

Louis, Louisville, Pittsburg, Zainesville, Mt. Sterling, Ohio; Parkersburg, W. Va., and other cities along the route who extended courtesies, we are profoundly grateful, and shall only long for an opportunity to show our appreciation in a more fitting and substantial way.

These resolutions would be incomplete indeed unless we acknowledge obligations to one Harry Cook of the Skirvin Hotel, of Oklahoma City, for his untiring energy and successful efforts as the prince of entertainers, in making the occasion one continual round of pleasure long to be remembered by us, each and all.

(Signed) JUDGE C. LYNN,
HARRY H. DIAMOND,
Committee.

A Snow Snap.

The accompanying reproduction is from a photograph taken from the window of a chair car, Train No. 3, and shows the train on curve on Dixon Hill, Mile 132, east of Dixon, Mo.

At the time the train was snapped No. 3 was in charge of Conductor H.



C. Parvin and Brakeman T. Hickey, and was pulled by engines Nos. 1259 and 1054, No. 1259 being the regular "hill" engine used as helper on Dixon Hill, between Newburg and Dixon.

Engineer J. J. O'Brien and Fireman J. M. Barton were in charge of engine 1054, and the regular "Hill Crew," whose names could not be learned at the time, were in charge of 1259.

The picture was taken by Herron Westbay, February 3, 1913.

R. H. Edmondson.

R. H. Edmondson, car inspector, died at the Frisco Hospital, Springfield, Mo., February 3, aged seventy-six years.

Mr. Edmondson was an old "Memphis man" and was held in high esteem by all of his railroad associates. From 1882 up to the time of his death, he was employed as car inspector at Springfield, Mo., rounding out thirty-one years of continuous service.

In Mr. Edmondson's death the com-



pany loses one of its most conscientious and loyal employes, and many expressions of sorrow at the news of his death were heard up and down the line from Springfield to Kansas City.

Mr. Edmondson leaves a wife and six children, to whom sincere sympathy is extended. One son, T. H. Edmondson, chief car inspector, Kansas City, has been connected with the Frisco for the last twenty-one years.

“Economy in Little Things.”

St. Louis, Mo., March 1, 1913.

To Employes, Frisco Lines

I call your attention to the fact that the cost of many articles in daily use on all railroads has materially increased in recent years, and I request that you aid us in preventing all possible waste.

As the cost of materials and supplies has increased, your effort to help us save now will produce much greater results than it did some years ago.

If each employe engaged in Maintenance of Way, Maintenance of Equipment and Transportation work would save an average of even five cents a day for the company by preventing the waste or misuse of little things, the total saving in one year would be nearly \$400,000.00.

EVERY ONE OF YOU CAN HELP.

The prosperity of the railroad employe is dependent upon the prosperity of the railroad.

To bring home forcibly to you what the waste or misuse of some of the common articles of everyday use costs the Frisco, I invite your attention to the following table showing the amount of service we must render the public to get enough money to buy them. This table gives the distance which the Frisco must haul an average ton of freight to get enough net revenue to purchase the articles mentioned:

	Miles
Track spike	3
Track bolt.....	9
Tie plate	39
Axe	138
Track shovel	171
Spike maul	231
Cross tie—white oak.....	132
Cross tie—creosoted	210
Crossing plank—3x12x10	162
Crossing plank—3x12x16	258
Track jack.....	1275
Tin dipper	30
12-quart Water Bucket.....	69
½-gallon oil can.....	48
1-Gallon oil can.....	72
2-Gallon oil can.....	84
5-Gallon oil can.....	324
10-Gallon oil can.....	414
Track torpedo.....	3
5-Minute fusee	15
10-Minute fusee	21
White lantern globe.....	36
Red lantern globe.....	150

One on Coppinge.

The Pittsburg Headlight tells of this interesting incident in which a Frisco brakeman running out of Fort Scott, and Superintendent Coppinge of this city figured:

There is one brakeman on the Frisco who will not talk so fast from now on, because he made a talk to a certain fellow who happened to be the superintendent. At least that is the story that is going on among the boys. The story is something like this: There was a wreck and the superintendent and the trainmaster came down to look after it. The brakeman knew the trainmaster but not the "super." The wrecker was working and the crane had just picked up the end of a car and the brakeman was out giving signals to the engineer and doing his work in the regular way, when he noticed a man standing in a place where it was dangerous and he called out, "Get away from that, you d—n rube, do you want to commit suicide; you are liable to get killed; hurry up and get out of the way; you'll want to sue the company; get out of the way there. Don't you hear me?" The man moved and hurried and about the time that he got out from where he was standing the crane gave way, and a drop was made at that same place the superintendent was standing and he would have been killed if the brakeman had not called him away. The wrecker got through with its work and was about ready to leave the scene and the brakeman was standing on the platform watching for signals when a man walked up to him and said: "I'm obliged to you for your thoughtfulness."

The brakeman took a side glance at him and answered as he gave his lantern a swing: "Pard, I have not got a cent; hop into that box car if you want a ride into town."

After the train had started out from the depot and was dragging along with as much of the wreck as it could carry, the same man came to the brakeman in the rocking caboose and said: "I did not ride in that box car you pointed out, but I'm glad to meet a man that is always looking out for the common people, to keep them from getting hurt."

The brakeman looked at him for a second and said: "That's all right, pard, and keep the change."

He then went out and climbed the hurricane deck for a few minutes and dropped down in the caboose again and still the same fellow was there. The brakeman walked back to the other end of the caboose and asked his conductor who the man was that was riding.

"Why, he is Superintendent Coppinge."

The bakerman set his light down and pulled off his gloves and remarked to the conductor: "I expect I'll get fired as soon as I get in. But then I don't care about this Frisco route anyway." The train got into Fort Scott and the brakeman walked up to Superintendent Coppinge and began to apologize, when the superintendent took his hand and told him, "I'm glad to find a brakeman who knows what to do at the right time."

"I'm new here on this pike," said the brakeman, "and I did not know you, but then you had no business standing where you were when I first talked to you."

Safety First.

The following letter sent to the Editor of the Oklahoman, Oklahoma City, Okla., will, no doubt, be of interest to many of our readers:

I was interested in your editorial of January 15 on the subject of safety on the rail. The state of New Jersey, where the last fiscal year reported, shows no death of a passenger due to a collision or derailment, was cited as having established a degree of safety on the rail toward which other states should strive.

It occurred to me that you would be interested in the corresponding figures for the state of Oklahoma for the corresponding period of time, and that it would be fair to the railroads operating in this state if their figures also could be submitted for the consideration of the public.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, no passenger lost his life as a result of a collision or derailment in the state of Oklahoma, and no passenger lost his life as a result of any accident due to fault of any railway company or its employees.

Six persons classed in the accident reports received by the corporation commission as "passengers" lost their lives during the year, but a word as to the circumstances in each case will suffice to show that in no case was the death due to inefficiency or carelessness in the operation of trains.

Iron Mountain: A passenger on depot platform waiting for train stooped to pick up some article as train pulled in, was struck by engine and died from injuries received.

Santa Fe: Passenger on train took poison and jumped through car window on moving train, committing suicide.

Rock Island: Passenger left train, walked into depot waiting room and died of tuberculosis.

Missouri, Kansas & Texas: Holder of passenger ticket jumped on moving freight train, climbed to top of box car, jumped from one car to another and fell to ground beside track, injuries received resulting in death next day.

Frisco: Passenger on train approach-

ing depot jumped from train at street crossing before reaching depot, walked a few steps and fell dead with a broken neck.

Wichita Falls & Northwestern: Holder of passenger ticket about to board train was shot and killed by unknown person.

Thus, in respect to deaths from train accidents, Oklahoma has as good a record for the fiscal year 1911-1912 as has any state.

Several factors should be taken into consideration in a comparison of Oklahoma with New Jersey. New Jersey has only 2,000 miles of road to operate, while Oklahoma has more than six thousand. New Jersey has few wooden bridges or culverts and little dirt ballast, while Oklahoma necessarily has all three. New Jersey lines have block signals, interlocking plants and all known safety devices, while Oklahoma as yet has comparatively little such equipment.

Upon the whole Oklahoma has reason to feel that the men handling its trains, either as officials or employees, are awake to their responsibility, and are giving the public a high degree of security.

You are, of course, at liberty to make any use of these facts that may commend itself to you. Very truly yours,

A. P. WATSON,

Corporation Commissioner.
Oklahoma City.

Show Your Face.

In posing for photographs for the magazine, THE FRISCO-MAN suggests that employees remove their hats, in order to eliminate the shadow which is invariably cast over the face when a picture is taken with a hat or cap pulled down over the head.

There seems to be a habit among Frisco men, when facing the camera, of pulling their caps down over their eyes, and, while the effectiveness of the head gear is not doubted in the least, still it is the faces THE FRISCO-MAN wishes to reproduce above all else.