

D. Crutcher has gone to St. Louis to purchase some cheap—he didn't say, but don't think he'll have much luck.

Bob Mathews claims a poor man has as much right to own an auto as a rich man, as it is not a luxury.

Dock Whitall has a new Scripps-Booth, but will not let anyone ride in it.

Anyone who has any old beer bottles for sale see T. A. Nelms. He is in the brewery business.

A certain young lady has a picture of Waldo Stahl. Wonder where she got it.

Machinist Burke has purchased a lot in the cemetery because he is home guard in the West Shop now.

Mitchell King wants to borrow a high-power rifle. He is going to Oregon County to hunt bear.

Machinist Ed Brandt can't get his International out of his yard.

Brother Wardlow is quite a boomer of late, having three jobs in one month.

The freight train held the street cars, but could not hold Foreman Bob Elick's Studebaker from hitting the cinder path at about 65 per.

Machinist Johnson's jazz band was all O. K., but it went to Machinist Apprentice Buckhoist's head.

One of the best dances ever held in Missouri was given by the Ozark Lodge 233 jointly with the Ladies' Auxiliary, and was attended by everyone there. The Johnson Jazz Band was fine. Come again, 233.

That Lead Man Duckett sure shakes a wicked Douglas.

Bob Charlton fell out of bed and hurt his knee cap a few days ago. We don't see how a "prohi" could do that.

Henry Heise has not got any more grievances now, as he did want a goat to pull his boring bar wagon around. He says he has been the goat around here a long time and he can pull it.

Homer Daggert, Bob Charlton, Reynolds and Chas. Miller were seen sitting on the front row at the picture show when it was showing "When Bearcat Went Dry."

Machinist Apprentice Roy Noblette says he will not go see his girl until the coal shortage is over. Why didn't he say til' after Xmas. That was what he meant.

Chub Cowell is growing a Charley Chaplin mustache, and he looks funny, too.

Happy West would like to know the renegade that took his Stetson sombrero at the Indian war dance November 27. Size 9, color yellow, two forty-eight holes in the crown. Balance of hat in good condition.

Jim Howe has a new watch and will be glad to tell anyone the exact time. Never more than five minutes off.

Fred Hope and W. E. (Dutch) Ritter are going to take dancing lessons. Great sport for war veterans.

Wm. L. Holt, pensioned machinist helper from the North Side Shops, and daughter, Miss Mary, and Machinist I. G. Holt, of West Shop and wife, desire, through the

columns of The Frisco-Man, to extend to their many Frisco friends their grateful appreciation for the many acts of kindness shown and sympathy extended them in the recent illness and death of their wife and mother, Mrs. Wm. L. Holt, who died on November 22.

Arthur Claypool is going to start the New Year off with a clean face. He found a bar of soap in his Sunday-go-meeting coat. No doubt sister gave him that.

Pete McSweeney has quit the Democratic party and joined the Republican, and says he knows he is acting right.

Milo Crawford, better known as "Daddy," says there is no truth in the report that he was going to buy a new suit of overalls, and have the ones he has been wearing for the past three years washed. They will make good soap when they wear out.



T. A. NELMS AND SHORTY DAGGERT. Well-known "Prohibition Fitters" of the West Shop, Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD—SUPT. TRANSPORTATION.

(J. W. Seabaugh.)

Miss Helen Yates purchased several bottles of high-powered toilet water to give as Xmas presents. Leonard Wright advises he will accept Crab Apple flavor, but much prefers Apple Jack.

A rumor originating at the Reclamation Plant on December 11 that the brew emporium had opened on the old basis, caused much favorable comment in the Frisco Building, and promptly at 5:01 p. m. there was a mad rush for the square in which several persons barely escaped injury. The original report which caused this wild stampede had been greatly enlarged, as it was to the effect that they were ready to open as soon as the Supreme Court passed the proper verdict.

Wheel and Axle Inspector S. P. Tobias refuses to carry his suit case over the system any more, claiming the revenue inspectors have inflicted great damage searching it.

Since Charles Boren declared himself in

the market for a used car to take him to and from his country estate each day, he says he did not know there were so many Studebaker cars in the country.

Lloyd "Baldy" Lamb says he wishes St. Louis was closer. Not on account of the Mississippi River, however.

"There is only one fellow countryman I ever envied," says Carl Edmonds, "and that is Rip Van Winkle."

Ferd M. Ferbrache is building a trap nest to try to find out which one of his thirty-one hens laid the egg in November.

The bunch would like to know whether Miss Mable Ketchum buys gum by the package, gross or crate.

Why Roy Prater is shifting his position at his desk so he faces due south is a mystery to be solved.

W. A. Primm is glad the budget is made up just once a year, as it takes a year to make it up.

A new fur coat is causing Miss Mabel Campbell to pull for zero weather. She also says she would as soon live in a Ford Sedan (Flickman Model) as in a six-room bungalow, however, the gang wants to know who is going to hold the dishes on the table.

Leonard Wright accuses himself of being a singer, but the bunch in the office refuses to give him a hearing.

After visiting several jewelry shops in the city in search of a Christmas present for "The Fairy," Ed Foster decided to present her with his picture, but one glance at the proof convinced him the picture man's camera was cracked, as it displayed several wrinkles which he refuses to claim as his own. However, a second sitting did not wash out the wrinkles and he has selected a nice box of stationery at the ten-cent store to sub for the photo.

R. E. Mansfield has become an addict of the cigarette habit. The particular part is Bob insists on their being flavored with rubber and celluloid. Ask Edgar Johnson, he sits on the other side of the desk.

Miss Millie Alcorn, our field clerk, insists there is no such thing as "True Love."

J. W. "Doc" Seabaugh had rabbit for breakfast the other morning. Doc, Jr., downed the fleet-footed bunny with a donick. Now Doc is trying to sell his shotgun.

Since trains 105 and 106 have been cut off, Chas. N. Thompson has been contemplating starting a "jitney" between Springfield and Birmingham. However, he'll have to hurry to beat the coal strike.

SPRINGFIELD CLAIM DEPARTMENT.

(C. E. Martin.)

O. Parker recently made an exploration expedition into Arkansas. Among many things he found, one was that the collarless dark complexioned cotton picker was putting it all over the white-collared army when it comes to making lasting and perma-

nent acquaintance with that thing said to be the root of all evil, if we love it.

C. E. Martin has been seen sneaking home through the back alley like he was dodging the cops. Someone told him a fellow named Rathbone wanted to hold a conversation with him about this year's pean crop.

Warmly we welcome R. C. Gilbert to our midst as a full-fledged O. S. & D. investigator after so many faithful years of claim checking.

E. M. Davis don't know whether to start prospecting for oil or investing in big business with his recent fifty per cent increase. Better put it in the bank and when he is as old as E. M. D. is he will be independently rich.

C. F. Smith has been getting some pork. Not the kind Senators are supposed to get, but real eatable hog pork. Parker, Martin and a few others living in his neighborhood have been trying to find out where he is going to store it, whether he has a dog and other personal matters. Since finding that Carl gets up at 4 a. m., any nightly calls will have to be made before 4 p. m.

Will someone please tell Mr. Bangert where to put his apples at night to keep R. N. Brooke out of them?

For the best methods for loading mules, apply to F. L. Pursley.

Wonder how the soldier boy is getting along these cold days, since L. F. Sewell has swiped his khaki shirt.

This is to express our good wishes to Rudolph Bost, who has left our office to, like the knights of the round table, hunt for the "Wholey Kale," or some more exciting pursuit in other fields of endeavor. He has been with our organization since September, 1917, and at time of leaving had charge of the Carload Disposition desk. During the war drives by all of the five or six organized bodies for driving money out of our pockets, both for the good of the fellow driven and the boys in action, Rudolph was one of the best drivers. In contributions to the various Liberty loans, he was also a "topper" and all these things working together brought Rudolph into full-fledged citizenship of the U. S. A., for which he does not have to depend on his looks, like Davis, but has papers to show he is a citizen. As a member of the "Midnight Suns" and as a participant in the marathons of that body, they do say he shined like the morning stars or the Aurora Borealis, the darker the midnight the sunnier the suns.

Understand Mary Cooper was married December 3. There is sure something different about railroad people. Had you never noticed that ordinary common everyday folks are supposed to get married in June and the poets have howled their heads off about June brides, summer time, love time, and to the farmer boy, crab grass time and swimming time? But who ever heard of a poet raving about December

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brides? However, with our office record of four weddings, that we know of or think we know of, and some more we know we do not know of, it brings me back to my original conclusion, which is that railroaders are "something different." And there may be a reason.

Now, having mentioned some weddings, I don't know of anything that makes it necessary that I keep the girls in suspense, for thirty days of curiosity is too much nerve strain. Irene Doonis quit a perfectly good job—position I mean—men have jobs—for no reason that anyone can see unless it is to become a December bride. Now comes Alice Conley, being of sound mind and knowing whereof the things which she doeth, etc., who also has quit a similar perfectly nice position and it is to be taken as a perfectly good prognostication that within a short time she will pass through that old, old door through which no woman can go alone. Now we are not supposed to know this, but merely to be surmising. But you know, one day Rosa O'Brien quit and later you know the circular that passed around the office thanking every one for the nice present and signed by a Mr. and Mrs. Payne, whom the fellows wanted to know "who was," as they did not remember giving anything to such parties. So far as the girls are concerned, it is their own business to get married, but it is thought actions being father to the thought, that J. C. Highberger is making it part of his supreme business to also get married. So he has gone to Texas these several days and before he has been and been to Texas, and why does he "did" it? and when he comes in on No. 4 today—well it is near time for No. 4 now, so we'll just see. Enough for the matrimony.

There's another chapter to be written about some of the old bachelors around hereabouts, who are shirking their duty or who are dodging the H. C. of L. or just simply don't know when or how or what to say. But will leave their case to be handled by some damsel after the first of the year, for I understand the year 1920 is perfectly divisible by four and when I went to school that one day such years were said to be a bad season for bachelors.

CLAIM DEPT. TYPING BUREAU.

(Mary B. Engle.)

Lucy Wittenberg has charge of the Stationery room again. Did Belle Davis get "cold feet" when she heard about Lucy getting locked in? Evidently Lucy is going to be more careful after this as she might not be so lucky in getting out next time.

We all wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Payne (Rosie O'Brien) for the fine candy sent us, as it was certainly delicious. Jennie Hasler passed the candy and she is a star when it comes to stretching things, as she stopped at each desk two or three



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times. She surely hadn't sampled it before starting out.

The Typing Bureau is talking of renting a pop corn stand in order not to have to wait so long for the 14 weekly sacks. We will need some one for a good roaster. Applications are now in order. Minnie Bossert does not care for pop corn only when others have it. She probably can't stand the noise.

Ethel Copland decides after all she had rather work with a good jolly bunch of girls than to be the star stenographer for the Buick firm.

Did anyone succeed in vamping the Little Dictaphone Man who came here about a week ago? Someone ought to go after Johnnie. It might please him quite well and he might be seen tinkering with our machines more often.

It certainly takes a girl with a great big heart to work for a co-worker on Saturday afternoon, but Gertrude Fryer has more than once shown she is right there when it comes to the heart work (?).

The heated arguments we hear in the back of the room seem to have a new subject each day, the latest being on Prohibition, which, of course, is the order of the day subject. We only hear part of it, but sometimes makes us wish we were back there with the "soap-box orators." About the only thing we can argue about in the front of the room is the "fresh air" subject, and it gets "stale."

Harry Hayes and George Reed visited the Typing Bureau the morning of the 17th.

The prediction of the end of the world did not pan out and we are still hard at work in the Typing Bureau.

Ruby Northcutt still flips around from one desk to another. We hope Santa brings her a nice new pair of wings for Christmas so she can get a little more speed.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE—SPRINGFIELD.

(R. M. Rawls.)

B. D. Miller and Paul W. Arnold recently spent a week hunting near Winona. They left with the assurance that they would bring home some big game, but we haven't seen any results to date.

H. E. Sullivan has just purchased a flock of thirteen thoroughbred White Leghorn chickens, about which he is much enthused. He expects to get a dozen eggs a day as soon as they become reconciled to their new environment. We are of the opinion that "Sully" is losing more or less sleep trying to figure how to invest his profits to be derived from his flock.

Anna Dunbar has been promoted from typist in Mr. Doggrell's office to stenographer in Mr. Schleyer's office.

Marie Arnold, typist of Mr. Doggrell's office, is working temporarily as typist in the office of General Superintendent, first

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district, account of Mrs. Kelso being away on leave of absence.

George Graham has been promoted from Assistant Superintendent's clerk at Clinton, Mo., to general clerk in office of General Superintendent Schleyer.

FRT. TRAFFIC DEPT.—ST. LOUIS.

(L. E. Meyer, Correspondent.)

Miss Ayers is firmly convinced she is a victim of shrewd salesmanship, for after trying over a hundred times to have one of her new rabbits multiply 9x7 she states the rabbit just looked dumb and fled, while Miss Ayers is positive the chap that sold them to her distinctly affirmed that rabbits multiply rapidly.

The gang is greatly concerned over the wisp-like appearance of Miss Ayers, who has become so willowy that she was compelled to dispose of the royal purple Pussy-willow silk-lined Peruvian "Woolinpoof" coat, which she won at a raffle for 15 cents, to some damsel for 75 simonleons, proving that, which Barnum said, "one is born every minute," sometimes it's twins.

"Hello" Harry Stadin, the only gob that got across, is among us again. "Hello" was the wireless operator on the S. S. Castalia, which was adrift for three days before sinking. During that time the boat was lurching and heaving so it was impossible to get to the galley. The skipper announced that anyone who rescued a ham from the galley could have it. It was then Harry's hunger began, for Harry is not interested in pork.

Harry has been in France, Germany and Norway, but states he'll never see the face of Miss Liberty again, as she faces the ocean.

Owing to a recent hair cut, H. Kendall is much shorter in height and coin of the realm. Harry suggests that the chap who invented dumb waiters should start in on barbers, as one tonsorial artist in an eloquent appeal influenced him to "be singed," which cost him about one iron man.

While going home in a crowded car, a chap arose politely and offered his seat to Mr. Jordan, which seemed to trouble Mr. Jordan, as he cannot quite understand why the fellows tip their hats to him when he wears his red neckpiece.

For the small sum of two bits and the cellar door key, Geo. Washington Meichels will pose as the patron saint of Christmas. George shows a wonderful resemblance to the jovial St. Nick around the belt. George has always wanted to pull off something big, but the biggest thing he has pulled off so far has been his shirt.

While not wishing him any bad luck, Ann Hickey says she hopes her "Wed. and Sun. night" would catch a cold, as she wishes to get something appropriate and can only afford a handkerchief.

Norden dislikes to be flim-flammed, which accounts for his uncertainty as to what he