

## HE "CARRIED A MESSAGE" AND SWEARS "NEVER AGAIN"

R. A. Laney, of the West Shops at Springfield, likes the "Message to Garcia" very well, but he is not so sure that his own experience in carrying a message justify Elbert Hubbards' enthusiasm.

In a letter to the magazine he says: "I have read in the November issue a copy of Elbert Hubbard's 'Message to Garcia.' This message has been translated into every known language including the Scandinavian, I have read it a couple of hundred times, heard countless speakers talk on it during my high school days and our class orator haggled it well. I once carried a message myself.

"A few years ago the superintendent of motive power came through the roundhouse and handed me a letter, 'Take this message' he says, 'to Brown, the shop superintendent.'

"I knew by the determined look in his eyes what he had been reading so I snappily answered, 'Yes, sir.'

"I went to Brown's office. The boy informed me that Brown would not be in until afternoon. I thought of Rowan. What would he do? Now Rowan had only a bunch of Spaniards with which to deal, while I had a hard boiled machinist and a pair of winders down on the '554,' to say nothing of the roundhouse foreman. So I left the letter with the girl and hurried back to the job.

"The superintendent met me at the through stall and asked, 'Did you give that message to Brown?' I replied, 'No, sir, I gave it to the girl.'

"'Helen damnation,' says he.

"'No, sir,' says I, 'her name was Helen Smith.'"

But remembering the message to Garcia, I went after the message and went to Brown's house with it. There I learned that he was attending a funeral, so I sat on the front porch and waited for his return, at about 11 a. m., when I gave him the message and returned to work.

"The roundhouse foreman saw me come in—he was waiting for me in fact. 'Whereinell have you been?' says he.

"I've been carrying a message to Garcia,' I replied.

"'Who in thunder is Garcia?' he asked.

"'The roundhouse foreman,' I answered.

"'You're a nut,' says he, 'the roundhouse foreman is Brown.'

"I explained between cussings what I meant and he roared, 'Who in the devil sent you?' When I told him he said, 'By the Eternal, doesn't he know enough not to take a man off an engine job to send him on a fool job carrying messages?'

"Since then I have often looked out at the front end of an engine, the sweat washing the soot off my face, and wondered if Rowan ever got that hot in Cuba. If he did his image should not be cast in bronze. Bronze is not deathless and hard enough. What he needs is an asbestos coated statue of hardened steel.

"Now let me discuss that part of the message concerning numbskull office employes who are suddenly asked to do something entirely out of their line of work. Look up the life of Corregio. I may be a born fault finder or have biased judgment, but I believe any clerk who would go forth unhesitatingly, wholly unprepared, knowing neither how nor why, and look up something that has nothing whatever to do with his work is a real 'nut.'

"Should my foreman say to me, 'Get me a pair of calipers,' would it be my part to ask, 'What kind? What size?' or should I shake right out and get the first size and kind I could lay hands on?

"You see, I have carried a message and I don't hanker for another, and so, whenever I see a man rushing around looking for something, he don't know exactly what nor why, I say to myself, 'There goes another duck carrying a message to Garcia.'

"Mr. Editor, I like the message. I am glad to see it published. I am glad to see a higher tone of reading matter in railway magazines. And just a suggestion, I see we have a good many would be poets, why not now and then publish one or two of the old standbys? Many of us would like to read and re-read them. I've knocked enough this evening. Thank you for your attention and attendance."

### Eddie Bernard Now Employed in Offices of the Magazine

You all know Eddie Bernard; he is the interesting and entertaining author of those well-written, satirical articles on "How to Play Golf, by an Inexperienced Kelly Pool Chump."

Eddie is now in the offices of the magazine at St. Louis as general all-round man, aiding in magazine, advertising and publicity departments.

### Missouri Governor Was a Railroad Man

Governor-Elect Sam Baker of Missouri was once a "railroad man." In fact, his first job was that of a section hand.

### The Modern Samuel Pepys Again Visits the Frisco

Up betimes and to my work, if not gladly then making the most of necessity and appearing almost on time at my desk.

Saw President Kurn entering with a smile which all but covers his countenance. Forsooth, he must be well pleased with the election results printed in that "extra" he is carrying.

Vice-President Koontz relating to a friend that he "made it in 72 Saturday." I know not to what he is referring, but assume from the expression of pleasure that it is some praiseworthy rate adjustment. At that I'll wager I could defeat him at cribbage.

C. L. Morrill, entering—always in a hurry. Must be going somewhere. Feel much elated that he greeted me with a cheery, "Hi there, Colonel." Of course I really have no title to such but it warms the cockles of my heart to be called such in public. Methinks I am not yet too old to join the Home Guards.

Bob Cummings, Beau Brummel of the chief engineer's department, remarking to a friend, "Well, they knocked us off yesterday." Would that I had the courage to inquire from friend Cummings from whence he had been brushed off.

Colonel F. G. Jonah stopped to pat a newsboy on the head and to remark, "How are you this morning, my lad?" And to generously wave aside the change from a five cent piece.

H. F. Sanborn, with a look of profound thought. Greeting him and inquiring the cause of his far-away look I learned that he is thinking of the high cost of living, and that his train of thought has been engendered by a meeting with his landlord—may the tribe perish from the earth.

My wife, poor soul, hath prepared a tasty lunch of sauerbrat and salami for me. Methinks I shall lunch at a downtown tavern and gladden the heart of some office cat with the lunch. But my wife, miserable that she is, shall not be informed of this.

### When Is Milking Time in Oklahoma

L. T. Rogers, ticket clerk at Sapulpa, says:

"Just answered the telephone and had the following conversation:

"Feminine Voice: 'Is this the ticket office?'

"Answer: 'Yes, madam.'

"F. V.: 'What time is the first train in from Holdenville before dark?'

"Answer: '5:30 p. m.'

"F. V.: 'What is the next one?'

"Answer: '10 o'clock.'

"F. V. (in forlorn tone): 'Well, well, that is too bad. Was just hoping he would get home in time to milk, but guess I'll have to do it.' Good-bye."

AND NOW WE CAN USE  
MORE BABY PICTURES

# INSPECTING LOCOMOTIVES IS AN INTERESTING JOB

By J. E. C. HUNT, Locomotive Inspector, Amory, Miss.

There are so many things with which a locomotive inspector should be conversant that I will make no effort in this brief article to cover the field, hoping at some future time to be granted the opportunity and the space in which to deal with other problems. At present, however, I shall "hit the high spots" only.

Inspecting a locomotive is no small job. That sounds like an axiom. It is—and a true one.

To begin with, the inspector must know the names of the various parts comprising the engine, and he must go further and know the function of each, and just what constitutes a defect of any sort. He must never assume the responsibility of a foreman; just find the facts and state them as such. The foreman will make the repairs or renewals, as the case may be.

Several years ago I began work with the Frisco as a water boy, then worked laying steel and putting in switches over a period of eight months. Offered the position of section foreman, it was refused, to take one as engine watchman on the work train. Later a transfer was made to the roundhouse to attend the fires and become a wiper. In this job familiarity was gained with the many parts that go to make a locomotive. The next step being boiler washing, and it was here that the opportunity was given to observe a locomotive boiler, and to learn how to properly wash such.

From boiler washer to fireman was the next step. Knowing that the next step was to engineer, and that it would be necessary to pass an examination to qualify for this all important job, I enrolled in the International Correspondence Schools, and when I was

not working, I was studying. When the time came for promotion, I was ready, and for ten years ran an engine. As, in those days, we were required to inspect our own engines, my period of actual engine inspection runs over quite a space of time.

Never have I seen a finer bunch of men than the Frisco officials, and never have I seen such splendid co-operation from all departments as on this road.

Now, that is a long preface, but it has been written merely to show that a locomotive inspector is not "made in a day." A locomotive must be completely inspected. That means not "some of the parts," but ALL of the parts. They must be measured and tested with great care. The rods, main and side, must be thoroughly gone over and tested for possible cracks or other defects. To be certain they are not worn thin and may crack, it is necessary to use heat. Some rods are covered with many many coats of paint, and if the crack is an old one and filled with paint, the heat, in most cases, will be the only definite way of finding the defect. The rod should be forged and milled perfect. Tool marks and flaws must be avoided. One thing I certainly do not like to see: that is a finely milled rod taken off in "shopping" an engine and in numbering same, and using a large chisel which will cut deep gashes in the steel. Some times the mechanic, in a hurry, will use the rod for an anvil to cut liners, thereby making other flaws.

It is my belief that we have, on the Southern Division, some of the finest locomotives in use in America, and like Doctor Coue, we are "getting better and better."

"If—"

If I were King, when I had finished reading my copy of the Frisco Employes' Magazine, I would order my Prime Minister to deposit it carefully in the archives of the Kingdom.

If—I were President, the "Mag" would be placed in the Congressional Library and the Smithsonian Institute.

If—I were President of the Frisco, it should be given the place of honor in the best room of my home.

If—I were an engineer, it should be taken home to the wife, or handed to some friend at a local station.

If—I were an agent, it should be placed in the waiting room of my station as a silent invitation to the traveler to get some real information as to the Frisco Lines.

If—I were a "Knocker" or "Discontent," I would never read it at all. No, I would throw it aside and sneer at

the efforts of my fellow employes and workers.

If—I were a "Booster," I would read every word of it, speak a good word for it whenever opportunity offered and pass it along for someone else to enjoy—or preserve it to read again.

AND—if I were you, I would try to contribute something each month to help the editor get out a magazine. He is doing his best, we all know that, and he will appreciate your help I am sure.

**"We Sure Like You When You Smile that Way"**

Ben B. Lewis, of Fort Worth, suggests the above as a possible slogan to use. He says the ordinary, "Smile, Damn You, Smile" is too harsh and apt to prove offensive, and so he wants a new slogan to take its place, one which suggests to a man that the smile does win, and that the man

with a smile is the man who gets the business and wins the affection and gratitude of his patrons.

Perhaps someone else has a slogan they think might fit even better than this. How about it?

## ANNOUNCEMENT

Miss Martha C. Moore  
Becomes Associate Editor of  
the Magazine

With this issue, Miss Martha C. Moore becomes Associate Editor of the Frisco Employes' Magazine. Since the very first issue of the magazine, Miss Moore has been one of its most valued staff correspondents. In addition to ably handling the reportorial work of the Mechanical Department at Springfield, she has contributed many feature stories of human interest.

During the life of the "Frisco Mechanic," Miss Moore assisted in the editorial work of that publication, which, by the way, will now be revived as a department in this magazine, under the direction of Miss Moore.

The addition of an Associate Editor to the staff means also that the editor can give more time to the gathering of stories and material for the magazine, and he hopes it means a bigger and better magazine.

## Hard to Beat This

A. L. Miller, agent at Altamont, Kansas, sends the following from the "Daily Labetta," published by the students of the Labetta County High School, and his comment is: "Hard to beat:"

Mr. H. K. Mourning, general merchant of Altamont, bought a car of potatoes through a firm in K. C., sending the telegram at 2:50 p. m., last Wednesday. The car was given to the Frisco Railway and delivered at Altamont to Mr. Mourning at 2:40 p. m., Thursday, less than a day from the time the telegram was sent.

## Did You?

By J. I. Stephenson

Did you ever stop to figure  
That the mean things you do,  
And the mean words you utter,  
Will come right back to you?

Did you ever stop to figure  
That that other person, too,  
Might be justified in saying  
Those same things about you?

Did you ever stop to figure,  
When you utter words of praise,  
That it starts the ball to rolling  
And someone else will use the  
phrase?

Why not stop, then, and consider,  
As you go along life's way,  
That a kindly word, a kindly smile  
Are the things that always pay?

# Practical Hints for Aspiring Home Builders

KLINGENSMITH, RICE & WILKINS, Architects, St. Louis, Mo.



No. 5210—THE LA SALLE

This plan, in proportions and roof lines, is suggestive of French design, perhaps a natural consequence of the French influence of early days in the Mississippi Valley.

A variation in grade line effects an interesting change of appearance in front and rear elevations. One enters the house directly into the stair hall, which connects with living room and rear entry. The kitchen is of good size, well lighted and equipped. The dining room alcove is very convenient and practical for a small family. The living room serves for more formal meals. In the living room, the excellent lighting and the artistic treatment of the wall in which the fireplace is located, are good features.

The sleeping quarters consist of two bedrooms, so shaped as to make furniture placing easy and convenient. Both have good closets.

The builder will notice, in the accompanying plans, that there are no cramped, "tucked-up" rooms in this

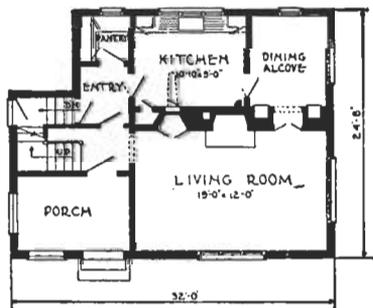
house. All of them are large and spacious, giving the owner a sense of luxury impossible with small, inadequate rooms.

It is a home that will be attractive and in harmony with the surroundings, whether it is on a city lot or on the broader acres of a country estate.

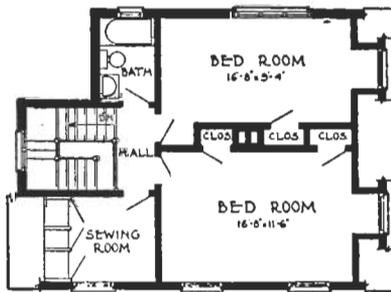
A fifty-foot frontage to the south would best accommodate this house, since it would admit morning sunshine to the dining alcove, but a west frontage will also do very well.

When built with concrete block walls, upon which an exterior covering of portland cement stucco of chosen tint has been applied, and with an appropriately colored concrete tile or cement asbestos shingle roof, this house is attractive in appearance, fire-safe, and practically free from upkeep. Besides, it is warm in winter and cool in summer.

An illustrated booklet called, "A Plain Talk on Beautiful Homes," containing pictures of more than a dozen



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

homes in different sections of the country may be obtained free of charge upon writing to the editor. In it, also, is much other information of interest and value to anyone planning to build a home.

## Fort Worth

W. E. Meek

A glance way back in days gone by,  
You'll note our city a village shy.  
No rails to build a place of fame,  
But a fort inland, and hence the name.  
A few survive the stories to tell,  
But history speaks to us as well.  
The bleak north winds could blow  
all day,

Then coyotes at night would come for prey.

Inhabitants few would risk their lives,  
In search of food beyond their dives.  
Because the natives, the savage race,  
Would pitch their camps about the place.

The cattle made trails across the town,

From running free for miles around.  
But time soars on, events take place,  
Railroads were built to keep the pace.  
Cow tracks and trails are now so rare,  
A city stands firm, as built with care.  
And guarded well are interests here,  
That growing continues from year to year.

Conventions, held from time to time,  
Adds growth, you see, that is sublime.  
Prosperity sways an upward trend,  
And welcomes all who may attend.

## Office of General Manager

Orville Coble, Reporter

Pete Powell grew reminiscent the other day after finding his long lost pipe and told of his boyhood days at Thayer on the old Gulf Road. It seems the boys all played brakemen hopping trains as they slowed on the grade, and otherwise dangerously deported themselves. But the favorite sport was when they found empty flats on the siding at the top of the hill. They'd climb aboard, release the brakes, and glide downward, often attaining a speed of thirty miles per hour before striking the loaded gravel cars stored at the end of the siding. These skillful boys were such adepts that none of them were ever hurt, for just at the moment of the impact they would all leap lightly into the air, alighting gracefully after the crash was over.

Williams has made another trip to Kansas City. He not only always meets interesting people on his travels but he always keeps his eyes open to the interests of this Company.

Mrs. G. W. Arnold, mother of our file clerk, was recently knocked down and painfully injured by an automobile. At this writing she is recovering splendidly.

During the absence of F. J. Peterson, because of the illness of his sister, Tom Feehan served as secretary to the assistant general manager. Tom is raising a moustache and threatens to add a beard to his adornments.

Mr. King is no longer patronizing the Springfield Traction Company but rides a Ford coupe.

The Arts Bldg.  
Dallas, Texas



Dallas University  
Dallas, Texas



Southern Methodist University  
Main Bldg., Dallas, Texas



Park Scene,  
Dallas, Texas



Municipal Bathing Pool  
Dallas, Texas



Interior of  
Palace Th...



View in Adolphus Hotel  
Room, Dallas, Texas



High School - Dallas

Dallas Country Club  
Dallas, Texas

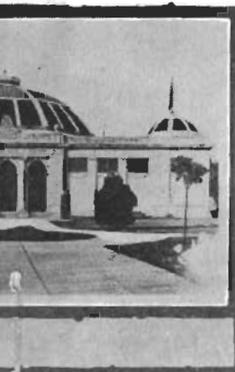


Tenison Bros. Saddlery Co.  
Dallas, Texas

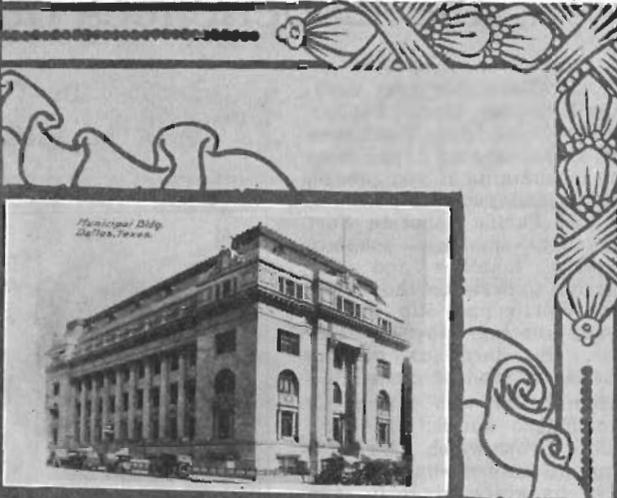


4650600 Union Station,  
Dallas, Texas





Scottish Rite Cathedral  
Dallas, Texas.



Municipal Bldg.  
Dallas, Texas.



A Backyard View in Highland Park  
Dallas, Texas.



Interior View New Grand  
Palace Theatre, Dallas, Texas.



Statelich Court



View in Fair Park,  
Dallas, Texas.



Dallas



Dallas Homes,  
Dallas, Texas.



Jefferson Hotel  
Dallas, Texas.

