

### Springfield League.

The regular meeting of the Springfield Safety League was held in the assembly room of the Frisco Building at 2.30 P. M., May 7th with the President, Mrs. G. M. Bear in the chair.

After the opening prayer, offered by Mr. George J. C. Wilhelm, of the Y. M. C. A., at Monett, Frank Wightman, recently appointed Superintendent of Safety talked of the new relations and of the work ahead. He said a railroad was just like a family. That their prosperity depended upon the effort and loyalty of each employe, and also upon the sympathy and co-operation of the women-folks, and that good times for the Frisco would mean more work and more money for every employe and employe's family. He assured the members of his support in their undertakings, and requested them to help him in his work for safety among the Frisco men. He returned to his office amid hearty applause, carrying with him the friendship of the League and a cordial invitation to come again.

The minutes of the last meeting were then read and approved. Mrs. Wilcox gave an interesting report of the Memphis meeting, which she attended, and read the songs composed by the Amory League. A motion to adopt these, giving due credit to the composers, was carried unanimsly, and a committee appointed to have fifty copies printed so all could learn the words. The Springfield League suggests that all Leagues follow its example, as the tunes are the familiar ones of "Swanee River" and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground." The words can be easily obtained, and in this manner they can become "Frisco" songs.

Mrs. Wilcox was chosen at the last meeting as a delegate from the League to a conference of the Women's Clubs of the city, at which plans were discussed for a founding of a Welfare Home for Girls, and gave a report of the meeting.

It was the opinion of the League that this work would be Safety First in its highest and best sense, and all agreed to do their share, as a League.

### Kansas Division Organizes.

A branch of the Frisco Women's Safety League was organized on the Kansas Division, at a meeting at Neodesha, May 7. The following officers were elected: Mrs. Della Holland, president; Mrs. M. W. Lansdowne, vice-president; Mrs. Frank Baker, vice-president; Mrs. Ed Gray, secretary; Mrs. J. M. Hall, treasurer.

A committee, consisting of the following ladies, was appointed by the President to meet May 10, to decide on plans for the next meeting: Mrs. O. Thompson, chairman; Mrs. H. H. Brown, Mrs. J. P. McCoy, and Mrs. M. H. Vanderhoff.

Sixty-two charter members were enrolled at the meeting.

### Safety First vs. Housecleaning.

On April 28, the ladies of Willow Springs, Mo., were reveling in the delights of housecleaning when Mrs. Newland dropped in unannounced at 11.35 A. M. Word was sent round by phone and messenger, and at 2.00 P. M. fifteen Leaguers, spick and span, were seated in the Public Library to gain new ideas for their work of Safety First.

They have already done good work, and are making big plans for the future. A promise of the strict enforcement of the train-hopping ordinance has been secured of the Mayor, and they are planning to correct unsafe conditions and "clean up" their little city. They are also helping to beautify the railroad park by circulating petitions to obtain city water for the fountain, which was to be filled up for lack of water.

### Foreign Exchange.

Fearing its neutrality may be questioned in the matter of furnishing the Canadian Government Railway Employees Magazine with "material" for its "Woman's Department," The Frisco-Man wishes to go on record as being strictly neutral and is perfectly willing at all times to furnish to any of the nations involved in the great European conflict a supply of the Safety First material contained in its pages.

With the April issue, a "Woman's Department" has been added to the Canadian Government Railway Employees Magazine, in which is reprinted in full an article written by Mrs. Staley Fisher, of Thayer, Mo., published in the November, 1914, issue of The Frisco-Man, giving both Mrs. Fisher and The Frisco-Man full credit therefor; also excerpts from an address made by General Manager, E. D. Levy before the Springfield Terminal Branch of the Woman's League.

A circular entitled "Thou Shalt Not Kill," issued by the Frisco Central Safety Committee, is also reprinted in the magazine.

#### TO LEAGUE REPORTERS

I wish to make a special plea to those who report the meetings of the Leagues for the Women's Department. Our department is short this month because of the failure of the various Leagues to get their reports to me in time for publication. We are anxious to know what all are doing, and to keep in touch with each other, and this is the only way to do it. Please give me your report in future just as soon as possible after each meeting.

MRS. E. G. NEWLAND,  
*Editor Women's Department.*

Don't be afraid to use the other fellow's good ideas. The world never would have advanced if it hadn't done the same thing.

### "Just Anything."

*Mrs. W. Lafe Heath, Webster Groves, Mo.*

It always casts a lonesome feeling over me to ride in a Pullman. When having this peculiar idea I discovered it was because one is shut off from the many people out in the coaches and the ever-changing group of humanity—some getting off at their destination and new people getting on.

Watching all these things gives much food for thought on the all-day ride, while, of course, at night it is delicious to stretch out at full length and sleep; yet one can find sweet satisfaction while curled up in a chair or seat (just like the promiscuous lot of other people) thinking of the thousands of great, worthy men and women who have never been in a sleeping car and would be horrified, thinking themselves on the road to immorals, if they were compelled to retire in such a traveling hotel.

Other people may, though, be very rude and laugh at such rural ideas. But, did everybody like olives at first, and does everybody think pineapple-ice is better than old-fashioned custard?

So that is the reason I was riding all day in a coach, so crowded I could just find a seat now and then, here and there, then also when on a certain conductor's train, whom a minister made me closely related to, I made myself hostess, and found much happiness and pleasure in ministering to the most needy, "just anything."

My funniest experience doing this was when I went to a little Italian woman whose baby was pitifully crying—crying incessantly. I said: "What may I do for baby?" and reached for it. To my surprise she handed it to me, but as she did so, its little kewpie body cunningly jumped out of its calico slip. Some of the people tittered, but, pshaw; what is sweeter than a real meat and bone kewpie? And the mother quickly wrapped it in the slip again.

I took the baby and said: "Come let us go to the wash-room and see what we can do for it." She followed me and led a little girl three years old along. I held baby while the mother washed her own face, and combed her hair, and that of the little girl. Then she took the baby, washed it, and when it came to dressing the kewpie the funny part came in. She had long strips of Italian linen and crochet stuff and I watched her until I could stand it no longer, then I said, "Oh! no, no, this way," and I tried to adjust the Italian infant's underwear in the American way. I was having hard work, and when I looked up she was silently laughing in her Italian way at me. I began to realize the joke was on myself and handed the baby back to her, she wrapped it from under the arms down to the feet, and the little one seemed happy and comfortable and soon fell asleep and was not heard for three hours. The mother also slept.

Just as I came to my station I went to give her goodbye. Her eyes filled with tears and she did not utter a word. Her nephew said, "Lady, she cannot understand. She wishes me to say to you, she can never forget your great kindness, and that you cannot know how much you did for her. She is sick, and heart-sick, too, for she just come from Italy and I meet her in New York and we go to Oklahoma. She is much thanks for your kindness."

### Safety First.

*R. F. Mauldin, Section Foreman,  
Paris, Tex.*

History tells us that after the great battle of Waterloo one of Napoleon's soldiers was found stretched upon the battlefield with the life blood welling from an ugly wound in his breast. He was borne to a place where medical attention could be secured, and, as a surgeon was probing for the bullet and the vital spark in this hero was about to succumb to the excruciating and unbearable agony, he, even though realizing that Napoleon had been hopelessly defeated and he had given his life for a lost cause, gazed steadfastly into the physician's face and said, "If you go far enough, Doc, you will find the image of Napoleon."

If you were to go far enough, you would find a motto enshrined in my heart. It is emblazoned in

letters of gold and, in my mind's eye, ever stands out distinct and vivid; guiding my wayward feet along the path of safety and prolonging my existence on the good, green earth. I have made this the motto of my life, for, in the ever-diligent practice of its teachings, I, no doubt, many times owe my life.

This motto is SAFETY FIRST. Could two, or a thousand, words carry more significance? These two words spell HAPPINESS. They have dispelled the clouds of gloom and despair that have hovered over many an unsuspecting household. They have driven away the wolf that has threatened many a door. They are the palladium of joy where grief might have prevailed. They are the bulwarks against poverty and distress and will ever rise until their towering summits kiss the skies and the air resound with the plaudits of all mankind.

Even now, although still in its infancy, having first been agitated some three years ago, this movement has risen above the scoff and pessimism with which it was first assailed and is receiving favor in the eyes of the world. It has overcome many obstacles and there will be many more to surmount, but the greater part of the fight has been won. It has reached the landmark that points to the highway leading to success; for the railroad employes, as a rule, have realized, in part, the blessings to be derived from this movement, have taken down their barriers, have unconditionally surrendered, have become imbued with the proper spirit, and are now carrying banners in the forefront of the Safety First campaign.

Oh, too much glory and commendation cannot be bestowed upon a movement which has for its cardinal object the preservation of life and the welfare of mankind. Instead of scoffing, we should bless.

Every accident that has ever happened can be traced to carelessness or neglect on the part of someone. This movement, in its entirety, expects AND WILL eventually remove the greater part of this carelessness and neglect, whether on the part of employe or employer, and thus prevent such accidents as have plunged thousands upon thousands of homes into the depths of despair, and have taken away thousands of husbands and fathers upon whom someone depended for each day's bread.

In my opinion, this is the greatest movement ever conceived by a corporation. It has instilled caution and prudence into the minds of a multitude and the statistics of any railroad on which it has been adopted show a result for which we all rejoice. Many a man now goes to his home well and "altogether" after his day's work in the yard is over, rides his baby on his knee and laughs at the youthful prattle. Whereas, if he had not looked down the track before attempting to cross between the cars, or had not remembered Safety First when making the coupling, he would have been carried home on a stretcher crushed and mangled, and, if alive at all, knowing that his days upon the earth were numbered. Then, instead of the happy voices and laughter of his little ones, he would have heard their hysterical cries and the heart-breaking sobs of his wife. Then he would have realized that it devolves upon his once happy wife to earn a livelihood for them all and that the time she should devote to properly rearing and educating the children is spent bending over a wash tub eking out a sustenance for them while they are roaming the streets, half-clothed and filthy; learning naught but vice. It is then too late to think how he could have saved his life by using a little caution. It is then too late to save his family from the pangs of poverty and to re-open to his children the avenue leading to citizenship and honor.

# THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY

## HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

☞ Is the **LARGEST** Accident Insurance Company in the world and has paid in benefits to its Accident Policyholders over \$43,000,000.

☞ It offers to Frisco employes the most liberal **Accident and Health** policies issued by any Company.

☞ Paying you for the loss of Life, Limb, Sight or Time, resulting from injuries received while on duty or off. Policies may be paid for in installments.

☞ Let our agents explain to you the merits of our policies.

☞ Fill out and mail us the blank below and we will send you a circular explaining it.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

## The Travelers Insurance Company

HARTFORD, CONN.

RAILROAD DEPARTMENT

### A Thrilling Incident.

A mule stood on a railroad track,  
 Behind him stood the cart;  
 The driver yelled, his whip he cracked,  
 But could not make him start.  
 The flagman called: "Move on my lad,  
 The train is almost due!"  
 The youth, dismounting, said: "Bedad,  
 I'll leave him, then, to you."  
 The flagman urged the mule to go,  
 But all of no avail,  
 Though blows fell thick as winter snow  
 And danced like summer hail.  
 The train came rumbling full in view—  
 A crowd enjoyed the sport;  
 Though flagman groaned and engine blew,  
 The mule still held the fort.  
 But suddenly there came a crash—  
 The mule, oh, where was he?  
 Ask some one who likes hotel hash—  
 I did not stay to see. —Puck.

The get-together meeting of section foremen at Fort Smith, Ark., April 20, at which Roadmaster Scherrey presided was perhaps the most interesting and beneficial gathering held on the Frisco recently.

Nineteen foremen attended the meeting, and, aside from a number of interesting talks upon track conditions, plans and arrangements were made for spring and summer work, and Safety First bulletins were read and discussed.

Mention was made of the good work done by trackmen in connection with the recent campaign for increased freight and passenger rates. Section foremen were able to exert a good deal of favorable influence among the farmers and citizens, and it was resolved not to lose this good will, but to do everything possible to maintain a feeling of friendliness and spirit of co-operation with the man outside the right of way.

Much good is being derived from these meetings and they are to be held as often as possible. Each foreman plans to spring

a bunch of ideas at the next meeting for discussion and to swap results and experiences.

### Kansas City Locals.

By C. W. Fink.

Dar wuz er ball game de udder Sunday mornin twixt de local orifice Terriers, en de gang from de Commercial orifice dat done resulted disastrous to de penant hopes ob de Commercial orifice. Dey am mouty nice boys, en we likes dem, but we wuz out ter git dere skelps, en we fotched dem home er hangin on er pole. Our boys wuz full ob "pep" en ebbery time dey tickled dat fool ball wid er bat, hit jest had ter run out inter de field somewheres, ter laff hit off.

We an gwine ter take on de Shops shotely, dat is as soon as dey gits er little more lathe work done on dere feet. Our scouts hab done fotched back de infermashun dat all dey hab an er old round house curb, en er greasy waist ball dat am er way off center. Dey kaint chuck er ball in er lathe, en make hit spin true, en am press drillin eround erbout what dey gwine ter do. Dey hab one feller dat kin whack er car, but we am spilin fer jest one whack at dem. Yassir.

De porter, Lon Ivory, en dat am his real name, scrubbed de orifice en polished de winders so dat de light came in so strong on de green curtains, dat de floor looked like er grass patch, en some ob de boys were deceebed inter heelebin dat spring wuz here at last, en went out er got dere hair cut.

De last freight claim prevenshun meeting adt wuz held at dis terminal wuz er mouty interestin one, en several good speeches wuz made. Brudder Whitelam perduced de figgers dat showed dat de Frisco wuz right up check by jowl, wid de 'ristocrats ob railroads in low raysho ob claims er thousand, but we am not satersfied twell we gits ter de top. When hit comes ter freight claim prevenshun, we am er settin mighty purty at dis end, en hit am mighty plain dat Brudder Whitelam didn't turn out ter be er black sheep.

Bress de Lawd, some folks am jest nacherally horn lucky. Brudder Wardell ob de superintendents orifice found er possum en nine young uns under his desk when he came down ter gib de boss a good day de udder mornin. Jest why dat lady possum decided ter bless Brudder Wardell, wid her presence, er presents, am more dan we kin figger out, but we am gwine ter state right here dat if dat man has er jitney's wuff ob brudderly lub, er one drap ob de milk ob human kindness, he will turn ober dis gift ob Providence ter de editor ob dis colyum whar hit rightfully belongs.

We am sorry to repote dat Brudder Jeems Quinlan, am still in de hospital at St. Louis, but we hab favorable repotes from him. We miss Sunny Jim and hopes ter hab him back eround us shotely.

Well de war am er turrible thing, en may be all dat General Sherman says she am, but hit am our humble erpinion dat hit am no worse den er piece ob boardin house pic. De first am all hear say, but de last am ackshul experience wid us.

Oh de lady bug settin on er sweet pettater vine,  
 Sufferjettin erbout votes fer wimmen,  
 But her old man at home, hangin de wash on de line,  
 Says he wish dey wuz all in, swimmin.