

of our time fixing up bridges and buildings for damage caused by weather and time and the remaining one-tenth in some trivial trouble caused by equipment in which even then time and weather were partially responsible.

Then I began to think about section work and to check back and to my astonishment I found that the same proportion of time was used by a section gang in making good the harm that weather and time had done.

In fact, if you never run a train over a piece of track it will wear out just about as quick as if it is used for train service.

Old Bill Boreas and these autumnal and spring showers going hand in hand with old Father Time, can make a piece of track resemble a stake and rider fence about as quick as anything, while heavy trains will settle rather than disturb the ballast.

This thing of bridge building is exciting sport.

Particularly is it true in our sunny southern territory where you shoo off moccasins with one hand, mosquitoes with the other and hold a twenty foot pile in place with your teeth.

Somehow I've had a steady dislike for snakes ever since I worked on the bridge gang.

One time they sent us down on the Central Division and I was put on the pile driving corps—I believe military terms should be used nowadays—and of course I had, before long, to wade out in the mud and water to help hold up one of the sticks. While I was doing it and everybody was cautioning me to hold tight and swing to it, I happened to glance up the stream and the biggest snake in the world, with the meanest face in the world, was sauntering along in line expressed by a straight shoot for me.

He wasn't more than ten feet away when I saw him and then came the test of nerve between me and the snake.

Would I get out of his way or would he get out of mine.

I gave him the cold eye and hot word degree and he hissed a few snappy remarks back and skinned me to death on the cold eye motion, and kept a coming.

I shot a streak of tobacco juice at him but it seemed as if he had been a chewer all of his life and he kept a coming.

I don't acknowledge that he beat me, but I afterwards explained that I tried my best to drop that pile on him and there was no particular reason for my staying out there to see whether I had done it or not. In fact, I could see it much better from the bank. Anyhow, the pile gang lost a good workman then and there.

The average man struggling for his three hots by day and his bunch of feathers by night cannot afford to take chances with his job, but when it comes to fraternizing with a water moccasin and hold your job at the same time, I'm willing to let go of both.

They made a place for me with the deck gang and I hammered and sawed away quite contented for several months until I got to know a little about bridges, viaducts and culverts.

Of course, most of the work was in the nature of light repairs with heavy timbers, but it was more interesting to me than working on a section and little by little I pulled up until I was appointed bridge foreman and then I decided that I needed another cook.

I cannot recall things very distinctly at that period. Somehow it appears a trifle blurred and out of the

haze all that I can remember is that a red-headed woman was telling me to fetch and carry and I was doing it.

However, one incident sticks in my craw even now and I get the dry grins whenever I think of it.

My wife had some bantam chickens of which she was both proud and fond. Why she was, is something that a magician will have to answer—I'm sure I cannot.

Anyhow, one night I came home after a hard day and was getting a good, steady, draw-bar pull on a full tonnage of beauty sleep when she woke me and told me something was after her chickens and I must go and bring them up in their coop to the back porch.

At the present writing I would decline flat-footed to do anything of the sort but it was different then and I climbed out while she got the lamp and we trailed down the back stairs to the bantam den.

By the time I had shouldered the coop and was making my way back, I commenced to get hot, but what made me boil over was my wife, who was following me with the lamp, bursting into a roar of laughter at the absurd figure I made lugging the coop up a flight of steps attired in a common or garden variety of nightshirt. I gathered steam steadily from thence on and when I reached the top I slammed the coop down and turning to her said: "Don't you, as long as you live, ever again ask me to carry bantam chickens."

Since then I have carried many things for her but I do know that she has never asked me to carry bantam chickens and thus I won a great victory.

Grandma Wins

"Boys, there's a fine baby boy left in the depot, crying to beat the dickens, and no pa and ma to look after it. Don't know what in thunder to do about it; I've already got three and don't see how I could possibly take care of another, as hard as times are," said Agent Keith a few minutes after the train left the local station last Sunday.

And sure enough when the boys made an investigation they found a pretty little three-year-old boy running at large in the waiting room and crying at the top of his voice for mamma.

Just as Agent Keith got the little fellow on his knees and commenced to question him as to his nationality, habitation, etc., the passenger train was seen backing down from the north, and no sooner had Conductor Sebastian waved the signal to stop than the child's grandmother hit the platform and grabbed the child in her arms.

Mrs. Jennie Robertson, who lives near town, was the mother of the child. She and her mother had purchased tickets to St. Louis and in the crowd and jamb in getting on the train the little fellow was overlooked. As soon as the mistake was noticed, Conductor Sebastian, who had a bunch of children of his own, stopped the train and backed down after the child, and the crowd cheered.—*Pocahontas Star Herald*.

It is a matter of interesting speculation as to what would have happened to that train crew and train if they had not backed up for the distraught grandmother.

CENTRAL SAFETY MEETING

At the regular bi-monthly meeting of the Central Safety Committee, in office of General Superintendent J. A. Frates, Springfield, Mo., Monday, August 24, the Committee expressed appreciation of the interest manifested by the Southeastern, Eastern, Southwestern, Central and Western Division Committees, also the St. Louis, Springfield and Kansas City Terminal Committees, in Safety First, as evidenced by reports turned in.

Practically all of the members attended this meeting, and N. M. Rice, chief purchasing officer, was elected a member of the committee.

Some of the more important items handled to conclusion follow:

Recommended that trespass signs be lettered on the back as well as on the front. Eastern 118—Central Safety Committee, 16 January.

The Central Safety Committee was of the opinion that no good would be accomplished by lettering the back of the trespass signs with the same notice as on the front, but was of the opinion it would be a good idea to have the "Safety First" emblem painted on the back of whistling posts and trespass signs where there was sufficient space for same, and the General Manager notified the Central Safety Committee that this would be done.

Recommending that Pull Ropes be provided on both ends of coal chute pockets. Western 348—Central Safety Committee, January 15.

General Manager E. D. Levy advised that he has given instructions that additional pull ropes be applied to all coal chute pockets pursuant to above recommendation.

Matter of equipping all switches not on main track with yellow and green lenses in place of the present red and green lenses.

General Manager E. D. Levy notified the Central Safety Committee that red and green lights have been adopted as standard for all main line turn-outs and that yellow and green lights for all switches not on main lines.

Recommending separate form reduce speed orders. Western Division—Central Safety Committee, June 20.

Engineer C. A. Harley sent to the Central Safety Committee form which he recommended be adopted for slow orders; that such orders should be copied on hard finished paper, being of the opinion that tissue paper is hard to handle, becomes worn and more or less mutilated and difficult to read before the end of the trip is reached; also recommending that such orders be typewritten.

The Central Safety Committee was very much interested in the form and appearance of the sample order submitted but was of the opinion that it was not advisable for them to make recommendation to the management for its adoption for the reasons:

1. Operators could not make the proper number of legible copies on hard paper.

2. That the use of typewriter in copying train orders has been found unsatisfactory for the reason there are too many chances for error and indistinctness in many figures—such as 3, 5 or 8.

3. Manifolded copies are not made plain.

The Central Safety Committee was of the opinion that the present form of slow orders should remain in use and the instructions now in effect be carried out requiring that points where speed is to be reduced be listed in rotation on the orders so that the engineer will come to them consecutively in the direction in which train is moving.

Concrete Piers for each shop at the end of pits for use in jacking up heavy steel cars. New Shops 189—Central Safety Committee, 12 June, 1914.

The Central Safety Committee is advised that the engineering department is now at work making plans and other preparations for the construction of these piers.

Recommending that switch lock be attached to the switch stand proper instead of to the lever. Ozark 157—Central Safety Committee, 5 June, 1914.

The General Manager advised under date of July 20th, that new instructions on switch stands will contain provision that in all cases where switch lock was attached to the switch that it be attached to the switch stand proper.

Recommending that hooks on side of engine tanks near rear steps, which were formerly used to carry jacks, be removed as they are not now used and brakemen are liable to be injured by them. Northern Division, July.

Referred to Mr. Dunlop who reported that he wrote a letter to all Master Mechanics on the 24th of August, requesting the removal of these hooks and is in receipt of replies from all the Master Mechanics advising that the hooks will be promptly removed.

Complaint about handling of express company trucks. Northern Division 411.

The Chairman of the Central Safety Committee wrote the Superintendent of the United States Express Co., on this subject a short time before that company ceased to do business on the Frisco. Mr. Jones having previously sent out imperative orders to all express agents on the subject of the proper handling of express company trucks.

Because of the change in express companies, the Northern Division Committee is requested to watch the further handling of express trucks by employees of the Southern Express Co., and report any improper handling, giving names of stations and specific information and if they do not wish to handle direct with the Superintendent of the Express Co., to refer the matter to the General Safety Committee for handling.

LET'S LAUGH

Little Alick's Sore Point

Little Alick was in the train the other day, and in the seat opposite to him was an old pensioner whose breast was covered with medals. Alick gazed at him and the medals long and earnestly, and at last said to his mother: "Mamma, why does that man wear his money on his coat? Won't they let him have pockets?"

On an Indian Railway the station master had been sternly instructed to do nothing out of the ordinary, on pain of penalties, without instructions from his superintendent. That is why he sent this telegram:

"Superintendent's Office, Calcutta: Tiger on platform eating conductor. Wire instructions."—*National Monthly*.

Aviator and His Feet

"If one did not know better," remarked an observant man, "he would be inclined to believe an aviator is akin to a centipede. Not long ago I was telling a friend that a certain airman had dropped 45 feet. 'Yes?' he asked. 'And how many has he left?'"

Concurring

He—"As I was saying, Miss Maymie, when I start out to do a thing I stay on the job. I'm no quitter." She (with a weary yawn) "Don't I know it!"

Possible Definite

"Why do they call lawyers' papers briefs?"

"Because by the time they get through with them their clients are short."—*Baltimore American*.

Easily Classified

Hemmandhaw, who was writing a letter, looked up to inquire:

"Is it ever permissible to apply gender to volcanoes?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Hemmandhaw returned, "but if it is they are surely masculine."

"Why?"

"Because they sputter, grumble and smoke."

Sez Ole Cliff Fox

"My idee o' wasted effort is tryin' t' borry a dollar from your landlady." —*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Worst Yet to Come

A Scotchman whose wife had gone away to live with her mother was met by a friend who, in apparent sympathy, accosted him thus:

"Man Jamie! this is an awful thing that has befallen you. It's a great pity that your wife has gone and left you."

"'Deed man!" quoth Jamie, "she'll dae waur than that yet."

"What waur can she do than that?" anxiously inquired his friend.

"She'll come back again," replied Jamie, ruefully.

"Dobbins, the art critic, has roasted my pictures unmercifully."

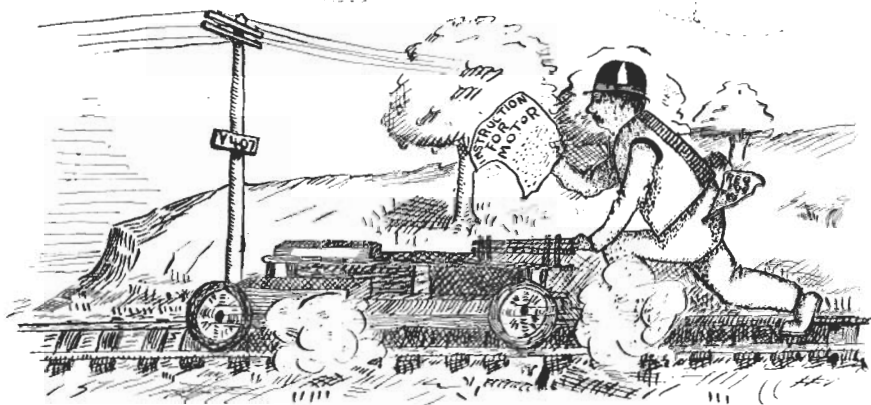
"Don't mind that fellow. He's no idea of his own; he only repeats like a parrot what others say."—*New York Globe*.

Heard at the Station

"Where's the bulldog?"

"In the baggage car."

"On account of his grip, I suppose."



One of our staff artists, Car Foreman S. W. Brink, while fishing in Barren Fork some time ago had his quiet disturbed, so to speak, by sundry harsh sounds proceeding from a point on the railroad track not far away.

Upon investigation he discovered that the author of these and similar remarks was none other than Roadmaster James Keough of the Muskogee Sub-division.

Mr. Keough seemed rather peeved but our artist finally gathered information (well punctuated) that Mr. Keough had been riding on his motor

car and in fact had ridden as far as mile post Y 407, at which point, three miles from the station, it had an attack of heart failure and the large object which Mr. Keough was pushing was nothing else than an overcome motor car.

At one and the same time Mr. Keough was studying his guide book in an effort to learn a proper restorative.

Fortunately our artist had his sketch book ready and was able to send the accompany artistic effect of Mr. Keough pushing a dead motor car **three hot miles.**

Pencil Economy

The stub of an indelible lead pencil, measuring just seven-eighths of an inch including the point, has been forwarded to *The Frisco-Man*. The pencil was worn down to this measurement by Agent J. L. Proffer, of Bucoda, Mo., in one of the metal pencil holders furnished by our stationery department.

This is another evidence of the fact that lessons in economy and efficiency are being taken seriously by the men, as they should be.

F. Hinkle is appointed roadmaster of the Sherman Sub-division, with headquarters at Francis, Okla., succeeding M. L. Melvin, resigned, effective September 15.

Pat Nelson is appointed roadmaster of the Ardmore Sub-division, with headquarters at Hugo, Okla., succeeding F. Hinkle, transferred, effective September 15.