The new generation of administrators of these enterprises has firmly grasped its responsibility to the public. Moreover, and employe interest, with promise of growth of business conscience and ownership to the public. In-deed there are deep and promising currents, originating in our economic life driving toward a mutualization of public and private interest, employer and employee, with deeds of gentility and charm, and then, when the pendulum swings on its downward course, it is bound to dope out to you the same kind of stuff that you have allowed to emanate from your own soul.

No one was ever successful unless he earned it. Let not allow complacence, to grow under your feet.

Some are content with life as it is; but don't you think, if each of us above a bit more, that we could make it better?

And always remember that there is one Voluntary Being to whom we have to account some day for the things we do now. Make it easy on yourself.

This one is in the President's office, on the wall to the right of him: "For when the great Scorer comes to score, he goes not out, but in, and you played the game." That's good ballast for the soul, and makes you feel that success is not always measured in dollars and cents, but it is a challenge to us to perfect our service. It is not by giving to the population of any other country. The wages in our utilities were dominated by the malig-nism by which private competition can in control, whether it be through over-control or through insufficient control, if they have not the political mechan-ism by which they can undertake the in control, some place. Therefore, guard your eyes get "tuned" up to all the darkness, you can distinguish a few light away down around, that looks like lightening bug flying around. These lights are nothing but headlight's worn by the miners.

Two thousand feet from the surface, probably down under a mountain, some several thousand feet from the surface, probably down under a mountain, some several thousand feet from the surface, probably down under a mountain, some several thousand feet from the surface, probably down under a mountain, some several thousand feet from the surface, probably down under a mountain, some several thousand feet from the surface, almost a sudden explosion down below sent me from your own soul. It is a challenge to us to perfect our service. It is not by giving to the population of any other country. The wages in our utilities were dominated by the mali-gnism by which private competition can...
Are You Living or Existing?
An Article From the N. C. and St. L. Railway "News Item"

By T. ASHLEY WALKER

Are you living or existing? What is life? What is meant by existence? Living is often inaccurately defined, and few of us ever know the real meaning of it. We often use the word living when we mean existing; a term applied to anything present in the universe. Life implies more; it means growth, development and enlargement.

Let us note the little one-celled animal called the Amoeba. No one will dare say that this animal really lives in the broadest sense of the word. It is true that it grows and develops (by cell division) but it is entirely dependent on outside sources for its growth. If the environment is favorable the process of development is continued; if unfavorable, it perishes. It has no power within itself to conquer or change environment or to live above its surroundings. In short, the Amoeba can never know or partake of real life.

This happy privilege is for man only. He alone has the power to change and shape not only his own life, but also the life of those with whom he comes in contact. You may remember that lower animals and plants either become dwarfed or actually perish when living under wrong conditions. Man cannot only live amidst, but can actually grow and develop while doing so. We all know the story of the poet who struggled in the slums, but lived above them in his poetry. We all know of the poverty-stricken mother, who instills in the minds and souls of her children the things that are big and noble. They live surrounded by adverse conditions, and yet they neither become dwarfed, nor do they die. These are the souls who know life in its fullest. These may truthfully answer, "I am living."

Unless we are living for something and know what it is; unless we have a definite aim in view; unless we are making the most of every talent with which Nature or a kind Providence has given us; unless we are developing every day by judicious exercise every faculty that we possess; unless we are gradually but never ceasingly broadening — expanding — growing — achieving better and better and greater and greater results as the days and weeks and months go by; unless we are doing all these things, we are not living in the right sense of the word.

If we are spending our days in anything short of searching out the forces within us, and without a daily, active, vigorous, aggressive struggle to accomplish the aim of our life and to live up to the best that is in us, we are not living, but existing.

— T. Ashley Walker.

Safety Department Now Under Mr. H. W. Hudgens

Effective December 1, the Safety First work was placed under the direction of H. W. Hudgens, chief claim agent. George L. Ball, former superintendent of safety and insurance, will hereafter give all of his time to the insurance end, the "group insurance" on the Frisco having reached such large proportions as to require this.
January, 1925

**“To-Day”**

By Sam A. Hughes

Consider well this day for it is life, the very life of life. In its brief course we all the realities of our very existence, the bliss of growth, the glory of action, the splendor of beauty, all to the glory of action in its unconsciousness of doing good. For yesterday is but a dream and tomorrow is only a vision, but today so well lives明朗 every yesterday's dream of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope.

And this lends us up to a living picture revealed to me, as it now hangs upon memory's wall, never to be erased, a most beautiful painting and every tomorrow a vision of hope.

It was Christmas morning, the day all days when men cease their toil, seeking the sanctity of their homes, all over the world for the purpose of celebrating the glad day, nor is this universal privilege denied the people of any nation or any locality upon the face of the globe, not excepting the desert in the far west where the white man, the child of fortune, the health-seeker, the tourist and the invader from all over the world touch elbows with the Spanish-American, the poacher, the black man and just the red man, claiming as he does priority in American citizenship by virtue of his American birth. For in their glad anticipation of the celebration of the day of our Lord, and turning to his faithful围绕, he worked for his field grass, which had served him so well in his aerial battles with his squadron in battle formation, and flying long and instantly he silently viewed the simple life, people, all ages and colors, so they eagerly trod the mazes, the lowlands and the desert exulting to the littleAdobe church, with its black and white outline and its church yard, and the simple communicants in silent prayer and adoration in memory of the birth of our Saviour, and then turned to his picture, and remarked, "Yes, there is a God!"

He then turned his glass in the opposite direction and discovered automobiles filled with happy families of children, poor children from the town and surrounding country, driving toward the home of Lloyd Storm, who had inaugurated the plan of giving happiness to the poor children of his town, in their glad anticipation of the Christmas tree with its bright colored lights, its presents for all and the many good things to eat awaiting them. On this little place case provided by loving, sympathetic friends who had call at the next homes and picked up the children so dear to their parents, promising to return them safely.

Upon arrival at the Storm home, out they jumped, running into the house and were given upon that tree with admiration and amazement, and they watched while they put on the red, white and blue paper cape, and then pandemonium broke loose when they began blowing their horns, for they were competing for the cash prize offered for the loudest blower, their faces appearing to be out of shape and at times it seemed they would fall to function by reason of exhaustion, but they were supremely happy, and then the order was given for them to fall in and march past the Christmas tree and before reaching it to draw a number from a hat, the highest number entitling them to a choice of presents hanging upon the tree, and as round and round they went until but one little lot remained whose eyes gazed longingly at the randomly vanishing watches, pocket knives, books, baseballs, etc., there were dolls, hair ribbons and many suitable presents for the little girls, the last to draw was not disappointed for her post looking lightly looked after in an adjoining room and all went home laden down with gifts, together with stockings of mosquito netting containing oranges, apples, enough food to keep them busy for days to come, and then as they assembled on the lawn where the picture revealed their happy faces as they departed for their homes laden with many gifts and great joy, eager to tell the story of Santa Claus and his wonderful power of bringing happiness to them.

Oh! would to God that this picture could be exhibited to all the world now so hardly born with selflessness, peacefully and strife with its vast army of little children, who know so little about the day of our Lord, and the emulation of Lloyd Storm and the beneficence of the whole world, which will be practiced throughout this Christmastide.

Vancouver, R. C., Nov. 15—Congressman Albert Johnson, Washington, B. C., also accompanied the driver to spend the night with his family, and ordered the driver to catch the train enroute to the Storm home, B. C., Vancouver to make connection with a train for the interior.

Canadian customs officials refused to allow the driver to leave without a bond, a procedure which would have required an hour to make the train, thirty miles away. Representative Johnson, in order to comply with the law and avoid the threatened delay, purchased the taxi on the spot for $2,500.

As owner of the machine, Congressman Johnson, who was accompanied by his daughter, was free to proceed without the bond required from the operator of rented machines crossing the line.

**Write the Editor**

Please give us your honest opinion or criticism of the Maga-
It was a hot sultry afternoon in late August, when the service car in which I was making a survey of the Wood-Woof County oil fields in West Texas, landed me in the bustling little town of Glycera.

No rain had fallen over this territory in some time, and the ground lay baked and watered, glinting in the heat of the summer sun. The roads, which had not been in use for a short time, were worn and charred with the passing of heavily loaded trucks. A heavy white alkali dust lay some six inches deep in the tracks and roads and fog with the fumes of each vehicle. This dust naturally settled over passers and conveyances, and clung with a tenacity that was hard to approach.

Under these conditions I arrived in Glycera.

The town was a boom town of the first water, and consisted only of frame shops and joints. The streets run without form or reason, and no questions asked.

After registering at the Beaver Board Hotel, and being assigned to Cut No. 5 in a room containing six, I hastened out to find a hair shop.

Inquiring of one of the loungers in front of the hotel, I was directed to a shop at the other end of the block. I thought I detected a suppressed smile as this information was furnished, which I suppose proved to be correct as recorded by later events.

Entering the barber shop, which was a lunch bar with living quarters up stairs, and wavy to the only chair by the only barber, he seated me in the barbershop chair, and the barber, as he wore the regulation white cap.

The chair was evidently the old-timer, and was a relic of age. The barber had one time possessed four chairs, and in the good days of the boom chair rested on three and a stack of brick. The four were to be covered, or sphregistered in horse hair, and the present held two and a half and fall in collioles and nickels that were extremely amusingly settled on passers.

Once seated, the barber appeared to be in a very solemn mood, and ceased extreme care in tilting the chair back to a reposition position, and the chair work was manifested developed later.

While I had asked for a haircut, it suddenly dawned upon me that the barber had me in a position for a shave. As a boom town barber was a mere sort of settlement into the most comfortable position possible and awaited developments.

A chair was located at one side of the shop upon which a gallon can of water was leaning, with a steady cloud of vapor mounting cellophane.

The barber poured some of the hot water into a vessel, at one time evi- dent and a popular one, and aerated it, and was caring it with a spoon, as there was no brush in evidence. He appear- ed to be having some trouble in pro- ducing a lather and made his voice called to his wife, who it appeared could not be there. This made a two cake of soap. She entered the room almost immedi- ately with a large bag of washing soap of the cheapest quality.

When I try to recall the harrowing details of that shave, words fail me. Suffice it to say, the razor was dull. The soap with its alkaline content scorched my face and scored my brain. In fact, for days afterward, I looked like I was a smallpox patient on the slow road to recovery.

The barber was loquacious, and launched into a graphic detail of his life's history, while he shaved with an energy that was not to be denied.

"Yes, my name's Bill Skoet. I am the son of old man Skoet who used to have a ranch out on Bear Creek, but he's gone now. Dad was a good man, but Dad just simply couldn't talk a little horse. They cut him out with a knife and some way Dad's brand got on them, and when the vigilance committee called on Dad, old Walt, I could see that Dad wouldn't be interested in cutting much longer. Well after dad died, mother married the foreman, and as he and I couldn't get along, I left. They sold the ranch and moved to a small town. And to tell you the truth, I don't think I'd be here to cut your hair today. I don't care, though. I'll give you some. Do you get back to the old ranch once a year to see the retorters?"

"Well, yes. Dad was pretty strong attacked to that in years, and I haven't seen him since I think he's there in the moon- light."

"Well, I pinch cutched for a white. I come from a ranch to another. When I had moved to a few dollars, I had to change the name of the Creek and started in the sheep busi- ness. Then I got married—married Sally Skinner. Her people were poor, but she has made me a good wife."

"Yes, we have four children. Mary is the last, she is the oldest. Then there is Pate, he is nine. Jack is eight, and Sally is seven, she is the cut-up of the family."

Then polished his voice, "Sally, Sally, come here, I think the man needs a change."

Sally entered carrying a small dish full of both cream and hot milk, the men of fortune, including a large butcher knife. She was a pet of several by the farm implement file, also an instrument that I could not name, but used to see the same instrument used by blacksmiths in trimming horses hooves when I was a boy. Any- way, you know what I mean.

Sally proceeded to get busy. Her Intentions were good, but, ye gods, she was rough.

When Sally entered, the four chil- dren followed her in, and sat down in a row upon a bench near the opposite wall. They sat winking and blinking, and appeared timid in the presence of a stranger.

I noticed in a few moments, how- ever, that in conversation among themselves their power of thought seemed to run in the same channel. That they spoke in disjointed senten- ces, for example, one of them would start a sentence, the next would take it up, the third add to it, and the fourth finish it.

All at once their interest returned to me, and fasting their thoughts, became the sentence:

"Pete come in and added:"

"Ma."

Jack added:

"Gust."

Mary finished:

"Shave."

The sentence was complete: "See the man get a shave.

After starting the sentence Swettie had left the bench, and was now out of sight behind my chair.

Suddenly without the slightest warning, my feet flew skyward, and I was aware of being in the company of a stranger, who followed his gaze toward my head. There was water in my eyes, ears, nose and throat, which being highly impregnated with soap lather was causing me the most irritating feeling. In addition, the chair had been put on the floor of the brick and was now in a three cornered position. I could not analyze my situation. Could not quite deter- mine whether I was making a nose dive, looking up, or going into a full spin. Neither could I arrive at a solution of the matter. While those thoughts were flashing through my brain, the barber had suc- ceeded in getting a strangle hold on the back of the chair and raised it to a normal position, while Sally put the brick in place.

While this was accomplished, the barber shop entertainers had put over head the following:

Swettie started: "Stay in—"

Jack: "There—"
Petie: "Cowboy—"

Mary: "Hide your cowboy."

The barber then apologized, stating that the lever on one side of the chair was broken, and that he had it propped up as well as he could. He sat me down, and asked me if I noticed anything about the head rest. He also said that the prop must have slipped out.

I assented, however, that Sweetie had returned to the bench, and that there seemed to be a marvelous understanding between all four of them.

The razor in the hand of the barber had cut a hole through my shirt and grazed my ribs, as he tried to re-propped up with a two by four under that the lever on the side of the chair strain my flight. I could feel the blood oozing toward my waist line. Also amount of annoyance.

The barber then apologized, stating that I noticed, however, that Sweetie had started another sentence:

Sweetie: "See the—"

Jack: "Shall—"

Pete: "Headed—"

Mary: "Men—"

This must have been a compound sentence, as they went on: Pete: "Looks like—"

Mary: "A goat."

As there was no mirror in the shop I could not dispute their word, but I fled.

A Poetic Gem

"My Garden"—which appears here— was a product of the pen of Miss Virginia Forrester, daughter of the late, George L. Forrester, who is a commercial agent at Springfield:

Tall larkspur blue,
Of Heaven's own hue.
Tall daisies bold,
With hearts of gold.
Tall larkspur blue,
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Sunday Edition of Rogers Daily Post Appears

Rogers, Ark.—boasts a new dis-

The barber here evidently taken on a new supply of hair and was starting out again:

"Well, the next time you come out this way we will try and he fixed up better. We want to thank you old men (he had me down wrong), and are going to put in a bath as soon as they get water here. If you want a bath now you will have to go out on the road four miles to a spring.

Your Bill:

"Oh you, shave, haircut shampoo, manyure, hair oil, shine, brush—"

"Yes, this is an oil town, and every-
thing is awfully high. Wouldn't charge you so much if it didn't cost so much to live."

I handed him a bill and proceeded to depart, but put in time to escape, as Sweetie had started another sentence:

Sweetie: "See the—"

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