

Woman's Department

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Once upon a time, as the story books say, I had a small nephew. Like other boys he was a human interrogation point, and often asked what seemed to grown ups to be foolish questions. Upon one occasion he was sitting by his grandmother's side, watching, from the window, the busy street. A passer-by attracted his attention and looking up into her face he said, "What is that?" The grandmother, whose supply of information was becoming exhausted, replied briefly, "A man." Instantly came the query, "What's it a man for?"

Of course we laughed over the foolish childish question, but many times since I have been constrained to ask the same thing. I have seen men wasting their substance in riotous living and feeding upon the husks of the world, forgetting that they were men and not swine and wallowing in the mire of drink and dissipation. Others, who scorn the drunkard, moved about with eyes cast down, worshipping the God of fear, forgetting that all righteous and worthy effort and ambition has the sanction of Divine Power, and there is no barrier between man and the stars.

Away with Fear! It is the trademark of the pessimist and we have nothing to do with it.

There is the chronic kicker, the knocker, the man who is always suffering from an aggravated case of the grouch. He is forever railroading against "the powers that be," the com-

pany he works for, the neighbors, the long-suffering wife, trying to shift to other shoulders than his own, the responsibility for the failure he feels himself to be.

Elbert Hubbard says, "If I worked for a man I'd work *for* him." By this he means that he would be loyal to him in word and deed and strive to further his interests. That he would bury the little hammer, which so many people are using so industriously and destructively, and use the time, energy and talent for which the man paid him in building up instead of tearing down.

What's it a man for? Surely not to criticise what he cannot improve. If you must be a critic, be constructive and not destructive. Find a remedy for the evil you bewail, or else cease to cry the evil, and that far relieve the strain upon those who are in the heat of battle.

You see posted in the vestibule of the street car this sign: "Do not talk to the motorman." The safety of the passengers depends upon the man's steady nerves, his clear brain and true hand and eye. You cannot afford to "rattle" him by even speaking to him. I wish I could post this sign all over the Frisco system. "Do not talk to the motorman." Your welfare, my welfare depends upon the clear brain and stead hand of the men at the wheel, and we cannot afford to knock and kick and "rattle" these men when

we can offer no tried and effectual remedy for the situation.

What are we women for? To be dolls, playthings, parasites upon society? I hope not. The average American woman marches abreast of her husband, bearing her share of the burdens of life, winning in return her share of its joys and victories. She is content to feel that she will "get what's coming to her," for she knows it must needs be the best the world has to offer.

To do this, to be worthy of this best requires labor and persistent effort. She must take an intelligent interest in all phases of her husband's work and in return she has a right to expect sympathetic co-operation in the home. Some writers have said this was not feasible; that a woman could not understand a man's business, and should not trouble him with the affairs of the household. But women are proving themselves capable of learning the ins and outs of every business and the happiest men are those who help to put the babies to bed and want to know what the dog had for supper.

What's it a League for? I have explained over and over the object of the Frisco Women's Safety League. It is our aim to increase the interest already shown in the Safety First movement, a cause which should be near and dear to the heart of every wife, mother, sister and daughter on the Frisco. We should, in the ways opened to us by the League, get a definite and clear idea of the men's Safety organization, their methods of work, what has been done and get a vision of what can be done and of the large part women can play in this movement. This part does not lie wholly in the meetings which are held from time to time, although these have their place and use, and are necessary.

The real vital effective work is to speak the word of caution to friend or relative, to lay the matter before the doubting ones in such a manner that they can see it from the right standpoint: To explain to a Frisco sister who has not heard of it, or does not understand it, the important part that Safety First plays in the world today. To tell your neighbor, who represents the traveling public, of what the Frisco is doing to make travel safe. Let us all get right down to business and make our influence felt so that the coming year may witness a greater reduction than ever before in personal injuries.

What's it a League for? Let us show a reason for our existence in the reports at the close of the year.

While prayers are going up from every city in our land for peace in Europe let us not forget we must both work and pray for the aching hearts in our country, on our own road, whose loss is not less bitter because the loved one died through some carelessness instead of on the field of battle.

Let us work for peace and harmony on our railroad and for the spirit of brotherhood which will reduce the number of widows and orphans on the Frisco.

The officers of the Women's League on the Western Division are planning to make good use of their Safety First passes. The president and secretary will make trips along the division, visit the women and talk of the work of the league. They are sending out invitations to women along the line urging them to attend their October meeting and assuring them of entertainment while in Enid.

In the organization of the Women's Safety League on the Central Division, a novel feature was the election of a

vice-president to represent every department of railroad work on that division. This was suggested by Superintendent Koch and met with hearty approval. In this way the responsibility for success of the League and interest in its progress is felt in every department, and the spirit of the meeting was one of excellent good fellowship.

At a reception at the Woodman Hall, Fort Smith, Ark., September 29, at which more than fifty women representing the families of employes of various departments were present, interesting talks were made upon the subject of Safety First and it was announced that the Frisco Women's League would be organized on the Central Division the following afternoon.

At the business session the next day interesting talks were made by Superintendent Koch. Mrs. Newland and others, after which all present gave in their names for membership and received pins. The following officers were elected: Mrs. H. Gunn, president; Mrs. A. Green, secretary; and Mrs. O. B. Willis, Mrs. J. Lewis. Mrs. I. J. Collins, Mrs. John Collins, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. A. Sherry, Mrs. J. Nelson, Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. Carl Mowery, Mrs. Long, Mrs. G. W. Green, Mrs. Hodnett. Mrs. Casey and Mrs. Glass were elected vice-presidents.

Frisco women played a prominent part in the Safety First Rally at Enid, Okla., September 21.

At the morning session which was devoted to the regular business of the committee, Mrs. E. G. Newland of Augusta, Kans., and Mrs. H. N. Shelton of Enid, Okla., were present. Mrs. Newland and Mrs. Shelton both state they were made very welcome and urge that these business meetings be attended by the ladies whenever possible.

The afternoon meeting was open to the public and was well attended. A special program was arranged by the local committee, composed of musical numbers, an address by Superintendent Mason, and addresses by others, which was greatly enjoyed by all those attending the session.

After the program, the meeting was placed in the hands of Mrs. E. G. Newland for the organization of the Women's League on the Western Division. The following officers were elected: Mrs. Harry Kengle, Enid, Okla., president; Mrs. Frost, Arkansas City, Kans., first vice-president; Mrs. Ed Whybro, Enid, Okla., second vice-president; Mrs. H. N. Shelton, Enid, Okla., secretary.

Plans are being made for a big time at the October meeting and the officers urge, through the columns of *The Frisco-Man*, that every member of the league on the Western Division, consider herself personally invited to attend this meeting.

The date of the meeting will be announced later through the agents along the line.

Every woman wearing a safety emblem is urged to consider herself a charter member of this organization and it is asked that all join forces in making it a success.

The secretary will be glad to hear personally from any member having suggestions or plans for the October meeting.

Mirth is God's medicine, and everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety—all the rust of life—ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

We generally have more sympathy for the under dog than we have for the small potato.

"Whistlin' Ben" Was Right.

By The Jack O'Diamonds.
The bunch around the round house
Huddled closely 'round the fire,
As they listened to the ravings
Of 'Hog Head' Dan McGuire,
"I've heard of some foolish orders
In my time—but say—the worst
I have ever yet encountered
Is this joke of—Safety First."

2.

"I've been on the right hand side ten years
And I'm tellin' you,
There's no monkey in an office
Can advise ME what to do,
Say— I've hung on to a throttle
With my hide so full o' booze,
That I felt just like a sailor
Goin' out upon a cruise."

3.

"Whistlin' Ben" (a veteran hog head)
Waited 'till McGuire got through,
Then knocked the ashes from his pipe
And slowly took a chew.
"Whistlin' Ben" had been a favorite
For years with all the men
When McGuire shut off—the hostler asked,
"What's your opinion Ben?"

4.

"Well" Ben said "Boys I've noticed
Ever since I was a child,
That a man who talks as Dan does
Is usually runnin' wild,
I've pulled a throttle thirty years
And I never take a drink,
Dan either does not mean that
Or he does not stop to think."

5.

"How would Dan like to trust his family
On a long cross country ride,
With an engineer so full of booze
It was oozin' from his hide?
Dan KNOWS he wouldn't do it,
That isn't common sense,
I've seen men in that condition
And I know the consequence."

6.

"Corporations pay big premiums
On appliances every year,
That assist in saving life and limb,
But at that this much is clear,
With all of these appliances,
When all is done and said
What good are these precautions
If you do not use your head?"

7.

"The Janey patent coupling
And the solid vestibules,
Show the companies' endeavors
Are in keeping with their rules,
The wonderful block system
Is a blessing, that is true
But remember that **GOOD JUDGMENT**
Is necessary—too."

8.

"Understand your orders
Then use intelligence.

And remember men—that Safety First
Is good old common sense,
Go get a drink of water
When you want to quench your thirst
And imprint upon your memory
The need of Safety First."

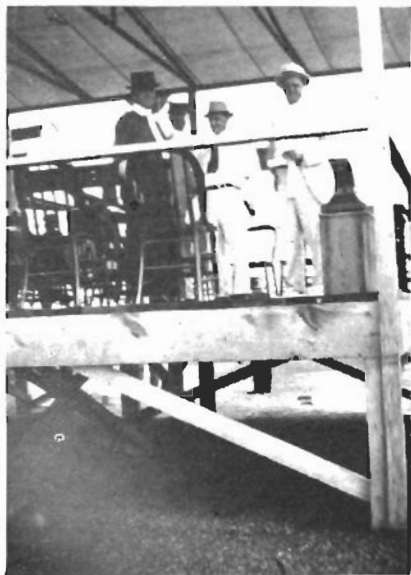
9.

Whistlin' Ben re-filled his pipe
And slowly walked away,
The Hostler turned to Dan and asked,
"Now what have you to say?"
"Well I never saw that subject
In just that kind o' light
And come to think it over boys,
Old Whistlin' Ben is right."

YOU are earning money, WHO gets
the benefit. YOU or the OTHER FIEL-
LOW?

ONLY the MONEY you KEEP BE-
LONGS to YOU.

Four Per Cent interest will be paid
you for your part, by
THE CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK,
TULSA, OKLA.



Burying the hammer at the New Shops,
Springfield, Mo., August 25—Left to right:
Tom Williams, Lee Ulman, E. E. McJim-
sey and General Manager E. D. Levy.

OLD BRADY'S PREDICTION

The snow-covered freight yard at Wildwood
 Gleamed red in the sunset's last glow,
 A switch engine moved on the siding,
 With pace which was steady and slow;
 Its white whirling steam clouds arising,
 Engulfing its sombre black form;
 The groaning and squealing of car wheels
 Rang out o'er the landscape forlorn.

The cold winter moon rose in darkness,
 To silver each snow-covered car,
 And gleam on the rails of the main line
 That lead to the distance afar.
 And oft from the yard's sombre shadows
 A roar and a crash rent the air,
 A coupler was smashed into powder,
 And end sills in need of repair.

Alone in his old-fashioned office,
 Old Brady, the Car Foreman, stood.
 He could hear the cars crash as they coupled,
 And the rip of the splintering wood.
 "All cars are alike," grumbled Brady,
 "Both the wood and the steel I repair,
 But they all break a coupler or end sill
 When they go down the hump over there.

"Now, the regular diet of freight cars
 Is a regular series of jolts,
 And it shivers from belt rail to carline,
 From its roof to its journal box bolts.
 No matter how strong is the freight car,
 It's bound to get smashed on the road.
 It's the shocks of the switching that does it,
 And never the strains of its load.

"Now the springs that we put back of couplers
 Create other shocks high and low,
 For the springs make a new shock called 'Recoil.'
 And the recoil is worse than the blow.
 Now we can't stop the shocks of the switching;
 It will always take place in the yards,
 And the cars that are getting the recoil
 Can be known by their bad order cards.

"Now we've had the wrong dope on the draft gears,
 For a spring won't dispose of a blow,
 And the cost of the damage from recoil
 My bunch of repair cards will show.
 But some one will get up a draft gear
 That's built to absorb all the blow;
 Perhaps I'll have gone when it gets here
 To the place where we all have to go."

Now the years have rolled on over Wildwood;
 The same moon shines on cold and still;
 Old Brady his long rest is taking,
 Beneath the tall pines on the hill.
 The rip track is silent and empty;
 On the cars a new stencil shows clear,
 And true was Old Brady's prediction,
 For "Cardwell" 's the name of the gear.