. A lot of them have made bigger money than I have at times and some of them have lived in better homes and had better clothes, but their prosperity has not lasted. One of my old schoolmasters was elected to county office and wore a white vest and later ran for the legislature, but he never acquired the habit of working—dodged around from this to that for a number of years and finally died a few years ago a public charge. I have gone through three panics since I started running a section and while you don't know much about what that means, you can realize that a man should be mighty well pleased with a job that kept his children fed when others were going hungry. Don't misunderstand me to mean that I would not accept more money for my work when the company sees fit to offer it, however, I am not going to forget that the company has enabled me to raise my children and educate them and give them and your mother a home, and today I command a reasonable amount of respect in our community, largely as a result of my connection with the Frisco Railroad. These things are all worth a lot to me, even if I cannot take them to the bank and deposit them to my credit.

### Think Well of Your Job

But you should think well of your job, son, not only because it is a good job for you, but because of the importance to the company which is depending on you to take care of its interests. You and the agent are the only representatives our company has in your town. The folks down there judge our railroad by the kind of a (Now turn to Page 40, please)